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FORGETTING HIMSELF.

"An advocate, seeing that there was no longer any use of denying certain charges against his client, suddenly changed his plan of battle in order to arrive at success in another way. 'Well, be it so,' he said, 'my client is a scoundrel and the worst liar in the world.' Here he was interrupted by the judge, who remarked: 'Brother B—, you are forgetting yourself.'"

WE find the foregoing in the Salt Lake Tribune. It was clipped, of course from another paper; it is too terse and bright to be original with that sheet. It is so applicable to the very refined and amiable apologist for the "Red Hot Address" and author of the pleasant personalities in which he indulges when cornered, that we reproduce it for his consideration. If that is not sufficient, he is referred to the rejoinder of W. H. H. in Sunday's Salt Lake Herald, who was treated to one of his choicest buckets of slop, and who returns the compliment on the "tooth for a tooth" principle.

But it seems he cannot let the bogus West letter alone. The threatened reproduction of excerpts from old sermons, said to contain language and sentiments similar to those of the "Red Hot Address," has been made, and the result is an utter failure. Some of the mildest parts of the bogus "Address" are given, and some of the strongest sentences are selected from speeches made about a quarter of a century ago, coupled with a bogus report of remarks alleged to have been made in 1869 by President Young, and the comparison, even then, does not accomplish what was desired and threatened and attempted.

There is no similarity of style, of spirit, or purpose between them. No "Mormon" ever talked in public or in private or advised or felt like the concocter of the bogus "Address." The contrast between what has been raked up from fact and fiction and the "Address," even as mutilated and modified in the Tribune, is apparent to every intelligent reader.

But whatever may be the opinion as to this, the argument remains that alleged remarks a quarter of a century old, even if fasher and rougher than

quoted, form no excuse whatever for the publication of a murder-breeding "address" that was never made, purporting to have been delivered by a person who never existed, and at a place where no meeting was held. And, further, when the utter falsity and infamy of it was demonstrated so clearly that it could not be denied, the pretended apology was not made any more genuine than the "Address," by the statement that

"It is so like what is going on all the time, and the ordinary talk and feelings of the majority here, that it might have been delivered even by a Saint."

That is part of the pretended "retraction" published a week after the bogus "Address" was printed and after it had been circulated so as to accomplish the bloodthirsty design. And that is what the present apologist for the libel, and gatherer of old scraps of irrelevant matter refers to when he says:

"We submit to a candid public whether a more ample refutation was ever made than the foregoing."

Now then as to its effects. We have given names and dates and circumstances, showing how the circulation of this bogus and bloody "address" in Tennessee led to the inhuman massacre of Saints at a Sabbath meeting at Cane Creek. The apologist now says:

"The Elders in Tennessee were mobbed for preaching polygamy."

A few days ago he said they were killed because

"They had persuaded two or three men's wives to leave their husbands, or some young girls to leave their homes to come to Utah to have their souls saved."

It is difficult to follow a writer who is all the time "forgetting himself," but we intend to keep pinning him down when he dodges from one falsehood to another, and no matter how much filth he may vomit at us personally, that will make no difference. Both his statements are equally untrue and cowardly. The assassinated Elders neither preached polygamy nor induced men's wives or daughters to leave their homes. This calumny of the dead is in keeping with his slanders of the living, and there is no need to say what he is, the public will perceive his character and supply the natural invectives.

We take this opportunity of of thanking our friends—both "Mormons" and non-"Mormons" who have expressed their regard for the editor of the NEWS and their detestation of the course pursued by the discomfited Tribune scribe when unable to meet fair argument. But we assure them that his mess of witless scurrility had no other effect upon us than that produced by the clipping at the head of this article—it produced a hearty

laugh and the idea that in exhausting his exquisite vocabulary for epithets against the vilest person living that he was "forgetting himself."

TERRORS OF THE SALTON VAPORS.

THE Salton Lake is playing fantastic tricks which were not anticipated, and which, at present developments, are by no means pleasing to contemplate. The immense clouds of vapor formed from the constant and rapid evaporation from the hot waters of the lake have, for the last few days, been taking regular excursions toward San Diego, greatly to the discomfort of the people thereabout.

The aqueous clouds coming in contact at the tops of the mountains, with the breezes from the ocean, are condensed so suddenly as to cause torrents such as never were before known to that locality, and in some instances resulting in fearful disaster to the rural towns along the course of the floods. In one instance an immense cloud, presumably saturated with vapors from the desert lake, collapsed so suddenly as to wash away nearly an entire village. A mountain stream which up to now has been entirely innocent of any such deed of disaster, or even a suspicion of such a thing, it is said, swelled to a roaring torrent fifteen to twenty feet deep, carrying everything before it.

These reports may be greatly exaggerated and yet have enough in them to cause astonishment and keen anticipation of what may yet follow in the same line. Such an immense body of water heated, as it is said this has sometimes been, to a temperature of 110 degrees Fahrenheit is capable of giving off a tremendous amount of water from its surface through evaporation. The lake is said now to be all of sixty miles long and thirty miles wide and the waters are on the increase or at least not falling.

THE CZAR'S STATEGEMS.

THE labored war stratagems of the Russian potentate are becoming highly comic. The ebb and flow of his anxiety for the comforts of his people is getting to be as good an index as any shrewd war reporter would need of his military manuevers. A little while ago it occurred to him that the fact of the crops not being as good as usual would be a first rate disguise for almost anything he might please to do in a public way. Whether it was road building or grain storing or even the marshalling of troops on the frontier, the prospect of famine would explain it all.