

theless was the case and his demise occurred at his home in the Eighteenth ward, at an early hour Saturday. For a considerable period past he suffered from throat and liver troubles and the complications resulting from these ailments caused his death.

Mr. Snell was born in Potosi, Wis., forty-nine years ago and came to Utah with his parents while but a mere child. He was known in all parts of the State, in which he had unbounded faith. His resources and possibilities was a theme upon which he loved to talk and upon which he was well posted. He gave his heartiest support to every home industry movement, was the promoter and owner of the Utah Soap factory which he propelled through troublous times until he made a success of it. He was the originator of the establishment of a great pleasure resort at Saltair, and in 1888 declared that that was the choicest spot on the Lake for such purposes. His idea on this subject crystallized into the building of the railroad to that place and the construction of the famous pavilion. All of the semi-oriental features in the latter were the result of his suggestions. He was so strongly imbued with the ultimate success of both the railroad and resort that he would never sell a dollar's worth of stock in either, though a large holder in both.

Mr. Snell has been spoken of as the most cosmopolitan character of Utah, and without question he was entitled to that distinction. He traveled extensively in every civilized land on the globe, and found his way into many that were not. He was also a very interesting and capable newspaper correspondent and many persons have been pleased and entertained by the productions of his pen. He was married in September last to Mrs. May Allen-Clawson, to whom he leaves a substantial fortune. Soon after their marriage he went East, but was compelled to return home on account of ill health. He received the kindest of nursing and best medical treatment to be procured, but without avail.

Sincere sympathy will be manifest for the sorrow-stricken wife and relatives in their hour of bereavement.

The mortal remains of George Henry Snell were consigned to their last earthly resting place yesterday (Sunday) afternoon. The services, which were held in the Eighteenth ward chapel, were presided over by Counselor Robert Patrick of the ward Bishopric, and were very largely attended by friends of the deceased.

Appropriate and touching music was rendered by a quartette consisting of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Pyper, Mr. John D. Spencer and Mrs. Edith Knowlton. Addresses were delivered by Elders William White, Robert Watson, A. H. Cannon and George Romney. All of the speakers referred to the sterling characteristics of the deceased and paid glowing tributes to his memory. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful. The pall bearers were Colonel N. W. Clayton, Stanley Clawson, George Sims, George Knox, Frank Taylor and Fred Clawson.

After the chapel services the remains were followed to the city cemetery by a long cortege of mourners and tenderly laid to rest awaiting the resurrection call.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for this Paper.

GIBBONS AND TALMAGE.

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WASHINGTON, January 13, 1896.



GIVE YOU TO day in interviews which I have just had with two of the greatest leaders of religious thought in the United States. I refer to his eminence, James Car-

dinal Gibbons of Baltimore, and the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage of Washington. Cardinal Gibbons is the broadest and the biggest man in the Catholic Church. Dr. Talmage is the broadest and one of the greatest of the Protestants. My interview with Cardinal Gibbons took place in the cardinal's house at Baltimore. This is a big gray-stone building of many rooms, situated in the heart of the city, just back of the cathedral. Passing up wide stone steps to the front door, you press an electric button. The door opens and you are confronted by a negro boy of a gingerbread hue, who takes your card, puts it on a silver platter and carries it into the cardinal. In the meantime he directs you to one of the audience parlors and you wait your turn. Cardinal Gibbons is the head of the Catholic church in the United States. He has many callers, and his reception days brings crowds almost equal to those of the President at the White House. My meeting was by appointment, and after a few moments I heard the swish of the skirts which announced the approach of the cardinal. He was dressed in a gown of dark cloth embroidered with red, which fell from his neck to his feet. A skull cap of bright red covered the crown of his head, and upon his wedding finger, the third finger of the left hand, he wore the great sapphire ring, which is one of the emblems of his clerical rank. He offered me his hand and led me to a seat near the window. As he talked I had a good chance to observe his features. Cardinal Gibbons has a very strong face. His forehead is high and narrow, reminding you somewhat of some of the pictures of Napoleon Bonaparte taken during his boyhood. His eyes are blue and kindly, his nose large and straight, and his mouth strong, but gentle. He is slender, rather than portly, and his form is the personification of nervous activity. He is now sixty-one years old, but he does not look to be more than fifty. He is a man of ideas and is full of plain, practical common sense. He is a patriotic American, and no one can talk with him without being impressed by the humanity and brotherly love which shows out in his features. Our talk was more of a chat than a set interview, and I give it much as it occurred.

My first question was as to whether his eminence thought there would ever be a universal religion.

He replied: "I hope so, but when it

will come I cannot say. The world is becoming more Christianlike every day, and we are, I hope, gradually nearing the time when there will be a universal Christianity."

I here asked whether he thought that this universal religion would be the Catholic religion. He replied with the same answer, "I hope so," and his response to my questions gave me some reasons of the wonderful growth of the Catholic religion. Said he: "Of course, I believe the Catholic religion to be the best of all religions. It is adapted to all the needs of mankind and man. It is fitted for the elevation of his soul, for the guidance of his conduct, and for the satisfaction of all his spiritual wants. It is fitted for the poor as well as the rich. We welcome the poor, I think, more than do other churches, and there is no difference in the treatment of them in the church. They kneel at the same confessional, and, as far as possible, they are on the same footing in the church. I do not mean to say that there is not much good in the Protestant religion, but I think that nearly every other church is lacking in some particular. The Catholic Church is complete. It has the good elements of all others, and it is lacking in nothing. These are some of the reasons of its permanency and constant growth."

Upon my saying that there were some differences even among Catholics as to their belief, the cardinal went on.

"I do not know that there should not be differences of belief as to religious matters. Of course, the main principles of Christianity are the same, but as long as men have different minds there will be different theories as to the details, as to the lines of policy in the management of churches, and as to interpretation of certain parts of the Scripture.

The conversation here turned to the great strides lately made by the Catholic Church in America, and as to the earnest work done by the priests, whereupon I asked.

"Your eminence, there is one question I would like to put to you—not for information, for I think on that ground the question would be both a foolish and insulting one, but on the ground that many illiberal Protestants believe otherwise. The question is: Are well-educated Catholics honest? Are your priests honest in their acceptance of all the truths of your church? Do you people believe what you preach?"

"In other words," replied Cardinal Gibbons, "you want me to answer the question as to whether Catholic priests are not as a rule hypocrites. The question is, as you say, a silly one. Look at it! What is there in the life of a priest to make it the choice of a hypocrite. The man who would devote himself to it has to give up the most of the things which the world holds dear. I will not mention all of them, but I will take only one. For instance, that of personal chastity. The priest can never marry. When he decides to enter the ministry he must give up the hope of wife, children and home, and must devote himself, soul and body, to the church. This, in many cases, would prevent men from becoming priests. The life of the priesthood is not an easy one. It is one of hardship and subordination. The priest