WASHINGTON.

ome of the Nooks of the Capital.

The Deaf-Mute College---Hydrographic Office---Ventilating Apparatus.

Rise of Sinecure Offices---Congressional Humor.

From Our Own Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26, 1873.

When you wonder why our country is not governed better, you should pack your carpet-sack and come on to Washington to see how much of it there is in the way of government. I have been here the better part of the time since 1862. and, although doing nothing else to speak of except running about, inquiring. and prying into places, I presume that four-fifths of these Bureaus and nooks are yet strange to me.

Some time ago, a medical friend came to take me riding, and we stopped before a beautiful institution in the environs, composed of a number of villas, offices, and of one great Gothic hall, ornamented with mosaics in different colors, and with a line of low arches of the Venitian style.

"What is this?" said I to the Doctor.

"This is

GALLAUDET'S INSTITUTE FOR DEAF MUTES.

They come here from all parts of the country,—Congress appropriating largely for the institution, and receiving tuition for one mute from each constituency. Amos Kendall originated the scheme, upon the discovery that some deaf and dumb children were being abused by a showman who brought them to Washington. Young Gallaudet is the nephew of the great Gallaudet, of Hartford, the pioneer of the education of mutes in America, and the pupil of the Abbe Sicard. Young Gallaudet has been shrewd as well as enthusiastic; his mother is a mute; and, by inducing large appropriations, he has purchased a very large tract of valuable land right here from the Brentwood and Kendall Green estates, worth, probably, $200,000."

We went into this building, and, to my great surprise, I found myself, in about five minutes, delivering a lecture on phonography,—Gallaudet interpreting it with his thumbs, and the boys applauding at the right places. Directly, one fine-looking fellow walked up, took the chalk, and wrote: "I am the Washington correspondent of a newspaper at Aurora, Ill., and read your letters every week."

Not long ago a newspaper man came to the city, and asked me to walk through the Capitol with him. After a while we came to a door marked

"HEATING AND VENTILATING APPARATUS."

Descending a series of stairs, we found quite another world in the bowels of the earth, as different from that above as the hold of a ship, with its coal-bunkers, army of firemen, furnaces, boilers, and engines, is different from the passengers' cabins.

Beautiful engines, painted to resemble marble and stone, were working with noiseless celerity; great fans and fly-wheels were spinning in the air; enormous exhausting vessels were sucking the impure air from the halls above, while shafts opened under the grass-terraces without admitted cool, fresh air, which was propelled into the Legislative Halls. Probably half a million dollars has been spent for the ventilating apparatus alone, under the two wings of the building. My companion was astonished. "Heavens!" he said, "it's plain where the money goes, in such a mighty pile as this."

Another day, I was walking in an unfrequented portion of the city, when I came to an old mansion, built prior to the year 1800 by a great Virginia slaveholder, and at one time made the Executive Mansion, after the British burnt the White House.

I had often passed this house,—massive, antique, assumptious,—and had noticed a little sign over the front porch, saying:

"HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE."

Said I to my companion:

"Let us go in and face these Bureau-crats, and see what they are up to."

Within we found everything polite, distant, and mysterious, as they do things in the Navy. A sense of awe crept over us. We felt that we were barbaric intruders, and in one of those great public charities where every negro waiter seems to show some of the divinity which doth hedge a King. We insisted on going through the place. Our audacity was met with speechless astonishment. We found the Admiral, or Commodore, or whatever he was, sitting in the top part somewhere, in a room perfectly circular, and he told us what it was all about. It was a chart-making establishment, presided over by a naval chap, with any quantity of compass-regulators, instrument-makers, draughtsmen, and printers.

They do not map out our harbors, but make the maps for ocean-sailing, and for foreign ports, and waters, and archipelagoes,—holding it to be below the dignity of our Government to use the charts of any other nation; and to such a degree do they carry this assumption that they will take a foreign chart and have it re-engraved, so as to nationalize it. I confess that I have lost some of the ultra-national pride which will stand on a point of etiquette like this. If the Englishmen, or the Portuguese, have already mapped some part of the ocean, I should use his chart, and save the tax-payer something.

THE IMMORTALITY OF OFFICE-HOLDING.

When any public office becomes once established, it refuses to cease to exist long after its work is done. And hence the Government is carrying at this day a large number of institutions which are of but little practical value, and support a set of respectable officials who are never devoid of a plausible argument for their indefinite continuance. If I were called upon, I could name a number of such concerns, perfectly worthy in themselves, but quite costly.

Some time ago, an article was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, conceived in a provincial spirit, assailing things in general here. I found that the writer was a relative of an official in the Coast-Survey, an institution of the lingering order; and the opportunity was a good one to expose such a glass-house, the pensioners whereof throw stones. From that day to this, the Coast-Survey people go, like the Levite, on the other side.

I call the attention, a second time, of Congress, to an institution which was begun in 1811, and has now been nearly sixty years surveying the coast of the United States, which has housed itself in a fine new building, of which a large part is composed of kitchens, bed-chambers, drawing-rooms, and dormitories, maintained without provision of law, for the benefit of various individuals.

COMETH UP LIKE A FLOWER.

The history of public institutions is small beginnings, perseverance, audacity, finally respectability, and at last immortality.

Not many years ago, a lobbyist and printer, by the name of Wendell, built a large brick house here, expecting to control the printing of the official party-organ, and incidentally to get binding, folding, and so forth, from a Democratic Administration. Little by little that office has crept along, seizing this perquisite and that, until it has become a vast department, with architectural pretensions, crammed with presses, densely inhabited by men and women, and finally it has plucked the debates of Congress out of the time-honored establishment of the *Globe*, and, in order to have a reason for never surrendering those debates, the Superintendent bought 37,000 pounds of type, so that he can say triumphantly, "If you take these debates away from me, you will lose this type-metal." Now, the franking privilege is demanded anew as a mainstay of this printing-office; but the Government, in making the change, has lost control of the stereotype plates of all the former Congresses, and this vast printing-house, which has no equal in the world, controls the Typographical Association of the Capitol, where the rates of composition are higher than elsewhere in the country; and it would be possible for this printing-office to make the publication of an opposition journal impossible at the most vital spot where the Government should be challenged. There is a daily need here of a strong, critical newspaper; for Congressmen are most controlled by a journal which generally circulates right where they make the laws.

I need go no further with this subject, although I might show you how modestly public constructions were begun, and how at last a vast office has come into existence, filled with draughtsmen and architects, which is at this time building more than thirty structures, some of which cost as much as $8,000,000, and half-a-dozen will cost, when added together, $30,000,000, which is equal to two months', or one-sixth of the annual expenses of all the Federal Government.

In Monroe's Administration, Congress was debating the right of the General Government to maintain a turnpike-road from the Cumberland to the Ohio River; but, in the course of time, the indefinite ramifications of the land-grant-railroad system capture Congress itself and debauch whole States.

PROPORTION OF CORRUPT MEN.

One of the best newspaper-correspondents in this country, as well as one of the most modest men in his profession, H. V. Redfield, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, recently wrote as follows:

"The people might as well understand, first as last, that there is no confidence to be placed in Congress when there is money involved. About half of the members have a price on their heads, and all that is necessary to put through any measure is to put the money in the right place."

I do not know that I ever wrote so sweeping a charge as this; and yet, who that is acquainted with the facts can gainsay it?

A man of a sincere, pure, and aggressive character in Congress is always unpopular; and, if he pays more heed to public opinion than to Congressional opinion, he is always called a demagogue, or a sneak, or a hypocrite. When Judge Hoar was Attorney-General, he was fairly hounded out, and then repulsed from the Supreme Bench, to which the President had nominated him, on account of his Puritan integrity and impatience with peculators and party criminals.

GEN. BUTLER,

whom I think, considering his influence, to be the worst man in public life, openly addresses Congressmen, bidding them to "stand together" against both the press and the public. The dread of this man is such that, some time ago, the officers of the Soldiers' Home hastened to buy a large piece of land adjacent to their grounds, which are virtually a city park, in order to keep Butler from getting a bill through Congress compelling them to give their large fund to the volunteer asylums, of which he and the politicians had control.

This fund was entirely made up of donations taken from the common soldiers of the regular army, who sacrificed a few cents of their monthly pay in order to be insured a comfortable retreat in old age. To save the money from such confiscation as might happen to it, the Governor of the Soldiers' Home paid nearly $300,000 for a piece of ground not requisite to his institution. It will be a fine ornament, however, to this city.

The most remarkable fact about these swindling schemes is, that they are uniformly abetted by the very politicians who are most diligent to widen the field of human liberty. It is extraordinary that Butler, the author of the salary-grab, the defender of Ames and the Credit Mobilier culprits, the advocate of greenback repudiation and a hundred other fantastic fallacies, should be the peculiar champion of the Civil Rights bill. But thus human nature goes. It costs nothing to have liberal principles, and it sets off with a certain blazoury the moral darkness of one's material career.

REFLECTION.

We cannot have again the governmental simplicity of old times, and it is not necessary that we should. The institutions of government expand and become extravagant relatively with the people. But the terror of our period is, that corruption and extravagance exist together, abetting each other, until at last we have such monstrous declarations as that of John A. Kasson, that Congress would vote itself inferior to the Cabinet, Executive, and Judges, by raising their salaries higher than its own.

A gentleman who long boarded at the most extravagant and foppish inn of Washington, one day took his quarterly bill to the landlord, and said:

"I was absent nearly the whole of two months from your house, but I do not wish you to make any deduction for that. I do think the circumstance, however, should have had enough weight with you to make you omit the charge of $1 extra every time you sent a cup of tea or coffee to my room."

The landlord answered, in an insolent way:

"Judge, when I was a boy, I was very good at addition and multiplication, but I never learned how to subtract."

That is the way with Congress, which has been voting money since 1861 with such profusion that it does not know how to respond when the Secretary of the Treasury asks it to cut down the estimates. It cannot even begin with the salaries of members dishonorably augmented.

CONGRESSIONAL HUMOR.

The aggregate humor in the history of the American Congress, although no very great proportion, is probably as notable as any legislative humor in modern nations. It is a good sign when there is some fun going on; for you hear very little about jokes in the passionate and tragic careers of nations, as when the Girondins banqueted together and the Jacobins sent them to the scaffold, and when Jacobins in turn were subjected to the same treatment, without a joke on the part of the majority. Probably the old Irish Parliament, with all its corruptions, afforded as much badinage and banter as any legislative assembly equally willing to sell its own existence.

The American Congress is just now in the transition stage between the border of grotesquerie of men like David Crockett, James Mullens, and one of the present members, William Crutchfield, and the more refined humor and keen attorney's satire of men like Noah Davis, Ben Butler, and "Sunset" Cox. Sometimes a kindly man, who does not suspect his own ignorance, comes amongst us, like Mr. Whaley, of West Virginia, who gravely rose and objected to seeing Mr. *Et Al.* receiving so many appropriations without explanation. Indeed, there is no sort of man more apt to make fun than the mountain-Unionists of the South, who are generally allowed to stay there by reason of their quaint good-nature. Old Bourbon districts of Ohio, Kentucky, and Egypt, often produce a good-natured, worthless sort of Congressman, like the late William Mungen, who always brought his fiddle to Washington with him from the Hoop-Pole District, and almost every night went out with certain boon fellows to give "The Arkansas Traveler," with accompaniments of anecdote.

Proctor Knatt, of Kentucky, who distinguished himself by a speech on Duluth, was good at pencil-caricature as well, and one of his well-known sketches was made at his desk, when Butler and Schenck, after a long quarrel, arose in Congress and exonerated each other. Knatt drew a picture of these redoubtable worthies throwing their arms around each other's necks in a close hug, while meantime Butler was lifting a pack of cards out of Schenck's coattail-pocket, and Schenck extracting a spoon from Butler's. Knatt's speech on Duluth is said to have been written in good-humored satire by Guthrie, Beck, Breckinridge, and other Kentuckians, who had made unprofitable investments in Superior City, the rival of Duluth. Just before making the speech, the Kentuckians, to whom this was a sore topic, had the orator put the joke upon the place across the way.

Willard Saulsbury and James McDougall were often very amusing men by the incoherence or unexpected lucidity of their remarks. Saulsbury almost equaled that great dying joke of "Artemus Ward," where he left a large fortune, which had no existence, to friends in Europe and America, and set them hunting for it. Saulsbury forgot when his term in the Senate had expired, at noon on the 4th of March, and, retaining his seat, proceeded to make a speech in the chair of his successor. Another Senator rose to a point of order.

"What is your point of order?" said Saulsbury.

"The gentleman is not a member of the Senate."

Saulsbury sat down with a twinkle in his eye, and, turning round, said to Garrett Davis:

"I had forgotten all about it. I was going to give Chandler h——!" GATH.

A REPENTANT KLEPTOMANIAC.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: A few evenings since, some one took away from a yard near Ashland avenue some bedding and linen-garments. Yesterday morning they were returned to the owner's door, neatly packed. Doubtless the kleptomaniac, or whatever other term may be applicable to the case, will enter on the new year with a clean breast and a clear conscience. Surely, such an act ought to be recorded, that others under similar circumstances may "Go and do likewise." The owner desires to return his thanks; and, if the person that took the property will send him his name and address, he will in return be rewarded with a New Year's present.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31, 1873.

A Boston Line of Ocean-Steamers.

From the Boston Globe.

Sir Hugh Allan, upon the condition that the Portland & Ogdensburg Road shall be completed, and a new route thus opened between Boston and Montreal, has promised to establish a permanent line of steamships between this port and Liverpool. The new line would be via the Eastern Railroad to North Conway, and the excellent terminal facilities possessed by that road in East Boston will afford every convenience for the transhipment of goods to Canada and the West. Sir Hugh Allan thinks, evidently, that such a line of steamers could not fail to be well supported, with a new route open to Montreal, and the Hoosac Tunnel route to the West ready for travel.

COLORADO.

The Las Animas Land-Grab.

Indignation and Excitement of the Settlers.

Close of Mining-Operations for the Winter.

Special Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

CANON CITY, Col., Dec. 20, 1873.

There is a sound of wailing and gnashing of teeth among the actual settlers of the new railroad-town of

LAS ANIMAS,

the county-seat of Dent County, and situated near Fort Lyons, on the south bank of the Arkansas River, 100 miles east of Pueblo. The town, as located, stands upon what is known as the Las Animas grant,—a tract of land containing 4,000,000 acres, and embracing, in fact, nearly the whole of Southern Colorado. A synopsis of the early history of the grant would occupy too much space, and fail to interest the general reader. When New Mexico was ceded to the United States, these lands, which had previously been donated by the Spanish Government to certain individuals,—much after the same fashion that King Charles employed in the early settlement of the Colonies,—passed along with it; but, in the majority of cases, the rights of the grant-claimants or their heirs had always been protected by the General Government, and these extensive tracts, embracing the most fertile agricultural and stock-grazing lands in the Territory, were never considered open for pre-emption or homestead-entry. The greater, or at least the most desirable, portion of the grant is held by what is known as persons who have obtained titles from the original grantees or their heirs. No other kind of settlement was allowed, and

NONE BUT A DERIVATIVE TITLE

could be obtained. For some years past, and in order to avoid the endless litigation which this state of affairs must give rise to, efforts have been made to induce the General Government either to confirm the grant in controversy to the original claimants, or buy them out entirely, and then throw the whole tract open for public settlement. Pending these negotiations the Town of Las Animas was located, while a large number of settlers squatted on the richest lands up and down the river, and quietly waited for developments, or until the business between the heirs under derivative claims and the United States Government had been satisfactorily adjusted. These people all supposed that they had a good thing, and rightly they were entitled to it. It was impossible to get titles to the lands through the regular channel of the Land-Office. It was equally impossible to obtain a valid title from the derivative claimants. The only thing to be done was to wait; and so extensive farms and towns were marked out, and men settled down with the conviction that they would have the first chance when the market did open. But this fanciful dream of security has been rudely dispelled, and the squatters are now alive to the fact that, while they have been asleep, other chaps, less honest, to be sure, but far sharper, have jumped in and

GOBBLED THE SPOILS.

In other words, they have obtained patents for several quarter-sections of land, embracing not only the present town-site of Las Animas, but all the richest bottom-lands on both sides of the river; and the singular fact is, that all the patents are issued to non-residents, and the oldest and most respectable inhabitant of Bent County is unable to establish their identity. What secret influence was brought to bear in Washington to obtain these patents remains a profound mystery; but it is popularly believed that the Denver and Pueblo Land-Offices are mixed up in the transaction, and that the Kansas Pacific Railway comes in for a large slice. The

EXCITEMENT IS AT FEVER-HEAT,

and, should one of the authors of the job presume to set his foot upon the disputed territory, he would soon become a target for revolver-practice. The old settlers of Las Animas, who have so long remained in the peaceful occupation of what they regarded as their land, will resist to the last extremity. Scores of affidavits, setting forth all the facts, are now rushing forward to Washington, while a petition with over 400 names attached will be submitted to Congress. This petition, which is signed by all classes of citizens, sets forth, in substance, that a large number of patents to lands in Bent County have been wrongfully and illegally issued to certain and divers persons, to the injury of a large number of settlers thereon, and under circumstances indicating

CULPABILITY AND CRIMINAL MISCONDUCT

on the part of some one or more officers of the Government intrusted with the custody and disposal of public lands situate in said county. The petitioners further state that, instead of obtaining said lands in a proper and legal manner, patents for the same were issued to persons who were not only non-residents, but also utterly unknown in said county. The document concludes by asking that these patents be declared fraudulent and be set aside; that the rights of settlers and other claimants be protected, as though said patents had never been issued; and that the guilty officials, if any there be, be publicly disclosed. This matter may not attract much attention on the part of the Eastern reader, but the subject is one of great importance to Southern Colorado. It has not come to a head yet, and, like the sheep and cattle war, you may expect to hear the thunder of artillery at any moment.

MINING-OPERATIONS

have about shut down for the winter, and the miners are flocking to the valleys and towns, in quest of cheaper board and warmer weather. When it is understood that nearly all the richest silver mines are above timber-line, and that the snow in that locality often falls from 10 to 15 feet deep, it is not hard to imagine rather a low state of affairs for the thermometer. A few sturdy old veterans, who have been out here ever since Pike's Peak was a yearling, stick to their cabins; but the majority detest the fumes of whiskey-punches afar off, and strike out for the haunts of civilization. No matter how much gold-dust or silver-bullion the miner has upon leaving the mines, he never goes back with any, but is liable to be indebted to his landlord, in the spring, for board. He squanders his substance at the saloon or faro-table, or wastes it in riotous living. Not one miner in a hundred makes a lucky strike, and not one in a thousand keeps his money after he gets it. But still

THE LIFE HAS ATTRACTIONS

which cannot be resisted, and the poor devil who has labored for months or years without making a dollar still keeps pegging away, in the hope that fortune will relent at last and show him a stake. He may endure privations innumerable, his person may be clothed in rags, and his bowels may yearn for food; but the poor miner will never give up, and will defy Death himself for gold. Give a Colorado miner his choice between a villa on the Hudson and a "pay-streak" of two inches on the mountain, and he will choose the latter.

THE WEATHER

here continues splendid, and flies are bumping against the window-panes with all the vigor of August. Parasols are fashionable on the street, and linen-dusters have not been discarded. In fine, the climate could not well be improved; and yet the average Coloradoan is not happy, but would like more frost and less dust. R.

THE FARMERS AND THE PLOW-MAKERS.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: You have already said and published a good deal in explanation of our State Railroad law. But the new fight that is breaking out all over the State, from head to foot, between the farmers and the plow-makers, suggests to me a new point, and, by analogy, a remedy for the farmers similar to the blue-mass they took to relieve their systems of the indigestible railroads.

Here are the makers of plows and other agricultural implements declaring, as they certainly have a right to, that they will not sell to any one except through their regularly-authorized agents. Then up hop half the Granger Societies in the State, as they certainly have a right to, and resolve that they will buy no new reapers, horse-rakes, improved plows, etc., but will use their old "traps" for another year or two, unless makers will sell to them at cost and shipment. Both are right. "Pay what I ask for labor and materials, or go without them." "Sell me new things for what I think they are worth, or I will use the old ones." But the Grangers say these plow-makers are "monopolists." Why may not the plow-makers say the Grangers are "monopolists too? Is not one class as much a combination to have its own way and bring its patrons to its own terms as is the other?

I cannot see that either is a "monoplist." One has as clear a right to fix its terms of sale as the other has to fix its terms of purchase. It is on both sides simply the assertion of the sound prerogative that "Control belongs to ownership." And yet there is no difference in principle between the assertion of rights by either, and the sound, old-fashioned policy of leaving railroad-men also to control what they own. If ever justice, and consistency, and common sense are so unfortunate as to be elected members of the Legislature, that body will also see it in this light.

But the remedy: The railroads made their own rates for doing work, and left people to take it at that price or let it alone. The farmers didn't like it, and prevailed upon the Legislature to direct the Governor, by his appointees, to put such a price upon railroad-property as would suit the farmers. Of course, there was no shadow of "monopoly" or unreasonableness about that. Now then, again, the plow-makers have wickedly arrayed themselves against the farmers by venturing to say through whom and at what prices they will sell their own manufactures. The remedy is simple, and has the groove of precedent to run in: let the paternal Legislature take its chunk of chalk and go over the list of farm-tools, from reapers to dung-forks, and the free principle of "Anti-Monopoly" will again wipe its feet on the tyrant "Monopoly." Yours truly, H. M. SEWARD.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31, 1873.

THE HELEN JEWETT MURDER.

BOONTON, N. J., Dec. 21, 1873.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: I recently read, in the Newark (N. J.) *Journal*, an article copied from your paper, entitled "The Helen Jewett Murder—A Strange Sequel—A Lawsuit Growing out of the Half-Forgotten Case." In this article THE TRIBUNE is made to say: "Helen Jewett was a beautiful woman of loose morals, and the supposed mistress of Richard P. Robinson, a young man of a good Connecticut family. One night his house was burned down and Helen Jewett's murdered body was found in the ruins. It was supposed that the house was fired to obliterate all traces of the deed. Robinson was arrested on suspicion, and placed on trial for murder. He was befriended in his trouble by Mr. Joseph Hoxsie, his employer, a merchant of New York, and subsequently a member of Congress, now deceased. Robinson was acquitted."

Now, I do not know whence you obtained your information, but this I do know, that there are many errors in the above statement. I was driving a horse and cart in New York at the time (1837), and was in the house, and in the very room, in which the murder was committed, on the morning of the second day thereafter. I herewith state the facts of the case as I recollect them.

Richard P. Robinson was a young man, prepossessing in appearance, and not more than 20 years of age at the time of the murder. He was what in modern parlance would be termed a fast young man. He was living as a clerk with his uncle, Joseph Hoxsie, who at the time was doing a large business in the dry goods and clothing line, at No. 101 Maiden lane. Helen Jewett was a girl of the town, having her headquarters at Madame Rossana Townsend's, Nos. 16 and 18 (I think) Thomas street. She was young, handsome, and highly accomplished. In the way of dash and display she eclipsed everything that appeared on Broadway, being always the "observed of all observers." Robinson got acquainted with her, and soon obtained the favor of her smiles. He visited at her home, and often accompanied her to places of amusement. He no doubt found her an expensive article of attraction, and possibly may have tapped his uncle's till to raise the ways and means for her support.

And now the scene changes. One night during the winter of 1837, the occupants of the Townsend mansion were aroused by the smell of something burning. Search was made for the fire. The door of the room occupied by Helen was forced open, and there lay the mangled body of the poor girl, enveloped in flames. The fire had not extended beyond the bed-clothing, and was soon extinguished. The whole household were soon drawn to the scene of the murder, and everything was in commotion. Robinson was at once suspected as the murderer; the police were summoned to the scene; and early next morning he was arrested at his boarding-house in Dey street. He was soon after indicted for the murder, and committed to the Old Bridewell until the day of trial.

The day of trial finally came on. Robinson had all the way along manifested the utmost indifference as to his fate. Mr. Hoxsie had employed two or three of the most eminent lawyers in the city to defend him, and, if I recollect rightly, the great Ogden Hoffman was one of them. The trial commenced. For the prosecution, the woman Townsend testified that Robinson had been a frequent visitor to her house during the three months previous to the murder, and that Miss Jewett was the attraction. The girl who had charge of the street-door on the evening of the murder swore positively that she let Robinson into the house at 11 o'clock that evening. Two girls who slept in the room adjoining testified that Robinson, or some other gentleman, entered Miss Jewett's room at about that hour; that, about an hour thereafter, they heard loud and angry talking in the same room, which continued for some considerable time, when it ceased and all was quiet. A hatchet, smeared with blood, was found in the back yard on the morning after the murder, and a gentleman's neck-scarf was found hanging on the fence in the rear of the yard. So it was self-evident from the start that the murderer had passed out through the back yard, and thence over the fence, and through a narrow alley leading into Barclay street. The hatchet was identified by Mr. Hoxsie's porter as being the one used in his store, and the scarf was sworn to by some one as being the same one he had seen worn by the prisoner. Here the prosecution rested, and the fate of Robinson seemed to be sealed and his doom certain. But nothing in this world can be counted on as certain, until it has taken place.

The defense now opened; but the prospect before them looked gloomy enough to dispel the last ray of hope. Witness after witness was brought upon the stand, sworn, and examined; but their testimony did not amount to much that was favorable to the prisoner. At length a gentleman of the name of Robert Furlong was brought forward and placed upon the stand. Mr. Furlong was the proprietor of a first-class house of entertainment located on the corner of Pine and Nassau streets, and was well known to most of the down-town merchants and their clerks, and they all wondered what he could possibly know about the case. He swore positively that he was well acquainted with Robinson, and that he came to his place at about 11 o'clock on the evening of the murder, called for refreshments, and remained there for over two hours. Had a thunderbolt descended into the court-room, it could not have caused a greater sensation among the audience than did this announcement. An alibi had been proven by a gentleman whose character was above reproach. Robinson was acquitted and borne out of the court-room in triumph by his friends.

Mr. Hoxsie failed in business shortly after the termination of this trial, and was ever afterwards what might be termed a poor man. He was never a member of Congress, although he was a candidate on several occasions. I first saw him during the Harrison campaign, in 1840. He was the most courtly-looking man I ever saw in my life, tall and straight as an Indian, with a genial countenance and a head as white as snow. He was an entertaining stump-speaker, and could sing the song entitled, "Van, Van, He's a Used-up Man," as no other man could sing it. He died in 1870, at the advanced age of 75 years.

Mr. Furlong's business began to drop off after the trial; he became gloomy and dejected; his health began to fail him, and he attempted a sea-voyage in the hope of its restoration. When the vessel was some three days out at sea, he one night jumped overboard, and was drowned.

Madame Townsend broke up housekeeping soon after the murder, and retired to privacy. Many fashionable ladies of the highest standing attended the sale of her effects, and the furniture in the room in which Helen was murdered brought fabulous prices. Yours truly,

I. S. LYON, Ex-Cartman.

Another African War.

From the Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 15.

The Cape mail brings the news of another African war. Intelligence had reached Cape Town a few days before the steamer sailed that a disturbance had occurred in Natal in consequence of a Caffre Chief named Langalibelele refusing to register his firearms. After some delay the carbineers were dispatched to intercept him, it being supposed that he would endeavor to escape across the Drachenberg, where the troops were completely surrounded by the Caffres, without provisions. In trying to fight their way out three men were killed, one of them being the son of the Colonial Secretary, the Hon. Maj. Erskine. An extra of the Natal *Colonist* publishes the following: "By a telegram from the Colonial Secretary we learn that there is news from the expedition. Langalibelele's tribe broke through unexpectedly, after a skirmish, in which the Colonial Secretary's son (Erskine) and young Potterill and Bond were killed. The troops are in pursuit. It is wished that the intelligence should be known to prevent undue alarm." Three natives in our service, it appears, were killed, and five horses. The carbineers were reduced to great straits for want of provisions, and had to kill a beast and eat it raw. Her Majesty's ship Rattlesnake arrived at Table Bay on the 17th ult., from Simon's Bay, to be held in readiness to convey troops to Natal should their services be required. The High Commissioner had made arrangements for the immediate departure of a part of the Eighty-sixth Regiment, if necessary, but it was believed that the half-battalion of the Seventy-fifth Regiment in Natal would be sufficient, unless the affair assumed greater magnitude. It was said that the Lieutenant-Governor was going to the disturbed country, and that the colonists generally were enthusiastic in support of the Administration.

ILLINOIS FARMERS' STATE CONVENTION.

Comments of the Press.

From the Alton (Ill.) Telegraph (Republican).

It is very astonishing that such intelligent, considerate, and law-abiding men as the great body of the Illinois farmers are should so far forget what was due to themselves and to the laws by which all of our lives and property are protected, as to re-elect the notorious S. M. Smith Secretary of their association for another year, at their recent meeting held at Decatur. No sooner was the act done than Smith arose and thanked the body for their support, and remarked that he considered it an indorsement of his Winchester speech. In that speech he counseled a promiscuous hanging of all railroad men and monopolists. As no one objected to this claim, we suppose that his Winchester remarks are approved,—that they are, in fact, a reflection of the sentiment represented at Decatur. Yet we know that the great mass of the agriculturists of this State respect the laws, and would shrink with horror from the carrying out in practice of such dangerous and incendiary language as that used by Smith in his Winchester speech; yet, if they permit themselves to be led by political demagogues and unscrupulous politicians into an indorsement of such sentiments, they must not be surprised if they are denounced and held responsible for the inevitable results of such demoralizing and dangerous utterances as those proclaimed by Smith.

From the Ottawa (Ill.) Free-Trader (Independent).

The resolutions finally adopted attest the aggregate sound, solid good sense of the body. They afford indeed a marvelous proof of the practical intelligence of our people, and the readiness with which, out of seemingly chaotic confusion, they can eliminate the true and valuable. Never was a new party in the first stages of its formation so utterly at loose ends as this Anti-Monopoly party. The mass of them felt and knew that there was a great wrong somewhere; that from some cause monopoly had got the upper hand of them and was eating out their substance; that both the political parties in some way were leagued in with the bloodsucking monopolists and corruptionists, and yet where to strike, and how to compass the overthrow or amelioration of these evils, was a problem few dared to tackle. Yet, after less than a year's desultory discussion, during which hundreds of the most visionary and senseless schemes and projects have been presented, discussed, and cast aside, a body of men unskilled in debate or the arts of parliamentary manipulation, quietly meet and, with sober, dignified deliberation, proceed to construct a platform which is both a model for its general soundness of principle and the terseness and admirable cogency of its language. While it is such an one as neither of the political parties will be inclined to adopt for themselves, it is yet one in which they will find few points to assail. . . . Except a squint in favor of some nonsensical currency expansion scheme in the ninth resolution (which must have been so adroitly smuggled in as not to have been perceived), the platform is thoroughly sound, sensible, and reformatory. In short, the convention has struck out in the true direction, and, if the road is followed with diligent determination, it cannot fail to lead to the goal all so earnestly desire to reach in relief from the oppressions of monopoly.

From the Petersburg (Ill.) Republican (Republican).

The Farmers' Association, in cutting loose from old party-ties, have taken a step that may lead to the formation of a new national party. We are not prepared to say now that there is no necessity for a new party. The Republican party has done the country noble service, and will do much more; but whether it will purge itself of the very many bad men now fastened on to it and bringing it into contempt, is a question. On the meeting of Congress there was a chance for the party to do something to relieve itself from the actions brought on by its leaders in that body, but so far the whole time has been taken up in haggling over the matter, and trying to evade it. It will not satisfy the better sentiment of the party by charging the Democrats with a part of the responsibility. The Republicans have a majority, and could have defeated the steal in the first place, and could repeal the act now if they so wished; but it seems they are too corrupt to do anything of the kind. Hence the party suffers, as it justly should. The farmers, as we have said from the beginning of this movement, have just cause for complaint, and the surest way for them to get relief is to unite and demand the election to office of none but those who will look after their interests.

From the Centralia (Ill.) Democrat (Independent).

We have seldom had the pleasure of observing and participating in so complimentary and richly deserved a result as was the unanimous re-election of W. C. Flagg and S. M. Smith, Esqrs., to the offices of President and Secretary of the State Farmers' Association, at the annual meeting last week. Mr. Smith especially has, during the past year, been decried, lied about, and persecuted by the opponents of the Farmers' Movement all through the land, and for no other reason under the heavens than that he was an honest, thorough-going, and active worker in the cause of reform among his brother farmers. Inspired with a zeal that knows no abatement until the objects sought have been realized, these two worthy and talented advocates of an almost holy cause have mightily aided in putting into offices of honor and emolument hundreds of their co-workers in this State. And it is refreshing to know that scarcely one of these hundreds attended the Decatur meeting to support their re-election. It was the spontaneous conviction of the delegates, expressed in the happy Well done, thou good and faithful servants; enter ye into the joy of the farmers' household.

From the Watseka (Ill.) Times (Independent).

This action makes the leaders of the old political parties stand aghast. The hope that the Farmers' Movement "would soon blow over," and the certainty that they are hereafter to be returned to the quiet of private life, fills them with trembling and indignation; and their curses against the "potato-bugs" and "long-eared jackasses," as they were wont to term the farmers, are deep, if not loud. The event is in itself a heroic one, and in keeping with the determination of the men who are resolved to bring about a different state of things in the management of the affairs of the nation. . . . . Honest men have now abandoned all hope for reform by either the Republican or Democratic party. The corruption, the fraud, the peculation, the rings, the Credit-Mobilier, the salary-steal, alarmed every one, and the cry for reform was asked of the party in power. The answer came from by either defeating or haggling over the repeal of the salary bill, and the placing of Credit-Mobilier representatives or salary-robbers at the head of the committees, thus insulting the demands from an outraged people,—the Democrats and Republicans vying with one another in the display of their indifference to even honest decency, by upholding and voting for the acknowledged rascals of their own parties. Surely the time *has* come for a new party.

From the Springfield (Ill.) Journal (Republican).

The *Journal* is not disposed to withhold commendation of much of the utterance of the Decatur Convention, as contained in the platform there adopted. Indeed, the main planks of the platform are of good lumber, and have proved serviceable, in long use by the Republican party. Few of the resolutions adopted by the Farmers embody views that have not been previously expressed by other parties, and most of them put into successful operation by the Republican party. But the mere professions of a new party have rightly come to be regarded as of much less force than those of a party having the ability and desire to make its promises good. . . . . . The State Farmers' Association seems to have entered the political field, and relies upon legislation and political action generally. It bases its claims on public support upon its platform, and its professions remain to be tested. If the farmers thus actively enter the political field, their party, like others, will be judged by its deeds, not by its promises. It may, like the Republican party, carry out its promises, or, like the Democratic party, become a popular by-word for profession rather than practice. Considering the utterances of the Decatur Convention as those of a party, though it is not yet apparent whether the farmers at all generally accept the new departure; they furnish a theme for comment and criticism. The platform seems to us to lack tangibility. Just as good resolutions as those adopted at Decatur have been seen ere this, and the men who framed them treated them as scaffolds to build their political fortunes, and when they reached office coolly ignored them. It remains to be seen whether the "new departure" men, if they enter the field as a political party, will do likewise. By their acts will they be judged.

From the Chester (Ill.) Valley Clarion.

Had a liberal spirit prevailed at the Decatur Convention, there was the grandest opportunity before them of organizing a successful party ever presented in this country; a party upon which all classes of the people, irrespective of past political predilections, classes, or creeds could mass their forces for victory over the salary-grabbers and other robbers of the nation; a party whose representatives would go forth with especial instructions to right the wrongs of the food-producer, the artisan, and the laborer. We regret, however, to state that this was not done; and, like all movements wherein the moving power is actuated by selfish purposes only, this Farmers' Movement will be obliged to give place to a party of the people for all the people; for the welfare of the nation, farmers included.

From the Danville (Ill.) Commercial (Republican).

The Granges, by their constitution, are precluded from taking part as an organization in politics; the Association of Farmers' Clubs is run almost, if not entirely, in the interest of politicians of the various creeds who have left their party for the party's good. Consequently, quite a contrast will be noticed between the two sets of resolutions. The platform of the Grangers we can indorse unqualifiedly; the resolutions of the Association are such as we can commend heartily, with the exception of the second in number, which condemns and denounces the old political parties as unworthy the confidence and respect of the people, and declares that "we are absolved from all allegiance with them, and should act with them no longer." This, of course, means a new party. And upon what basis do the farmers propose to form a new party? What distinctive principles do they give utterance to which either of the old parties are not willing to accord, and which the farmers themselves are not able, if they see fit, to force into the platform of either party in any county or State west of the Alleghenies or south of Mason and Dixon's line? . . . . Upon this platform the Decatur Convention proposes to organize a new party—a new party based upon no new principles, without a new idea, and which follows after and copies the reforms which have already been inaugurated by the Republican party. The Grangers, on the other hand, like wise men, steer clear of all political action, and in their course will receive the hearty support of the newspaper-press without regard to political predilections. If the farmers want to make their impress upon the legislation of the day, they need not leave the party which, on national questions, meets with their views, but in their own party caucuses and conventions come out in full force and see that men after their own heart are nominated for office. They have the numbers to exercise a controlling influence upon all nominating conventions, and all they need to do is to exercise the power they possess. They need only blame themselves if demagogues get the upper hand of them.

From the Geneseo (Ill.) Republic (Republican).

Sore-headed politicians—men who have tried their fortunes in the old parties and failed in both—are conspicuous in the Association; while that class of people, if admitted at all, are kept well under in the Granges. The political hacks had a good deal to say in the Decatur meeting. Many of them think they see daylight—that is, a way to office—through the Farmers' Movement, and they improve every opportunity to make hay while the sun shines. Gentlemen of this stripe had things pretty much their own way at the meeting under consideration. The Convention did not organize a new political party, as many expected and hoped it would do, but it was resolved that the Association cut loose from both the old parties, and, as we understand it, until further notice, carry on a sort of guerrilla warfare. This is to be prosecuted under the direction of a committee of thirty, which is to meet in the month of May of each year to decide on the political programme for the ensuing summer and fall, in other words, to lay out work for the masses of the people, and to instruct them how to vote. Under this arrangement the masses will have an easy time of it. The politicians perform the labor. They lay the plans, do the headwork, manage the business, leaving nothing to be done by the people but to vote as the Committee dictate. The idea is a novel one, and perhaps it will work. How the masses themselves will like the plan remains to be seen. The Association is to be composed of farmers. In the discussion of the provisions of the Constitution it was given out by some of the more magnanimous of the leading lights that these other industrial classes could vote with the farmers on election if they chose to do so. This is a concession on the part of the Association that will be duly appreciated, we have no doubt.

From the Toulon (Ill.) New Era (Independent).

The Farmers' Convention took a long step forward in boldly and strongly declaring the recent history of both political parties of such a nature as to render them no longer worthy the support of honest, respectable men. It virtually declares in favor of taking political action as a State organization, and appointed a committee to take charge of this part of the business. Their platform may be regarded as the avowed principles of the *new party* that is now certain to take the place of the old Democratic organization, just as the Republican party succeeded the old Whig.

From the Princeton (Ill.) Tribune (Independent).

It was the duty of this Convention of farmers to more clearly define their position, to more clearly define the lines of demarcation, and to map out the position occupied by the Anti-Monopoly forces. It was also the duty of this Convention to concentrate and solidify the various elements, which, although composed of the same constituent parts, and drawn or driven by the same impulse in the same general direction, had not as yet combined into a harmonious whole. It was the duty of this Convention to draw up and present to the world a declaration of Anti-Monopoly principles, and to put forth a platform unequivocal in its expressions, broad and liberal in its ideas, requiring from its supporters an unreserved and unhesitating compliance with the requirements of honesty, and enunciating as the bases of all law equal and exact justice for all, special privileges to none. This they have done in the most able and satisfactory manner.

From the Freeport (Ill.) Bulletin (Independent).

The farmers, in convention last week at Decatur, struck the right chord when they resolved that at the ballot-box was the only place to secure a reform of the evils and wrongs that are oppressing the industry of this nation. It is well to organize Farmers' Clubs, Farmers' Associations, Granges, etc., but repeated and stated meetings will not do much other than to perfect the organization and secure unity of action, and that action can only be exerted at the ballot-box if it would avail anything. If the farmers would eradicate the corruption that now permeates every department of the Civil Service of this nation, the ax must be laid at the root of the evil. Let the people organize their Congressional and Legislative Committees, and then through them organize for the contest next fall, and before the ides of next November they will have full and complete control of the law-making power of both State and Nation. Let the work be organized now.

From the Carlyle (Ill.) Union Banner (Independent).

The resolutions adopted as the platform of the new party do not contain one solitary extravagant demand, but are moderate in tone, yet firm. They are couched in simple language, and are brief and to the point. The organization has formally cut loose from Democracy and Republicanism, as exemplified in high places just now, and declared it will have no future alliance with either of them; their apologists were received with as little favor, in the Convention, as their candidates will be received at the polls in future elections, by the great body of voters whom the Convention represented.

From the Decatur (Ill.) Magnet (Independent).

We question whether there has been a body of men in session in this country for many years, who have given to the world a platform that has in it so little equivocation, and so much of what really is the popular will, as is to be found in the resolutions presented to this Convention by its Committee, and adopted with but slight modifications. They have the true ring. There is no attempt to deceive, or carry water on both shoulders, for the sake of effect. They go before the world as the fearless, outspoken sentiments of a body of reformers, and whether indorsed or not by the people, they must have recognition for candor.

From the Earlville (Ill.) Transcript (Independent).

The Convention at Decatur, which represented between 800 and 900 farmer's clubs in Illinois, was the ablest and most important Convention of producers, probably, ever held in the United States. It was characterized throughout its deliberations by wisdom and moderation; at the same time it was radical and bold in grappling with the questions which the present condition and needs of the farmers of the West, have brought before the pulic mind. . . . . The declaration that "We will act no longer with the old political parties" is emphatic and unequivocal, and means business. The days of the Republican party are numbered.

NECROLOGICAL.

The Dead of 1873.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

The current year is now so near its close that we properly may catalogue the names of its most distinguished dead. Such enumerations are very liable to be defective, while it is not always easy to draw the line between those whose reputation is of public interest and those who, no less morally and intellectually deserving perhaps, should be left to be remembered and sorrowed for by friends and relatives alone. We present the following list, therefore, without claiming for it any great completeness, expecting only that it may afford some appropriate idea of the extent of the ravages of the destroyer among persons of mark:

In January there died the ex-Emperor of the French, Napoleon III.; Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the novelist; the Rev. Adam Sedgwick, the eminent English geologist; the Dowager Empress Amelia, of Brazil; the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, who startled the aristocratic religious circles of England in 1849 by leaving the Established for the Baptist Church, and James Hannay, the English novelist.

Among those dying in February were the Dowager Empress of Austria Caroline Augusta, widow of Francis I, who died in 1835; ex-Gov. J. W. Geary, of Pennsylvania, Caroline Chesebro, one of the pleasantest of the female authors of America, and Gustave Richard, the eminent French artist.

Bishop McIlvaine, Judge H. H. Leavitt, Viscount Assington, Speaker of the British House of Commons; Charles Knight, the English author and publisher; the Marquis Chasselauf Laubat, a distinguished French statesman; Amadee Thierry, author of the History of the Gauls; Domenico Donelli, the once famous Italian tenor, and Prince Nicholas, brother of the King of Sweden, died in March.

The necrology of April includes W. C. Macready, the actor; Justus Von Liebig, the world-renowned chemist; the wife of President Figueras, of Spain; George Bliss, the great railroad operator, of Springfield, Mass.; and the English Earl, De la Warr, who committed suicide in consequence of an unfortunate attachment.

In May there died W. H. McGuffey, the educator; the Earl of Zetland; Chief Justice Chase; Oakes Ames, of Credit Mobilier notoriety; John Stuart Mill, the economist and radical thinker; Joel Parker, D. D., a prominent Presbyterian clergyman of New York; the Rev. John Atwood, a Baptist minister of New Hampshire, noted for having been thrown overboard, in 1850, by the Democracy of his State, after having been nominated by them for Governor—his offense was writing an anti-slavery letter; Daniel Pratt, the pioneer manufacturer of Alabama; Thomas Robinson, Canon of Rochester, a prominent divine of the English Establishment; Alexander John Couza, Prince of Moldavia and ex-Hospodar; and Alessandro Manzoni, the Nestor of Italian authors.

In June there passed away Count Vennaille, the eminent French naturalist; Mansfield T. Walworth, the novelist, who was killed by his own son; Ratazzi, one of the leading statesmen of regenerated Italy; Prince Adalbert of Prussia, famous as a naturalist and traveler; ... Von Raumer, the German publicist; Horace F. Clark, the great railroad operator; Lewis Tappan, memorable in the annals of philanthropy; Hiram Powers, the sculptor; President S. Talbot, of Dennison University, Ohio, and Jesse R. Grant, father of the President of the United States.

July witnessed the departure from earth of J. G. Wilson, member of Congress from Oregon; of Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, who was killed by a fall from his horse; of the sarcastic Lord Westbury, ex-Chancellor of Great Britain; of Baron Wolverton, and of Mrs. Clive, author of that fine novel, "Paul Ferroll."

In August four distinguished American clergymen, three of them quite aged, departed from their earthly labors; R. S. Storrs, D. D. of Braintree, Mass., and Gardiner Spring, D. D., of New York, both of whom had been pastors over their respective churches more than sixty years; the Rev. John Todd, D. D., of Pittsfield, Mass., author of The Student's Manual and Index Rerum, and Solomon Howard, D. D., ex-President of the Ohio University, at Athens.

In September Count Charles Esterhazy committed suicide at Vienna; Gen. Ed. S. McCook was murdered at Yankton, Dakota. The wife of Prince Bismarck; Dr. Aug. Nelaton, the famous French surgeon; J. J. Coste, the French naturalist; F. Guerrazzi, Dictator of Rome under the Republic of 1849; Prince Croney Chanel, who claimed to be the lawful King of Hungary; and Clara Mundt, the novelist, better known under her nom de plume of L. Muhlbach, also died during this month.

Sir Edwin Landseer, the great painter of animals, died on the 2d of October. He was followed during the same month by Robert Bigsby, the English antiquarian; Silas Totten, LL. D., one of the oldest ministers of the American Episcopal Church; King John, of Saxony; Sir Henry Holland, the octogenarian English physician and traveler, and Cyrus Wakefield, the Boston capitalist and liberal benefactor of public institutions.

The death list of November is very long. It includes Sir William Bovill, Chief Justice of the English Court of Common Pleas; Lewis Gaylord Clark, of Knickerbocker fame; John Early, senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South; Laura Keene, the actress whose playing President Lincoln was witnessing on the evening of his assassination; Gen. W. J. Hardee, of tactic and Confederate fame; H. C. de Rham, a leading New York merchant, aged 89; Mrs. R. E. Lee; Daoud Pasha, the Turkish statesman; Gen. Delafield, of the National Army; James H. Lucas, the richest man in St. Louis; L. B. Bischoffsheim, the Paris banker; ex-Senator John P. Hale; Contantine Costi, the Italian sculptor; and ex-Senator and Gov. Richard Yates, of Illinois.

During the present month there have died Bishop Armitage, of the Episcopal Diocese of Wisconsin; Charles McAlister, one of the Peabody Trustees, and extensively and favorably known in this city and Philadelphia; James W. Johnston, Equity Judge of Nova Scotia; Ambrose White, the nonagenarian merchant of Philadelphia; Louis Agassiz, who was soon followed by his daughter-in-law, who had worn herself out in ministering by his sick bed; Samuel Nelson, ex-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; John S. Hopkins, the Baltimore millionaire and philanthropist, and Frederick Dent, father-in-law of President Grant.

A few days of the departing year still remain, but, though few, they may make fearful gaps in social, literary, and political circles, and add somewhat to the list which we have given above. Those who have compared the annual necrologies of the last decade or two will conclude that, while the death-roll of 1873 contains two or three names of first-class importance, it has not, thus far at least, closed the earthly careers of as many celebrities as either 1832 or 1859, and perhaps of several other years within the last quarter of a century.

Brigham Young's Favorite Wife.

St. Louis Globe's Interview with Ann Eliza Young.

How large is his little family circle?

He had nineteen wives until I left, and forty-five children.

How does he support all of them?

Well, the most of them support themselves. Brigham compels them to do it. For instance, he only allows enough to each one to purchase the bare necessaries of life—calico dresses! Women in Utah have the same pride and ambition about their personal appearance that they have anywhere else. If they want anything better, they are compelled to take in boarders or do sewing, or something of that sort. That is the way he treats all of them but the favorite, Amelia Folsom. She dresses in silk and satin, eats at the same table with him, and does nothing all day. The rest eat in the same dining-room, and they are compelled to look on. Folsom can do anything she likes with him.

It would be interesting to know which of nineteen wives was able to capture Brigham, and maintain an ascendency over him. How is she able to manage him?

By her temper; she has an awful temper, and she can scold him into anything.

Is she good-looking? No, she is ugly, and over 40 years old. They say I am jealous, but that is not the case.

Well, then, does her charms lie in her intellect? No, I ain't jealous of her a bit. She is the reverse of refined—indeed, she is the coarsest and most vulgar of all the wives of Mr. Young. Her reputation is bad—that is, it was bad until she married Brigham. I don't like to repeat what is said of her all over Salt Lake. She rules him by herstrong will and bad temper.

How does he manage the rest of his wives?

He keeps them at a distance, and no familiarity is allowed from them. They don't dare to speak to him except now and then when he is extra good natured. Brigham has been a good deal of a flirt in his day. There is no excuse for his meanness toward his wives, because he is enormously wealthy.