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COMMENTING on the failure of the suit preferred by an ex-member of the crew of the *Alabama* against Consul Dudley, at Liverpool, England, for compensation for detention as a witness before the court, the *Philadelphia Press* says, "The decision of the court against the plaintiff is, of course, the only decision that could be made, for, although British friendship is something which it is never quite safe to count on, British justice may be relied on forever."

We wish we could say half as much in favor of judicial justice in local federal courts in this country. American "justice," as developed by certain judges hereabout, is nothing whatever to boast of, it is not a thing to be "relied on for ever" by an honest man, by any means. As to friendship, that is very pleasant and desirable, though it can be done without, but justice ought always to be assured.

"SAVED from the Mormons," is a most romancing romance in the *Galaxy* for November, purporting to be a requested description of the author's "escape from a place and a people" whence good, it is represented, can hardly come, any more that it could come out of Nazareth. The first paragraph is an index of the spirit in which the whole is written, and the author may well apologize in advance for her "faulty, imperfect way of telling the story." "Faulty" and "imperfect" indeed it is, for the story is a tissue of misrepresentation and falsehood from beginning to end. The apology was needed truly, and the author must have felt that it was due for presenting a fictional narrative so insulting to the intelligence of the reading public, and so slanderous of the citizens of this Territory. As the principal character is a feminine, and the story purports to be autobiographical, we assume the author to be of the same gender.

The heroine professes to be the daughter of a wealthy Lincolnshire farmer, who losing his wife by death, fell into a careless, listless, desponding condition, with an anxiety to wander away from the scenes of his former wedded happiness. Just then a "Mormon demon" appeared on the scene, converted the weary spirited farmer, and "bound him over body and soul to sell all he possessed and hasten at once to the paradise of the Saints," where "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men" were developed to an unequalled extent.

For an intelligent woman, the author betrays wonderful lack of ethnological and geographical knowledge. She speaks of the plains as "an endless, bewildering, green desert, a vast billowy ocean of verdure and flowers." Any one who has crossed the plains knows they are not half so green as the author. Several tribes of Indians encountered on the journey were "thieving, tipsy savages, who with scowling visages, demanded whisky and yelled at the children." Perhaps so, but we never saw, nor ever saw any emigrant who says he saw such Indian characteristics on the plains, the thieving excepted.

Arrived at Salt Lake, after the first formal welcome the family were left greatly to themselves, being for months "entirely alone." A four-roomed house was built by Spring. Here is more ethnological nonsense—"Like all English girls, I was more developed in person (when fourteen) than an American girl of twenty." The author was evidently wonderfully "developed" in many ways. Here is a choice bit of logic—"Mormon hunting is the best ordered emigration society in the world." How "Mormon hunting" can be a "society," good or bad, this well "developed" author may see, but to us it is about as clear as mud.

"One dark day," "Elder Platt," whoever he might be, but one of the highest church dignitaries of course, took

the trouble to call on the heroine's father and ask him why he did not take a wife, recommending for a beginning, "Eliza White and Ann Johns," whoever they might be. The next morning the Elder renewed his visit and his counsel, "and never left us until a coarse, raw-boned woman was brought into the house, a great animal, against whom my heart rose in fierce rebellion." This was the recommended "Ann Johns," who did "most of the rough plodding work of the household." The next fall an addition was made to the house, and "Eliza White," "a fat, sleepy brained woman, who neither enjoyed nor suffered greatly," was installed. Thenceforth the heroine talked to her younger brother and sister of "those poor wretches who, no longer able to endure the throes of jealous agony, fled to the terrors of the wilderness and the savages, preferring them to the intolerable, unnatural tortures of their lives," the author here displaying more of her wonderful knowledge of peoples and things.

As the heroine grew older she mingled more freely with the people, studied the women, found they were stolid, heavy-eyed, and indolent, the married women with pathetic faces and fading early, crying to God for divine love, but their unsatisfied hearts doomed to be for ever hungry. She does not remember to have seen in Utah one highly refined, cultivated woman, to whom an intelligent, superior man would turn for intellectual enjoyment, which is no great compliment to those men who seek or take wives in this Territory. Notwithstanding the pathetic faces, the Utah women manifested a joyful demeanor, but it was because it was religiously enjoined, and "no woman would dare to carry a sad face intentionally," no sad hymns or chants were tolerated, no one repeated a tale of misery to his neighbor on pain of priestly displeasure, joys were frequently discussed but sorrows never, women be-sistered each other, children tumbled about promiscuously on the same grass-plot, and that they didn't all go mad and kill each other was owing to the "triumph of grace," or possibly because they were not so wonderfully "developed" as the heroine.

Any obnoxious person received a note of warning, and if he did not honor it and disappear, the Destroying Angel was after him. Tithing consisted first of one half and then of one tenth per annum, for which the Recording Angel gave a receipt. Of the Scriptural ordinance of laying on of hands the author talks so curiously that we transcribe as follows—

The cure by the laying on of hands is worthy the attention of wiser, more scientific people than those who practice it.

I recollect an instance of a child seemingly dying who was restored to life by this means. A number of saints were sent for, selecting those in the most physical health and highest electric power.

The little one was put into a warm bath, then taken out and wrapped in a heated blanket, beneath which the right hand of each saint in turn was inserted, and the child's body excited by vigorous rubbing. The electricity was conveyed in a perfectly continuous stream into the body of the child, and this was kept up for days, each one resigning his place to another on the least weariness, and the child was restored to health.

So highly charged with electricity would these persons become, that showers of sparks would fly from their clothing when taken off; and one woman, in perfect health and without a blemish of body, after rubbing the sick, by stepping hastily across the room could light a match with her finger, as readily as if it had been touched by a coal of fire.

Try this remedy, parents, when your little ones are in danger of dying of weakness, after the disease has left them. If I could ever know that some little child of a Christian family had been saved from death by reading this part of my sad narrative, and then faithfully using the cure described, I should rejoice that this good at least had been evolved from the hated evils of my life.

Having given an epitome of the two first acts, we now push rapidly through act third of this strange and not altogether uneventful story.

Years, dark, sad and cruel, passed, during which the heroine maintained her good opinion of herself, still being "well-developed," healthy, fully equal if not superior in appearance to most of the women she met, and more intelli-

gent than they, a natural musician, playing intuitively upon stringed or keyed instruments. Her musical talent, however, she carefully concealed, perhaps tied it in a napkin. This gifted girl was also exceedingly modest, for she confesses she "was not beautiful," and she only sang when far away from human habitation, probably carried her piano with her.

Now comes more geographical and ethnological knowledge. Straying away on these musical excursions, she formed many Indian acquaintances. Says she, "About five miles from Utah is the Hot Spring," the stream of which spreads into a lake "more than an acre in extent." But she does not inform us whether the Hot Spring was in Colorado, Wyoming, Dakota, Idaho, Nevada, or Arizona. It could not have been in Utah, because she states that it was about five miles from this Territory. However, at this Hot Spring she met with Indians, Utes and Arapahoes frequently met there, which shows more ethnological knowledge. She was kind and useful in nursing the sick Indians, and making jellies and delicious soups for them from the game they brought her, and sang for hours to them, holding the brown, wrinkled hands of the sick in hers. Philanthropic girl! The Indians were not ungrateful, and they called her Wina Metre, or Singing Bird, and presented her with a pony, and her brother and sister with a bow and arrows and a buffalo robe.

The heroine was now compelled to attend the Tabernacle meetings, which she did because she "was mortally afraid of that mysterious horror, the Destroying Angel," but she dreamed or slept when there, anything to escape hearing the discourses. Wonderful girl! One day she could not help breaking forth into singing, which she did so effectually as to drown all the other singers and cause all eyes to be fastened on her. That sealed her fate. She was ordered to become a member of the choir, but she braved her fate and stayed away. The crisis had come, and the crisis was that she was to become the eighth wife of "Elder Platt." Of course she wouldn't, and she said, "Never! Never," in unexceptionable dramatic style.

Her father stormed and said to-morrow was the day. "Ghastly faces floated in the air," and "escape" was the word, she would "flee to the mountains." So she fled in the night on her pony, with clothing, pistol, ammunition and blankets. And this is the whole of the instalment of this wonderful story for November. The details of her hair-breadth 'escapes are reserved for December.

We have no room for comment, but soberly we may ask what the proprietors of the *Galaxy* hope to accomplish by publishing such trashy stuff as this, which is a libel upon the intelligence of the American public.

THE famous Emma-Illinois mining case, which is expected to be called up before the District Court in a day or two, is attracting much attention and interest. Being a question of the right of claim and possession, and the stakes contingent running into millions, this case will be regarded in the light of an important precedent in future mining litigation. Hence both parties litigant have employed a large array of able counsel, and the legal fight will be sure to be sharp, and it may be short, though there is little expectation of it being decisive at present. Whatever the decision may be, an appeal from it is almost certain, and that appeal will be as certain to signify an appeal also to the Supreme Court of the United States, as in such an important case the decision of the court of last resort will be desired by one or both parties.

Now that causes of such great pecuniary importance are crowding the courts of the Territory, if not when causes of greater moral importance were before them, the supreme Federal powers that be may become fully convinced of the advisability, if not necessity, of the presence in Utah of a judiciary of great ability and of unquestioned probity, and in whom the public, especially the local public, can repose unwavering confidence, knowing that they will hold themselves far aloof from partizan prejudices and political and pecuniary intrigues, and administer the laws with that even handed impartiality which is ever one of the strongest bulwarks of peace and good order. This is a matter which it may be a loss of time and labor to press just now, yet it is one which will legitimately and very properly come before the President, his

cabinet, and the United States Senate, within a few weeks, that is, as soon as the noise and bluster and smoke of the Presidential campaign shall have fairly cleared away. Then this judicial business should receive careful and thorough attention, and should be deliberated upon in a grave, liberal and catholic spirit, for upon it much of the prosperity and welfare of the Union depends, as well as the development of this and neighboring Territories and States.

LOCAL AND OTHER MATTERS.

FROM FRIDAY'S DAILY, OCT. 25.

LAND PATENTS.—The following has been furnished us for publication—

"Patent issued on military Bounty Land Warrant No. 101,595, in favor of Edmund Ellsworth has been received at the Land Office and is ready for delivery on surrender of receipt."

RAINFALL.—Somewhat unexpectedly, but not altogether so, last evening a long and much of the time heavy rain fell, washing the remaining foliage, thoroughly laying the dust, soaking the soil a few inches deep, cooling the air, settling the roads and creating a little mud. This morning was a really delicious one, smiling and invigorating.

Formerly a week's clouds and threatenings were usual before a storm broke upon this valley, but not so now, as a day's warning is about as much as may be expected, and all that we had this time. The rain falls easier than it was wont in earlier times, making the weather somewhat less reliable.

IMPROVEMENTS.—During the late splendid weather, improvements have been going on at a rapid rate in various parts of the city. Much of the building is of a kind not the most substantial, but other of it is really solid and durable. Among the largest and most imposing private residences now being erected is one by B. M. Du Rell, Esq., president of the Salt Lake National Bank, upon the lot recently owned by J. W. Haskins, Esq., at the intersection of East Temple and Fifth East Streets. The house consists of a basement of dressed sandstone and two to three storeys, the latter to be faced with red wood. This is a very eligible site and when the residence and appurtenances are completed it will add greatly to the appearance of that part of the city.

OGDEN.—Hon. F. D. Richards called to-day, and from him we learned the following: The brickwork of the new Court House at Ogden, is finished to-day; work on the roof will be proceeded with immediately, the materials being prepared ready to push ahead. The outside of the new City Hall is just about completed, and the finishing of the inside is going on rapidly. Improvements—building dwelling houses, &c.—are more numerous and going on more rapidly at present in Ogden, than for two years past. The business of the Utah Central road is increasing so much there that they have been obliged to put a thousand feet additional standing room at the depot. The Ogden Seminary, under Professor Monch, now on the first quarter, is flourishing so well that additional room is required to accommodate the pupils. It rained gently at Ogden all yesterday afternoon and heavily last night.

OGDEN ITEMS.—From the Junction—

E. DeWitt Farr, so self-styled, was arrested Oct. 23, by Officer Joseph Parry, for obtaining money on false pretences.

Maggie Peterson, a nine year old daughter of H. D. Peterson, at west Weber, while playing, fell into a hole in the yard, breaking her left arm below the elbow. Limb set by Dr. P. L. Anderson, girl doing favorably.

Land jumping disputes, Voss and McLane parties in one case, T. P. Walker and William Sewell in another,

"Crowds of Indians—bucks, squaws and papooses, with ponies and plugs, have been swarming into town yesterday and to-day. Taken altogether the reds number about 1,000. Some of them are painted, beaded and brass mounted, others appear in their native ugliness and accumulated dirt. They are all merry, however, for they are receiving their annuities. Sagwitch and several other chiefs are with them, and they are waited on by Agent I. J. Bosworth and "Inka-Pompey" (George Hill), who are supplying the Indians with blankets, shirts, coats, hats, flannel, shawls, neckerchiefs, combs, knives, frying pans and other cooking utensils, tobacco, thread, etc., with no sparing hand. The gifts appear to be of excellent quality and the Indians seem hugely delighted. Mr. Bosworth and his clerk, with Mr. "Inka-Pompey," have had two days' hard work in measuring off the stuff and dealing out the proper amount according to the number in each family. Every buck steps forward, in his turn, without crowding, quarrelling or cursing, as poor whites would do under similar circumstances, and tells how many squaws and papooses he has, receives his quantum, rolls it up in a blanket and puts off with a broad grin and a grunt of satisfaction. This is a good work of Uncle Sam's, and we are glad to see the agent dealing out such good supplies in such a fair and equitable manner."