

as utter failures. The efforts of the "Liberals," who are described as a "long-suffering" set, year after year, are referred to as "resulting generally in flat failure or the passage of ineffectual laws." The history of Corinne is cited as another triumph of "Mormonism" over its enemies. The writer says that the Prophet Brigham cursed the place in the beginning. Whether this is a figment of a perverted imagination or not, the decline and fall of the boasting burgh on the Bear, which was once the resort of Federal officials and others on orgies bent, give evidence that its fortunes are blighted and its doom is sealed, whether the wrath of heaven was ever invoked upon it or not. The intelligent "Mormon" and observing Utah "Gentile" will discern in what we have cited the ear-marks of the author of the article.

There is one thing that the numerous essayists on the "Mormon" question fail always to take into account. They have much to say about "a disloyal and defiant community," "blind obedience to the dictates of Church officials," "women entrapped into polygamy," "a system of ecclesiastical espionage" and so forth, all of which are fictions of writers like this of the *National*, and used as spice to anti-Mormon pabulum which otherwise would be insipid, but they never get at the root of the matter. They do not examine into the real cause of "Mormon" devotion, union and stubborn adherence to an unpopular faith. They admit, like him, that the "Mormons" are "domestic in their habits and devoted to a pastoral life," that they are "attached to the soil," and "have little in common with what is termed 'life' in mining camps and railroad towns," that they exhibit "a degree of faith that is truly wonderful," etc.; yet they attribute the cohesion of this people, their adherence to "Mormonism" and everything that has been successful in Utah, to the dictation and domination of a few designing men, or, as the *National* writer says: "an illiterate and corrupt clique" for whose support the people are "drained of their scanty earnings."

Why is it that thoughtful men whose minds are trained to look from effect to cause, do not search a little deeper for the source of "Mormon" unity, submission and earnest faith. This priestly dictation which they speak about does not exist, and if it did, the people who have gathered to these mountains out of devotion to ideas and principles, are of the wrong stamp to submit to it. This notion about the people being taxed for the sustenance of such dictators is entirely erroneous. And the influence to which they attribute what has been done in Utah and the attitude of the "Mormon" people, could not possibly accomplish these things, especially with the human elements, originally discordant, of which this community is composed.

The secret source of "Mormon" union, tenacity, obedience, devotion, self sacrifice, firmness and calm trust in future results, is a powerful internal influence that pervades the whole body of the Church, which is a reality to its members, which belongs to all ages and both sexes without regard to priestly authority, differing in degree according to faithfulness in the observance of principles they believe to be divine. They are perfectly satisfied in their own hearts that this is the Holy Ghost, and that it has been bestowed upon them through the laying on of the hands of the Elders in consequence of their submission to the first principles of the Gospel of Christ. The testimony of this spirit is the key to their acceptance of any doctrine, counsel or requirement of those in authority. It is to them the voice of God. Its effects are the same in all nations. It produces in them similar fruits to those it bore in ancient days, as described in the Hebrew Scriptures. Convince them that they have been deceived, and the "Mormon" problem will be solved. Prove to them that their experience is a mistake, and the "Mormon" question will be settled.

But this cannot be done by maligning their leaders, nor by misrepresenting their motives. Such a course only confirms them in their faith. Ridicule will not turn them. Denunciation cannot awe them. Least of all will obnoxious laws, packed juries, partizan judges, persecution, proscription, prison and

penalties of any kind drive out from their souls the convictions stamped thereon by more than human power, nor lessen their faith in the ultimate triumph of the system for which they live and labor. This mainspring of all "Mormon" action is worth searching out. "Flat failure" and blank disappointment will follow all endeavors to uproot "Mormonism" if this is ignored. All the plans that have been invented to this end have come to nought. So they will in the future. The *National* writer's nostrum for the settlement of the "Mormon" question is in the following about which we may have something to say on another occasion: "Remove the inoperative laws which apply peculiarly to this Territory, remodel the jury law, restore the right of dower, abolish female suffrage and make polygamous cohabitation, rather than the mere ceremony of plural marriage, a criminal offense." All this and more may be effected by persistent badgering of our national legislators. But this will never settle the question that troubles the problem solvers. It has a deeper root than they have ever reached, and they persistently shut their eyes to its existence.

The "present phase of the Mormon question," is the same it has always presented—the spectacle of a people who, in this skeptical age, have profound faith in a special Providence; who live for the establishment of a system which they are convinced is divine, and to the interests of which they made all things subordinate; and whose social and political life is so bound up with their religious existence that they all tend to one common and paramount object. And to those who misrepresent them and seek by force and falsehood to overthrow the work in which they are engaged, we quote the words which the writer in the *National* cites at the conclusion of his paper, with the request that he will apply them closely to himself. "For every false word and unrighteous deed, for insult and oppression, for lust and vanity, the price, has to be paid at last. Truth and justice alone endure and live. Falsehood and injustice may be long-lived, but doomsday comes to them in the end."

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Idaho *Enterprise*, published at the little town of Oxford, in Round Valley, which is the northwestern extremity of Cache Valley, is a well edited, clearly printed and lively looking weekly paper, which promises to be of great benefit to Southern Idaho. Its tone is liberal and its sentiments good, and we hope the *Enterprise* will live and flourish so long as it labors for the interests of the people.

The name of Edison has not been mentioned very frequently of late. A short time ago it was in everybody's mouth. It was supposed that his electric light, which promised so much, is a failure. But he says: "I have demonstrated, to myself and to my friends, that I have accomplished all I ever expected to in this matter. I have supplied six electric lights from one-horse power. These cost me just about one-third as much as three similar gas-burners will cost gas manufacturers. I claim that this solves the question." We shall hear again from Edison on this matter in a way that will greatly agitate the gas makers.

A new kind of railroad tie has been tried on the Baltimore Central Railroad and is said to answer the purpose admirably. It is made of iron and dispenses with spikes, bolts, nuts and fish-plates, and with the drilling or punching of rails. It is claimed that the iron tie, while its first cost is higher, will last out twelve of the wooden kind at one half the cost of keeping in repair. It is described as follows: "Each tie is recessed under its rails, and along the bottom of the recess wedge-shaped pieces are cast transversely. At the sides of each recess are crescent blocks, which form a cushion and a fulcrum for two clamps, which grasp the flange and web of the rail above, bearing upon opposite faces of the wedge below. The weight of the train forces the clamps upon the wedge, spreads them at the bottom and grip the rail."

The advice "keep cool," though difficult to follow, so far as the bodily temperature is concerned,

may be carried out with advantage at all seasons of the year in its general applications to the passions. An overseer of a Paris workshop a few days ago finding that one of the men had not finished a piece of work which was urgently required, fell into such a state of fury as to strike him in the face. Almost in the very act of striking, however, he staggered back, shouting for aid and complaining that he could not see. The workmen came round him with offers of assistance, but nothing could be done. It was certain that he had suddenly lost the use of both his eyes. Medical evidence showed that some of the blood vessels behind the eyes had burst, and that the blood had flooded the interior cavities of the eyeballs. "Blind with rage," in his case was not a mere figure of speech. Passionate people, take warning.

Those who have read the account of England's war with the savages of South Africa have seen frequent mention of the Zulu assegai. Of course everybody understands that it is a weapon of warfare and an uncomfortable sort of thing to encounter, but its precise description is not generally understood. Here it is from one who claims to know: "The shaft of this instrument of warfare is about five feet long and about as thick as a man's little finger. It is made of wood known to botanists as the curatissa of joginea, not unlike the mahogany, brittle and elastic, the latter quality giving the spear a vibratory motion on which its accuracy of flight depends. The head of the weapon is generally blade shaped, with a raised edge along the centre, concave on one side and convex on the other, being like the feathers of an arrow. The tongue of the head is made red hot, and so burns its way into the wood, around which a band of wet rawhide is bound, that contracting as it dries holds the head as firmly as an iron ring. The Zulus fling these weapons with great accuracy, and they carry oval rawhide shields impervious to these darts to cover their entire bodies. Besides three or four missile assegais a Zulu soldier carries a shorter and stronger stabbing assegai."

Thirty years ago Dr. Warren discovered a portion of a skeleton of a mastodon near Newburgh, N. Y. This has since served as a type of the species, and is mentioned in all the leading works on paleontology. A few days ago some mastodon bones were found about three miles from the spot of the former discovery, and excavations have been made disclosing the following bones. The entire skeleton is likely to be uncovered: The dimensions in inches—skull 45 long, 28 wide, 29 high, 23½ between the eyes; diameter of nostrils, 6 inches, nostrils extending into the head 2 feet. Four teeth were found in each jaw, in an excellent state of preservation. The enamel is of a bluish tint, and unbroken. The four teeth are eight-pointed, measure 7 by 3½ inches, and stand 3 inches out of the jaw. The four front teeth are six-pointed and measure 4½ by 3½ inches. All the bones of the legs have been found except two pieces. The length of the foreleg, including the shoulder-blade, is 7 feet, and the shoulder-blade is 32 by 27½ inches. The sockets of the knee joints are from 7 to 9 inches in diameter. Twenty-four ribs have been found thus far, the largest measuring 46 inches. Numerous vertebrae have been excavated, with part of the feet. The pelvis and other portions of the skeleton have not yet been discovered. It is supposed the animal stood 12 feet high.

#### MISSIONARY LABOR.

The following letter from Elder B. S. Young, who is laboring in the British mission will be interesting to his numerous friends and acquaintances in this city:

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD,  
Herts., June 29, 1879.

My Dear Father:—Your long looked for and most welcome letter came to hand a day or two previous to my leaving for my present field of labor. I carry it in my pocket, and look at it when I am inclined to feel at all dull, or grow melancholy over little trials to be met with every day in an Elder's experience. The last time I wrote home was from Wiltshire. A few days after the date of those letters I was called to London, to accompany Brother Isaac Smith, son of Judge Smith, of Brigham City,

round his district, as he is likely to return to Utah on account of ill health. I being one of the youngest as well as one of the best pedestrians in the Conference, the learning of new districts falls to my share, perhaps more than any one else, but I am thankful to say so far I have had health and strength sufficient for my labors, and with care and the blessing of the Lord I hope to be able to do some good during the two years I expect to remain in Old England. Business in all branches is at a very low ebb, and religion does not escape the common effect of dull times. I heard a Wesleyan minister say the other day, "That England, with all the preaching she had received, was in a worse state, socially and religiously, than 25 years ago." That does not speak very flattering of Christianity—theirs, I mean. This statement of his could have no reference to us, for now that the salt has gone it only makes the bulk of the mass more corrupt than before.

"Mormonism" and truth will never reach a standard of popularity unless we establish a magnificent poor fund in every town of the United Kingdom, to provide coals, bread, tea, a few clothes, etc., and so supply the temporal, in connection with the spiritual perquisites of the people. Every religious denomination's worth and excellence is adjudged by the amount given to the poor. The respectable and rich have a desire to save their souls, so they attend church and chapel regularly, and give to the poor out of their plenty, the poor have a desire to obtain all they can, so they attend church and chapel regularly, as there would be no leaves and fishes if they weren't seen every Sunday in their respective places. That's their religion, one gives to save themselves, the others save themselves to get. The ladies of the country go round visiting the poor and sick, they attend to and provide for the wants of every creed until they strike a "Mormon," and then there ain't room enough to get away from them. They think they are doing God's will, to let a poor old sister die in poverty and want, because she belongs to that detestable people. The fact of the matter is, that the poor are so enslaved that they dare not have an opinion only their masters' and anything in the way of "Mormons" or "Mormonism" is crushed out by the masters' giving tenants, laborers, servants, etc., to understand, they must choose between bread and butter and "Mormonism." Were it not for this, I am assured many would yet be added to the Church and Kingdom. About ten days ago, I went out from the little village of Ramsbury to Ogbourne, both in Wiltshire, to hold an open air meeting, (my first,) when, after I had been to every house in the place, including the Squire of the Manor and the inevitable minister, I fell in with a gentleman on horseback. I knew he was some big gun or other by the cut of him, and the fine looking horse he was riding. I bowed to him and said "good evening," he stopped, turned round, and inquired if I knew him, as I had spoken to him. I told him I didn't, and begged his pardon if I had committed a breach of etiquette, in saying "good evening." Oh, no! he said. Then followed some conversation, in which I told him where I was from, what my business was, and just at parting, who I was, after I had guessed his name, which I did immediately: Mr. John Gale, gentleman and owner of the whole country nearly in that vicinity. Of course the principle of polygamy was the first touched upon. I did not introduce, but I defended it as well as I was able, which by the way was good enough for him, as my quotations from Scripture, to show God recognized it, were unanswerable. Our conversation lasted about half an hour, and was only brought to a close because I had an appointment to preach out doors, and my time was up. I invited him to the meeting, however, but the invitation was respectfully declined. I understood afterwards he had many times removed people who held meetings where we had ours, but we were not disturbed, and the order was better even than in some of our meetings in houses. Everyone of the grown people took it upon themselves to keep the boys and children quiet, in fact I never spoke to a more attentive congregation. I guess there was 150 to 200 persons present. At the close of the meeting I told them if

any person wished to ask any questions relative to our doctrines, mode of living, country, or anything for instruction, we would be pleased to answer it; but there were none asked, though we subsequently learned one man wished to take up some point, but was afraid of being beaten, so he let it alone. I started the meeting alone, but was joined in the middle of the first hymn by one of the brethren, for whom I had been waiting. He opened by prayer, I preached the sermon and closed the meeting, after thanking the people for the good order preserved and attention paid, not forgetting the young men who gave up their marble ground for us to hold our meeting. Thus ended my first experience as an outdoor speaker, though I expect to have many more.

I feel assured there is much to be done in these lands and many who will yet embrace the truth. When some of these respectable people have had a shaking up they will begin to realize that the judgments and calamities are closer than they anticipated, then they must needs flee to Zion for safety.

There are cases where poor men know this to be the work of God; but they dare not accept of it, the feeling of their masters is so intense against "Mormonism," and as long as this state of things exists, we can hope to gather but few people, but we know our business is to warn the people and let them know that "Mormonism" is alive and prospering in a land to which the honest in heart can flee and escape the impending judgments and receive salvation, temporal and spiritual.

Brother Smith and I are going over to a village three or four miles distant to hold an outdoor meeting this evening.

#### SHORT AND SHARP.

"Landlady," said he, "the coffee isn't settled." "No," she replied, "but it comes as near it as your last month's board bill does;" and that man never spoke again during the meal.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

"I hear a whisper," said the minister. He was soaring a little in his sermon, imagining an angel to be hovering near and speaking. The deacon was just drowsy enough to be startled by the remark, and to reply hastily, "I guess it's the boys in the gallery."

An uptown man when asked last evening if he was a member of a certain church, replied: "Well, I dunno; b'lieve I am a sort of an honorary member, or something. Anyhow, when they have a donation, I always send something along."—*Albany Argus.*

When a Hartford woman patted her friend's seven-year-old youngster on the head and said, "I should like to have such a little boy as you are," he looked up in her face and replied, "Well, I guess you can; I don't b'lieve God's lost the pattern of me."—*Hartford Journal.*

A gentleman was promenading the street with a bright little boy at his side, when the little fellow cried out, "Oh, pa, there goes an editor!" "Hush; hush," said the father, "don't make sport of the poor man—God only knows what you may come to yet."

"Sambo! 'cordin' to yo' idee' which one o' dem Bible chaps made de greeates' mistake?" "Dunno, Julius, 'less t'was G'lah." "Wharfo, G'lah, Sambo?" "Case, ef he'd been smart 'nuff ter bin borned a nigger, dat ar brickbat Dave huv at 'im mighter knocked at dat skull o' his'n all day and never got in."

About a week ago an Iowa man died. He was very wealthy and left three sons, his only heirs, and would you believe it, the ungrateful boys got together and ran away with all the property before the lawyers could get at it and divide it with each other? There is so much sordid, mean, grasping selfishness in this world that sometimes it is enough to discourage a good lawyer.

Two asides—"Ah! there goes Brown, who used to live in New-mann Street! Now he's an A. R. A! and evidently far too great a fellow to remember the likes of me!" "By George, if it ain't Jones—a Q. C., if you please, since we last met at Paddy Green's, and of course much too high and mighty to recollect my humble existence!" (Think meanly on each other, and pass on.)