

EDITORIALS.

THE reception accorded to Hon. W. H. Hooper, Territorial Delegate, on reaching the terminus at Ogden last evening, must have cheered his heart, after his protracted absence from home and his arduous labors at Washington, on behalf of his constituents. The party which left this city to meet and greet him filled three cars, and went up with the usual afternoon train to Ogden. To this train was also attached the Wagner palace car,—decidedly surpassing, for elegance and convenience, any that we have yet seen, containing the gentlemen composing the Americus Club excursion party, whose names are as follows:

Owen W. Brennan, Commissioner of Charities and Corrections, New York City, Vice-President of the club and President of the excursion party; Geo. H. Mitchell, Alderman of the city and county of New York, and treasurer of the party; Wm. H. Maloney, clerk of the Board of Aldermen, New York, and Secretary of the party; Judge J. E. Coulter, of the 4th Judicial District, New York; Peter Trainer, Deputy Tax Commissioner, New York; Dr. Andrews, physician to the party; Edward Donnelly, Edward Kearney, Thos. Donohue, Thos. Maloney, Sen., John R. Platt and Francis McCabe, prominent merchants and brokers of New York.

They seemed highly pleased at their brief visit to our city, and the general sentiment to which they gave expression, was pleasure at having unfavorable impressions of Salt Lake, created by misrepresentations and false reports in the East, completely obliterated by a few hours of pleasant and pleasurable intercourse with its people in their metropolis. The party was under the management of the Vice President of the Club, Mr. O. W. Brennan the President, Mr. Tweed, not being present.

We may just mention in this connection, that all members of this club carry its "badge," which they decorate according to their individual taste. We were informed that the badge of Mr. Tweed, the President, is adorned with precious stones worth \$22,000, one of the gems being valued at \$9,000. The badge of Mr. Brennan, had upon it jewels worth five or six thousand dollars, one emerald alone being valued at from twelve to fourteen hundred.

The party arrived at Ogden, all safe, reaching its destination before the train bringing Mr. Hooper from the East. On his arrival there was a welcome extended such as none receive but those who have a firm hold on the affections of the people. On every side, from hundreds of people, there were salutations and warm greetings, to which music and singing lent additional earnestness.

Attached to the eastern train was a silver palace car, containing an excursion party from the East, consisting of the following ladies and gentlemen:

Gen. Richard Franchot, ex-member of Congress, and a party of ladies, from Schenectady, N. Y.; Charles Franchot, Esq., and lady, of Syracuse, N. Y.; George S. Weaver, Esq., and lady, of Albany, N. Y.; Governor Safford, of Arizona; Charles Nordhoff, Esq., Editor of the New York *Evening Post*, with his lady and two children.

This car, with an observation car furnished the reception party by the U. P. for the accommodation of the bands and singers, was attached to the special train to this city, which left Ogden at about half past five.

At every intermediate station,—Kaysville, Farmington and Wood's Cross, the people turned out *en masse* to welcome their Delegate home again, and at each place, in response to music, cheers and the firing of cannon, the honorable gentleman briefly and feelingly responded to the manifestations of pleasure which were extended to him. The same took place on arriving at the terminus in this city.

The attachment entertained by the people of Utah for their friends, whether of their own faith or not, is intense and lasting. The demonstration yesterday in honor of their Delegate to Congress, in whom, on account of long-trying and unswerving fidelity in laboring for their interests, they have unbounded confidence, was worthy of them; and after his protracted absence and arduous labors, we have no doubt it was heartily appreciated by the honorable gentleman to whom it was accorded.

THE Louisville *Courier* recently contained a sketch of one of the most ec-

centric specimens of masculine humanity in existence,—a man named Coalberry Quissenbury, Jr., a son of an old and wealthy Southern family, and the son of one of the richest men in the State. This individual, for he is hardly deserving the name of man, is a thorough hater of woman, and of everything feminine. He seldom says a word to anybody, and for many years past has lived alone in a mean log hut, built on a secluded part of the family estate, which is situated near Winchester, in the State of Kentucky. He is seen abroad only about once a month, and then it is to procure such supplies as necessity compels him to purchase. He makes and mends his own clothing, does his own washing and cooking, grinds his meal in a hand mill, tills his own potatoe patch, and leads the life of a miserable and confirmed misanthrope.

The cause which led him to adopt such a course of life is said to be a mystery to all but himself. All known respecting it is that many years ago he went to Texas, a gay, companionable, jolly sort of fellow; on his return he was sullen, gloomy and reticent, and his repugnance to female society was so strong that he would not even speak to, or tolerate the presence of his mother. From that time on this morbid folly has increased and to-day it is said that if a woman should, by any mischance, go near his place, or through his fence he will burn everything she has touched, even the soil she has trod upon. The condition and mode of life of this miserable wretch furnishes as strong an illustration as possible that it is not good for man to be alone; and it is question whether Quissenbury Jr., is most deserving of pity or contempt.

THE inauguration of the Utah Southern line of railroad yesterday, forms another important era in the history of our people and in the material progress and development of this Territory. It is now close on two years since the great continental highway was opened to public traffic and travel; and it is some sixteen or seventeen months since the Utah Central commenced running.

The opening of these lines undoubtedly prepared the way for great improvement in the temporal condition and circumstances of the people of the Territory generally; and in the district of country through which the lines pass commodities and comforts, once procurable only by the comparatively wealthy, have been so reduced in price, as to be now within reach of all. This improvement there is reason to believe, will be much more noticeable in future if the developments of the mineral wealth of the Territory reach the expectations now entertained by many.

The people residing South of this city have not been so much benefitted by railway travel and communication as those of the north; and this is specially true, of all the more distant settlements. The expense of freighting imported merchandise thither from the terminus in this city is considerable; but the Utah Southern throws out a bow of promise for them, and every mile of the line completed, brings general and permanent prosperity nearer. The development of the mines south of this city, and the growth of new cities and settlements will speedily follow its construction.

It is in contemplation to complete the line to the southern limits of our Territory; and each succeeding mile will lessen the cost of freight to and from them, and will open up markets for the disposal of all surplus products and manufactures, and so induce such an amount of prosperity as has never been possessed and enjoyed by our people since their arrival here.

With the ready access to the markets of the world, which the completion of a Territorial line of railroad will furnish to all our cities, wards and settlements, in connection with the development of the mines, gold, silver, lead, tin, copper and iron, the manufacture of the latter, and a faithful adherence to and more extended application of the principle of co-operation, we think prospects were never so bright for the Saints and kingdom of God as at the present time. These causes combined will also have a tendency to draw more strangers to our Territory, and to a closer and more attentive investigation of our system and principles. This is what we desire above all other things. "Mormonism" has stood every test hitherto applied to it; and we have no fear of anything that may be devised in future. Intelligent scrutiny is what we desire; and the development of mineral wealth, the construction of railroads and the general and permanent prosperity con-

sequent thereon will help to bring it about. Our people will readily understand this; and all classes, no matter in what part of the Territory they reside, will also see that it is to their interest to help on, in any and every way in their power, the construction and completion of the Utah Southern.

In another column will be found a telegraphic report of the address made by Judge Strickland, yesterday, to the Grand Jury at Provo. The Judge has evidently experienced that feeling, so well known among members of many religious denominations by the name of change of heart. Whether his colleague, who is said to be an ex-minister of a church which strongly urges this change as essential, has been the means of converting him, or whether his trip to Washington, his unsuccessful interviews with Members of Congress, or his failure to obtain the \$30,000 for which he went, has been that means, does not transpire. But that he has been converted is evident to all who read his remarkable address. It may be, however, that he, like

—“carnal seamen in a storm,
Turn pious converts and reform.”

He accuses the “press of this country” of making wrong assertions in relation to the objects of these Courts. We might dispute this statement of his and prove its incorrectness; but in this, his hour of repentance and softening of heart, why should we do so? Why mar the graciousness of his acknowledgments, the breadth of his admissions or the correctness of the remainder of his statements by disputing the truthfulness of the assertion, that the \$30,000 which he visited Washington to obtain, were not to be devoted to the purpose of running the Courts here in opposition to the people? Rather let us read the Judge’s address as that of a humble penitent, who is endeavoring to retrace his steps and to get into the right path, and who, though not fully conscious of his wrong-doing on all points, is striving to obtain that measure of grace which will enable him to perceive and fully repent of all his misdeeds.

The intelligence which he is so sweetly confides to the Grand Jury respecting the kind feeling of President Grant towards this people, overcomes us; the news is most gratifying and comforting. How strengthening, also, the assurance to the jury that they should be protected in their duties as jurors! They have nothing to fear now, even though they are “Mormons!” “We”—that is—Judge Strickland and President Grant—have no prejudice against “Mormons!” We wonder how this statement will suit Judge McKean. He will scarcely be pleased at being called a crazy person, nor will he participate in Judge Strickland’s gladness over the fact that sensible men feel that “Mormonism” has rights as well as other “isms.”

We have been trying to persuade the judiciary that this was the fact for a long time; that the schemes of the “ring” were bound to result in complete and signal failure, that the railroad was bringing a class of people here who would see for themselves and would not sanction the intrigue and wrong which were being used against the “Mormons”; but it required this trip of Judge Strickland’s to Washington to completely satisfy him and others of the true state of the case. Now that he is converted, we hope that he will enlighten others and convince them that it is just as wrong to fight “Mormonism” as it would be to fight Methodism. We hope that he will show the Chief Justice that if he wishes to make his Court respected by the people, he must abide by the law, not override it; that he must remember that though he is a Judge, he is not, therefore, the Legislative Assembly; that though he is an important man, yet the Executive, the Judicial and the Legislative functions are not combined in his single person; and that if he has the desire to make his Court respected, he must cease his usurpations. When Judge Strickland shall have accomplished this, then will he have given the highest proof that his heart has really been changed.

Correspondence.

KANAB, April 17, 1871.

FROM ST. GEORGE TO KANAB.

Editor of the *Deseret News*:—Dear Sir: In the midst of the blowing sand, on the town plot of the future city of Kanab, I am endeavoring to collect my ideas to give you a short sketch of my journey here. The roads through “our

Dixie” are unusually bad this spring: from the dryness of the earth they are badly cut up; the sand has blown into the low places and left the rocks bare, making the progress of heavily loaded teams very laborious, and trying to weak wagons.

From the crossing of the Rio Virgen, nearly opposite Harrisburg, to the top of Hurricane hill, the road is as difficult as any piece I ever traveled of about the same distance, and is easily described as follows: rock, rock and sand mixed, heavy sand, more rock, &c. Plenty of team is an indispensable requisite in getting a load up Hurricane hill. For eleven miles to the sheep troughs, the road is very good. From here to the top of the cedar ridge, twenty-four miles, the road is mostly through sand, making progress with loaded teams very slow and laborious. This point must be yet noted for the grand and magnificent scenery developed to the view of those who love to gaze on the wonders of nature.

Although toiling along on foot through the sand by the side of my tired team, impatient of the tedious ascent, the unfolding grandeur of the scene caused many pleasant and perhaps useful reflections. Around and below me were a great variety of rocky precipices, mountain peaks, and beautiful table lands, here and there broken by cavernous gorges. Westward, in the misty distance, were seen the prominent peaks about the Muddy, which have witnessed for several years the patient toils and sacrifices of the Saints to redeem a portion of the desert which surrounds them. Their homes, redeemed from the arid waste, and fertilized by the sweat of their brows, have been offered a silent sacrifice to the rapacious Moloch of their enemies. The future will develop their reward.

The eye overlooks the settlements in “our Dixie,” where now, instead of the howl of wild beasts, is heard the merry voices of groups of beautiful children;—instead of the war whoop and squaw fights of the Indian, may now be heard the sweet voice of the mother singing the evening lullaby to her infant child, surrounded by the clustering fruit of the vine and the orchard.

To the south and east the mind’s eye wanders along the great gulch through which the Colorado finds its way to the sea, where enthusiasts in the science of geology will yet go to study the earth’s structure, on the great chart which nature here presents to view.

To the east the Buckskin mountain is in full view, with its herds of deer and antelope—the paradise of the hungry Lamanite. To the north rise red, perpendicular cliffs, beyond which are the head waters of the Sevier and Rio Virgen rivers.

The world seemed beneath me, and while the mind’s eye could only scan the grand landscape a comparatively short distance, the mind wandered over this vast continent world, and recalled the time, when holy men walked with God upon its sacred soil, and when immense waves of population passed over it, and left the record of their history in the midst of the dust of sleeping millions, to come forth and shape the world’s future destiny.

When the land of Eden shall have become the head of empire, these great central tableaux of the American continent, will be covered with a dense population, endowed with superior mental and physical ability, constituting the stronghold of the righteous, as they were once of the wicked.

But I am delaying too long on Cedar Ridge: It was sun-down when we left it for Pipe Springs, but the moon put on her softest robes of mellow light, during this evening’s drive of 12 miles, over a good road.

This is a very pleasant location, occupied by a large co-operative herd, under the supervision of brother A. P. Windsor. Considerable improvements are being made, with the view of carrying on the dairy business extensively.

It is called 20 miles from here to Kanab—a very good road. Since I was here last, about two months since, a great amount of labor has been done in preparing land for cultivation, fencing, making water sects, etc., and it will soon be another beautiful monument of the wonderful energy and perseverance of the Saints.

Your’s in the bonds of the Gospel,
J. A. LITTLE.

A gallant young Frenchman, having to say something to a young lady with a flat nose, said, “Mademoiselle, you are an angel come down from heaven, and I’m sorry you struck on your nose.