

A Human Monstress.

Tembandumba, the young Congo Queen of the Jagas (says Read's "Savage Africa," following the footsteps of the great Zimbo, would turn the world into a wilderness; she would kill all living animals; she would burn all forest, grass and vegetable food. The sustenance of her subjects should be the flesh of man; his blood should be their drink. She commanded that all male children, all twins and all infants whose upper teeth appeared before their lower ones, should be killed by their own mothers. From their bodies an ointment should be made in the way which she would show. The female children should be reared and instructed in war; and male prisoners, before being killed and eaten, should be used for purposes of procreation. Having concluded her harangue with the publication of other laws of minor importance, this young woman seized her child which was feeding at her breast, flung him into a mortar, and pounded him to pulp. She flung this into a large earthen pot, adding roots, leaves, and oils, and made the whole into an ointment, with which she rubbed herself before them all, telling them that this would render her invulnerable, and that now she would subdue the universe. She immediately her subjects, seized with a savage enthusiasm, massacred all their male children, and immense quantities of this human ointment was made; and of which, they say, some of this is preserved among the Jaga and is called *Magija Samba*. It is clear enough that Tembandumba was clear to found an empire of Amazons, such as we read of existing among the Scythians, in the forests of South America, and in Central Africa. She not only enjoined the massacre of male children, she forbade the eating of woman's flesh. But she had to conquer an instinct in order to carry out her views; she fought against nature, and in time she was subdued. Mothers used so many arts to preserve the lives of their male infants—which women usually cherish more than those of their own sex—that she was obliged to appoint officers who were to be present at all accouchements, and to enforce obedience to her law; but when the disaffection became general, she permitted children taken in war to be sacrificed, and the *Magija Samba* to be made from their bodies instead. She subdued immense territories, only to lay them waste, to depopulate them, and to bring the scourges of famine and disease upon her own army. But she prevented rebellion by keeping them always at war, in which her valor, her perseverance, and her military genius, preserved for her the admiration and adherence of her followers. As she grew older she became more cruel, and more capricious. She embraced a lover one day, she dined off him the next. But in spite of this inconsistency, she was at last entrapped; and those passions which she had rendered so fatal to others were adroitly turned against herself.—*Ex.*

The Jewish Feast of Ab.

Tuesday (Aug. 10) was the anniversary of the destruction of the temple of Jerusalem. It was celebrated by conservative Jews throughout the world as a day of mourning; for on that day the first temple was destroyed; and, by a remarkable coincidence, on the 9th of Ab the second temple was razed and burned by the sacrilegious hand of Nebuchadnezzar. In subsequent centuries, on the 9th of Ab, Jerusalem too was destroyed by the savage hands of Titus. And a little later, on the same 9th of Ab, Bethar, the stronghold and place of refuge of the people of Israel, was stormed and the blood of thousands failed to satisfy the inhuman vengeance of Hadrian. This festival has indeed been a gloomy period and must ever form a dark and bloody page of Jewish history. It was therefore with a feeling of sorrow and sadness that many thousand orthodox Jews approached the sacred precincts of their synagogues to worship and pray for peace and the restoration of Jerusalem in anticipation of the coming day.

Progressive Jews, of course, no longer don the garb of mourning. Reformed Judaism has proclaimed long since that Israel has a higher, a grander mission than could possibly be attained by the erection of a Jewish political state, nor is it any longer compatible with the

enhanced conceptions of Israelites, with the progressive tendencies of civilization, to associate religious worship with a sacerdotal service. But, withal, Jerusalem will retain a place in the affections of the Jewish people. With that name and that locality are associated memories that have left their undying imprint upon the civilization of the world. It was hoped by the orthodox Jews that the fast would be more generally observed than it has been, so that the period of joy more generally spoken of by Zachariah may soon be at hand. "When the fast of the fourth, the fast of the fifth, the fast of the seventh and the fast of the tenth month shall become to the house of Judah gladness and joy and merry festivals: only love ye the truth and peace."—*Ex.*

Our Country Contemporaries.

Ogden Junction, Aug. 21—

OGDEN, August 20, 1875.

Dear Sir:—

Having just returned from the front, I thought a few items might be of interest to your readers. On the 18th inst., when I arrived at Bear River City, I learned that the United States Marshal as he called himself, with a few of the braves of Corinne, had been there armed with Spencer rifles and revolvers, one each side, for the purpose, as they said, of arresting your humble servant, swearing they would hang me on sight, and taking particular pains to tell everybody to tell me not to come to that place any more, or I was gone up, but really for the purpose of theft. The first trophy of the war was two of poor old Teyquitche's chickens. The old Indian had bought a few chickens this spring thinking to enjoy the luxury of an egg now and then, but the honest blacksmith found the chickens in camp with no Indian to protect them, and the temptation was greater than he could bear. Finding three small boys, they tried to hire them to run the chickens down for them, by offering a reward of twenty-five cents, but the first boy had a sore toe. They tried another; he had a sore leg. The other said he would not steal them unless the other boys would help him, so the honest Corinneite had to shoot them.

Having supplied themselves with meat, these foragers went to rumaging the camp, taking whatever was of value to them, such as rabbit skin robes, brass kettles, beaver traps, tin cups, etc. They went to my tent and stole some bedding and other things they thought belonged to me, and reported in Bear River City that they had stolen old Hill's things, and that I could get them and a d—d sight more, by calling at Connor's blacksmith shop, at Corinne, at the same time swearing they would hang me on sight.

I learned that they went back afterwards with a wagon and stole some beef, hides and tools belonging to me, and a lot of traps of one kind or another belonging to the Indians, making use of the most obscene and disgusting language, and continuing to breathe threats about your humble servant. The honest Corinneites being asked how they got along with the Indian question, replied, "Oh, the Indian had got to go." "Well, had he committed any depredation on the whites?" "Oh, he had got to go." They had killed the chickens and stolen the cooking utensils, beaver traps and other things left in camp by peaceable Indians that were out visiting through the different settlements that knew nothing of the cruel and tyrannical order that had been issued by the military, on the suggestion of the honest and brave Corinneites. "Well, what had Hill done that they wanted to hang him?" "Why, he had been baptizing Indians. What right had he to baptize Indians?" Never accusing your humble servant of any other crime. G. W. HILL.

In portions of Massachusetts and Maryland, thrashing is still done with the flail.

The Pope, it is stated, is so completely cured of rheumatic pains that the doctors have ordered a discontinuance of the sulphur baths.

As the ladies walked on the beach, with their long hair down, because otherwise "it takes so long to dry," it was the *enfant terrible* who said triumphantly, "Mamma leaves all hers at the hotel."

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Have Received this day a Lot of

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The Cheapest ever brought to the Territory.

Cotton and silk

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Just Reduced in Price.

A LARGE STOCK OF

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

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Connect at Payson tri-weekly for all points in Tintic.

tri-weekly at Salt Creek for the coal fields and all parts in Sanpete.

tri-weekly at Beaver for Parowan, Cedar and St. George.

Time to Pioche, fifty-five hours.

Principal Office, Wells, Fargo & Co's Building, Salt Lake City.

HUGH WHITE, Proprietor.

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Salt Lake City, Utah, Box 351.

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THREE YEARS' EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT US THAT WE CANNOT DEAL IN TWO different makes of wagons with satisfaction to the manufacturers, ourselves and the public.

Therefore, we shall hereafter only buy and sell the

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They have been so steadily and deservedly growing in favor, that we find it next to impossible to sell any other wagon. Ask any person who has bought one for the last two years, and he will tell you he has never had a tire or spoke loose, or a wheel broken or out of repair. He will tell you that the Fish Brothers Wagons run the easiest, and are the best in all respects.

The balance of our stock of Mitchell Wagons on hand we offer for sale at cost.

We thank the public for its generous patronage in the past, and shall try to deserve your kind favors in the future. We know from the letters written us, and the thousands of words of commendation received from purchasers, that in offering you the FISH BROTHERS WAGON we offer you

The Best Wagon on Wheels!

NOTICE TO AGENTS.

We sell no wagons on commission. Fish Brothers' Wagons don't need to go round the country begging for purchasers. We can sell outright all the wagons the manufacturers can furnish us and supply their other demands, and when a wagon leaves our yard, it is sold.

Yours very respectfully,

JOHN W. LOWELL & CO.

Salt Lake City, March 4th 1875

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