

## EDITORIALS.

THE Sacramento Union says that our Territory, by reason of her white population, may better ask admission as a State than any other Territory. We have a larger number of white inhabitants, it says, than Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and Idaho combined, and over twice as many as the State of Nevada. We lack 25,000 of having as many, the Union says, as the present ratio for a Congressional representative; but these are likely to be made up before the next Summer closes. In that case it knows of no objection to Utah becoming a State, save the single one of polygamy. But though it admits this, it thinks there need be no haste about the admission of Utah. Time and enterprise and the abounding mineral wealth of the country, will cure the evil of polygamy better than any act of Congress. It thinks that in two or three years the "Gentiles" promise to be in the majority, and then the Territory will be ripe for the acceptance of the principles and prohibitions of Sargent's bill recently introduced into Congress.

Take the Union on its own ground and the statements which it makes, and what justice is there in refusing Utah admission? Population is here, or will be, it says, to fully meet every requirement; stability, permanency and well-established government are here, and even the desired hostile element is to be hereshortly, why, then, delay Utah's admission? If polygamy be so contemptible, so barbarous, so antagonistic to true civilization, as its opponents would make it out to be, why be afraid to let it come in contact with the reputedly superior system? If two or three years only are necessary to bring about the time when the Territory will be ripe for the adoption of modern civilization in its fulness, why perpetrate a manifest injustice by refusing it admission when it possesses every requisite qualification? We propound these queries in view of the Union's position concerning Utah, and taking that journal on its own ground. But let the case be looked at from another standpoint. Utah admittedly stands ahead of all the Territories and some of the States in population, in the character of her improvements and developments, and in her capacity for self government, as established by the fact that there has never been a vigilance committee in her borders, and the Territorial, county and municipal organizations are unencumbered by debt. Why should she not, then, be admitted into the Union as a State? Are her people less virtuous, less moral, less industrious, less temperate, less persevering, less intelligent, or less orderly than the people of other States and Territories? The united and concurrent testimony of hundreds of unprejudiced travelers, who are familiar with the condition of the people of every State and Territory in the Union, is that in no other place have they seen better order, more industry, perseverance, and sobriety, and less vice and immorality than in Utah. But there is that terrible institution known as polygamy. That we are told is the great and only objection. Stripped of the false coloring and misstatements with which it is surrounded and accompanied, this objection amounts to this—"It is better to seduce and degrade women than to marry them. It is preferable to dishonor them, bastardize their children and brand both with ineffaceable disgrace than to give them a husband's and father's guardianship guidance and care."

Do we put this too strongly? By no means. Suppose instead, of polygamy, there was wide-spread prostitution in Utah. Would any one urge that as an objection to her admission as a State? Can any one recall an instance where the most shocking and revolting vice and immorality were urged as objections to the admission of a State into the Union? There is not an instance of the kind in the history of the Government. Why then, make an exception of Utah and single her out as the scapegoat, because instead of women being seduced, prostituted and abandoned here, they are married?

On the evening of the 19th inst., Major Powell delivered a lecture in Chicago, on the "Seven ancient cities of Arizona." In his lecture he described Colorado cañon and places on the river where the ruins of old houses and steps cut in the terraces up to the very top of the cañon and fragments of pottery were found. In other places, at the mouths of little streams, were seen collections of houses, one of them two stories high and with six rooms. Inscriptions were thickly carved on the

walls, which were very beautiful, showing much artistic taste and culture in this direction. This was the written language of a mighty people now almost extinct. Through all Lower California, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and parts of Nevada Territory, the relics of the same ancient people were discovered, showing that the race had been one of vast numbers and power. The Spaniards of Mexico had heard of this race and sent expeditions to the north. After a while they succeeded in subjugating some 60 to 70 of the cities, and destroying the greater part of the inhabitants. The rest of the aborigines had been placed under the yoke of slavery, to gratify the accursed Spanish lust for gold. Their old habits and customs, even their language, gradually passed away, and the people themselves, becoming assimilated to their cruel invaders or to the other Indian tribes, lost all their individuality. But away up in the north-east part of Arizona there were seven cities so far away that they escaped the ravaging hands of the cruel Spaniards. These cities remain still intact; the people retaining their old habits, religion and language, as handed down from their distant ancestors. They made their clothing and pottery, and built their houses just as their progenitors did a thousand years ago, before the foot of a white man had taken its cruel march to exterminate their traditions and race. He had been fortunate enough to spend a few days with these people during last summer.

Their houses were erected on cliffs, often on narrow ledges overlooking a precipitous descent. The different stories were built on terraces, so that it was necessary to ascend by stone stairways and ladders. The first story was generally devoted to store-room purposes, the second to workshops and kitchens, the other stories being used for bedrooms and idol chambers. Their clothing was very handsome, of a woven material, and they took great pride in it, washing it and drying it on lines with much care. Their language was very soft and musical, and their welcome to all strangers hospitable.

Of all the millions of this interesting people who had lived in past ages, there were only about 3,000 of them left, and these were soon to be moved on to a reservation.

The Major gave his audience a lengthy and interesting description of the religion, customs and traditions of these Indians, [the Moquis] illustrating his descriptions with diagrams and representations. His lecture was listened to with the deepest interest.

A RECENT number of the New York World contains a biographical sketch of Captain Labouche, late commander of her Britannic Majesty's 60th rifles, who, for the last twenty-four years has resided in the city of New York. The Captain was born in London in the year 1766, and though now in his 105th year, is still in the possession of every faculty and is straight, lithe and active, and looks as though he might live as long again. Few men living, leaving out his age, can bear such a record as Captain Labouche: he has been a traveler in almost every land, has fought on many a battle-field, has suffered shipwreck, and still, withal, save rheumatic pains, is as hale and hearty as most men, not half his age. The Captain settled in New York in 1847, being accompanied by a widowed daughter, and a grandson, both of whom are dead.

When twenty-three years of age Mr. Labouche enlisted into the 60th rifles, and fought with the British army in Holland, under the Duke of York, in 1793; was with Cornwallis in Ireland in 1798, and with Nelson at Copenhagen in 1801. He was an attaché of the British embassy to Prussia in 1807 under Lord Castlereagh; and was an eyewitness of the ceremonies which took place on June 22nd of that year, at the meeting at Tilsit between the First Napoleon and the Emperor Alexander of Russia. In 1808 he was fighting under Wellington in the Peninsular war, was left for dead at Busaco, and was knighted for his bravery on the plains of Talavera. In 1811 he was stationed at the Cape of Good Hope, and took an active part in the Caffre war of 1813. On the banishment of the Emperor Napoleon to St. Helena, Captain Labouche was appointed one of his jailors; and in 1818, being then fifty-two years of age, and having seen and faced almost every conceivable danger, he resolved to retire from the army and spend the remainder of his days quietly. He accordingly sold his commission; but his restless nature soon compelled him to take part in the bustle of active

life, and in 1826 he was shipwrecked and cast ashore senseless at the Cape of Good Hope. This was a most disastrous affair, for though his life was spared, his whole fortune went down with the ship. He next figures as superintendent of the convict station at Bathurst in Australia. In 1837 he went to Tahiti, and from thence made voyages to China, India, and South America. While at Tahiti, on account of the free expression of opinions against the Papists, he was seized by the authorities and transported to France. This took place in 1842. On his liberation the Captain took a tour through Europe; subsequently took charge of Lord Howard de Walden's estate in Jamaica, and came to this country in '47, where he has resided ever since. In '63, during the riot in New York, the Captain, then in his ninety-eighth year, confronted the mob and at the risk of his own life rescued a person whom they were about to hang to a lamp-post.

Strange as the preceding events, crowded into the life of one person, are, the strangest part of the Captain's history is yet to be told,—a part which seems to set at defiance the laws of physiology and at the same time furnish a study for both toxicologist and physician. For more than fifty years Captain Labouche has been a confirmed opium eater, his feats in this respect, far transcending it is said those of De Quincey. Impelled by acute pain brought on by exposure during his military career, the Captain took his first dose of opium, and he affirms that on no day, during the last half century, has he taken less than twenty-four grains of this powerful opiate. He has occasionally taken as much as one hundred and fifty grains in a day; and he tells that on one occasion at sea, when his opium had run out, he drank half a pint of laudanum.

In his mode of life he is very exact. He has three meals a day,—breakfast regularly at 2 o'clock in the morning; dinner at noon, and tea at four or five, and is in bed and asleep by six in the evening. He is five feet ten inches high, and is the possessor of a chest of extraordinary girth.

GAMBETTA, the young lawyer, whose name figures so conspicuously in connection with the war in France, has but one eye, and the cause of him being so disfigured, for it is not a natural defect, furnishes a key to the determined character of the man. It is related of him that, being sent to a Jesuit school, which he found very distasteful, he wrote and informed his father that if he did not remove him he, Gambetta Jr., would put out his eye. The father paid no heed to the threat, thinking that it amounted to nothing more than idle talk, and he did not take his son from the school. A few days after the old gentleman received a note from the principal of the school, informing him that his son had destroyed the sight of one of his eyes. The father then visited the school to satisfy himself as to whether his son had been so foolish, and convinced himself of the fact by ocular demonstration. He still refused to remove his hopeful from the school, but was assured by the young gentleman that if he did not he would put out the other eye. Gambetta *per se* wilted at this, and the son was forthwith removed. With such material having controlling power in France it is certain that the present contest there will be obstinately waged as long as his influence lasts.

MR. WALTER Montgomery, who gave readings last Fall in our Theatre, has been performing in Boston. At the close of his engagement and on the last night he was called out and made a speech. Subsequently Mr. J. B. Booth presented to him in the green-room, in behalf of the members of the company, a massive silver goblet lined with gold. The gift bears the following inscription: "Presented to Mr. Walter Montgomery by his brother actors, Boston Theatre, Boston, January 14, 1871, as a slight recognition of his eminent abilities as an artist, and his real worth and good fellowship as a man."

THE Florence, (Italy) correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette tells, in a recent letter, of a scene, probably without a parallel in Europe witnessed in Florence less than two months since,—namely the incineration, or burning of the body of an Indian prince who had died in that city. The name of the prince was Rajah Murahja, of Kolapore, who, attended by sixteen Indians and four Englishmen left his own realms, where he was sovereign of six

hundred thousand people, to travel for education and pleasure. His health failing he visited Florence for its benefit, but death there terminated his travels and his life. His attendants, desirous of administering the funeral rites according to Hindoo custom, applied to and obtained from the authorities permission to burn the body, on condition that they kept their intention secret, and carried it out in the night. The affair, however, leaked out slightly, and the incineration was witnessed by several newspaper reporters and correspondents, and about five hundred citizens.

The ceremony was performed in a park, adjoining Florence, commenced at 2 o'clock a.m. and continued till after 9. A wood pile, six feet long, three wide and three high, was erected, and upon this the body, well perfumed and enveloped in a large red sheet of silk, with the feet eastward, was laid. It was dressed in red satin and silk. A long tunic or toga reached nearly to the knees, while red stockings and leather boots completed the dress. On his breast there was an immense number of jeweled orders, and around his neck there was a necklace of very large pearls. The head was covered with a black and red turban; and in the mouth a gold coin had been placed. Before lighting the fire the attendants went through a series of motions, pulling off and replacing their turbans, bowing, stretching their arms in various directions and repeating short prayers in their native tongue. Then more perfume and a quantity of fat were thrown on the wood, and gold coins placed in the hands and on the breast of the deceased. Short prayers were again repeated, followed by sandal wood and more fat and perfume on the pyre; then a quantity of straw, more wood, fat and gestures and a short sermon, when the fire was lighted. As the destruction of the body progressed, more perfumes were thrown on and more prayers said. At 9 o'clock water was thrown on the pile, the remains of the Prince collected and placed in a porcelain vase, and the remainder of the burnt material thrown into the middle of the Arno. Earth was then strewn over the spot, arranged in the shape of a heart, and little vases of rice placed around it. All the Indians then prayed, with their faces to the ground, after which they bore away the ashes of the deceased, which are to be taken to India and thrown into the Ganges.

THERE is every indication that the crowning act of the tragic drama now being enacted in Europe is about to take place in the early surrender of Paris. According to the dispatches to-day, General Trochu's resignation, as Governor of Paris, has been accepted by the Council of the National Defense, and his successors appointed; and Favre is at Versailles, endeavoring to negotiate terms for the surrender of the city. This step, under the circumstances, is the very best that can be taken. It can scarcely add to the obloquy and disgrace in which France is enveloped, and it will certainly save thousands of lives and millions in property, and preserve from almost total destruction the most beautiful city in the world.

The triumph of Prussian arms in the present campaign is without a parallel in history, and in the surrender of the French Capital there seems to be a kind of retributive justice, for it will enable the German Emperor to give measure for measure. The first Napoleon once entered Berlin as a conqueror and dictated his own terms of peace to the crushed and defeated Prussians; and there is nothing now to hinder Prussia doing the same to the crushed and defeated French in Paris.

In the recent election for U. S. Senator in Delaware, the singular spectacle was presented of three brothers being candidates for the office. The present Senator, Hon. Willard Saulsbury, another brother, at present, Governor of the State, and a third brother, Eli, a prominent member of the bar, who, except being once a member of the Legislature, has never yet held a public office, were the competitors, and the last named secured the nomination and election. They are reputed, says the Washington evening Star, to have more extensive facilities for storing whiskey than any other men in Delaware.

GENUINE COKE.—We saw yesterday afternoon a specimen of excellent coke, made from Coalville coal, by Mr. E. Harrison, steam boiler maker, of this city.