

EDITORIALS

A PECK O' MALT.

"WILLIE brewed a peck o' malt." That was in a strict excise country, and an exciseman told all about it. He did not report it to Hollister, or to any of the "authorities," on purpose to get poor Willie arraigned before the awful majesty of stern-browed justice, and heavily mulct-ed for his indiscretion and perhaps ignorant disregard of legal technicalities concerning the homely mixing of malt and water, and the disposal of the elevating resultant compound. But the exciseman sang about the peck o' malt to the public, embalmed Willie's humble brewing adventure in immortal verse, for the delectation of posterity to the remotest generation, as not a bad thing to do.

Now brewing a peck o' malt in Scotland may be an innocent and enjoyable affair. But that is an old, "effete" country, not up to every thing, especially in legal aspects. But brewing a peck o' malt in Utah is a serious and dangerous undertaking. It is so very likely to breed affront to the law, violation of the constitution, and peril to the Union. If Willie lived in Utah in our time, and indulged slightly and modestly in the home brewing pastime, he would have to be mighty careful, lest in a weak and thoughtless moment he chanced to trade off a gill of his humble peck o' malt extract when Hollister's informers were prowling around to spy him out in his unfortunate but good natured and neighborly unguardedness. If he delegated the "old woman" to do the brewing business, the danger would be all the same.

Moral—home-brewed beer brew-ers, beware! But, above all, have pity upon the sorrows of our poor, sadly over-worked Chief Justice. Don't drive him to distraction with an unmerciful multiplicity of small beer cases. He has already a District Court with a suspended term, and courts for counties staring him in the face or looming up as big as a man's hand in the distant horizon, besides the Supreme Court, not forgetting Hollister's 400 small beer cases, and innumerable *habeas corpus* cases. How is it possible for even McKean's capacious cranium to hold brains sufficient to endure all this and more? If you pile cases and courts upon this unfortunate judicial gentleman in this thoughtless and unfeeling fashion, you will either drive his gray hairs with sorrow into a premature grave, or you will oblige his Excellency the Governor to send him off to Washington, after Carey, by way of a vacation, to cool and rest his fevered and weary brain. While there, he can look after Carey, while Carey looks after the McKee bill and sees that bill put through in a jiffy. So if you want to be blessed with the continued presence of the Chief Justice, and his enlightened, constitutional, legal, impartial, prompt, vigorous and every way satisfactory and admirable administration of the law and of justice, just have a little mercy on him and ask the feminine members of your household not to brew so many pecks o' malt, and, if they must brew a peck now and then, to be particularly and exceedingly cautious how they dispose of the resultant small beer. We certainly should not like to see our estimable and venerable Chief Justice driven into drivelling idiocy, or his mighty intellect crushed to imbecility by the stupendous superincumbent weight of Hollister's hundreds on hundreds of small beer cases.

WHAT A PITY!

WHAT a pity that the Legislature, at its late session, did not considerately take into account our worthy Governor's mania for making appointments, and make liberal provision for his innocent indulgence therein! What a pity that the Legislature holds only biennial sessions, and therefore cannot, for two years to come, make any amends for this unfortunate inadvertent omission!

The Legislature might have cre-

ated a few hundred honorary offices, just to please and satisfy his Excellency in this matter of his peculiar appointive proclivities. How busy he would have been in making these appointments and signing the commissions! With what ecstatic delight he would have bustled about! How the great American eagle would have become magnified and glorified in his admiring eyes!

There surely would have been ingenuity enough in the Legislature to devise offices of this kind. There might have been several kinds of offices pertaining to getting the McKee bill put through. Instead of only one Carey to care for that bill, the Governor might have appointed twenty or more, all honorary, for the "ring" would have "donated" the expenses. Then there is the brewing of small beer. Scores of persons might have been appointed to the office of watching this important home-brewed beer business. There might have been one or two officers appointed to watch over each old woman in the Territory who attempted to brew a gallon of barley, and inform Hollister against her if she happened to violate the revenue laws.

If these offices would not have been sufficient, others in addition could have been readily devised.

If the appointees were not sufficiently anxious for office to hold it gratuitously and for the fun of the thing, the "ring" would have nobly stepped forward and "donated" to relieve them financially, and something might have come of it to repay the "ring."

It is to be hoped that the Legislature will take good and early care, at its next session, to provide for this very strongly marked appointive propensity in the character of our excellent Governor. Meantime, would it not be a good thing to ask Congress to restore the old plan of annual sessions for the Utah Legislature, that this matter might be attended to within a reasonable time, and that our worthy Governor might not have so long to wait before he could gratify himself to the full in dispensing appointments and commissions with an open and generous hand?

We respectfully commend this important subject to the consideration of our liberal and gentlemanly legislators.

HOLLISTER'S FOUR HUNDRED.

IN his letter to the clerk of the Third District Court concerning holding courts for counties, his Honor the Chief Justice stated that Collector Hollister had reported about 400 violations of the revenue laws. What this had to do with holding courts for counties, must be left for the Chief Justice himself to decide. We can not hear of anybody else who sees anything in it particularly pertinent to the subject which elicited the letter.

How many of these 400 cases are cases of importance, his Honor did not state. One can believe that some are, but it would require large credulity to believe that very many of them are not of trifling account. It appears that of late some of Hollister's informers ("informers are a detestable race of people") have been scouring the thinly settled country districts and pouncing upon every old woman they could find who had taken upon herself, by any mysterious kind of brewing manipulation, to color a little spring water and then, possibly by special request of a neighbor, to barter a pint or two of the same. There can be little doubt that many of these 400 are of this class. What an inspiring sight it would be, after the Chief Justice had sufficiently revolved, in his mighty brain, those important cases already argued and submitted to him, to see all the old women of Sanpete come trotting into court to appease the offended majesty of the law on this very small beer account! What a magnificent spectacle, to be sure! Talk about the English-Russian royal-imperial marriage, or even our own American centennial, after that! How such an event would fill the newspapers, and exercise the glowing pens of "our special correspondents!" What unapproachable and unfading lustre the adjudication of

these *causes celebres* would reflect upon the jurisprudence of the Utah District Courts in particular, and upon American jurisprudence in general! How the news would flash to Washington! What a Gould-en opportunity for sensational telegraphic correspondents! They would be sure to make the most of it, for they could hardly hope to look upon its like again. With what professional extacy they would

Then, with a flash of fire,
Send o'er the lightning wire,
While the world wondered,
Eastward the grand report,
That into District Court
Rolled the Four Hundred!

TOOK HIS HEAD OFF.—John Brooks, in Mercer County, Kentucky, on the night of Sunday, March 1, found George Anderson with his (Brooks') wife, in *flagrante delicto*, and severed the offender's head from his body.

Served him right. Good enough for such vermin. That is an effectual way to put a period to the course of an adulterer.

BILL TO ENCOURAGE MATRIMONY.—The other week Mr. Smith introduced to the Virginia Senate a bill to exempt the property of the husband or wife from the antenuptial debts of the other. The *Danville Times* thinks such a bill would prove an encouragement to matrimony, and that it would be well to pass one of that kind for that purpose. But what would the creditors say?

WHAT HE THINKS ABOUT IT.—Rev. Hugh Johnston, M. D., of Hamilton, Canada, has been lecturing at Cleveland, O., upon "Salt Lake City and the Mormons." The Rev. gentleman visited this city with Rev. Dr. Morley Punshon, the celebrated English Methodist preacher.

HEBREW LIBERALITY.—The Hebrews, like the Quakers, have a reputation for assisting unfortunate members of their faith, for which reputation there is undoubtedly a solid basis. A Memphis paper says that the Hebrew population of that city were nobly sustained by their brethren throughout the United States, as well as by the people of all denominations. The Relief Committee had a surplus of \$25,000 on hand after the epidemic subsided. The committee invested \$10,000 in United States bonds, and the remainder, \$15,000, was divided among the orphan schools in Baltimore, Charleston, New York, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and San Francisco.

LOCAL AND OTHER MATTERS.

FROM TUESDAY'S DAILY, MARCH 17.

The Present Time.—Now is the Winter of our discontent—the butt end of it, too.

Not Exactly.—An exchange says that a man claimed to be old Bender is at "Maui," Utah. A slight mistake in spelling; Manti is the word.

St. Patrick's Day.—This is St. Patrick's day. We have not heard of any particular celebration of the occasion by the sons of the "Green Isle" in this city, of whom there are not a few.

Water.—It is proposed to take water from Little Cottonwood to Sandy in pipes, the work to be completed before the hot weather sets in. This will be a great boon to the people of the latter place.

How Is It?—We have not heard any of our farmers or gardeners, the last week or two, complaining of a probable lack of water for irrigation the coming summer. How is it? What can the matter be?

Information Wanted.—Mr. Michael O'Neal, oyster merchant, Drumore, Kirkmarden, by Stranrear, Scotland, wishes information regarding the whereabouts of his brother, Laurence O'Neal. When last heard from he was in Wasatch county, Utah, at which time he was working in a tin mine. He had been in this part of the country for about four or five years. Address as above.

Accidental Death.—Messrs. Walker Bros. have learned of the death by accident of Mr. H. L. Devanport, a young man who was employed for about a year past by the firm in the capacity of clerk. He was on a visit to his parents, at Monroe, Wisconsin, when the accident occurred. Himself and father were out hunting, when both barrels of the young man's gun were accidentally discharged, both charges entering his person. He died within an hour after the accident.

Captured.—Lloyd, the colored penitentiary convict, who was sentenced to a term of imprisonment for attacking with deadly weapons and attempting to murder Charles Mingo, and who escaped from the custody of the prison guard a week or two since, was captured last night, by the city police. The latter traced him to a house in Commercial street, and when they went there after him he got into a carpenter's shop and secreted himself. They discovered and arrested him, however, and placed him in the city jail. He was to be removed to his old quarters, at the penitentiary, this afternoon.

"Sweet Seventy-Six."—Considerable is said about the age of "sweet seventeen." To-morrow is the natal day of Mr. Robert Carter, the veteran news dealer, and he proudly asserts that he will then be "sweet seventy-six." Robert is a remarkable man for his age, being still sprightly, active and jocular. Everybody knows Robert, and, so far as we know, in his capacity of newsdealer he gives excellent satisfaction to his patrons, to whom he desires to return thanks for past favors, hoping to receive a continuation of them, and also to be kindly remembered, in his business, by those who have not yet favored him with their orders. In advance of to-morrow we wish the old gentleman many happy returns.

That Concert.—Notwithstanding the deep snow and generally unfavorable state of the weather, the 20th Ward schoolhouse was filled to overflowing last night, on the occasion of the Sunday School concert. The various pieces were executed in a highly creditable manner, and where all did so well it is unnecessary to particularize, yet we cannot pass over the many clever performances of Mr. Joseph J. Daynes. The excellent orchestra executed several fine pieces composed and arranged by him, and his imitations of "Blind Tom," in playing a difficult march, and, with his eyes blindfolded, in naming over notes struck three at a time by Dr. A. W. Calder, one of the audience. He also named any article that was held up in the hall, after it was spelled out on the piano by Mr. W. Lambourn. Much credit is also due to Messrs. John Daynes and George Reynolds for the really enjoyable character of the concert.

It was announced by Bro. Daynes that another concert would be given at the same place in two weeks.

Lotteries.—The drawing for the "Nevada Insane Lottery" is said to have taken place in this Territory lately, that the parties engaged in it might avoid punishment under the laws of Nevada. By the way, if the word "insane" were attached to the name of all concerns of that kind, it does not appear that it would be at all inappropriate. Those who invest their money in such concerns, expecting to make "a fortune in a minute," especially in this age and country of gigantic bilks and humbugs, must surely be tinctured with a degree of insanity.

The last thing of the kind out is a proposed "First Great Salt Lake Gift Concert," said to be under the supervision of the authorities of the City of Corinne, and purporting to be gotten up for the benefit of the free school of that place. The names of the trustees of the school referred to are S. Howe, J. S. Gerrish, and Alexander Toponce. The gifts are to range from \$50,000 downwards, all *Cash*. Would it not be well to throw in a few head of *Cattle* as prizes.

The Storm.—The present snow storm is probably the heaviest that has occurred during any season here for several years past. The snow fall, which suspended yesterday evening, resumed again during the night, and has continued ever since, there being now about eighteen inches on the ground.

In consequence of the depth of snow, travel on the streets has been temporarily suspended. The street

cars managed to run a few times this morning, but it was terribly hard on the animals, and later in the day they stopped running altogether. An eastern bound car got off the track near the Theatre, and it was an interesting scene to see the passengers get out and work manfully to right it again.

An overburdened awning, in front of the National saloon, near the Elephant corner, unable to sustain the pressure of snow, broke down, and came near seriously injuring a couple of men who were standing under it at the time it gave way.

Some people begin to think about the snow storm as Mark Twain did about the cow falling through the roof of his shanty, in Nevada. When this little circumstance occurred the third time, knocking to pieces the table at which he was writing, he arose to his feet and said, "Well, now, this thing is becoming monotonous."

Adulterated Molasses.—The following, from an exchange, is confirmatory of some comments that appeared in the NEWS lately regarding adulterated molasses sold in this city:

"The discovery has recently been made that much of the syrup molasses now in common use is compounded of sawdust, rags and muriatic acid. The acid decomposes the vegetable fibre of the rags and sawdust, and forms a substance that looks and tastes like the best syrup. It is made and sold on a large scale in the principal cities, and as the acid is highly poisonous a vast amount of harm is done. This bogus syrup can be readily detected by adding a teaspoonful to a cup of strong tea. If the syrup contains acid it immediately combines with the tannin of the tea and makes a black, dirty looking mixture. A correspondent in Philadelphia says that he has made this test, and it has also been tried by residents of Doyleston. The result was according to what is above stated. The bottom of the teacup, after standing awhile, was covered with black dregs resembling dust from old cloth. Consumers of syrup should be on the watch for this injurious article, which is doubtless innocently sold by many storekeepers."

How the Wheels of Justice are Needlessly Blocked.—Yesterday morning, Nicholas Lawless, convicted of manslaughter a few days ago, in the Probate Court of Tooele County, for the killing of Mr. Snively, at Ophir, was handed over to Warden Rockwood, on a mittimus from the court above named. Almost simultaneously with his reception by Mr. Rockwood, a writ of *habeas corpus* was served upon the latter, commanding him to take Lawless before Judge McKean this morning, at 10 o'clock. In accordance with this writ the Warden appeared with the prisoner at the office of the U. S. Marshal, when the proceedings of the Probate Court of Tooele County were set aside by Judge McKean, and he ordered that the prisoner be bound over, in \$1,000 bonds, to appear in the Third District Court, at the March term thereof, of which amounts, under existing circumstances, to setting him at liberty altogether, as Judge McKean refuses to have a grand jury for his court, and he refuses also to hold court in the counties of his district, as authorized by law, notwithstanding that the County Court of Salt Lake County has appropriated means to defray the expenses of such courts.

The bonds were procured by Lawless and he is now a free man, and thus are the ends of justice baffled by the very persons whose sworn duty it is to administer justice.

A Washington letter says: "Talk about 'panics!' There never has been such 'dressing' among woman-kind in Washington as this winter. It looks as though 'poor but pious parents' had put all their valuable funds into laces and diamonds before making a final assignment to their creditors. The belles have been mostly stout women, who could carry off most of this toggery. Some have been pointed out to me that actually made me seasick. Your petite, spirituelle women count as nothing to the carnal mind longing for the avoirdupois. The noticeable women there this winter have been many of them, from the South, and their beauty is of the luxuriant type, not common at the North."—*Ex.*