

buildings, the whole valley, canyons, etc., all of Utah. These photographs, in countries like Europe and the Orient, where photography has not advanced as in America, command attention for their beauty and lustre alone. But for disabusing the minds of people, holding such notions of Utah as I have related, these views speak volumes, more in ten minutes than hours of talk. To me, as a missionary, they probably will be worth more than many times the money they would have cost had I bought them.

The customs of France and Italy the greater part of your readers are acquainted with. Italy advances very much in cleanliness, and bigotry is on the decrease. The climate of Italy is nice enough.

I will give a slight description of Athens. Pireas is its port or harbor; ten cents railroad fare from there brings one to Athens, the famed city of old Greek history.

The present city, clean but small, is scattered among seven or eight hills or hillocks; the population is said to be 100,000. The country folks and patriots dress in that style which in America is generally though erroneously called Turkish. It is really the middle age of Greece, and the modern Armenian dress: A red cap and tassel, a shirt with wide sleeves, vest with embroidery and many buttons, a heavy bundle-shape belt filled with knives, tobacco, match-box or flint and steel for lighting the cigarette, a handkerchief, a fist full of corroded copper coins, some charms and odd bits of paper, comb, etc. The pants are of that well known but not easily described sort, with three to five yards of extra cloth gathered in a loose mass, just behind the knees, a sort of upside down leg-of-mutton, or rather, crushed balloon arrangement. The legs are sometimes partly bare and bronzed, sometimes in tights. The shoes are made to curl up in a long pugnose or horn, at the end of each of which is a red tassel or ball of wool. The women dress in just about the same style.

The European dress is worn by the king, queen, and the better and even middle class. At the churches the people kiss and bump their heads about dreadfully on all the various images, which are of silver, gold plate, wood, etc., making also between each particular act of devotion or kiss three signs of the cross. Some, even, if they are to smoke a cigarette, before lighting it make three crosses by sign.

Religious tolerance seems to gain ground. Protestant, Roman Catholic, Greek and Russian Catholic churches, Freemasons, and Jewish faiths are represented here. The king is a Protestant, and I am also told his wife is; but he is under obligation to the national will, or his constituency, to baptize his children into the Greek creed, that the Hellenics or Greeks may in the future have a truly Greek monarch of one of his princes.

Ancient Greek ruins abound here. The chief objects are the Akropolis, the ancient high place of Athens, a lofty rock full of the ruins of the antique temples and palaces of

the Hellenic republic and empire, destroyed fearfully by the Turks at the capture of Greece, when the Greeks, though dying of hunger in this inaccessible fortress, to discourage the Turks from continuing the warfare, and to come to terms with them, made loaves of cheese from the milk of their women and sent to the Turks to prove, as it were, that they had yet plenty of food to withstand the siege.

Then there is the place where the Apostle Paul preached to the philosophers, on Mar's Hill, in open air, called Areopagus, where he spoke to them and the idlers of their superstition in worshipping even at the altar of the "unknown God," etc. (See Acts xvi, 16); the prison cell where Socrates pined forty days, before he drank the poison (hemlock) rather than say there was not a God greater than the Greek images of silver and gold. Besides these there are many immense ruins of grand temples, tribunals, aqueducts, markets, dwellings, etc., scattered over the whole district, which time will not allow me to describe.

The next steamer for Alexandria (Egypt) leaves here in five days; there I intend to go. I will probably visit the Pyramid of Djeezeh (Gizeh) or Cheops. If I notice anything of much interest I may drop an account of it to you, to be disposed of as you see fit.

Respectfully, etc.,

C. U. L.

ATHENS, Greece, January 21, 1889.

OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

Municipal politics begin to assume a business form, and Carter H. Harrison is talked of for mayor by democratic politicians. No doubt the great rajah is very popular in Chicago, but the more sagacious of the politicians do not favor him for their party's nominee. Mr. Newberry, the present postmaster, is looked upon as the safest choice for the democratic party.

John A. Roche is likely to get the nomination from the republicans, although the machine is a little mixed on account of the police muddle. Bonfield has severed his connection entirely with the police force. In his letter of resignation he states that Roche wanted to use him (Bonfield) as a kind of tool to catch socialist and labor votes. What Bonfield states only confirms what was already an open secret, that Roche and the machine wanted to gull both the preachers and the prostitutes. Bonfield was asked to consent to a suspension from the force until after the election. Then if Roche was reelected Bonfield would be reinstated without loss of pay or prestige. To Bonfield's credit he kicked at this kind of statesmanship, and sent in his resignation, at the same time exposing the schemes of the Roche machine. Here is what he says:

"You and your political advisers have assured me that my continuance in position would incur the opposition of the anarchists, socialists, lottery-men and gamblers to your

reelection, but if I would voluntarily ask to be relieved from duty I would be reinstated immediately after the election. It became evident to me that the outlining of such a programme meant deception of some one, whether myself on the one hand or my natural enemies on the other I was and still am unable to determine."

The republicans have treated Bonfield shamefully. They urged him on to war against socialism and anarchism, and got themselves into power through him. Now in his day of trouble they shrink from supporting or sustaining him until the *Times* suits come off. But as between Carter Harrison and John Roche it would be an interesting struggle. Both are equally popular with the criminal classes, and both are equally disliked by the moral, law abiding part of the community. Carter formerly sustained Bonfield so as to hold the capitalists, but lost the laborites. Roche now suspends Bonfield to gain the laborites and cajole capitalists.

The great event of the week next to the prize fight was the celebration of the eightieth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth. The La Salle Club, a political organization as well as a social one, took upon itself the duty of preserving the memory of the great abolitionist green in the minds of his countrymen. The club has gone further; it has asked the Illinois legislature to make Abraham Lincoln's birthday a State holiday. This is probably attempting too much at one stroke. The club did everything possible to make the Lincoln celebration a success. It brought hither Hannibal Hamlin all the way from Maine to tell us something of old times. Hannibal was Vice-president during Lincoln's first term. He is now a lively, garrulous old gentleman, fond of his glass and cigar. He related the circumstances under which he received the news of his nomination in 1860 for Vice-President. He said:

"I was playing a pleasant game of euchre in my room. [Laughter and applause.] My colleague, Senator Fessenden, Senator Grimes, of the State of Iowa, and a member of the House from Maine constituted the party, and we were smoking our cigars as I was just now when you deprived me of smoking mine quietly when there was a tramping of feet in the corridors of the Washington Hotel, where I was tarrying, a loud rap at the door, and the abrupt entrance of Schuyler Colfax at the head of the procession which approached and addressed me as the Vice-President of the United States. Well, now, my friends, I held in my hand at that instant the most magnificent lone hand that you ever saw. [Applause.] I held the best cards—both bowers and an ace and another ace. [Great laughter.] And don't you think that barbarous crowd burst in upon me and I lost my lone hand. [Laughter.] Well, I seized upon my chair in an up-lifted position and said to Schuyler Colfax: 'Clear out of the room! You have despoiled a lone hand in euchre and you have brought me no fitting return.'"