

LINES

READ AT THE RAILROAD CELEBRATION AT PROVO YESTERDAY.

Hail! Hail the day! Let bright-eyed gladness reign

While merriment and welcome fill the air,
Wisdom and eloquence join in the train
At labor's triumph. So begone, dull care.
Good cause have we to let our joy abound,
And with our friends from far feel thus delighted;

For with stout iron bands, and ties all sound,

This day Salt Lake with Provo is united.
No more the tedious jolting o'er the bench,
With weary oxen in the jaded team,
For bright rails span the intervening length,

In Utah Southern cars we go by steam.
The dull monotony will disappear,
As, o'er the stony waters, north we go,
Viewing the Wasatch range their peaks uprear,

The tranquil waters of the lake below.

Those grand old hills, when slowly we pass'd by,

Seem'd stiff and stately in their high position.

But now as on the wind we onward fly,
They'll seem to nod in graceful recognition.

Yes, we are glad to see, thus bound with iron,

The sister cities of the land of Zion.

And may the gentler bands of love and peace,

By closer contact in our midst increase.

Now Provo bids her children all assist her
To welcome here to-day her elder sister,
Who fifty miles this morning comes to pay
Her compliments upon our Railroad Day.

With grateful hearts her friendship now we prize,

Since she was first in this great enterprise.

Over half way she made the road to meet us,
All round the Mountain Point she comes to greet us,

Right on to Lehi, well the work she did,

Then stopped and rested, while she whispered, "Come."

Then uprose Utah farmers, with their teams,

Though the rip grain stood nodding in the field,

And with their sons, nor sparing time nor means,

With their bright axes made the forest yield.

Down came the ties from out the mountain pass.

While merry campers worked upon the grade,

Sturdy construction hands sped on right fast.

The last spike's driven and the track is laid,
And here to-day we meet our President,
And hosts of friends from Salt Lake City come.

We give you cordial welcome, one and all,
And trust this day you all will feel at home.

S. S. JONES.

THE RIGHTS OF WORKERS.

Charles Bradlaugh, in a lecture at the "Cooper Institute," New York, Nov. 13, is reported in the *Herald* of that city, as speaking in this style—

"All the speech I have to make turns upon four words—high wages, poor wages. Poor wages means wretched dwellings, the rum shop more inviting than the home and the wife not so good-tempered as she ought to be. In Ireland ninepence a day is paid for labor, and here some American laborers receive \$5 per day. The mere nominal wages received in London, Paris and New York are not a proper criterion of the rate. The price paid for the necessities of life must be taken into account. But this I can say, all wages are low wages which do not give to a man good food, clothing and a comfortable home.

"Any wage which does not give him time to think, to love and to study men and books, is too low. A high wage which gives an opportunity for accumulating a reserve fund is the remedy with which you meet crime and disease, as well as the whole train of evils which grow up from poverty. The great, crying evils which exist in the cities of the Old World are not to be found here. How long it will be so depends upon yourselves. It does not depend on your government or on your millionaires, but, workingmen, I say on yourselves.

"I do not say that the Rothschilds or Astors are not charitable, but I do say that charity is a word which the workingmen should wish to see eradicated from the language. The financiers tell us that they know the value of money. I have no doubt they do; but against the value of money I plead for the value of life, the value of bright eyes and smiling children.

"In such a time as this, in what is called a panic, the suffering

comes where it is least able to be borne. I see that some of the working men are asking the government to aid them. Working men who ask the government to aid them are a disgrace to a republic. You are the guardians of the nation. If it is not as you want it, if things do not go just as you want them to, I say it to your faces that you are to blame, and it is your disgrace. Here you all have political power, and it is a disgrace for a citizen of this great republic to say to an Englishman that the government falls into the hands of cliques. I say to you, do better first; complain afterwards.

"Don't be selfish. When a man stands up among you and offers ideas which are different from yours, honor him for his courage and brains. Anybody can float with the current; a stick can do that. Be able to swim for your life and to help the weak ones by your side.

"The representatives of monopolies should not be allowed representation in the congress halls of this or any other country. You have no right to tell me that men in the legislatures sell their votes to these monopolies. It is you who put them there; you who keep them there. But the brand of scarlet on every man's brow who sells himself, make him a political leper, whose life shall be worthless and rotten for ever afterward. This will stop bribery in your legislatures. The working men are told to have patience. Patience! Who says patience to a starving man? Hunger knows no patience. It's blasphemy to a mother who has several starving children at her side."

Fallen Woman.

If truly benevolent and kind-hearted people could realize the sincere repentance and sorrow of those women who have, through causes seemingly beyond their control, fallen into paths of vice, some way would be provided through which escape might be effected. The number of this class who commit suicide, and the fact that their career of vice closes, on an average, in five years, testify most positively to the remorse and unbounded wretchedness which pursue them night and day. Once fallen, society opens no inviting door for woman's escape. She feels this, and how terribly harrowing is the thought that while she is thus a hopeless outcast from society, the author of her ruin is an honored and respected member of society. We have been led to these reflections by reading the following letter from a fallen woman, addressed to the *Baltimore American*:

"BALTIMORE, Oct. 30, 1873.

"Yesterday evening while sitting in the window of this brothel, peeping through the blinds, I saw some bright-eyed children running to meet a weary-looking laborer returning from his day's task. They met, and what a pleasant meeting! It seemed to be of father and children. He took some fruit from his pocket and gave it to the little ones, who went tripping along with him. They soon passed by, but deep thoughts remain with me till now; my poor heart was touched. I thought of my early life, parents, home, school, what I used to be, what I am now; where I used to live, and where I live now. Oh, God, in what a den of brutes I am found! Mr. Editor, I am hiding while I write this, so the women here can't see it; please publish this for me. Oh! let me say to those I attended school with, and all the girls of our and every city, beware of men who would rob you of your virtue, and those vile women who work for them? Oh, my feelings in this place! It's a hell, though adorned. Here rich men come—men of families, men of business, men who try to talk virtue at their homes. These can go into good society—yes, more, in the highest circles—and I can't go now; this hurts me. I must leave and go to a distant clime. I think south, where I think there is more religion than in this miserable city, and change my life. I hope there is forgiveness in the hearts of my parents, if living, and I hope to be pardoned by God. I ask, why don't something be done against vice? Dear girls, beware, beware, beware! Men ruin us and make us murder! Hoping this will be read by many, I close by saying I am

"ONE WHO WAS ENSNARED."

Some years ago, in a beautiful little city in Central Ohio, there lived

a handsome, intelligent, and active young man, whose parents were religious people, and whose surroundings were all calculated to exert a refining influence upon her; but she fell—hopelessly fell—and during the war, under an assumed name, she opened one of the most fashionable haunts of vice in the city of Baltimore—and she wrote the above letter. Possessing those faculties of mind and heart which would have made her an ornament to society, she is now an hopeless outcast, while her destroyer moves unaffected in the best society. Comment is not necessary.—*Toledo Blade*.

Decay of National Honor.

"Jeremiah," in a letter to the *N. Y. Graphic*, thus jeremiadises over the decay of national honor in this great republic—

"There has been a steady decay of national honor going on for years, until anything like a high sense of national character and what belongs to it has disappeared. * * * The national honor has been consumed with dry-rot, and the national eagle has given place to a domestic duck.

"There is no denying the fact that our National Government has hopelessly deteriorated. You may say all the kind things you please of General Grant. He may not be a Caesar. His enemies may misrepresent him. But the government as a whole is merely the holder of the national offices and controller of the national funds, and not the guardian of the nation's honor. It shows no interest in or concern for that. Its members are on the make. They only care to keep their places and increase their pay. Party is more than country to them, and power and pay are more than either. Look at the Louisiana disgrace, the back-pay scandal, the Credit Mobilier iniquity, the low morale of the public service. It needs the lantern of Diogenes to find an honest man in office anywhere. The national conscience has rotted out.

"And the worst of it is, the Government is no worse than the country. The sense of national honor, the sentiment of patriotism, the feeling of pride in the Republic, the willingness to make personal sacrifices for the national character and welfare have all died out of the public heart. Our people are in a rage for speculation. They are after jobs. They want money. They care for the Government only as a dispenser of patronage and an agent to promote speculative schemes.

"* * * The bleakest feature of our national outlook is that nobody cares for the nation save as a milch-cow whose udder may be drained into their particular pail. You see this in the recent elections. General apathy is merely another name for the general dry-rot that has consumed all sense of national honor in the public heart. And a few years more of this decay and debility and denationalization, and America will go to the devil. There is no help for it. The blood in the nation's veins has deteriorated into water, and general debility and flabbiness are the inevitable result. The people have sold themselves body and soul to speculation, and left the nation to take care of itself. And we are nearing Niagara."

Solomon's Cave.

I send you by to-day's mail a hasty sketch of our new discovery. I have just returned from King Solomon's Cave, up Ophir gulch, of the existence of which you are no doubt aware, as it has been mentioned in some of the Territorial papers. Yesterday morning, however, four of us determined upon further investigation to satisfy ourselves, if possible, of the extent of the cave. The party was made up of Messrs. Lon Whittier, Geo. Barnard, "Abe" Echols, and your informant. We outfit with three days' rations, blankets, candles, pitch-pine for torches, twine, a compass, and in short, everything necessary to prosecute a thorough exploration. We reached there at 3 o'clock, and proceeded to the Middle Chamber, as it is called, where we made camp, and after an hour's rest began our labors.

At the end of the Middle Chamber are a number of long, narrow passages. Into the largest of these we insinuated ourselves, one behind the other, and by sometimes crawling, and again finding room to walk half erect, we worked our

way for over 400 feet, when we suddenly emerged into a most magnificent chamber, the ceiling of which we found to be about thirty-five feet high, the length of the room eighty-six feet, and width fifty-four feet. As we held high our flaming torches, the walls presented an appearance of beauty and grandeur it seldom falls to the privilege of mortal eye to witness. At first sight we were impressed with the belief that this wonderful chamber had been cut out of the solid rock by human hands; for it did not seem possible that nature could by accident form so rare a temple, with such a wonderful display of architecture, beneath the surface of the earth. After somewhat recovering from our surprise, we proceeded to examine minutely this strange place. Immediately to the right of the entrance, and in the corner close to the wall, we discovered indications of an old fireplace. Several small pieces of charcoal were picked up, and the blackened floor, as well as the smoke-stained wall, furnished evidence that in this hall some persons or persons had at one time taken refuge. Continuing along the right side, we had not progressed over forty feet when we met with further evidence of the cave having once been the hiding-place of men. Leaning against the wall was a huge plate of copper, fifty-seven inches in length and thirty-six inches in width, and about one fourth of an inch in thickness. This we took to be a shield, as near the center were two holes eight inches apart, used doubtless for inserting a strap through which to slip the arm. It was wrought by hand, as the marks of a sledge or other heavy instrument were plainly visible on it. On discovering this, a feeling akin to fear came over the party, and we were almost ready to beat a hasty retreat and leave further investigations to those who delight to explore tombs and resurrect the remains of those who lived in the ages of long ago, when it was intimated by one of the company that we might possibly find hidden treasure, or trinkets of value, stowed away in some nook or corner; and preparing new torches with increased energy we renewed the search.

About ten feet beyond where the shield was found and eight feet from the floor was a cavity in the wall, ten feet in length, and over four feet high. Placing a few large stones one upon the other, Barnard climbed up and held his light in to see the extent of the opening, but he immediately turned toward us with a frightened look, and it was some seconds before he could explain the nature of the discovery he had made. But when he assured us that in that niche lay a petrified giant, all were eager to get a look at him and one after another we climbed up and gazed in. The opening had every indication of being natural, no marks of tools were visible within it. (In the cascade well, in the first chamber, are a number of similar caverns, but not so large.) Two of the party being hoisted up to take the dimensions of the monster man. He was found to be nine feet seven and a half inches in length, thirty-eight inches across the breast, and two feet deep. He was covered from head to foot with a coating from one to two inches in thickness, similar to that found on roofs and pillars, in a number of places, hard as limestone; and along the sides, this casing, as it appeared at first to be, had united with the rock on which it lay, leaving this relic of the stone age, or some other distant age, literally encased in a coffin of stone. A helmet of brass or copper, of gigantic proportions, was upon his head, which the corrosive elements of time had sealed to his brow. It is the most perfect petrification I have ever seen, the whole body being as solid as though cut out of a block of marble. Near this rare specimen were found two mammoth spear heads, eighteen inches in length and six inches in width at the widest point. One of them was intended to be fastened in a handle, after the fashion of an arrow-head, while the other had a socket of silver into which to insert a huge pole or handle.

Near by, on the floor, was picked up a large hook made of bone, probably manufactured from the tusk of some leviathan of the land, which one of the party suggested was a portion of the war accoutrements of the giant, as such a weapon, on the end of a forty foot pole, in the hands of active attendants, would be a success in dragging out the

victims of the great warrior as fast he slew them, and by this means keep the way clear.

On the wall near the tomb were discovered some strange looking letters, or characters of some kind, and the picture of three ships, apparently having been executed with a sharp-pointed instrument. There were no figures resembling ours, though I have no doubt the writing, if interpreted, would give the history of the giant king of the cave, whose body lay stone dead before us. Enclosed I send a fac-simile of the drawings of the ships, and a portion of the writing on the wall. The ships have three masts, the middle one being only two-thirds the height of the outside masts.

On the opposite side of the room from this, we discovered a huge flat stone leaning against the wall. On the smooth surface of this was also the engraving of a ship, much larger than the others, and near the bow, the picture of a large man, with spear in hand, apparently made to represent an explorer landing and taking possession of some country. (Accompanying this is a copy of the drawing, though done in a rough manner.) On removing this huge stone, a passage-way, four feet high, and in some places wider than that, led us into a small chamber, about thirty feet square, though more interesting than any of the others. Here the party became almost wild at the strange and curious things. Bones of men at least nine feet in stature were found near the entrance, among which were two or three skulls. Near the center of the room was a primitive quartz crusher, in the shape of a large stone, hollowed out like a mortar. Around this were a number of tools, large and small, and one large sledge lay on the edge of the mortar just as the workman left it when he struck his last blow at least a thousand years ago. The tools, so far as examined, were found to be copper, though tempered, as they appeared to be, almost as hard as steel. Considerable quantities of rich quartz specimens were picked up, and about a half ton of fair looking gold quartz lay in a corner. It is the opinion of all of us that the quartz is taken from some part of the cave, probably further on in the mountains, and these giants were at work there when a slide from the mountain above the cave filled up the mouth of it, as it is plain to be seen that the entrance at one time has been at least thirty feet in diameter, and the opening, now very small, has been formed by the slide gradually slipping into the outer chamber, which is half full of mountain debris.

Another doorway was found, leading into a room which, we think, contains the special money deposits of the miners. But all were too much excited to make further investigations till to-morrow.

The cave has been pre-empted, and every bone, tool, etc., etc., will be carefully preserved; and it is not improbable that some new light will be thrown on the time and manner in which this queer people found their way to our land.

I will send further particulars in a few days. I return to the cave this evening, and wine will pop, and there will be a sound of revelry in those old halls to-night.

OPHIR.

—In Deer Lodge (Montana) Independent, Oct. 11.

—New York boasts that its Eleventh Avenue, six miles long, one hundred and fifty feet from curb to curb, laid in small stone, three feet deep, rolled into a compact solidity, is the finest boulevard in the world. And it probably cost more than any other.

—Thanksgiving hymn.
"The eagle he is a very nice bird
For the battle time of the free;
But when the sweet notes of peace are heard,

Oh the turkey's the bird for me, my boys—
The turkey's the bird for me."

—The popular view of New York juries is illustrated by this remark from the *Portland Press*—"Tuesday eleven men sufficiently ignorant to serve on a jury had been found to act in the trial of Boss Tweed. They should have been able to have found one more idiot in the great city of New York Wednesday." The idiots did tolerably well, notwithstanding.

—A dentist was sued in a New Hampshire court the other day for pulling out all the teeth in a lady's jaw while she was under the influence of ether, when he had previously been instructed to pull only certain ones. Five thousand dollars damage was asked, but, as the plaintiff was dead the jury thought \$30 would be about right.