

cradle yet it has extended all over Italy. However, Sicily is still its stronghold and it is from there that the society receives its orders and instructions. A member of the organization is technically termed *Mafioso*, and it is said that Sicilians can invariably recognize a member by his appearance and manner. His countenance is serious, his look insolent, his carriage swaggering, his hair bushy and curly, crowned with a wide brimmed hat. His only idea or conception of honor is is secrecy in relation to the affairs of his order, and faithfulness in all cases to a fellow-member. A blow or an injury if forgiven he regards as the mark of a coward. He never forgives, and his dagger is always ready to avenge an insult whether real or fancied.

At one time not alone in Sicily but in several of the Italian provinces this Mafia dominated society. Many a wealthy landowner and merchant paid large sums of money at the simple demand of the order. They would rather do this than have their cattle maimed or their property destroyed.

So outrageous had the doings of the Mafia become that in 1872 all sense of security had departed from the Sicilians. About this time General Pianell Conte Pallaniscio, and Colonel Milon, three distinguished Italian soldiers were commissioned to eradicate the Mafia and societies of a kindred character from the Italian dominions, Pianell especially waged an unrelenting war on the order. At first the strength and influence of the Mafia baffled him, but in time he overawed its leaders. Thousands fled to America, while those who remained at home kept themselves very quiet. But the order is still in existence in Sicily and in other provinces of Italy, though not as active as formerly.

Italy, perhaps, more than any other country in the world is the land of secret societies, of bandits, brigands, and criminals of all kinds. This is singular, considering the place held by that nation in art and in literature. However, it is a fact, and the history of it is largely made up of factions, feuds, intrigues and rivalries. Even brigandage there was so colossally potent that it attracted the attention of poets and composers. The story of Fra Diavolo the terrible brigand chief is familiar to most readers of general literature. His real name was Mike Pozza. His title of Fra Diavolo or "friar Devil" he acquired because of his bravery and good fortune. The chase and capture of Fra Diavolo by Colonel Hugo, the father of the French author, Victor Hugo, is matter of history, and reads like a chapter of an American dime novel.

Italy is honeycombed with organizations of the Mafia genius. It is maintained by many observers that the causes of these societies can be found in the mariners' habits and customs of the Italian people. Others contend that the political, social and religious conditions of the country originated these secret and oath-bound organizations. As to the political condition, at times Italy has been one of the worst governed nations in the civilized world. Above all things, there have been in periods of her history no law, no justice, no respect for the poorer classes. The consequence was that societies of the Mafia kind developed.

The New Orleans tragedy, notwithstanding all the excitement and literature evolved from it, has demonstrated nothing tangible. The grand jury report of a few days ago, shows nothing of a determinate character regarding the Mafia as a society.

May 7th, 1891.

JUNIUS.

IN UTAH'S EARLY DAYS.

This morning, as I called on Judge Samuel Smith (one of the early settlers of Brigham City, and now a Patriarch in the Church), for the purpose of obtaining historical information, he related to me in a plain and interesting manner the following incident, which is characteristic of Utah's earlier days and also of a man who on several other occasions has staked his life in the defense of his friends and the cause of justice and truth:

"It was in the fall of 1857, about the time the Johnston army sent out against Utah had arrived near Fort Bridger, that all the able-bodied men of Brigham City were mustered into service, in order to defend their homes, their wives and children and sacred rights as freemen. Col. C.W. West, of Ogden, had been placed in command of all the forces in Southern Utah, and I acted under his direction as commanding officer of the Brigham City post, holding the rank of major. All the boys had gone out with Colonel West on a reconnoitring expedition through Cache valley and the mountains north and east, to watch the movements of the soldiers and the Indians, and I, together with Sheriff Joseph Grover, were the only two able-bodied men left in Brigham City, when an express arrived from our brethren who were returning to Utah from their missions to Carson valley, informing us that six desperadoes, bent on murder and plunder, would arrive in Brigham City the following day. We were further informed that these men had traveled with the brethren for some distance, had camped with them several nights, and had laid plans to plunder the company, in which, however, they had not been successful. At first I did not know what to do under the circumstances. My orders from my superiors were not to let any body of armed men pass the post, but how to hinder their men going through, or even preventing them from committing depredations upon our settlement, was a matter of considerable anxiety on my part. All at once a feasible but dangerous plan presented itself to my mind, and I soon made Sheriff Grover my confidant. He was a man of imposing stature, standing over six feet in his stockings—bold and fearless, and with a countenance that showed a determination and will-power that would cause any ordinary mortal to shrink from crossing his path as an enemy."

Said I to Brother Grover: "I have just received an express telling me that a company of desperadoes is about to arrive here, and as my orders are to let no armed forces pass, I have concluded to take them prisoners; but there are only you and I to do it. Now do you think you will be able to do just as I tell you without finching or in any way showing the white feather? For we will have to take

desperate chances; and if your courage should fail you, it may cost us our lives. Brother Grover thought he would be able to carry out my orders strictly and seemed to have no fears. Consequently, when we saw the men approaching I sent the sheriff down with instructions to persuade them to come into town and into my office, by presenting to them that by so doing they might perhaps secure a permit from the commander of the post to pass through; otherwise they might be interfered with and stopped by armed forces.

"Brother Grover's appearance and gruff voice had the desired effect and they came. Hitching their horses to the fence in front of my house, they soon fled into my office, where seats had already been provided for them, and after being introduced to me as Major Smith, the commander of the post, I engaged in a conversation with them, during which I soon learned that they were professed gamblers and were going to meet the soldiers to ply their profession. They also acknowledged that they were no friends of the "Mormons," but in sympathy with the crusade inaugurated against them. They were indeed a hard looking set. Everything in their countenance, manners and conversation indicated that they were desperadoes of the worst type. Each of the six men was also armed with a pair of first-class Colt's revolvers, besides rifles and other arms, which were fastened to their saddles and horses. By and by, however, I informed them quietly, but in a manner that was calculated to impress them with the idea that I was in earnest, that under the orders I had from my superiors I would have to stop their further progress for the time being, and also that I was placed under the necessity of demanding from them their arms. Upon hearing this one of them, who appeared to be the leader and looked rather more desperate than the rest, jumped to his feet and declared with a terrible oath that he vowed never to allow any mortal man to disarm him. "That is enough," I interrupted, as I rose to my feet and presented a bold appearance; "hand me them pistols, sir." "Do you really mean that?" said he. "Yes, sir," I answered, that is just what I do mean, and not another word from you. Give me them pistols." While this was going on I had cast occasional side glances to Sheriff Grover, whom I noticed still preserved a look of determination and fearlessness; he was also well armed. "Well," said the desperado, "If I must, I must, but I had sworn I never would do such a thing." And he handed me his pistols. I then went to the next man and the next, and thus succeeded in disarming them all, after which I told Brother Grover to lock the whole collection of pistols in a box which I had previously prepared for the occasion. This he did and then secured the guns and other arms which were fastened to the horses outside. The animals were next taken into the stable and the men shown into an upper room, which also had been prepared for the occasion, and there they were locked in. But before Sheriff Grover left them he burst out in laughter, being unable to conceal the fact from them any longer that they had been taken prisoner and