

respect of men, if they did not enforce that control. If necessity require, let such lessons as this one administered of late by city authority be repeated, until the vile wretches who would trample upon law and order and inaugurate a reign of drunkards and pimps learn that the city government knows its rights, "and knowing, dare maintain them."

SWINDLERS' BAIT.

A FRIEND has handed us a letter which he has just received from a firm in New York, which signs itself "J. D. Terhune & Co." It opens by stating that the signers wish to secure the services of a smart, intelligent agent in this locality for a business that cannot fail to yield at least a profit of \$10,000, and if shrewdly managed, a much larger amount, and that, too, without neglecting regular business.

They then proceed to explain the character of the business at some length. They have manufactured bogus greenbacks to such perfection that, they assert, it is as safe to pass them as if the bills came from the Treasury Department, and they propose to let them go for 25 cents on the dollar. They say:—

"You will bear in mind that you now have an excellent opportunity to make money easily and rapidly. There is nothing in coining money that can begin to compare with it. With these bills, you are started at once upon the highway to fortune and affluence. You can rest assured of one thing, that you can never be wanting in funds while you are connected with us and remain true."

As a bait to draw the money out of the simpletons whom they hope to gull, they say that in order to start them and show them they mean business, they will only charge five cents on the dollar for the first package they send, and they will expect the remaining twenty cents on the dollar within 15 days after it has been received! They expect to receive ten dollars for the first package; but as they receive so many letters asking for samples they have concluded they will send them on receipt of five dollars!

The whole letter is cunningly written and is well adapted to arouse the cupidity of those who have inclinations to make money without regard to honesty. The scoundrels who send out these circulars deliberately calculate on finding a percentage of knaves among the people, and they spread their trap to catch them. They know that an honest man, even if he knew their offers were *bona fide*, and they had bogus notes to sell of the description they state, would not purchase them. But a dishonest man, who believes their statements and has funds, sends them five or ten dollars; he is the person whom they expect to entrap. They get his money, and he waits for his bills. If he gets no reply, what can he do about it? He cannot make any inquiries, he cannot tell his friends, for by so doing he would not remain true to his bogus correspondents, and it would not answer for him to state that he was making arrangements to issue counterfeit bills. He is victimized without the possibility of redress, and everybody would say that he deserved it.

We have heard of many such letters being sent here; we do not allude to them to warn any person against being misled by such representations; but to show the public the many tricks that are resorted to in the world to make money. These rogues probably drive a thriving trade at this business. They find knaves and fools enough to snap at their bait; but they will have to send elsewhere than to Utah for patronage of this kind.

WOMEN'S VIEWS.

"MRS. Kate Hunnibee" of the *Hearth and Home*, as our readers will probably remember, was in Salt Lake City a short time since. She alludes to her visit in her "Diary" in that paper and closes her article in the following language:

"The ingenuity, the industry, the economy, the enterprise and patience of this people are indeed remarkable. Every house has a garden attached to it, where vegetables and fruits, and flowers grow in abundance. A great deal of the labor is performed by the women. Most of the cloth for daily wear is of home manufacture. The furniture of their houses, their wood and earthen-ware, are made by their own industry. But the most magnificent specimen of architecture, industry, and beauty that we saw is the great organ in the Tabernacle, forty eight feet high, of red pine, carved and stained. Its tones are sweeter than those of the great organ in Boston, though it is a little less powerful.

Every portion of it, save a few of the smallest pipes, is the work of a Mormon, and was produced in Salt Lake Valley. The feelings of the party were of a mixed character as we rode back in the cars, leaving the Garden City in beautiful repose under the shadow of its green trees, and beneath the perpetual guardianship of the snow-tipped Wasatch Mountains. The glittering lake at our left reflected the evening sun as the great dome of the Tabernacle faded away in the distance.

"Well," said Aunt Betsy, "jist let 'em alone. I don't b'lieve in persecutin' or legislatin' agin 'em. Soon's Brigham dies, they'll fall apart like a barrel with only one hoop to keep the staves together. If that air hoop is cut, the staves 'll fall away from each other. Brigham's sixty-nine now, so that air hoop can't last allers."

"They treated us very well," said Mrs. Lester; "and when I think of the social problems we have to solve in the East, I feel inclined to leave the Mormon question as Aunt Betsy suggests, to the solution of time. A great many of the poor foreigners who are brought over here are undoubtedly far better off than they ever were before. One great organizing brain presides over all departments of industry, and sets every pair of hands to work to the best advantage. There are poor-houses here, but no Poor-House; they show thrift without extravagance, economy without stinginess, and benevolence without ostentation."

[SPECIAL TO THE DESERET NEWS.]

By Telegraph.

Per WESTERN UNION Telegraph Line.

A London special dated 3rd, 9 a.m., says that telegrams from Paris report that the utmost agitation and excitement prevail. Rumors of the disastrous close of the recent terrible fighting on the Belgian frontier are current, and the people are gloomy and depressed. The last hopes of the Napoleon dynasty have faded away. Trochu daily grows stronger in the confidence and sympathies of the people.

A cable special to the *Tribune*, dated London 3, says a special correspondent to the *Tribune* telegraphs from the King's headquarters, at Vendres, near Sedan, on Friday:

"The battle of Sedan began at six in the morning, September 1st. Two Prussian corps were in position on the west of Sedan, having got there by long forced marches, and so cut off the French retreat to Messieres, south of Sedan. The first Bavarian corps was east across the Meuse; the second Bavarian corps and the wagons were on the north-east, with guards. I was with the King throughout the day on the hill above St. Mentz, commanding a splendid view of the valley and field. After a tremendous battle, the Prussians having completely surrounded Sedan, and the Bavarians entered the fortifications of Sedan, the Emperor capitulated at 5.15 p.m. His letter to the King of Prussia said: 'As I cannot die at the head of my army, I lay my sword at the feet of your majesty.' Napoleon left Sedan for the Prussian headquarters, at Vende, at 1 a.m. of September 2nd. McMahon's whole army, comprising a hundred thousand, capitulated without conditions. The Prussians had two hundred and forty thousand men engaged or in reserve; the French, a hundred and twenty thousand."

NEW YORK, 5.—A London extra has this:

"Paris, 5.—The Empress consented to join her husband and son, having received an assurance that she will not be regarded as a Prussian prisoner. Trochu will be made dictator, and Paris will be defended to the last."

A special correspondent to the *Tribune* telegraphs from Arlon on Friday, p.m. that every hotel here is filled with French refugees, from across the frontier. The frontier villages are crowded, and it is difficult to obtain anything to eat. A hundred and fifty French, and a hundred German soldiers, while trespassing on Belgian territory, were made prisoners and conducted to Natur, tonight. I also saw Paris refugees on the train to-night; they are not Germans but Luxemburgers, who were expelled from Paris on account of poverty. The Parisians are preparing for a famine by expelling all foreigners not possessed of means for their support. The poor French are retained, if able bodied, for military service, if not, they are sent to the country. The French fortifications are complete. General Trochu is virtually dictator. My informant left Paris on the second of September. Today is the last day of grace. London is wild with delight over the Prussian triumph. The streets, for hours, were filled with excited crowds, and Englishmen congratulated each other as if there had been an English victory. Sympathy with the Prussians was never

so strongly manifested. The surrender was published here by the *Daily News* in an extra, about half past ten this morning; the other papers soon followed. Placards were posted everywhere in the streets, and thousands of dispatches were sent in every direction. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says the news will be regarded as final, and if the Emperor hopes by a hastily patched up peace, to find the means to transfer the throne to his son it is the last and greatest delusion of his life of delusions. He may find it easier to begin than to end a war. Peace is by no means yet certain. There is no government to make peace. Imperialism is dead, an Orleans government or a republic can hardly begin by a surrender. France has for the first time to act, her eyes are for the first time opened. The *Evening Standard* says Sedan is the Emperor's Waterloo. The second empire is now overthrown. The *Standard* deprecates exultation and expresses heartfelt sympathy with the fallen sovereign. The *Echo* says the Emperor's last act does what is possible to redeem his fault; the author of the war surrenders himself to the conqueror, admitting his own defeat, which may help to avert that of France.

The greatest enthusiasm is shown today and to-night by the Germans here. Flags are profusely displayed; many buildings are illuminated to-night and the occasion made a complete jubilee by the Germans throughout the city and suburbs. A mass meeting, to celebrate the triumph of the Prussians, will be held in a few days. Dispatches from all parts of the country state that similar demonstrations are being made.

A special to the *Herald* dated London 3, says it is reported that upon the reception of the news of the surrender of Napoleon and McMahon at Sedan, Bazaine and the garrison of Metz capitulated to the Prussian army besieging that fortress.

An Associated Press dispatch, dated Paris 3, says the *Moniteur* announces that Alsace is enrolling *en masse*, into the army at Lyons. A large body of sharpshooters have started for the frontier. In the South of France volunteering is general throughout the country. The sentiment is expressed that peace is impossible while a single Prussian stands on French soil.

A London special to the *World* says there is great excitement there. It was not known that Napoleon was with the army until after its surrender. General Wimpfen, who surrendered the French army, is a cousin of the Prussian General of the same name. It is stated that Napoleon insisted upon surrender against the protests of the younger officers, he was so shocked by the fearful slaughter of Wednesday and Thursday.

It is stated that the King of Prussia is willing to abandon the indemnity claims, provided he secures Alsace and Lorraine. It is understood that Austria and Russia oppose, while England favors this. A republican outbreak in France is feared. It is estimated that 15,000 to 20,000 French and Prussian stragglers have taken refuge in Belgium. Berlin and Brussels are greatly excited.

The following is from the special correspondent of the *Tribune* at the headquarters of the King of Prussia, eight miles from Sedan, on Thursday night, the 1st, after their defeat on the 30th and 31st: "The French retreated *en masse* to Sedan and encamped around about. From what I learned from French prisoners, of whom, as you may imagine, there was no lack in quantity, it seems they fully believed the road to Messieres would always be open to them and, therefore, in case of another defeat before Sedan, retreat could be easily accomplished. On the evening of Wednesday, from 5 to 8 o'clock, the Crown Prince's headquarters were at Chemery, a village some seven miles from Sedan, to the south-west, on the main road. At half-past five we saw there was a great movement among the troops encamped all around us and we thought at first that the King was riding through the bivouacs, but soon the 7th regiment came pouring through the village, their band playing 'Die Wacht am Rhein' as they marched along with swinging stride. I saw at once by the men's faces that something extraordinary was going on. It was soon plain that the troops were in the lightest possible marching order, all their knapsacks being left behind, and they were carrying nothing but cloaks slung around their shoulders, except that one or two *bon vivants* had retained their camp-kettles; but if the camp kettles were left behind the cartouche cases were there hanging heavily in front of the men's belts unbalanced, as they ought

to be, by knapsacks. Soon I learned that the whole Prussian corps, those sent from Prince Frederick Charles' army, the second army and the Crown Prince's were making forced marches and had left in the direction of Doehery and Mezieres, in order to shut in McMahon's army in the west and so as to drive them against the Belgian frontier. I learned, from officers of the Crown Prince's staff, that at the same time, while we were watching, regiment after regiment were passing through Chemery, eighty thousand strong.

A Prussian regiment, under Prince Albert, of Saxony, was also marching rapidly to close on the doomed French army on the right bank of the Meuse, which they had crossed at Remilly on Tuesday, the 30th, in the direction of Lachappelle, a small village of 930 inhabitants, on the road from Sedan to Bouillot, in Belgium, and the last village before crossing the frontier. Anything more splendid than the men's marching would be impossible to imagine. I saw men, lame in both feet, hobbling along in the ranks, with their kind comrades, less foot sore, carrying their needle guns; men who were actually incapable of putting one foot before the other had pressed peasants' wagons and every available conveyance into service and were following in the rear so as to be ready for the great battle, which all felt sure would come off on the morrow. The Bavarians, who, it is generally believed, do not march so well as they fight, were in the centre, between us and Sedan, camped around the woods of La Marfee, famous in 1641, during the wars of the League. When I had seen the last regiment dash through fair—the pace at which they went can really not be called marching in an ordinary sense—I rode off, about a quarter past eight in the evening, for Vindress, where the King's headquarters were and where I hoped to find house room for man and beast, especially the latter, as being far more important on the evening of a great battle. When I had got within about half a mile of Vindress, going on a steady trot, a sharp "halt," rang out clear, and I brought my horse to a stand-still, knowing that the Prussians were not to be trifled with. As I pulled up, twenty yards off, I heard the clicks of their locks as they brought in their weapons in full cock and covered me. My reply being satisfactory I jogged on into Vindress, and my mare and myself had soon forgotten the sentinels, forced marches and coming battles, one of us on straw, the other on the floor.

At seven o'clock, on Thursday morning, my servant came to wake me, saying that the King's horses were harnessing, and that His Majesty would leave in half an hour for the battle field, and that the cannonade had already been heard near Sedan. I jumped up, seized a crust of bread, wine, cigars, etc., and crammed them into my holster, taking my breakfast on the way. Just as I got to my horse King William drove out in an open carriage, with four horses, for Chevange, about three and a half miles south of Sedan. Much against my will I was compelled to allow the King and his staff to precede me on the road to the scene of action, where I arrived soon after 9 o'clock. It was impossible to ride at all, the roads being blocked with artillery, ammunition wagons, ambulances, etc. As I rode on to the crest of the hill, which rises sharply about six or seven hundred feet above the little hamlet of Cheveause, nestled in a grove below, a most glorious panorama burst on my view. As Gen. Forsythe of the U. S. army remarked to me, later in the day, "it would have been worth coming merely to see so splendid a scene, without the battle's magnificently stern array." From the knoll on which I stood with the King and staff, we could see not only the whole valley of the Meuse but also beyond the great woods of the Bois de Loupe and Francheval into Belgium, and as far as Lilly the forces of Namur on the other side of the frontier. Right at our feet lay the little town of Sedan, famous for its fortifications by Vauban, and as the birthplace of Turnne, the great Marshal, known also as the place where Sedan chairs originated. As we were only about two and a quarter miles from the town we could easily distinguish its principal edifices without the aid of our glasses. On the left was a pretty church, its gothic spire of sandstone being a conspicuous target for the Prussians' guns, had Gen. Moltke thought fit to bombard the town. To the right, on the southeast of the church, was a large barrack with the fortifications of the citadel behind it, and beyond this, to the southeast again, was the old chateau