

from pilgrims for entrance or passage to most of the holy places. To see the place at Ramah where St. George was martyred cost a "Venetian groat," but the church granted for this seven years' indulgence and seven Lents. Of course Englishmen did not omit this part of the tour.

The modern tourist or pilgrim has no need of a *patronus*, though Mr. Cook and others of the kind seem to flourish. He has only to select his line of route, and gripack in hand start out. Fortunately for us of Chicago, we have a Zion and a holy land in our own country. Why not a pilgrimage to Salt Lake City, the Jerusalem of this latter day?

On the route to Salt Lake one may not see the kind of relics shown to mediæval pilgrims. He won't see the cup of emerald stone "whereoff our Savyor drank at his Mawndy," which used to be exhibited at Lyons. Nor the nails shown at Milan which were those driven into the hands of Christ. Nor will be seen the tongue of St. Anthony which was a famous relic in Paulua, nor the finger of St. Luke, also exhibited in the same city. In Rhodes used to be seen the finger of St. John "that he shewd over Savor whunne he seyed *Ecce Agnus Dei!*" Nor will the many other interesting things which beguile the long and dreary journey of the old pilgrim be met on our journey to Salt Lake. We will not see the edged tools of St. Nicholas that never lost their sharpness, nor will be seen the daughter of Hippocrates in her dragon form as at Rhodes waiting for a virgin soldier to kiss her and take away the magic.

Nor will we meet the famous watch dogs that could tell a Christian from a Turk. But if we don't see all these strange things, we will see things just as strange, more interesting, more instructive and more chastening to the thinking mind.

Having concluded to make my pilgrimage to the modern Jerusalem, I took a glance at a map of the United States and selected my route by the Chicago and Northwestern railroad, thence by the Union Pacific and Utah Central into Salt Lake. The first of these roads is one of the great trunk lines of the country. It extends over seven or eight States, taking in the richest and most productive of the lands in those States. It has a mileage of nearly 8,000 miles with an equipment of locomotives and passenger and freight cars extending far into the thousands. Its western terminus is Council Bluffs where it connects with the U. P. R. R.

One forenoon in the early part of the week I found myself in front of a massive structure, constructed of red pressed brick, with trimmings of cut stone, and on the whole presenting an attractive style of architecture. This was the Chicago depot of the C. & N. W. road situated near Wells Street Bridge. After entering I found uniformed porters, police, gatemen and other officials, all on the alert to instruct and direct tourist, pilgrim and emigrant, all alike. All languages were spoken, or at least so many that even Cardinal Mezzofanti himself, the famous

linguist, who was conversant with 27 tongues, would be surprised. Even the Chinese language, I was told, could be spoken by a company official. I took my seat in a comfortable carriage, and resigned myself to thought. Laurence Sterne and his sentimental journey came into my mind. I also thought of many other tourists ancient and modern.

I remembered many stories of "How Celebrities Travel," but I could see no one in my vicinity who looked like a celebrity. I could not see Rosco Conkling surrounded with piles of newspapers, nor Gen. Grant, stiff, stolid, taciturn, behind his inevitable cigar stump, nor the fidgety, nervous Herbert Spencer, nor the loquacious and argumentative Ingersoll, nor Oscar Wilde with his unshorn locks, nor Rutherford B. Hayes reluctantly pulling out his pocket-book because he forgot his railway pass. I thought of Bill Nye's "railway etiquette," and of the man who goes through a car staring at everybody as if looking for Dr. Cronin. I also looked for the traditional traveler, who occupies four seats and sticks one of his boots out into the aisle for other travelers to gaze at and rub against. All these were absent, but I had some genial fellow travelers, farmers from Iowa, merchants from Omaha, and other representatives from what is called the "woolly west."

Our train pulled out at 12 o'clock noon, sharp. So gently did it begin to move that we were actually under way before we knew it. An old railroad man who sat near said there was a good engineer at the throttle. This is one of the tokens by which an efficient and careful engine driver is known. If in starting or stopping he does so without jars or bumps, it is taken for granted that he is master of his work. We glided along smoothly, out into the suburbs, out into the gardens, and finally out into the vast, open prairies. Fields of pasture, of corn, of wheat met the eye on every hand. This is Illinois, and suddenly I am reminded that there is a kind of connection between Illinois and Utah. I remember Nauvoo, and the horrible butchery which will forever disgrace my noble State. I cannot help muttering a cross word against those murderous thugs, our while-time fellow citizens who stoned and bulleted the prophets, who burned the temples, who razed the peaceful homes of inoffensive citizens, and who inflicted a stain that can never be erased from our historical record. The thought of this mars the beauty of the landscape, and the words of poet come to us:

Oh, Christ, it is a goodly sight to see
What heaven hath done for this dulleous land!
What fruits of fragrant blush on every tree!
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!
But man would mar them with an impious hand:
And when the Almighty lifts His fiercest scourge
'Gainst those who most transgress His high commands,
With treble vengeance will His hot shafts urge

The thurs of Illinois, and earth's fellest foeman purge.

I now begin to feel that I ought to have taken in Nauvoo in my pilgrimage, and to have stood on the spot made sacred by the blood of our modern martyrs. But it is now nearly 5 o'clock, and we are rolling smoothly close to the verge of a mighty stream. Why it is the father of waters himself, the grand Mississippi River. Along its smooth bank we glide, our train sliding along without jar, bump or rattle, almost as equable and even as a dove in mid air. A kind of jack oak grows on the bank that now and then intercepts our view of the river. Finally we glide into Fulton, the river town on the Illinois side. At last we are on the bridge, on the dividing line between Illinois and Iowa. Beneath us is the great river. We are reminded of the poet Byron:

But ere the mingling bounds have far been passed,
Dark Guadiana rolls his power along
In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,
So noted ancient roundelays among.
Whilome upon his banks did legions throng
Of moir and knight, in mailed splendor drest,
Here ceased the swift their race, here sank the strong;
The Paynim turban and the Christian crest
Mixed on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppressed.

But our great river does not flow in sullen billows, nor is it murmuring though it is vast. Here it flows calm, placid and unruffled. A majestic stream in truth it is, and seems conscious of its imperialism in the world of floods. Though Moore and Knight did not tread its banks, yet have we not the painted Indian brave in his war plumes and savage grandeur, rejoicing over the crest of the intruding pale-face? Have we not instead of Paynim turban and Christian crest the bee-hive of the Latter-day Saint and the luxurious easy chair of the Latter-day-preacher? Only a few miles below us is Nauvoo the beautiful, the sacred, the historic. On the other side is Bluff Park, the Chatagua of Iowa. Two hundred and sixteen years ago this summer Father Marquette and his companions came down this very river and landed on the Illinois shore a few miles below. Here is a theme for sentiment and for poetry. He was received by the Indians with hospitality and kindness; because the Indian did not then know the rapacity and greed of his white fellow mortal. Why, every inch of the river teems with incident and adventure meet for poet and novelist. Down further we may find the bones of La Salle. Ah! but we are speeding away into Iowa, and leaving the great river far behind. It is night, and we must shut our eyes, for no more can be seen until morning. So we must say good-night and dream of Indian and Caucasian of Salt Lake and Jerusalem, of Latter-day Saint and Latter-day sinner.

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