

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, the Quaker poet, of whom it has been said that he was "probably the most American of all our poets," and again, "there never was an exceptional line written by John Greenleaf Whittier," contributed, as early as 1848, an article upon the Prophet Joseph Smith and Mormonism. It appeared in *Hovatt's Journal*, now found its way into a volume called *Edwards's Living Age*, which is to be found upon the shelves of the Iowa state library. It will be observed that the poet wrote at a period but four years subsequent to the death of the prophet, at a time when few were willing to give ear to the truth concerning the "Mormons" and the wrongs that they had recently suffered. Mr. Whittier's article, which breathes a spirit of fairness and love of humanity, albeit the author was not perfectly informed on the subject, follows:

"Tassung up Marimuck street, the other day, my attention was arrested by a loud, earnest voice, apparently engaged in preaching, or rather 'holding forth,' in the second story of the building opposite. I was in the mood to welcome anything of a novel character, and following the sound, I passed up a flight of steps, leading to a long, narrow, and somewhat shabby room, dignified by the appellation of Classic hall.

"He was a young man with dark, enthusiastic complexion, black eyes and hair; with his collar thrown back, and his coat cuffs turned over, revealing a somewhat undue quantity of 'fine linen,' bending over his coarse board pulpit, and gesticulating with the vehemence of Hamlet's player, 'tearing his passion to rags.' A band of mourning crape, fluttering with the spasmodic action of his left arm, and an allusion to 'our late beloved brother Joseph Smith,' sufficiently indicated the act of the speaker. He was a Mormon—a saint of the latter days.

WHAT HIS THEME WAS.

"His theme was the power of faith. Although evidently unlearned and innocent enough of dealing in such 'abominable mutters as a verb or a noun, which no Christian can endure,' to have satisfied Jack Cade himself, there was a straightforward vehemence and intense earnestness in

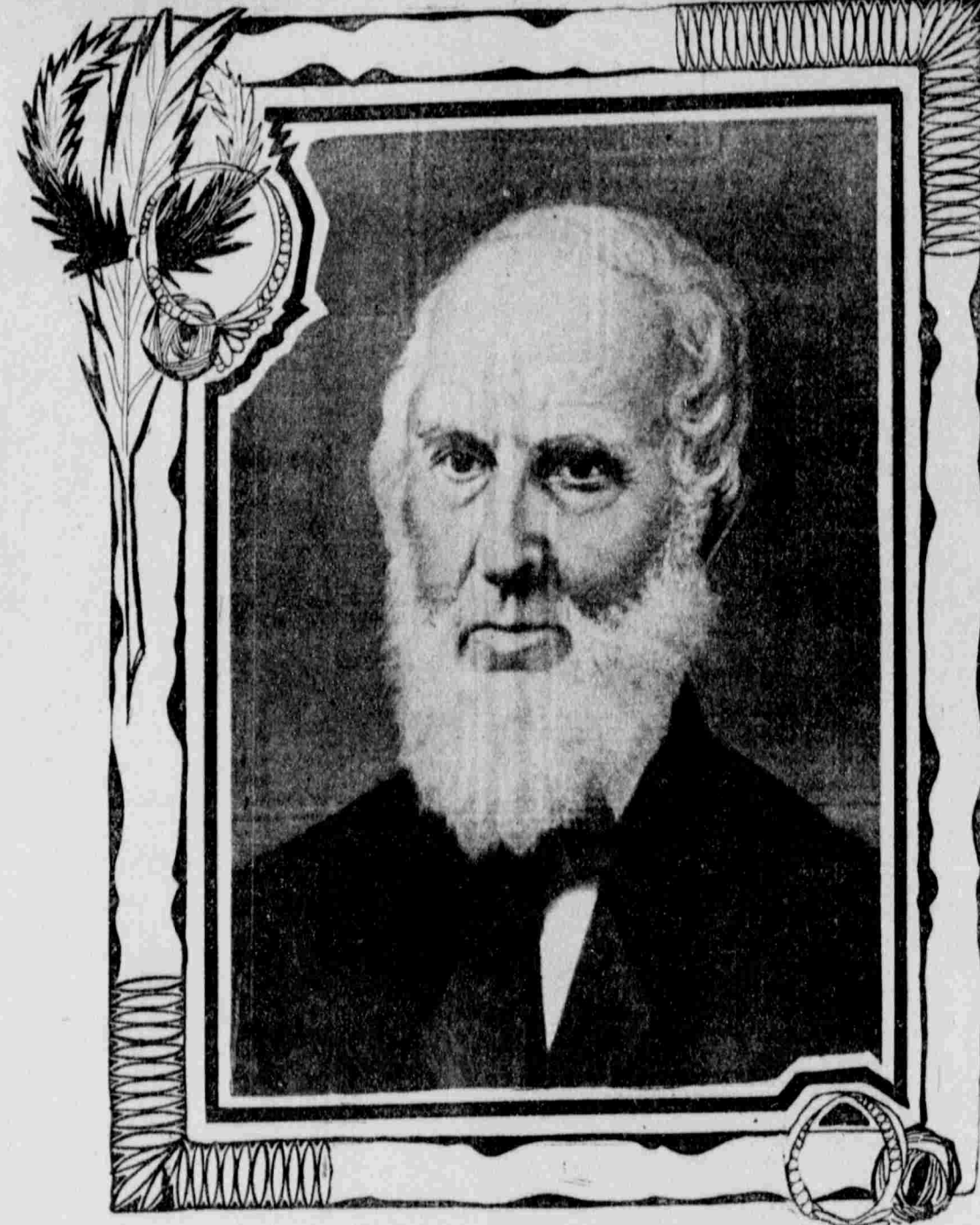
his manner, which at once disarmed my criticism. He spoke of Adam, in Paradise, as the Lord of this lower world:—"For," said he, "water couldn't drown him, fire couldn't burn him, cold couldn't freeze him—nothing could harm him, for he had all the elements under his feet. And, vengal, my hearers, was the secret of this power? His faith in God; that was it. Well, the devil wanted this power. He behaved in a mean, ungentlemanly way, and deceived Eve, and led to her, he did. And so Adam lost his faith. And all this power over the elements that Adam had, the devil got, and has it now. He is the prince and power of the air, consequently, he is master of the elements and Lord of this world. He has filled it with unbelief, and robbed man of his birthright, and we do until the hour of the power of darkness is ended, and the mighty angel comes down with the chain in his hand to bind the old serpent and dragon."

ANOTHER SPEAKER.

"Abner," speaker, a stout, black-browed son of thunder," gave an interesting account of his experience. He had been one of the apostles of the Mormon evangel, and had visited Europe. He went in faith. He had "but three cents in his pocket" when he reached England. He went to the high professors of all sects, but they would not receive him; they pronounced him "damned already." He was reduced to great poverty and hunger; alone in a strange land, with no one to bid him welcome. He was on the verge of starvation. "Then," said he, "I knelt down and prayed in earnest faith. 'Lord, give me this day my daily bread.' Oh, I tell you, I prayed with a good appetite; and I rose up, and was moved to go to a house at hand. I knocked at the door, and when the owner came, I said to him, 'I am a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ from America. I am starving—will you give me some food?' 'Why, bless you, yes,' said the man, 'sit down and eat as much as you please.' And I did sit down at his table, blessed be God; but, my hearers, he was not a professor; he was not a Christian, but one of Robert Owen's infidels. The Lord reward him for his kindness."

SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"In listening to these modern proph-



<p>ets, I discovered, as I think, the great secret of their success in making converts. They speak to a common feeling; they minister to a universal want,</p>	<p>They contrast strongly the miraculous power of the Gospel in the apostolic time with the present state of our nominal Christianity. They ask for</p>	<p>the signs of divine power: the overcoming of all things, which the prison doors of the apostles</p>
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rebutted disease and death itself, and made visible to all the presence of the living God. They ask for any declaration in the scriptures that this miraculous power of faith was to be confined to the first confessors of Christianity. They speak a language of hope and promise to weak, weary hearts, tossed and troubled, who have wandered from sect to sect, seeking in vain for the primal manifestations of the divine power.

**AN HONEST, SINCERE PEOPLE.**

"In speaking of Mormonism as a delusion, I refer more particularly to the apocryphal Book of Mormon. That the great majority of the Latter-day Saints are honest and sincere, I have no reason to doubt. They have made great sacrifices and endured severe and protracted persecution for their faith. The reports circulated against them by their unprincipled enemies in the west are in the main destitute of foundation. I have no dependence upon charges made against them by the ruffian mob of the Mississippi valley, and the reckless slave-driver, who, at the point of the bayonet and bowie knife, expelled them from Missouri, and signalized their Christian crusade against unbelievers by murdering old men, and violating their innocent wives and daughters. It is natural that the wrongdoers should hate those whom they have so fully injured.

**SLAIN BY BARBAROUS MEN.**

"The prophet himself, the master-spirit of this extraordinary religious movement, is no more. He died by the hands of wicked and barbarous men, a martyr-unwilling doubtless, but still a martyr-of his faith. For after all, Joe Smith could not have been wholly insincere. Or, if so in the outset, it is more than probable, that his extraordinary success, his wonderful power over the minds of men, caused him to seem a miracle and a marvel to himself; and, like Mohammed and Napoleon, to consider himself a chosen instrument of the eternal power.

**STORY OF EYE-WITNESS.**

"In the 'Narrative of an eye witness of the Mormon War,' published in a western paper, I was a good deal impressed by the writer's account of the departure of the prophet from the 'holy city' to deliver himself up to the state

authority at Warsaw. It was well understood, that in so doing, he was about to subject himself to extreme hazard. The whole country round about was swarming with armed men, eager to embrace their hands in his blood. The city was in a fearful state of alarm and excitement. The great Nauvoo Legion, with its 2,000 strong of armed fanatics, was drawn up in the principal square. A word from the prophet would have converted that dark sloth mass into desperate and unsparring defenders of their faith. Mounted on his favorite black horse, he rode through the glittering files, and with words of cheer and encouragement, exhorted them to obey the laws of the state, and give their enemies no excuse for persecution or outrage.

"Well," said he, "I leave one thing to you—my more intimate friends." They are good boys, if I leave one man again." Taking leave of his family, he mounted his horse, and rode up in front of the great temple as if to take a final look at the proud edifice of his final power. After contemplating it with his while in silence, he put spurs to his who, it will be remembered, shared his fate in the prison, dashed away towards Warsaw, and the prairie horizon shut down between him and the city of the saints for the last time.

### A YANKEE PROPHET

"Once in the world's history we were to have a Yankee prophet, and we have had him in Joe Smith. For good or evil, he has left his track on the great Horned Serpent, or, to use the words of Horne, 'the bas-relief of his forehead.' His humored face will peer out upon the future, whence his race, long a century hence, shall come. But the prophet has not trusted his fame merely to the keeping of the spiritualist. He has incorporated himself with the living stone of the great Nauvoo temple—the most splendid and imposing architectural monument ever completed, will be the pride of the West. With its huge walls of heavy sandstone, 30 gigantic pilasters, better than those of Hancock, their massive piers carved in the likeness of enormous human faces, themselves resting upon crescent moons, with the giant profile of a face within the curve—it stands upon the highest elevation of the most beautiful spot in the west, overlooking the Father of Waters—a superb and unique and wonderful as the faith which it embodies in its singular and mysterious architecture, the Titan idea of the Mormon people, the solemn and awe-inspiring thought, that speaks from the Gothic piles of the middle ages."

## THE LETTER THAT MADE BILL NYE FAMOUS.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Dec. 5.—William Shakespeare is the hero of a new and striking novel by the Danish woman writer, Sophus Banditz. Moreover, British and American readers will probably soon have a chance to read this tale, for Queen Alexandra, who recently read it in the original, was so much impressed by its merits that she at once advised the authoress to have it translated into English. This translation is now proceeding and the English version is to be dedicated to the queen, who is, of course, herself a Dane.

Sophus Banditz, who has thus ventured to put the "Bard" into a novel, is a comparatively recent recruit to the world of letters. But her work has shown such all-round brilliance that she is being counted of everywhere as the coming novelist of Denmark. Among the Danish people, her books are extremely popular, and she has had much commendation and help from the royal family of Denmark, and especially from the queen of England and the dowager empress of Russia.

In her new novel, Miss Banditz takes Shakespeare to Denmark as one of the English aristocrats, a company of players. He is, however, known simply as "Will." At Elsinore he meets with an accident and is nursed by Iver Kramme, a schoolmaster, and his sister, Christene. During his convalescence he discovers the Latin Chronicle of Saxo Grammaticus and is deeply interested in the story of Prince Amleth. Christene learns to love "Will" and declares herself. When she finds he has a wife and children in England, she tells him that she does not know "Will's" surname until years afterward, when the captain of a ship presents the schoolmaster with a copy of the 1603 edition of "Hamlet." Then "Will's" identity as Shakespeare is revealed.

Lady Troubridge, who wrote "The Woman Thou Gavest," and whose other books are known in America, is hard at work on a four-act play. I doubt if there is another woman who knows so much of England who can claim to have started as young as did this beautiful society woman who is sister to the Countess of Dudley, Lady Troubridge—then Laura Gurney—before writing fairy tales to the number and writing fairy tales to the number and published in tens she had a story published and paid for. It was a simple but dramatic little tale called "The Death Card." The English Argosy published it and for many years ago, years ago, it was one of the popular writers for this and other magazines.

She is still an indefatigable literary worker, although she has no need to write for any financial return if she is writing for the money. In the purple "When she came 'out' in society and was presented at court she instantly became known as the most beautiful of the debutantes. Before the summer season was over she was the belle of the season. Not only did all degrees, great men of the services, money kings, and princes of art and letters were her attendant satellites.

Her first season, however, ended in a rather much less happy ending. She had married a rich and handsome and wealthy baronet of England, Sir Thomas Troubridge, a captain in the rule corps, and her cousin.

Like many other fashionable and wealthy women of London, Lady Troubridge, before her marriage, worked among the poor children of the East End slums. She especially devoted tender care to the crippled. One of the signs of her seeing, sight perhaps never before or since witnessed, was the presence of several score of crippled children at the church.

For the first few years after her marriage, Lady Troubridge devoted herself exclusively to her home life. Then when her three children, two daughters and a son, became of a school age, she plunged once more into her literary work. Today she is perhaps the best known woman of letters in the literary world of the country.

Yet she is still noted also for her beauty and the beauty of her daughter, who is the most exquisite of the exhibitionists the Grafton gallery is now by Archibald Worthy depicting Lady Troubridge and her children. Her eldest, a girl of 11, is considered the first of London society children.

THE name of Bill Nye ought not to be allowed to fall into oblivion. This is the most distinctively western humorist America has produced, and his writings, extravagant though they were, did much to attract the attention of the great eastern reading public to the new school of fun and the new literary spirit which have since so broadly developed the mountain and alkali regions.

Edgar Wilson Nye was born in— He died in— and was buried at—

In 1881 Bill Nye was a briefest lawyer dabbling in country newspaper work at Laramie, Wyo. The thing which drew him out of his obscurity and eventually made him a famous humorist with a good-sized fortune, was the letter in which he resigned his place as United States commissioner. That letter which was reprinted everywhere, marked the advent of a new comic writer and the turn in the tide of the affairs of Mr. Nye. Here is the famous epistle:

"To the Department of Justice, Washington, D. C.:

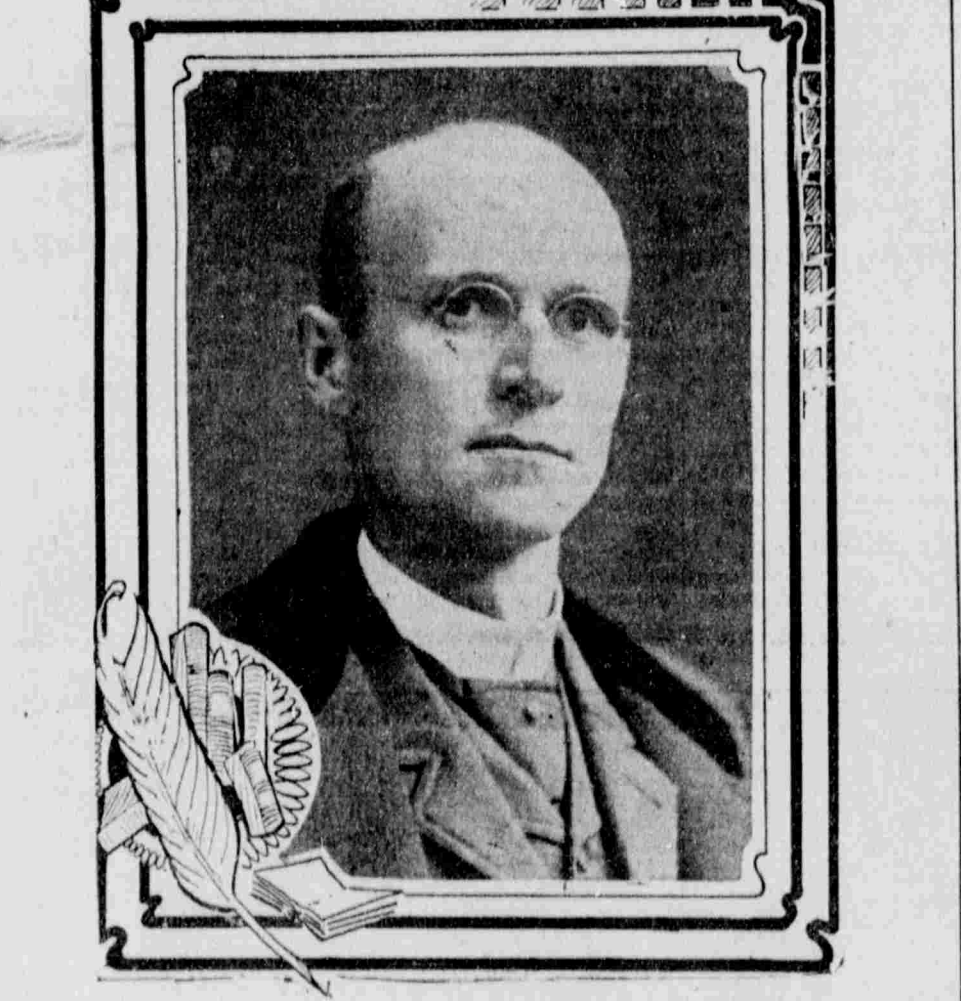
Several months ago I resigned as United States commissioner of this judicial district. The government did not accept my resignation, thus tacitly asserting that there was no one who was considered competent to take my place in holding up this corner of the national fabric.

I now once more resign. I do not do so because I am displeased with the government, or because I am displeased with public life. There is no reason why the government and myself should not continue to be friends, but under the new regime for United States commissioners of district courts, I am compelled to retire from the official capacity which I have so long filled with so much skill and credit, both to myself and the United States.

The department of justice now requires me to furnish a detailed statement each month of all the business done by the commissioner, with his official signature attached. I am also required to keep a large volume in my office as a record of the United States cases examined by me. I am to do this at my own expense in order that the honor and high moral tone of the nation may remain unsmirched.

All these requirements I could, of course, comply with, but I am cursed with the horrible apprehension that in the future I shall be required to do more of this till the expense will be more than I can meet. I could now, of course, get little chores to do around town, enough for necessary funds to buy the records, etc, but before another year the government may require me to buy a marble top center table, and two or three paintings by the old masters, in order to give the popular amount of terror to the United States criminals. This would compel me to go without a new overcoat and underclothes, of which I am sadly in need. I had hoped that with the financial prosperity of the past year, there would be one case at least for examination, for which I could realize \$6 or \$7, and which would save this branch of the department of justice temporarily, but I have been disappointed all the way through. I could squeeze along without the overcoat in order to get the required record this winter, but the underclothes I feel as though I ought to have.

I might die suddenly when on the bench, and it would sound harshly if the telegraphic dispatches were to state that when the post mortem was held the jury found a verdict that the United States commissioner had died from exposure and a temporary stagnation of underclothes.



**BILL NYE,**  
The Famous Humorist, As He Looked in His Prime.

This picture shows Mr. Nye as he looked Feb. 17, 1853, when he lectured at the Salt Lake theater. In his early days he had been a contributor to several Salt Lake papers, and his reception here was a hearty one.

Our winters here are quite severe, and if the department of justice should some day require me in my official capacity to buy an upright piano and keep it on file, I would have to clothe myself in my unwavering integrity and a pair of gold bowed eyeglasses.

There is no question about the air of cheerfulness that a piano would give my office, especially if some lady were to be trying on some charge or another for she could bang an overture out of the instrument while waiting for the United States attorney to come, and it would help to kill time, but the court would either have to lock itself in an adjoining closet till the defendant had gone, or ask her to loan him her shawl during the trial.

You will see from these suggestions whither we are drifting.

I will now turn the office over to the department. It consists of a pine box with some specimens of second-hand chewing tobacco preserved in sawdust and a bald-headed feather duster. The department will please send a receipt for these archives, as I desire to have everything done correctly and with the usual amount of precision and delay.

The United States, in my resignation, sustains a loss which it can ill afford, and the national superstructure becomes almost a tottering wreck. The popular man may be raised up for this crisis, but it is not at all probable.

Dr. Tanner would be a good man. I simply throw this out as a suggestion.

Still, he would require clothes. I hadn't thought of that.

It is very seldom you find a man with the happy union of qualification necessary for this office. You may secure a man who can live on the delightful climate and what cold food

he can secure among the neighbors, but he is liable to have an ungovernable appetite for clothes, while on the other hand, you may find a man who is the exact vice versa, or whatever you may call it of the other man.

You will perhaps wonder at the delay of my last monthly report, but it is easily explained. The man who promised that he would come before me in August and acknowledge a deed and pay me two bits for it, came to me in September and told me that he didn't make the sale of property that he had anticipated.

I now resign.

Congress my take such action in acknowledgment of my past services as it may see fit.

What appropriation is made will be thankfully received and accepted.

I would also receipt my winter pants at the same time.

I find that I can starve to death just as successfully in journalism as I can in my official capacity, and I hope that the government will not be hurt over my course.

Handling the amount of money that I have, being a United States commissioner, has been a terrible strain on me, and I resign before it is too late.

I resign while I have the manhood still left to overmaster my finchish desire to embezzle the coal hod and the front door of the office.

Hoping that no further explanation will be necessary. I subscribe myself, Yours, with a moderate amount of firmness, and passionate desire for grub. BILL NYE.

BILL NYE'S SKETCH OF HIMSELF.

One of the most humorous things from Bill Nye's pen is his own biography, written for a magazine. It is as follows:

To the Editor:—I send you my autobiography, written by myself.

Edgar Wilson Nye was born in Maine, in 1850, August 25th, but at two years of age he resided with his parents by the hand, and telling them that Piscataquis county was no place for them, he boldly struck out for Croix county, Wisconsin, where the hardy young pioneer soon made a home for his parents. The first year he drove the Indians out of the St. Croix Valley, and suggested to the North-Western Railroad that it would be a good idea to build to St. Paul as soon as the company could get a grant which would pay them two or three times the cost of construction. The following year he adopted trousers, and made \$175 from the sale of wolf scalps. He also cleared twenty-seven acres of land, and raised some water-melons. In 1854 he established and endowed a district school in Pleasant Valley. It was at this time he began to turn his attention to the abolition of slavery in the South, and to write articles for the press, signed "Vedatias," in which he advocated the war of 1860, or as soon as the government could get around to it.

In 1855 he graduated from the farm and began to study law. He did not advance very rapidly in this profession, failing several times in his examination, and giving bonds for his appearance at the next term of court. He was, however, a close student of political economy, and studied personal economy at the same time, till he found that he could live on ten cents a day and his relatives, easily.

Mr. Nye now began to look about him for a new country to build up and foster, and, as Wisconsin had grown to be so thickly settled in the north-western part of the state that neighbors were frequently found as near as five miles apart, he broke loose from all restraint and took emigrant rates for Cheyenne, Wyoming. Here he engaged board at the Inter-Ocean Hotel, and began to look about him for a position in a bank. Not succeeding in this, he tried the law and journalism. He did not succeed in getting a job for some time, but finally he was associated as editor and janitor of the Laramie Sentinel. The salary was small, but his latitude was great, and he was permitted to write anything that he thought would please the people, whether it was news or not.

By and by he had won every heart by his gentle, patient poverty and his delightful parsimony with regard to facts. With a hectic imagination and an order on a restaurant which advertised in the paper, he scarcely cared the livelong day whether school kept or not.

Thus he rose to justice of the peace, and finally to an income which is reported very large to everybody but the assessor.

He is the father of several very beautiful children by his first wife, who is still living. She is a Chicago girl, and loves her husband far more than he deserves. He is pleasant to the outside world but a perfect brute in his home. He early learned that, in order to win the love of his wife, he should be erratic, and kick the stove over on the children when he came home. He therefore asserts himself in this way and his family love and respect him, being awed by his greatness and gentle barbarism.

He eats plain food with both hands, conversing all the time pleasantly with anyone who may be visiting at the house. If his children do not behave, he kicks them from beneath the table till they roar with pain, as he chats on with the guests with a bright and ever-flowing stream of bon mots, which please and delight those who visit him to that degree that they almost forget that they had hardly anything to eat.

In conclusion, Mr. Nye is in every respect a lovely character. He feared that injustice might be done him, however, in this biographical sketch, and so he has written it himself.

B. N.

**SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.**

**ROME, Dec. 5.—**This is the tale of a cow and a prefect of police. The prefect lost his cow and sent out, through the regular police channels, a general alarm by telegraph. Now that prefect and that cow both lived in Sicily—but the general telegraphic alarm went all over Italy—into the uttermost corners of the square miles of mountains and islands. The fact where the prefect made by mistake, for it presupposed that the cow performed the miracle of swimming the Straits of Messina and gaining the mainland—also travelling through hundreds of miles in as many hours. These facts, at first overlooked, later attracted attention, and an ubiquitous journalistic instinct in the extreme north of Italy published an interesting article on the cow and how, if it had had no other talent, it might have arrived in this country, a few minutes after the official telegram.

When other papers took up the tale of the cow, officials in the department of posts and telegraphs and the department of justice, began tearing their hair.

The government only recently issued a circular complaining of official extravagance in the matter of telegrams. Here inserted is an illustration of the extent to which Italian functionaries abuse the right of sending official telegrams at the public expense.

Giuseppe Morla, the prefect in command of the port of Sicily did not hear from his cow, but he did hear from the government. And the communication which came through the minister of police was signed by the prefect himself. It demanded that a full explanation be made of lost, strayed or stolen cows and the official general alarm, be sent instantly to Rome but—not by telegraph.

The result of the explanation has been the receipt of Giuseppe of a bill from the government for his 300 and odd telegrams anent the cow. The bill amounted to the pretty little sum of 507 lire or about \$100. This represents half of the lost-preference telegraph salary and also the price of many, many cows saved from loss, strayed or stolen etc.

Signor Giuseppe will work it out. He is sure to be careful in future in sending out telegraphic general alarms.

Or the cow nothing has yet been heard.

**Rival Hearse War in France.**

**SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.**

**PARIS, Dec. 5.—**In France the quarrel between church and state now raging has been productive of some unseemly wrangling and some strange scenes, but nowhere has the conflict borne greater fruit than in La Cansargue, a small town of the Languedoc.

The progressive town council there has established a municipal hearse for its use. The charge made for its use is 81.25. As a further encouragement to the public to patronize it, it is announced that when the cost price has been paid, its service will be given free.

The church also runs a hearse for which the charges are somewhat higher than those made by the municipal hearse. Consequently the thrifty public manifested a preference for the municipal vehicle of woe. But the priest, a man of resource, if he refused to bestow his hearse on the municipality he refused to allow the precincts of his churchyard to be polluted by its unseemly wheels.

The town council met this move by passing a by-law prohibiting the use of a hearse from using the public streets. Thus, on the one hand, the town council has established a funeral monopoly so far as the other hand, the priest has established a similar monopoly in the churchyard.

But bodies must be buried, however the temporal and spiritual powers may quarrel, and to avoid an absolute impasse, the force of motus vivendi has been adopted. The unblest municipality hearse transports the coffins to the cemetery gates. There it transfers to the blessed hearse, which the mayor and priest watch the procedure with anxious eyes, to see that neither funeral vehicle passes the boundary which separates the town church from the state from that of the churchyard. But while funeral on one side or the other may be, no parliament interferences, there is no help for it.