

did not eat, nor the hare, so hunting with them was a matter of business. Torn or lacerated meat they did not eat, and this ended the savagery of the dog-baiting. In this respect the American Indian takes after his Jewish progenitor, inasmuch as he very rarely if at all employs dogs in the chase. And I think it was the Jews who originated the *lassoe* rather than the Egyptians; because the religion of the Jew required him to obtain his meat in a manner free from laceration of any kind. So that everything tends to show that the modern Jew and the modern Indian are originally from the same stock.

The Romans never figured as hunters, though to them can be traced the origin of all game laws in Europe and in America. Gentle natures as well as religious instincts never countenanced the chase in its barbarous methods. The Scotch poet Thompson, author of the "Seasons," says:

"Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare."

Of course, it is admitted that there is a barbaric grandeur in the cry of a pack of hounds in full chase. And, as in England, the savageness of the act is made to sink under the poetry of the performance. That is why Shakespeare, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," makes Hippolyta say:

I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,

When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear

With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for besides the
groves,

The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seemed all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Theseus answers:—

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind
So flewed, so sanded; and their heads are
hung

With ears that sweep away the morning
dew;
Crook-kneed and dew-lapped like Thessalian
bulls

Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like
bells;

Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hollow'd to, nor cheered with
horn

In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.

An end to musing for the present. We are in Kanessville, now misappropriately called Council Bluffs. A change of cars is in order. We are at the western terminus of the C. & N. W. R. R. and at the beginning of the historic Union Pacific. There is a Union depot. The Bluffs are visible where Lewis and Clark held council with the Indians in 1804. The town ought to be called Kanessville, because it was settled by Latimer-day Saints in their hegira to the west in 1847. But as Amerigo Vesputius stole the honor of naming a continent, or rather a continent was named for him, though he had little right or title to the honor, so must the town of Council Bluffs go down to posterity in the stolen and dishonorable vestments of its false nomenclature, unless there is honor and honesty enough in its present citizens to restore it to its rightful father.

Some future pilgrim, wandering here may be disposed to look over these vast alluvial bottom lands as conducive to weariness and melancholy, and on this account may be in a hurry to get away. Let no such thought possess his mind. It is true that in the vicinity of these low marshes there is no Lake Thracymene to remind him of a conflict of arms between imperial Rome and commercial Carthage. However, there are memories associated with these broad levels and with yonder bluffs well calculated to awaken the emotional in human bosoms. In 1846 Thomas L. Kane passed here. In a lecture delivered before the "Historical Society of Pennsylvania," March 26, 1850, Mr. Kane says of these hills:—"Each one of the Council Bluff hills opposite was crowned with its own great camp, gay with bright white canvass, and alive with busy stir of swarming occupants. In the clear blue morning air the smoke steamed up from more than a thousand cooking fires. Countless roads and by-paths checkered all manner of geometric figures on the hillsides. Herd boys were dozing upon the slopes; sheep and horses, cows and oxen, were feeding around them, and other herds in the luxuriant meadow of the then swollen river. From a single point I counted four thousand head of cattle in view at one time. As I approached it seemed to me the children there were to prove still more numerous. A long little creek I had to cross were women in greater force than blanchissenses upon the Seine, washing and rinsing all manner of white muslins, red flannels, and particolored calicoes, and hanging them to bleach upon a greater area of grass and bushes than we can display in all our Washington Square."

It will naturally be asked what occasioned all this bustle and business in these plains at this time? Was it an Oklahoma boom, or a California gold fever? Was it a military expedition, or was it another Joshua preparing to pass beyond the Jordan, or a Caesar the Rubicon? Yes, it was all this, and more. The Missouri was then the Rubicon of the white man, and the hosts on yonder Bluffs contained a Caesar who bridged that Rubicon, and a Joshua who forded that Jordan. Allied to these hosts were men who first revealed to the astonished world the hidden treasures of California, and among these hosts were the men who pioneered and tracked the interminable deserts for all future boomers, Oklahoma and otherwise. Many of those children are alive today, and probably many of those women who hung out their muslins to bleach. Can they suppress the choking sigh, or calm the heaving heart at the remembrance of their woes and sufferings, of their wrongs and outrages? Can we who travel today and who cherish a reverence for the majesty of humanity; who entertain a devotion for the sanctity of religion; and who profess a spirit of equity for the political recogni-

tion of our fellow-citizens—I say, can we tread these grounds and not feel a regard, a respect, in fact, an adoration for these latter-day Cæsars and Joshuas and Argonauts if you will? The historian tells us they were gay and cheerful, full of hope and faith, and yet in that vast multitude there was not a family who had not its tale of woe. Here a husband it was who was murdered, and even his lifeless remains insulted. There it was a mother perhaps outraged, or her helpless babes torn from her by violence, if not by cold and hunger. Sad, indeed, was the story of these modern Hebrews, yet, sayeth the historian, they were cheerful.

Scan these Bluffs with no thoughtless or uncontentplative eye, thou modern pilgrim! Walk among these mounds with no irreverent tread, with no feelings of levity, with no tendencies to irreligion! You are treading on ground as sacred as the tombs in Westminster Abbey, or as the catacombs in Rome. It is true you do not stand on the dust of empires nor on the marbles of ancient sculptors, but what is better, you stand on the cradle of empires and republics and on the virgin soil of our American deliverers, and as the poetic and prophetic are closely allied repeat to yourself in honor of the great Messiah's memory who called together the hosts we are talking about:

"Peace to the Prophet's injured shade!
'twas his

In life and death to be the mark where
wrong

Aim'd with her poisoned arrows—but to
miss.

Oh, victor unsurpassed in modern song!

Each year brings forth its millions, but
how long

The tide of generations shall roll on,
And not the whole combined and countless
throng

Compose a mind like thine! Though all in
one

Condensed, their scattered rays would not
form a sun.

These hosts were the exiles or wanderers from Nauvoo. They were leaving behind them many things that were dear. The graves of fathers and mothers, the homes of childhood, and the temples which their faith, industry and labor reared to their God. They were thrown ruthlessly into the desert plains and gloomy forests of an unexplored continent. One cannot do better than refer to the poem written by Parley P. Pratt, from the distant island of Great Britain, on November 24, 1846, to his wife and family "dwelling in tents in the camp of Israel, at Council Bluffs, Missouri Territory, North America." After an apostrophe to his wife and family worthy of any poet, ancient or modern, Mr. Pratt says:

Towering bluffs, deep indented vales, wide
spread

Prairies, boundless plains and beautiful
groves

Expand to view; all clad in green, and
decked

In summer's richest livery of flowers;

Or with the grey tints of fading autumn
Crown'd:—emblem of Nature's dissolution.

No Gentle tyrant sways his sceptre there