

circular of the Colorado Institute for educating the deaf and blind, and a copy of the *Deaf-Mute Index*, a paper published at the Institute by one of its graduates; a gentleman both deaf and dumb. The paper has a very creditable appearance, is well edited and its contents interesting, especially to such as have an eye on the progress and welfare of the unfortunate of whom it is the chronicle and exponent. From the circular we learn that the officers of the Institute are as follows: R. S. Buckingham, President, Denver, Colorado; Charles H. White, Secretary, Colorado Springs, Colorado; and James Correy, Treasurer, Colorado Springs, Colorado. The establishment is free to all the deaf and blind, of school age, in Colorado, the statutes of that State providing that all persons between the ages of 5 and 22 years, either deaf or blind, are eligible, and the trustees take pains to impress upon the minds of parents and guardians that the Institute is intended solely for the education and maintenance of the class in reference, to fit them for self support, and not designed as an asylum for the imbecile.

Death of a Veteran.—Brother Lewis Robinson, whose steady decline for the past fortnight has been noticed at various times in these columns, expired yesterday afternoon about half past one o'clock, at his residence in the Eighth Ward. He was one of the early pioneers of the Territory, not of the historic 143, but one who followed close upon the heels of the first arrival into Salt Lake Valley, being a captain of fifty in C. C. Rich's company, which was one of the first to reach here in 1847. He was born October 28th, 1816, at Cincinnati, Ohio. At an early day, long before the Church existed at Nauvoo, Illinois, he was a resident there, and an intimate friend, as he ever continued to be, of Counselor D. H. Wells, then "Squire" Wells, who also resided in that vicinity prior to the advent of the Church. He was baptized at Nauvoo in the August of 1846, though he had previously been a staunch friend to the Prophet Joseph Smith and the Church authorities, and participated in all the troubles of the following September, which culminated in the Exodus. On his way to the Valley he established the Platte River Ferry, and afterwards conducted the ferry at Green River. He also lived for a long time at Bridger, where he kept a supply store and blacksmith shop, helped many a missionary going and coming, and threw open his doors and made them welcome at all times. He was in early days appointed to labor among the Indians, particularly the Shoshones, Washakie's tribe, and it was largely due to his worthy example and the influence exerted by him and his comrade Joshua Ferry, that peaceful relations were maintained between them and the whites, and that so many of the Lamanites subsequently joined, and are still joining the Church. He lost his place at Bridger through some legal irregularity in papers, of which he was made the victim, and the government neglected to remunerate him for his property of which it took possession. He was a member of the 37th quorum of Seventies, and his whole life was a working mission. He was beloved and respected for many sterling qualities, notably for his courage, hardihood and generosity, and his staunch and undeviating integrity to the work of God, and his friendship and fidelity to its leaders. He leaves a numerous posterity to rise up and bless him. His death was caused by blood poisoning, superinduced by inflammation of the bladder, an old complaint which recurred while on his recent visit to Montpelier, Idaho, where he went to meet the remains, and attend the funeral of his son Charles E., who died on the 26th of September, in South Carolina, while fulfilling a mission. Since his return from the north, about two weeks since, he has steadily failed and his death, while much regretted, was an event daily expected. The funeral will take place on Saturday, at noon, in the Eighth Ward Meeting house, to which the friends of the family are invited.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

A SKETCH OF ITS APPEARANCE IN 1852.

It is invariably interesting to the student of history to note the changes a few short years will effect, when circumstances are favorable

to progress, in the material and social advancement of a thrifty and adventurous people. A lithograph sketch of Salt Lake City, in the year 1852, when the long since discarded adjective "Great," held a conspicuous place in its alphabetic title, and the paradox subsequently created by the city's increase and the shortening of its name was possibly unforeseen, serves as a reminder of the good old long ago and assists in the creation of a mental contrast between the present and bygone times, which, while unpleasant in some respects, is in many others most refreshing to contemplate. The sketch alluded to is in the possession of Don Carlos Young, architect, of this city, and is the copy of an original by W. W. Major, lithographed by A. McLean, of 15 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo., and published by Robert Williams. In some particulars, notably the aspect of the surrounding mountains, which loom up more prominently in the picture than in the actual view itself, the sketch is more ideal than accurate, but in the main the representation is pretty correct, especially in regard to the general appearance and location of houses, many of which are easily recognized, even at this late day, as ancient landmarks serving as links in the chain of architectural improvement, to unite what is with that which used to be.

The city, as might naturally be expected, is sparsely settled, and though spread over a considerable area, is swept with a glance from the artist's point of observation, viz. Arsenal Hill. In the foreground stands an Indian, clad in the traditional habiliments of his race, (more familiar to admirers of Fenimore Cooper than to real observers of what he romantically caricatures) and gazing wistfully to the southeast, almost on a line with the State road, which the artist evidently chose as the centre of his design. The most prominent object to the left of this street, if we except the grand old mountains, (which frown down even more sternly than the noble red man on the attempt to colonize the barren vale of which they have hitherto been the unmolested joint guardians and possessors) is the old Lamb Barn—a portion of it still standing—the property of President Brigham Young, immediately behind which and almost hidden from view jut out the western end of the White House on the hill, his original residence. His other and more modern places of abode, the Beehive and Lion houses, were evidently, at the date of the sketch, not in existence. To the right of the picture, the Temple Block, without the faintest suggestion of a Temple or even of a wall surrounding the space set apart for its erection, is the cynosure of observation. A tall liberty pole, tall enough to annihilate the rules of perspective, is planted on the east side of the block, about where the uncompleted Temple now stands, and from its far too lofty summit floats a national pennant emblazoned with the one word "Utah," in letters as large as some of the houses between it and the artist's standpoint. The Old Tabernacle, an oblong structure whose sloping roof almost forms a triangle with the earth's surface, stands just as it did until pulled down some years ago, in the southwest corner of the square, and besides this there are several minor buildings in the northeast angle of the block, which memory alone would recognize, as they have long since disappeared. In its present place on the hill, stands the former home of President Heber C. Kimball, now owned and occupied by his son, Heber P., and on a direct line southward, within a distance of two blocks are the residence of Bishop N. K. Whitney, the Tithing Store, and the Benson House; a portion of the second now the DESERET News office, and the last named the present home of General D. H. Wells. The Council House, recently destroyed by fire, is one of the prominent features beheld, and the corner now adorned by the palatial Garde House is occupied by a building of humble pretensions which, if it did not then, afterwards contained the telegraph office and Squires' barber shop. The building now used as the Deseret Museum, unless the eye is much deceived, was then standing, as well as the dwelling just west of it, which may have then been, as it was several years later, the residence of Apostle Parley P. Pratt. Main Street, the now busy commercial thoroughfare, has the

appearance in the sketch of a quiet village street, through which the meandering pasture boy, with freckled face, a solitary suspender and a stubbed toe, might go limping after his cow, as she stopped to browse upon the grass and watercress growing upon the doorsteps of what would now be Z. C. M. I., Deesert Bank, Walker Brothers and the Groesbeck Building, etc., etc. And so we might go on all day, were it not that this article is already too long for the reader's interest and fully long enough for the time and space at the writer's disposal.

FROM SATURDAY'S DAILY NOV. 3.

Accidents.—The *Enquirer* states that on Tuesday last George Bagley, son of Mr. Wm. Bagley, of Charleston, met with quite a painful accident. He was engaged in blasting some rock with giant powder, and while making a charge the powder accidentally exploded, burning his face terribly and almost destroying one eye. He was taken to Provo and is now under Dr. Hannberg's treatment.

On Thursday Bishop John M. Howe, of Mona, took his son to Provo where he is receiving skillful treatment from Dr. Hannberg. The youth had been running a molasses mill, and accidentally got his left hand caught in the machinery, by which the member was badly lacerated. Though his hand will be stiff and incapable of doing much service in the future, it will fortunately be spared amputation.

Morgenstjernen.—Brother Andrew Jensen returned last evening from a successful canvassing trip to the south in the interest of *Morgenstjernen*. Beginning with the new year, the magazine will be published semi monthly, and each number will be embellished with an original wood cut. A beautiful steel engraving of Apostle Erastus Snow will accompany the first number of Volume Three. On account of these improvements the subscription price will be necessarily raised a little, so that the standard price for the paper in the future will be \$2 per annum instead of \$1.25 as heretofore. The wood cuts will mainly consist of portraits of prominent Elders who have labored in the Scandinavian mission. Two specimens of these cuts, representing the late Elder Willard Snow and William Anderson, of Kamas, were shown at this office to-day.

Ogden Depot Building.—The Ogden Herald states that at a meeting held in that city on Thursday evening the committee which was appointed to meet with representatives of the railroad companies and confer with them in relation to the erection of permanent depots at Ogden, presented its report. These gentlemen stated that in an interview with Mr. S. H. H. Clark and other officials of the Union Pacific road, Mr. Clark said his company was willing and anxious to commence building as soon as arrangements can be effected with the other company for this purpose. He also stated that it was not the fault of the Union Pacific company that the buildings were not in course of erection.

The meeting considered this a matter of much importance to the citizens of Ogden, and instructed the committee to continue its labors and prepare another address to the railroad authorities embodying all matters of importance which may not have been contained in the first memorial.

Sounds from the South.—C. L. Christensen, writing from Richfield, on the 27th ult., states that Bishop A. L. Farnsworth and party from Moan Coppy, Arizona, were there on a visit. People on the Moan Coppy were usually well. Crops more than ordinarily good. The Indians, though of many tribes, were peaceable neighbors, and respected the rights of their pale-faced brethren. The Lamanites had good health, good crops, and their horses and sheep were rapidly increasing. A heavy shipment of flour was being made to the south this fall. A grist mill and other machinery had been sent for, in which the people were shareholders. Lee's ferry was in daily operation. It was kept by Mr. Warren M. Johnson, a cautious and experienced ferryman, and was the cheapest one on the Big Colorado. Emigration was earlier than usual. Bishop Farnsworth's party met on the way up to the Devil, five wagons, seven or eight hundred of cattle, fifteen hundred sheep, and some horses. Prospects indicated a heavy emigration south-

ward; most of those met by the party were from extreme northern Utah, and bound for the Gila and Salt River settlements.

Last Offices.—The funeral services over the remains of Brother Lewis Robinson were solemnized to-day, commencing at the hour of noon, at the Eighth Ward Meeting house. Bishop E. F. Sheets directed the proceedings. The opening prayer was offered up by Elder Robt. Campbell, prior and subsequent to which the choir sang appropriate hymns. The speakers were as follows: Bishop R. T. Burton, President S. B. Young, President A. M. Cannon, Counselor D. H. Wells, Elder Theodore McKean and Bishop E. F. Sheets. The remarks were eulogistic of the life and character of the deceased, and very instructive and consolatory to those assembled. The choir sang a hymn and Elder Isaac Brockbank pronounced the benediction. The pall-bearers were Robert T. Burton, J. M. Barlow, Joshua Terry, Charles Colebrook and Theodore McKean, all old comrades of the deceased. The hearse containing the body was followed to the Cemetery by a long concourse of vehicles with the friends and relatives of the departed. Peace be to his ashes.

Gone to Rest.—Elsewhere will be found a notice of the death of Brother John Robinson, of Spring City, formerly of Hill Top, West Bromwich, Staffordshire, England. He was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, by Elder Theodore Turley in 1840, and emigrated to Nauvoo in April, 1841. He was there ordained to the office of a Seventy, Dec. 22nd, 1844, and placed in the 14th Quorum, which office he retained until his demise. He passed through all the trials and persecution of the Saints until the fall of 1846, when he was driven out by the mob at twenty minutes' notice at the point of the bayonet. Having crossed the Mississippi River, he and his family were taken sick with ague and fever, from which his wife never recovered. Being without means he was obliged to go down to St. Louis, about a month after his wife died. His friends hearing of his condition, sent for him from England. He went there and was called to preside over a branch of the Church at Birmingham, which calling he honored until his return with the first hand cart company led by Elder Edmund Ellsworth. He moved to Springfield, Utah Co., from there to Mantel, Sanpete Co., and from there to Spring City, where he organized the Sunday School, and was appointed Superintendent, which duty he filled to the satisfaction of the Saints, and died honored and beloved. He leaves a wife, eight children, thirty-four grand children and six great grand children.

A VOICE FROM THE QUEEN CITY.

EPISCOPAL COMPREHENSIVENESS—
THE CIVIL RIGHTS QUESTION—
SATIRE ON ANTI-"MORMON"
CRANKS—SOMETHING
ABOUT POLYGAMY.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28, 1883.

Editor Deseret News:

What with social scandals, political intrigues, religious conferences, mysterious murders and gambling forays, the average Chicago newspaper is not at all dull or somniferous literature. The average Chicago citizen too is not a dull or uninteresting personage. Spiritually, and spiritually he is as well provided for as the denizen of any burg in the world. And that awful and most sacred body of divines the Protestant Episcopal Conference, after a week of serious deliberation, has concluded to extend their prayers to all parts of this country. The words "Nation" "United States" and such restrictive terms were not comprehensive enough for the grand liturgy of that venerable but fossilized denomination. They adopted the words "our country" so that where ever the Chicago man goes the prayers of these holy men will follow him. What an awful thing if the words "United States" were adopted and our Chicago man were then to emigrate to Utah, where of course he would be lost to episcopal protection—Utah being, as I understand, a Territory. What wisdom, what paternal solicitude, what pastoral interest exists in the bosoms of those good and pious fathers of episcopacy! Just think of

it, praying for "our country" and letting the rest of the world go to "Davy Jones."

Poor Sumner; his work has been vain, and the African must now take his chances with the Mongolian and Caucasian. Such is the effect of hasty, ill-considered legislation. The fanatic element, and indeed the theologically orthodox entered so strongly into this legislation that it could hardly fail to be otherwise than abortive. It is possible to legislate toleration and even fraternity between races or individuals, but when it comes to making them Siamese twins it is otherwise. There are church committees, aye in this very city, who would condemn the Supreme Court rulings, and yet would not admit a colored man to membership among them. We have a good illustration in Ben Butler's colored judge.

Some of our newspapers as well as our sanctimonious citizens seem to be really interested in "Mormonism." I enclose a clipping from a reformed sheet in this city, which has a most unsavory record for blackmail, libel and vituperation. It is but a sample of what is going on, or rather of the pandering of journalism to the alleged morality of the churchmonger. I had a conversation with a professional journalist a few evenings since. We discussed this matter. I maintained that at least fair play ought to be the rule in the republic of intellect. Why, he actually laughed at my fancying that intellect had anything to do with big head-lines and imaginary abominations in Utah. "Don't you see," said he, "a number of these church people meet. A few old men and a great number of silly women meet and they agree that some certain matter is a vice. They are actually brainless enough to think the whole world ought to adopt their platform. Journalists seeing how useless logic or argument would be, adopt a system of writing that any sensible person can see is but a satire on the church cranks. For instance, you might have read a piece about a black cloth on the faces of dead women in Utah. Why that was only a joke on the average newspaper women readers. Next year, some good female will maintain that Utah women are actually painted black after death. In this strain he went on for quite a time, and I could not help believing that perhaps newspaper matter after all must be harmless. We entered into the question of Mormonism as the religion of the Latter-day Saints of Utah is invariably termed here, but of course I being a Gentile as far as the religion itself is considered, I could not go far into the mysteries, if there are any of the religion. The great theme seems to be polygamy. On this principle I could only say that the Old Bible commanded it; the New Bible did not condemn it, and such minds as the divine John Milton himself advocated it, and Channing, the great Boston preacher, did not condemn Milton for so believing. I commanded him to read Milton's treatise on Christian doctrine, and also to read the closing chapters of Milton's life. That good man died without the attention of any sect of Christianity though now they all claim him. But I believe he was only a forerunner of Mormonism. So far Christianity is not opposed to plural marriage. As to social science, I think that if both sides of this matter were presented, it would ask for time to deliberate. Perhaps if the real facts were placed before it, it would not deliberate. It is simply this—which is the most sinful?—take one, two, or three women, marry one, debauch the others, then cut their throats, or marry the whole three, recognise them as creatures of God, as equals in the scale of humanity, as good and true women at the head of households. This is the question; whether a woman is more interesting at the head of a family than on a coroner's table at the Morgue.

I have already gone too far so for the present good-bye.

D. S. B.

The Headwinds of Maryland.

Springfield, Prince George's Co., Md. Mr. Chas. G. Addison, of the above place states: "I sprained my right knee causing intense suffering, and the use of crutches for several weeks. I found no relief in other remedies and finally tried the miracle of cure, St. Jacobs Oil. In a short time I could bend my knee—which had been as stiff as an iron rod,—laying aside my crutches and was able to walk as well as ever."