

"I WOULDN'T—WOULD YOU?"

When a lady is seen at a party or ball—
Her eyes vainly turn'd in her fits of conceit,
As she peers at the gentlemen, fancying all
Are enchain'd by her charms, and would kneel at her feet,
With each partner coquetting—to nobody true—
I wouldn't give much for her chances!—would you?

When an upstart is seen on the stage strutting out,
With his hat cock'd askant, and a glass in his eye;
And thick clouds of foul smoke he stands puffing about,
As he inwardly says, "What a noble am I!"
While he twists his moustache for the ladies to view—
I wouldn't give much for his senses: would you?

When a wife runs about at her neighbors to pry,
Leaving children at home, unprotected to play,
Till she starts back in haste at the sound of their cry,
And finds they've been fighting while mother's away,
Sugar eaten—panes broken—the winds blowing through;
I wouldn't give much for her comfort!—would you?

When a husband is idle, neglecting his work,
In the public house snarling with quarrelsome knaves;
When he gambles with simpletons, drinks like a Turk,
While the good wife at home for the poor children slaves,
And that home is quite destitute, painful to view;
I wouldn't give much for his morals!—would you?

When a boy at his school, lounging over his seat,
Sits rubbing his head, and neglecting his book,
While he fumbles his pockets for something to eat,
Yet pretends to read when his master may look,
Though he boasts to his parents how much he can do;
I wouldn't give much for his progress!—would you?

When a man who is driving a horse on the road,
Reins and whips the poor brute with unmerciful hand,
While he willingly strives to haste on with its load,
Till with suff'ring and working it scarcely can stand;
Though he may be a man, and a wealthy one too,
I wouldn't give much for his feelings!—would you?

When a master who lives by his laborer's skill,
Hoards his gold up in thousands, still craving for more,
Though poor are his toilers he grindeth them still,
Or unfeelingly turns them away from his door;
Though he banketh his millions with claims not a few;
I wouldn't give much for his conscience!—would you?

When a tradesman his neighbor's fair terms will deary,
And keeps puffing his goods at a wonderful rate;
Even at prices at which no fair trader can buy;
Though customers flock to him early and late;
When a few months have fled, and large bills become due,
I wouldn't give much for his credit!—would you?

When in murderous deeds a man's hands are embroiled,
Tho' revenge is his plea, and the crime is conceal'd,
The severe stings of conscience will quickly intrude,
And the mind self-accusing, can never be healed;
When the strong arm of justice sets out to pursue,
I wouldn't give much for his freedom!—would you?

When a husband and wife keep their secrets apart,
Not a word to my spouse about this or on that;
When a trifle may banish the pledge of their hearts,
And he naggles—she naggles—both contradict flat;
Tho' unequalled their love when its first blossoms blew;
I wouldn't give much for their quiet!—would you?

When a man who has lived here for none but himself,

Feels laid on his strong frame the cold hand of death,
When all fade away—wife, home, pleasures and pelf,
And he yields back to God both his soul and his breath;
As up to the judgment that naked soul flew—
I wouldn't give much for his Heaven!—would you?

ELI PERKINS TO THE GENTILES AT SALT LAKE.

NEW YORK, July 36th, 1941.

To the Gentiles at Salt Lake:

Frank Leslie, Theodore Tilton, General Crook, Sidney Dillon, and lastly and leastly the writer of this letter have visited your beautiful city during the past spring. I have talked with all these gentlemen since their return and they pronounce Salt Lake the most beautiful spot in the world! This may seem extravagant praise, but it is not.

People ride a hundred miles in Europe to visit Interlaken and Geneva and see the snow-capped Alps. The view from Interlaken will not compare with the view from Salt Lake, for the snow-capped Wasatch mountains are more beautiful than the Alps and grander than the *mer de glace*.

Again, travelers ride hundreds of miles to bathe in the hot sulphur springs at Weisbaden until Weisbaden has become the Mecca of all European invalids.

Now, do you know that your hot sulphur baths are far superior to the hot baths at Weisbaden? I have tested the Weisbaden waters frequently. Your waters will one day be as famous as they are.

Again, a whole continent goes to Seabright, Brighton and Long Branch to bathe in the sea. Now what sea is more invigorating than the salt waters of Salt Lake?

Again, travelers endure hardships to see the Yosemite. Is not your American Fork Cañon as beautiful?

But as beautiful as is your lovely lake, as grand as are your Wasatch mountains, as sublime as is the rocky scenery that hedges the sides of American Fork Cañon, as invigorating and health-giving as are your rivers of hot sulphur water, there is still one more attraction, which like a loadstone draws every American, English or foreign tourist to Salt Lake.

With all these things I say there is one thing in Salt Lake more attractive to the tourist than all others. It is this, and this alone, with all your beautiful scenery, which drives the cosmopolite tourist to your city.

"What is this thing?" you ask. It is the curious, quaint, strange, wonderful Mormon Church. Take away Brigham Young, the temple, the Mormon religion, and with all your beautiful scenery and springs, not one tourist would step off at Ogden to visit your city, for I say the one motive of tourists is to see the temple, to see Brigham Young, and to see the every day life of a wonderful and curious people.

In a word, Salt Lake, with its beautiful, snow-capped Wasatch Mountains bending over it as Mont Blanc bends over Geneva, with its hot sulphur water like Weisbaden, with its salt sea bathing like Long Branch, with its scenery as grand as the Yosemite; with all these things Salt Lake, I say, would not be the curious, interesting, and world-renowned Salt Lake that it is now, without the Mormon Church.

Salt Lake without the Mormons would be like Egypt without the Pyramids, like Jerusalem without the Holy Sepulchre. It would be like Mecca without the tomb of Mohammed, Rome without St. Peter's and the Vatican, Venice without the Doge's Palace, and Benares, the sacred city of Buddha, without the gorgeous Taj and rock hewn temples of the Mogul kings. Salt Lake without Brigham Young and the Temple would be like Mount Vernon with Washington gone, and the red-headed editor of the *lying like a lizard in the old sarcophagus*.

The property owner in Salt Lake who would kill the one institution which has made this city famous throughout the world, would be a shortsighted man indeed. Such a man if he lived in Pisa would hew down the Leaning Tower; if he lived in Niagara village he would petition Congress to remove the Falls; if he lived in Rome he would tear down the Coliseum, kill the Pope and burn up the Vat-

ican; and if he lived in Moscow, he would destroy that outgrowth of heathen Tartary, the Kremlin, and empty the hotels of the old Slavonic capital.

Such a property owner if he lived in Obermagan, would discontinue the Passion Play, which draws its thousands of spectators up into that Alpine height to see a religious ritual not so curious and interesting as the every-day service in the Mormon temple. Such a property owner if he kept an hotel near Mammoth Cave would petition Congress to remove the excavation over it to Ohio, or if he lived in Boston would give Bunker Hill Monument to the hotel keepers in Saratoga.

How many tourists would trouble themselves to visit Salt Lake were there no such things as the great Temple, the famed Lion House, the Co-operative Stores, the curious Mormon ritual and Brigham Young, whose name is as well known as the name of Grant, or Buddha or King William or Mohammed throughout the world?

Let me illustrate:

One day when I took the cars at Ogden for your lovely city, I counted eighteen Australians on the train. In fact the Central Pacific palace cars empty themselves into Salt Lake.

When I asked these tourists what prompted them to visit your good city, they all said:

Why to see Brigham Young and the Mormons, of course! What else should we go there for? Haven't we heard about the Mormons all our lives? Haven't the books, newspapers and magazines been full of Brigham Young for years? We would give more to see him than any man in the world. These tourists had heard Artemus Ward lecture in London, and they were very curious to see Brigham, the Temple and the Lion House.

When I told them about the hot sulphur springs and the beautiful snow-capped Wasatch, they said they had never heard of them.

On the same train there were also about twenty timid passengers who wanted to visit Salt Lake, but were afraid to on account of rumored disturbances which they unfortunately read about in the Salt Lake. But the loadstone, I say that drew them all down from Ogden was Brigham Young and the curious Mormon institutions. Not one went down to see the mountains. Not one went down to see the beautiful lake. Not one went down to bathe in the healthful hot sulphur. Not one went down to eat those splendid Walker House meals, the best between New York and San Francisco, furnished by Major Erb—but they all went to see Brigham Young and the Mormon Church. It is safe to say that if Brigham Young and the Mormon church had not been in Salt Lake not one of these tourists would have gone there.

Now my advice to the Gentiles of Salt Lake, if they want to fill their hotels with tourists, is to keep Brigham Young and the Mormon church just where they are. Kill them and Salt Lake will be no better than LaSalle or Sherman. It is the Mormons that make Salt Lake attractive—their irrigation, patriarchal church government, their sweet cottage homes and their green fields in the midst of a browned and sandy desert. Take away Brigham Young and the Mormon church and Ogden will absorb Salt Lake, and these tourists would stop where they could look at the snow capped Wasatch mountains at a distance, explore Weber cañon, bathe in the clear waters of Salt Lake and take the train down to the hot sulphur springs.

Now, gentlemen, Sidney Dillon told me yesterday that "passenger receipts at Salt Lake had fallen off \$5,000 per month."

"What for?" I asked.

"Because," said Mr. Dillon, "the Gentiles are short-sighted. Their newspaper, the *—*, is vulgar, and full of offensive slang. It reviles gentlemen and ladies. It makes passengers believe Salt Lake is a dangerous place to take women and children to. So tourists slide by. They sometimes stop at Ogden, pick up a war-talking paper, and then go on again, leaving Salt Lake in the lurch."

"Did you tell them so in Salt Lake?" I asked.

"Yes, I told them the same thing, I told them that if they would buy the libelous, war-raising, mischief-making Gentile newspaper, and make a clean, honest, refined sheet, that it would make a

difference of twenty-five per cent. in the business of the city.

"And what did they say to that?"

"Oh, the Gentile sheet came out in a rude editorial—just as it always does—illustrating the very thing I was saying, and called Mr. Gould and myself 'shallow-pated churls' and 'wiseacres,' and the great far-seeing railroad king showed his contempt by talking about Ogden."

"The fact is," said another railroad man present, "Sidney Dillon and Jay Gould could discriminate on freights over the Union Pacific to day in a manner to kill every Gentile trader in Salt Lake, and it is only their respect for Brigham Young, Bishop Sharp and the Mormons generally that keeps them from doing it."

And these are the kind of influential gentleman that the Salt Lake *—* is driving out of or driving against Salt Lake!

Frank Leslie saw the same thing and speaks of it in his illustrated newspaper last week.

General Crook said to me: "The Gentile newspaper makes an ass of its editor and fools of the Gentiles who are short sighted enough to read it and believe its absurd railings."

"What would be the effect if Brigham Young should move down into Arizona?" I asked.

"Why," said the general, "it would kill Salt Lake. It would dry up and blow away. It would be like Corinne. Brigham Young and the Mormons make the city. The Gentiles there are non-producers. They are all speculators. The Mormons are the bone and sinew. If the Gentiles were wise they would see what it is that makes Salt Lake—and see what would kill it to."

Now, my Gentile friends in Salt Lake, my advice to you is to keep out of politics—keep out of all quarrels, and if you don't like Brigham Young, why let him alone. Invite tourists to come to your beautiful city and make your weak-minded, fanatical, two-for-a-cent editor stop writing about Mormon uprisings and insurrections, and stop abusing journalists and railroad men who refuse to be made fools and tools of.

If 3,000 Mormons should come into the Gentile city of our Schenectady, and try to bulldoze 18,000 Gentiles—if these Mormons should publish a newspaper and call our Gentile ministers and bishops frauds, our Gentile children apostates, call our Gentile religion shamelessness and our Gentile prayers blasphemous, I know what our 18,000 Gentiles would do. We would hang that meddling editor to a lamp post and the leaders of these 3,000 meddling Mormon carpet-baggers would have to move on or mind their own business—especially if our 18,000 Gentiles had moved twice and gone a thousand miles into an unexplored wilderness and built a city to get away from them.

The peaceful presence of such slanderers and editors, and the unshot persons of dozens of mischief-making Gentiles in Salt Lake, surrounded by 18,000 defamed, traduced and slandered Mormons make me believe that there is something better than Christian in the Mormon religion.

Indeed, if I thought that I could persuade Brother Brigham to renounce his little looseness in regard to the wife business, so that I would not have to buy six or eight silk dresses instead of one; if I could persuade him to become Christian enough to kill seventeen of his wives and give all their jewelry and six-buttoned gloves to the remaining eighteen, why, I think I wouldn't mind living in Salt Lake myself. It's only the wife business that I object to; and I see a remedy for that. Yes, my Gentile friends, I know a way to kill polygamy in a year.

"How?" you ask.

The remedy, my Gentile brother, is not war or insurrection; it is not shooting and stabbing, nor malice and slander, nor —

"What is it, then?" you ask.

It is *Harper's Bazar*, gentlemen. Silk dresses and twenty-five dollar bonnets will kill polygamy—not rifles and shot guns and mischief making newspapers. Imagine, my Gentile friends, an unfortunate brother Mormon with a dozen wives. Imagine Brother Brigham counting his wives and then buying eighteen Paris bonnets at twenty-five dollars each. Think of the prophet buying eighteen pairs of shoes at ten dollars each. Just

picture Brother Brigham counting out his money to pay for eighteen silk dresses at \$200 each—\$3,600 at a pop, like us poor Gentiles in New York. Imagine the prophet counting his wives, and then going out and buying eighteen gold watches and chains—stem winders, too! Just picture to yourselves poor, wife-scourged brother Brigham picking out eighteen pairs of striped stockings at \$3 a pair, and then picture him turning around to Mayor Little and Hyrum Clawson to request a slight loan of \$9,000 to buy eighteen camel hair shawls at \$500 each.

Think of it, gentlemen; and then if you still want to kill Brother Brigham—if you still thirst for human gore—if you still demand a sacrifice, why place a keg of powder under the chair of the red-headed — fanatic, close to his brains, and then, while all the people shout

Sic itur ad astra! Let him float away to the stars.

Then, brother Gentiles, finish your dreadful work by going out and hanging a *Harper's Bazar* in every window in Salt Lake, and mark the prophecy of Eli—every man with over one wife in the city of Zion will have to fly to St. George or Ogden or go into bankruptcy.

I close with the hope that Heaven will always protect the red-headed editor of the *—*

From his friend,
"ELI PERKINS,"

—Salt Lake Herald.

Local and Other Matters.

FROM TUESDAY'S DAILY, JULY 19.

Dr. Winslow.—C. W. Winslow, Esq., son of the late Dr. C. F. Winslow, arrived from St. Louis last night.

Mr. George Ottinger has been engaged to take a plaster casting of the face of the corpse.

Come to Life.—Samuel D. Sirrine, the same who, according to the repeated statements of the organ of the rabid ringsters, was "blood-atoned," long since, has come to life again. He arrived in the city this morning, from California.

For Wales.—The following Elders, all young men, missionaries for Wales, will leave to-morrow morning, for their field of labor, in company with Elder Orson Pratt—Joseph Hyrum Parry, Thomas F. Howells, William N. Williams and Walter J. Lewis.

For Europe.—Elder Orson Pratt will leave for Liverpool to-morrow morning, for the purpose of superintending the publication of a new stereotyped edition of the Book of Mormon, with marginal notes, and an edition of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants.

School.—Recently a meeting of the residents of the 29th School District, Sugar House Ward, was held, at the School-house. (Charles I. Robson, James McGhie and James Johnson were elected a board of trustees for the ensuing term. It was decided by unanimous vote to collect an assessment of one-half of one per cent., on property, for school purposes.

Discharged.—The case of C. M. Donelson, charged with permitting gambling at his house, by the sharps who have been before the City authorities lately, came up before Justice Pyper yesterday afternoon. There was no evidence to show that defendant was aware of the character of the parties referred to, who rented rooms from him, and he was therefore discharged.

Missionary Party.—Elders Walter J. Lewis and William N. Williams, of the 16th Ward, have been called to go on missions to Europe, and expect to leave for that part of the world to-morrow morning.

Their friends have arranged for a complimentary party for them, at the 16th District School-house, to come off at eight o'clock this evening.

Pleasing Incident.—Last evening the children of the 17th Ward Sunday School proceeded to the residence of President B. Young, and sang some beautiful pieces to him. The musical exercises, led by Prof. A. C. Smyth, were excellently rendered. The President was greatly delighted with his juvenile visitors and their serenade. He received them affectionately and spoke to them touchingly, giving some very good instruction, delivered in a most pleasing and attractive manner.