

Mexican spy nearly to death. 'A what?' I exclaimed. 'Why, a Mexican spy,' said he. 'What do you mean by a Mexican spy?' I asked. 'Why,' said he, 'aint we a-fittin' the Mexicans? And we tuck this feller to be a spy, from the way he went on.' 'Is it possible,' I said, 'that you haven't heard that the Mexican war ended years ago?' 'Why, no,' said he; 'we did hear that old General Scott had tuck Mexico, but we thought the fittin' was still gwine on.' This he said in the utmost sincerity, and with a face as solemn as a graveyard."

Mr. Gilmore estimates the total white population in the regions of the Cumberland and Alleghany mountains in which are found scattered more or less thickly the people above described, at about two millions, and the latter at about half a million. The majority are descended from Scotch-Irish and English stock, and Mr. Gilmore speaks highly of them; but of the minority he says:

"These people, and only these, are the poor whites of the Alleghany region, and, in view of what they are, did I say an incredible thing when I wrote: The native poor white preachers may be classed under two general heads—knaves and fools? The sketch that I drew, I distinctly said, was of one of the more intelligent of the class. I might picture others who would give a more severe strain to the reader's credulity."

There is an element of romance in the graphic description which Mr. Gilmore gives of this ill-starred and peculiar race. That a strain of blood antagonistic to the spirit of Anglo-Saxon civilization exists in portion of the south, it is easy to believe. The early inhabitants of Missouri were largely drawn from the regions of the Alleghany and Cumberland mountains, and while the people who migrated from thence to the states named included among their number many citizens in every respect worthy the name of Americans, there was among them a numerous class who seemed incapable of partaking of the true spirit of liberty or the Christian religion. This the Latter-day Saints know who settled in that state and participated in the experiences the Church was there called upon to pass through. It is easy to believe that it might have been scions of the stock Mr. Gilmore describes, who murdered, and exterminated from the state of Missouri, the Latter-day Saints.

It is not difficult to believe that the same stock is frequently met with by Latter-day Saint Elders who are now laboring in those portions of the south. The fact that one class of the

population receive the Elders with great kindness and hospitality, often convincing, a willingness to risk life itself in their defense; and the further fact that another class manifest towards them a deadly hatred, would indicate the existence of two races having antagonistic traits; and hence is derived confirmatory evidence of the truthfulness of Mr. Gilmore's description of the "poor whites of the mountains."

B. F. C., Jr.

THE LATE FAIR.

AS SEEN AND ENJOYED BY
"ESSAY" CAIGH."

I TAKE a great deal of interest in the fair. By this I do not mean the ladies, or anything of that nature, but exactly what is said—the fair, or to be more explicit, the Territorial Fair. The one that was held here in October last was a gratifying success in most respects, and reflected a great deal of credit upon the management and our growing Territory. (The reader may have observed language similar to this before, but it fits first rate and once more won't hurt.)

The show of blooded stock was especially fine, and speaking of stock reminds me that right here is a good place to drop a suggestion coupled with a double-barreled protest.

The undersigned desires to be enrolled as distinctly against the growing evil of exhibiting babies in competition. I know it is customary, but so are a great many other things against which justice and fair-dealing sternly set their faces. Let it be understood at once and for all that neither myself nor any one to whom I am nearly related competed for the baby prize, so there can be no chance to throw sour grapes in this direction.

It is not right to exhibit babies in competition. One baby is as good as another, generally speaking, and to the authors of it a good deal better. Only two or three can have prizes, and only one the capital prize, thus leaving the hundred or more that receive nothing in innocent retirement with mothers more or less wrought up toward the dangerous point, in accordance with their respective dispositions for explosiveness. And why should they not be angered beyond control? To them their own is equal or rather superior to anybody else's, and Nature so arranged things that it should beso. It intended that every mother

should have the brightest, the best, and the sweetest baby on earth, and yet a fair, or rather an unfair, committee undertakes to undo the exalting decree and make two or three women unnecessarily overjoyed, at the expense of a whole host who are just as much entitled to it as the others. It is easy enough to say "It is only a little fun," or, that those who don't get prizes will be consoled within themselves by the facts that the judges were only men and therefore incapable, and that within themselves and to themselves they will say that though their babies didn't achieve success, they did more—they deserved it; but that doesn't smooth out the wrinkles of disappointment which they feel at having been induced to bring out the sweetest babes in the world only to have them "insulted" by a "lot of no-account people who knew no better." Let the great law which makes every mother supremely satisfied and altogether happy over her own offspring be encouraged, not merely by empty words, but by our sympathy and actions in every-day life—or, if we can't do that, let us at least refrain from doing the other thing and inflicting a slight not easily forgotten, in order that a mob of unthinking spectators may enjoy their disappointment. This is simply, on a limited scale, "hutchering to make a Roman holiday." Please stop it.

The other human exhibition—the young ladies—was all right, although the mind that suggested it may have inclined that way a little more than was consistent or in full accord with good taste. It had this to recommend it: That whether in babyhood or maidenhood, the female of our species is most nearly always good looking and entitled to a prize, wherein she differs from the other sex. A baby boy may be and generally is sweet, in one sense of that overburdened word, but he soon grows out of it; a girl hardly ever does. A boy grows up to be a man, if he lives, and the chances of his being a good looking and useful one are one out of a possible hundred. Even if he should be good, some taint of the original disposition to avoid censure so profusely exhibited in the Garden of Eden will crop out here and there, enough in any event to show the male that is in him. Some men are pretty good, of course; but as a race they will assay from 5 to 115 per cent pure hog. I know a young man who once took a prize as the boss baby in a county fair in Missouri. I was then ten years old and couldn't have competed if