

subject. But we are of the opinion that the laws we have cited are sufficient to meet the evil complained of by our correspondent and by many other persons in various parts of the Territory. Sheep-herders must take into consideration the public welfare and abstain from taking their flocks to grounds near any stream used for domestic purposes, or they will be liable to action for damages and also to prosecution for violation of the penal code.

OUR CHICAGO CORRESPONDENT AGAIN.

HE DEALS A FEW SLEDGE HAMMER STROKES.

FUERILITY OF MAN'S WORK.

CHICAGO, May 9th, 1884.

Editor Deseret News:

The person who, from some adjacent knoll, calmly contemplates the swollen river as it rushes past, can more fully realize the majestic grandeur or dynamic destructiveness of the mighty flood than he who seated on flat or drift now glides tranquilly on the turbid bosom of the even stream, now buffeted in the whirling eddies of a raging current, or now supinely floating on placid marge of some expansion of lake newly formed by the overflowing flood. The latter can realize nothing but what is immediately within his view, and these realizations must of necessity be influenced by the vicissitudes of the unstable element on which he happens to be located. On the even current all is peace, quietude and happiness, on the raging eddies all is apprehension, terror and dismay, on the stagnant lake all is apathy, morbidity or pessimism. How different it is with him who is seated on the hillock close by. He can conceive the sublimity of irresistible nature and the magnificence of Eternal Omnipotence. Every shingle, log and spar that drifts past, for him has a story of man's temporal nothingness and God's incomprehensible infinity. Every break in the original barriers is a fresh proof of man's blindness and want of wisdom, and of nature's and nature's God's inevitable punishment for all transgressions of their ever-living laws.

It is thus with the world we live in. It is a mighty stream and subservient to laws as undeviating as those of the forest and the flood. He who contemplates it from a secluded distance realizes its absurdities, inconsistencies and fallacies more vividly than the person actually struggling in the stream, now drifting, now buffeted and again crushed and broken. To one calmly reclining by the placid waters of Lake Michigan, with her laughing waves lazily lapping and breaking at his feet, how silly and how vain must appear the machinations, the ambitions and pretentious wisdom of Wall street schemers and intriguers of Washington dreamers and political empirics of Utah moralists and theologians. To the person viewing all these with the eye of reason, judgment and understanding how puerile and incomplete appears the work of man, how forcibly and how vividly he grasps the utterance of that Scriptural philosopher, who exclaimed that, "all is vanity, all is vanity." What an instructive, though in truth a melancholy illustration of life's uncertainty and man's weakness, narrowness and fallibility, does the case of the once great Gen. Grant afford. Gen. Grant, whose name has been echoed from clime to clime, from continent to continent, and from people to people, until the earth's vast circumference with it became cognizant.

GEN. GRANT.

The hero of a hundred battles; the beau-ideal of stalwarts and chronic office holders, the central figure of toadies and tuft-hunters now a wreck financially, socially and politically. Seated in his office glibly detailing the proper course for questions of state to take, he is unconscious that his chair rests on dynamite and in a few minutes more he will be hurled into the awful nothingness of space. He who cannot successfully conduct a pawnshop recommends disfranchisement for the hopeless citizens of Utah. He who was instrumental in degrading American citizenship to the level of savage ignorance and brutish imbecility, would now take it away from intelligence, economy and order, and place not the abstractions, but the concrete possessors of them, under the

LASH OF TYRANTS

More ferocious and of less conscience than those who drove Stephen De Langton with his armed chivalry to wrest from King John a recognition of popular rights. Poor Grant, what a sad commentary on mere earthly greatness. Jay Gould now vailes his (Grant's) collateral at ten cents on a dollar. Mr. Vanderbilt may oblige with a loan for old acquaintance. Mr. Newman may come forth with a pathetic essay. Mr. Conckling may shake his Olympian curl and scowl his Byronic brow, but the plain fact remains, now naked and shorn of its embellishments tawdry and venial, yes the plain and simple fact remains that Gen. Grant is not near as wise a personage as George Francis Train.

Gen. Grant would place Utah under a commission of

Does he follow such a procedure to its logical conclusion? Would he found the nucleus of an army of sharks who would so fatten and thrive on rascality that the safety of even the quietest hamlet among the forests of Maine would be endangered. There is but one step from a protectorate over Utah to one over Massachusets or Arkansas. Give the demagogue a taste of absolute power and your King Johns of history are angels of grace compared to what your modern swaggering politician would be. Yes, poor Grant, in his dottage and senility is not an inviting study. The estimate formed of him a few years ago by some aspiring Byron would not be inappropriate now. This bard who was felicitating himself on the grandeur of things American,

"Heroes galore! God bless the stripes and stars!"
Beneath their sacred shade there is no want
Of warriors brave, bristling with bloody scars
Of hard-fought fields, I don't allude to Grant;
Though he's, of course, Columbia's god of wars,
And idolized even in the far Leyant. The Yankees say he wields a sword quite stylish,
And that he choked the rebels with Dutch and Irish.
It is most true he made some stir of late, And earned, I know not how, a D. C. L., In other lands he is reputed great,
And though a tanner he can write and spell.
A queen reviewed his bronzed and grizzly pate.
And rather liked his alcoholic smell,
And said she hoped the time would come quite soon
When she'd receive a king, not a baboon.

IT IS STRANGE THAT MEN OF WELL-BALANCED INTELLECTUAL ATTRIBUTES, SHOULD SOMETIMES CONDUCT THEMSELVES IN A MANNER CHARACTERISTIC OF THE

EMPIRIC.
Take the case of Senator Hoar. No doubt, that gentleman would feel terribly indignant, nay, even positively aggrieved, if some writer were to suggest as appropriate armorial bearings, a puritan with a lighted torch setting fire to a witch. In the light of history such a symbolic escutcheon would not at all be out of place for the family of Mr. Hoar or any other old family of New England. "Witch-baiting" was once a very popular and patriotic pastime, perhaps even more so than blowing up Irish landlords with dynamite. Notwithstanding all this, the enthusiastic James Parton never traces any of his heroes to a witch-burning patriot. It is certain, there is not a man in New England to-day, that will admit his grandfather

BURNED A WITCH,
and yet there are numbers of men there descended from these worthy religionists of by-gone days. Does it ever occur to Mr. Hoar that he is very diligently working out a family symbol that for his grandson cannot be questioned. What a heritage is likely to descend to that unfortunate grandson. Yes, a heritage less desirable even than scrofula, insanity, or blood taint. A heritage of tyranny, bigotry, unreason and intolerance, with the symbol of a U. S. Senator applying a lighted torch to a Mormon Elder. As a back-ground embellishment Cincinnati in ruins will answer, while in the fore-ground New Orleans will appear with a huge African complacently feasting off a monstrous water-melon.

Take that other gentleman, Mr. Cassidy, and his case suggests even more

DEFLORABLE INCONGRUITY.

If we can judge by the name, he comes from a race that ought to think well about persecution. But names are not always criterions to national identity. One would think that Congressman O'Hara would hail from the Liffey, but we know that he belongs to the Senegambia. Whether Mr. Cassidy hails from the Liffey or the Congo, it matters not, but he is disgracing whichever race he represents. If he hails from the Liffey he must have heard of that penal code which made his people an object of world-wide sympathy. That code which by a simple declaration caused the son to brand the father an outlaw and a felon, that code by which one neighbor by a simple word could possess himself of another neighbor's worldly goods, that penal code which Burke characterized as the ingenious production of demons. If he belongs to the other race his conduct hardly amounts to the dignity of contempt. That Irish penal code is a dark chapter in the history of civilization, but the time, the age, and circumstances may offer a palliating cause. What palliation can be offered for the proposed legislation of to-day in Utah. The penal laws will offer the same inducement to

DISRUPT FAMILIES,

The same disabilities both social and political, the same disposition of property. We all remember the case of the Romanist who applied for protection during the Gordon riots. The magistrate meant well, and understood the inconvenience of being a Romanist, and wondered why a gentleman could not be something more convenient in religion. The wonderment is natural enough to minds whose only ambition is mere temporal expediency.

OFFICIAL SCORPIONS

from Washington. Does the man realize the enormity of his proposition?

Fame is a hollow echo, and gold pure clay, Honor the darling but of one short day.

So says the bard, and so says reality. Mr. Edmunds, who but a few weeks ago posed in the aggressive attitude of more than moral, a more than perfect humanity, is to-day on the defensive. A few months ago, the earnest and liberal representative of popular freedom and of iron-clad morality is to-day the avowed

ADVOCATE OF MONOPOLIES

and soulless corporations. His talents and his knowledge are not his own, nor are they the property of the American people. Jay Gould and Mr. Vanderbilt, together with their vast possessions, also own that most valuable property Senator Edmunds. Even that miserable corporation the Burlington and Missouri Railroad can boast of Mr. Edmunds' adherence. It was said that several shares in that Company's stock influenced Mr. Edmunds to vote for a land grant. But Mr. Edmunds says he became possessor of this stock months after the land grant legislation. This of course absolves the venerable Senator, and it is wholly untrue that the shares were held by a third party in trust, until such time as it would be deemed safe to become publicly their possessor. Foresight is the most commendable quality of faculty a man can possess. It is even charged that Mr. Edmunds is not content with his privileges of travel on land, but he must use war vessels on sea to gratify his awfully thirst for domain. There are many other uncharitable things said about the grave and majestic Senator, but these charges are merely the malicious droppings of political enemies, so says the friends of the senator. These friends indignantly ask, how Mr. Edmunds could be guilty of any indiscretion—Mr. Edmunds, who is the uncompromising

FOE OF POLYGAMY

and imaginary immorality—Mr. Edmunds, who discharged a telegraph operator for inattention to duty, and subsequently ignored the petition of 56 senators to have the operator reinstated. Why, it is blasphemy to charge such adamantine integrity and embodied duty with any delinquency. But unfortunately, like many glittering metals which promise purity, and on investigation turn out mere dross, Mr. Edmunds remains, when stripped of all his dignified accompaniments, but the hired advocate of corporations and monopolies, the venal legislator influenced by gain at one time, the next by a pandering to vulgar prejudice. What a stern, unpoetic thing is reality! Let us

HABSBURG

TURN TO UTAH,

far away, distant Utah; land of canyons, ravines, mountains, valleys and floods. Even there the poor worm-man, is displaying his folly. Political gatherings are so earnest about annihilating the Mormon that it would seem this question is the end-all of national troubles. During the last few months \$30,000,000 in gold has left New York for Europe. The exports in November, 1883, were \$80,000,000; in March, 1884, \$56,000,000. Would not these questions be large enough for a Utah politician? If he means well to his country, he will serve it better by showing how we can keep gold at home, and also how we can extend and enlarge our exports, than he will by rendering himself dyspeptic over the domestic relations of some neighboring Mormon, who labors honestly and earnestly to raise his family. Even those hybrids out there, who under

GUISE OF DEMOCRATS,

want to injure, not the Mormon, but the Democratic party. The Democratic party never did attempt to bring statesmanship to the level of mere common policeman duty, and those who would now attempt to trail the cloak of Jefferson and Jackson in the dust are the veriest hypocrites. The recent development in Washington ought to teach Democrats a lesson. There are dozens of Republican papers crying free trade, and also congressmen of the same party crying also, but only four voted for Morrison's bill. Free trade is a good thing they think for Democrats, but not for Republicans. It is the same way with the dishonest Republicans, who, under the guise of Democrats, call themselves anti-Mormon. Some day New York will be bombarded, or cholera will decimate our cities, or demagogues will hold our lives and fortunes in their grasp, or we will be at the mercy of some howling mob; then we will find that we had greater evils to attend to than Mormonism, if we only did attend in time.

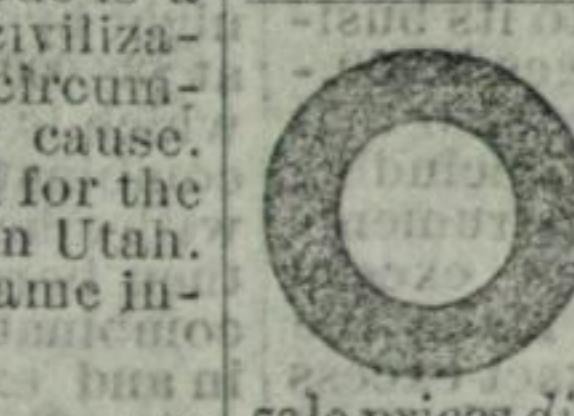
JUNIUS.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept, each year; 216 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over 3,300 illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices direct to consumers on all goods for personal or first use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, &c. have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the market of the world. We will mail a copy free to any address upon receipt of postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you.

Respectfully,

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



CHICAGO CHICAGO

CHICAGO CHICAGO