

Written for this Paper.

THE ARMY OF DISCONTENT.

Men everywhere are reaching out after the unattained, for this is the secret of effort, the key to enterprise, the riddle of universal man! "What we have we prize not," is the almost unequivocal voice of general experience. Men want more, something different to what they have, often that which is unattainable. To this they give toil, sacrifice, life itself! That which is sought varies with the condition or mentality of the seeker. To the hungry it is bread; to the man of self-endeavor it is work; to the miser gold; to the politician, place; to the man of business, success. The old proverb expressed true observation of human nature when it said, "Man never is, but always to be, blest;" and possession, when secured, as a rule needs a new stimulus, or satiety becomes a chronic feature as to the object sought.

One of the old topics of unfledged experience in debate, was the query, "Is there most happiness in pursuit or possession?" No permanent answer has yet been found! Some are altogether as amodio in their pursuit of good. "Ye did run well, what doth hinder you?" is as pertinent to this class now as in the historic period. Weak in motive, evanescent in zeal, undecided in effort, easily discouraged, they become wrecked, stranded hulks on the shores of endeavor, or they founder in the deep warfare, whether of calm or storm. Quite a few, though, are persistent, stern, perchance; with compressed lip they go into the battle; nothing daunts them, for they are in to win; obstacles vanish at their approach, difficulties melt away like wax before the fire. Pertinacious in pursuit, undismayed by opposition, sanguine even when darkness is round about their feet, and storms gather round their head, they dare much, they "attempt great things," and they oft succeed. Then again, the reformer appears to fall by the wayside, but his cause triumphs when he sleeps with the sainted dead! The Prophet inaugurates a richer, grander dispensation; he becomes a martyr, but "the blood of such is the seed of the church." The man of affairs toils in philanthropic lines, for the extirpation of crime or poverty, ignorance or injustice; he sows the seed, others gather the harvest; for these all melt away before continuous stroke. The man of business struggles with hard times, financial problems, and strange combinations; unwillingly he goes to the wall, his name is gazetted, his hopes and dreams all blasted; but his son perchance, begotten in the stress of calamity, goes forth and matures as a Jay Gould; with every faculty strung to the highest tension, material things seem to bend to the crook of his finger or the magnetism of his presence. And so in all directions, through blighted prospects, apparently useless endeavor and that which is stigmatized as failure, the world moves up to higher planes; all its interests are pushed to such success as we find visible everywhere around us.

School discipline is not always pleasant to the pupil; its restraint, the crudery of study and continuity of lessons mock at the effervescence and instability of youth. Yet there are scholars,

for out of faculty controlled and directed, the crucible gives out finally its wealth of education's precious ore.

Trade discipline breaks the enthusiasm of the new beginner. He becomes cautious, economical and prudent; he weighs contingencies, studies markets, familiarizes himself with goods; he becomes an adept in the science of human nature, until he can tell a man at a glance; knows how to approach him, how far to give him credit; and the mistakes of inexperience become the text book in which he reads success. His cash book, day-book and ledger are as the revelations of trade. Through them he gauges, judges his clientele and makes the whole subserve his education, until from the status of a simple trader he climbs to that of the developed merchant, and controller of immense interests and righteously acquired wealth. When some are panic-stricken he remains cool and collected; he looks the situation squarely in the face, and tries to adapt himself, his business affairs, to the changes which confront him; he may be embarrassed, but you cannot detect this; his eye is ever bright; his step is calm and steady, for hope "throws out her banners on the outer wall;" "the little spot of blue" is detected in the financial heavens, although no "larger than a man's hand," and soon the oppressive atmosphere yields to the radiance of renewed prosperity. This is true bravery. It evinces soul. There is genuine manhood behind; and a few such men in a community are its life, its salvation, for they are an antidote to despondency and a tonic all the time.

When the fretful farmer is telling of the low price of wheat, the disconsolate sheep man of the depreciation of wool, the stock raiser that there is no market for beef, the factory owner that there is no demand for his manufactures, the newspaper man and book-maker that luxuries(?) are being dispensed with, the merchant that "there is no man to buy his goods," and the laborer that "no man hath hired him;" and this is reiterated from mouth to mouth, from ear to ear, until the disease—which it is—becomes chronic, that community or nation will stand still—nay, it will go down in effort, in enterprise, in progress, and in full restoration to commercial and industrial health and lusty vigor. Grumbling is contagious; but so is hope. Idleness catches like a fever; labor does the same. A fully employed community is made up of individuals; and if a man is otherwise disposed, such a society throws out its glistering flag upon which is written, "if a man will not work, neither shall he eat."

It is this creative power which links a man to Deity, which redeems the desert, which supplies earth's teeming myriads. It makes society possible; it blends human interest; it produces wealth. It makes families, forms communities, founds states, and builds nations. But the lesson is as yet not well learned. Were it so, the clamors of anarchy and destruction would be exorcised instantly; every soul would share in the plethora of production; men out of work would be phenomenal; "industrial armies" would have no place save as they moved en masse to the creation of great and grand na-

tional works, such as statesmanlike patriotism would inaugurate and complete.

Human nature averages pretty much the same everywhere. Most men want to honorably sustain themselves and provide for a family. Those who are radically criminal are few and far between, like the one man (among the twelve hundred invaders of Ogden) who had been an inmate of our penitentiary. "The exception (it is claimed) always proves the rule." And far too often men who exhibit an almost unredeeming viciousness, are the product of circumstances for which society is responsible; and it should take care of this abnormal element, and so far remedy its own remissness in the interests of the fairly good.

That human nature sympathizes spontaneously with suffering had a new exemplification in our sister city the other day. A generally hopeful section of our humanity had pressed its way from the congested circles of eastern labor to the shores of the Pacific. Gradually they created the conditions they fancied had been left behind; but they could go no further, and many no doubt longed for their eastern homes. Had the globe been belted with land, or but divided by rivers, probably they would have continued to follow the sun. But they turned again, hopeful if suffering, and winning sympathy by good behavior and resolute purpose to see once more their families, kindred and homes. Outside of the natural thinness of the families of Ogden, and the bluster of hasty officials, the people of the north only knew suffering—to relieve it. Two thousand dollars a day it cost a sympathetic community. And when the orders were given to move on east, it was declared by an ubiquitous observer that there was hardly a dry eye among the thousands who lined the streets of the liberal city. Many a precious quarter or half dollar; many a piece of tobacco; many an article of clothing, went to comfort and show good feeling to the wanderers, when the givers hardly knew how or where their offering would be replaced. And from the already depleted purses of the better able several hundred dollars and loads of supplies went into the treasury of the army for emergencies on the route.

Ever reaching out, the world is one great army of discontent. Nine out of every ten want to better their condition. The one-tenth want something they do not possess. Longing is an omnipotent ingredient of human character; and in the Divine economy, the inner voice which comes to all alike, while differing in degree, is ever urging the eradication of the transient, of love for sensual and material things; and this by the unfolding of that vista which, divested of all shadows, is radiant with supernal luster—and is the legitimate prophecy and product of the Infinite but half-revealed in personal experience, and yet observable everywhere if you but study humanity at large!

The old government buildings at Fort Craig, Colo., will be sold at public auction by the government May 1. No sale will be effected unless \$1,000 is received, or the amount each building was appraised at.