

tended lascivious cohabitation either meant polygamy or it meant nothing. No other charge was on the cards. McKean thought otherwise. The judge, I am told, hardly knows a rule of law from a party cry. He said the Mormon elders might be tried on this charge of lascivious cohabitation. Where was such a crime defined? Not in any statute book of the United States. Then where? A Mormon parliament has made a law against immorality of life. But how, asked Hempstead, could this law be turned against themselves? A law is always to be interpreted according to the known intentions of the legislators. "I will interpret their intentions," said the judge. Hempstead resigned. McKean appointed two successors, under whose indictment warrants were issued against several elders, who were held to bail on various charges, including the charge of lascivious cohabitation. Nothing came of this unseemly course. On an appeal being carried to Washington by the first party condemned, Chief Justice Chase, speaking in the name of his brethren on the Bench, pronounced the whole course of McKean's proceedings in Utah to be unlawful. The parties in arrest were liberated, and the bails of all of them discharged. The Mormon cause, including that of polygamy, secured a second triumph and the Mormon elders stood before the world as men who had suffered from an unjust judge, and had been delivered from their enemies by the power of the law.—*W. Hepworth Dixon in English Paper.*

### VIVISECTION.

In a letter to the *London Morning Post*, Mr. G. Hoggan, M. B. and C. M., makes the following revelations of his own experience in vivisection. He says:—"I venture to record a little of my own experience in the matter, part of which was gained as an assistant in the laboratory of one of the greatest living experimental physiologists. In that laboratory we sacrificed daily from one to three dogs, besides rabbits and other animals, and, after four months' experience, I am of opinion that not one of those experiments on animals was justified or necessary. The idea of the good of humanity was simply out of the question, and would have been laughed at, the great aim being to keep up with, or get ahead of, one's contemporaries in science, even at the price of an incalculable amount of torture needlessly and iniquitously inflicted on the poor animals. During three campaigns I have witnessed many harsh sights, but I think the saddest sight I ever witnessed was when the dogs were brought up from the cellar to the laboratory for sacrifice. Instead of appearing pleased with the change from darkness to light, they seemed seized with horror as soon as they smelt the air of the place, divining apparently their approaching fate. They would make friendly advances to each of the three or four persons present, and as far as eyes, ears, and tail could make a mute appeal for mercy eloquent, they tried it in vain. Even when roughly grasped and thrown on the torture trough, a low complaining whine at such treatment would be all the protest made, and they would continue to lick the hand which bound them till their mouths were fixed in the gag, and they could only flap their tails in the trough as their last means of exciting compassion. Often when convulsed by the pain of their torture this would be renewed, and they would be soothed instantly on receiving a few gentle pats. It was all the aid or comfort I could give them, and I gave it often. They seemed to take it as an earnest of fellow-feeling that would cause their tortures to come to an end—an end only brought by death. Were the feelings of experimental physiologists not blunted they could not long continue the practice of vivisection. They are always ready to repudiate any implied want of tender feeling; but I must say that they seldom show much pity; on the contrary; in practice they frequently show the reverse. Hundreds of times I have seen, when an animal writhed with pain, and thereby deranged the tissues, during a delicate dissection, instead of being soothed it would receive a slap and an angry order to be quiet and behave itself. At other times, when an animal had endured great pain for hours without struggling or giving more than an occasional low whine, instead of letting the

poor mangled wretch loose to crawl painfully about the place in reserve for another day's torture, it would receive pity so far that it would be said to have behaved well enough to merit death; and as a reward would be killed at once by breaking up the medulla with a needle, or, "pithing," as the operation is called. I have often heard the professor say when one side of an animal had been so mangled, and the tissues so obscured by clotted blood, that it was difficult to find the part searched for, 'Why don't you begin on the other side?' or, 'Why don't you take another dog? What is the use of being so economical?' One of the most revolting features in the laboratory was the custom of giving an animal on which the professor had completed his experiment, and which had still some life left, to the assistants to practise the finding of arteries, nerves, &c., in this living animal, or for performing what are called fundamental experiments upon it—in other words, repeating those which are recommended in the laboratory handbooks. I am inclined to look upon anaesthetics as the greatest curse to vivisectionable animals. They alter too much the normal conditions of life to give accurate results, and they are, therefore, little depended upon. They, indeed, prove far more efficacious in lulling public feeling towards the vivisectioners than pain in the vivisectioned. Connected with this there is a horrible proceeding that the public, probably, knows little about. An animal is sometimes kept quiet by the administration of a poison called 'drosera,' which paralyzes voluntary motion while it heightens sensation, the animal being kept alive by means of artificial respiration until the effects of the poison have passed off. On the Continent, I have often seen animals operated upon in this condition before an audience, who, as they were incapable of showing the pain they felt, were supposed by those present to be insensible to it, while all the time the poor brutes were suffering double torture that the feelings of the audience might be spared. To this recital, I need hardly add that, having drunk the cup to the dregs, I cry off, and am prepared to see not only science, but even mankind, perish rather than have recourse to such means of saving it."

### The Colorado Desert.

The project of reclaiming the Colorado desert by irrigation, was brought to the public attention fifteen years ago; but the Land Commissioners and Congress have treated it with shameful neglect. A region of three thousand square miles, containing a fertile soil, and a climate of almost torrid heat, can, with little expense, be covered either with a fresh or salt water lake, or converted by irrigation into a great garden, admirably fitted for the cultivation of the African sugar-cane, indigo, cotton and a multitude of other plants that thrive in a tropical climate. The canal should be constructed by the Federal Government.

We object strenuously to the scheme of turning the sea water into the low Desert. This would make a salt Lake, destroy the land, and do little good. Its advocates imagine that it would make the Summers of the San Joaquin Valley cooler, the Winters wetter, and give more rains to Arizona; but these are suppositions not supported by scientific knowledge. The Summer winds of the San Joaquin Valley do not come from the direction of the Colorado Desert, nor would the evaporation from a lake covering that Desert be precipitated in Arizona. The salt water lake project has two recommendations: first, it would be the cheapest method of making a change in the Desert, and, second, a change there is desirable. If our government were semi-barbarous in its character, had poor financial credit, and could not control any engineering ability, then we might be satisfied with a salt lake. A fresh lake would be preferable, because it would leach the salt out of the higher portions of the low Desert, and could at any time be allowed to dry up without injury to the land. But better than any lake would be a canal from the Colorado river carrying enough water to irrigate all the 2,000,000 acres in the low Desert, which would then be converted into a garden, and into the richest and most populous region on the Trans-continental

Railroad between San Bernardino, and the Texas coast. If a lake would improve the climate either to the northward or eastward, irrigation and cultivation over the same area would do nearly as much good in that respect and more in others.—*Alta California Almanac.*

### The New England Drought and Its Cause.

Just now it looks as if the drought, which will render the winter of 1874-5 a memorable one in New England annals, is over, but it is not too late to consider its lesson. For six months the people of the Eastern States have been complaining of want of rain. Hardly a mill in New England but has been obliged to shorten its working hours or perhaps to shut down altogether. Hardly a city whose water supply has not been a source of anxiety for weeks, threatening to fail utterly if relief did not come from the clouds. Hardly a farmer whose cattle have not been saved from suffering by an extra amount of labor and expense in providing them with their daily drink. Water has been an article of commerce in many of our towns, and the situation was growing worse day by day. There have been severe droughts in winters before, but not often one of such length, extent and far-reaching influences. And we can blame only ourselves and our ancestors for it. In old times a drought was the direct result of a limited rainfall, but there has not been so much less than usual this year as to cause all this trouble. In the last century New England was pretty well covered with trees, and the rain that fell soaked into the ground, ran slowly down the valleys, and finally reached the ocean. Now the land is stripped of trees, the hills, and the mountain region even, where the sources of our rivers are, have been bared to the scorching rays of the sun, and nearly two-thirds of all the rain that falls evaporates before it reaches the sea-board. This has dried up all the streams into brooks, the brooks into mere rivulets, with dusty bottoms for months. This has ruined many of our trout brooks. This, too, by causing the sudden departure of the snows in spring, causes many destructive freshets. In the thick Maine woods the gradual melting of the snow lasts for weeks and keeps the rivers at a high pitch, while the streams, whose headwaters flow from a country stripped of trees, rise and fall with the suddenness of mountain brooks after a shower. The reckless improvidence, due to a cupidity and carelessness, which has made so much of our territory a hideous expanse of ragged, rocky, worthless fields, is the cause of our droughts. Improvidence must bear the blame, not Providence.—*Boston Herald.*

### Denigration.

In commenting, a few days since, upon a dangerous disease of the American press, which was rapidly undermining its influence and seriously hindering all genuine reform, we used, crediting its authorship to Sir Arthur Helps, the word "denigration."

In the last but one, and the greatest, of Lord Lytton's novels, there is a very interesting character, who founds a very successful journal upon the principle that average human nature enjoys seeing men and measures heartily abused. This is one species of "denigration," but it is not the one so generally pursued in America, for the reason that it takes a goodly modicum of brains and education to be well carried out. Our "denigrator" is an entirely different character, and we shall best describe him in the words of the learned author whose authority we first quoted in the matter:

"Denigration is as common as folly. And why is it so common? Because it is so easy. To praise with anything like judgment is the work of an artist. To condemn, to vilify, to denigrate is within every man's power. The village idiot, if you observe his sayings, [I really speak from observation,] generally blackens what he talks about. It is always complaint and never praise that forms the staple of village idiots' maunderings. 'Now you must not think that I am talking after the manner of Mauleverer, who, if he were uttering this peripatetic essay, would tell you that the denigrator had in

view the abundant malice and envy of mankind, and was accordingly talking with reference to the applause which would be elicited from that prevailing envy and malice. Nothing of the kind. The denigrator talks only what is easiest for him to talk. I go down to the depths of human nature; and I am fully aware of that fact, which most of you philosophers ignore, that man is a very indolent creature."—*Sir Arthur Helps' "Social Pressure," pp. 155-156.—Cincinnati Times.*

### Dark Days for the Pope.

We see the wordly, anti-Christian spirit triumphant, and Catholicity hunted down, calumniated, imprisoned, starved, exiled, and vexed to the utmost verge of what is safe to its tormentors themselves. Great Catholic powers, that once gloried in the cross, and leaped with enthusiasm to defend the Church, are either extinct or in a helpless moribund condition. Poland is dead; France is slowly recovering from the depletion of its strength; Spain seems like a vessel compassless and rudderless, its ancient vigor shivered into useless fragments; Italy gasping in the tightening clutch of infidelity. Three centuries ago King John Sobieski, at the head of his Polish chivalry, chased from the walls of Vienna the mightiest army that Islamism ever marshaled on the plains of Europe. Poland was the invulnerable shield that protected the Catholic World from the most revolting, humiliating slavery. But to-day Catholic Poland means out its life under the lash of schismatics, and no one heeds the heart-rending expression of its sorrow. Spain and Italy present a spectacle equally depressing, and suggest a problem still more perplexing. The glory of the former has passed away, and it is still exceedingly doubtful whether it will ever rise from its state of contemptible feebleness. It is intensely Catholic still at heart, but its people, worthy of a better lot, if Christian virtues deserve national prosperity, are the prey of alternate factions. It may be that some future restoration is reserved for a land so strong in faith as Spain certainly is still. But there is sad need of some master mind to remold into one harmonious whole the divided energies so furiously opposed, to unite the people, to rule in the name of religion, for such an influence only can raise races and provinces above selfish objects. Everything in Italy is rushing to ruin, for there government is in full sympathy with revolt against the authority of the Church. Throughout the land reigns worse than Egyptian darkness, for a more cruel oppression of religion prevails than ever weighed upon the children of Israel. And that darkness grows deeper with every passing day; for advancing time only brings new spoliation of the sanctuaries, more blaspheming of the divine victim of the altar. Under the guidance of atheists as reckless as ever mocked the power and patience of God, Italy has taken a place in the front rank of the enemies of the church, without which it never would have had in history anything more than a geographical position.

When the church is thus deserted on all sides by the nations that were born and grew to full vigor beneath the shadow of its protecting arms, it is not very surprising that Germany should seize upon this hour as most propitious to silence the only voice that dares to question and condemn the absolute, unlawful domination to which it aspires.—*Catholic Telegraph, Feb. 25.*

In Sweden, and Norway also, January was colder than for many years.

In Polk county, Iowa, there is a man in jail for stealing Bibles.

Hannibal, Mo., claims to have a new-found silver mine, yielding \$400 per ton.

The fork-grinders' trade is more fatal to human life than any other pursuit in England.

### NOTICE.

I HAVE in my possession: One dark red STEER, two years old, hole in left ear. If not claimed and taken away, will be sold according to law, March 19th, 1875, at the Stray Pound in Coalville, at 2 o'clock p.m. JOSEPH A. FISHER, Poundkeeper.

### IMPORTANT TO THE TRAVELING PUBLIC.

It is the duty of all persons before starting on a journey to ascertain by what route they can reach their destination with the least trouble, and if there are two or more roads leading to the same point, to decide which is the safest and pleasantest to travel.

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