

As well the legal nomenclature as the legal practice of England will suffer serious change on the 1st November. "Attorneys" and "proctors" will no longer busy themselves in "term," as the "sitting" in each court will be attended only by "solicitors." Punsters cannot but regret that there are no more "suits," but, in their lieu, "actions." The "bill" becomes a "statement of complaint." "Relication" is simplified to "reply," and for "plea" and "answer" is substituted "defense." The places in legal cap that knew "bills of exceptions," "proceedings in error," "pleas in abatement" and "new assignments," will now know them no more forever, though "demurrers" and "motions for new trials" are—very naturally—retained. The "motion for judgment" replaces the "motion for decree" in equity. All the changes, it will be seen, are in the direction of simplicity, and most of them have already been adopted in the colonies.—*Ex.*

Where Europe Beats Us.

We Americans are very proud of our country, and justly so, for the opportunities it presents to all, and for the rewards that it invariably returns to industry, energy and patience. But we have so much to congratulate ourselves over, that we can well afford frankly to acknowledge those things in which we are lacking; and prominent among them, the natural accomplishment of national youth, is a want of that breadth of culture which pervades the leading circles of the older continent. One of the most forcible exhibitions of this contrast to which we wish briefly to call attention, lies in the pursuits of statesmen who have been relegated by the fortune of politics to the domain of private life. Indeed, so different is the scene, that it is not by any means certain but we have stretched a point in applying the term "statesmen" to both sides of the Atlantic. There are certainly some such among us; but, as we started out with a bold assumption of candor, we are fain to admit that the most of those in America who claim the title are "politicians" only.

It may safely be presumed that the men who have held high offices in Europe are none the less anxious to return to them than their companions in retirement in the United States. But a much greater discipline of mind, a wider education, and a far broader general culture enable them not only to bear with dignity the adversities of political life, but so to employ their retirement as both to augment their own fame and that of their country. Mr. Gladstone, out of office, has enriched the literature of England with the keenest analysis of the great religious controversy of the time that the century has seen; and has further added to the fields of poetry, essay, and classical criticism, material that shall live long after his political failures are hid under a kindly oblivion. Disraeli, waiting quietly for the tide that should bring him again to the front, contributed to English fiction some of its greatest masterpieces, and exhibits an erudition brighter, if less broad, than that of the cunning hand which shaped the "Aménities" and the "Curiosities of Literature." M. Thiers, retiring with unruffled composure from throne to study, launches upon the world histories which will live while men speak the tongue in which they are written; and, even now, while waiting that change which is, in France, the only permanence, he is busily dictating an autobiography which all Christendom will eagerly snap up the moment it is printed. These are but examples of the hour—the memory of every reader can add a hundred more as it floats backward past the memoirs of Sully and the history of Raleigh, to the literature of Rome and Greece.

And with us, what have we of this? Mr. Seward, indeed, travelled around the world and wrote a tolerable newspaper account of it; Mr. Benton wrote an egotistical diary of an egotistical individual which is of value mainly as an abridgement of Elliott's Debates; some of the Adamsses have written something concerning the Adams family; and Mr. Jefferson left some letters which hold a little grain among an immense amount of chaff. But these are of the past—what are our present statesmen doing? Is any one of them engaged in anything which shall live after

him—which shall, even in the present time, be heard of out of his own country? Are there a dozen—six—three—two men engaged in active politics in this country who can do anything in the way of putting thought or fancy upon paper which shall command the respectful attention of all civilized countries on the globe? We should dislike to answer the question with the Holy Book to our lips and a desire for a post office in our hearts.

But it does not follow that America should be deeply humiliated that the contrast is so greatly to her disadvantage in this particular. We are informed, upon pretty good authority, that the Imperial City was not completed in the course of twenty-four hours; and just as certain it is that a nation never attained a broad general culture in a hundred years. Something there may be, also, in the fact that our best minds do not get into politics, but that is just as much the consequence of national youth as is the shallowness of our education and the poverty of our art. We shall grow better with time.—*Cincinnati Times.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Two Deaths.

FRANKLIN, Nov. 8th, 1875.

Editor Deseret News:

We have had two deaths here lately—one was Sister Eliza Richardson, who formerly lived in the 10th Ward in S. L. City. She has resided in this place about one year. The other is that of Brother Nathan W. Packer, who has been quite feeble for three or four years. He went out on Friday, two miles from his residence, for a load of willows; he had one of his little boys with him, who was about eight years of age. The boy states that his father would get a few willows and put them on the wagon and then sit down to rest. He finally got a small load and started home, placing himself in a secure manner on the load. When he got into the middle of Bear River, he lay down on his back, spoke to the horses to get up, and died without a struggle. The horses stopped for a minute or two and then went to the shore and stopped, the hind wheels still in the water. The little boy thought for some time that his father was asleep, but as he could not awaken him concluded he was dead, and after remaining with him for some two hours started to the house and reported what had happened. One of the stock tenders of Gilmer & Salisbury's stage line went and brought the team and corpse to the house of the deceased. Bro. Packer had told his son James that he should not live through this winter, and also told one of his neighbors that when he died it would be on a load of wood. He placed himself on the load of willows in such a secure manner that he could not be thrown off.

Deceased was baptized in Richland County, Ohio, January, 1834, by Bishop David Evans, of Lehi, Utah County. He emigrated to Nauvoo, was driven out with the Saints from there, and came to these valleys in 1850. He has acted as President of the settlement at Bridgeport, on Bear River for three years, and has always been a firm believer and a strong advocate of the Latter-day work, bearing testimony to all men that he conversed with in support of Joseph Smith and President Young's mission. He left fourteen living children and upwards of thirty grandchildren. He was a man of great patience in all the afflictions and privations which he was called to pass through.

He was born in the town of —, January 2, A. D. 1811, in the State of Ohio. His wives and children and many friends mourn his loss. The funeral was held in Franklin on Monday, November 1. There was a large attendance at the funeral. Elder Jeremiah Hatch from Smithfield, and Bishop L. H. Hatch spoke at the funeral, and had the sermon on the resurrection read, which was preached at the last Conference.

Your Brother in the Gospel,
L. H. HATCH.

Blowing a Cure for Consumption.
Which Senator?

"If a fellow hasn't a right to kiss his own wife, whose wife has he a right to kiss?" said a young husband to his spouse, who objected to having her laces mused; just as the couple were going out to a party.

The Skeleton in the Closet.

We boast to be a Christian nation living by the light of a Christian faith; we pity the atheist, we persecute the Mormon, and we spend large sums of money in converting the heathen; and yet there are aspects of our social life which might move the atheist to pity us, or the Mormon to exterminate us, and might even stir the contemplative Buddhist to organize societies for the inculcation of a better morality among the nations of Christianity. We have long since ceased to care for such blots upon our good name as come before the police courts, or such as can be summed up in statistics of pauperism, prostitution and crime. These we take as essential parts of a Christian society, and the existence among us from age to age of thousands and tens of thousands of the hopelessly lost is taken for granted. It is only when the evil strikes higher up, when the Asmodeus of the divorce court or the probate court unroofs the stone-front dwelling of the millionaire, and reveals the spicy details of a family scandal, that our dull sensibilities are flipped into wakefulness, and an interest is excited which may, in some rare event, produce a permanent awakening.

The world has recently been thus startled over the discovery that the late Mr. Singer, of sewing machine fame, has eclipsed his notoriety as an inventor by his notoriety as a husband, and that though he mentioned only one wife in his will, there were four others ready to appear by their attorneys and present their claims to recognition as the genuine Mrs. Singer. Yet the only circumstance which attracts especial attention to this case is the magnitude of the pecuniary interest involved. Mr. Singer having left some \$13,000,000 to be quarrelled over. It is very rarely that any one leaves a fortune of \$13,000,000, but it is not at all rare to find the heirs quarrelling over a large fortune, to see the moldy closets open and dusky skeletons that long have haunted them brought forward to the light of day; to see shady forms of unrecognized wives appear, with their depressing stories of adultery and desertion, their damning record hidden at so great expense, with trouble so long continued, but now flaunted before the courts, in the columns of the papers, in the eyes of all the world. It has come to such a pass that we may almost call it the exception when a great fortune is left without a great scandal being brought forward.

It may help the poor to bear more patiently the harsh discrimination which separates them from the rich, when they consider that no apparent security is proof against the intrusion of these unwelcome accompaniments, and that the brightest outward show of prosperity may conceal a life harassed and eaten into by this inward corruption. Apparent piety is no proof against it; the sinner's first conviction is that he must wear the strictest semblance of sanctity, must join the church, must lead at prayer, must give money to charitable purposes; to do less would be to invite suspicion and detection, and then the world would cast him off—unless he were very rich indeed. And he must keep all his troubles in the background when he goes among his fellow-men, must put behind him the haunting care and gnawing remorse, the memory of broken vows, of shameful lust, of the wife dishonored and the children disgraced—no sign of these must appear in his pace; but he must walk with jaunty step and smiling demeanor, hardly consoled by the reflection that those who surround him may be not less thorough hypocrites than himself.

Instead of wondering, when the family skeleton is thus brought out from the closet, it would be more consonant to acknowledge that there is hardly a household without its skeleton; that the cases which are revealed bear but a small proportion to the cases that are suppressed, and that these again are a small part of the iniquity which belies our Christianity. And when we think how wide-spread, how deep-rooted and how long-continued this iniquity is, we can understand how a revival like that lately led by Mr. Hammond in this city, or like the revival now going on in Brooklyn, may, during its continuance, appear to absorb the attention and change the thoughts of a whole community, and yet leave no more marked impression, after it is over, than if it had been a stone thrown into the water.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Nov. 5.*

As an innocent-looking old man was going up Washington street, yesterday, a drayman nodded at him and asked: "Want a dray, Mister?" "No-o, I gue-s not," replied the old man. "I'm too fur from home, and can't pay freight on it. Much obleeged, though. Vicksburgh is a powerful nice town. A fellow back there asked me if I didn't want a coat, another inquired if I wanted a hack, and now you offer me a dray. I wish I lived here."—*Vicksburg Herald.*

She had a grievance. She was a widow, and wished to marry again, but the authorities refused to legalize the ceremony. According to the law her husband must have been dead ten months before his sorrowing relict could take to herself another mate. Now for two months only had this lady been a widow, but then the poor departed had been paralyzed for eight months previous to his decease, and his dear wife thinks it a shame that she is not allowed to count that eight months in. She has made up her mind to wait patiently, however.—*Ex.*

A LADY who has Lost Three Sons by consumption writes from Hartford, Conn., to say that her only remaining child, a daughter, has been saved, she believes, from a like fate by the use of HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

Teeth like orient pearls set in cushion of rose;
A breath like the perfume the toilet bestows;
These are charms to win hearts,
when all other charms fade,
But they can't be preserved without SOZODONT'S aid.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

I have in the estray pound:
A brown COW, about six years old, slit an upperbit in right ear and slit and underbit in left, brand on left hip illegible.
Also, one black & O E C L T, about eight months old, star in face, no brands visible.
If the above are not claimed they will be sold to the highest bidder, on Friday, Nov. 19th, at 2 p.m., at the estray pound, in this city.
JOSEPH HORNE,
District Poundkeeper.
Salt Lake City, Nov. 9th, 1875. dsaw

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HEAVY FIRE PLATES,
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H. B. CLAWSON,
Supt.
Salt Lake City, 1875.