

TWO VIEWS OF APOSTLE SNOW.

A MORMON MARTYR IN BAIL AND AT HOME.

Brigham City, Utah, Feb. 13.—Moving about in this prosaic town may be seen an interesting figure to the Latter-day Saints. It is that of Lorenzo Snow, one of their Twelve Apostles. The present effort to secure the admission of Utah to the Union may give interest to my recollections of an experience which I enjoyed a little over a year ago. At that time I saw Mr. Snow clad in a dingy suit of coarse woolen stuff, with dark stripes. It had a grotesque suggestion of a baseball suit, but it was the uniform of nothing more sportive than a convict. The Apostle was then undergoing imprisonment for violation of the Edmunds law.

One balmy afternoon when the air was tingling with the ozone which is so abundantly generated in the superb climate of Salt Lake, armed with my permit, I started with a clerical friend, a priest connected with the new Catholic College of All Hollows, for the Penitentiary. He wished to see a murderer who was confined there, and who has since been released—by a bullet. I was bent on seeing Apostle Snow and the layman Groesbeck.

After three miles' driving, at a pace which afforded abundant opportunity for enjoying the orchards, flecked with sunshine and shadows, rich wheat crops and long stretches of rich meadow land, we drew up at the Penitentiary. The place was anything but inviting. The inmates did not add much to atone for the lack of brightness. Slowly circling about in the space between the buildings or in the large area beyond were men in striped dingy clothes. Some were gathered into little knots and a few were sitting apart by themselves as if communing with their thoughts. While I was hastily taking in these details from the parapet above the enclosure and asking questions of a man with a gun, a steaturnian voice right beneath me shouted into the yard: "Snow and Groesbeck!" "Snow!" and he an Apostle! The doughty champion on the wall booked the pained again in even gruffer tones, bawling them out to the prisoners below. Hearing my card sent in, as it were, in this way, I hurried down the steps to the court which was the reception room to meet the gentlemen when they should come out. I had not waited more than a moment when the creaking of two iron-barred gates was heard and "Snow and Groesbeck" appeared.

Mr. Snow led the way. I recognized him at once from a steel engraving which I had seen. He was a spare man with an olive-tinted complexion and wore a snowy beard. His calm brilliant eyes looked from beneath the heavy eyebrows like polished agate. There was a dignity in his expression which could not fail to impress even the most unsympathetic observer. Strikingly ascetic in his appearance, the Apostle betrayed intellectual force and a commanding self-possession. I felt myself in the presence of a Mormon Chrysostom.

Mr. Groesbeck was the exact opposite of Mr. Snow. He was nearly six feet high, strongly built, his plump round legs and arms filling his striped suit completely, and his round, hearty face was in keeping with his perfect health. He was bourgeois to the bone. I stepped forward and introduced myself, as they stood looking to see who had called for them. They shook hands heartily with me and seated themselves on the rough bench against the wall while I took a chair just in front of them. At our left the good father was engaged in conversation with the murderer whom he had come to talk with. The turnkey hovered in the neighborhood to see that his proteges were not smuggled off.

"I have been looking into your church," I said to them, "during a stay of some months in Salt Lake, and as this institution has acquired an incidental connection with it on account of so many of its prominent members being imprisoned here, I thought I would round off my study of it by calling on you. Do you find it very hard here?"

"The hardest part is in not being free," said Mr. Snow a little drearily.

"How are you treated? Are the officials kind and considerate?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Mr. Snow. "They are gentlemen and treat us fairly. We treat them like gentlemen and they do the same by us."

"And the diet?" I inquired.

"Good enough. It is plain, but solid and substantial," returned Mr. Snow.

"And the sleeping-quarters?" I went on, as if I were a Health Inspector.

"They are not quite as neat as they might be," said Mr. Groesbeck, "but there is nothing very disagreeable in the accommodations. Oh," he added cheerfully, "I've been in worse places than this. We are allowed books and papers, and can receive fruit and delicacies from friends. The mail comes regularly to us. Perhaps I feel it a little more than Brother Snow, who has been accustomed to a sedentary life."

"Yet I have traveled about a good deal," said Mr. Snow. "During the fifty years I have been a Mormon I have gone over 150,000 miles in my evangelic work."

"What is it that you would have to do to be free?" I inquired.

"We have simply to assent to what they demand," answered Mr. Snow.

"I could bring myself to submit to the Edmunds law without any difficulty. If the courts did not vary so in their interpretation of it that a man can hardly know how to keep it to their satisfaction."

"But as soon as you were out, could they not rearrest you again?"

"It seems so. A lawyer told me that I might pass the rest of my days in the penitentiary if the courts segregate the counts. Well, it is no more than the Saints had to endure of old for religion, and we shall look back on this time with satisfaction."

I remarked at the time how moderate and resigned they both were. There was not any rancor in their words. They bore their imprisonment with philosophic (or was it religious?) calm. The robust Mr. Groesbeck was occasionally led into some touch of dry humor accompanied by his snug smile. They both seemed to enjoy being called out for a talk much as boys at a boarding school like to be sent for by a visitor. It was not long, however, before the practical turnkey rattled his keys as if itching to turn them on his prey, and said briskly: "Times up." We shook hands warmly, and I expressed the hope that if I should meet them again it might be under more congenial conditions. As they meekly passed through the two iron-barred doors into the yard of the "Pen" I ran up the steps and took a parting glance at the place. The convicts were taking their supper, and through the open door I saw them at plain deal tables, sitting on benches and drinking tea from the dippers. Mr. Snow and Mr. Groesbeck, disappeared through the door in quest of their modest refectory. I was somewhat disturbed by the thought that possibly my detaining them might unpleasantly curtail their meal, and eased my mind by asking the warden when I got downstairs if they would have time enough for their supper. I was relieved to hear him say: "Oh, yes; they'll get it all right."

It is, I confess, a pleasure to see Mr. Snow at large. In Brigham City, where he has resided for several years. His case was one of the most important by reason of his distinction and prominence in the Mormon hierarchy and also as a precedent in its intimate solution. He is a man of intelligence, who was converted to the doctrines of Mormonism shortly after his graduation at Oberlin College. How he was regarded may be gathered from the remarks of the court in sentencing him: "I sincerely believe that Lorenzo Snow could cause the people of this Territory to observe the laws of the Union if he chose to do so." He was committed on three counts for a year and a half and \$1000 fine, the court deploring its inability to show any leniency to one who was a "leader of leaders among those who advocated that it was right to violate the laws of the land." So this American Mormon in his seventy-second year was interred in the gloomy penitentiary.

Without questioning the justice of his sentence or the rectitude of the views which led him to believe that he was suffering persecution for conscience' sake, I did feel some satisfaction in seeing the old gentleman restored to the bosom of his family. He remembered me well and received me cordially.

"Yes, I am out," he said, "after eleven months' unjust imprisonment. I may say that now, when an appeal to the Supreme Court from the Court of the Territory has resulted in the decision that the courts here were in error and my immediate release was ordered. I was released a year ago Feb. 7, 1887, after 11 months' imprisonment, and with seven months in that gloomy abode still remaining to be served, under the sentence of Judge Powers, of the First Judicial District, which, on appeal, was confirmed by the Supreme Court of the Territory. The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in my case has settled the question of segregation, which has become such a burning one with Saints, as illegal. Those who had been sentenced above the one count, or indicted, are released. In some cases this actually amounted to 40 or 50 years for a Mormon, or virtually imprisonment for life. Of course, this decision in my case has been hailed with the greatest joy by the whole of our religious community. Many who had gone into exile as the only means of escaping these trials and the injustice of the courts have returned."

"While in the penitentiary I had numerous introductions to various persons visiting there, and often enjoyed long conversations with them. They were pleasant and agreeable. In fact the marshal seemed to take much pleasure in gratifying the visitors' curiosity by allowing interviews with the imprisoned 'Mormon' Apostle. Ladies and gentlemen, tourists from various parts of the United States and Europe, solicited these interviews, and I think Marshal Dyer granted them in every instance. Among my callers were several United States Judges, Congressmen, military officers, and other prominent people. One of the pleasantest interviews I had was with Chief Justice Waite, of the Supreme Court. He saw me a short time before he with his associates adjudicated my case in Washington. Governor West also had several interviews with me, and the officials in the prison always treated me with kindness and courtesy. My imprisonment has given me an appreciation of freedom which it is almost impossible to have without some such experience. Since my release I have visited the principal settlements of our people in Utah and Idaho." How the ultimate decision may be regarded by

the public at large or by the Gentile element of Salt Lake City and the Territory of Utah, which is even more antagonistic to the Mormons than the East, it is of great importance to the faithful.—*New York Tribune.*

NO LONGER CANNIBALS.

During a trip through the Northern Island of New Zealand in 1880, says a writer in the *New York Press*, I met in the vicinity of the beautiful Bay of Islands, the old Maori chief, Te Hemera. At this time he was approaching eighty years of age, but his intellect was bright and his memory apparently unimpaired. In his younger days he must have been a man of magnificent physique, but now he was bent and withered, and his wonderfully tattooed face resembled some curiously mottled piece of parchment. All his life had been passed in North Island, mostly in the neighborhood of Pahiia. He well remembered the arrival of the first white settlers and many and wonderful were the yarns he told about them. On the subject of cannibalism he spoke as an expert, having partaken of many a human joint. From him I learned that the Maoris never indulge in cannibalism except in the case of enemies killed or taken prisoner in battle. Prisoners, however, were often kept for years as slaves, and then, on the occasion of some great feast occurring, taken and killed. This would account for the stories told by the early missionary settlers of the slaughter of human victims in time of peace. Rarely, except after a big battle, or the wreck of some ship on their rock-bound coast, did the Maoris indulge in a human banquet.

The feast was conducted with considerable ceremony in a "pah" specially reserved for the purpose and which went by the name of "Kai Tangata," which means "Eat Man." The method of cooking was as follows: The body was hung up to a beam by the neck, scalded with boiling water and carefully scraped with oyster shells. It was then taken down, the hair all cut off and the body decapitated. The brain being considered a great delicacy, was reserved for the chief. In the case of men killed in battle, the heart was the property of the slayer. The entrails were then taken out and the trunk filled with hot stones. It was then placed in an oven built in the ground, covered over with stones, and allowed to cook for at least twelve hours. It was customary to place the body in the oven about sunset and the whole night during which the cooking was going on was passed in feasting and dancing. At early dawn the meat was taken out and cut up for distribution. Some of the flesh was given to the women, and each man, on receiving his share, retired to his "pah" and ate it in private. Te Hemera could give me no reason for this last custom, which is a very curious one, as at all other banquets the food is eaten in public. I fancy it must have originated from the fact that their inordinate greed for human flesh was apt to lead to quarrels during the consumption of it.

Should this be the solution of the custom it may be taken as a confirmation of the theory that the practice of cannibalism tends to brutalize those who indulge in it. To show how all-absorbing the taste becomes, Te Hemera told me that on one occasion a young girl was allotted to him as his portion of a number of slaughtered victims, and, putting her into a canoe, he carried her far from the settlement into the bush, and there remained until he had finished her. Can anything more ghastly be imagined than this weird feast in the depths of a New Zealand forest? I confess that after hearing this story I felt a loathing for the old man which I never got over, and I was not sorry to leave him and his grim reminiscences far behind, while I betook myself to fresh fields and pastures new.

From New Zealand to the Fiji Islands is no great distance, and during a fortnight's stay in that lovely group I met several notorious cannibals. Moreover, I experienced the novel sensation of playing a rubber of whist with one of them. At the time of my visit King Thakambau was alive and much given to hospitality to any travelers who visited Devaka. A handsome allowance from the British government enabled him to indulge his whim to his heart's content, and every evening an entertainment of some sort was provided at the palace. Thakambau was then sixty-three years of age, but looked older; a fine-looking man, standing over six feet in height, with intelligent but crafty features. He had discarded native costume and usually appeared dressed in a black frock coat and a stovepipe hat, which did not add to his dignity.

Twenty years before Thakambau had been a notorious cannibal. How many of the human race had found a resting place in his capacious stomach would be impossible to estimate. In his earlier years, when King of Nebau, his chief invariably asked him whether he would take "puaka belava" or "puaka decua" for dinner. The former means long pig, that is, human flesh, and the latter real pig. Joints of both were in those days always kept in the royal larder.

In the course of several conversations with Thakambau on the subject of eating human flesh, I learned that the methods of cooking in the Fiji Islands differed considerably from those in vogue in New Zealand. The meat was cut up in small pieces previous to cooking it. It was then wrap-

ped in plaintain leaves and tied with fiber, and placed in an oven in the ground and allowed to cook until the leaves and fibre were reduced to ashes. The heads were made into soup. The victims were always selected from the slave classes, who never knew from day to day when they would be called on to furnish a feast for the palace. It was also the custom to kill and eat the old and decrepit when they became a burden on their relatives. Thakambau spoke of the custom with undisguised disgust, and during the last years of his life did his utmost to wean his people from it.

TERRITORIAL ITEMS.

CULLED FROM LATEST EXCHANGES.

Aspen, Col., March 13.—A probable tragedy has just come to light, enacted at the Ten-Mile House, below Aspen. This morning Pat Sullivan was found dead in his cabin, covered with blood. The body was not disturbed, but the coroner was notified and he will go down in the morning to hold an inquest. It is said that Sullivan cut himself while chopping wood, and that his death may have been caused from his own wounds.

Billings, Mont., March 12.—Mark G. Carleton committed suicide today in the Headquarters Hotel by taking a large dose of strychnine. He was a rancher living at Park City and had property. After taking the poison he retired to his room in the hotel. His cries of agony brought the clerk, who sent for a doctor, who arrived too late. Carleton gave as the reason that he was tired of life. He was a single man, 40 years old, and was not known to have any trouble.

Leadville, Colo., March 18.—Angus McDonald, a miner employed in the Ulster Newton mine at Adelaide Park, met with a painful accident this morning that may cost him his life. While working in the bottom of the shaft, himself and partner had a round of holes ready to blast. He rang the bell to hoist. Both got in the bucket. Getting excited, one of them rang the bell again, this time to stop, when the bucket stood still and the shots went off, the rock flying all around McDonald. He was hit on the head. Dr. A. W. Eyer was called and had to trepan the skull.

Fort Collins, March 13.—This morning a very bad accident happened at the Stout quarries by which Charles Van Brunt, of Fort Collins, will lose his right leg if not his life. It seems that he was on a flat car on the upper switch when the car became unmanageable and jumped the track. Van Brunt jumped from the car to a pile of stone but did not secure a firm footing, and as he fell back against the car he drew with him a large block of stone which caught his right thigh near the body between it and the car, crushing it in a fearful manner. As soon as possible he was brought to Collins where Dr. Lee, the local Union Pacific surgeon, was called. It is thought that amputation will be necessary, but the patient is too weak to stand the operation yet.

Albuquerque, N. M., March 13.—Parties some time since came into Gallup, this county, from the Greer and Wabash companies' ranches, in Apache County, Arizona, in search of a band of seventy-eight horses which had been stolen from the companies' ranches in the White Mountain country. The horses had been seen and recognized by cowmen in the hands of a party of Navajo Indians, and were being driven in the direction of the reservation. One of the Greer boys came across the country to the railroad and to this place to head them off, and from here went out to the agency to confer with Agent Patterson. On his return he reported that the agent gave him no satisfaction, stating that as the horses and thieves were on the reservation he had no power to do so, and that the owners would have to depend on the civil authorities to capture and punish the thieves.

Denver, March 14.—Information was received yesterday that a collision between a Burlington passenger and freight train had occurred the night previous at a point near Humboldt, Neb. The engines are reported to have been manned by two new engineers recently taken into the employ of the Burlington, and in the wreck that ensued the engineer of the passenger train is reported to have been killed, while three passengers are said to have been severely injured. Mr. Fowler, formerly employed on the Burlington, stated to a reporter yesterday, that he understood the passenger train, while running at a rapid rate, dashed into the rear of a freight train in the act of taking the side track. Beyond this he knew nothing definite, having heard of the collision while at Cheyenne yesterday morning. The engine was badly damaged and the caboose reduced to kindling wood, according to the report given of the wreck.

Charlie Gordonier brought in word late Sunday afternoon that the Navajos had rounded up and drove off some fifty or sixty head of horses. The most of the stock belonged to Mrs. Greer and her sons, whose ranches are on the Little Colorado river, some thirty miles below St. Johns. Richard Greer got some five or six men together and started out about 6 o'clock the same evening, intending to go as far

as the Wabash Cattle Company's home ranch that night, where they expected to get some reinforcements and to take up the trail next morning. Nothing has been heard from them at this writing, and there is no doubt but the Indians succeeded in getting the stock to the reservation, probably dividing and secreting them in the mountains. It was the intention of the party, when they left here, to follow as long as they could find a trail, or until they got the horses. If they adhere to this determination, and follow them within the boundaries of the reservation, it is feared by a great many that very serious trouble may grow out of it, and that there may be several lives lost.—*St. John's Herald*, March 8.

Virginia, Nev., March 13.—Lawrence Peterson committed suicide this morning at his residence by shooting himself with a pistol. He had been unwell for about a week. This morning he complained of intense pain and his attendant started to summon a physician. When he had proceeded a short distance he was startled by the report of a pistol proceeding from Peterson's residence. He hastily retraced his steps, and on entering the door saw Peterson lying on the floor, with blood flowing profusely from a wound in his head, which proved fatal a few seconds later. An examination showed that the deceased had stood in front of a looking-glass, and placing the pistol in his mouth, fired, the ball passing out through the rear of the skull. The deceased was a native of Denmark and about 50 years of age. He was a bachelor and leaves a brother, who resides at Lovelocks, Humboldt County, and two sisters in Denmark. He was an engineer, and was employed with the Gold & Curry at the time of the fire in the mine. Peterson had charge of the engine on the lower floor and never deserted his post, although nearly suffocated by smoke and gas. Henry Rolfe, secretary of the company, says the incident never came to his knowledge until recently, and that Peterson never hinted that he had silently performed the part of a hero on the eventful night of the fire. He was a member of the Escorial Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons.

FROM THE FOUR WINDS.

If you want to know what a sliding scale is, try to handle a wet fish.

A corpulent tourist seldom makes the ascent of a mountain on foot. The climb-it doesn't agree with him.

The New York Sun was right when it declared that "life is worth living if the liver is all right."

While a Brooklyn woman was making a crazy quilt which contained nearly 3,000 pieces, her husband buttoned his suspenders with a horse-shoe nail.

On the 5th of April the town of Bessemer, Alabama, will be one year old. It already contains 3,000 inhabitants, and it has raised ten thousand dollars for a grand blow-out and jubilee.

Circumstances alter, a great many cases. A young lady, when asked to do some shopping for the family, can stand very little cold, but if the right kind of a young man asks her to take a sleighride the healthiest blizzard becomes a tuneful zephyr.

Up near Scranton two unarmed citizens running foul of a fighting bear, in lieu of weapons, muffled it in a sleigh blanket and finally choked it to death after a lively tussle. For once the bear was beaten at his own game. He was literally smothered in their embrace.

Marshal P. Wilder's latest hit is the toast which the modest Irishman drank to the Englishman: "Here's to you as good as you are, and here's to me as bad as I am; but as good as you are and as bad as I am, I'm as good as you are as bad as I am."

A stock company has been formed in Boston that expects to control the whole sorghum industry of the country. They say they have a process by which they can produce sugar from sorghum cheaper than it can be made from cane even if the latter were admitted free of duty.

Here is what the South Carolina papers call a model woman: "She is forty-three years of age, and a member of the Baptist church. For thirty years she has followed the plow and engaged in the usual round of farm labor. Last year she made nine bales of cotton, besides provisions, with one plow. She has one well, built five chimneys, and frequently split 100 rails a day. She has a good home of her own, enjoys excellent health, and is sending her children to school regularly."

People traveling in countries infested by wolves have no longer anything to fear from those voracious quadrupeds, providing they equip themselves with a tenor horn. A few days ago a Gypsy musician in Hungary going from one village to another through the snow, was followed at close quarters by a large wolf. A happy thought suddenly struck the musician and he began to blow his instrument with all the energy of despair. It took immediate effect: his unwelcome attendant squatted down and howled piteously, as dogs will when they hear music. The gypsy was then able to reach his destination in safety, as the wolves' nerves were so much upset that at every blast from the horn he stopped short to collect himself.