

the bewildered suicide curses his God, and dies. And all this in a state, we are often told, of satisfactory civilization.

We are flattered by the progress of industrial arts and inventions, but are rarely reminded of the dark side—dark enough truly to be thought of in silence. The active champions of material energy are comparatively few. Think of the bar-rooms crowded with loafers; asylums crowded with lunatics; other asylums, crowded with the blind, the deaf and the dumb; workhouses crowded with paupers; hospitals crowded with lazy convalescents, willing to wait until they are kicked out; penitentiaries crowded with convicts; county jails crowded with petty criminals or malefactors awaiting trial; criminal dockets thicker than the family Bible; grand juries, judges, sheriffs, clerks, and detectives, piling up costs of criminal prosecution until the tax-payer groans, from the governor down to the janitor of the public school, for the burden that is borne by society to protect itself against the malice, the fraud, the violence and the stealth of those who neither fear God nor have regard for the rights of man. And yet we are assured that our civilization is all that could be wished. Our social life is full of shams; our churches deal tenderly with their hypocrites; our political affairs are full of fraud.

There is fraud at the election. Fraud in the count of the ballots.

Fraud in the procurement of legislation. Fraud in the letting of public contracts.

Fraud in the construction of public works and buildings.

Fraud in the management of corporations.

Fraud in the administration of estates.

Fraud in the issue of county bonds.

Fraud in the publication and sale of our very school-books.

Fraud almost everywhere, and in almost every trust—crafty, cunning, multiplying frauds, that sicken the heart of the honest tax-payer and taint the very air until there seems to be mildew upon the robes of our Goddess of Liberty. The more money in the treasury, the more fraud in the syndicate. The more burdened the tax-payer, the more insatiable the ring. And what is worse than all, the perpetrators of the skillfullest of these frauds are men high in their professions of religion, and educated in all the learning of modern philosophy.

Illiteracy among the masses.

Effeminacy among the educated.

Apocryphal in the pulpit.

Indecency in the newspaper.

Dishonesty in business.

Audacity in crime.

Hypocrisy in the Church.

Corruption in the State.

These are a few of the blights and blemishes upon our civilization. And inasmuch as all this depravity is not confined to the ignorant and the unlettered, is it not time that those charged with the preparation of useful minds for the duties that devolve upon men, should have their attention called to the growing evils which our civilization harbors, in order that the coming men—the hope of the State—may the better realize the mission that is before them in the world? Because these evils have long existed, is the greater reason why they should no longer exist.

For whatever is wrong we should find a remedy. If the agencies we have are not sufficient, there is need of further invention and discovery. It is the province of true learning to take up the wisdom of preceding sages, and to carry forward the standard of progress into the ranks of its enemies. The sword of Theseus, the spear of Hercules, the ship of Jason, were good in their day. But one modern outlaw, armed with a Colt's revolver, could cope with half a dozen such heroes. The mission of true manhood in the world is different now from what it was in the fables of that pagan mythology with which you are all familiar.

The true benefactor of our day is not the man who slays a dragon, but the man who gives useful employment to men. The modern hero is the man who, for the sake of duty, is willing to live in obscurity, or to die in his tracks, before he will connive at a wrong. The kind of deliverers we need are not those who will free us from an annual tribute of captives, doomed to death, but those who will free the land from its annual tribute of

intemperance, that scourge of American manhood, more ignominious than the living tribute exacted of the Athenians by Minos King of Crete, and from its annual tribute to crime that modern Minotaur, more difficult to reach in the windings of its labyrinth than the monster whom Theseus caught by the hair and slew.

We have need of more learning. We have more need of moral reform among the masses of the people. We complain of the corruption of our public servants, but let the fault be put where it belongs. Were it not for the prevalence of corruption among the people themselves such a thing as a dishonest politician could not thrive in the garden of our civilization.

We need a more enthusiastic love of truth. A more manly contempt for riches. A more holy abhorrence of idleness. A more discriminating charity. A philosophy more imbued with man's personal accountability to society and to God.

We have need of greater thoroughness in what we do.

We have many doctors of medicine, but few skillful surgeons; many doctors of divinity, but few religious teachers capable of commanding the confidence of the heart, or convincing the judgment of the head. We have many editors, but few well written editorials; many mechanics, but few good workmen; plenty of business men, but few good managers; plenty of mathematicians, but few Fisklins; plenty of surveyors, but few reliable engineers. Few men understand right well the vocation they pursue.

This is a great drawback upon the advancement of the country, and is the chief cause of the bad luck men have.

We also have too many Josiah Brouderbys in this country, who like to be called self-made men. They wish it understood that they are so much the natural superiors of other men that they can pass educated men in the race of life for money and for fame. This is another specimen of boastfulness that reflects no credit on our civilization. Such a man is as inflated as the boy who was asked, at his first visit to Sunday-school, who made him. He had to give it up, and the teacher kindly informed him that God made him. "Well," says Young America, "He might have made me a little, but I grew the rest myself." Now, this claim that a man who gets into more prominence than he is fitted to adorn is a self-made man is equally ridiculous. He is educated by events around him. The man who is diligent from choice deserves as much credit as the man who is industrious from necessity. The young man, surrounded by the allurements of luxury, and the pleasures that attend good fortune, and who, nevertheless, devotes his energies to active usefulness, and the earnest cultivation of his powers, so as to make the most of them he can, is as much a self-made man as one who rises by slow promotion from cabin-boy to master of the ship. No man is self-made. And no man amounts to much unless he is self-made. I leave this paradox to the logicians. The principles of political economy are too little understood and too little observed in our country. There is a growing tendency to insistent luxury for the rich, and shameless mendicancy for the poor. Splendor here; squalor yonder. We have too few comforts for our laboring people. We have no organized system for getting them employment when they are willing to work; no regulations to utilize the abilities latent in the loafing part of the population. Every man of them should be compelled to engage in something useful—something that would occupy them, whether it would pay them well or not—for mere occupation would keep out temptation, exclude want, diminish crime, preserve health, prolong life, enrich the community, and enable society to make better provision than is now made for its deserving poor. The indigent should be encouraged to sustain themselves; and to be ashamed to beg as long as they are able to work. There is a great deal of mistaken benevolence wasted upon those who are inclined to depend on others rather than take care of themselves. A kind word of instruction, of sympathy and advice, is worth more than alms to an ignorant and friendless man. It cheers him on the way to usefulness and to hope. Yet our customs and conventionalities too often forbid that word.

For the want of knowing where and how to labor and live, the wretched poor of our great cities actually perish. Because we cannot relieve them as a multitude, is no reason why we should not rescue them one by one as individuals. To accomplish this, will require individual effort. We hear the voices of those that are in darkness crying for light. The sun, with all its power, cannot penetrate a cavern. But one human hand can carry a lantern there that will shimmer along its sparlined leaves until the place seems roofed with sparkling gems. Just so; any one who hears my voice can go teach some poor illiterate to read and write, and the light you thus carry into a darkened mind will be reflected back with rays of beauty full of brightness and of joy for your own soul.

And now, young gentlemen of the literary societies, a few words with you as from an elder brother. You enjoy rare privileges. There is no part of a classical education more advantageous or more enduring than the discipline acquired by the faithful members of the Literary Society. The debates and exercises of the society anticipate the lessons that lie just ahead of you in the sterner logic of life. They train you to put what you study into practical use, and elevate mere learning to actual wisdom. They cause you to rectify the errors of partial investigation, and inculcate the maxim without which no judgment can be properly matured, "Hear the other side." A student is apt in looking back over several years of studious labor, to overestimate the result of his acquirements. He is too prone to forget that knowledge is not always power. He is prone to exaggerate the distance he has traveled, and to pause before he has reached his journey's end. The debates and exercises of the society cure him of this conceit, and cause him to realize how much there is he does not know, how much there remains for him to master, before he can hope to recline in the shade of the trees of the land of his dreams.

After nineteen rather busy years, since I said farewell to my fellow-members of the Erodelphian Society, memory revisits the old hall with its fondest recollections. My *Alma Mater* is dead. The old hall is dismantled forever. Our library was scattered and destroyed. But the books as they stood on the shelves, and many of the words they contained, and the place on the page, are as fresh in my mind as if I had seen them yesterday. We, too, had our annual addresses. Without wishing to reflect upon the gentlemen who delivered them, I am sorry to say I can only recall some high standing collars, some big rolls of manuscript, and triumphant applause when the reading was undoubtedly over. They were generally learned productions full of Greek and Latin quotations. I made up my mind then that if I ever consented to deliver and address on such an occasion I would not inflict a similar punishment, but speak in plain words of those things which most nearly concern the active duties of life upon which you are soon to enter.

You have rare opportunities at this University to make your education come up to the standard of Milton's definition. You are under obligations to do all you possibly can to make the best use of your advantages. The State has rational expectation that its educated sons will turn their disciplined abilities to the benefit of the commonwealth and the elevation of its moral and intellectual average. You are to be taxed in proportion to the resources you possess; you are under responsibilities you cannot evade. The country needs your help. The good cause of humanity calls constantly for re-inforcement. It is not expected that any one of you will extirpate pauperism, or reform all drunkards, or put an end to all crime, or abolish all bigotry, or restore all lunatics to their right minds, or convert all our heathen, or pay off the national debt; but it is expected that in the endless warfare between good and evil you will be no neutrals between wrong and right, but lend a helping hand to the good cause.

Treasure up the learning imparted to you under the instruction of your eminent Faculty, but treasure in your heart of hearts their moral precepts and their faithful warnings, for by this alone can you hope in old age to find refuge in the sanctuary of a good name. Be good

citizens. Be not too ambitious to hold public office. The inordinate love of office is a blemish upon American citizenship, and the prolific cause of many evils. Be not afraid of obscurity. Be not afraid your merits will be long overlooked. The world is so scarce of good and worthy men that you will be sought out, if you really amount to anything within yourselves.

Mount Orizbua rises from its tropical foundations, and lifts its lofty summit into regions of perennial snow. There it stands in sublime majesty! Whether the whole world go on a pilgrimage to wonder at it, or only a few worn travellers turn to admire, its actual greatness remains the same. Few may see it or many. Some may overrate it, others may underrate it; it stands the same. So it is with character; truly measured, or falsely measured, it remains the same. Estimate your accomplishments as nearly as you can at what they are really worth, and devote them, with all the energy of your nature, to active usefulness.

Shun idleness. Shun intemperance. Shun temptation. Beware of undue curiosity to know the vices of the world. Guard your health as to body and mind—for there are as many diseases of the mind as of the body, and, in either case, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Be steadfast to principle. Never surrender your self-respect. Cultivate the philosophy of resignation to God's will, and just as surely as he has made and preserved the universe, just so surely has he made your existence a part of his infinite plan, and just so surely will his divine benevolence do all you can reasonably expect to make your life sweet and delightful. Plan out a future full of work. Should all go well with you, be not spoiled by good fortune. Should the world seem to frown and grow cold about you, do not take it to heart. Be men—not imbeciles. Boast not, tire not, fear not. Be honorable. Trust God. Be just in your dealings with your fellow-men! And yonder, at the celestial gates of that heaven where you will have all eternity to rest in, a blessed angel waits to welcome you to everlasting peace, and to place upon your brow that bright, enduring and unblemished crown of glory that none can have to wear save the useful and the good.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, June 25.

**The Lee Trial.**—Our correspondent at Beaver reports by telegraph last evening that the jury in the Lee case is full and sworn in chief. Their names are Josephus Wade, J. C. Herston, David Rogers, Isaac Duffin, James C. Robinson, Joseph Knight, Paul Price, George F. Jarvis, John Brewer, Wilton Daley, John C. Duncan, Ute Perkins, Sen.; eight "Mormons" and four "Gentiles." The prosecution were to proceed to introduce testimony today. If the verdict should be "guilty," Lee's counsel rely upon the fact that the indictment does not appear by record to have been presented in open court, and the changing of the February term to July by the governor.

BEAVER, July 23.

**Editor Deseret News:**

Carey opened the Lee case to the jury this morning, stating that the facts they expected to prove were that, eighteen years ago, a train of emigrants, consisting of nearly 150 persons was wending its way westward to find a home in California. It was said to be the best equipped and richest train that ever crossed the Rocky Mountains. About September 1st they arrived in Salt Lake City, camped on the Jordan, and tried to purchase supplies, which were refused them, and were ordered to leave their encampment. They passed south from Salt Lake, but were met with the answers at all the settlements that they could buy no supplies, till they reached Corn Creek.

Here they enquired where they might get supplies and a place to recruit their stock, they were answered at Mountain Meadows, at Parowan they were forbidden to enter the town, and they reached Mountain Meadows and camped about the 7th of September. Shots were fired into their camp, killing seven men and wounding fifteen. They looked out and saw the hills

full of Indians, and immediately formed their wagons into a circle and dug a rifle pit. All day shots rattled into their wagons. These Indians were gathered from all the regions round. Who was the Indian Agent or Superintendent at that place? John D. Lee, and he gathered them up and influenced them to consummate this massacre.

The Indians, finding that they were fortified, sent a message to Cedar City that they must have aid. At Cedar a military order was issued, commanding men to Mountain Meadows, ostensibly for the purpose of burying the dead, whom it was said the Indians had massacred, but really to complete the foulest crime. On reaching the scene of conflict they raised the American flag, and then a white flag of truce, and decoyed the emigrants from their stronghold under a promise of protection from the Indians. They took them about half a mile and then, with their Indian allies, who were secreted for the purpose, murdered them all but seventeen children.

Who was commanding the militia in Utah at that time? Geo. A. Smith. From Fillmore down Wm. N. Dame, Col., of the Iron Military district, immediately under him, Issac C. Haight, and J. M. Higbee, and these are to blame for it. Two or three hundred head of the cattle were turned out, branded with the mark John D. Lee. Part of the stock was driven to Salt Lake and sold. Lee and others went to Brigham Young, who told what disposal was to be made of the property, and also that they were to keep secrecy, not even to talk among themselves. But the secrets were too heavy to be borne and some of the guilty ones have divulged all this, which Carey says he has witnesses to prove. The defense will not open to the jury till they commence to introduce evidence.

## Our Country Contemporaries.

Ogden Junction, July 23.—

We are extremely grieved to hear that Mrs. Thomson, wife of Alderman Thomson, is in a very feeble condition, and that her life is despaired of. Mrs. Thomson is an estimable lady, and her many friends will hear this news with deep sorrow.

Just after going to press last evening we heard the sad intelligence that two men and a boy had been drowned in the Weber River. It appears that James Robb and his son, a boy about 13 years old, with Edwin E. Fuller, all of West Weber, were working at the dam of the West Weber canal, of which Mr. Robb was watermaster, and had been over the river to get a load of rock. Returning, instead of crossing at the usual place, got into deep water, a little lower down, and were swamped. It is supposed that the boy floating off, Mr. Robb jumped in and seized him, and not being able to swim, went under. Mr. Fuller, who was a good swimmer, cried out "Oh! Jim," and jumped in to Robb's assistance. James McFarland, who was working at a little distance, heard the cry, saw Fuller jump into the water, and perceived Robb with his boy on one arm clasp Fuller with the other, and they all sank together and did not rise again. Obtaining assistance immediately, divers went into the river, and after much exhausting labor succeeded in bringing the bodies to the surface. Robb and his son were recovered first. They were all quite dead.

**Arrested for Perjury.**—The following was received by Deseret Telegraph line this afternoon:

"Logan, 26 July, 1874."

**Editor Deseret News:**

"James Packer, of Franklin, was today arrested by U. S. Marshal, J. Pinkham, of Idaho Territory, on an indictment of the U. S. grand jury for perjury."

"JOSEPH BULL."

The following excellent toast was given by a schoolmaster: "The fair daughters of America—may they add virtue to beauty—subtract envy from friendship—multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper—divide time by sociability and economy—and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination."