

DESCRIPTION OF DENVER.

Sights, Scenes and Progress of the Capital of Colorado.

Editor Deseret News:

I promised in my last letter a description of the Marshall Pass and the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas, the rival wonders and master marvels of the Denver & Rio Grande Railway. I was hasty. In the elation of the moment I allowed myself to think my poor pen capable of a wonder little less than the sublime objects themselves, namely, the power to portray them. A second thought has convinced me of the vanity of the first. I shall therefore crave your indulgence and that of your readers for a disappointment which I am certain is trivial compared to what it would be were I to carry out my former intention and attempt to describe the indescribable.

"Let every eye negotiate for itself, And trust no agent."

Besides, why carry coals to Newcastle, or salt to the Dead Sea of America? Why tell the people of Utah that the Rocky Mountains are majestic, that their scenery is sublime? Every herd boy knows it. The rocks and streams, and lakes and glens, and snow-crowned peaks and verdant valleys are as familiar to him as the letters of the alphabet, or the wrinkles on the horn of his favorite cow. And as for the miracles of science, the triumphs of engineering which have pierced these mighty solitudes, causing their thousand caverns to re-echo the shrill cries of advancing civilization, a due appreciation of their greatness is only possible from a personal knowledge of the tremendous difficulties they have overcome. Nor pen, nor tongue, nor eye of another, therefore, will suffice. Such things must be seen in order to be half way realized.

On the evening of the second day after leaving Salt Lake, we find ourselves in Denver, unless, happy, we have tarried at Pueblo over night to regain the equilibrium lost during the rapid whirl of the last thirty hours. Registering at the Albany, next to the Windsor the most notable hotel in Denver, we at once set about surveying the sights and scenes of this growing intermountain metropolis.

THE CAPITAL OF COLORADO

is in many respects a remarkable city. It is remarkable for two things especially: Enterprise and boasting. "The biggest blow town in America," is the title I heard bestowed upon it by one of its citizens, the day after my arrival. Remarks of this kind, however, are extremely rare. The true Denverite would never so express himself. It is a part of his religion, if he has any, to sing the praises of his fair city, and an utterance in relation to her the reverse of flattering, he would regard as little less than high treason. Still, enterprise and boasting, I say, are two of the strong points which make her remarkable among cities; than which, perhaps, no two qualities are more essential to worldly progress in the nineteenth century. It has come to be, largely, that the estimate an individual or a community places upon itself is pretty apt to be taken as the standard by which it will be judged; that is, if there be any proof at all to warrant the profession; and so, without attempting to defend the principle, which I do not regard as immaculate, this may partly account for and excuse the vast amount of puffing which, added to genuine enterprise and energy, has lifted Denver in the last ten years from the humble status of an overgrown village to the proud plane of a city (she says) of one hundred thousand souls.

The city is situated on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. Unlike Salt Lake, she is not surrounded by nature's rocky ramparts. Her hills are to the westward, and loom at the respectful distance of a dozen or more miles from the town, which, however, at its present rate of growth, will ere many years be crouching at the feet of these snow-crowned monarchs of the western waste. Denver's altitude is about 1,000 feet higher than Salt Lake's, though her climate is much the same. Like our own summer, her's has been unusually hot and dry, driving fully one-fourth of the inhabitants into the mountains and elsewhere in quest of cooler air. Now and then a deluge has descended, to make glad the parched and thirst to earth and make mad the railways on account of washouts. But her water supply is not all drawn from the clouds. Ill betide Denver if such were the case. She has the headwaters of the Platte and a stream called Cherry Creek (or some such name) to supply her waterworks, besides numerous artesian wells, the latter of which furnish a quality of water so superior to the other that it is deemed worthy of advertisement on some of the hotel bills of fare. A triumph for temperance this, if only water held the monopoly. But, alas! Denver is just as proud of the beer she drinks as of the water she sakes her thirst with. The city, by the bye, does not own the waterworks—a fact which is deplored. The Denver Water Company are the proprietors of the system.

Denver's population ranges all the way from 80,000 to over 100,000 souls, according to the patriotism or Denverism of your informant. It may also depend upon whether business is dull with him or otherwise. If the former, and he is thinking of moving away, he will strike the minimum every time, and even go below it. But if he is here to

stay, and he wants you to do likewise, the proud sneer which curls his lips as you innocently inquire if it be possible that Denver holds 100,000 people, is enough to make the shade of a Roman patrician of the days of Augustus, grown green with envy. Whatever her population, however, there is no denying her enterprise. Progress is written above her gates, and

RUSH, RUSH, RUSH

is the motto engraven on her shield.

Of course I mean material progress. I don't think she troubles herself much about spiritual matters, comparatively speaking; though they say spiritualism has here one of its strongholds, and that latest sensation in religion, or occultism, the Christian Science, numbers many Denverites among its disciples. The churches, also, are elegant and numerous, one of them, a Methodist edifice, boasting the possession of the largest organ in the world. Still, I say, comparatively speaking, I hardly think Denver troubles herself much about spiritual matters. Her tendency is decidedly to the temporal. Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow may never come, is the spirit, mixed with mammon worship, which seems largely to prevail. Not but that there are many good and devout people here—there are in every place—but as in most cities, including Sodom and Gomorrah of sulphuric memory, the opposite element is no doubt in the ascendancy.

The Denverite never tires of drawing the contrast between his city and Salt Lake, much after the manner of an editorial of a well known newspaper, and equally forgetful or careless of the fact that Denver has had at her back the united energy of her whole people, pushing her towards the front, while Salt Lake has been retarded by internal dissensions and agitations which have frightened away capital and population for the past twenty years. When asked by one jocular gentleman—a thoroughly good natured man of the world—why it was Salt Lake was so far behind Denver in material development, I reminded him of these facts, and added that I thought another reason was that we spent more time than they did thinking of another life, which necessarily detracted from the attention given to the things of this world; in other words, that we preferred to lay up treasures in heaven, where moth could not corrupt nor the U. S. Government break through and confiscate.

He yawned, then smiled, and said: "Oh well, that future life is mighty uncertain. We might as well get the most out of this. It's short enough, goodness knows. Why don't you boom Salt Lake? Borrow a million dollars, and make improvements, and let someone else pay for them. You've got the finest spot for a city in the whole world." I told him I knew that, but that we would rather pay debts than contract them, and preferred to plant roses in the pathway of posterity, than to strew it with thorns. I thought I began to see the secret of Denver's development. It meant debt, heavy taxes and possible bankruptcy. Heaven forefend that Salt Lake should climb to such a precipice of glory!

Still, I am told, Denver's financial condition is sound, notwithstanding her heavy expenditures. Taxes are rather weighty—2½ per cent., city and county combined, with a prospective increase to 4 per cent., on a thirty per cent valuation—but no one grumbles about it, that is, no one I have talked with; they are too patriotic. Treasurer Bliss informs me that the city only owes a bonded debt of \$400,000 and has a million and a half of property to show for it, with a standing credit of \$160,000; and no floating debt whatever. There is talk of a million dollars being borrowed and expended on internal improvements. Among the most notable now in progress are the State Capitol Buildings, the foundations of which are laid, the whole structure to cost over a million. The cable roads are also in course of construction, and will traverse three principal streets; the roads will be completed in October, though the power houses will not be finished in time to commence operations before next January.

Denver is well supplied with public buildings. The Court House is a magnificent edifice, its hall of justice handsomely decorated, and the City Hall is almost equally imposing, though the situation of the former is vastly superior. The High School is another fine building, just being completed. Their schools are a feature of which the Denverites are exceptionally and justly proud.

The city has a well equipped fire department, which cost her \$70,000, and a police patrol system for which she pays \$85,000 annually. Her regular police force, which is uniformed, (navy blue suits, light stiff hats and stout blouses) numbers sixty men. C. A. Hawley, once the chief detective of the D. & R. G. Railway, and an officer with whom Salt Lake is somewhat familiar, now holds a similar position under the municipal government. Denver, it may be added, needs all her police and detectives, for, according to the admissions of her staunchest admirers, there is a great deal of crime committed here.

The city, like the state, is

OVERWHELMINGLY REPUBLICAN.

Only in republican apathy or defection can the Democrats find an opportunity. Denver always goes Republican. The present Governor of Colorado, however, is a Democrat, (Mr. Adams), and is reputed a very excellent man. The

Republicans lost the election by putting up a Dutchman with a Mexican wife; a dose too strong for the fastidious and would be aristocratic stalwarts of the G. O. P. Down went the Dutchman, and in went the Democrat, though his opponent was an able man and his Mexican wife, I am told, a real lady. Governor Grant, another Democrat, and a gentleman well thought of generally, was elected at the last state election but two. Thistlethwaite, Governors Grant and Adams, are the only Democratic executives that Colorado has ever had.

Denver has three theatres; the largest, the Tabor Opera House, a splendid edifice, situated in the business heart of the city. The others are the Olympic and the Eden Musee. All three places of amusement are closed just at present.

THE CHURCHES.

I have said, are numerous and elegant. The ministers are well paid and the congregations large. (I said there were many good and pious people here.) The colored element, who formerly held their meetings in the more fashionable quarters, have recently built a \$20,000 church in the hilly suburbs. It is said that they were hired to move from neighborhood to neighborhood by their white admirers (?), until finally they had enough money to build a handsome church in a quarter where none would molest or make afraid. How these black Republicans love each other! They could fight to free the negro, and they will even now fawn for his vote, but they would die all over before they would live next door to him. Poor Sambo! I notice that but few of the hotels have colored waiters; it would be better for the public if they had. The whites seem to feel above the business, as a rule, and in some of the hotels and eating houses they are singularly and even insultingly unattractive.

Denver is emphatically the

CITY OF DRUG STORES.

Like the school-boy's composition on a horse's legs, "there's one on each corner." Provo hide your diminished head.

Denver has followed Salt Lake's example in

TREE PLANTING.

Her streets, like ours, are mostly boulevards; that is, according to the Parisian definition, "thoroughfares flanked by trees." Her streets are only sixty feet wide, however, and like our own, without pavements. About 30 of them are traversed by horse cars, which run every 7 minutes, from 6 a. m. to 11:30 p. m.; only one horse to a car. There are few good crossings in the city, and none where they are most needed, on the principal business thoroughfares. These, however, are among the improvements contemplated, as also the paving of the streets and sidewalks. The city blocks are just half the size of ours.

Altogether, with her massive public buildings, her many handsome residences, her growing population, and business enterprise, Denver is fast assuming the airs of a veritable metropolis. That she will eventually be one of the great cities of the nation, there is every promise and probability. Her people are proud of her, and justly so, for they have worked hard and faithfully to make her what she is. Her's is no "mush-room" growth, as is generally supposed. Her first house was built in 1859, but the city barely managed to eke out an existence during the first twenty years of its history. Only during the last decade has the wind of fair fortune struck her sails and the tide of her prosperity set in. Carved out of the desert and the rock, like our own fair city by the Lake, by dint of hard blows, persevering energy and indomitable will, who envies her the success, or would detract from the glory she has so bravely won, and so proudly wears? Not I.

Q. L. DRIVER.

Denver, August 7th, 1888.

MISSIONARY MESSAGES.

A Racy Correspondence from Dixie's Sunny Land.

GROVETOWN, Columbia Co., Ga., July 31, 1888.

Editor Deseret News:

There may be a certain class of the readers of your valuable and much-appreciated paper who would be better pleased to hear of the progress of political events—as, for instance, what James G. Blaine or Col. Ingersoll has said, than to learn of the progress of our missionaries, who are spreading the Gospel of peace among the nations. But to another class, especially those immediately connected with the work of the ministry, letters from the Elders are of peculiar interest. From this latter class I ask forbearance for a little time, while I relate some of the experiences gained, and incidents noted while laboring in this part of the vineyard of the Lord.

I left my home in Vernon, Tooele County, Utah, on March 26th, 1887, and proceeded to Salt Lake, where I, in company with five others, was set apart to labor in the Southern States mission. We left our loved "City of the Saints" on the 29th, and on our arrival in Chattanooga, were assigned to our fields of operation by President Wm. Spry, Elder John M. Browning and myself going into the Georgia conference.

Soon after arriving in the State, it was decided by President Spry to open a field of labor near Augusta, Ga., 200 miles from where any field was in operation in the Conference. This labor was assigned to Elder S. G. Spencer and me, and since that time considerable good has been accomplished. In this field I have been ever since, with the exception of a few weeks spent in a higher country, to recover from an attack of chills and fever. The Lord has bountifully blessed our labors, and although there has been severe opposition at times, the wrath of man has been made to praise the Lord, and many good, honest souls have been led into the fold of the Great Shepherd.

ADDITIONAL MISSIONARY FORCE.

Upon the return to Utah, in November, 1887, of S. G. Spencer, President A. R. Smith came to labor in this field, and was soon followed by Elder Jedediah Ballantyne of Ogden, Utah. During the winter our labors were spread over a section of country 25 miles in length, taking in the city of Augusta, with its 40,000 inhabitants. The interest became so great that two more Elders were sent for, and in February they arrived—Elders James Duncan of Meadow Creek, Utah, and R. C. Van Lemur, of Clifton, Idaho. Considerable persecution was raised during this time, but we have found it the better plan, as a rule, to say but little about such things, seeking rather to encourage and set forth the good qualities of the majority here, than to raise much stir over what a few have done or may do, and thereby drawing the attention of others to intolerant conduct and putting it in their minds to do like deeds of violence.

Two traveling Elders and Pres. Smith have been attending to this field of labor since April, the others having gone out to seek for "pastures new." The Saints in Richmond and Columbia counties, desiring to celebrate our

UTAH'S PIONEER DAY.

by a "barbecue" and general meeting. Pres. Smith extended invitations to all the Georgia Elders within reach, and to the brethren in a neighboring county in South Carolina, to be present.

At 10 a. m. July 24th there were assembled at Bro. A. M. Little's, near Grovetown, Ga., eleven Elders, fifty-one Saints and quite a number of intimate friends, and investigators, making in all nearly 150 persons. After the morning entertainment, which consisted of songs, music, speeches, etc.—the particular features of which were a speech by President Smith on "The Pioneers," and the singing under the direction of Elder Ballantyne—we went out to arbors erected for the occasion to give us shade, and then partook of a "barbecue" dinner, which for plenty and for excellence I never saw excelled. Great credit is due Mr. Thos. Kearden, one of our near friends, who worked until he was sick for the comfort of others. In the afternoon we again held meeting under an arbor, erected for the purpose, and were favored by some excellent discourses from Elders W. A. Redd and A. R. Smith, the spirit of God being poured out upon speakers and congregation in rich abundance. All felt well and have now returned to the performance of duty with renewed strength and vigor.

A COMMENDABLE FEATURE.

One particular feature of the proceedings we would desire to impress upon the minds of many of our pious, home-raised Saints, of long standing in the Church. During the whole day not one drop of liquor was used upon the place, not one oath or disrespectful word was heard, and no unbecoming acts were seen. The Spirit of Peace reigned supreme. Should not this be a lesson to those who congregate in Zion, on such occasions? There are many people in the South who are far, very far from what they should be; but because more mobbing has been done here than in any other part of the world, let us not judge too harshly, lest the same judgment rest upon us. Many of the Elders come out into the mission with prejudiced minds to some extent, consequent upon the unthoughtful expressions of persons who have taken but a cursory glance of the situations. Sometimes undue prejudice is caused by returning Elders who are not thoughtful enough to speak respectfully of a people who have, in the most part, treated them the best they could, if it was sometimes humble fare. And again some feeling is aroused by newspaper comments upon passing events.

Many are the signs which foretell the speedy separation of the "wheat" and "tares," to be followed by the burning of all who cannot come through as sound, healthy "wheat." Let all Israel look to their footing.

Ever praying for the speedy redemption of Zion, which can only be obtained by our reformation, I remain, your brother in the Gospel,

DAVID BENNION.

Friend—How did you pass your civil service examination?

Applicant—to tell the truth, I didn't get a very good mark. I don't know but I expect I've slipped up.

"The questions bothered you didn't they?"

"Not a bit. It was the answers that worried me."

"Well, Janet," asked a facetious husband whose wife had just discharged the hired girl, "are you going to bravely breast the waves of the domestic sea of troubles?"

"No," she answered demurely, "I am only going to stem the currents."

THE POOR OF NEW YORK.

THE STREET THEIR REFUGE.

It was 4 o'clock by the bisque time-piece and so hot that the puffs of air that came in at the window were like a human breath from some fevered mouth. I liked it. The higher the temperature the higher my spirits. I must have had an ancestor who was born under the equator. I was born myself in July.

None sat there in a cane rocker, moving herself languidly back and forth and fluttering her bronze crimps with a palm-leaf fan.

Her great trouble was that the city was out of town. She felt deserted. She said New York was a desert and the caravan had gone by. An awful sense of loneliness was upon her. She had come down Broadway, and, to use her own words "had not seen a soul."

This is a peculiar summer madness that seizes women. It develops into a feeling of having been left in a Robinson Crusoe way upon a barren city. There is only one way to treat it, and it is to convince them that they are suffering from hallucination—to prove, in a word, that the city is in town.

"What's that?"

"It's the carriage for a drive."

She executed another little yawn. "How monotonous," she said. "Same business; same hot, empty avenue, with its closed shutters; same glaring plaza; same dusty trees, same lover showing the girl the mall; same policeman watching the rambler to see that some lonely wretch doesn't commit suicide; same iced claret at the Casino; same long, empty stretches of dusty road and stagnant lakes. Why go so far to prove the dulness when you can sit here in your lawn-tennis shirt and do it by talking to me?"

"My dear," I said bubblingly, as a tropical man should, "I have heard that there are several people left in town. I want to show them to you. I have heard that summer in the city is not a trance but a tragedy; get your hat on."

I believe a woman would come out of a catalepsy at the suggestion of a tragedy. She stopped fanning herself. A little wave of interest rose in her gray eye, crept down her placid cheek and curled over on her lip.

In half an hour I was handing her into the open carriage.

The Piccadilly of New York—the steaming car-ridden Bowery—was unusually still. The shopkeepers were sprinkling the flags under their windows. The men who are away mending the tracks in the roadway had stopped work on account of the heat. The great thoroughfare shimmered and wavered in a kind of white mirage. Here and there a crowd stood round a fallen horse, but the sidewalks for the most part were deserted. We turned round eastward at Stanton Street and went down into an unknown region.

"Do you notice a peculiar odor on the ambient air?" I asked.

She said she did, and thought it was something humming.

"You are right," I replied. "It is baked baby."

She looked incredulous. "Are we among cannibals?"

"No, Christians. Packed Christians. In India the mothers used to burn themselves. Here they roast their children slowly. If the Ganges flowed through here you'd be surprised to see how many of them would throw their infants in for relief."

Stanton Street is not a fashionable thoroughfare. It is narrow, choked, dirty, populous and noisy. The further you go towards the East River the noisier, dirtier, denser it gets.

It was well on to 6 o'clock now, and the afternoon shadows made the streets that intersected it a little cooler than they had been all day. As we crossed them—Chrystie, Forsyth, Eldridge, Allen, Orchard, Ludlow—we looked either way into dense masses of people.

What were they all doing on the sidewalk and in the roadway? Escaping from their habitations. The street was their only refuge. Everywhere mothers, red faced and perspiring, carrying babies who were crying and writhing.

"I wish to make one correction," I said. "Baked was not strictly correct. Parboiled would have been a better word, now that I come to look at them."

"Why don't they take them in the country?" asked Nione.

I let off a long, loud cynical laugh. "Yes," I said, "why don't they take them to Newport or Ashbury Park? Infatuated mothers, not to be to the mountains and the seashore. It probably never occurred to them. Suppose we stop and suggest it."

"No," said Nione. "They seem to be ill. It might be smallpox."

"Nonsense. It's the prickly heat. They live in ovens, ill-ventilated, vermin infested—many of them disease-saturated. They do not get water enough. They gasp for air and they break out all over. Their cries go up from thousands of dwellings. Their mothers are worn out and cross, their fathers work hard and must rest when they come home. Then the family adjourn to the cooler street for self-protection."

Essex Street suddenly empties northward into Avenue A, and gets a little relief. But here, too, the thoroughfare presented a strange and crowded spectacle. Everybody was outdoors, and Nione suddenly remembered that in her part of the town people went indoors for protection; here they came outdoors for it.

The streets that cross the avenue