

record, into the English language, what is now known as the Book of Mormon. Whether these assertions were true or false, they should not have originated a persistent religious persecution which, let what will be the fate of the sufferers, must have a blighting influence on our national institutions. These doctrines were perhaps novel to Mr. Smith's neighbors, but they were neither immoral nor aggressive.

If innovation or traditional ideas was the pretext for persecution, it was indeed unfortunate that American citizens should have ever forgotten that without innovation progress ceases.

For mutual protection and assistance in carrying out the principles of their religion, these followers of the modern prophet, Joseph Smith, gathered to Kirtland, in Ohio. Industry and thrift everywhere characterized their movements. A prosperous settlement soon sprang into existence. A temple was built, sacred to the rites of their religion. It seemed to concentrate and cement together the religious hopes and aspirations of the infant colony.

This exhibition of material development, under divine inspiration, came directly in contact with the theoretical religions of the day. It was the adaptation of primitive gospel principles to the daily interests and practical duties of life in the 19th century. Excited popular prejudice forced these people from their new homes and their sacred house. They moved to what was then the western frontier in the State of Missouri. Their daily life was a practical rebuke to the sensational religion of the times and to the lax morals of frontier life.

Their union under an organization like that of the primitive Apostolic Church was a leading pretext for several times plundering them and driving them from their homes, until finally, after the most persevering attempts to establish themselves, they were driven from the State in the Winter of 1839, under circumstances of great destitution and suffering. If these people were guilty of crime the power that could thus plunder and expel them from the State, could as well have brought them before the proper judicial tribunals.

The State of Illinois received the fugitives, and on the eastern bank of the Mississippi the beautiful city of Nauvoo became another monument of their persevering industry. Here they erected another edifice sacred to the rights of their religion, and a costly memorial of their union and of the intensity of their religious faith.

Here they again became the prey of religious intolerance, of unprincipled politicians, and of that avarice which is ever ready to accept of any pretence for plunder. Again driven from the fruits of their labors, as houseless wanderers, they suffered all the rigors of a northern winter, and many perished on the bleak prairies of Iowa.

With their ranks thinned by exposure and hardships, with their sacred records and emblems bearing a similar relation to them in their journey in the wilderness, that the "Ark of the Covenant" did to ancient Israel, they retreated to the secluded valleys of the Rocky Mountains, preferring to battle with the difficulties of the distant desert and the aggressions of savage tribes rather than suffer longer from the "tender mercies" of Christian civilization.

The demon of religious persecution having once tasted of innocent blood on American soil, the nation which has given it unrestrained license must march on to its destiny. It must reap the legitimate fruits of what it has sown.

Since these people have been outside of State jurisdiction the general government has adopted towards them the aggressive policy of the States of Missouri and Illinois. In their distant homes, won from the desert, they have, with some exceptions, been the object of insult and abuse by the local representatives of that government.

The records of the nation for the past forty years, may be searched in vain to find an example of wrongs redressed, of any general expression of popular sympathy, of any remuneration for pecuniary losses.

With the most ample power to bring them to justice they have been accused of every crime in the catalogue of human depravity without conviction. Some of them unarmed and defenceless have been butchered in cold blood, women have been abused unto death, men have been whipped until their

bowels gushed out. Women and children, under circumstances that should have found a tender spot in the hearts of savages, have been forced into the storms of winter, homeless and destitute. Men leaders have been imprisoned, and with a vindictiveness which savages might equal, but could not surpass, have had food kept from them until suffering from the pangs of hunger, and then human flesh placed before them. Of these things there has been the most ample proofs, but when and where have the perpetrators been brought to justice?

For forty years the Latter-day Saints have been presented to the people, in the pulpits of Christian churches, in the public journals, and in the halls of legislation, as fit subjects for plunder, confiscation and outlawry, on account of their religious faith. During this time an average generation has passed away, and the one that has succeeded it has been so educated by this prominent example of constitutional rights disregarded, of mob violence unrestrained when it accorded with popular prejudice, that they have lost that nice sense of charity and religious toleration which nourished our country in its incipient growth, and which is our only safeguard as a nation.

JAMES A. LITTLE.

#### The Centennial—Things in Canada.

WESTPORT, Canada West,  
June 30, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

I left the city of Salt Lake on the 1st of May, to visit my relatives in Canada. I came down on the same train that carried Dom Pedro to Omaha. There we took different roads east. I went to Springfield, Illinois, to see some of my relatives that had lived there for about thirty years. From there I went to New York and Philadelphia. I was there at the opening of the Centennial. It would be folly for me to try to tell you one hundredth part of what I saw. It is no satisfaction to stay there five days, a person wants a month at least to take in all, then I have my doubts if they would be satisfied then.

I left there for Montreal, by way of Vermont, the home of our much esteemed leader in his youth. I arrived in Montreal on the 16th. I set to work to hunt up my relatives. As close as that is to the United States it is strange to say that outside of these corporate limits it is nearly impossible to find any person that speaks the English language. I only found two of my relatives that I could converse with, out of nine, and their fathers were native Americans, born in the State of New York. They are Protestants, and the ruling power there is Catholics. If a person is not a member of that church he stands no show in that country.

When you are in Rome, do as Romans do, or move out, is the theme.

There is considerable excitement about Father Chinique, an apostate priest. It is making quite a split in their church. The Catholics don't like him much better than we do an apostate. Where I am at present is a nice little village, with four churches, and a few Baptists, that have no chapel, but the hold fast to their faith. There is some lively work for power. It is quite a curiosity to see a "Mormon" from Utah in their midst.

It is just as good an introduction as any man wants here. The first thing they want to know is, Can a man make money there? The next is about polygamy. There are some wild ideas here about our country and our people. This is a very moral place. I have been here six weeks and I have not seen one case of intoxication, and heard very little profaning God's holy name. They have good prospects for a good harvest this year, but there is a potatoe bug here that is making sad havoc with their potatoes.

This is the place of my birth. You can probably imagine my feelings in visiting this place after an absence of thirty-seven years. I am very kindly treated here by my relatives and the old acquaintances of my parents. All of the old settlers here have heard the gospel in the youth of the church, John E. Page did a great work here some thirty-nine years ago for the gospel's sake. There are two old ladies here that joined the church some forty years ago. They left the Catholics to join the Latter-day Saints, then they left the

Saints to join the Catholics, again, but the priest made them do penance by sitting outside of the church in time of mass for one year.

I shall leave here for Ottawa in about ten days, where I expect to meet some of the saints that have been living there quite a number of years. From there I shall proceed to Illinois. The hard times are felt here in her Majesty's dominion just the same as in the United States.

I receive the News from Rudger Clawson, my nephew, now in New York. I peruse it with great interest, I can assure you. I am doing all I can in my weak way, to let the people know our belief. They seem to care but very little about our faith. It is not fashionable enough for them. I am alone. I have not seen a Latter-day Saint since I left Jersey City, where I met with the branch, Brother Staines presiding. I remain as ever your brother in the everlasting gospel.

W. R. JUDD.

#### REVIVAL OF PATRIOTISM.

THE Rev. Mr. Cunningham recently delivered a lecture at San Francisco, on the "Revival of Patriotism," in the course of which he is reported to have said—

"Most all progressive nations have periods of inaction from which they have to be awakened. With all the progress of America, there have been political error, social degradation and moral looseness, and this Centennial celebration may be a revival and awakening of patriotism. How much of this is fusion and love of glory, and how much genuine love of country, remains to be seen. Of late years, in America, there seems to have been a growing irreverence for the past. Young America spends his time in reading novels and neglects history; he is more familiar with characters of fiction than with the lives of the forefathers and great men of ages gone by. With him, to be old is to be obsolete; everything ancient is old-fashioned, and father is an old fogey. He cannot forego a joke, even though it is tinged with sacrilege, and he makes a jest of all religious subjects.

"The nation's conception of the nature of our government has been contracted and warped by corruption and ignorance. People go to Europe and return inflated with ideas of the superiority of a monarchical form of government. Hard times and political corruption they attribute to the republican form of government.

"But there are other enemies to be met; party spirit must give way to public spirit, and statesmen take the place of politicians. Individual dishonesty is an enemy to patriotism, and many a man who walks in procession and decorates his store in pretended love of his country is doing all he can to stab her to the heart by lowering her standard of commercial integrity. Monopolists are enemies to freedom; they compel men to work for their wages or starve, and men are deprived of their inalienable rights by this centralized selfishness in the free land of America—free from monarchy, but cursed with monopoly; free from kings, but cursed with money kings.

"America is an asylum for the oppressed and a school for the ignorant of every land. For this Columbus crossed the sea, and for this the Declaration of Independence was written. America is liberty's monument, and can never fall, and may this Centennial year witness a revival of patriotism that will strengthen its foundations and render it secure from any shock."

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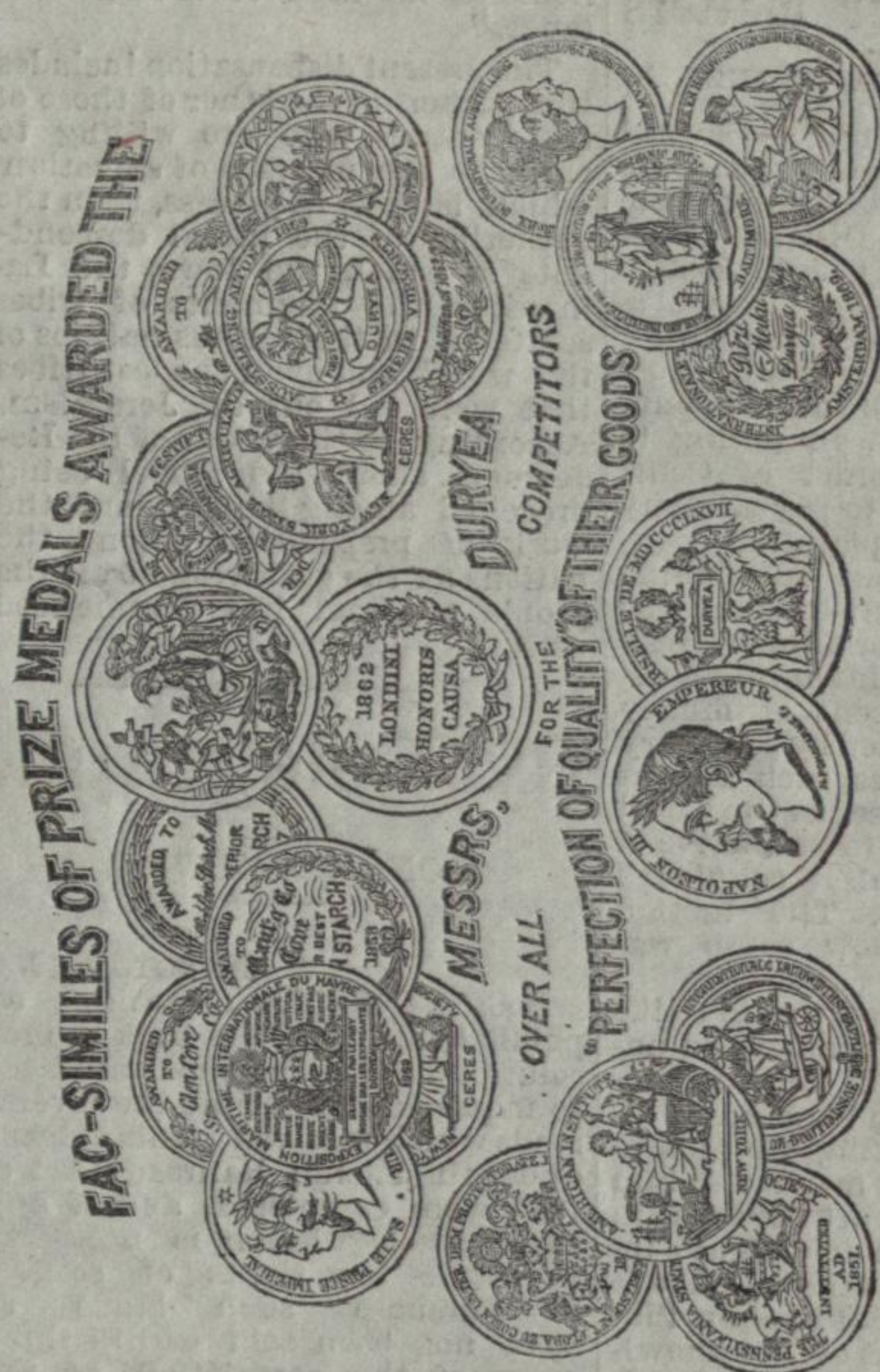
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