

with adventures by forest and stream. You may alight on one of those "frontier types" so entertaining to the New York statesman, Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt, in his article "Frontier Types," pictures a companion thus:

"He was a pleasant companion, and useful assistant, being very hard-working, and possessing a temper that was never ruffled by anything. He was also a good-looking fellow, with honest brown eyes; but he no more knew the difference between right and wrong than did Adam before the fall. Had he been at all conscious of his wickedness, or had he possessed the least sense of shame, he would have been unbearable as a companion; but he was so perfectly pleasant and easy, so good-humoredly tolerant of virtue in others, and he so wholly lacked even a glimmering suspicion that murder, theft and adultery were matters of anything more than individual taste, that I actually grew to be rather fond of him. He never related any of his past deeds of wickedness as matters either for boastfulness or regret; they were simply narrated incidentally in the course of conversation."

What an admirable piece of humanity this must have been. He would make a magnificent New York alderman or an edifying Chicago preacher. This was one of the "frontier types" of civilization which the Latter-day Saints had to contend with for a long time, and in a measure has yet to contend with. Mr. Roosevelt met with many other interesting characters, with men "who shoot off boot heels or tall hats occasionally, or make some obnoxious butt dance by shooting round his feet." In fact Mr. Roosevelt was shot at once for no other reason than because he wore eye-glasses and side-whiskers. Here is another instructive amusement which he witnessed, and which he says was occasioned by lightheartedness. He says: "One evening a cowboy spurred his horse up the steps of a rickety hotel piazza into the bar-room, where he began firing at the clock, the decanters, etc., the bartender meanwhile taking one shot at him, which missed. When he had emptied his revolver he threw down a roll of banknotes on the counter, to pay for the damage that he had done, and galloped his horse out through the door, disappearing in the darkness with loud yells, to a rattling accompaniment of pistol shots interchanged between himself and some passer-by, who apparently began firing out of pure desire to enter into the spirit of the occasion—for it was the night of the Fourth of July, and all the country round about had come into town for a spree."

This was certainly a glorious way of celebrating the Fourth, and must have been very entertaining to Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. Or perhaps if you sojourn here, you might experience one of these tremendous storms which one of our Chicago travelers recently experienced. I think it was either Carter Harrison or John Finerty who says:

"A few minutes later a circular skinkish line of vapor columns showed itself on all points of the compass. These columns moved athwart the sky, to meet each other, with amazing rapidity. Half an hour after their first appearance the sun was completely obscured, and behind the skirmishing clouds appeared darker and more formidable masses of sulphuric aspect. From the edges of the advance lightning played, just like the flashing of musketry that precedes the bursting of the battle tempest, when the red artillery shrouds the field in the lurid majesty of its tremendous fire." This storm was witnessed near North Platte by one of our Chicago men.

We push on regardless of the wondrous North Platte, and in less than 36 hours we arrive in Ogden from Omaha. Some passengers complain of being tired, but they don't seem to realize that two decades ago the journey would have taken from six weeks to two months. However, we are in Ogden, the Jaffa to our Jerusalem. Of course we can't help commenting on "Mormonism." We are not long in town before we hear some astounding tales about Utah. But it is night, and refuge is found close to the Union depot at Ogden for the night.

JUNIUS.

OGDEN, Utah, May, 1889.

Everybody in Ogden is talking of the "boom," and of the influx of eastern tourists and capitalists. I was pleased to hear that prosperity in Utah was assured. But booms in business are like paroxysms in life, the subject is weaker after than before. A methodical railroad man told me that tourists were surprised at the busy life around the new Union Depot, but he hinted that the collection of teams and men was greatest when an excursion train arrived. He also alluded to the alleged smelter in Ogden, saying that some scheme should be devised to make it smoke during the visit of excursionists. Why not make a kind of "Electric Sugar Refinery" of it as Mr. Friend did in New York, whereby he bilked thousands of dollars out of shrewd business men?

But booms, or corner lots, or mines, are not my business, nor am I interested as to the number or the quality of tourists, visitors, or excursionists. I certainly would like to see new settlers in a new country, orderly, industrious persons. Not adventurers who expect to make a fortune in a day either by fair means or foul. Not idiots and slovens who expect to pick gold dust from the rivulets which course through the streets of Salt Lake. I am told that Utah mines are turning out annually \$10,000,000. Where is the evidence? I can see nowhere a miner's hotel, nor a miner's residence worthy of a third-rate Illinois town. One hotel was pointed out to me, a rather pretentious one, but I understand it was built from profits on whiskey.

I am told on every hand, both by the man whom I met on the train

and by the old Gentile here, that "Mormonism" is to blame. Well, I can't help listening and asking myself what causes this antagonism between "Mormons" with a religion, and Gentiles with no religion?

The charges against the "Mormons" most frequently dinned in one's ears are that the early settlers of Utah were disloyal to the Constitution and government of the United States; that they were opposed to communication with the outside world; and that they were absolutely antagonistic to education in any form. These are charges that can be very easily investigated. This is the nineteenth century. This is the centennial year of our American Constitution. This is the age of steamboats, locomotives, parachutes and other grand developments. This is a practical age, an age of hard logic, sound reason and common sense, or, at least, we ought to expect it to be such. Can't we afford to give "Mormon" or Methodist a fair trial?

Let us take up the little volume entitled, "Acts, Resolutions and Memorials passed at the several annual sessions of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah," to which is prefixed, the Declaration of Independence, "The Articles of the Confederation," the Ordinance of 1787, the Constitution of the United States, and amendments thereto, the naturalization laws, the Constitution of the Provisional State of Deseret, the Deseret laws, and the Organic Act of Utah. Published by virtue of an act approved January 19, 1855.

Section 13, Article 2, of the Constitution of the State of Deseret, reported March 18, 1849, says:

"Each member of the Assembly shall take an oath or affirmation to support the Constitution of the United States, and of this State; and members shall and are hereby empowered to administer said oath or affirmation to each other."

In page 109, we find: "A Resolution Concerning the Washington Monument," approved Feb. 12, 1851, "That the Governor is hereby authorized and requested to procure a block of marble from the best specimens of stone that he shall be able to find in the State, for a contribution to the Washington Monument, now in progress of erection in Washington City; and also that he cause the same to be suitably sculptured, and forwarded to the Washington Monument Committee, as soon as practicable."

Proceedings of this character do not bear the ear-marks of disloyalty. If we take the trouble to read the history of Utah, we will find that the United States flag was planted by President Brigham Young, Orson Pratt and their followers on this very Territory in July, 1847, though the soil was virtually then within the dominions of Mexico. And furthermore we must admit that the venerable Wilford Woodruff, now President of the Latter-day Saints' Church in Utah, stood beneath the shade of his flag, under whose beautiful folds he was born, and consecrated himself to his country, his flag, his religion,