

## Crime in San Francisco.

The great increase of crime in San Francisco, and the growing audacity of the "dangerous classes" who prey upon society, and by their depredations and lawlessness make life and property insecure, presents a grave and alarming subject for the reflections of the thoughtful. From being an annoyance and a nuisance our hoodlums have developed into a terror to peaceable citizens. Thieves, burglars and garroters infest the city to an unprecedented extent. Within the last month their boldness in the perpetration of crime has indicated a desperation on their part which has shrunk from no risks, and which the police have been powerless to restrain. Crimes of violence, some of them culminating in murder, have been committed in broad daylight. Not long ago a lady was knocked down at 5 o'clock in the afternoon in a frequented street in the northwestern part of the city by a ruffian who contemplated an outrage upon her person. The residences of families temporarily out of town have been broken into and the furniture carried off in express wagons. People going home late at night have been attacked and robbed by footpads. Organized raids have been made upon groceries in the suburbs. Perhaps the disposition to hold the police mainly accountable for this condition of things is not altogether just. In fact, there is some reason to believe that the efforts made by them to check the evils complained of have not been properly seconded by the criminal courts or by the sufferers from hoodlum violence. It is affirmed that the prosecuting attorney of the police court has manifested a singular reluctance to issue warrants against this class of offenders. In saying this we merely echo complaints that have been repeatedly made without undertaking to indorse them. It is also asserted that witnesses, either through the fear of exposing themselves to the vengeance of the criminals, their friends and accomplices, or from some other motive, often manifest a singular hesitation to testify against them. When in the face of all these obstacles convictions are had, the sentences imposed have sometimes seemed strangely light when compared with the enormity of the offense. Moreover, a very large number of the worst class of criminals have been for some inscrutable reason selected as the subjects of Executive clemency, and pardoned before the terms to which they had been sentenced had half expired. This is a gross abuse of the pardoning power, and it is one which nullifies the law and robs Justice of her salutary terrors. The prerogative was bestowed upon the Executive for the purpose of remedying the errors of the courts when developments subsequent to the trial showed that injustice had been done. It was not designed as an instrument to enable one man, who knows nothing of the evidence, to reverse the decision of a judge and jury, who have patiently listened to it all, upon the solicitations of the personal or political friends of the criminal, backed up by *ex-parte* affidavits and "pressure."

A crisis has now arrived when the attention of all good citizens is seriously drawn to these evils, and when public opinions imperatively demands their redress. A state of things now exists in San Francisco which this community will not much longer endure with patience. —S. F. Chronicle.

## Who Is To Blame?

A correspondent who is troubled with that rare incubance, a scrupulous conscience and a sentimental disposition, writes us, asking, "Who is to blame for the present Indian war?" He desires to know whether the Sioux or the United States government have right and justice on their side in the existing struggle. The inquiry in the present situation of affairs, is unprofitable and impractical. The war has been precipitated, and it must be fought out to a bloody and decisive issue. To go into the ethical question suggested by our correspondent would involve a long and tedious story. If the Indians had been fairly and firmly and consistently dealt with by our government; if our administration of Indian affairs had been just and honest; if there had been no greedy and fraudulent Indian agents; if we had always faithfully observed our

treaties with the aboriginal tribes, as we observe them with powerful civilized nations; if the encroachments of our population had not presented a constant temptation to absorb the lands from time to time assigned them in lieu of others taken from them—in this case we think it probable that there would have been no necessity for Indian wars. But these things have not been so. Perhaps, in the very nature of things, considering their weakness and our strength and the selfishness and greed incident to our frail humanity, it could not reasonably be expected that they would be so. Gen. Harney, and others of our most famous "Indian fighters," have not hesitated to go so far as to say that in almost every Indian war of which they knew anything, the whites have been the first aggressors. The fact that the Canadian government, dealing with tribes as warlike as any of our own and possessing the same characteristics, have been able to get along without wars, goes far to confirm this view of the case. There can be no doubt that, through the bungling inefficiency of our Indian system, the bad character of the majority of Indian agents, and the prevalent doctrine among our frontier population that the red man has no rights which a white man is bound to respect, and the accepted maxim that "dead Indians are the only good Indians"—the aborigines have been subjected to much injustice and to many outrages. But the march of events, and the impossibility of giving full effect to purely equitable considerations where conflicting interests are involved between the weak and the strong, render all inquiries of this kind idle for any practicable purpose. It is the manifest destiny of the white pioneer and settler to possess the continent, and it is the inevitable doom of the savage to perish before their irresistible advance. —San Francisco Chronicle.

## THE WAYS OF SINFUL CITIES.

## A TIMELY RESCUE.

On last Friday night, between ten and eleven o'clock, Mrs. Josephine Milburn, a respectable young married woman, residing with her husband at No. 94 East Broadway, was on her way home through the Bowery. At the corner of Grand street she was accosted by a youth named William Pope, who followed and stopped her. Mrs. Milburn, in an angry tone, asked him what he meant. The ruffian replied, "Excuse me, but you know my sister, Lizzie Seller." Mrs. Milburn remembered that she had worked with that person at Friedman's artificial flower store, corner of Catharine and Division streets, and answered that she knew Lizzie very well. "She is stopping down here at No. 298 Mott street, and would be glad to see you; will you come down?" returned Pope. Mrs. Milburn consented to go. No. 298 Mott street is a German boarding house, kept by one Henry Rippe. The police say it is a disreputable concern and that a very bad class of young men are its tenants. The lights were lit in the hallways when Mrs. Milburn and Pope got there and went up stairs to the second landing, when a door opened and the unsuspecting woman was ushered into a room with several beds in it. There was no female there except herself; but several ill-looking men lay around on the beds. She at once realized her situation, and with a scream, darted to go out, when immediately the lights were all turned down and one of the miscreants seized her roughly by the arm. She struck the wretch in the face with her parasol, and he letting go his hold Mrs. Milburn sprang to the open window and attempted to jump out. Her dastardly assailants held her back, and her cries by this time brought officer Brush, of the fourteenth precinct, to the scene. He rushed up stairs and found the frightened woman about to pitch herself into the street. He seized hold of her and dragged her inside. With the assistance of other officers he subsequently arrested Pope, Joseph Anderson and Eugene Bain. The rest of the gang escaped.

The prisoners were taken before Justice Murray at the Tombs Police court yesterday. Anderson and Bain were discharged, as they could not be identified. Pope was fined \$10 and committed to the Island for one year in default of \$1,000 bail for his good behavior. Pope said he was a printer. —New York Herald, Aug. 14.

## RUINED AND CAST OUT.

This forenoon a colored woman, giving the name of Maggie Bartlett, was brought before Justice Scully, charged with conspiracy to reduce to prostitution a young and innocent girl. Owing to the absence of another party implicated in the affair, the case was continued until Thursday, in bail of \$500. The principal witness in the case, a girl scarcely fifteen years of age, said that her name was May Edmunds; that she lived with her parents in a little town in Ohio until a few days ago, when she determined to leave home and seek employment of some kind in Chicago. She arrived here one day last week, and not knowing what to do first, she took some ladies' belts and went from house to house trying to dispose of them, at the same time looking out for some cheap boarding house. Last Thursday, while canvassing the West Side, she saw a card on a neat-looking house on Peoria street, a few doors from Randolph street, announcing that furnished or unfurnished rooms could be had here at reasonable rates. She rang the door-bell, and the ring was answered by a colored woman. Making known her wants, she was invited in to look at the rooms. She saw one that suited her, and on asking this colored woman the rates at which she could have the room and board, was told that it would be only \$3 a week. The price was satisfactory, and she engaged the room. This was in the forenoon, and she had all the rest of the day to sell her belts. At the request of the colored woman, who gave the name of Bartlett, Miss Edmunds left a part of her belts as security. She was told to come home early, in order to get her supper. She did as requested, and after eating a hearty meal she was taken into a back room and introduced to two men. From the conversation of the men and the woman, Bartlett, which was coarse, with an oath thrown in occasionally, a suspicion crossed the girl's mind that something was wrong, and that the character of the house was none of the best. She demanded to be let out, but without avail. The actions of the parties frightened her, and she began to cry, whereupon the men threatened to kill her if she made any noise. One of them, who was called Johnson, assaulted her, and silencing her by threats of instant death, the burly ruffian accomplished his base designs. She was then given a part of her belts and turned out of doors, ruined and disgraced. Not knowing what to do, she found an attorney and told her story. He advised her to swear out a warrant for Maggie Bartlett, and the warrant was served and the party arrested. The detectives are looking for the man who assaulted her. Miss Edmunds is a prepossessing looking girl. —Chicago Journal.

## Various Versions of the Lord's Prayer.

Few scholars even are aware of the great changes through which the English language has passed in successive centuries. Following are specimens of the Lord's prayer as used at various periods in English history:

A. D. 1158—Fader ur in heune, haleweid beith thi neune, cumin thi kunerliche, thi wille beoth idon in heune and in erre. The euryen dawe drief, gif ous thilk dawe. And Vorzif uer dettes as vi yorsifen ure dettours. And lene us nought into temptation, bot delyvor us of evel. Amen.

A. D. 1300—Fadir ure in hevene, Halewyd be thi name, thi kingdom come, thi wille be don as in hevene and in erthe—Our urchen hays bred give us to daye. And forgive ous dettes as we forgive ous dettours. And lead us nor in temptation, bot delyvor us of vvil. Amen.

A. D. 1370—Oure fadir that art in heunes hollowid be thi name, thi kingdom come to, be thi wille done in erthe as in heune, geve to us this day ous bred ous other substance forgene to us ous dettis as we forgave to ous dettours, lede net into temptaion; but delyuer us yvel. Amen.

A. D. 1524.—O ous father which art in heven, hallowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy wylle be fulfilled as well in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this daye ous daily brede. And forgive us ous trespasses even as we forgive ous trespassers. And lead us not into

temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever. Amen.

A. D. 1581.—Our father which art in heauen, sanctified be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heauen in earth also. Give us to-day ous superstantial bread. And forgive us ous detters. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.

A. D. 1611.—Our father which art in heauen, hollowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heauen. Give us this day dayley bread. And forgive us ous debts as we forgave ous debtors. And lede us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory forever. Amen.—Boston Advertiser.

Credit the Albany Argus with the following—"Well, you see," said a republican politician to a lady at Long Branch the other day, "the best evidence of strength and integrity in our party is its power of recuperation. If we find a regue in the chair of State what do we do? Hurl him out. If a public servant dishonors his trust, what do we do? Cast him forth. If a President is incompetent, what do we do?" "Elect him twice," said the lady."

## Several Good Things.

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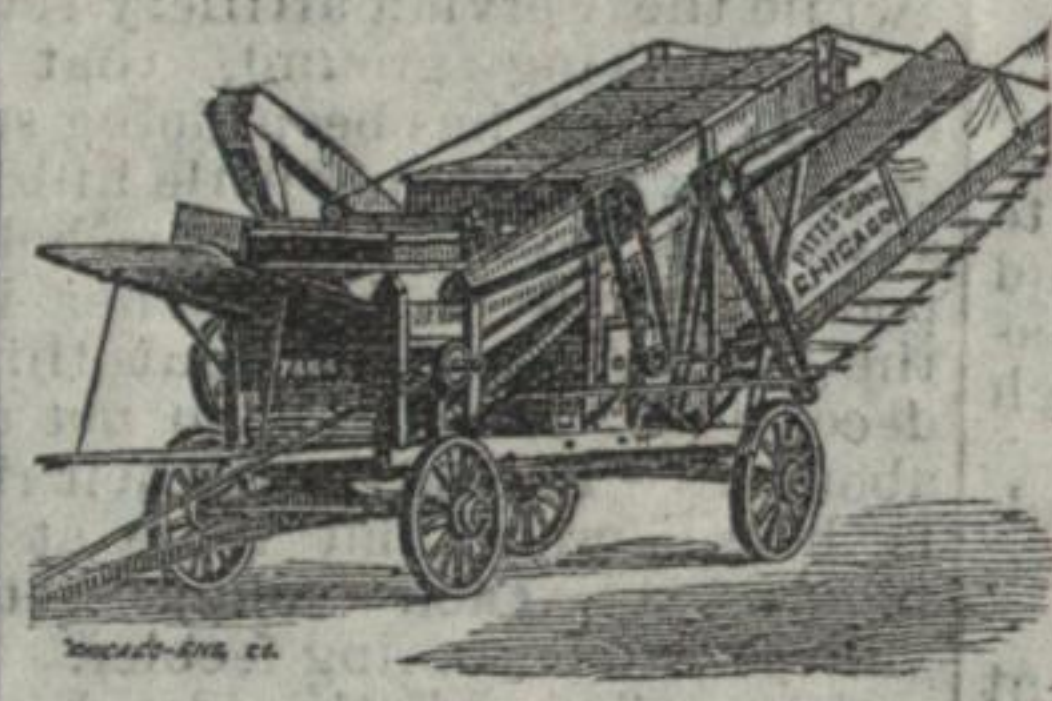
TO A. W. Bullock, I hereby notify you that I have expended in labor and money the sum of one hundred dollars, being the amount of legal assessments due by you for the past year on your interest of seven hundred and fifty (750) feet in the Emma Lode in Blue Ledge Mining District, Wasatch County, Utah. Should you fail to pay said sum within the time prescribed by law, your interest in said lode will become forfeited to me as co-owner by virtue of the act of Congress approved May 10th, 1872.

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