

Correspondence.

SALT LAKE CITY.

July 10th, 1870.

Editor News:—As there still appears to be some doubts lingering in the minds of a few, who have become financially interested in the success of the Little Cottonwood mining district, as to its merits and demerits, I again address myself to the task of enlightening the minds of those who, are to-day engaged in working with a "blind faith," the "Wild Cat" claims of that rapidly failing mining region. I have made every effort to obtain the mining statistics of the Territory for the past few years, but have failed, consequently I am under the necessity of calling attention to the facts as they do and have existed for the past four or five years.

That Utah is possessed of mineral wealth no doubts need be entertained, but it is of that class of mineral, that sooner or later, becomes the support and stay of the State, i. e. iron, lead, &c., and not gold and silver. It is that class that requires the steady, persistent effort of a determined will to make it valuable, and not the "lottery" speculations of thrice-over disappointed gold seekers. The time is certainly not far distant, when this source of Utah's wealth will be developed and will become a source of revenue to its "bona fide" citizens that will be of a permanent character, and not "Wild Cat." For the past six months, an unhealthy excitement has prevailed throughout the Territory in regard to mining. Prospectors have been busy, and almost every mountain side, cañon and gulch, from the Colorado to Bear Lake, has been carefully inspected by experienced men, and the result has been that the mass of "great expectation capitalists" have settled down to the development of Little Cottonwood. Something near five years ago the first work in the cañon was done, and from that day to this persistent efforts have been made, in season and out, to force from the bowels of the earth something like adequate compensation, for the time, toil and means therein expended. With what success they who have been the sufferers best know; and it only requires a visit to the cañon by an impartial observer to ascertain the true state of affairs. The abandoned tunnels, prospect holes and smelting works, that are to-day to be seen, are abundant evidences to any one, who does not "go it blind," but coolly, calmly and deliberately calculates the chances of the investment he expects to make, and the probable results of an investment, in mining claims, that have been repeatedly tried for a number of years, and have been as often abandoned, after wearying, fruitless efforts to obtain the precious metal.

The discovery of gold in Little Cottonwood is not of late date, as many suppose; but experienced miners pronounced it a failure and a humbug many months ago. Only those who are willing to risk their all, or the cast of a single die, or those who are destitute of this world's goods, would take hold of so unpromising a prospect with the expectation of bettering their condition financially. To a certain extent these men have won, but where one has succeeded five hundred have failed; and so it will continue to the end. The most strenuous exertions will be made; the lives, health and the prosperity of many will be placed in jeopardy, and as a result, we shall have men who might have succeeded in almost any vocation in life, broken down at the commencement of life's career.

To give some idea of the number of stories these few, build their castles on, I extract from the correspondence of the 17th of June, Salt Lake city, to the Missouri Democrat: "The Woodhull Bros. are erecting smelting works for the reduction of the ores of Cottonwood Cañon, which is believed to be the richest mining region in the world; and the last successful discoverer is 'Patsey Marley,' an English pugilist. Patsey's star is up. He has a number of men at work for him, and the claim is estimated at one hundred thousand dollars."

P-r-e-c-i-s-e-l-y! Why not say one hundred million at once and be done with it, and not stoop to the paltry, insignificant sum of one hundred thousand? A man's organs of gullibility must certainly be extensive, to swallow such "bosh;" and, then, on top of the whole thing, to work with a "blind faith," in the prospective future, argues the possession of the quintessence of credulity, to say the least that can be said. The truth is, in regard to the

development of mineral in this Territory, that for every dollar received and obtained by the most strenuous exertions, we have had to expend five hundred. Look at Pahranaagat, abandoned and deserted, an acknowledged failure. The same with the Sevier mines, that once promised so much; and Meadow Valley, another monument of the folly that induces men to leave lucrative employment for the uncertainties of a miner's life. And in almost every gorge throughout the entire extent of the South, dismal looking prospect holes, confront one on every hand, living testimony to caution the unwary of the certainty of pecuniary loss, in the event of investment in the mines of that district. Nearer to the city we find that Tintic was the place after all, but what, eventually, is the result?

"Twelve fiery steeds drew a golden car"
That glittered with precious gems,
And the carriage lamps were diamond globes
And were mounted on golden stems.
My orchard was loaded with golden fruit
And I supped upon golden wine
And the whole of my glittering golden wealth
I drew from the Tintic mine.
Much more I dreamed in a similar strain
As I rolled in a golden bed,
But I woke at length from my dreamy spell
To find that my gold was lead."

What of Bingham Cañon, year in and year out? The work has gone forward by reliefs apparently, and to-day many a poverty-stricken man can trace his first downward step to the mines of Bingham Cañon; while the only men that I have ever heard of making any money in the Cañon, were killed by a land slide, before leaving it. Rush Valley shared the excitement, and to judge by what information can be gained of a reliable character of that region, it is on a par with the rest. Men who were possessed of a competence, have left it scattered over the hill sides, in the shape of unsaleable ore, that to-day will not pay for hauling to Salt Lake city, to say nothing of smelting, shipping, etc.

North, south, east and west, look which way we will, we find only the ever-recurring evidence of repeated failure, abandoned mines, deserted shafts, mouldering smelting works, and the usual cast-away debris of defunct mining claims. To judge by the evidence before us, there is a certain class of men who prefer to follow the certainty of defeat in mining to the uncertainty of success as artisans or husbandmen. Utah mineral, gold and silver wealth, may be inexhaustible, but it apparently is beyond the reach of those who are buying "lottery" tickets to obtain it.

Utah has heretofore amassed solid wealth rapidly, through the efforts of her farmers, mechanics, and merchants. New avenues for the accumulation of means are opening up daily. Prominent among the number can be classed cotton and woolen factories, whose spindles will ere long give employment to hundreds who are to-day looking to the mines for bread. And this will be permanent employment and the employees are not "great expectation capitalists," but steady-going, hard working citizens, who will build up a country, not tear it down; who will pay its taxes, and not involve it in debt, as have done the miners of Nevada,—the State that was born with a golden spoon in its mouth, but which to-day, with all its yield of gold and silver, is so deeply involved that, while its citizens are groaning under its heavy taxation, no way opens to extricate them from the dilemma into which they have been forced by the immense mining interests they possess.

To enter into an argument to prove that the gold and silver mining interest of Utah, amounted to naught, would seem to some, unnecessary labor; but with all the evidence that is self evident and incontrovertible men will still talk of rich mining claims worth "one hundred thousand," and Little Cottonwood mines as the "richest the world affords." Suppose for one moment that they do pay, and that money can be made, would all the gold of Mexico or the gems of Golconda remunerate us for the demoralization of our youth, the fever of excitement into which our Territory would be thrown, and the bringing into our midst of a class that are a detriment to any country?

The Vigilantes of California, the wholesale murders and hangings of Montana, the road agent work of Nevada, the long catalogue of terrible acts generally that characterize every mining camp of any size, are too fresh in their minds for the people of this

Territory, to seek for their repetition here. "Hurdy gurdy" houses, gambling hells and whisky saloons, with all their attendant evils are not the characteristics of the quiet dwellers of the valleys of Utah, and it is the duty of every good citizen to frown them down. The condition of affairs that to-day exists in Little Cottonwood will spread throughout the Territory, provided the false and lying reports of interested parties are allowed to go uncontradicted. Let the truth be known and let those who live at a distance understand the true nature of the case; let them know for themselves that the mines in Utah have, from their first inception, sunk money, and that only speculators are being benefitted, by the report of mineral wealth. Men may say that this, that or the other man, has made money. Certainly they have. Men make money at the faro table, at cards, at "lotteries," and at every game of chance that exists; but point to one single person, who has been permanently benefitted by money so gained. Where is the man in our midst to-day, who through the influence of mining, has gained for himself a competency and gathered around himself the requisite to smooth the rough places in life to add to his happiness here. Miners here are who have made money, but it has gone as it came—very rapidly; and on our streets can be seen every day financially played-out specimens of the mining fraternity, who have followed the footsteps of the fickle goddess, Hope until, broken in name, in fame and in fortune, they wander to and fro over the earth, without aim or object, and are doubtless wending their way toward the barren cliffs of Cottonwood Cañon, as the *dermier resort*, the last hope, the flickering in the socket of the lamp that has indeed proved heretofore an "ignus fatuus" to them. Soon this last hope of success will be denied them, and again they will commence the weary march in search of better diggings.

Out upon the "mistaken philosophical principle," advocated by any man or set of men, that brings poverty to the door of an entire class of our citizens, and renders them unfit for the practical realities of life; brings trouble to the hearthstones of ere while happy families!

Very respectfully,
J. MORGAN.

IMPENDING CONFLICT.

A NEW irrepressible conflict has been begun—a conflict of Labor with Capital. The shoemakers of North Adams undertook to dictate to Mr. Sampson on a comparatively small question of wages. Mr. Sampson would not accept the dictation, and he determined to place himself in a position where he would be beyond its reach. He resolved to import a lot of Chinamen. They work well and cheaply, and thus far Capital has obtained a triumph over Labor. But the end is not yet. It is now a question whether Mr. Sampson has not gone too far. He has opened an active war between Capital and Labor, and the latter is a power not to be despised in this land where every man is free and has the ballot. The conflict threatens to be a violent and vengeful one, and there is no telling to what lengths it will go. Already it occupies the attention of politicians, and as usual upon other topics, it calls forth a diversity of views. It is a small affair at present, the employment of a few coolies by a Massachusetts manufacturer; but it looms up in the not distant future with portentous significance, and threatens to become a question of overshadowing importance. With this question, as with others of great importance, the people of Utah, from the excellence of their organization, are better prepared to grapple than any other people. They can control and furnish a correct solution of it, without permitting it to disturb their peace or to interfere with their progress.

CHINESE vs. AFRICANS.

THE Missouri Republican, in an article "Chinese vs. Africans," arraigns the Republican party for its departure from the principles which it has all along advocated, by its refusal to grant to the Chinese the right of citizenship. The Congressional legislation upon this subject is, in its opinion, "to say the very least, a curious commentary upon those principles which the administration represents, and to the triumph of which it owes its supremacy." We can best give the Republican's ideas upon the subject by quoting its own language:

"Africans," it says, "confessedly the lowest type of the human race, have been liberated, enfranchised, and raised to the dignity of law-makers. In ten States of the Union they form an important portion of the several legislatures, fill high offices, and are the virtual rulers of their white brethren. Their representative sits in the United States Senate, and claims and receives from his colleagues that respect and deference which is accorded only to an acknowledged equal. This and much more has the Radical party done for the Africans—a people who from the foundation of the world until now have had neither literature, language, civilization nor religion, except what they have derived from their masters while in a condition of servitude; a people, too, who, if left to themselves, cut off from all communication or association with the whites, would in less than a century, degenerate into their original barbarism. But the Chinese, a race for which three thousand years has had a recognized existence, a government, a theology, a written language illustrated by poets, philosophers, historians and statesmen; a race which has anticipated many of the rarest discoveries of European genius, and maintains now a monopoly of some of the finest mechanical arts; a race which has never been enslaved but always independent and self-supporting, and is able to hold its own against the competition, and we might add, the persecution of the world—this race, according to the present tone of Radical sentiment and policy, is unworthy of citizenship, and must be kept in a state of tutelage far below the negro."

"If the negro is fit to be a citizen, so is the Chinaman; if the negro is fit to vote, hold office, make and execute laws, so is the Chinaman; if the negro is a valuable addition to our body politic, and a source of strength to our nation at large, so is the Chinaman; if the negro is a man and a brother, entitled to every right which the whites enjoy, so also is the Chinaman; and as the one has been received with open arms, and assigned to the most honorable places in the political synagogue, there is no reason or justice in excluding the other."

THE late yearly examination of cadets at West Point is said to have been the most severe of any that has ever occurred at the Academy. Sixty-two and a half per cent of the candidates were rejected, several of whom are said to be fine young men, who supposed there was no doubt of their success. Their mortification is described as keen, and an extra dash of bitterness is given to it by the fact that James W. Smith, a colored boy from Columbia, S. C., went through the same ordeal triumphantly. There were eighty-five candidates, and only thirty-eight of these passed the examination. It is rather humiliating for the forty-seven white boys and young men, many of whom are the sons of Governors and other notables, to be rejected while a colored boy passes the examination. Smith is twenty years of age. He is described as tall, slender and rather loosely put together, with rather a shaky locomotive gear and delicate physique; but with an active brain, keen intellect and a firm, tenacious will. Being the only colored cadet at the academy he has a hard time; his fellow-cadets calling him all kinds of hard names, pouring slops upon him and abusing him in every way in their power. He thinks he will not be able to endure their treatment, and talks of resigning. The other cadets openly express their determination to drive him, by their persecutions, from the academy. The sentiment of his own class is that they do not want him there. As the press is taking considerable notice of this case, and the men of color throughout the land are watching the result with considerable interest, if he be forced out of the academy, that will not be the end of the affair. Colored boys, if capable of passing through a successful examination, will be admitted as cadets, and they will be maintained there; or if their friends and the friends of the measure cannot restrain the violence of the white cadets, they will never rest satisfied until the institution is abolished. Colored people are rapidly becoming aware of their importance as voters, and as they compose about one-tenth of the population, they will have no difficulty in finding candidates for their votes who will freely pledge themselves to secure to them every right to which American citizens are entitled.

THE HOPPERS AT POND TOWN.—Brother Samuel T. Curtis, of Pondtown, called this morning, and says that when he left, on Saturday morning, the locusts were there and between Pondtown and Payson in greater numbers than he ever saw them before. They were travelling in the direction of Salt Lake City.

SULKY RAKES.—There is a supply of the Dayton Sulky Rake at Zion's Co-operative Institution. Farmers and others would do well to purchase early as the present supply is limited.