

EDITORIALS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Chicago *Times* writes in the following strain to that paper:

What do you think of Polygamy?

A stranger visiting here is allowed from three to thirteen minutes to make up his mind all about polygamy, and then some Gentile—

"What do you think of polygamy?"

I had but just scraped the dust accumulated between San Francisco and this place, when there mounted me a gentile doctor, and propounded the usual conundrum:

"Well, what do you think of polygamy?"

"Don't know anything about it. Have only been here fifteen minutes."

"It's horrible, it is."

"No, really now, is it?"

"Yes, indeed. Haven't you heard of any cases of incest?"

"What kind?"

"Men marrying their own nieces, for instance."

"Yes, I do know of one"—The doctor's face brightened—"it was that of a man who married his own niece."

"Do you know the name and the circumstances?" said the doctor, who is getting out a book, and has an eye to statistics.

"I don't know his name, but I know where he lives."

"Where is it?"

"Well, this gentleman is a member in excellent standing in the church, in which his matrimonial relations are well known, and he and his wife occupy a respectable social position. He lives in the west side of a place known as Chicago."

"Hem, yes," said the doctor, when he recovered his equilibrium, and went on: "Polygamy is a horrible thing. Nature itself protests. I have been keeping statistics, and I find that 75 per cent. of the children born of polygamous marriages are boys."

"Well, now, that is singular. In other places it is considered creditable to grow boys, but here the thing seems to be regarded as a punishment."

"Just so. Then, of all the children born of these parents, there is not one in a hundred that is not tow-headed."

"Now that I think of it, it seems to me that I have noticed something of the sort among children everywhere."

"But that is not all," persisted Medici; "the worst remains to be told." He whispered, "Why, sir, not more than one-half of these women have any more in the nature of mammary glands than I have myself."

"Can it be possible? But from what I have seen myself—I mean, from what I've heard from those who have seen—I am certain that the same remarkable peculiarity is not wholly unknown in Chicago, for instance."

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know nothing whatever of the practical workings of polygamy, gathered from personal observation. There are men who have been here six or seven hours longer than I, who know all about it. To them I respectfully refer the readers of the *Times* for information.

THE REMEDY.

If anybody wishes to rivet these polygamous chains upon these women, he has only to undertake to forcibly unlock them. A little persecution would be a Godsend to Mormonism.

I cannot but think that this sole evil of the saints will cure itself if left alone.

The only bar to the gradual, rapid, and pacific solution of the problem lies in the direction of demagogues. All that it requires is to be let alone, and exposed to the abridging effects of contact with Christian civilization. Any forcible attempt to disrupt the marriage relations of the present residents of this Territory, if a failure, would result, through the natural processes of persecution, in increasing the evil. If a success, it would be the most infamous outrage ever perpetrated, for the reason that it would throw thousands of women from the position of wives into that of mistresses, and leave them only prostitution as a result.

Let the thing be left to time. Avoid anything like force. Throw such legal and federal safeguards about these women that any of them can at any time escape the polygamous relation if they wish to. Any other course would be a ruinous failure.

The correspondent also relies upon dead men's shoes and the "truly Christian" assistance of the frivolity and extravagance of fashion to work the gradual abolishment of the institution. The idea of depending upon such auxiliaries to accomplish a professedly moral revolution! Does not every historian and moralist point out that the folly and extravagance of luxury are great causes of social corruption and national decay and downfall. Are these United States and Territories under any exemption from this law? If not, what virtue is there in the hope, so often expressed, that luxury will undermine and eventually destroy "Mormonism"? Are we not forced to the conclusion that "Mormonism," domestically and otherwise is eminently favorable to frugality, industry, and private and public virtues generally, and its opponents are notoriously abandoned to the worship, practice, and enforcement of the opposite vices?

However, we must commend the conclusion of the *Times* correspondent that persecution and ferocious enforcement of the views of the antagonists of Mormonism would be not only the most infamous outrage ever perpetrated and a ruinous failure, but would prove the very worst thing for themselves, that those antagonists could possibly undertake.

LONG ISLAND, N. Y., was recently the scene of a real duel, that is, a duel in which the principals meant mischief to each other, and such events, happily, are rare now-a-days. The duellists were both Italians, and both ex-officers of Garibaldi's army. One was named General Fardelli, now a macaroni merchant in New York city, the other Col. Canzi, proprietor of a grocery store, also in New York city. Canzi is a youngish man, and small; Fardelli a good way passed middle life and tall. Canzi has been in this country three months; Fardelli seven years.

The trouble between them grew out of the recent Italian celebration, in which Canzi took a prominent part, being one who walked in the procession. At the banquet held after the procession Canzi made some insulting remarks about those Italians who took no part in the procession, and whose only countenance of it was a stare; and alluded to one of this class who called himself a General, saying that nobody knew how he got the title. This insinuation was intended for and was heard by Fardelli, and he asked Canzi if he wished to insult him. Canzi replied, "I do not care." A challenge was the result, and swords the weapons.

Before the fight began it was agreed that the drawing of blood should stop it unless the injured party was disabled by his wound. When the encounter commenced it was soon seen that the advantage was with Canzi, he kept cool; but Fardelli was excited. After parrying, thrusting, guarding, and slashing at each other for fifteen minutes Canzi succeeded in laying his opponent's arm open to the bone, from the shoulder to the wrist. The surgeon declared the fight must stop, but the old

General was grit, and would fight again; but after two or three attempts he was obliged to give up, and thus ended this affair of honor.

ONE of the funniest things current is the catechising of a gentleman of three score years and fourteen, concerning the matter of his domestic relations, and his belief in regard thereto, upon his application to be manufactured into a full blown citizen of these United States. Probably nowhere outside of Utah is such a catechising ever attempted, but, if precedents of that kind are to be set here, there is no telling to what length the disease may run. Of course it would be a dreadful thing if the elderly gentleman were to endanger the peace of the commonwealth, the integrity of the government, and the safety of the country, by any rash or reckless matrimonial enterprises he might be disposed to engage in, for the fire of youth might yet burn in his bones, and the vigor of virility linger in his loins. If he should marry his grandmother it would be a fearful circumstance, only to be excused by his marrying his grandfather. And if very connubially inclined, there is really no telling to what an alarming extent he might cultivate the family tree, or how many olive branches might spring up around his table during the five, ten, fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five years. Providence might spare him to continue his good and patriotic labors.

But more seriously it must strike people outside of Utah, if not inside, as a very remarkable line of policy to be pursued—that of refusing a man the right to become an American citizen solely for the reason that he is a marrying man, practically or theoretically. Are the repugnance to families and the disuse of marriage become so thoroughly bred in the bone of Americans that a man without reproach in any other respect, must, if favorable to Scriptural marriage, be held to be utterly unworthy to become an American citizen and be accounted as inferior to the negro, inferior to the Indian, inferior to the heathen Chinese! There may be men guilty of rape and yet admitted to the right of American citizenship. There are undoubtedly murderers, whore-mongers, pimps, perjurers, thieves and robbers of every grade freely adopted citizens of this glorious Union, but let a man in Utah apply to become naturalized, and he cannot receive his papers unless he first undergo an inquisitorial catechetical examination in regard to his domestic concerns and belief. It is an understood principle of law that no man is bound to criminate himself, and consequently that no man can be legally punished for not criminating himself. But applicants for naturalization in this Territory are placed catechetically in this dilemma—if they answer and criminate themselves they are debarred; if they refuse to answer, though an answer might criminate themselves, they are also debarred. They are refused the right of citizenship if, being really "Mormons," they confess that fact, or refuse to confess it.

Is this a healthy line of policy? Is not the refusal of naturalization on such grounds virtually offering a bribe to men to deny their religion and their God and perjure themselves in the sight of heaven? If a man believes in "Mormonism," is it to be supposed that the refusal of a citizen's rights will shake his faith or his faithfulness? Will it not rather cause him to rejoice that he is accounted worthy to suffer ignominy for the sake of his religion, and will it not be imputed to him for righteousness? And is it exactly right that a man should be unable to become an American citizen because of his righteousness, because of his unflinching faithfulness to his religion, when the constitution expressly provides that a man's religion shall not be interfered with? Why should he be punished or debarred from common rights because of his religious belief or practice, when the constitution guarantees him immunity? There can be no answer to this, only the tyrant's potent answer—that might makes right.

GOING back to savagery, is the condition of society in "the first city in the land," according to the Philadelphia *Press*—

The New York papers are reprinting, as timely reading, detailed accounts of the three great vigilance-committee administrations, with biographies of the leading vigilants. Such men as Edwards Pierpont openly discuss the question of punishment of the plunder-

ers through the agency of the reserved rights of the sovereign people. The *Nation*, which likes to be looked on as a Conservative journal, squarely declares that the death of Tweed, Sweeney, et al., is a necessity, and would no more be lynch law than was the execution of several of their monarchs by the oppressed peoples of old Europe. The *World*, one of the first rats which scamper from the sinking ship, tells Connolly that if he does not resign, New York within one day will become too hot to hold him. To this complexion has it come at last. The first city in the land is approaching social disintegration, and her people, falling back to the first principles of savage society, are relying on the rude justice of a backwoods law for safety and vengeance.

Social disintegration may well approach where the most outrageous raciality, financially and morally, carries things with a high hand. It is righteousness which exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.

"SHAMELESS PICNICS" are charged against the New Yorkers, who, if they keep moving at the rate they have been marching of late, will soon be far on the road to eternal perdition. The *New York Standard* says:

The history of this year's picnics is the history of sensuality, brutality and violence of almost every kind. As a rule, there are occasions where young girls—often too young to realize the whole nature of the evil that is wrought on them—are overcome by force or persuasion, and where the chastity with which they entered into the entertainment is lost to them forever. They are infested by the most infamous of women and the most desperate of men. Under cover of the greenwood and the many secret nooks and groves that abound, immoralities take place which the honest light of day is insufficient to prevent, and which the night gives emphatic countenance to. No decent woman can appear at such a festival, feeling certain that she will not be insulted; no pure girl can enter there absolutely sure she will come forth unviolated, and no brave and right-feeling man can do his duty in such a scene without the moral certainty of having to pay for his interference by running the risk of his life.

A PASSENGER on board the steamship *Mississippi*, which was wrecked on the 24th ult., furnishes to the *New Orleans Times* a thrilling account of the disaster, from which the following is condensed. The steamer left New York on the 19th ult., and on the morning of the 24th, overtaken by a cyclone, she was rolling fearfully, the yards often touching the sea, while vast bodies of water were being constantly shipped. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the cabin was flooded, the sea having broken the rear skylight. This terrified the passengers, and their alarm was augmented by the fact that to save themselves from being tumbled to death they had to hold with all their force to any purchase which presented itself. A plank was nailed over the skylight, but was soon torn away and every wave shipped would pour more or less water into the cabin. At 5 o'clock the pilot house was broken up, the lee boats were torn away and an enormous wave broke through every skylight and sent large quantities of water down the engine room. At this juncture, when the prospect every moment was that the ship would go down, the passengers were in an inexpressible state of terror, and while their shrieks and cries resounded through the ship they simultaneously knelt and prayed for deliverance. At this time the captain had his arm dislocated by an enormous wave, which also extinguished every light in the ship, leaving all in total darkness. All the passengers were then in the cabin, and as the water was rising very fast, a scramble commenced to escape.

One of the stewards succeeded in relighting a lamp, and the officers made preparations to cut away the mainmast; but while doing so, the ship struck on the Florida reef with a terrific shock, three or four big waves at the same time nearly filling the cabin. The passengers bid each other good bye, expecting every moment to be engulfed in the seething waters, as the waves every few moments, lifted the ship like a toy, each recurring fall being with such force as to threaten her instant and total dismemberment. The night was pitchy dark, the waves, spray and rain seeming like an impenetrable