

sents features peculiar to it alone. It is the most American city in the Union. There are fewer Jews and foreigners there than in the western cities. It is more conservative. Culshaw is studied, the ladies dress with extreme neatness and simplicity, but the dresses are good, with no vestige of shoddyism about them. Trade runs in grooves. It would be a very hard city in which for a young man to start in business. There is an English flavor among the wealthy folk. The poor there, as everywhere, are in the back streets and alleys. I did not notice any Italian or Chinese quarters during my stay in Boston; and no miserable looking people on the streets. With the limitless wealth centering in this section of the country, I presume the poor are well looked after. Then emigrants from the old world do not land here in large numbers. Boston is the easiest city to do business in, for the reason that the business part is all concentrated near the steamers which come from all parts of the world. If there are any people keener in mercantile matters than can be found in the Yankee States, I have never seen them; but their word is good; you can always take it from a manufacturer. From the fact that business is so concentrated, the scions of business men have to look west for a chance to make a start. So much has this become the fashion, that in twenty-five years the genuine old Yankee type of humanity, so much admired, will be hard to find. New Hampshire is getting depopulated; farming property in many sections is unsaleable. A movement is now on foot to colonize the State with Swedes and Norwegians. The west is more productive, the chances are greater, and life is not so stagnant as in the settled Eastern States. For this reason: as soon as the old man dies, the son, being away off, the farm goes to waste and decay and moss covers the old homestead.

Through the kindness of a friend I rode over the road traveled by the British in the neighborhood of Lexington. The cosy lanes and narrow roads covered on each side with a thick growth of oaks and chestnuts are very inviting to a resident of the arid West. I visited Lexington—the spot designated on the flagpole as the birthplace of the American Republic. Read the inscriptions on the monument dedicated to the first men who shed their life's blood for the boon which so many enjoy and so few appreciate! Close by is a tree planted by General Grant, and now standing to his memory. Near the open space is an old house with a knocker on the door brought over from England, and on the side is an inscription which reads as follows: "House of Jonathan Harrington, who, wounded on the common April 19th, 1775, dragged himself to the door and died at his wife's feet." The same old door now hangs on its hinges that was there on that occasion. The same windows, I am told, which admitted light in those stirring times are there yet.

Why did I linger about these spots? Why did all these blood-

stained souvenirs interest me? For the reason that the grandeur of that movement is worthy of our highest appreciation, knowing as I do the condition of millions now under the iron heel of autocratic and monarchical tyranny in the old world, who would give half a lifetime to feel the pulsations of life in a free man such as the millions of American citizens enjoy today. When I think that under the broad folds of that flag, which means true freedom wherever it is unfurled, there are men who would enslave their fellow men, I think the time may come when "patience will cease to be a virtue," even as the nobles of '76" arose against their oppressors. Tyranny of every kind, whether political or religious, must be crushed before all mankind will be truly free.

The limit of my rambles must be curtailed, but before leaving this classic spot I found another house with the following inscription: "Built 1698; enlarged 1734. Residence of Rev. John Hancock, 55 years, and of his successor, Rev. James Clark, 50 years. Here Samuel Adams and John Hancock were sleeping when aroused by Paul Revere, April 17th, 1775." Whenever any of my Utah friends visit Boston I would advise them not to fail to visit this locality. It will repay them.

New York City is a vastly different one from Boston, 200 miles distant, hard to see and more difficult to write about. Five hundred thousand people ride over the heads of their fellow creatures every day on the elevated railroads. Everybody is in a hurry there—cosmopolitan to the core. All nations are represented. New York has the biggest statue, the biggest steamers, the biggest bridge, the longest streets, and the most inhabitants of any city in the Union. One sight was more interesting to me than all the rest, namely, the electric railroad moved by storage batteries in successful operation. This car, moving along impelled by an invisible force stored up in a box, seemed to open up the vision of what we may look for before many years, when all the unused forces of nature will be utilized in creating this stored up energy for domestic use, when the winds and the waves will be used to set in motion the dynamic generators.

The writer predicted five years ago that the day would come when the storage boxes for a week's supply would be left at our doors and these same boxes attached to the incandescent burners for home lighting. Such is today an accomplished fact in Detroit; and where will the end be? I read of a battery impelling a small screw steamer sixty miles already. How long may we expect to wait for a battery of sufficient force to move a train 1000 miles? Such will be the case, no doubt.

The Fair of the American Institute was opened in New York while I was there, and I patronized it. I know I shall be called egotistical when I say that the Utah Fair was superior to it, everything considered. Many of the exhibits were

very poor; none of them displayed the great strides in inventive genius that I expected. The most noticeable exhibit was one showing what could be produced from cotton seed, a product which was once thrown away. Gas engines of perfect construction and availability were also on view there. They were indeed an economical means of obtaining power where cheap gas could be obtained. The rest of the exhibits were of the kind usually found in all such places—many of them sharp dodges to sell some nostrum or new invention.

Among the many changes going on in the eastern cities the closing of the large retail stores at six o'clock is the most gratifying. I was pleased to find that the principal establishments ceased business at that hour. The lower part of Broadway at eight o'clock was as quiet as a graveyard as far as the open stores were concerned. The same may be said of Chicago. Let us hope that the toilers in the stores of our own city may bye and bye be able to enjoy their evenings at home. Such a movement ought to be popular. Concentration of business enterprises is a marked feature all over the Union, whether in store keeping or in running railroads. Will these concentrations become giant monopolies? Will trusts and combinations put all the wealth in the hands of a few? Against the giant stores the small retailers can hardly fight. There are many signs which appear ominous to an onlooker affecting the future weal of mankind.

Having furnished these few nuts for the readers of the *New* to crack, I will conclude by expressing my thankfulness that I am safely back in my mountain home.

C. R. SAVAGE.

SALT LAKE CITY, Nov. 18, 1889.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

This has been a grand day in the history of the Roman Catholic residents in this part of the country. They dedicated a new Catholic University, and the ceremonies were graced by the presence of many distinguished prelates, among whom were Cardinal Gibbons and Tascherau, arrayed in all the pontifical glory of their office.

I was much pleased with a sentiment expressed in the sermon of Bishop Gilmour. He said: "The motive that has brought here today the Chief Magistrate of this great Republic and these high dignitaries of Church and State, and this distinguished audience of the laity, is worthy of the deepest thought. You are not here to assist at the dedication of this fair building—classic in its lights and shades of art—to the mere cultivation of the arts and sciences, valuable though they are. A higher motive has brought you here, and a higher motive prompted the first munificent gift and subsequent generosity that have rendered this institution possible. This building has just been blessed and forever dedicated to the cultivation of the