

gallant Scandinavians banding themselves together by the scores in the dark of night and with sticks, guns and pistols attacking harmless travelers, whipping unarmed, defenseless men and women, like people are doing in some parts of America. The Scandinavians used to stand one to ten some times in open battle, as at Narva, for instance, or later at Dybbel but they did not use to fight like howling wolves, *Tribune* fashion. In Copenhagen a man can walk the streets without fear of having a pistol thrust into his face while a confederate robs him of his loose cash, as is the case in Salt Lake City, under *Tribune* Liberal rule, which has taken away the world-wide fair fame of this municipality for good order, peace and sobriety. They are the idiots and corruptionists unworthy to wield the sacred ballot.

Copenhagen is not an isolated place. It is, on the contrary, a kind of rendezvous for the nations of the earth, who are numerous represented there. The result is that the population of that city are well posted on the affairs of the world. It is not uncommon to meet laborers there who speak fluently, Danish, German and French and who, therefore, have the means of a many-sided education at their command.

"Mormon" missionaries never induce anybody to embrace the Gospel, by holding out temporal advantages. The "imaginary case," in supposing it, is altogether imaginary. There is not a man in this Territory who can truthfully say that he was induced to come here for the sake of temporary advantages held out by missionaries. Trials, difficulties and persecution are what the missionaries promise their converts. And those who have come here have come notwithstanding this, because they were willing and able to live, not for food alone, like pigs, but for a grand idea, a principle. But, this, of course, is too high to be comprehended by a *Tribune* scribe.

It is not, as a rule, the poorest and most ignorant that embrace the Gospel and emigrate to Utah. Many of these emigrants from Scandinavia, whom the mud-slinger assaults, have brought with them thousands of dollars which they have invested here in order to cultivate the soil and be able to sustain the American government and perpetuate its liberal institutions. And they will continue to do so and to teach their children after them to do so, notwithstanding the abuse of the vilest paper on earth.

But it is no use to tell the plainest truths to an antagonist whose strength is falsification and who has, evidently, reduced "lying to a science," as the fellow said, who had been studying theology at the university of Kiel. But one word should be said to the Scandinavians of this Territory, no matter what their religion may be.

We have seen some of the results of the policy of the *Tribune*. For years and years, that paper has labored to bring about a state of af-

fairs suitable to its own spirit. It has mentioned the means of reform which it thought desirable. And it appears to have succeeded to some extent. And now we have arrived at a situation, where, right in Salt Lake City, peaceable citizens have reason to fear for their lives, if they go one block from Main Street after dark, and may even fear to go to rest in their own houses during the night. We have come to this, that it is safer to travel among the Bedouins in the deserts of Arabia than to walk in the off streets of this city. And yet that paper does not seem to be satisfied. It clamors for more lawlessness. It proposes to strike the ballot from the hands of honest men, in order, apparently, that the whole community may be left without protection.

In view of this, is it not time for honest men and women to protest in earnest? Being myself a Scandinavian, I ask people, no matter what religious views they have, if the time has not come for them unitedly to trample these lies under their feet as they would do poisonous snakes? To me it is incomprehensible how anyone who has any regard for honesty can support that paper in any way, either by buying it or advertizing in it or even patronize those that do support it. No one would support a robber, nor would a consistent thief expect to be patronized by his victims. But, after all, what is the difference between a hold-up who takes a few dollars from me, and a man who in an editorial office spends his energy endeavoring to deprive me of my constitutional rights, my liberty? The balance falls in favor of the footpad.

A SCANDINAVIAN.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather there was a good representation from most of the city and several of the country schools at the Sunday School Union meeting, held last evening, Jan. 5, in the Fourteenth Ward Assembly Hall. The meeting was presided over by Assistant Superintendent D. R. Lyon.

The Twentieth Ward School furnished the excellent musical exercises rendered on the occasion.

Elder John Nicholson delivered a highly interesting and instructive lecture upon the subject before announced, "The Theological Teaching of the Future." A synopsis would not do the subject justice, and it is consequently not attempted.

Sister Emma Finch next read an essay on "Woman's Influence."

Superintendent T. C. Griggs stated that there were of a school age—between the ages of six and eighteen—430 Latter-day Saint children in the Fifteenth Ward; about fifty per cent of these were in regular attendance at school. The visits of missionaries from house to house and enlisting the interest of mothers had been productive of quite an increase in attendance. Enlisting the interest of the Priest-

hood of the ward and other ward organizations in the Sunday schools had also a very beneficial effect.

The choir sang "Beautiful Zion," and the meeting was adjourned for one month.

The Twenty-first Ward school will furnish the musical exercises at the February meeting.

The programme will be announced hereafter.

JOS. HYRUM PARRY,
Secretary.

STANLEY'S PECULIAR VIEWS.

The great explorer, Stanley, has some peculiar views on the subject of womanly characteristics, which will doubtless be quite as interesting to your numerous readers as the report of his early days or his latest explorations. According to a letter written by him just before his last departure, and published in the *Woman's Cycle*, he seems to prefer encountering a jungle tiger, or a Kaffir warrior dressed in a string of beads to meeting a soft voiced, tender faced woman, for as he expresses it: "Women appear to me so soft, so very unlike (at least what I have seen) the rude type of mankind, that one soon feels when talking to them that he must soften his speech and drawl or affect a singular articulation lest offense be taken where none was intended. Hence men are seldom sincere to women. "I am absolutely uncomfortable when speaking to a woman unless she is such a rare one that she will let me hear some common sense. The fact is I can't talk to women. In their presence I am just as much of a hypocrite as any other man, and it galls me that I must act and be affected and parody myself for no other reason but because I think, with other men, that to act or speak otherwise would not be appreciated. It is such a false position that I do not care to put myself into it.

Stanley is quite a traveler, but there is an undiscovered country he has never explored, whose labyrinth he has never threaded, whose mystical, intricate river courses he has never traced, whose mountains of inspiration and valleys of despair he has never measured, and which might prove as difficult of invasion, as wonderful in revelation as the interior of the dark continent, and that is the heart of a woman, for he says further, "For the life of me I cannot sit still a moment when anything approaching to love is on the tapis. One woman alone has this peculiar man of fame to whom he can speak, for after the first few minutes of strangeness have gone, she soon lets you know that chaff won't do," and he concludes his singular letter by sending to this friend a message; "please say a hearty friend wishes her daily enjoyment of her life."

Stanley, in my opinion, is more at home in Africa's wilds, than he is among the noblest work of God's creation.

DR. JOHN COOK.

LAKE SHORE, Dec. 24th, 1890.