

(which they tried, without success, to reach by the 4th of July) he says "this rock bears the name of almost every one who can take time to carve or write his name on it. There is nothing very remarkable about it."

#### A Lost Book.

One other interesting reference we note, as follows: "On the route to the South Pass, I would have wanted no better guide than the Mormon Guide Book, which I found to be very exact throughout that distance. It has noted down every hill, valley and stream you meet with. \* \* \* We had but few along, and it is hoped, for the benefit of emigrants, they may become more freely circulated." THE CONSERVATIVE would like very much to learn something concerning the work in question; it does not appear (by that name at least) in the vast array of Mormon literature listed by Bancroft.

#### Kicker's Column.

One peculiarity of Major Cross' journal cannot fail to strike the reader; it is seldom that one finds a writer who has so much fault to find. The major has more trouble than anybody; he is of the brotherhood of Launce—"I think my dog Crab be the sourest-natured dog that lives." Nothing suits him. His good men die of cholera and his bad ones desert, run off to the California gold diggings. "My outfit was as indifferent a one as ever left for any station. \* \* \* The country was not the least interesting today. \* \* \* Tiresome beyond any description. \* \* \* Breakfast was late, although it consisted, as usual, of nothing more than fried ham, stale bread and bad coffee. \* \* \* Among the multiplicity of our troubles, one of the wagons today broke down. \* \* \* Saw for the first time an antelope and was disappointed in its appearance. \* \* \* First time I had ever tasted buffalo meat; for my part, I did not consider it anything to compare with beef. \* \* \*" It is unprofitable to multiply quotations to this effect. The brave major was, however, always expecting every difficulty to be his last, and always astonished at finding himself safely across it; one wonders what effect was produced at headquarters by his report, especially by such passages as this: "How little is known of the fatigue which is felt by the members of that portion of the command who are always looked to for the success of the daily marches. It is to be regretted that the labors of the day could not be more equally divided and felt by all. Who is it on a march like this experiences trouble but the one who is always looked to for the preservation of the means which is to insure success, who must always be diligent and watchful over all around, be the trouble what it may, trusting but little to any one,

but on his own untiring zeal and industry for the safety of all."

That last sentence is a wonder in its way.

The major makes a rather ludicrous error in connection with the usual fuel of the plains, which he calls *vache de bois*.

Almost the only object on the journey of which he has only good to say, is a pair of elk horns that he picked up along the North Platte, which he says was "probably the largest ever brought from the mountains." A. T. R.

#### DR. MILLER MAKES AN APPEAL.

[Dr. George L. Miller, the well-known pioneer newspaper man, has written for the Omaha Bee the following significant letter:]

In the interest of humanity and society, and in earnest commendation of Dr. Teal, who, by the manifest wisdom of the governor elect of the state, has been appointed superintendent of the Norfolk hospital, I ask space to say something about prevailing barbarisms in the treatment, in hospitals and out of hospitals, of the victims of wrecked reason in this Christian land of ours. I have no reason to hesitate to refer to my own case in this great matter as a further warrant for what I am about to say.

In the middle of September I was seized with an acute mania in this town. The causes were patent and also transient. It did not require medical skill to discover in me every condition for immediate recovery, if I could have had kind and intelligent handling. I was guilty of no violence, and every second hour I was as clear in my mind as usual. Proof of the fact is shown in the memory I have of incidents. The blackest of these incidents found me in the company of common criminals in a common cell in the common jail of this city, with a stone for a bed and a pillow, after the common jailer had rifled my pockets of my small money and pocket-knife. Caged in a cell, I sought in the perfect consciousness of my abandonment, and with every appeal to be allowed to see Miss Frances M. Briggs, Miss Susan E. Hill, "Con" Leary and other friends. No one would listen to me. Exhausted by appeals and in utter despair, I suffered severe abdominal pain. It was suggestive of a return of a colitis, for which, years ago, I had consulted Dr. Delafield. I begged the ruffian in charge of my cell to send for a physician. I was answered by a threat of violence. My mind gave way again, and the next thing that I remember and all that followed it is not my present purpose to relate. I have done in this regard what was deemed wise in a communication today to the good and reverend Mother Mary Vincent of St. Bernard hospital in Council Bluffs, where I was incarcerated nearly two

months. My mental recovery, in spite of everything, was absolutely complete in one month after one mistaken medical man had said that I had paresis and would certainly die in three weeks, and before another had sworn before Judge Aylesworth in Potawattamie county's superior court that I was suffering from senile dementia, which, translated, means mental idiocy from old age! Both of these learned men had previously declared that all sorts of arteries at the base of my brain were in a terrible condition. It is at least presumable that these blood vessels were in a state of unwonted activity, when, to my own great honor, I was permitted to address 150 of the solid men of Omaha at a banquet at the Commercial club of this city. Mr. Euclid Martin presiding.

#### Deprived of a Hearing.

I am credibly informed that Dr. George Tilden, state examiner for the insane for a quarter of a century, was not consulted until after I had been put in jail by the police, and also that no examination worthy of the name was made at all. I was simply sent to jail, deported into another state, and duly imprisoned in St. Bernard without the slightest pretext of a hearing before any tribunal, except Judge Vinsonhaler's court, who did but his sworn duty in issuing the order on the testimony given in the case. I pity the stupidity of any ordinary medical tyro who cannot see in the results of my seizure that if I had been left at home, properly and kindly restrained by competent attendants, and real friends, I would have been myself again in not more than ten days. Dr. W. E. Ford of Utica, N. Y., distinguished in his profession and living near the great insane asylum which Gray made famous, or infamous—I am not able to decide which of the two—writes of my case the exact truth when he says:

"After all, it has been my experience that men who carry much steam are often better for a slight explosion, provided nothing breaks during the process. I sincerely hope you may find yourself much stronger and more comfortable after having had it out with your particular devil."

If I may, after thorough medical training and more than forty years of observation, diagnose my own case, I say that my seizure was due to nervous prostration with an accompanying temporary mental aberration which is common in all serious fevers, and nothing more. And with this effort to right a great wrong upon a citizenship in this town, state and section, of which I have many reasons for not being ashamed, because no one else has seen fit to do it, I close this personal branch of the subject and recur to the main object of this communication.

Dr. Teal returned from a visit to