

"THE LIONS OF THE LORD."

A Review of Mr. Harry Leon Wilson's Book Under the Book Title by B. H. Roberts.

I have just read the "Lions of the Lord," by Harry Leon Wilson. An extended friendly review of it in a leading Utah paper volunteers the statement that "Mr. Wilson gained his principal information during a few weeks' visit in Salt Lake last fall, and some time spent over the Schroeder Mormon library now in Iowa." No one can doubt the accuracy of the statement; the treatment of the theme bears every evidence of the author's hasty and shallow thought upon the subject with which he attempts to deal. But he spent some time over the Schroeder Mormon library, yes, and what is more, he undoubtedly coached by Mr. Schroeder for the salacious fiction which that "gentleman" of unsavory reputation in Utah used to serve up to the delectable Utah readers of his "Lucifer's Lantern" is altogether too evident in Mr. Wilson's book, and justly entitled him to recognition as the collaborator with Mr. Wilson in its production.

Since inadvertently the source of the author's inspiration and information is disclosed, a word respecting Mr. Schroeder, the should-be-recognized collaborator of Mr. Wilson, becomes necessary in this review. Mr. Schroeder is known to fame in Utah first as a lawyer who stands under the record of public capture of the Supreme Court conduct, as is witnessed in the tenth volume of the Utah Reports of the Supreme Court of the state. Secondly he is known locally as the collector of a library on "Mormonism," in which prominence and preference is given to anti-"Mormon" works redolent of that party to so delectable to men of the baser natures and perverted tastes. Thirdly, and perhaps most prominently, he is known as the author, proprietor, and publisher of "Lucifer's Lantern," that may be described as an intermittent periodical—now some time since happily defunct—most worthy of its title and its author. It is into such hands Mr. Wilson unfortunately fell and by such a person he was evidently coached in his study of "Mormonism."

The evidence of all this, apart from the inadvertent admission of the friendly Utah reviewer, is to be found in the identity of the several stretches that attach to the work of both; in the use of the same materials; and the adoption of similar methods. As for instance: A somewhat eccentric writer in the early days of the "Mormon" Church characterized a number of the prominent Church leaders under what was to him descriptive titles, such as Brigham Young, "Lion of the Lord"; Wilford Woodruff, "Banisher of Obstacles"; John Taylor, "Champion of Liberty." This evidently appeared to the craft and fantastical intellect of Mr. Schroeder, and led him to adopt the title of his intermittent and now defunct anti-"Mormon" periodical, "Lucifer's Lantern," and on the title page of the last number of the "Lantern" he gratuitously inserts the name of the then President of the "Mormon" Church, the descriptive title—as he supposed—"Boss of Jehovah's Buckler." Now, Mr. Wilson having his attention directed to the descriptive titles of the "Mormon" Elders invented by the aforesaid eccentric, though friendly writer, conceived the idea of making the chief character of his story of the number of those who had received such titles, and hence confers upon "Joel Rae," the character in his book about whom he centers all the horrors of his gruesome tale, the blasphemous title—"Lion of the Holy Ghost." Or, as Mr. Schroeder, for one dreads to think that a man of the order of talents of Mr. Wilson could stoop to the low blasphemy of such a performance; while it is altogether in accord with both the principles and practice of his collaborator, Mr. Schroeder, for blatant atheism was the latter's pride and boast; and he was wont, as has been noted by his use of it in "Lucifer's Lantern," to ascribe fanciful titles to leading "Mormons."

ling across the river, "landed at the chief wharf of the city. No one met me there, I looked and saw no one. I could hear no sound, though the quiet everywhere was such that I could hear the flies buzz." The closeness with which Mr. Wilson follows Mr. Kane's beautifully descriptive passages, however, will be seen and appreciated when placed in parallel paragraphs as follows:

Mr. Wilson. "The dead city. The city without life lay before me. The early sunlight of a September morning. . . . From the mid-air I felt a wind which the broad river bent its moody current, the great houses, set in cool green gardens, were terraced up around the highest hill, and from the summit of this a stately marble edifice, whose high tapering spire was radiant with white and gold." Mr. Kane. "Halt, whirled by the bend of the river, a beautiful city lay glittering in the fresh (autumn) morning sun. Its broad river bent its moody current, the great houses, set in cool green gardens, were terraced up around the highest hill, and from the summit of this a stately marble edifice, whose high tapering spire was radiant with white and gold."

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FIVE GENERATIONS OF A WELL KNOWN SPRINGVILLE FAMILY. Five generations are shown in the above group. The old lady is Mrs. Luella Shearer Warthen Curtis, while on her right her daughter, Mrs. Hattie Johnson. The latter's little son Roy appears in the center of the group. Mrs. Curtis passed away at her home in Springville a bout two weeks ago. Her funeral was held Sept. 21, from the Fourth ward meeting-house, Bishop J. S. Loynd being in charge. Remarks eulogistic of her life and character were made by Elders F. C. Boyer, B. T. Blanchard and Bishop Loveless of Payson, and appropriate music was rendered by the ward choir. Mother Curtis was the oldest child of a family of 12, yet all of them preceded her to the great beyond. She was the daughter of Joel and Phoebe Shearer and was baptized and confirmed into the Church in Caldwell county, Mo., in 1834, by Elder Elmer Miller. She was the mother of eight children and has had 48 grandchildren, 61 great-grandchildren, and three great-great-grandchildren.

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