

POLYGAMIST MORMONS

HOW THEY LIVE AND THE LAND THEY LIVE IN

BY
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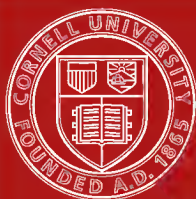
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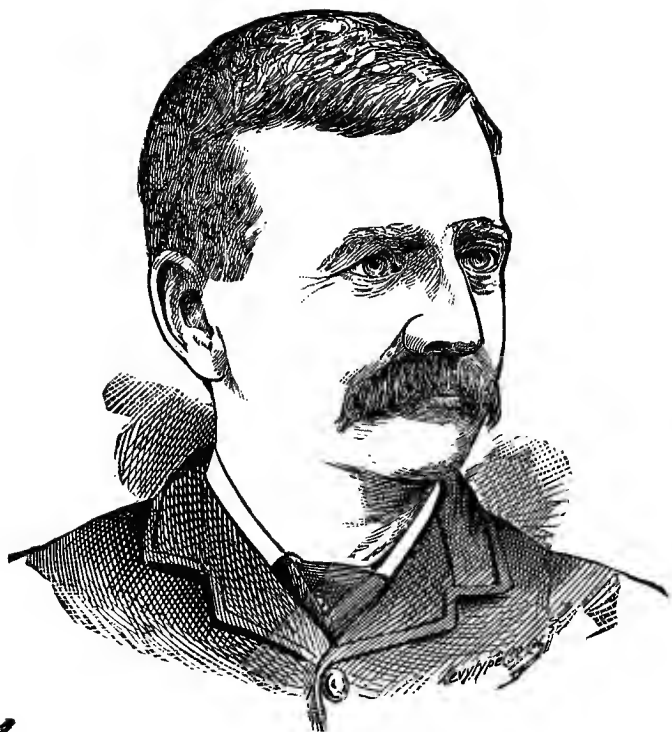


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Yours Truly
Fred E. Bennett

A DETECTIVE'S EXPERIENCE

AMONG

THE MORMONS

OR

POLYGAMIST MORMONS

HOW THEY LIVE AND THE LAND THEY LIVE IN

BY

FRED E BENNETT

Deputy United States Marshal



MORMONISM UNMASKED

*How Slaves Are Made ; How Kept in Subjection
Secrets of the Far-Famed and Iniquitous Endowment House
The Veil Drawn Aside by One Who Has Been Through It*

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AMONG THE MORMONS.

INTRODUCTION.

AS THE MORMON PEOPLE have, by their peculiar so-called religion, made the name of "Mormon" notorious, if not popular, and thinking that items picked up during a residence of years among them, three of which were spent in bringing to justice Mormons guilty of the crime of polygamy, might be of interest, I have written the following narrative of facts. As among the forty polygamists arrested by me there were men with from two to seventeen wives, many of the facts will be found stranger than fiction, and as everything written can be verified, it will be found a picture of things as they exist to-day in the Territories of Arizona, Utah, Idaho and the eastern part of the State of Nevada. The Mormons occupy to-day some of the very choicest land in America, and while they prate about making "the wilderness to blossom like the rose," in reality they keep the country years behind the age, and if all the bloody deeds committed by them in the past forty years could be dragged forth, they would, if formed in procession, make such a ghastly array, as would put to the blush

the infamous Spanish Inquisition; and although nothing very blood-curdling is promised in these pages, they will give, we believe, an insight into the class of people that uphold and build up the unholy institution.

The supremacy of the Mormon Church means the enslavement of men, the degradation of women, and the utter destruction of the home circle. Our churches, schools and firesides are menaced by this overshadowing evil. Broken-hearted mothers, neglected children, and the most cruel social desolation are the necessary results of the Mormon creed, as not only taught but *commanded* by John Taylor, the Twelve Apostles, Bishops, Deacons and Elders of this so-called church. Polygamy not only degrades to the level of the beasts of the field, but it pollutes whole communities, taints the young mind, breeds infamy and ridicules virtue. Many are not aware that in scores of towns, villages and hamlets in the Territories already mentioned this state of affairs exists. The foregoing picture is not overwrought; it is naked, unwholesome truth; and if the naked facts, with no desire to paint in darker colors or set down aught in malice, are found as interesting to others as they have proved to me, then their mission shall have been accomplished. So without further preamble we will proceed.

CHAPTER I.

Doing Business Among the Mormons—How Run Out by Them.

HAVING been in business for two or three years in Idaho, in the Mormon section of it—that is, Southeastern Idaho—and having reasons for desiring to leave the field that seemed to be coveted by the leaders of the Mormon Church, who left nothing undone to make life wretched for any one outside of the Mormon Church, perhaps it would be well to go back a few months and give a brief review of how they not only spread their doctrines but acquire territory. Should a Gentile move into a Mormon settlement and attempt to do business, for a time all will go on smoothly enough; the Saints will deal with him to a certain extent, and if there is found to be any prospect of making a convert of him, only the best side of Mormonism will be shown, and so thoroughly are they drilled in hypocrisy by their Presidents, Bishops, Apostles, Deacons, Elders and Teachers, each one acting as a spy on the actions of the one beneath him in grade, or just as they are classified above. The President, John Taylor, of course comes first. He has two Counselors, and so on down to the Teachers, each official has his Counselors or Advisers. And when it is taken into consideration that

each town, village and hamlet is provided with a full set, and their business consists of the propagation of the Mormon religion and their hearts are filled with a hatred for all who choose to differ from them, it needs no great stretch of the imagination to conceive of men capable of a Mountain Meadow massacre stooping to do anything to one whom their religion taught them was not only not of them, but also by his presence in their midst a menace. And so it was in the case of myself; and many other Gentiles can testify that this state of things does exist even now. But to how much greater extent it existed when the law of Brigham Young was the supreme law of that section of country occupied by Mormons, and when he had human bloodhounds or Danites ready to commit any atrocity that he thought would in any way further the ends of the band of criminals that formed the Mormon Church. In this enlightened age, with railroads and telegraph lines in all directions, it is not found expedient to resort to violence. The Mormon leaders, being cowards as all cruel and tyrannical men in all ages have been, finding that a few Gentiles had determined to make their home among them, as they could not resort to the good old ways so prevalent in the dark and bloody days of Mormon supremacy, resorted to the petty annoyance plan; and as Gentiles as

a rule do not like to live like animals, our efforts to build and beautify homes for ourselves were looked on as a bad example to the ignorant rank and file of the Mormons around us, whose allegiance to the Church is in a great measure due to ignorance and superstition which the leaders can play on so deftly. What is called a "New Stake of Zion" was established, and the lines between Mormon and Gentile more closely drawn. Mormons were forbidden to work for Gentiles. They were also admonished by their Teachers not to transact business with Gentiles. Their Deacons — many of them old worn-out reprobates, steeped to the lips in crime, and who, had they been served as they deserved, would years ago have been sent to a higher court than that of earth for trial — would tell them that it was on account of their sins that they were now being punished by the presence of the Gentiles in their midst; and that by their refraining from all intercourse with us we would be compelled to leave, and it would only be a question of a short time when our places would be had for a song. Old George Q. Cannon would tell them the Mormon God was a business God, and if they only brought in tithing, and would keep whatever business they had among themselves, very soon their God, whom he spoke of with about as much respect as one could expect a

heathen to speak of one of his idols, would show them that their efforts were appreciated. As a result, business slacked up, and as life is too short to stay in a community where there is no enjoyment — at least that is the light in which it is looked at by me — it was decided to let one part of their teachers' prophecy come true; and as they had determined to establish a "Zion's Co-operative Institution" where it would do the most good in "knocking me out." I saw the president of the institution. I told him that, owing to circumstances over which we had no control, etc., we had decided to close out, and would be pleased to have him look over the stock and we had no doubt we could come to terms. As it pleased him to think that his preaching had already borne fruit, and he was anxious to prove to others what his eloquence had been instrumental in accomplishing, he was fed on "taffy" as long as he was willing to take it. We told him that his sermons had decided us on taking this step, and that we had concluded to sell out. We managed to get out in pretty good shape, but still felt sore to think such a move was necessary; and when all was done with we could not help telling Brother P ——— that we would, in all probability, remember his kindness; and I have no doubt that during his residence of a year in Boise City penitentiary he has "had

plenty of time for reflection. Although we felt sorry for him, we could not but feel that the God he trusted in was a delusion, a snare. Soon after the sale, being appointed Deputy United States Marshal for the Territories of Idaho and Utah, my duties gave me a more comprehensive insight into Mormonism than I had hitherto received.



CHAPTER II.

Appointed Special D. U. S. M. for Idaho, to Collect Evidence and Make Arrests—First Arrest of the Crusade—John Winn, a Polygamist Through Ignorance—Lying Reduced to a Science—Martin Boysen's Unsavory Record.

ABOUT this time politics began to loom up, and as Southeastern Idaho happened to have men to the front that were thoroughly conversant with the Mormon question, and who bent their energies in the one direction—that of putting a stop to the encroachments of Mormonism—it was not long before the Mormons were in a state that was to us fellows to whom they had shown their fangs a source of great amusement. My business as Deputy United States Marshal consisted largely in arresting Mormons guilty of the crime of polygamy, and I found the greatest pleasure in attending strictly to that business. I was generally to be found traveling by railroad, staging or on horseback in pursuit of polygamists. There never had been a great deal of love lost between the Mormons and myself, and now it became, figuratively speaking, "war to the knife." Their hatred of me found vent in the *Logan Journal* and other Mormon sheets, but on taking a retrospective view of the past I am satisfied that they got the worst of it.

Mormonism, like a good many more creeds, is based on whatever passages of the Bible can be strained to meet their views and further the ends of the leaders. Anything in the Bible that is found to bear down on their practices is strictly tabooed, and when they cannot torture the Scriptures to suit their vile purposes they claim Divine revelation as their authority. While we were aware that polygamy was practiced to a great extent, yet on starting in to arrest polygamists, it was found that evidence to be binding would have to be gotten from the friends and relatives of "Mr. Polyg." As their creed is different from almost any other, "thou shalt not bear false witness," from what I have seen, must read in their catechism "thou shalt lie when it suits thy purpose;" for, of all the square, single-handed liars on earth Mormons stand out pre-eminent. After a while so sure did I become that their propensity for lying could be relied on that I have never hesitated to bet on it when opportunity offered. A case in point will illustrate how they are taught to lie from their cradles. One day myself and two friends were walking up the railroad track just outside the town of Franklin, Idaho, and our conversation turned upon this propensity of the Mormons. We shortly noticed a little midget approaching us, and I offered to bet that he would lie, no matter what I asked him. As he came up

close I said, "What is your name, sonny?" He hesitated a moment, and finally stammered out, "B-b-brown, sir." We could all see by his manner of replying that he was not telling the truth, and after asking him another question or two I said, "Now, little one, what made you tell a lie? You know your name is not Brown." "No, sir," he said, "it's Packer; but when you axed me I did not know you wuz Mormons, and daddy sez we must be orful keerful." I replied, "that is right, my son, but if you're a Mormon I am sure you can give me the grip." "Oh yes, sir, I can give it," he said, with an alacrity only equaled by his previous hesitation. "Turn it loose, my son," said I, assuming as sanctimonious a look as possible. So placing his little skinny hand in mine, he gave me the GRIP. Although not overburdened with sentimentality, I could but wonder where such a religion would drag the poor wretches that were tied to it.

We soon became better informed as to the workings of Mormonism, and men who had lived for years with what they knew was a sealed book, commenced to give me valuable information, when they found the United States government had at last determined to curb the insolence of the lustful, ignorant and boastful Mormon. Such information was invariably given under the strictest injunctions as to secrecy, as they well

knew that were they discovered, their property would be destroyed, and in all probability their lives would pay the penalty. Very many men were found ready to break from a bondage that had long been irksome, and as arrest after arrest was made, we collected sufficient evidence to make over two hundred complaints, and have already secured the conviction of over seventy-five. Many of these are now serving out the terms of their sentences in the territorial penitentiary at Boise City and the House of Correction at Detroit, Mich.

One of the first arrested by me was John Winn, and as he could neither read nor write, he said he "jest follered Mormonism bekase he wanted ter; when he was whar 'ligion of any kind was, ter kinder stand in—for instance like. He 'lowed ef perlig'my war wrong the gov'ment would ha' put it down long ago—did not see what they wanted ter monkey with it now fer, arter he'd raised two sets o' chil'n."

John was an easy-going old chap, and good company, but there was seemingly no intense desire on the part of the Saints to go on his bond. On inquiry it was found that while John took stock in the polygamy part of Mormonism, yet when it came to digging up tithing, he had been very "backward in coming forward." He took their apathy very coolly for a couple of days, but as

it came to be a question of bonds or jail, he finally got angry, and blurted out that "ef some o' the d——d Saints didn't soon git to ther front thar would soon be a better history of ther Mountain Meadow massacre told than had yet bin heard." That settled it. In half an hour he could have been bailed out if his bonds had been ten times what they were, and Mormon vied with Mormon in showing John all those little attentions so dear to the heart of one in his position; and he said to me afterwards, "I made 'em git thar, didn't I?" In court he pleaded guilty, and as he promised to obey the laws in the future, he was let off with a fine of two hundred dollars, and the last time I saw him he was living in the same old spot, and is to-day pretty lukewarm in the faith.

Martin Boysen, a Dane, comes next. He had one wife in Idaho, and one in Utah, and his case was rather more loathsome than many others from the fact that before he removed one of his wives to Idaho the two women and himself used to live in the same house, all three occupying the same bed, and as the family increased the only additions made in the way of accommodations were to the bed, which from time to time was enlarged. When arrested he was working for the judge before whom he was tried. His plea was that he had applied for a divorce from

the second wife on the passage of the Edmunds Bill, and that he did not propose to live with her again. He did not consider his marriage to her by the Mormon Church binding. He took the oath prescribed by law, deliberately perjuring himself, and was discharged without a fine or reprimand, and on his release went back to the same mode of life. As time wore on, it was found he was living in open defiance of the law he had so lately sworn to obey, and not long since his first wife died, literally broken-hearted. Before she was buried he had the other wife brought to Idaho with children that by their ages proved him to have continued to live as heretofore; and to-day he can be found living in open and notorious adultery and raising a family of illegitimates—and Utah and Idaho are filled with men of his description.



CHAPTER III.

Rufus Walker's "Baby Ranche"—A Conscientious Polygamist—Flight and Capture in the Cellar of a Zion's Co-operative Institution.

OLD RUFUS WALKER lived up in a nook in the mountains far from the settlements, but as he had two buxom wives, and each one was abundantly blessed with children, he found it absolutely necessary that he should work in order to fill the mouths of the little Walkers, who came, "like troubles, not alone." The Mrs. Walkers generally managed to bring forth once a year. At least, I was led to believe so when trying to pick my way amongst the little ones while looking through the houses for Rufe. They had a little ranche on the head of what was known as Birch Creek, and he being "wanted," we started about ten o'clock one night early in the spring to interview, if possible, the muchly-married Rufe, taking with us a Gentile rancher whom we will call Jack, and who was acquainted with the locality. The term "Gentile," as used in this country, embraces all persons outside the Mormon Church, regardless of "color or previous condition of servitude." We had a ride of about fifteen miles over a rough and broken country which, as we reached the higher altitude, was

one sheet of crusted ice and snow from one to three feet deep—unbroken by any travel. Rufe having so many wives and children to feed and clothe, was unable to own a team. Our horses would, in some places, go on for eight or ten yards, then breaking through, would flounder on until they reached a firmer foothold on the frozen surface, and we would again be enabled to proceed at a reasonably fair speed. Our road lay along the side of a mountain, which precluded the possibility of our turning back—once begun, the journey had to be gone through. We at last reached the top of the divide or mountain which separated Rufe's ranche from the settlement in the valley on the other side. Hearing the barking of dogs, I asked Jack how much farther we had to go; Jack replied: "They live down in that gulch."

"It's a pity they don't keep a few dogs," I remarked, as the dogs became more clamorous.

"I reckon you'll think there are dogs enough before you get through," said he. "Rufe's property consists principally of kids and dogs."

However, we at last reached a point suitable for unhitching the horses, where the snow having been exposed to the wind and sun, had left a bare little knoll. While Jack attended to the animals, I went over to reconnoitre, as it were,

and looked down the black dugway or road that led to the foot of the mountain where Rufe's houses were situated. The shadows of the mountains that towered above us to an enormous height hid Rufe's places of abode from my view, and as I was straining my eyes and reaching over the brink of what I supposed was solid ground, but which proved to be a ledge of ice, I slipped and rolled to the bottom of the gulch in an avalanche of broken ice, snow, rocks and earth.

The dogs hearing the racket added their discordant howls to the general uproar, and, as I found out afterward, Rufus made for the brush, not knowing whether it was the devil or deputy-marshal after him—at least that was the way he described it. On picking myself up, I found I was but a few feet from the Walker cabin No. 1, and hastily knocking at the door, was asked who was there. The inmates were evidently wide awake, and when I told them what my business was they gave me to understand that this was Rufe's night off, or in other words, that he was at the other house, which was about a hundred yards further down the gulch. After they opened the door I entered the cabin, and looking round closely for a possible hiding-place, I could find no sign of Rufus. Jack having by this time reached the place, I told him to keep his eye on

the house while I ran over to cabin No. 2. I lost no time in getting there and knocked at the door. A man's gruff voice on the inside demanded my business, to which I replied that I would fully explain it when he opened the door. After some hesitation it was held ajar by a young man of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, the son of Rufus. I told him what was wanted, and that I had been informed that Rufe was here. If he was I wanted him.

"Wal, he bean't yer," he replied. "He's down at t'other house."

"That's too thin," said I; and stepping inside and finding no light I asked him for a lamp.

"Thar's the lamp on ther table," said he, "if ye want it light it."

Striking a match I found on a rickety table an old yeast powder can full of grease with a rag in it, and as it was the only article resembling a lamp as far as I could see, I lit it and succeeded in throwing what little light such means afforded upon the inmates of the cabin. Besides the young man there were in the cabin several children as well as Mrs. W. No. 2. She said:

"Ye needn't look for Rufe yer; he ain't been home for more'n a week."

"What do you call home?" I asked.

"Why, up yer in the canyon."

"Which house in the canyon?"

"Why both," said she.

"What's the use of lying about it? The other Mrs. Walker gave it away; and right now you know Rufe's shivering out in the sage brush. If you people had just a little sense you would see there is no use dodging 'round through the sage brush; and as for lying, where's the use of it when the truth will do just as well? You know just as well as I do that Rufe is in the canyon right now as it is quite evident he is not here; but while I am up here perhaps it would be just as well to subpoena you to be in Oxford at one o'clock p. m. to-day. When Rufe comes in to warm himself after I am gone tell him to come in and give himself up, for we are going to camp right on the trail from this on and it is only a question of time when he will have to take his medicine."

"How are we gwine ter git ter Oxford?" interposed the young man.

"Why, come with your team," I replied.

"Thar beant no team yer," he said.

"What," said I, incredulously, "haven't you got a team, Mrs. Walker?"

"Naw, we ain't got no team. What does we want of a team up yer in this canyon?"

"Why, to work the ranche with," said I.

"We don't need no team, for we don't raise much craps outside of *babies and carrots*."

“ Well,” said I, “ we’ve brought a team, so get ready, and if Rufe shows up tell him to come in as it will look better for him to give himself up, than to keep dodging until at last arrested. I’m going back to the other house now and will wait for you there.”

As it was by this time near daybreak and I was preparing to leave, the son shouted out :

“ If dad comes in we will git him to come along. We gits mileage, don’t we ? ” he asked.

“ Yes, you get mileage,” I responded ; and from the young fellow’s manner I was inclined to think that he was interested more in getting his mileage than he was in the old man’s safety.

On returning to the other house I found Jack had lit a fire and was chatting very cosily with the lady who presided over this portion of Rufe’s dominions. He soon found an opportunity to tell me that Rufe was not far away, and when I told her ladyship what the other old woman had said about Rufe not having been seen in the canyon for a week, she laughed. I subpoenaed Mrs. Walker, and telling Jack that I was going up the mountain to hitch up his team and saddle my own horse, I left the cabin. I also instructed him to have Rufe meet us in the morning about nine o’clock, and ride to Oxford with us from Red Rock, near which latter place Jack

lived. I found the ascent of the mountain much more tedious than my descent a few hours previously, and by the time I had the horses hitched up and my horse saddled the rest of the party had arrived, and a jolly crew they were. The boy had had an opportunity to tell them of the mileage they would receive as witnesses, and as he shouted to his "mothers" who were ahead of him, their interest in the conversation left no room for doubt in my mind that our visit was looked upon as a fortunate windfall, as carrots and other provender were getting low in the Walker commissariat department, while in the case of Mrs. Walker No. 2, "coming events certainly cast their shadows before."

"Where's Rufe?" I asked, when all had climbed to where the team was.

"Oh, he's all right," they said. "He'll be down to Red Rock to meet us."

"Will he get mileage?" asked the family in a breath.

"Yes, he'll get mileage—(adding to Jack *sotto voce*) to come home on when he gets his time served."

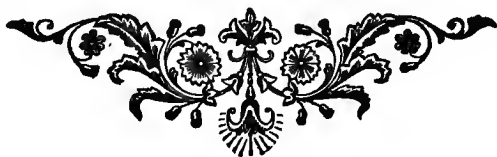
Jack told me they had done nothing but figure on mileage since I left the cabin, and he believed those who were not subpoenaed to testify against Rufe were the only ones who did any "kicking." It was daylight when we got

down in the valley, and we stopped at Jack's ranche for breakfast. We then proceeded on our way to Oxford, arriving at Red Rock about 9 a. m. This is a little nook hemmed in by beetling cliffs of red sandstone formation, from which it takes its name. There are several ranches in the vicinity, and it was here we expected to meet Rufe. But in place of him a few scowling Mormons were awaiting us, and on our asking if anything had been seen of him, one old Saint noted for his fanaticism and who acted as spokesman for the party, informed us that he had not seen him for a month—in fact, he was not very well acquainted with him, although the old reprobate, as we afterwards learned, had parted with him only a few moments before, and had told him that a Mormon did not have to keep his word with a Gentile—the Gentiles were the Devil's own, while the Mormons were God's chosen people. We waited a short time in hopes that he would show up, but as it was getting late in the forenoon and we were yet some distance from our destination, we thought it best to get the witnesses on to Oxford as soon as possible, and we arrived there early in the afternoon. The officials greeted us with a laugh when they found me in possession of the witnesses but minus a prisoner. We were pretty well worn out with the trip, so

it was proposed to take the evidence of the witnesses and let them return home. I resolved, however, to go and hunt up Rufe alone as soon as I was rested, for the road was now familiar to me, and the snow would be soon out of the canyon. Rufe, however, came to the conclusion that the advice given him by the fanatical crew around Red Rock was not good enough to be blindly followed, and that evening he trudged into Oxford on foot, with the intention of surrendering himself to me. As I had been thirty-six hours without sleep and had been riding hard most of the time, I slept late the next day, knowing that the Marshal and another Deputy were on hand to receive Rufus with open arms. We were, however, somewhat chagrined to find that poor Rufe had been already looking for us, but had been coaxed by some of his fellow-saints to get out of the way, and put off what his better judgment had prompted him to do. It gave me considerable satisfaction to find that the laugh was not altogether against me, and that my fellow-officers had to bear a good share of it. As Rufe had been seen only a couple of hours before I heard of his arrival, it was evident that he was stowed away somewhere in the town, and it was determined to leave no stone unturned to find him, and put a stop to the long-continued game of hide and seek.

The search was commenced at the premises of the Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, which is run in the interests of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints, and presided over by the sanctimonious Brother P——. I told him I would be pleased to take a look through the establishment as I had reason to believe Rufe was there. Brother P—— flushed up, but as he saw I meant business, he made a virtue of necessity, and I went through the building until I came to the room in which the trap door leading to the cellar was. He objected to my going any further without a search warrant, and as I was satisfied that he was at the end of his rope and I had the game treed, I called to an officer whom I had stationed at the back door, to keep his eye on the cellar until I could get a paper strong enough to satisfy Brother P——. The Commissioners' office was just across the street, and in a few moments I returned with a document calculated to suit even a man as fastidious as he was. On opening the trap-door and descending the steps, I saw enough signs of occupancy to warrant me in thinking that a better light would reveal the features of my long-lost Rufus. I procured a light, and sure enough, there, crouching in a corner behind some boxes, was my man. I told him the "jig was up," and we both emerged

from the cellar—Rufus happier, as he afterwards said, than he had been for some time. He was eventually tried, and got six months in the penitentiary in addition to a fine of \$300. Brother P—— was unfortunate enough to be arrested for aiding a criminal to escape, and as he evidently wanted to appear as a martyr, and would not promise to obey the laws in the future—he acted very defiantly before the judge, who wanted to deal leniently with him,—he was finally accommodated with one year in the penitentiary, from which place he was lately released.



CHAPTER IV.

Arthur Peck, a Lazy Mormon—Polygamy a Good Business Enterprise.

ARTHUR PECK, of Gentile Valley, deserves some space in this narrative, as illustrating the fact that though he was too poor to support two wives, he was not too proud to allow himself to be supported by them. He was one of that saintly class of Mormons who marry because they think it is right and proper to have more than one wife.

The settlement in which he lived was intensely polygamistic, and women were classed in the same category with mules, horses, and the like ; in fact were looked upon as mere slaves, whose only value consisted in the amount of labor they could perform each day.

Being fully alive to *benefits* to be derived from the possession of a multiplicity of wives, Mr. Peck availed himself of the so-called God-given privilege, and provided himself with two, who, being good workers, gave their liege lord and master an opportunity to rest his body ; and at the same time he placed his soul in a position where it would be sure of attaining a high place in the Mormon heaven when ready to do so. He was married to two sisters, and was one of those

sanctimonious brethren who would sooner get up in meeting and prate about what a good thing it was to be a Mormon, especially a polygamous Mormon, than to help his two poor dupes of women to provide food and other necessaries for the progeny.

His wives were splendid adobe makers, and as my readers may not all know what adobe-making is, I will briefly describe it:

Adobes are made of clay, being cast in molds like bricks, only about twice as large, and is about as hard work as there is, and the common run of laborers would prefer any other kind of work to this. However, the fanaticism of the Mormon women, and the terrors of the punishment which they are taught would be meted out to them should they disobey, makes them willing to perform labor which, in a Gentile community, would not be tolerated.

Adobes are used extensively throughout the West for lining frame houses; that is, putting adobes between the studding, and lathing and plastering over them. A good specimen of this work can be seen in Gentile Valley, as several houses there have adobes in them that were made by the Mesdames Peck and sold by their illustrious husband. These ladies were also good farm laborers, and the saintly Peck used to hire them out like George Harris's master in Uncle

Tom's Cabin. And while he went to meeting in different parts of the country and told what the Lord had done for him, he did so with a light heart, knowing that Mrs. Peck No. 1 and Mrs. Peck No. 2 were industriously making adobes to keep the wolf from the door, as it were. On arresting the brave Peck one morning about day-break I found wife No. 1 in bed with an infant. He seemed to exult in the fact that so low down a saint as he should be called on, and I believe looked upon himself as a martyr to the cause. She made some protest from where she lay, and as we left the house I could not refrain from saying, "My dear madam, I don't see why you should kick. What you get for making adobes while your loving protector is in the cooler you will have all to yourselves, as his board will not cost him a cent." At Peck's trial, some months afterwards, one of his wives refused to testify against him, and being found guilty of contempt of court she was given some hours to think over it, and she finally concluded that "prudence was the better part of valor." After committing perjury several times in his own behalf, he was found guilty and sentenced to six months in the territorial penitentiary, and to pay a fine of \$300. That being a sum he probably never saw in one pile, he got out of paying it by taking the pauper's oath and staying in the prison an addi-

tional thirty days. He has since returned to the bosoms of his two better thirds, and is carrying on the same old business at the same old stand.



CHAPTER V.

Andrew Bioran's Story—Jealousy in the Harem—The Mink Creek Settlement.

ANDREW A. BIORAN was a fresh arrival from Denmark, one of those who are destined, by their unlimited cheek, to be looked up to by their neighbors as something above the common run of those by whom he is surrounded. He got married, got (Mormon) religion, and at once began to run down and abuse the government that gave him, instead of poverty and wooden shoes, the right to a quarter-section of land on Bear River, Idaho, before he knew enough to talk good American. At elections he was always the biggest toad in the puddle, and was the acknowledged leader of all the Danes in his neighborhood. To prove how brave he was, and to teach them both by precept and example, he took to himself a second wife in the person of the young daughter of an old Danish polygamist up in the Mink Creek settlement. And now a word about this little Danish colony. In the eastern corner of Oneida County on what is known as Mink Creek, a stream that empties into Bear River, is a settlement composed almost entirely of Danes. They are, for the most part, such recent arrivals in America that they have

not, as yet, been emancipated from the thralldom of their native clogs and ignorance. Sprinkled through the settlement are a few of the most ignorant Americans I ever had the misfortune to fall in with, who look upon John Taylor, the successor of Brigham Young, as little less than a God, and who are satisfied to herd together like animals. In the whole settlement there are but few houses above the dignity of a Piute wickiup or wigwam, and here in this select community lust and filth go hand in hand. In this delectable spot Mormonism was supreme, and should one be unfortunate enough to have a mind of his own and differ from the animals around him, his lot was hard indeed. As an instance, there was one case that came under my notice of an old Danish couple, who either from inability or being unwilling to give tithing failed to do so. They were very old people, and to add to their forlorn condition the old woman had but one hand, having accidentally lost the other one at the wrist. Their harvesting was done in the most primitive manner—that is, with a sickle. My readers can judge why they had not donated. Their fanatical neighbors, however, marched to the old couple's little hoard and took the greater part of their wheat to the tithing-house by order of the Mormon Bishop, an old Dane who is now in Denmark on a mission, to escape the penalty

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attached to the crime of being a three-ply polygamist. This old ecclesiastical Dane is the father of Bioran's second wife.

I have often been asked how polygamist women, in their little nests, agree — was there no jealousy displayed. This case is one of many instances where all is not the calm and peace in polygamist households they would have people believe. Not knowing where Bioran lived or what he looked like, I secured the assistance of a rancher, whom we will call Dan, as a guide. As we proposed going to his little old "log cabins in the lane" about dusk, I went fishing in Bear River until it was time to meet the party who was going with me. One reason for going after dark was that it was not healthy for parties who resided in the vicinity to take a hand in arresting a polygamist, as wire fences are easily cut, cattle are easily poisoned, and many a way of playing out even suggests itself to the minds of those who, banded together as Mormons are, make common cause against him who is in any way connected with the arrest of one of them. However, to make a long story short, I met my friend at the appointed time, and shortly afterward we rode up to Bioran's ranche. As the party with me had done all he had agreed to and was about to ride off after showing me the houses, I drew his attention to something I saw in the twilight

that appeared to me to loom up like a camel or giraffe.

“What in the mischief’s that, Dan,” said I.

‘Damfino!’ said he; “a horse, ain’t it?”

“No, it is not a horse; but hold mine while I get over the fence and see.”

I slid from the saddle, and climbing the fence, made for it, and as it was doing its best to get away, the thought struck me that it might be a man, although it looked like anything else. I shouted for it to stop, but it only went the faster. As it was nearing some underbrush that would screen it from my view, I concluded to see if a shot would stop it. I therefore turned loose in the air, and was amazed to see he, she or it not only stop, but dwindle down in the twinkling of an eye to half its size, and as I came up to it, I heard a voice say in broken English, “Who vas dot?” On finding it was a man, I told him I wanted an interview, and asked him his name.

“Anthro Beoran,” was the reply.

I found out that what had puzzled me regarding the extreme height and size as I had first caught a glimpse of him, was a box and bundle he was carrying on his head. He was pretty well broken up when I told him who I was and what I wanted. He said, “he vas not come here to-night only he thought I vas in Oxford mit Peck yet,” and did not know how I could

have returned so soon. However, I told him there was great demand for Saints of his stripe, and I was doing my best to supply the market. We went back to where Dan and the horses were, and Andrew explained that he had just got back from Mink Creek a few minutes before I got there, and was making for his "vifes und fam blees" when he first saw me. Telling him I would like an early start, it being thirty-five miles across the mountains, and that he would need bondsmen, we went to his homes so that he could inform his wives and families that he was in the hands of the Philistines.

I persuaded Dan to accompany me, and told him he need not show up at the residences, but keep his eye on my prisoner while I could go and subpœna the women. Arriving at the house of his first wife, Brother Bioran rapped on the door, and although it was early in the evening, was sleepily answered from within.

"Who vas dot?"

"Dot vas me, Lina," he replied.

"Vas dot you, Antroo!"

"Yaas, dot vas me und dot Debidy Marshal."

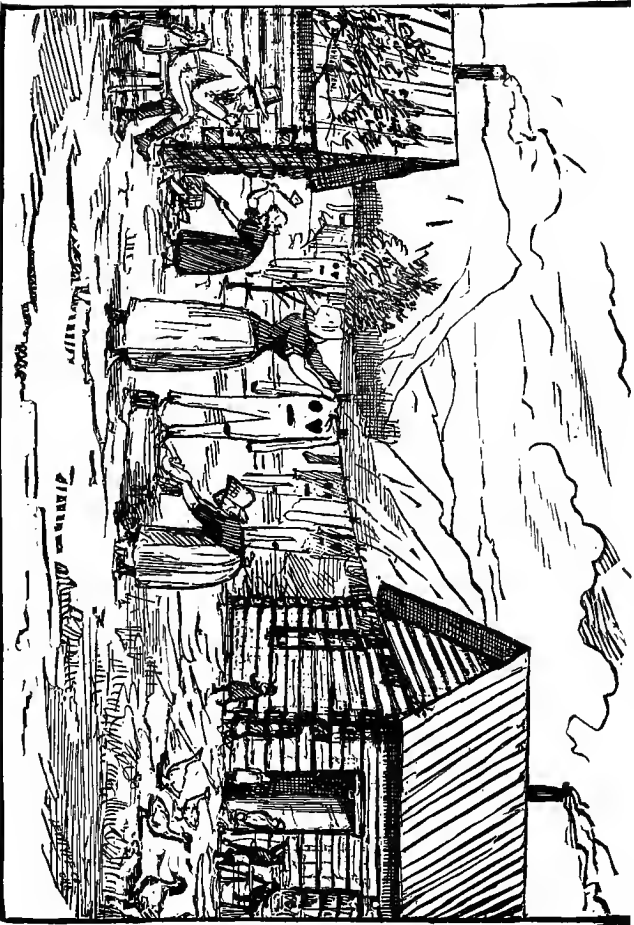
"Und dot who—o—o?" asked the beleagured lady, in tones of angry surprise.

"Dot Debidy Marshal," said Andrew.

Then came from within a rapid volley of Danish oaths, presumably hurled at my devoted

head. While Lina was getting on her duds the conversation was continued between Andrew and herself, and some of it I could easily understand as applying to myself. Finally the beautiful figure of Lina stood in the open door, and as the light revealed to her the figure of "yours truly," she cross-lifted me with another volley of Danish, strong enough to scuttle an ironclad, there being just English enough in it to enable me to interpret the character of her invective. In the meantime she hugged Andrew in the most affectionate manner. When I got a good look at her face, I felt that I would as soon have the volley of Danish as the embraces and kisses, for owing to the loss of her teeth, and other little ravages made by time, Lina, to my mind, as a beauty was not a success. Good-looking polygamist women are like angels' visits, few and far between. When I thought they had yum-yumed long enough, I told Andrew he had better get his supper, and pulling out a subpoena I turned to Mrs. Bioran with a Chesterfieldian bow and said: "Allow me to subpoena you to be at Blackfoot, Idaho," and proceeded to read the official document to her. After a few moments, seeing Andrew had demolished everything in the way of eatables within his reach, I said:

"Andy, where does Mrs. B. No. 2 live? You had better go and bid her good-bye."



A MORMON CLOTHES LINE.

“You can shtay in der house mit Lina here while I go down und see Katrina. I coom back right away pooty qvick,” replied Andrew.

“I am afraid of Lina,” said I. “She might butcher-knife me; and besides you might take cold without some one around you.”

He laughed and said, “Coom on, den.”

We arrived at the other house, which was about a hundred yards distant and an exact counterpart of the one we had just left. Andy knocked at the door, and a feminine voice asked “who vas dot?” He told her to open the door. She seemed sulky, and refused, and quite an animated conversation in Danish took place. At last I told Andrew I had to have that door open and asked him her name.

“Katrina,” said he.

I knocked at the door, and calling her by name in accents soft and low, I finally got her to open the door. Her reception of Andy was entirely different from that of Lina. No kissing and hugging here, and although Katrina was a good-looking young girl in comparison with Lina, I could plainly see that Andy took more notice of “ugly mug” than he did of her. After I subpœnaed her Andrew said he “tink she vas better sleep mit Lina for goombany sake vile he vas away,” but as he could not sleep with both of them at the same time very well, even if he was

home neither Katrina nor I could see the utility of this arrangement. At any rate she demurred, but came down to the other house, and the osculatory process was resumed between "old toothless" and Andrew, much to the disgust of myself and Katrina, who stood looking on with the baleful light of the green-eyed monster plainly depicted in her eyes—in plain United States Katrina was evidently desperately jealous of Lina. Feeling sorry for her, and becoming somewhat impatient at the delay, I told Andy to give Katrina a share of the love-feast, to kiss her and come on as it was getting late and a lot of riding had to be done before morning. He finally tore himself away from Lina, who seemed bound to bar her side-partner from her rightful share of Andy's caresses. Katrina, observing this as well as I did, flung herself on an old seat and covering her head with her apron we left her sobbing as if her heart would break. After riding nearly all night he finally succeeded in getting the necessary bondsmen, and about 4 a. m. we started for Oxford. I was very tired, as I had been in the saddle for the better part of forty-eight hours, and in order to rest myself as well as the horse, I decided to ride in the wagon for a time; so I took my seat beside the driver, Andrew laying on some straw in the back part. While my coat was laying over the back of the

seat Andrew managed to secure one of my guns that happened to be in a pocket, and somewhat startled me by saying :

“ Fred, it would be easy for me to blow your brains out now, wouldn't it ? ”

I fortunately had another gun in my hip pocket, and, telling him it would be a pretty bad break for him to make, I drew it at once and gave him to understand that he must drop it, and not repeat any such performance as that during the remainder of our trip. It taught me a lesson I shall not readily forget, ‘ to keep my eye on the gun ’ in future. We arrived at our destination about two o'clock in the afternoon pretty well fagged out, and Andrew was held for further orders under heavy bonds. I will say in conclusion that Andrew was about the only Mormon whose arrest I effected who neither perjured himself nor attempted to deny his wives. He was convicted and punished accordingly.



CHAPTER VI.

Henderson's Case—Lechery and Incest.

THERE lived at one time in Oxford a man by the name of Henderson. He has three wives; his third wife lives in Oxford, his second wife lives in a place called Clifton, and his first wife lives on a ranche near the latter place. Her residence is known as the Rock House, from the fact that it is built of rocks taken from the mountains at the foot of which it is situated. Now this festive old party in the good time before he and the rest of the animals of his persuasion were ordered to be stirred up, was what is known as an Elder, or Teacher of Mormonism, and was quite a mark, not only on account of his piety but also on account of his numerous progeny. Indeed piety and progeny are inseparable in the tenets of the Mormon religion as taught by the followers of Brigham Young, but cut no figure in the belief of the "Josephites," who claim that Brigham Young was an usurper, and are, in fact, the most bitter opponents of the polygamists, who reciprocate the hatred.

This particular saint was also noted as being an exceptionally lecherous old villain. I mention this in this connection as it leads up to what I am about to relate, and goes to show that all the

vaunted purity of the so-called religion is nothing but rank hypocrisy. It is in the memory of people living in the neighborhood to-day that the old wretch has for years been guilty of such licentiousness as is unfit to be recorded in public print. This was known by the good Mormons—and there are good Mormons—but when it was mentioned they would say, “You should not condemn us all for the actions of one.” Should you say in reply, “Very well, we won’t condemn you, but why, knowing him to be what he is and which you do not attempt to deny, why is it that you allow him such a prominent place in the Church? Why do you not excommunicate him, or, in other words, ‘fire him bodily.’ You cannot for a moment believe that any other community or denomination would affiliate with or hold out the hand of fellowship to such a notorious old reprobate as he is. You have him passing the sacrament to your wives and children, knowing all the time just what he is.” About this time your audience would begin to think of something that called his attention elsewhere, and would invariably leave you without an answer. These conversations, of course, took place long before Uncle Sam had made up his mind to put a stop to polygamy, and as enough was known of Brother Henderson to convict him of that crime, a warrant was issued and placed in my hands. I

do not lay any claim to any extraordinary morality, yet I did want to put Brother H. in a warm, comfortable jail. He was one of those soft-talking "lah-de-dah" kind of men that are generally too sweet to be wholesome. I went to the residence of his third wife, for as she was the youngest and best looking he was generally to be found there. On entering the house I talked to her on various topics, tickled his thirty-third child under the chin, and finally told Sister Henderson I would be pleased to meet Sam. Not seeing him round the house, I asked where he was, to which she replied that she did not know and had not seen him for some time; in fact, if I had let her run on I believe she would have told me she never was acquainted with the gentleman. I took up the lamp, however, and, accompanied by the presiding "saintess," I gave the house a thorough search, but, failing to find Samuel, I bade her good evening and departed. This visit was the primary cause of the vindictive attacks made upon me by the *Logan Journal* and other Mormon sheets, and from that time on I determined to show no quarter, for no matter how civilly and politely officers tried to perform their unpleasant duties, they had nothing to expect but the revilings of the whole dirty crew. For a time I gave Henderson a rest, and other business demanding my attention, I did not think

of him until I was informed one day by a party that he was seen at the Rock House with his first wife. Next morning about daybreak, accompanied by a couple of men I had hired to go with me, I started for the Rock House, and arrived there before the inmates were up. The house was built with a lean-to shed, in the end of which was a door just far enough from the back of the house to admit of a bed between the door and the house wall. One of the parties with me being stationed so as to prevent any one leaving the front way either by door or window, I went to the back door and rapped. Now, as the head of the bed was right by the door, I expect my knock startled Sister H. pretty badly, for I had hardly hit the door more than one little tap when she asked me who was there. Not knowing that there was a bed so near the door I was a little surprised to receive so prompt a response. I told her my friends and I would like her to get up and make us some coffee, but she refused to get up. I finally told her who I was and what I wanted, and after telling me we ought to be ashamed of ourselves to be getting decent (?) people out of their beds at that hour in the morning, I confessed that I was and that in fact I was blushing clean back of my ears. She told me that I would have to go round to the front door, as her bed prevented the back door from

opening. I went round accordingly, and when I got in she began to pour out the vials of her wrath in a choice lot of Billingsgate. I laughingly told her to "lay on Macduff" while I took a look through the abode of virtue as embodied in herself. I searched up-stairs and down-stairs, and in my lady's chamber, all but the bed, when making for that very necessary article of furniture, I was astonished to find she had not been sleeping alone, and was still more astounded to discover on pulling the covers from the head of the pretended sleeper, the face of her own son—well, no, not her own son; what relation did he bear to her? He was her husband's son by the second wife, and was a young man about thirty years of age. I took a look at him, and the thought struck me that, as a few moments before I had acknowledged how ashamed I was, the least I could do would be to let the old woman know how such "decent people" as she was a specimen of, appeared to me. I said to her, pointing over my shoulder to the room where I had left the son, "Do you know what decent people would call that?"

"Call what?" she snarled out.

"You know what; sleeping with your husband's son."

"It would be a good deal better for you if you would mind your own business," replied she.

“If I attended strictly to it, I would take you with me now for incest. Before you have so much to say about other people’s decency try and be decent yourself.”

Telling one of the boys outside who knew all about the outfit, he laughed and said: “Oh, that’s nothing; that’s a well-known fact. I could tell you a good deal worse yarns about that family.” We failed to get Sam, but I learned by ocular demonstration that his outfit was a hard formation.



CHAPTER VII.

Secrets of the Far-Famed and Iniquitous "Endowment House" Laid Bare — The Veil Drawn Aside by an Apostate Mormon.

WHAT I HAVE already written is strictly true, and the half has never been told. It would perhaps be well to introduce, before going further, the evidence of one who has been for the past twenty-two years a Mormon, and who, although long disgusted with their practices, was afraid to leave them for the reason that he knew that apostasy meant death, as he fully explains in the following extracts from a letter to me. It may be well to state that he is an old gentleman. He wishes me to give the letter to Kate Field, who is lecturing on Mormonism at the present time, and whom he hopes will go on in the good work until, as he expresses it, "the viper polygamy is crushed."

"Priestcraft," he says, "the dictionaries would define as pious fraud, but Brighamism is an exception; it should be impious instead of pious. When we were in the old country we united with the Church of Christ we thought, but as soon as we set foot on shipboard they (the missionaries, as they were called and are yet) threw off the mask. I shall never forget one in

1866, on the ship St. Mark. The wretch beat all I have come across in profanity and dishonesty. Talk about secret societies; never was there a more abominable one than that propagated by Brigham Young and his followers. The missionary I have already mentioned died before we got across the plains with the cholera, and died scoffing at the Bible, and 'hell and damnation' were the last words I heard the wretched man say. And now about going through the Endowment House. Your name is first enrolled after showing the recommend of your Bishop. In the next room you are stripped naked; after this men and women go together, the idea being that on joining the Mormon Church you are born again. I had a pair of linen garments and a white shirt on, that was all.

"We were then candidly told that we ought to be quite naked like Adam and Eve, but we were not so holy as they were, so we were permitted to go nearly naked. Some who went through the Endowment House when I did were drunkards, dishonest and blasphemous, and you can imagine what some of the poor women must have felt like during the ceremony. We were told if any wanted to go back they could do so. Nobody wants to go before the theater closes, and besides it was not safe, as we already knew

too much ; so we were told a foolish thing, putting their hands so-and-so, as you yourself have seen, and calling it the sign of the Aaronic Priesthood." (The writer here means to convey that the neophytes were at this time taught the Mormon grip.) "You then run your thumb round your throat from ear to ear as being expressive of your willingness to have your throat cut should you betray the secrets of the Endowment House. They then take a passage of Scripture which means altogether another thing and make blasphemy of it. This is also done in the Endowment House, and Mormons make sport of the most solemn of all things, the crucifixion and our Saviour.

"The Endowment garments are now put on, and the significance attaching to the different holes is explained. The heart-shaped hole worked in the left breast signifies that you are willing to have your breast cut open and your heart taken out should you prove unfaithful to your vow. The hole worked in the right breast, that you are willing to be stoned to death ; the hole across the stomach that you are willing to be sawed in two should you divulge any of the secrets learned during the ceremony ; the hole in the knee is emblematic of continual prayer for the furtherance and welfare of all that appertains to the Mormon religion. They have also in the

Endowment House one who personates a sectarian preacher, and all are taught to laugh at other denominations. The devil is also impersonated and is made very ugly and saucy, but he must have a little gospel to mix the golden cup of fornication ; so Satan is in subjection to the name of Christ.

“ They are taught to pray for Brigham Young, now John Taylor, and are sworn to stand by one another and avenge the death of Joseph Smith, and if one is likely to apostatize they put him to death.

“ They swear their willingness to this.

“ No wonder they are bad citizens.

“ They expect to rule the world, and it still goes on.

“ The time seems to be come when secret things shall be proclaimed on the housetops. I cannot rest without something being done, and if I knew Kate Field’s address I would tell her of things the world ought to know. You can send this to her if you like, and publish all I have said.

“ *I am ready to swear to it.*

‘ If you can do anything towards bringing J—— to justice, a man charged with murder and incest by papers north and south of us and no one seems to care, for God’s sake go ahead.

Shall the blood of the victims cry aloud for vengeance in vain? ”

[NOTE. What he means by the “Devil” in the above extracts, is that the Devil is personated by one of the Mormons whose task is to initiate proselytes into the faith.]



CHAPTER VIII.

Bishop Porter — Sanctity of Marriage From a Mormon Standpoint — Perjury Upheld.

HAVING a warrant for Bishop Porter who lived at a place called Preston, the Marshal and a Deputy having failed to arrest him, I thought I would give him a little of my attention. Never having been in his neighborhood, the lay of the land was ascertained after some inquiry, so securing the assistance of an Irishman who lived in the town, I proceeded to look up the Bishop. Pat was Irish in every sense of the word, and like all his compatriots had no use for Mormons. He was witty, as nearly all Irishmen are, and his sallies enlivened the trip very considerably. When I secured Pat's valuable assistance I had not fully enlightened him as to the object of our proposed journey, so he asked me for particulars.

"Where are ye going?" said he.

"Down to Preston to see if we can find Bishop Porter," I replied.

"Is he a polaygamisht?"

"Yes."

"How many wives have he, bad luck to him?"

"He did have several but some got away. He only has two now."

"Well, well!" said Pat, "thim polaygamishts bate the divil. What they want wid so many weemen is a conundhrum to me. Molly," turning to his better half, "Oim goin' on a polaygamisht hunt wid Fred to-night. What time does yez want to shtart out?"

"About ten or eleven o'clock to-night," I replied, "and as it is only about twenty-five miles, we can take it easy, and the horses will be fresh and can do a little running if called on."

"Well, all right, I'll be wid ye."

About half-past ten I called for Pat, and hearing him talking to some one, listened outside, thinking it might be some of our Mormon neighbors, but I soon found that it was "Roany," his horse, that he was talking to. He was saddling up and as he tightened up the cinches he said: "Well, Roany, ould boy, de'ye know where I am goin' wid yez to-night? Ye don't, eh. Well, we're afther a polaygamisht, and av we git widin sight av him, I don't want yez to let no Mormon horse git away wid yez. But whin I say the wurrud, I want yez to git there Ali." Then he soliloquized, "Well, well, these Mormons is a quare lot. All they thinks about is weemen, and a homely lot of ould pelicans the osht av thim is. Av coorse, wanst in a while

there's one av um that might tempt a man to be a polaygamisht, but ough, ough! her good looks wouldn't lasht long av Molly got a shy at her. I wundher av the weemen likes to have——”

But here I cut short Pat's soliloquy, and as by this time Roany was ready for the road, we started. On laughing at Pat about the long conversation I overheard between him and his horse, “Begorra,” said he, “he knows more nor lots av Mormons I have met, and I hates to take him out av his warrum shtable this hour av the night afther polaygamishts.” We jogged along, the mud being up to the horse's knees in some places, every time Roany slipped giving Pat fresh cause for offense against “Owld Porther,” whom he blamed as the cause of our being out on such a night's ride. While giving it to “Owld Porther,” the wives being inseparable from him as wives should be, they came in for a share of the abuse. About six miles of the journey had been ridden when it began a cold drizzling rain, and as we plodded along the trip became anything but a pleasant one. For fifteen miles there was but one house that we could feel sure of a welcome at, but not wanting to disturb them we passed it, and concluded to grin and bear it. We had to cross Bear River bridge at a point not far from Battle Creek Station. We soon reached a good road, however, and Pat's spirits rose, and

as he was in the lead, I was surprised to hear him chuckling to himself, and on asking him the cause of his hilarity, he said: "Oim laughin' at the comical racket we're on."

"What comical racket," I asked.

"Why, the idea of huntin' min for bein' fond av the weemin. Faith, an' it's a great schame intoirely. The way they does it. Av they can't support wan woman they goes an' marries two or three more, and thin the weemin keeps thim. Why don't ye thry it, Fred?"

I told him I had often thought about it, but there was one great drawback. My wife, I thought, was built differently from most of the polygamist women I had run across, and while just at present I was under the impression she was a daisy, yet I thought that she would prove a regular tiger-lily if I went fooling round a religion that had polygamy mixed up in it. For that reason I had come to the conclusion that as far as I was concerned it would not be a good scheme. Pat laughed, and with an "Ough, ough, av Molly caught me bringing in another woman my name would not long be Pat, but Dinnis. Shure the weemin is wurse nor the min; av they kicked, polaygamy wouldn't lasht long." And from my observation I think he about called the turn. So chatting along, we very soon reached Bear River.

Missing Page

Missing Page

The night had by this time become very dark, and as there was a drizzling rain, one could not see his horse's head before him. Pat was in the lead, but as we came to the bridge his horse shied and he could not get him up to it.

"What is the matter?" I shouted.

"Oh, matther enough," said Pat; "d—
owld Porther, he's pulled up the bridge."

On a closer examination we found the bridge was undergoing repair, and about twenty-five feet of the planks pulled up. To ford the river was impossible, and after looking at the pros and cons of the case we concluded to put on the planks lengthwise, and about three of them side by side, making a very shaky kind of a roadway high above the waters that seethed and rushed beneath us. It was my first experience in bridge building, and I feel no desire to repeat the performance, especially on a pitch-dark night and in a drizzling rain. The bridge being built, to get the horses upon it was the next hard work, and after trying different expedients we concluded to blindfold them and tie the bridle-rein of one to the tail of the other; and with Pat pulling and I pushing we managed to "git there Ali," as he expressed it. And now safely crossed, we found that daylight was not far off, and as we yet had six miles to travel we lost no time in getting where we expected to find the Bishop.

Hoping that people who slept three in a bed would not be early risers, we were not very agreeably surprised to find that everybody was up in the settlement. We went down on the river bottom to where we heard he was building a shanty for Mrs. Porter No. 2, expecting to find him camped there. We were, however, disappointed, and finding no signs of him, we proceeded to the house of his second wife's father, whose name was Schaeffer. He is an old time Mormon — I believe a native-born American — whose personal appearance and expression would not indicate him to be the ignorant fanatic he is. After looking through stack-yards, house and every nook liable to be utilized as a hiding-place, Mrs. Schaeffer began a long harangue about the persecution the Saints were called on to endure, and invoked the aid of her patron Saint (I forget whether his name was Old Nick or not) to frustrate the efforts being made by the United States Government to destroy polygamy. She said she knew it was right, and asked me if I was not afraid God would punish me for the part I was taking in this persecution. I asked her if she thought the Lord was on her side, and she said yes.

“Then why do not polygamists stand pat, and leave the issue with Him, instead of scam-

pering off like prairie dogs and hiding in holes or out in the sage brush?"

She stumbled round for a moment without replying, finally saying: "Our President has ordered us to avoid arrest."

When asked if she believed in polygamy, she replied very emphatically:

"I does; and hope that it will spread, and I knows it will."

"You are from England, are you not?" I asked.

"Yes," said she; "and proud of it."

"Faith an' its not long owld Porther wud be in England or Ireland ayther av he war a polay-gamisht, before he'd be safe in some stout prezon," interrupted Pat, who had been standing by with a mingled look of disgust and amusement on his countenance.

"Let's go; such women make one weary," said I, and mounting our horses, we started down the road.

By this time horsemen were flying in all directions to warn polygamists that we were there, and seeing one making for a house that had been described to me as a probable hiding-place for Bishop Porter, we started for it, taking a roundabout direction. As we were divided from it by several gulches, we concluded to follow the bank of the river, and found it to be the little

ranch of a fresh arrival from England; that is, he had been out a couple of years, and I learned he was from "Lunnon," as he called it. When we told him we had an idea that Porter was there he informed us that he was not.

"'E isn't 'ere," said he, "and I 'asn't seed him for some days.

"That's the house he is building over there, is it not?" I asked.

"Yes," said he.

"He was working there yesterday, was he not?"

"I doesn't know."

"Let up on this lying, It doesn't make any difference to us if you saw him yesterday or last month. That boy we passed up in the gulch herding sheep told us he was working on the house yesterday, and had dinner with you. So don't lie any more until you find a spot a lie will fit in better than the truth. You are a Mormon teacher, I heard?"

"I is," he replied.

"You believe in polygamy, do you?"

"I does believe in perlig'my, and think as ow the Lord in 'is hown good time will make our religion the only religion on the face of the hearth."

"Where do you get your belief that polygamy is right? How do you know it?"

“I knows hit just cos I knows hit.”

Pat had returned by this time, having found no sign of the Bishop anywhere. The cockney seemed to think I was good-natured, and being willing to talk about his religion, we chatted quite pleasantly for a time, his wife joining in the conversation. Like a good and faithful teacher, he tried to convince me of the error of my ways, and to lead me into the right path. I finally parted with him, and requested him to drop me a card when he took another wife.

As we were tired out we rode down the river to a friend of mine, and after we had put up the horses and got some much-needed refreshment for ourselves, we took a good rest. Toward evening we rode to another settlement about fifteen miles distant. Here we dropped onto an old Elder who was the husband of three women, and father of about twenty-two children. We took him with but little bother, and I gave up the chase after Porter for some time. One day, however, on returning from a trip to Mink Creek, I heard that Porter had been seen in the vicinity; so I determined to give him a scare if nothing else. I arrived at his village about six o'clock one Sunday evening and found that he was in the neighborhood. I knew but one Gentile whom I could confide in in the whole settlement, but owing to the fact that his ranche

was isolated, and as he was afraid the Mormons would take revenge on his property should he be found to be mixed up in Porter's arrest, I did not press him to take an active part. I however, coaxed him to go up and reconnoitre, which he did. He even went to the meeting-house where the Bishop was holding forth that night, and on his return gave me a synopsis of his discourse. He told the brethren and sisters how cunning he was, and exulted over the manner in which, as he claimed, he had eluded me the day previous up in the Mink Creek country, and how he knew the Lord was on his side and would keep him out of the snares of those who were trying to capture him for living up to his religion. He prayed that all should hold to their faith and that God would smile on them and deliver them out of the hands of their enemies. We had a good laugh as my friend, who was somewhat of a mimic, delivered Porter's sermon to me, and as we thought how soon, if I had luck, he would change his tune. It being late when he got through I rolled up in my saddle-blankets and had a nap of some four or five hours. About three o'clock in the morning I saddled up and struck out for the Bishop's residence. It was a little house containing three rooms, which were but scantily furnished. As it was only three miles off I reached there in half

an hour, and having been deceived so often I decided in this case to resort to some of the cunning practiced by the Mormons, and fight them with their own weapons, using a little deception where it would do the most good. I tied my horse to the fence and rapped at the door and a voice asked from within "who is there?"

"Is the Bishop in?" I whispered.

"No," was the reply, in a woman's voice.

"If he is, said I, "tell him to get away as soon as possible for the Deputy Marshal is after him."

"Who are you?" was the next question that came from within.

"I have a letter from Brother Nash to Bishop Porter, and was told to deliver it to him in person."

There was a side door to the house which I managed to keep my eye on during the conversation, thus preventing the possibility of Porter's escape, should he be in hiding there, without at least thanking me for the timely warning I had given him of his threatened danger. A woman had by this time opened the front door, and was taking stock of me as I was peering round the corner. I saw that, in order to ward off suspicion, I would have to prevaricate as fast as they could; and so, when asked for the letter by the woman, I told her the party who had entrusted

it to me had strictly enjoined me to deliver it into the hands of the Bishop, and no one else. She said, "He is not here. He is up at Brother Swan's." When I asked her where he lived she pointed his residence out to me. It was on the foothills, about three miles off, and barely discernible from where we stood. Knowing that no one could get there to alarm Porter sooner than I could, I concluded to make assurance doubly sure by searching these premises ; so, after I disclosed to her my true identity, I proceeded to do so. I apologized to the lady for my prevarication, and explained that it was partly due to the climate, and partly from a desire on my part to conform to the rules of society as I found it in Preston, and I expressed a hope that she would pardon me. I was now confronted by her son, a young man about twenty years of age, who, when he saw that I was trying to make myself agreeable, mistook my motive ; so his little heart began to swell, and he strutted round much in the way that a self-important Bantam rooster would, saying, he would be d——d if I could do as I wanted while he was there. Looking at him a moment to see if he meant it, I said, in a pious kind of a way, "We will read for our instruction a portion of the chapter I hold in my hand, and I think we will be able to find a text that applies to this case." But the young man,

as my voice rose in soft and plaintive cadence, began to get more obstreperous, so thinking he had got about far enough I replaced the warrant in my pocket, and, producing a pair of handcuffs, said, "Now, I have tried to act the gentleman so far, for the sake of the lady here, who is one of your numerous mothers, but if you attempt to obstruct me any further I'll put these on you and take you with me." He very quickly cooled down on seeing the bracelets, so without any further ceremony I proceeded to search the domicile, and found the lady had told me the truth regarding the Bishop's absence. I found another wife sick in bed with an infant. After expressing my regret at the necessity of disturbing her, I read the subpoena to her, and told her that if the Bishop could get bonds there would be no need of her going to Oxford. I then left the place, and mounting my horse I gave him the reins, and very shortly afterwards found myself at Brother Swan's ranche. As I approached I found there were two houses on the ranche, one on each side of a road which led through his property. I rode up to the house on the left-hand side, and through the open door I saw Swan seated at the breakfast-table with a portion of his family. Without dismounting, I bid him good-morning and informed him that I had a letter for Bishop Porter, and asked him if he would be kind enough to hand it to him. He

eyed me suspiciously, and asked me who the letter was from. I told him the same story I had previously entertained Mrs. Porter No. 1 with, adding that she had informed me that the Bishop was here. I suggested that he had better skip out at once, and pulling a document out of my pocket I reached it over towards him, but immediately drew it back, again saying, "By the way, I was to deliver this to him in person."

"All right," said he, "git down off your 'orse, and I'll show you where t' Bishop is."

I dismounted and tied my horse to the fence, Swan remarking: "Pity as 'ow t'd —— d Marshals wouldn't all break ther d —— d necks running round t' country 'tending to other people's business. Wot's 'is name as is after 'im now?"

"He is from Franklin," said I in reply.

"Well 'e'll 'av a good time afindin' of 'im, please God; fur ye sees we lives on a 'ill 'ere an' I allers tell t'Bishop t'come up 'ere wen e's 'ard run, as we can see everythink as goes on in the walley, and wen we sees any commotion down theer it isn't very far down to the willers in yon gulch," (indicating the direction of the hiding-place). Chuckling to himself he soliloquized: "They 'as to git up werry early wen they gets a'ead of Brother Swan, d —— n 'um!" Just at this moment he took a look round the valley beneath and his eyes fairly bulged out

with excitement at what he saw, and I confess I was startled when I observed horsemen flying round in all directions; and both he and I, though for different reasons, thought it well that Porter should be seen at once. So, pointing to the door of the house across the road, he said: "t'Bishop is right in theer." I went into the room and found the Bishop getting out of bed and sleepily rubbing his eyes. Without any parley I proceeded to tell him I had a warrant for his arrest, but before I could finish the sentence I had commenced, he broke in with, "Oh, I know what you have, Fred."

"How do you know me?" I asked.

"I saw you when you were in a different and a better business," replied he.

"I don't know about its being better, Bishop," said I; "that I am not in the same business now that I was when you first saw me, is because you fellows wanted the earth and the fullness thereof, and did not want a man who differed from you to even live among you. However, get up and dress now, and while you are getting ready I'll read you this."

Just as I began reading, Swan stuck his head in the door and informed the Bishop that he had better light out as he could see horsemen approaching, and he was sure they were the Deputy Marshals I had informed him of. "No,

Brother Swan, this is Fred Bennett," said the Bishop good-naturedly. He stole a march on us this time."

"Yes," said I, laughing, "this is one time that you did not see all that was going on down in the valley." His lips fell and he took it differently from the Bishop, being evidently chagrined that he had been caught napping. This, coupled with the fact that he had given the whole business away to me, made him feel pretty badly broken up, and a scowl spread over his countenance that I thought boded me no good in case the approaching horsemen were determined on effecting the rescue of their Bishop.

"Brother Swan," said I, "in case those fellows attempt to down me, here are a couple of good six-shooters and I come pretty near knowing how to handle them. The first bad break they make some one is going to get hurt, and I intend to take good care of yours truly." Turning to Porter, I continued: "Bishop, you might just as well know that one of these guns will be apt to go off in very close proximity to you. A word to the wise is sufficient. You tell these 'yaps' if they make any bad breaks that before I will be baulked you are going to get hurt. They have made their boast that no one has been arrested in Preston, and that they propose

that no one shall. Now you know just what to expect."

"All right, Fred," said he, "I will stop any attempt at interference on their part."

"Now, if you are ready, let us go," said I.

When we got out of the house I asked him if he had a horse there, and finding that he had, we went out to the corral and he caught and saddled him up. We then bid Brother Swan good-by with the injunction to watch the valley closer in future, and expressing my intention of coming in until I had got all the Polygs., we left. The party Swan had seen riding toward the ranche had evidently thought better of it, as they had turned into a house on the road, and as we passed we were simply greeted by scowling faces, all of which I appropriated to myself, as they were evidently meant for me.

On our road down, the Bishop and I had a long talk, and he asked me what I thought he had better do. I told him that his case did not make a particle of difference to me; that his guilt or innocence cut no figure, and I thought his best plan was to waive the preliminary examination, and give bond for his appearance in the United States Court at Blackfoot. His better nature was in the ascendant, and he said:

"Oh, as far as having two wives is concerned,

I don't deny it. My religion teaches me it is right, and I don't propose to go back on them."

"Well," said I, "you had better hustle round and get a couple of bondsmen, and I will go with you wherever you think you can find them."

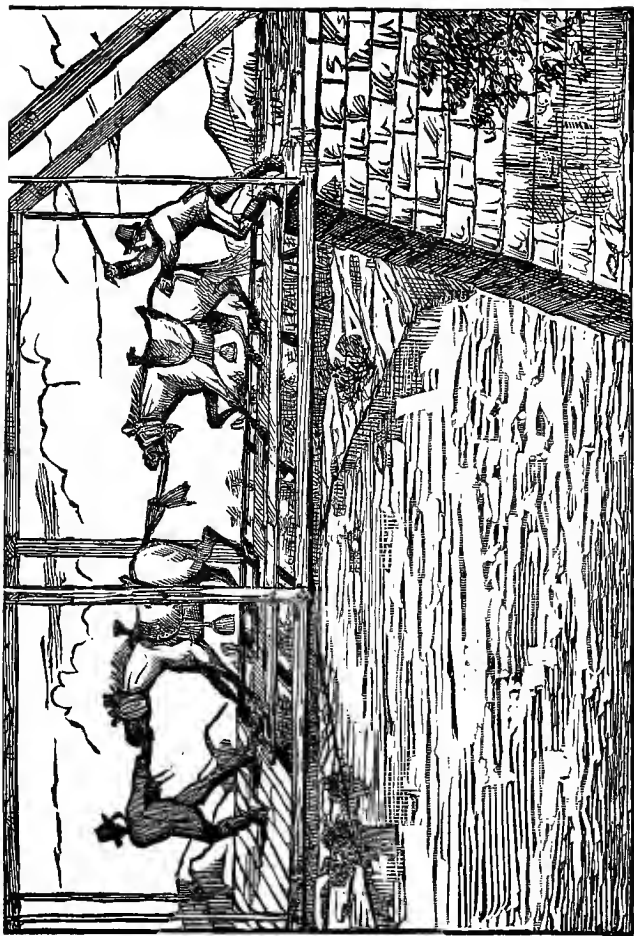
We soon reached his residence, where we had breakfast, after which I accompanied him over to a party who kept a store, and was also acting postmaster at Preston. His establishment was not much larger than a good-sized packing-case, and while Porter went in to interview the party, I stood outside waiting for him, and could hear all the conversation. On learning the Bishop's errand, the proprietor broke out with:

"Arrested! Why in h——I didn't you shoot the d——d Marshal! I'd like to see him come around after me. Where is he?"

"Right here!" said I as I entered the door with a gun in my hand. "Throw up your hands if you want to say anything to me."

He threw his hands up, and I made him keep them there until I told him a piece of my mind—that it was just such curs as he was that were making trouble for the Mormons. He stammered out that he didn't mean anything.

"You're a dandy postmaster, you are," said I. "Uncle Sam ought to be proud of you. I guess I will send him your address. Bosworth is your name, is it not? and you live in Preston. If



“ WE GOT THERE, ELL.”

ever you feel like taking a shot at me, drop me a card."

After leaving his place, we finally succeeded in getting a couple of bondsmen, who went with us to Oxford for the purpose of bailing him out. The Commissioner was up north when we arrived, and I had Porter in my custody for three days, during which time I had ample opportunity for conversing with him, and from the kindly and affectionate manner in which he referred to all his wives and families, I could not conceive of such an apparently kind husband and father acting towards them as he subsequently did. It was beyond belief that any church had sufficient power to make an intelligent American citizen get up in a crowded court-room and not only perjure himself, but blacken and villify the poor woman (one of his wives) who at that moment lay on a bed of sickness at home. The hearts of more than one of that audience grew sick, for they knew the peculiar circumstances of the case, and how the unfortunate girl had only a few days before buried her only child, and was still mourning her loss. To us unregenerate Gentiles it seemed nothing less than brutal that she should be publicly branded as a harlot, and her dead infant as a bastard—and all this by the man of all others to whom she might expect to

look as the natural defender and champion of her good name.

One of the worst features of this case was that the father of the poor girl testified against his own daughter in much the same manner that Porter had done. He was very much averse to appearing at all, and it was with great difficulty that I succeeded in serving him with the necessary subpoena. When I entered his home for that purpose, he swore I should not read it, and on my persisting in doing so he jumped for a rifle which hung in a rack on the wall. I had a double-action "persuader" handy, and drawing it on him, I told him if he made any more moves for the gun I would "put out his light"; that I was there on business, and it would stand him in hand to pay strict attention to what I had to read. After considerable opposition from him and his family, I finally managed to serve it.

"Now," said I, "might I ask why you made such a fuss about this?"

"I don't want to appear agin Porter," he answered.

"If the Mormon religion is right, and the Lord will protect you all, as Porter claimed some few days ago, what have you to fear? Of course, all you have to say will not make any difference, as Porter don't deny that your daughter is his wife."

“He can't deny it,” said he.

“You better wait till you git in court before you begin a talkin’,” interposed his wife as she cast a warning look at him.

I was about as tired of them as they were of me, and so I left, seeing nothing more of them until I met them a few days afterward in the court-room at Blackfoot. On the trial both the husband and father of the sick woman I have referred to, testified under oath that she was an abandoned woman, and that her dead child was the fruit of illicit love. Porter was found guilty and sent to join the colony of Saints already settled behind the bars of Boise City Penitentiary.



CHAPTER IX.

Frightened Mormons—The Animals Stirred Up.

THE FANATICAL HORDE were beginning to find that the government was in earnest, and as Utah polygamists as well as those of Idaho and Arizona were being stirred up, the country was filled with fugitives from justice. United States officials of all kinds were looked on with especial disfavor. Every move was watched, and we encountered vindictive looks on every side. Many Mormons who hitherto had been afraid to come out and separate themselves from the Church, fell away and apostatized. Mormon newspapers were filled with lying squibs, in which I, of course, came in for a liberal share of abuse. I was warned by my apostate and Gentile neighbors to travel well armed, as they had heard many muttered threats regarding me, and well knew what was possible among a people who were nothing if not fanatical. I never could think of them as anything but rank cowards, and I continued making arrests as before. The monotony was occasionally relieved by some spiteful move on the part of the Mormons. One night a house I owned down on the ranche was partially destroyed, but as I could not bring it home to any particular persons, nothing was

done about it. A gentleman by the name of Wright, at Franklin, had a great many rods of his wire fences cut down, and his cattle driven off into the mountains, entailing a great deal of expense and trouble upon the victim of the outrage, which he could ill afford to bear.

In several cases growing crops belonging to outspoken Gentiles were partially destroyed, and from the town of Franklin alone they succeeded in driving away nearly all the Gentile residents to other fields and pastures new. They did not always stop at petty annoyances, as in the case of Jim W——, near Franklin, whose call was so close that the bullet which penetrated his clothing is still kept as a souvenir and unpleasant reminder of his sojourn in the realms of John Taylor.

As this narrative only treats of Mormons with whom I came in contact, good, bad or indifferent, I have abstained from giving anything but facts that can be easily verified, while all that is bad in the social system can be found among them, and many crimes can be laid at their door, yet truth compels me to admit that I have met many whom it was a pleasure to know. There are those to be found among them who are enlightened and well educated ; as good and shrewd business men can be met with in Mormondom as anywhere. Their world renowned "Zions' Co-

operative Institution " is evidence that there are business men of a very high order at the head of the Church ; while to succeed in keeping a whole people in a willing bondage, is proof sufficient that the administrative and executive capacity of the leaders is far above mediocrity.



CHAPTER X.

A Gentile Polygamist—Garrison, a "Native of Virginia, Sah!"

AS THE PAGES already written may seem to bear down too hard on the Mormons, we will give them a rest and switch off, so to speak, onto one of them who claimed to be a Gentile, in order that he might save his bacon in the event of trouble. He let no opportunity pass to run down Mormons; and while living in polygamy himself, he thought that the fact that he professed to be down on the Mormons and their institutions would be a feather in his cap with the Federal authorities, and would save him from arrest.

He was a native of Virginia, "sah," and his name was Garrison.

While he was unable to get to the top of the Mormon tree and hold the office of Bishop, which his heart yearned for with an exceeding great yearning, he contented himself with apostatizing to a certain extent. He let such of the tenets of Mormonism as didn't suit him go by the board, but clove to that which he thought was good and took to himself three wives. Thus Brother Garrison, while repudiated by the Mormons as a traitor and apostate, was not long in

the enjoyment of his triple blessedness before some of the "goody-good" brethren began to hint murmuringly that if a man only claimed to be a Gentile he could marry half a dozen women if he wanted to. Happening to be in Franklin one day several "yaps" (Mormon hoodlums) strolled into a store where I was sitting, and after sizing me up went outside again for the apparent purpose of comparing notes. By and by one big fellow came in with three or four others and seemed to have been elected as their spokesman. He chipped into the conversation my friends and I were engaged in, and, after gazing pensively at me for a moment, he broke out with:

"What did you say your name was?"

"What did I say my name was?" I drawled out. "I did not say anything about my name. What is it to you what my name is, anyhow?"

"Oh, nothing," he replied, "on'y some of the boys said as how you was Fred Bennett."

"Well, supposing I am — what of it?"

"Oh, nothin', on'y I wanted to have a look at ye, kase I've heard as how you was the meanest man in Idaho."

I laughed and replied: "You can't put your finger on a mean act of mine unless you call arresting men of your stripe meanness. Then if that's so I'm mean, and propose to stay mean

till we get this county so white men can live in it."

"There's one law for Mormons and one law for Gentiles," replied he.

"No," said I, "if you can show me a breach of the law, Jew or Gentile will get the same deal the Mormons get."

"Then why don't you go and arrest Garrison?"

"Who is Garrison?" I inquired.

"Why, he lives up on the bench about five miles from hyar, and hez three wives," they all chimed in.

I got all the particulars of Garrison's case, the maiden names of his wives and of other witnesses; and I soon found that Brother Garrison did not lack for enemies whatever else he might lack. I told the gentle "yaps" that I would endeavor to prove to them that the law in his case was just as binding as in the case of Nash or any other Polyg. already arrested, I went to Oxford shortly afterward, and securing a warrant for Garrison, I started after him and arrived at his ranche late one afternoon. I had an accurate description of him and had no trouble in finding him. He was working a sulky plow when I first saw him; and as I came up and greeted him with, "How do you do, Brother Garrison?" he hesitated a moment before replying, and evi-

dently took me to be a traveling agent of some kind. He anticipated my supposed business by saying, "I don't need any trees."

"Don't need any trees? Who said anything about trees?" said I.

"Why, bean't you a tree peddler?"

"No, I am round distributing tracts; and here, said I, handing the warrant to him, "is one that applies directly to you."

He took it, and glancing at it, said quietly, "you've made a mistake this time, Mr. What's-your-name."

I told him my name, and said, "I am very glad, Mr. Garrison, for your sake, that a mistake has been made."

"Oh, that's all right; let's go to the house," he said, as he got down off the plow and began unhitching.

I shouted out to the party who had driven me out how to get down the lane to the house, and as it was getting along toward evening, at the earnest solicitation of Brother Garrison, we put the team up for the night and made arrangements to stay till morning. On going into the house we found no lack of comfort, and at supper plenty to eat and a good-looking woman to grace the head of the table — Mrs. Garrison No. 3, as I found out afterward. We talked on various topics and I found that Brother Garrison

had had quite a large experience in the way of religion; he had been a Methodist preacher in Virginia for several years; had, after leaving the Methodist church, sampled two or three other religions, finally coming out to Utah and joining the Mormons. His former religious experience did not seem to be appreciated here, however, as he seemed to think it should be; at least, I was led to infer so from little "cuss words" the worthy ci-devant preacher let fall from time to time when talking about Mormonism. I could not refrain from taking stock of Mrs. Garrison, and wondering how a woman must feel tied to a man that hopped and skipped from one religion to another, and finally brought up at a religion that degraded her to the level of an animal. As she hung on every sentence that came from the mouth of her husband and very evidently thought him eloquence personified, I came to the conclusion that the pair were a little below par. I subsequently found that the lady had run away from Virginia with Garrison and that he had left an estimable wife back there.

After breakfast next morning Brother Garrison very kindly directed me to where I would find the woman who was known as Mrs. Garrison No. 3 by the outside world, but whom he claimed to know as Emma Taylor. So leaving the driver I went out, and jumping on a horse, I rode

over to where she was, a distance of about three miles. On knocking at the door it was opened by a young woman who was homely enough to stop a clock. She had an infant in her arms. I smilingly said, "Good-morning, Mrs. Garrison," and as she admitted her identity I subpoenaed her and returned to her husband's other house, where I found him getting his team ready. Having no further use for the team that brought me over, it returned to town, and Garrison and I went skirmishing around to look after bondsmen. As we drove along I could not help thinking it funny how a man so hard to please in a religion as friend Garrison seemed to be, was willing to take chances of a prison for such a burlesque on beauty as I had left in the other house. We were at the moment lacking a subject to talk on, so I ventured to remark, "A handsome woman Miss Taylor is." Garrison, turning around, looked at me with a sardonic smile and said, "Don't add more sins to those you have already committed to-day by lying." I laughed and changed the subject.

It was rather difficult for him to find men who were willing to go on his bonds, as he was a very bad Mormon and not a very good Gentile. He finally succeeded in getting a couple, and in due course of law he was sent to keep company with the band of saints and sinners at Boise

City. I saw no more of him for some time, but heard of him frequently and was told that he had been taken back again into full fellowship in the Mormon Church.



CHAPTER XI.

*Trip to Paris (the Mormon Stronghold of Idaho) as
Canvasman with Cushing's Circus.*

AS POLYGAMISTS within forty miles of Oxford were now beginning to take greater precautions than ever to avoid arrest, many of them left that part of the country entirely, some of them going down to Arizona, while others scattered through the back settlements of Utah ; others again going to Montana and Northern Idaho, and the eastern part of Idaho received its full quota of fugitives. Now a slight description of the headquarters of polygamy in Idaho may be of interest. The very core of polygamy in this Territory is at a place called Paris. Here the brains of the party may be found, and so nicely situated is it, that for a stranger to get in unnoticed is well nigh impossible. From Franklin to Paris there is a trail across the "Wasatch Range," or what is commonly called the "Bear River Range" of mountains, and this can only be traveled for a short time in the summer, as the snow falls here eight or ten months in the year, that is, on parts of the trail high up in the mountains.

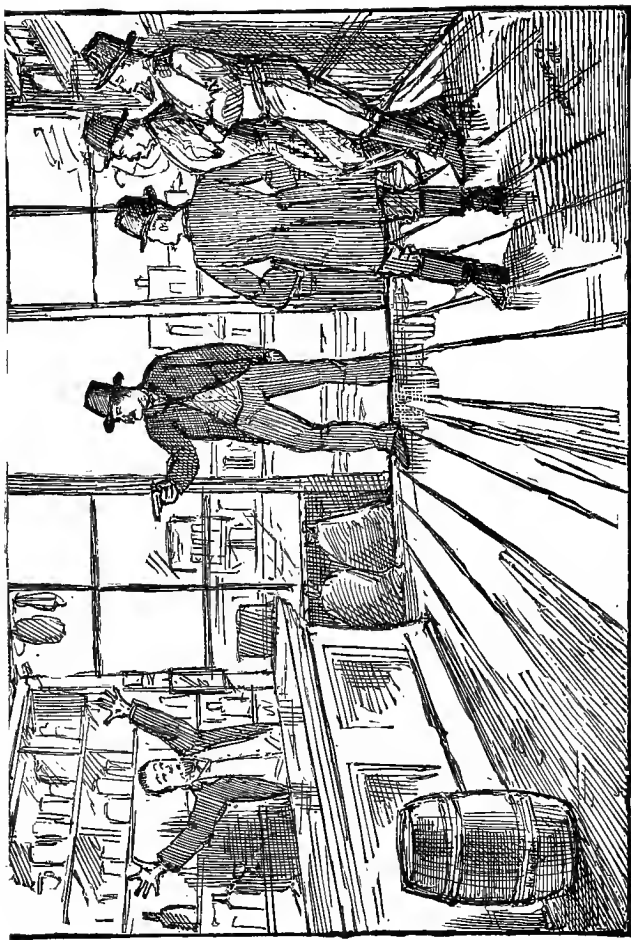
A telegraph line runs from Paris to Franklin, controlled entirely by Mormons, and is commonly called the "clothes line." It is in constant

use as a means of warning to the people of Paris, and such fugitives as make it a city of refuge. This delectable spot is surrounded with spies in every direction, keeping track of any movement of the United States officers which might tend to threaten the safety of polygamists in that neighborhood ; every train on the Oregon Short Line is watched, from McCammon to Granger ; they have telephone connection to Montpelier in their own hands ; the little hamlets scattered to the north and south of Paris are inhabited by a strictly Mormon population, and so thickly settled is this section that any one traveling through these numerous villages would receive the impression that he was driving up or down a long, irregular street. When it is taken into consideration that every one of these houses is occupied by fanatics who are either law-breakers themselves, or are sworn to aid and abet those who are living in open and defiant hostility to the laws of the land that has done so much for them, it will be readily seen how impossible it is for a stranger to get to their strongholds unobserved. If the inhabitants do not wish to be interviewed, there is no necessity for it, as they have generally all the way from two to ten hours' warning of danger, and are thus given ample time and opportunity for hiding or escape.

In addition to Paris, there is situated over the

mountains, about fifty miles back of Montpelier, a valley known as Salt River Valley. It is a good cattle country, and a veritable hunter's paradise, abounding in game of all kinds, including bear, moose, elk, polygamists and other small game; while the river teems with fish, such as trout, mountain herring, etc., etc. Here polygamy flourishes like a green bay tree, and the polygamist sits secure in the shadow of his wives' petticoats, none daring to "make him afraid." To attempt to follow him to this safe retreat is useless, as any effort in that direction would, for the greater part of the year, have to be made on snowshoes; and the difficulty is increased by the fact that the inhabitants are outlawed, and naturally take every possible precaution to insure the safety of the "gang."

One can hardly conceive of a prettier or more picturesque country than that surrounding Paris, and a better stock country it would be hard to find anywhere. Nature seems to have been graciously inclined to the Mormons, and to have taken special pains to make everything beautiful around them here. The only drawbacks that suggested themselves to me were the long winters and the canting hypocrites who comprised the population of this Western Eden. This veritable gem of scenery presents itself to my mind's eye like a grand panorama. Bear



"THROW UP YOUR HANDS, IF YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME."

River heads up near Paris, and from its source to where it empties itself into the great Salt Lake at Corinne, Utah, it runs through and waters some of the most beautiful and fertile valleys in America—valleys that the Mormons prate about making “blossom as the rose.” Small thanks to them when Nature has already done so much. When I look back to other places in Texas, Arkansas, New Mexico, Colorado, Nevada and other States, where the grit and vim of native-born and adopted Americans have overcome far greater obstacles than those the Mormons are always preaching about, it makes me feel that to have a pack of such whining curs occupying and keeping back a country, that owing to them is fifty years behind the age, any longer is a gross injustice to millions of good citizens in the crowded cities of our land. The least that could be done would be to so effectually squelch them, that to posterity they would be nothing more than a dark memory of the past, as negro slavery is to the younger members of this generation. My language may seem severe, but if my readers could but sit and listen to the tales I have heard, and see even what I have seen, it would give them but a faint idea of the crimes that have been perpetrated here in the name of religion. What must have been the misery of poor misguided people,

who in very many cases thought they had found a means of grace, and being sincere were led to bear trials and hardships ; to leave all and pin their faith to what they supposed was a heaven-born religion ? What must have been their feelings, think you, when they found themselves practically shut out from the world with no avenue of escape ; and being thus made compulsory and unwilling witnesses of crimes that will never be known until that last great day when the books shall be opened. There are numbers of men and women in Utah and Idaho to-day who could testify to occurrences of which they were eye-witnesses, that would not be believed by the outside world. Some of them unfit for print. But all this has nothing to do with Paris and how I got into it, nor in fact how I got out of it. There being a stringency in the Polyg. market, it was determined that by hook or by crook we should throw a line into Bear Lake (County), and see if we could catch anything, there being several big Mormon fish there that would look well served up in good shape at the next term of court. As there was a circus about to take that route, I concluded to go with it in some capacity so as to get there unobserved. As I mentally pictured to myself the dismay of the Saints, should I succeed in bringing them down one after the other to take part

in the performance I was preparing, I had many a quiet chuckle to myself. If they had been any other kind of criminals I would not have taken the same enjoyment out of catching them; but having an innate antipathy to polygamy I could not help feeling more zealous in this part of my official duties than in almost any other business I had to attend to. When the Marshal came down I unfolded my scheme to him, and we laid our plans accordingly, forgetting for a time the advice given by some one that before cooking a hare you must always catch him. We began cooking our Polygs. before the judicial fire, and basting them in the most-approved fashion, we had several of them done to a turn, in our minds, when we both suddenly awoke to the fact that we had not yet caught our fish. So after looking over the pros and cons, the Marshal found he was acquainted with the manager of the "Colossal Aggregation" or circus, and would fix it so "Terence could jine the gang" without suspicion as to who I was. I happened to be driving round the track, where the circus was, in a sulky, and I found out the manager and told him I wished he would give me a pointer what wagon to ride out of town on. I asked him to fix it so that I could drop into some niche I would be apt to fit, without leading to too many questions, as I was well known by the people at

the first two stands where the circus was to exhibit, and it would spoil everything if I was recognized. On the other hand, if I kept out of sight the boss canvasman might give me the G. B. when I came to the front after all the work was done. He said he would fix that all right. I told him that while there was nothing actually disgraceful about hard work, yet as I had been originally intended as a parlor ornament I knew very little about how to do it. And so laughing and chatting we soon arranged that I was to ride on the band-wagon. I procured a small decoction of a weed or plant called "Old Rye," with which I intended to walk into the affections of "Three-fingered Mike," the driver of the aforesaid band-wagon. We were to have started about day-break but were delayed, and I was afraid some of my neighbors might recognize me, though I had dressed myself in togs suitable to the high position I was to temporarily occupy. We finally rolled out of town about seven o'clock in the morning, and as the crisp cool weather of that season of the year was enough to brace up the spirits of the most confirmed hypochondriac we were all in the best of humor. The vehicle I was perched on was a large, roomy circus band-wagon, and the back part of it was occupied by "dot leedle German band," the members of which were fresh arrivals

from the Vaterland, and they kept gabbling away as we journeyed in a language entirely unintelligible to me.

Everything went as merry as a marriage bell, and as we drove along, and the sun shone brighter and brighter, we felt that it was a regular picnic, while Mike would tickle the leaders with his long lash, in pure exuberance of spirits. Here we wind round the sides of a grand old mountain, startling a covey of prairie chickens, that go whirring away a few yards and light again, showing by their lack of fear that they expect no harm from such a jolly crew. Here we go down a long winding dug-way, soon striking a little valley, with a stream clear as crystal meandering through it, from which we start a couple of deer, which leap along, and stop every few jumps to turn round and gaze at us. Having arrived at a nice place to water the horses, Mike, and I as his supernumerary, proceeded to do so. After the horses have been attended to, Mike suggests that it is rather a long while between drinks, so producing the bottle, I hand it to him. Muttering, "here's howdy," he wraps his lips round the neck of it, and in the ardor of his embrace nearly strangles the life out of it, and hands it back to me tenderly, with the hope that it can be replenished in Gentile Valley, which is about twelve miles further on. I tell him

I doubt it, but venture to remark that as long as such weather as this lasts we won't need anything to keep our spirits up. By this time everything is set, and away we roll again, soon striking the "Cottonwood Divide." Here, encountering a long, steep climb, we all get out and walk, leaving Mike alone in his glory to guide the horses. After reaching the top of the divide we have about three miles of good roads, and soon come to what is known as the Rocky Pass. This is a short rift in the mountain, with steep, jagged sides towering high above us, suggesting the idea that the passage had been blasted out of the mountain. The natural walls bounding the pass on either side are rugged and uneven, and the grand scene leaves an impression on the mind that cannot easily be effaced.

As we emerge from the Rocky Pass, we hear the music of Cottonwood Creek, as it glides along through Cottonwood Valley to empty itself a couple of miles further on into Bear River. The road follows down the side of the creek for some distance, to the ford, and as we pursue our way, we pass the ranche of "Old Man Walton," a fine old Mormon gentleman, "one of the olden time." After fording the creek, the road winds to the right, and climbing a short but very steep hill, we come to "the bench," or plateau, from where, looking to the southeast, we see the

steam arising from the Hot Springs, a group of a dozen or more being scattered round near the mouth of Cottonwood Creek. The bottom fell out of one of these springs not long since, and it is now seventy or eighty feet deep. This particular spring was the only one that was used by the bathers, and I often think of what the fate of some of us would have been had we been taking a warm swimming-bath at the time of this change in its formation and depth.

And now we come to Bear River, along the banks of which the road winds, sometimes hundreds of feet above it. From some of the highest points the eye can take in the valley for miles, and the various ranches can be seen nestling at the foot of the mountains across the river. Add to this the beautiful wheat fields scattered here and there, and we have one vast natural picture set in a frame of emerald hills which a lover of beautiful scenery will never tire of contemplating.

It was now approaching noon, and as we were billed to show in Gentile Valley that afternoon and evening we hurried on, but we did not reach there until it was too late to give an afternoon performance. I went to a straw-stack and making myself comfortable, lay down and had a nap. I woke up toward dark, and feeling pretty hungry, I started for the house where we were

to eat, but as the proprietor knew me I hesitated for a while before I entered, for I was far from desirous of having my identity revealed just then. However, when I remembered that there was not a harder-looking pill in the aggregation than myself, I braced up and took my seat at one of the tables. My appetite was good, and I plied my knife and fork with such effect that in a few minutes the table in my neighborhood looked as if a hurricane had struck it, and to my great satisfaction I managed to leave the house without being recognized.

I then went down to where the circus tent was pitched and made myself useful in various ways. It was drawing near the time for the performance to begin, and everything was hurry and bustle in the dressing-room where I found the Roman soldiers getting ready to carry the banners in the procession. They were putting on their regimentals, and my friend Mike was trying to get on a Roman soldier's coat two sizes too small for him. Now, as Mike was a big pussy old stage-driver, and as he only had three fingers on both hands, (this being the reason he was called "Three-Fingered Mike") the reader can easily understand what difficulty he had in robing himself—and the more poor Mike was hurried the less speed he made. To my offer of services as valet, Mike replied; "No; I'll get

the d——n thing on after a while," and I, of course, had to let him do the best he could unaided. The Roman soldiers were by this time nearly ready, and the band was beginning to tune up for the grand march when the manager, finding that Mike was not yet ready, turned to me and said: "Slip into those regimentals and help us out—it only takes a few minutes." I looked at him to see if he meant it, but seeing a sly twinkle in his eye, I laughingly told him that I was afraid I waddled too much for a Roman soldier: so they had to do without me, and opened the performance with one warrior short. The performance having been gone through with to the satisfaction of the audience, we hastily took down the canvas, and after stowing it away in the wagons we rolled out of town about two o'clock on our way to Soda Springs. It was a bitterly cold morning, and Mike and myself had great difficulty in keeping warm as we jogged along up and down the different hills. The band-wagon generally took the lead, and we could discern the other wagons following us by their twinkling lights; now they were far above us on some hill, and again in the depths of some valley which we had already left behind us. We longed for daybreak, and I suggested that we should stop and light a fire, as there was plenty of dry sage-brush with which

to make one. We finally did so, and the sight of the poor benumbed Dutch band-men was ludicrous in the extreme as they clumsily dropped from their elevated perch. As soon as they saw what we were up to they all set to work gathering fuel, and we had a rousing fire burning in a very short time. By the time we were all thoroughly warmed up, most of the other wagons came up with us, so we pursued our journey. Mike, who of course was ignorant of my true character, now commenced giving me some good advice. He told me there was no money in following a circus, and strongly advised me to try to get work on a section or on some ranche; I replied (and I must confess I was giving him the truth) that I was already tired of circus life, and expressed my intention of quitting it when we reached Montpelier, and of looking round for some more congenial employment.

On arriving at Soda Springs, we went to the Williams Hotel, and as the landlady's brother knew me, he greeted me very cordially, much to my annoyance, and to the amazement of Mike, whom I was helping with the horses. I now saw I must make a confidant of my three-fingered friend, for he might ask Williams who I was, and not knowing that I had any reasons for secrecy, might give me away to the rest of the hands; so I disclosed my true identity to him. To satisfy

whatever curiosity Williams might have, I told him I was on the track of the parties who had robbed the stage near Arco, and got his promise not to divulge it to any one. I then went up into a loft to get some much-needed sleep, and did not awake until late in the afternoon. I had no sooner descended from it than I went plump into the arms of Billy C——, a friend of mine, who had come to get his horse, which he boarded in this stable. I must have looked pretty tough and “rocky,” for, as I had only just emerged from a bed of hay, I had a lot of hayseed and such truck hanging to me. Billy evidently did not recognize me at first, for after looking at me a moment he said:

“I beg your pardon, but I thought I knew your voice.”

“I guess not, sir,” I replied, “I am with the circus.”

“You’re Fred,” exclaimed he after taking another good look.

“Yes,” I said, “but cheese it before these fellows. Don’t tell any one you have seen me, and I will come over and see you at dusk.”

“All right,” replied he, as he turned away and went off with his horse and buggy.

I mention all these apparently trivial incidents merely to show how absolutely necessary it was that one should be careful. Secrecy and dis-

guise were indispensable in any attempt to get into Paris, or, in fact, into any other Mormon stronghold, for the purpose of making arrests. The reader will, I hope, pardon me for dealing with such trifles, but I cannot well omit them, for they all have a bearing on this narrative, and from first to last I am endeavoring to give the *facts* just as they occurred.

I went down to the circus tent, but as I was about to lend a hand in making the ring, Dan, the boss canvas man, came over and said he guessed my services were not needed; that business was light, and they had plenty of hands, and as it was a joint-stock affair it stood them all in hand to keep down expenses as much as possible.

I told him I would not entail any additional expense, as I had money to pay my way at the hotels; that I was a poor Mormon boy, who had only one father and one mother, and having followed the band thus far, I was afraid I could never find my way back.

He didn't know whether to get mad or not, and finally blurted out: "Who in h——l are you, anyway?"

I laughed and told him to ask Teeter, the manager; and then thinking it best not to arouse his curiosity too far, I said: "Dan, things are just this way." I then told him the true state

of the case, and he promised to do all he could to further my ends.

A brief description of Soda Springs may not be out of place. It is a small but scattered village, not far from the banks of Bear River—it is in fact two villages in one. The old town is built on the old emigrant trail, while the new town clusters round the railroad, and is the center of a number of mineral springs that are becoming widely known through their medicinal qualities, and a great deal of the water is shipped both east and west. Some of the springs are highly impregnated with soda, and foam, sparkle and taste precisely like the manufactured article, but contain none of the deleterious ingredients used in the latter, as has been proved by analysis. There are other springs containing different healing properties, and Soda Springs may be said to have been built on the roof of one of Nature's great laboratories. In the summer-time it is a great resort for tourists, many staying from early spring until the snow begins to fly. The winters are pretty cold, but the air is tempered more or less by the vapor which arises from the chimneys of the chemical factory beneath. It is noted for the beauty of its scenery and the character of its formation, and any one in search of health, and with a desire to **enjoy it as they go along, will find Soda Springs**

has been very plentifully supplied with means to that end. There are some very nice people there, both Gentiles and Mormons, and one or two Mormon cranks that will repay a close study.

As I have not explained what our plans were, in connection with this trip, I had better do so now. After talking over the ways and means, the Marshal and I decided that the following plan, while promising more success than any other, would at the same time be attended with a spice of excitement and no small amount of fun. (I am sorry to say that Uncle Sam does not pay very liberally for work done in the Territories, and seeing that expenses out there are at least three times what they are in the East, we often have to balance our account, so to speak, by charging ourselves with what fun we can knock out in the discharge of our duty.)

A business friend in Montpelier, who was supposed to be a staunch Gentile, was taken into the scheme, and on my arrival with the circus was to give me pointers on each man for whom I had a warrant, as he went into the show. I had warrants for about twenty men in Montpelier, all of whom had then, and in fact have to-day from two to seven wives each. Now, as I have been often asked if all Mormons are not polygamists, I would say that the proportion in Idaho would

probably not be more than one in twenty ; while again in Logan and other little spots in Utah the average of " Gideon's band " would be fully fifteen in twenty. However, I had papers for twenty here, and as they were pointed out to me I was to locate them in the audience. The Marshal was to be at Pocatello, and I was to notify him by telegraph from Soda Springs, but for good reasons I wrote him instead of wiring intelligence as to the time the first performance would take place, when he was to come to Montpelier. I was to meet him there and report progress, while he was to remain in the sleeper and go on to where the east-bound train passed the one going west and then return to Montpelier about four o'clock in the afternoon. This was done so that he could reach the circus when the performance was in full blast without being observed by any of the inhabitants, to whom he was as well known " as the town clock. " I, of course, would be inside with my men all ready spotted, and as I led them down one by one to the ring, in " accents soft and low, " he was to read the warrants to them. I was also, if possible, to have things fixed so as to prevent their exit during our little matinée.

As it was raining when we left Soda Springs, I concluded to go back on my old side-partner Mike and ride to Georgetown with the canvas-

men in the big covered wagon the canvas was stowed in, and on mentioning it to Dan, the boss, he said, "All right, I guess we can make room for you." So I climbed in, and we rolled out of town about nine o'clock in the morning. The road from Soda Springs to Georgetown was very monotonous, as nothing but barren hills and interminable stretches of sage-brush flats meet the eye, relieved once in a while by the glimpses one gets of Bear River, which can always be easily located by the brush that lines its banks. The canvas-wagon was a large old-time "prairie schooner," and the canvas being laid in the bottom always with an eye to comfort, I found riding in it was quite an improvement on the band-wagon, and as its occupants had all seen more or less of the world the dreariness of the road was but little felt. We all laid full length in the wagon, feet to feet. One of the number called "Tex" had the most comical drawl, and if he could only be transferred to the stage, his long lank body topped off as it was with a sombrero, he would have been a good card. His inimitable drawl that morning was punctuated as it were with a hiccough caused, as he told us, by a "too (hic) free indulgence in 'his fav'rit bev'rige, alke-hol." Through some means the conversation turned on Mormons, and I found Tex was well acquainted with quite a number of

the polygamists, warrants for whom I had at that time safely stowed away in my pocket. He had lived one winter in Montpelier, and would tell us of Old Man So-and-so and the "monkey-and-parrot" time he had trying to keep his wives from scratching out each other's eyes. Then he would wander from one "old cuss to another," as he called them, thus quite unconsciously giving me items that were of benefit later on. I looked across at Dan interrogatively, thinking perhaps he had told Tex who I was, and that he in consequence was trying to draw me out; but Dan giving me a reassuring look, I began to draw Tex out, and sounded him with a view to securing his services at Montpelier. By this time we were drawing near Georgetown, and the subject for the time being dropped, Dan asked Tex how large a place Georgetown was and the size of the house to be expected. Tex answered rather gloomily, so we relapsed into a silence unbroken until we heard the driver tell Dan to "git onto Georgetown fer a show-town," and, looking out, we saw a city of about ten log houses.

As no one knew which particular house the advance agent had arranged for us to eat at, we were at a stand-still for a few moments, when an old resident came along and asked:

"Be you the show?"

Dan said, "Yes, a part of it."

"Well, the man as stuck the papers up said as how some on you was to stop at my house down thar by the creek, and 'ere's the succus lot he picked on."

We all scrambled out of the wagon, and Tex, turning to a native who was gazing on us with wide-eyed curiosity, asked him if it was possible to get "a little alke-hol" in the city.

The native replied, "No, but I guess you could get a boy to go for some."

"Go whar?" said Tex.

"To Montpelier," returned the native.

As it was fourteen miles to Montpelier, I thought that settled the alcohol question, and I walked off to the house arranged for us to eat at, while Tex and his new acquaintance wrestled with the problem of how to get alcohol. I had forgotten all about Tex and his heart's desire, when he came to me and asked for the loan of a dollar, as he had found a boy to go for it. The round trip being twenty-eight miles, will give some idea of how badly the kid wanted to go to the circus, as that was to be his reward. Wanting to stand well with Tex, I lent him the dollar, and sure enough the boy got him his alcohol. We put up the canvas, and surely no other circus ever tackled a more forlorn spot. There were but two men found to have the price of

admission, the balance of the audience being composed of the different parties whom we were quartered with, and their families. It was a blue lookout, and after looking the matter over, the manager concluded to pull down the canvas and go to Montpelier.

Tex "lowed ef we didn't git away fum this yer carrot-eating country putty soon, poverty w'd hev sich a grip on us we couldn't leave nohow."

We took the tent down accordingly, and after a good night's rest, we rolled out, and about day-break arrived at Montpelier.

Montpelier, like Soda Springs, is composed of two towns. The old town is built up on the "bench," and is inhabited entirely by Mormons, while the new town clusters round the railroad, and is occupied principally by the Gentiles, almost all of them railroad men. These two towns are bitterly antagonistic, as railroad men are seldom found to have much use for Mormons. It was into the old town that we drove, and it was found that if the tent was put up there the Gentiles from the lower town would not patronize it, and *vice versa*; so it was decided to show in the old town in the afternoon and move to the new town in the evening.

Having made arrangements with Tex to point me out the residences of all the polygamists in

Montpelier, as soon as the tent was pitched he proceeded to do so. He and I started to go down to the railroad, or new town. As we passed a polygamist's house he would give me the name of the occupant and the extent of his harem, which I was careful to jot down as soon as possible. Those that we did not pass he would show me in the distance, and as the town lay on a slope of the mountain, we could take it all in at a glance. He would describe things about this way:

“D' ye see yender little log cabin way up thar near the foot-hills, with a big barn back of it, jest east of whar we is now? Waal, ole Jim So-and-so herds three weemin in thet cab'n. Going on a little further, he would say: “Right yer in this yer house we's pass'n is whar 'Hezekiah Hogwash' lives. He hez four weemin, or did hev when I was yer, but Lawd he might hev a dozen now, as he started in kinder wholesale—married two sisters and got sealed to their mother all about the same time.” And here Tex broke out with “what relation will them kids be to each other when they grows up?” I thought it was an easy question and was going to answer it right off the reel, but after calling them everything from ancestor down to posterity, Tex said: “Why you is foolish. They is someth'n ain't in no dictionary.” As I could not answer

the question, and am still anxious to know, I hereby pledge myself to give a moss-agate to any one who can "parse" them. I put down in this way the names of several new ones, besides finding out just where the others resided for whom I had warrants. By this time we had reached the lower town, and leaving Tex to enjoy himself the best he could, I started for the place of our supposed friend. He did not "enthuse" when he learned who I was and my mission, and blurted out: "We don't want to touch Montpelier," when I had unfolded my plans, and I could plainly see that either through fear or some other cause he had concluded to go back on his own proposition. I told him I wished he had thought of it before writing such an encouraging letter, and not having me trapseing all over the country, sleeping in barns and haystacks to make my part of the programme good. When I found he wouldn't do as he had agreed, I said: "I am fixed to work it myself, and that you'll not give me away is all I ask." He flushed up at this and pretended to be indignant at the idea, and I soon after went over to the train, expecting to find the Marshal, who, through the failure of my letter to reach him, was not on board, as he was looking for a telegram, and not a letter. It was now drawing near time for the afternoon performance, so I went and got Tex and we

started for the old town, feeling pretty badly broken up. I asked him if he and his partner would stand "pat," and he said he would. On our way we were overtaken by the man who had played me false, as he was driving in his buggy in the same direction as we were going. Being afraid he was going to head me off in the polygamist section of the place, I tried to prevent it by saying I would like to ride up with him. He consented, and Tex and I climbed up and sat behind with our feet dangling out. He did not seem to be pleased with our company, and immediately began whipping the horses viciously, and the team becoming unmanageable they got the best of him, and the buggy striking an obstruction I was thrown out and received injuries which laid me up for quite awhile. Since that day my prayer has been: "From Jack Mormons good Lord deliver us."



CHAPTER XII.

“Jack Mormons”—Who They Are and What They Are Like.

NOW THAT I have mentioned the “Jack Mormon,” I will turn on the light so that we can all see him, for he will repay a little dissection. He has not been raised as a Mormon ; he has raised himself principally, and has made a pretty bad job of it. His ambition is to be thought well of by all classes, but as a man can't serve God and mammon he only succeeds in rendering himself despicable and being despised alike by both Mormons and Gentiles. To his Mormon neighbors he will say that, in his opinion, the “dodgasted” government has about all it can attend to without bothering its head about other people's religion, for his part he “don't see what business it is of anybody's if a man wants to marry his own daughter, and if these Gentiles that are making all the trouble for the Mormons were out of the country it would be better off. He will then probably begin running down his Gentile neighbors, and if he thought it would help him out any in the good opinion of those he is afraid of, or whom he may deem it policy to ingratiate himself with, he would no doubt get down on his knees and black their boots. We

will suppose he is running a little fourth-class postoffice. When the Mormons come in he will go on in the above strain, but when a Gentile comes in he is apt to go into ecstasy over Gentiles, "so few of our kind round," he explains. Then he will turn himself loose against his Mormon visitors of a few moments before, and after tearing them to pieces, says he wishes he was out of such a country, and cannot see why the government does not put them down. Should you in a moment of confidence let him know anything of your business, what you tell him is so much added to his capital stock, and the poor wretch is on "pins and needles" until he runs and tells it with such embellishments as he thinks will make it weigh more. As a consequence (for sooner or later notes are compared by Mormon and Gentile), Mr. Postmaster, or whoever else he may be, is speedily put on the shelf and ticketed "Jack Mormon." As a general thing they cannot be insulted, and go through life despised by both parties, and in their petty way make lots of trouble. There are several in Idaho, we are sorry to say, but we suppose nature intended them for some purpose like flies and bed-bugs.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mobbed by Mormons at Franklin—How They Got Left.

IN COMPANY with another party I took a trip to Salt Lake City. On our return we stopped off at Logan, Utah, intending to take the freight later on which reached Franklin after dark, and as that was the town which, at the time, we were interested in we did not want to arrive there in daylight. Franklin is a place of six or eight hundred inhabitants, all Mormons with the exception of four or five families. It contains a Mormon Church, or as they call it, "Tabernacle," the inevitable Zion's Co-operative Institution, a brewery, a few other stores and a Presbyterian meeting-house and school. As we got on the train at Logan we were not very agreeably surprised to find a young Mormon resident of Franklin named Jim Webster and his girl on board. I knew him to be a spy, his father holding a very high position in the Church, and I deemed it necessary to pull the wool over his eyes so effectually that he would not want to mention our names after he got off at Franklin. I gave my friend the hint that it would be a good scheme to try and make Webster jealous by making love to the girl, and as he was an adept

at this kind of work it was but a few short moments before he had her laughing and chatting and seemingly altogether unmindful of Jim. I called his attention to the flirtation and ventured to remark that if it were possible for us to get off at Franklin I really believed that George would cut him out. He brightened up as the thought struck him that we would soon be separated, and on his asking me where we were going I told him Oxford, and wrote a message to be sent from Franklin which I asked him to give the agent as I did not want to get off the train. The town of Franklin has a great many polygamists among its inhabitants, and although there are warrants out for the greater part of them, and the town has been repeatedly raided, but four or five had been arrested up to this time. On reaching Franklin we bade the young couple adieu, and allowing them time to get out of sight we got off and went to a stable belonging to a Gentile friend, where we secured horses and the assistance of a couple of Gentiles who knew all the residences, to act as guides. We started to take them in rotation, and as many of them had two houses, it took some time to search each place, and "whew!" when I remember the filth of some of the houses I cannot help thinking that if cleanliness is next to Godliness, some of the Franklin Mormons are beyond all redemp-

tion. I will briefly describe one house, and it will do as a sample of the rest. We found several wretched-looking children around amidst the greatest squalor and filth. The woman was the fifth wife and was a Scotch woman. The house contained three very small rooms. The door was off one of the rooms, which was used as a granary, and boards were nailed to the frame about two feet high, the floor being covered with wheat, while old shoes, pots, pans and other rubbish were profusely scattered round. The bed was spread out in one corner, and the room lacked *none* of the requisites of a sleeping-room. A view of this chaotic apartment suggested the thought that wheat taken from any other bin would make just as good bread, and I found myself wondering if by any possibility this wheat had anything to do with the brand of flour we were using at home.

Language fails to depict the abject squalor of the balance of the house, while children were to be found sleeping in every nook and cranny. It looked more like the lair of an animal than the abode of human beings. After searching several houses we finally arrested a polygamist named Lowe, but as it was late and he was an old man, we had not the heart to take him, so we let him go **on** his honor until morning. We then started for the houses of some of the witnesses in his

case which were at some distance off; and we found, on our return, that the news of the raid had been scattered far and wide and Webster and several other hoodlums had organized a mob. This mob had scattered in all directions in search of us, and part of them overtook us, and as they continued to follow us we turned and asked them what they meant. "None of your d——n business," they replied.

"If you keep following after us I guess we'll have to make it our business. Now tell us which road you propose to take."

"We're gwine down this way," said one.

"All right," I rejoined, "we're going this way, and don't propose to have any of you fellows tagging after us."

We separated from the mob here, and the boys who had acted as our guides started for home, while we went on to the stable where we had got our horses. We had just taken the saddles off and turned them loose, when we heard several shots fired. Hastily running in the direction of the shots, we were met by one of the boys, who had his hat off and was very much excited. He told us that the mob we had separated from a few moments before had headed them off, and that it was he who had fired several shots. They had dragged him from his horse, and it had got away, so that we

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were now all afoot. We walked a hundred yards or so, and met the other young man, still on horseback, who gave us the names of some of the mob, and as we stood talking, it being a pretty dark night, some of the mob ran into us. Calling upon them to halt, they started to make off, but by this time we had them surrounded, and after several shots were exchanged, we succeeded in arresting four of them. They all denied having participated in the previous racket with the boys, but unfortunately for them, the brewery man and one or two Gentiles happened to be in the bar-room when Webster organized the mob, so there was no lack of evidence with which to convict them. The gentleman who a short time before had told me I was "the meanest man in Idaho," was among those under arrest. His name was Packer.

As we left Franklin the next morning for Oxford, the wagons loaded with prisoners, witnesses and bondsmen, I was strongly reminded of my circus experience, and *en route* we were gazed at with amazement by the Mormon ranchers, as the cavalcade wended its way. Brother Lowe, the one first arrested, led the way, seated in his own buggy, with his two wives and sons, whom we had subpœnaed, and funny as it may seem, he was the only one of the prisoners who got clear; though the evidence was thought

to be conclusive, perjury prevailed. He has since then gone to a higher court for trial, for he died some months ago. The others were duly tried, convicted and liberally fined, and now a child might go into Franklin on Uncle Sam's business without in any way being molested.



CHAPTER XIV.

Dixon — A Brave Man "In His Mind."

THERE IS A ROAD running south from Oxford at the base of the mountains, which at one time was very much traveled. It is the old stage road leading from Salt Lake City to Montana, and before the advent of the Utah Northern Railway the greater part of the freight for the north went that way; as a consequence this road is very thickly settled for at least thirty miles south. The ranchers are, with three or four exceptions, Mormons of the most fanatical type, and among them can be found a fair sprinkling of polygamists. Seven miles from Oxford is situated the little hamlet of Clifton. It has one little store (in which the postoffice is also kept) whose stock of goods could be carried off in a wheelbarrow, yet it rejoices in the dignified title of "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution." This establishment was superintended by a man named Dixon who, while he sold his Mormon neighbors what groceries and provisions they needed, also attended to their spiritual welfare, for he was Bishop, tithe-gatherer and in fact the "head-center" of the little community round Clifton. To all his other responsibilities were added the care of two wives and two families, for he not

only preached polygamy but practiced it, and was very defiant about it, too. He was looked up to by his neighbors as a second edition of the David who slew Goliath, so boastful was he of what he would do should any attempt be made to arrest him. He was in the habit of doing business with a belt full of cartridges and a six-shooter hanging to him. I was told that all this helped his business somewhat, and that he seemed to wish to be looked upon as a bad man from "Bitter Creek" generally. I made one or two trips after him, but always without success, as no matter at what time of the night I went the dogs at the different ranches would bark the news to Dixon, who being a veritable cur as it afterwards turned out, would fly to the mountains on the slightest noise out of the common. One trip made was at the suggestion of a Gentile, who told me that Dixon was at home now and proposed to stay and fight it out, and that his hiding-place was a new cellar that had been dug adjoining the store. This party had seen him and spoken to him, and he knew that a visit paid him now would result in his arrest. Securing the assistance of another party, we started for his place, arriving there just as day was breaking. As I had never seen him to my knowledge, I could only go by the description I had of him. We were in hopes that by arriving thus early

we would find him either in bed in one of the two houses, or in the cellar already mentioned. One house adjoined the store and the other was across the road, so while Johnny, my partner for the time being, kept a close watch on the store, with orders to take a shot at any one leaving if they would not stop when called on, I went to the house across the street. On going round to the back door I found it was admirably adapted to fastening on the outside, it having one of those old-fashioned latches. I shoved a stick through it to prevent its being opened from the inside, and going round to the front I gained admittance, but after a thorough search failed to find the blood-thirsty Dixon. I then proceeded to the other house, and being assured by Johnny that no one had left it, I rapped on the door and was sleepily admitted by Mrs. Dixon No. 1, who protested against being disturbed so early in the morning; but she spoke in such a good-humored way that I began to think they had the laugh on me after all. I searched the house thoroughly, however, and then adjourned to the store, the gentle Mrs. Dixon going ahead of me to open the door, which greatly to my surprise she does without unlocking, and ushers me into the presence of about a half a dozen good Mormons who laughingly bid me good-morning. They ironically said how sorry they felt at my disappoint-

ment, but their cheerful and exultant manner gave the lie to their expressed sympathy, as they told me how they enjoyed my discomfiture in my search for Dixon.

"And now," said old Bill Marler, "if you will allow me, I will show you through the premises."

It took but a moment to go through the store, so I said: "Give me a candle, Bill, till I look in the cellar."

"Ah! I forgot the cellar," said he, handing me a candle, adding: "Be keerful, for Dixon is a cutter and a shooter."

"It does look that way, don't it?" I replied.

Going into the cellar nothing was found but an old mattress and blankets that Bill told me was to take a nap on during the heat of the day.

"How is it you did not come earlier?" said he. "We expected you last night; and es Dixon hed bizness somewhars else he lit out t' tend to it."

"Oh, I just dropped in on my way to Weston," I replied.

"That's too thin!" they all chimed in. "The party as told you Dixon was 'ere, kem down an' told us as how we might look for a call from you, and we ben lookin' fer you all night to pay us a call."

Old Bill, whom I have mentioned, was the

father of Dixon's second wife, and will figure in this narrative later on. So, as we are in a hurry to catch a polygamist, we will leave him and his friends to chuckle together a little longer. It only goes to show the reliance to be placed on some Gentiles.



CHAPTER XV.

Jergenson — Poverty no Bar to Polygamy.

WE WILL now endeavor to show that a man can't be too poor to be a polygamist. Brother Jergenson's case illustrates that in polygamy, as in everything else, if "there's a will there's a way." This Danish gentleman lives in Gentile Valley, is the husband of two wives and the father of six children. One night I started on horseback to arrest him. The weather was cold and frosty, and a thick fog or mist which froze as soon as it came in contact with me, made the journey as uncomfortable as any I had ever taken; and before long both I and my horse were coated with ice, and presented the appearance of a large equestrian icicle, if I may use such an expression.

I reached Cottonwood Crossing, which was about half way from my destination, and was, to my great disappointment, in a far worse condition for fording than on any of my previous attempts. The current was running very swiftly, and had overflowed the banks, which were now nothing but a mass of solid ice about three feet above the surface of the water. I was at a loss to know how to get my horse across such an impediment, and went up and down the stream

for some distance in search of a favorable place. I finally came to where I thought the stream could best be forded, so I dismounted and taking the bridle in my hand, proceeded to feel my way carefully preparatory to leading the horse into the water. The ice proved treacherous, and breaking under me, I suddenly found myself in about three feet of water. There was now of course no alternative but to wade across, which I did with difficulty, dragging my horse up the bank after me. To continue my journey in such a condition was out of the question, so I hastened to build a fire, and before long I was seated on a log warming myself and drying my clothing as well as I could under the circumstances. It was freezing very hard, and I was loth to leave my temporary camp with its cheerful blaze; but as I had important business on hand I finally mounted my horse and continued my journey.

I reached the neighborhood where Jergensen lived about day-break. He was a rancher on a very small scale, and certainly the most poverty-stricken polygamist I had yet come across. He spoke English very imperfectly, but his wives could speak nothing but their native Danish. Near a small creek that watered the ranche were two diminutive log cabins, situated about ten feet apart, and built exactly alike, each having

one door, and one window composed of two small panes of glass. The door of the first cabin was opened, in response to my demand for admission, by Jergensen, who was arrayed in garments too light for the prevailing temperature, and I quickly got inside. I will briefly describe the interior. The bed, which was in one corner, was home-made, and of the most primitive character, the wood-work was of good, stout, but undressed cottonwood poles, fastened together with raw-hide. There was an old pine cupboard, entirely empty; a very rickety table, a chair that had seen its best days years before, and an old cracked stove, that no one but a junk-dealer could make any use of. There was a quantity of rubbish laying round, and the only thing I saw which looked like a cooking utensil was an article that had once been a frying-pan, but as a large piece of the rim was broken out, it was clear to me that it had long before outlived its usefulness. The bed was occupied by a good-natured looking woman and a fat, healthy little girl, while at the foot of the bed, and jammed between it and the wall, was a crib or cot, of the same manufacture as its larger neighbor, in which lay two little tow-heads. When served with the warrant, Jergensen did not deny the fact that he was a polygamist, and bravely acknowledged his wives and children, and said that if it was a

crime he was willing to suffer for it. I then subpoenaed his wife and adjourned to the other cabin, the inside of which was a very close counterpart of the one I had just left. The other wife was of a different stamp from the first lady, and seemed to be of a very surly disposition, so I did my business with her as soon as possible and departed. Jergenson's penalty for marrying not wisely but too often was one year in the House of Correction at Detroit.



CHAPTER XVI.

A Trip Through the Heart of Mormondom—Scenery and Incidents—The Land They Live In—Great Temple at Logan—The Church Rancho—Sanctified Live Stock.

THE UTAH NORTHERN RAILROAD is a narrow guage which runs from Ogden, Utah, to Garrison, Montana, and through the very heart of the far-famed Cashe Valley. As this road takes in all the Mormon settlements of any importance north of the Union Pacific Railroad, a brief description of the country it goes through will not be found uninteresting to the general reader, more especially as I am not aware that any reliable account of it has been published before. The road for its entire length runs parallel with the old Montana stage road, and through some of the finest mining and grazing country in the world. Owing to the supremacy the Mormons have maintained for so many years, the mining resources in this section have, to a great extent, been undeveloped, and I feel it safe to say that there is a great future for the country traversed by the Utah Northern.

Ogden is just forty miles north of Salt Lake City, and is the junction of the Union Pacific, Utah Northern, Central Pacific, Denver and Rio

Grande and the Utah Central Railroads, and is beautifully located. Towering mountains, that from their peculiarly rugged formation compare in picturesque grandeur with any to be found between Omaha and San Francisco, form its background. The snow lays on the summits of some of them all the year round. The population of Ogden is about nine thousand, and is principally Mormon, although within the past few years, since the advent of the railroads, many Gentiles have settled there and gone into business, and it may now be considered one of the important commercial centers of the West. The public and private buildings compare favorably with many older and more pretentious cities, and a grand central passenger depot is in course of construction at the present time; and there is every reason to believe that Ogden, before very long, will overtake and rival Salt Lake City. It is surrounded by a fine farming country, and produce and fruit of all kinds are as plentiful and cheap there as anywhere. It may be called the commercial supply depot of the territory traversed by the several railroads that run into it, and, as a rule, business in Ogden is brisk at all times of the year.

As we leave Ogden going north, Salt Lake can be seen from the train stretching out a few miles to the southwest, and if it happens to be a

bright sun-shiny day the salt on its shores can be seen glistening in the sun for miles. It is hemmed in on the west and south sides by a lofty range of mountains, and many pleasure resorts are to be found along its shores. The first station we stop at is Hot Springs, a place that is becoming noted as a health resort, and nine miles from Ogden. The waters are said to be a sure cure for rheumatism and other diseases that have become chronic, but as I am not capable of enumerating all the benefits that a visit to the springs might result in, we will content ourselves to look at the scenery and the millions of wild geese, ducks, snipe, cranes and seagulls that have left the lake and come up to the fresh water sloughs. It has been a source of wonder to many that seagulls can be found almost anywhere in the mountains, so far from their favorite element. I have seen them flying hundreds of miles up the country apparently as contented as if swimming on salt water. Proceeding on our way, the lofty mountains on our right are intersected by what appear to be long perpendicular red streaks; these are "dragways" or roads used by the ranchers to bring down wood from the pine woods above to the ranches in the valley.

Willard, the next stopping-place, is a small village surrounded by a splendid farming country and fruit orchards, and the fertile soil has

“only to be tickled to laugh a harvest.” It is owned and inhabited entirely by Mormons, and there is not a single Gentile to be found for miles around. It is fourteen miles from Ogden. It seems a pity that a land of plenty, such as this is, should be under the control of a lot of ignorant and priest-ridden fanatics who cannot or will not do justice to it. I firmly believe that if it had been originally settled by a different class of people, the villages that are scattered through it would to-day be cities and towns filled with a happy and thriving population. How can people, born and bred as they have been, be expected to be anything else than a band of Ishmaelites? “Their hand against every man,” their so-called religion teaches them such doctrines, and from their childhood they seem to take to it naturally and gratefully. Theirs is a case which demands firm and heroic treatment; it seems to be either “kill or cure,” with the chances against “cure.”

Brigham City is one of the garden spots of Utah. It is situated on the east side of the track, and should a stranger walk down its shaded street unheralded the male portion of the population will be sure to turn out, not to greet him with welcome, but to make a searching examination of his general appearance. If there is anything suspicious about him, or any indica-

tion that he is one of "Uncle Sam's hirelings," it will not be long before they will take themselves off to a safe hiding-place, from whence they will not emerge until the coast is clear. They have been known before now to entertain Deputy Marshals unawares, and as there is a skeleton in almost every closet in the shape of a polygamist, it behooves them to be very careful as to the strangers they admit within their gates. A great deal of fruit and country produce is shipped from this point and finds a ready sale at places in Idaho and Montana north of here, and a good, able-bodied and industrious Mormon should have no difficulty in making both ends meet. The distance from Ogden is twenty-one miles, and from Corinne, on the Central Pacific, seven miles.

Leaving Brigham City we gradually ascend for some miles. The scenery on our left is very grand, and presents a panorama of mountains, foothills and valleys, in rapid succession, as if to relieve the monotony it might otherwise have. Before we have gone very far we notice a division in the mountains which leads to St. Johns, Samaria, and other little towns, and this pass will bring us to the Malad Valley. This fertile spot is settled almost entirely by Welsh people, who are about equally divided in their religious faith. Some of them are Mormons of the Brig-

ham Young and John Taylor stripe, and among these there are several polygamists. The remainder are about equally distributed among the disciples of Joseph Smith and the various Gentile denominations. There is now a Gentile paper published in Malad by J. A. Straight, called the *Idaho Enterprise*, and Mormonism seems to be losing its grip in the valley.

The next station on the Utah Northern is Collinston, which, on leaving, the Mendon Divide is immediately reached. The grade here is very heavy and a long, difficult climb for a train. Passenger trains get over with but little difficulty and only a slightly perceptible difference in speed; but freights frequently have to "double" or be divided into two sections, each being pulled up separately. From the top of this mountain a view is presented which is worth going a long way to see. The Wasatch Range of mountains is in the shape of a horseshoe, which incloses Cashe Valley, and the Mendon Divide is a spur of that range. The valley at the foot of the mountains is dotted with hamlets, villages and towns varying in size from the little place of fifteen families to towns like Logan that can boast of its thousands of inhabitants. From the summit can be seen thirteen towns and villages, including Mendon, which lies just beneath us, Logan, Providence, as well as

Franklin, which is in Idaho and about thirty-five miles off. These settlements have a very home-like appearance as they are seen in the distance when the trees are in full foliage, and the white houses peeping through, and the curved range of mountains forming a background, completes a natural picture unsurpassed in the West. Collinston is forty-two miles from Ogden.

Logan is the next city of importance that we touch at, and is noted principally for its great Mormon temple, which is, without doubt, the finest if not quite the largest structure of its kind in all Mormondom, and is said to have cost three million dollars. It is built of a white sandstone taken from the mountains close by, and the exterior presents a very fine appearance, especially if the sun strikes it, when it fairly glistens. It was built entirely by voluntary subscription, every Mormon either donating money or labor, or both, to the erection of the vast edifice. Its architectural appearance is very different from, and far superior to, the old building in Salt Lake City. This one, if placed in any Eastern or European city would rival any of their public buildings or cathedrals. The interior is in keeping with the rest of the building and is highly ornate in design. The seating capacity is said to be about six thousand. Notwithstanding the fact that the Mormons are very

close-mouthed, a report leaked out that there was a little "job" connected with the building, and it is not impossible that there was some crookedness even here. There are in Mormonism but three principal temples or tabernacles; one is at Salt Lake City, one at St. George and one at Logan as described above. One of the interesting ceremonies performed within these sacred buildings is the Mormon baptism, and I will briefly describe it. The Saints believe that if they are baptized for, or in place of friends or relatives who have previously died out of the faith it makes true Mormons of the deceased and brings them within the safety line of the Church, giving their departed spirits the privilege of flying invisibly in these temples just as if they had lived and died in the faith, and finally an abundant and glorious entry into the Mormon paradise.

Recent developments have brought to light the fact that immense tracts of the best land in Utah, a great part of it in this beautiful Cashe Valley, has come into the possession and control of the Mormon Church by fraudulent means, thereby debarring good and useful citizens from obtaining homes in this Eden. I understand that rigid investigation has been the means of unearthing several cases of fraud of this character in various parts of the Territory. Logan is very

nicely located, and fifty-eight miles from Ogden. Leaving Logan behind, the towns of Hyde Park and Richmond are passed, and we come to the boundary line of the Territories of Utah and Idaho. At this point is a small creek, about a mile and a half south of Franklin, which, after passing, we soon reach Battle Creek. It is a small town on Bear River, and takes its name from the Indian fight which occurred there years ago between General O'Connor's forces and the Shoshone Indians. The savages were nearly all wiped out, and it was about the last effort they made to harass settlers in Southeastern Idaho. The ranchers to this day turn up relics of the fight with their ploughshares. It is not generally known that a brother of the departed prophet, Brigham Young, is a small rancher living about half a mile from Battle Creek. He is a Gentile, has never been a Mormon, and although offered every inducement to embrace the faith he has steadily and firmly refused to do so. He is a very fine old gentleman, well liked and respected by every one, and manages to eke out a living for himself and family on the small ranche he owns.

After we leave Battle Creek we travel through a gorge up a steep incline, and before long reach Morell Siding. A little to the east of us, but invisible from the railroad, is one of those noto-

rious Church Ranches which are, as the name implies, depots for the care and receipt of live stock donated by the Saints to the Church in the shape of tithing. At this one will be found at almost any season of the year all the way from five to fifteen hundred head of cattle, with droves of horses, sheep, pigs, etc., sufficient to stock a large-sized ranche. A competent crew of cowboys are always on hand to receive contributions, and as each Saint drives in his four-footed offering, whatever brand may be on the animal is at once "vented" or canceled, a cross of the largest size is branded on its side with a red-hot iron, and in the twinkling of an eye the animal is converted from a worldly quadruped into a good, religious Mormon bull, cow, horse or mule, as the case may be. This system of tithing extends to all kinds of produce and other personal property. Old women *knit* tithing; farmers give of their stock or grain; house-wives give of the dairy product, chickens, etc.—in fact there is nothing too small or insignificant to be taken. Tithing-clerks are appointed to take charge and keep an account of this tribute, and are generally paid a good salary. Many a good story is told by those who are lukewarm in the faith of some of the incidents attending the receipt of tithes, some of the Saints being at times rather stingy and backward. One Danish apostate told me

the following: The tithing-clerk informed him one day that the Lord expected him to bring in another load of hay. Now, as he had seen this same clerk feeding his own cattle with some of the Church hay he began to suspect that all was not right, and finally told the clerk that if the Lord wanted another load of hay he could go and cut it himself, as he had brought in all the tithing he was going to; and from that day to this he has kept his word. Another good story is told of one of the brethren in this connection. The Territorial assessor called upon him for the purpose of assessing his property, and on asking him how many head of cattle he owned was informed that he had such and such a number. It was afterwards found that he had turned in as tithing to the Church fully as many cattle as he had told the assessor he owned altogether, which was conclusive proof that he owned ten times as many cattle as he had stated to the assessor. He evidently thought that if it was a sin to beat the Church, there was not much harm in lying to the tax-gatherer.

Not much further on we come to the town of Oxford, which is about one hundred miles from Ogden. The town proper is about two miles and a half from the station, and is beautifully located in a little nook in the foot-hills, and is abundantly sheltered by mountains, so high that

snow is found on their summits all the year round. Near the summit of this mountain range there is a mineral ledge, which can be traced for twenty or thirty miles, and a tunnel has been driven and several shafts sunk with a view of developing the resources. No great results have been attained as yet, owing to a lack of capital, but this will undoubtedly some day be a great mining country. There are stage-lines, which also carry mails, from this place to Malad and Gentile Valley. The population is about evenly divided between Mormons and Gentiles, who got along very nicely with each other until the new "Stake of Zion," previously alluded to in these pages, was established. That was the signal for a new order of things, and the friendly feeling no longer exists. A few years ago a Gentile was a mere cypher here; there was not a single Gentile institution in the place, not even to the extent of a place of worship or a school. The district school was controlled by a Mormon Board of Trustees and conducted by a Mormon teacher, who imparted but little to his pupils outside of the doctrines contained in the Book of Mormon. There has, however, been a great change within the past three years, and the district school is now in Gentile hands, and is well attended, and, strange to say, a well-established Methodist church.

At a distance of about nine miles north of Oxford we come to the boundary line of the Shoshone Indian Reservation, which is thickly dotted with ranches, but no rancher can be said to own his place, as he is nothing more than a squatter on Indian land and liable to ejection at any time; and this condition of things exists until we get near Blackfoot, which is seventy miles further north. Thousands of head of cattle are wintered here, as it is an unexcelled winter range where but little snow falls. The Indians are paid a stated sum per head for this privilege, and are disposed to be on good terms with their white neighbors generally. There is now a sameness in the appearance of the country which is unbroken until we reach McCammon, about twenty miles off, which is the junction point of the Oregon Short Line with the Utah Northern. Leaving here, we at once enter the far-famed Port Neuf Canyon, through which runs the Port Neuf River. This canyon in the good old days of staging, before railroads were known in the Territory, was the paradise of road agents and highwaymen, and many are the stories which are told of how stage coaches were robbed by these knights of the road. Loss of life was a frequent occurrence here in those days, and superstitious people insist that the canyon is haunted to this day. The sides of the road are strewn with

rocks and boulders of every conceivable size and shape, which look as if they might have been dropped there from some immense height, and remained just where they fell. In the canyon are a large number of Indian wickiups and farms, this location having been chosen by them on account of the facility with which live stock can be herded here. They are so hemmed in by natural fences in the shape of natural walls of stone which bound them that the artificial wire article would be superfluous. These Indians are mostly Mormons, and many of them are polygamists. They were converted to the faith many years ago, when the Mormons first settled that country, and are known as "Laminites." At the General Conference, held twice a year in Salt Lake City, these Indians are to be seen in holiday attire, with gaudy-colored blankets and decked with all the gew-gaws and trinkets they can lay their hands on.

Since the Mormon system has been shaken up by so many arrests and convictions, these conferences have been held alternately at Logan and Provo. The affairs of the Church, both spiritual and temporal, are thoroughly canvassed at these semi-annual gatherings, which last a week, and tens of thousands of Saints attend them. They are naturally looked forward to with eagerness by the residents of the cities where

they are held, for they mean a week's rushing business and many dollars as well as spiritual profit. Most of the ranchers who come in will lay up sufficient stock of necessaries to last them until the next gathering in six months' time.

From McCammon to Pocatello, a distance of twenty-two miles, the Utah Northern and Oregon Short Line run together, a third rail being laid to accommodate the broad gauge of the latter road. Pocatello, though a small town, is probably the busiest place in the Mormon country. It is the principal shipping point for coal and cattle, and an immense railroad transfer business is done here, the yards being very extensive and hundreds of cars may be seen here for this purpose almost any time. The general offices and shops of both roads are here, and the population is almost entirely composed of railroad men. Strangers will be surprised to find in this out-of-the-way spot a hotel which, though not very large, will compare favorably in every way with those to be found in any of the large cities of the Union. The accommodation is of the best, and the table will satisfy the most fastidious epicure. The Indian Agent has his headquarters here, and numbers of Indians are to be found here at all times, lounging round or sitting down to a game of "Piute Poker." They are all inveterate gamblers, both bucks and squaws, and some

of them often play for high stakes. Others will be selling buckskin gloves and mocassins to any whom they can induce to become purchasers. The two railroads again separate here, our route continuing north on the Utah Northern.

The country widens out here, but is always bounded by mountains, and before long we reach Ross Fork. This is a place much frequented by the Indians of the reservation, for it is here that they receive their supplies from the Agent, and the Indian schools are also at this place. In addition to receiving the usual common-school education, they are also instructed in agriculture, and they seem to appreciate the benefits thus conferred upon them. Many of them have farms of their own, which are excellently cultivated, and their crops would do credit to a born and bred farmer. They are allowed to travel free on all the railroads, but have to be satisfied with the rather uninviting accommodation offered by the top of a freight car or the platform of a baggage car or caboose; and they can be met traveling in this way hundreds of miles away from their reservation. The young bucks enjoy this mode of travel, and they are riding nearly all the time. Encumbered as they are with their heavy blankets, they will jump from a train when at a speed that few experienced railroad men would care to risk. Crowds of them will board a train

at Ross Fork, and when it attains its highest rate of speed they will gracefully jump off the foot ladders with as little apparent difficulty as if they were getting off a house door-step, and their bright-hued blankets fluttering after them give them an appearance both novel and original.

After an uneventful trip of about eleven miles we arrive at Blackfoot, which is our destination for the present. Blackfoot is the county seat of Bingham county, and additional importance is given to it from the fact that the United States Court for the Third Judicial District is held here, being presided over by the Hon. J. B. Hayes as judge. All United States prisoners for the district are tried here. There is a stage line to Challis, Bay Horse and other points lying to the northwest of it. It is also the supply depot and shipping point for several important mining camps in the neighborhood. Placer mining is carried on here to some extent along the banks of Snake river, which is about a mile from the center of town. The Insane Asylum is located here, and occupies a very fine building on the outskirts, which has been erected during the past year. Previous to this the patients were sent to Salem, Oregon. There are in the Blackfoot Asylum about seventy-five or a hundred inmates at the present time. I might add that the United States

Land Office is here; and all these circumstances combine to give the town an importance it would not otherwise have. The population is almost entirely Gentile (indeed we are now nearly on the northern confines of the Mormon realm), and is made up principally of industrious and pushing Americans, whose energy and business tact have built up the place, and an air of well-to-do contentment pervades it which is quite foreign to Mormon communities.



CHAPTER XVII.

A Female Champion—Red Pepper vs. Warrants.

ON ONE OCCASION a Deputy in Franklin met with an unexpected and unpleasant reception. He was there for the purpose of arresting the head of the family, and in order to prevent it one of the girls threw a lot of red pepper into his eyes, which, of course, blinded him for the time being. In the meantime the old man took advantage of the confusion and made his escape through a window. Many persons admired the pluck of the girl and the matter would probably have been dropped as far as she was concerned, were it not for the way in which the Mormon papers commented upon it. They spoke of it in terms which were calculated to bring it into common use as a means of frustrating the officers, and it was decided to stop the practice in its infancy by prosecuting this girl.

The warrant for her arrest was placed in my hands, and although not a very palatable job, there was no alternative but to proceed and serve it if possible. To that end I took a trip to Franklin, and on arriving there I learned that she had left that part of the country and was working in a large dairy at Church Island, Utah. Procur-ing a team and driver I started for that place,

which was about thirty-five miles distant, and but brief mention need be made of the journey. We soon reached the territorial boundary line, and right here some interesting information can be given regarding it. The ranchers, through whose property the line runs, have made a practice of building their cabins so that one or more of them will be on each side of the line, and consequently in different territories. By this shrewd scheme they have so far escaped arrest and conviction, and have been enabled to defy and laugh at the existing laws. Proceeding with our journey, we at last reached Logan, where we had to stay for the night. After supper at the hotel I took a walk around the town preparatory to retiring, my driver preferring to stay with his team. As I proposed proceeding on my way before any one was up, I had a lunch prepared before I went to bed, and next morning, taking it with me I went to the stable where I had left my companion and the team. Shortly after leaving Logan we came to a succession of sloughs which greatly retarded our progress. Each one we came to seemed to be worse than the one before it. We had only a light spring wagon, and at times the water would come in over the tail-board. The Mormons seemed to be, in this case, especially entitled to be called "God's chosen people" for some special providence seemed to befriend them

while working against us. I was strongly reminded of the words of the old hymn:

“Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free.”

As the ponies would sink in the slough sometimes up to their necks.

In the center of the very worst slough of all, the double-tree broke, and the ponies, finding themselves freed from the wagon, made a great plunge forward, pulling my companion, who held onto the reins, over the dashboard. My mind again went back to the old Sunday-school days many years ago when we used to sing:

“And all his proud horsemen are dashed in the sea.”

The driver had reached the bank, and a most pitiable though ludicrous spectacle he presented. His face was completely smeared with the black swamp-mud, his teeth chattered like castanets, while the water dripped in streams from his clothing. How to get “ashore” myself was the next question, and, as it seemed to me, a not very easy one to answer. We discussed the situation for a time, and after divesting myself of some of my clothing, I plunged in and finally got on *terra firma* once more. We succeeded in rigging a purchase on the end of the tongue, and by dint of hard work and patience we got the wagon out of this “slough of despond.” This was, I am

happy to say, the last mud-hole we had to encounter, and we soon reached the neighborhood of the dairy which was our objective point. These dairies are peculiar institutions and deserve brief description. Two or three ranchers will form a partnership and agree upon one particular ranche as the location of the proposed dairy. The cows owned by each are then turned into the general herd, with as many more from other ranches as can be handled with convenience and profit. The use or hire of these rented cows are paid for in cheese, a percentage of which goes to the owner of each of the cows that are milked.

The location of the particular dairy I was in search of was not known to me, but I had an accurate description of the young woman. I therefore resolved to take each one in turn and, while taking observations, to disguise my true errand if possible. The first one called at was on the banks of Bear River, and on entering I found a young woman working up curds in a large vat. We were soon engaged in pleasant conversation, and she very kindly explained the different processes the milk had to undergo; showed me the presses and the stacks of golden cheese. She was very pleasant, gave me some cream to drink and asked which way we were traveling. Replying that we were going North,

I asked her how, in her opinion, it would pay to take a load of cheese up to Montana. I then wound up by asking her the question I was more interested in just then than any other—the whereabouts of the girl I was in search of. I pretended that she was a cousin of mine and was supposed to be working in a cheese factory on Bear River. She was, I must confess, a shrewd woman; she looked up at me suspiciously, said she knew no one of that name, and then became “as dumb as an oyster.” I had previously looked through the factory and I knew the object of my search was not there, so I hastily went to the house, but did not find any one answering the description given me. As I went further on in the direction of another dairy, I met a little black-eyed damsel I had noticed in the house I just left. As she passed me I remarked: “What’s the matter, little one?” She fairly took my breath away when, instead of replying quietly or passing on altogether, she commenced to abuse me roundly, but in her excitement she told me all I wanted to know; and when I went to the house indicated the first person I met was the girl I was in search of. I had no difficulty in identifying her from the description given me. When I read the warrant to her she burst into tears. I endeavored to cheer her up, and finally, after wishing

her friends good-by, she accompanied me to Oxford. She was tried and let off with a reprimand.



CHAPTER XVIII.

*How, When and Where Mormons Get Converts—
Mormon Miracles—Butcher Knives vs. Mormon
Missionaries—Early Marriages to Build Up the
Kingdom.*

IN VIEW of the fact that a great deal has been written about Mormonism, exposing in a great measure what is reprehensible in it, it is a matter of surprise to many that instead of decaying it has steadily increased in numbers and influence ; and I have been often asked where and by what means they continue to make converts to their religion.

The Mormon ranks are augmented principally from foreign countries—Wales and Denmark perhaps supply the greater number of converts, and are closely followed by England, Switzerland and Sweden. There is a light sprinkling of Scotch and Germans, but Mormonism is not in favor with the French or Irish. In all my travels among them I never met a French Mormon, and but two who were Irish. I may add that I knew one Jew who was a polygamist, but he died about a year ago. It is safe to say that there are no negroes at all among them.

Among the Welsh of the Malad Valley I numbered a great many friends who were apostate

Mormons, and to them I am indebted for a great deal of valuable information on this point. These people, looking back through the experience they have had, now wonder how they were ever blind enough to believe in such a religion at all. By them I have been told of the remarkable meetings the Mormon agents used to hold years ago in Wales when they were in search of fresh recruits. The gatherings always took place at night, often in out of the way spots in the mountains where they were the least likely to be interrupted by inquisitive strangers. It is a well-known fact that the Welsh, as a people, are very religious, and in the old days they were inclined to be superstitious. They were brought to believe in the doctrines of Brigham Young without much difficulty. The principal inducements offered to these simple people were, a piece of land and the prospects of independence for the men, and the women were taught to believe that they might marry and have children without shame. The favorite vices of the sensual were encouraged as religious observances, and the point was made that the man who had the most children was the most honored, for he did the most to strengthen the Kingdom. These agents or missionaries occasionally worked pretended miracles, in order to satisfy doubts and to impress the superstitious,

but sometimes a skeptical "heathen" would get into the meeting and there are many ludicrous stories told of how their fraud was exposed.

On one occasion they produced a man deformed by a great hump on his back, which they said would be removed by the method known as "laying on of hands." The subject was taken behind a curtain, which, unfortunately for the Sainly performers, did not quite reach to the floor, and the "laying on" was so vigorously proceeded with that the expectant audience could plainly see a stream of *sawdust* flowing behind the scenes. Of course after being relieved of his wooden deformity the patient appeared as straight as an arrow. On another occasion spirits were to move through the audience in a dimly-lighted room. A lady seeing one of these ethereal beings within reach, picked it up and carried it home with her. On examination and dissection it proved to be a very lively *frog* caged in a white paper bag. Their "miracles" were always clumsily performed and easily transparent to any one of average intelligence. I was told of another so-called miracle of recent date, by a Mormon teacher and representative of some Mormon publication, named Cowley. He said they had been baptizing a number of converts in Kentucky and in the evening were holding a meet-

ing at the house of one of the members. The mother of a little baby, which was lying in a crib near by, had been baptized that day, and one of her relatives who was opposed to the faith turned toward the infant and said, sneeringly: "So you're a little Mormon, are you?" I have Brother Cowley's authority that the baby at once distinctly replied "I am."

Notwithstanding the set-backs they must have received in the failure of some of their clumsy legerdemain they made a great many converts; and as the policy was to get them out to Utah as soon as possible, they had then and still have what is known as the "Perpetual Emigration Fund," which was for the purpose of assisting those to the "Promised Land" who were unable to pay their own passage. Poverty, no matter how extreme, was no bar to emigration; they were gladly helped out to Utah, and when settled down were expected to refund the money advanced them. Each emigrant meant more tithing for the Church, so that after all the "P. E. Fund" promoters were not so disinterested as they might at first seem. "More women" seemed to be the universal cry in Utah some years ago, and it was positively surprising how eagerly women from all classes of society embraced the faith. Mothers gladly gave up their daughters for what they considered a sacred cause, and

taking advantage of every "boom" in the supply of intending converts, the missionaries invariably worked their ministrations on the best-looking young women they could find. As a consequence thousands fell willing victims to a mirage which led them eventually to degradation, and irretrievably wrecked lives that would otherwise have been happy and useful.

The Mormons occasionally encounter unexpected opposition in their own dominions from some of the people they had induced to emigrate. One case is particularly recalled to mind, as I know the parties well and can vouch for the facts related. They were an English couple, and the husband had several relatives in Mormondom. She did not care much for the faith, and they made her life wretched for years by the importunate efforts they made to induce her to come into full fellowship with them. They finally worked her up to such a pitch that, as she states, she would have looked on death as a happy release. One night a lot of relatives were expected to come up, for the avowed purpose of compelling her to comply with their demands; and she was equally determined to resist if her life was to be the penalty. She procured a large knife and concealed it about her person, so that she could make the seance interesting if circumstances demanded it; and when her unwelcome

visitors arrived they found her calm and collected and inclined to combat their arguments with logic. This course would probably have been successful, but for the interference of one of the party who had his eye on her pretty daughter for his third venture. Should the mother prove obdurate his chances of course were nowhere, so he counseled harsh means. This was too much for the hot blood of the Englishwoman, and drawing her butcher-knife she made a lunge at him which would have made an end of him had he been a trifle nearer to her. She then defied the whole pack of them, and told them that her mind was made up, and that death was preferable to Mormonism. As an agreeable sequel she is now to be found enjoying life on a nice little ranche, which they own and have paid for in full. Her husband and family accompany her regularly to the Methodist church, and he can be always depended upon as a bitter opponent of Mormonism.

Converts do not always find this a "land flowing with milk and honey." Some of them have to undergo considerable hardship and privation. I recall one case at Franklin. The father had been called away on a mission just as they were getting big enough to work. They were often put on very short allowance; and to use their own expression it was "jack rabbit straight" for months at a time. It was in the early days of

Mormonism and no employment of any kind could be had. One of the so-called revelations claimed by the Mormon prophets is the one which bears the title "WORDS OF WISDOM," and strongly recommended the Saints to abstain from indulging in tea, coffee, wine or in fact anything that would be calculated to divert any of their superfluous cash from the coffers of the Church. Of course the cheaper the faithful ones managed to live, the more they were enabled to give in the shape of tithing. There was not much more to be gained to the Church from the family mentioned above. The family had emigrated from England and the father had not only embraced the religion, but had given up nearly all he had to the cause. The oldest sons can well remember everything connected with their advent here, and the thoughts of what they have had to undergo have made them the most bitter opponents of Mormonism, and they are of course hated and feared accordingly.

Mormons cover crime, and will always endeavor to justify it by the preposterous claim that they are "doing God's work." It is only in the past two years that a man (a Gentile) named Joseph Durbin mysteriously disappeared. It was rumored that he had been unduly intimate with a Mormon girl, and many believe to this day that he was foully dealt with. To my per-

sonal knowledge he had no reason for leaving the country surreptitiously, as he had quite a sum of money due him from parties for whom he had been working all the summer in Montana. Though there is no positive proof of even his death, yet all the circumstances would seem to point that way, more especially as the Saint in whose company he was last seen was known to have owed him considerable money. I have sat and listened to the very party in whose company poor Durbin was last seen, when he called down curses upon the United States government for the efforts it was just beginning to put forth to rid the territories of the foul blot which had been laid on the National escutcheon. He derided all measures taken in that direction, asking why polygamy had not been suppressed in its infancy, and in conclusion howled and shrieked that persecution was now in vain—that it was now “Too late! Too late!” He went on to tell his hearers of the progress the cause was making in other lands. They had missionaries everywhere, even in far-away India, though it would hardly seem possible that they would have many converts from that distant clime. The whole of Europe is overrun by their wily agents, as are also old and New Mexico, the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, and they have not neglected Australia and South America. I have since taken the

trouble to investigate the statements made by this man, and have found them substantially true, and I have been astounded at the extent and system of their ramifications. They sometimes get a very bad set-back. Most of my readers will recollect, as one instance, how some Tennesseans took the law into their own hands, and gave short shrift to a couple of missionaries. One of the Saints managed to get back alive, bringing with him the dead bodies of his two companions. He was the hero of the hour, and the deceased brethren were probably canonized.

As has been before intimated in this narrative, the "Josephites" (disciples of Joseph Smith) are at enmity with the "Brighamites" (Brigham Young's followers), and are bitterly opposed to polygamy. One of the leading lights of the Josephite section of Mormons is Elder A. J. Anthony, who on one occasion was preaching in a town where the other faction were holding a Conference. A son of John Taylor (Brigham Young's successor) happened to be there, and gave Anthony the lie regarding some statements he had made. The Elder, who is a perfect gentleman, challenged any man they chose to put forward to a friendly public debate, and said he would use no arguments but those the Book of Mormon gave him. They were afraid to meet him, however, and made the excuse that

he was not a man of good reputation, though the Elder is well-known as a man of irreproachable character, as well as one of the best-posted men in the country. This young Taylor has preached some very treasonable doctrines, and has used his best endeavors to bring on bloodshed. He declared, in one discourse, that he was the child of a polygamist marriage, that he believed in polygamy himself, and that as soon as he got ready he intended to take another wife. He went on to say that not only he, but thousands more would fight for it until the valleys ran knee-deep in blood. This particular sermon was accurately reported, and as such sentiments were not calculated to make Gentile women and children feel safe, it was determined to put a stop to it if possible. He was accordingly arrested and charged with treason, but by some means or other he managed to escape punishment.

In this remarkable social system it would seem that youth is not looked upon as a bar to the enjoyment of conjugal bliss. I was fully convinced of this by what I saw one day at Richmond, Utah. A lot of youngsters were playing at marbles, when a young girl from one of the houses near by cried out, "Here, Jim, come and nurse the baby." Jim at once dropped his play and went in the direction of the house. I supposed that his sister had been calling him to

nurse his little baby brother. Hearing the play-mates whom Jim had deserted laughing about the circumstance, I made some inquiries and found that Jim was the happy father and the young girl the mother of this fine baby. He was not quite sixteen years old, and she looked about the same age. It must be admitted that this youthful couple had commenced to assist in "building up Zion" early in life, and there is no telling what valuable work Jim will accomplish in this direction before he is called from earth, as he has been so successful in his first venture.

While on the subject of marriage, I will give a little incident that occurred at the trial of a Mink Creek polygamist at Blackfoot. In his defense he did not deny that he was sealed to the woman, but averred that it was for eternity only, and that outside of bringing her a load of wood or something of the kind at times, he had no intercourse with her. Now the Mormons do not acknowledge that there is any legal or binding marriage outside of their church, yet this particular polygamist (a Dane by-the-by,) insisted that he was only celestially married, and seemed to be taking great credit to himself for thus securing the old lady's spiritual welfare. The United States attorney is somewhat of a wag, and drew out of the Dane how old the lady was, that she was a widow, and that her first

husband was a Mormon. "Well," concluded the attorney, "I think you will have a fight on your hands when you reach glory, if you happen to run up against her first husband when you promenade the golden streets with this lady on your arm."



CHAPTER XIX.

Harvey Dixon Once More "Held at Bay."

IT WILL BE REMEMBERED that in a previous chapter an unsuccessful attempt was made to capture a polygamist and would-be fire-eater named Harvey Dixon. I had by no means forgotten, and it was only a pressure of business that had prevented my going after him again. Taking with me a young fellow whom I shall call "Jack," and who claimed to be able to identify Dixon, we first went to Dixon's place of residence. After we had made a thorough but fruitless search of both houses, we concluded to go on to a place called Five Mile, where another man lived for whom I had a warrant. We found his house occupied by another family, and were told that he had moved to Snake River, where there is a large colony of Saints under the ministrations of Bishop Ricks. This saintly bishop is an old Danite, and one of Brigham Young's "Blood Atoners," and has been in hiding for the past eighteen months. He is said to be up in the mountains with a gang of polygamists getting out railroad ties, which are then floated down Snake River. Fate seemed to be against us in the case of Dixon; so we returned in the direction of Oxford and soon arrived at the "Rock

House, already mentioned in these pages. Here we found several wagons formed in camp in the yard back of the house, and among the campers I noticed a man who seemed to answer the description I had of Dixon. I drew the boy's attention to him, but he said it was not Dixon, adding, "that is ——," naming a party with whom I was well acquainted and whom I would have recognized. This satisfied me that I had to depend on the description I had of my man, and as the campers were regarding our movements very closely I concluded to interview them. We had no sooner started in their direction than Dixon (for it proved to be Dixon after all) mounted his horse and rode slowly down the field toward the horses belonging to the campers, and began rounding them up. I gave the boy a revolver, told him to dismount, and if the party in the field should come out that way to hold him at all hazards. I then endeavored to get within range of Dixon myself, so that I could get a shot at him in case he did not halt when called on to do so. There was a high wire fence where I was which seemed to go round the entire ranche, and as this prevented me from getting in, I argued of course that the same obstacle would serve to prevent Dixon from getting out. Unfortunately, however, I had failed to notice that one side was formed of poles with no

wire, and it was for this part of it that Dixon now made, more in the direction of where Jack was guarding the gap and taking observations of all that was going on. Dixon put his horse, which was a magnificent animal, straight at the fence and knocked it down with ease. Jack mounted at once and went in pursuit, while I brought up the rear some distance behind them. Dixon had the advantage, as his horse was fresh, while on the other hand Jack was a lighter weight and riding bare-backed made a very good second. It was miry ground where I had started, and it took me some minutes to get a solid footing, but as my horse was good for a twenty-mile gallop under favorable circumstances, and as I was only a quarter of a mile in the rear, I hoped at least that I would be in at the surrender. But the best laid plans are often frustrated. Dixon, who was raised in the neighborhood and knew every foot of the road, now made for what is known as Deep Creek. This was a stream with high and steep banks, and could not possibly be crossed by any one not acquainted with the regular fording places. My poor animal was heavily handicapped in the race, but I was near enough to see Dixon and Jack disappear from view for a moment, and then coming up on the other side of the creek in "full cry" as before. I had the misfortune to

Missing Page

strike the gulch in the very worst place, and the bank of the creek, which was here only held up by grass roots, gave way, and horse and rider went rolling down to the bottom. There were no bones broken, but as the horse was winded and slightly lame it was out of the question to continue the chase without a fresh horse. I accordingly made for a Gentile ranche in the neighborhood with this end in view, but the owner was away and there were no horses to be found. I was very hungry, and as my horse was used up, there was nothing for it but to go home, and leave Dixon to the care of Jack for the time being. Our chase had been in somewhat of a circular direction, and I was glad to find that I was only six miles away from home. I had no doubt at all that my companion would eventually overtake Dixon and bring him, so I made the best of my way home.

Before I had time to start out with a fresh horse, Jack arrived and gave me the following account of the chase after I was obliged to relinquish it. The pursuit was continued at high speed all through the foot-hills, for a distance of fully fifteen miles. Jack finally got near enough his man to compel him to throw up his hands, which Dixon quickly did, as he was unarmed. He was induced to ride with him in the direction of Oxford. After they had gone a few miles

they came to the house of "Old Bill," who has been mentioned before as the father of Dixon's second wife. Dixon made an appeal to him for help, and was provided with a fresh horse, and the old man and his three sons held Jack at bay while Dixon made good his escape. This was the last of him as far as I was concerned, for he left the neighborhood and went somewhere in the Salt River country, which he probably found more congenial, as he was still there the last I heard of him.

As "Old Bill" had given us considerable trouble on more than one occasion, it was decided to pay a little attention to his case. A warrant was accordingly issued, and Bill was gathered in with all possible haste, and put under bonds to answer to the charge of aiding and abetting a criminal to escape. When I asked him some weeks afterward what had become of his son-in-law, Dixon, he said:

"Oh, the d——d cur is a runnin' yet prob'ly."



IN HARD LUCK.

CHAPTER XX.

Trip to Paris in Midwinter — Father takes His Own Daughter into His Harem as Wife — A Good Haul.

THE AUTHORITIES were beginning to realize that there was considerable truth in the old saying, "When the cat's away, the mice will play," and orders were received to give Paris a stirring up, as it had been left undisturbed for a long time, considering its unsavory polygamous reputation. The Mormons, and especially the polygamous portion of them, bear a strong resemblance to rats, mice and prairie-dogs in some things, notably in their actions at the approach of danger, for they seem to instinctively seek shelter in holes. And well may they, for some of the offenses committed by them are repulsive in the extreme.

I have interspersed my anecdotes hap-hazard, so to speak, or just as they came to my recollection. One occurs to me just now, which was vouched for to me by good reliable men, who had been among the Mormons for years, but had become apostates. A brute in human form, living up in the mountains far from any human habitation, had a grown-up daughter, who, of course, had been brought up in the greatest ignorance. This old fiend, desiring to go

into polygamy, determined to take, *his own daughter* in as his second wife. She was taken into Salt Lake City and was there regularly sealed to *her father* in the Endowment House, her name having been changed for the purpose of marriage. I do not mean to say that the Church authorities were aware of all the circumstances in this case, but I do mean to say that a system that renders such a terrible thing possible, is an outrage on civilization, and that its lawmakers and lawgivers are criminally negligent, and should be at all times closely watched and brought to strict account for their misdeeds. The old man who figured in this disgusting affair has since gone to a higher tribunal, but he was in good fellowship with the Mormon Church up to the time of his death.

I found that the sleighing was good all the way to Paris, and as this would probably be the last shaking up the Parisians would get until court convened in the spring, it was decided to give them a good one. We therefore decided to go in sufficient force to enable us to surround four houses at a time. We secured a light bob-sleigh with a long, deep wagon-bed on it. To insure secrecy, an unoccupied house on a ranche of mine was chosen as a rendezvous, and all the boys were notified to be on hand with blankets and whatever else was needed for the trip. I got

what provisions would be needed till we could get a fresh supply, and off we started, a truly merry crew in the wagon-bed, and I seated beside the driver. The snow was pretty light along the valley, so we took it slowly, especially as the team would probably have to travel fully two hundred miles before returning. Our party consisted of seven men, who with their blankets, etc., made a pretty good load. Add to this our commissariat department, or "grub outfit," as the boys called it, and several sacks of oats for the horses, and it will be admitted that the team was very fairly weighted. As we were passing through a long canyon about fourteen miles from where we started, the driver remarked what a "great note" it would be if the sleigh broke down and we were all obliged to walk back. The Saints would have at once called it a dispensation of Providence. "By golly," he added, "something has got its work in on us now;" and we found that one of the runners was damaged so that repairs were absolutely necessary at once. We woke the boys up, and having cut a few braces, made such repairs as would enable us to proceed. We were very anxious to get out of this pass, which in some places was so narrow as to preclude the possibility of our passing anything coming in the opposite direction, and we wanted to get where the pass would be

wider before we chose a place for our breakfast-camp. When every one was comfortably seated we once more started, but we had not proceeded very far when we came to a piece of road that was worse than the average. The sleigh gave a little lurch, then a couple of rolls, and in less time than it takes to relate, we found ourselves spilled out in good shape; the wagon-bed, of course, becoming detached from the runners. It was now snowing very hard, and while some of us put the sleigh to rights others prepared breakfast.

When we were again ready to proceed, we concluded to walk until we came to better roads, and we left the driver to run the sleigh alone. We continued in this way until we reached "Rocky Pass," when we were dismayed to discover that we had lost half of one runner, but the iron shoe or band remained and this was all that had saved the rig from going to pieces long before. As the upright that held the bolster was liable to slip off the shoe at any moment, we began to feel as if we would have to give up the trip. It was over forty miles to a blacksmith's shop, and even could we have reached there, we would probably be discovered and the news of our coming carried to Paris in advance, thus giving ample time to any one to hide. There was an old Mormon rancher in the valley not far

from where we were who was quite handy with tools, as it afterward turned out, and to his place we now wended our weary way with as much haste as possible. He knew me and others of the party, so I introduced the remainder of the party as gentlemen in pursuit of pleasure, whom we were taking up on the Little Blackfoot river for a hunt. We told him how we had broken down and asked him if he thought he could fix us up so that we could proceed. After looking at the relic of what had only that morning been a pretty good-looking sleigh, he said he would do what he could for us, and lifting the box off, we soon had him working away; and by using a couple of wagon tires for braces, in about three hours we had a sleigh that we thought would carry us to Paris. (And sure enough it did, for we only broke down once afterward, when we managed to mend the broken part ourselves.)

After a hastily prepared dinner by one of the boys we once more started, and nearly came to grief within a couple of hundred yards of the house. We had to cross Cottonwood Creek, and as there was a couple of feet jump from the banks to the water owing to the thick ice on the side, the sleigh, being somewhat top-heavy, tipped up and very nearly went over, but as the lesson of the morning had not been forgotten,

we all hung on to the upper side, and righting it we got through all right. We had chosen a ranche on the banks of Bear River some twelve miles further on as our stopping-place for the night, and pushing ahead we reached there about eight o'clock. I knocked at the door and explained what we would like, and things being satisfactorily arranged, we unhitched, and bringing in our blankets we were soon seated round a cheerful fire that blazed away in a most satisfactory manner. While we chatted at the fire one of the party was preparing supper, and before long all hands were seated round the table with appetites sharpened to a keen edge by exposure and a hard day's work. What with the wreck and the inroads we had ourselves made on our supplies, it was clear that we would have to replenish it long before getting to Paris. But we did not borrow any trouble on that account, for Soda Springs was on our way, and I was well acquainted there. After supper we sat round the fire toasting our shins and comparing notes, but in a little while the landlord is seen to yawn once or twice; so we spread blankets and robes on the floor and are soon fast asleep. We got up and had breakfast about three in the morning and by daylight were many miles away on the road to Soda Springs.

This day was a regular "stinger," and for about twenty miles we are exposed to the fury of the blast, and in many places we have to walk ahead and break through the snow-drifts for the horses. We found that traveling this route in winter was not a very pleasant job. Not a house breaks the monotony of the journey for fully twenty miles, while the wind whistled and screeched over the plain as if defying one to proceed any further. At last, after floundering along we come to Five Mile Point, so called because it is just five miles from Soda Springs, This is where the old emigrant roads separate, one leading to Oregon and the other to California. There are also to be seen here the graves of several emigrants who died here many years ago on their way to seek their fortunes in some Western Eldorado. There is nothing to indicate whose graves they are, and the oldest present inhabitants of that section say that they found them there when they came here. One of the longest snow-sheds on the Oregon Short Line is built at this point, and in some measure serves to make it look less desolate. The cold was now intense and we were benumbed; we had to run to keep warm, but as the town of Soda Springs loomed up in the distance our spirits loomed up accordingly. I had intended camping out, but the weather put that out of the

question, and I was now somewhat puzzled how to dispose of so large a party without creating too much curiosity on the part of the inhabitants. As none of us dare show up, I wrote a note and gave it to the driver and told him to give it to a certain friend of mine, to whom I explained the condition of affairs and asked him to help us out if possible. In a short time we were on the way to the comfortable house of my friend, where we passed a very pleasant evening, and all slept in good warm beds, which, I need not add, were duly appreciated after what we had already gone through.

By day-break the next morning we were on the road again, and if this road appeared dreary the last time I went over it, it was far more so now, and as the wind struck one it penetrated through wraps and all. I, being the only one in the party who had made the trip before, acted as guide, and finding it too cold to be sitting in the sleigh we all got out and walked for miles at a time. At last the sun came out and we stopped in a little glen where there was plenty of wood and water, and making a fire we cooked a dinner that no hungry man could fail to enjoy — "Jack rabbit" on toast — and if the hungry reader does not think the dish was acceptable let him try it. After hitching up again we had a long climb, and after going on a few miles we passed through

Georgetown; keeping on our way we strike Montpelier about dusk passing through the old and new towns. The last time I had made the trip to Paris I was almost blind, through the accident already mentioned, and as the roads were covered with snow now I had the greatest difficulty in finding my way; there was a divergence of the roads and I was unwilling to ask any one the right way. At last we stumbled on the road leading to the Bear River bridge and Paris, When we got to the river it was late, so all hands busied themselves in getting supper ready and attending to the horses. We soon had a good fire, and a supper consisting of elk steak, bread and butter, and hot coffee was done full justice to, and soon put us all in a good humor, though the temperature was a long way below zero. While some sat round the fire, others went and enjoyed a nap, and about two in the morning we slid out for Paris, which was now about ten miles distant. The road was comparatively good for the remainder of the journey, and as we had little or no difficulty in finding our way we reached our destination about four in the morning.

We had in our party one man who had been raised in Paris, and it was not long before we had some of our houses picketed. After all the trouble we had in getting here, we were determined that

this raid should give the Parisians something to date from.

We commenced with the residence of Brother Budge, a canny Scotchman, the happy husband of three, if not more, wives, and undoubtedly the most prominent Mormon in Idaho. He is looked up to as an oracle, and his loss would fall as heavily on the Saints as would the loss of George Q. Cannon or Taylor. He is a shrewd business man and politician, is wealthy, and the father of more children than I care to guess at. His residence is a roomy and handsome one, and is elegantly furnished. I had an interview with his wives when I called, and I must say that they were so superior to many of the ladies of the faith I had hitherto met that I was agreeably surprised. Brother Budge was reported to be holding a meeting at a saw-mill up in the country, twenty miles away. We made a thorough search, however, and failed to find our man anywhere. We next called to see Brother Stuckie, and as he is also away gathering tithes, at Dingle Dell, it begins to look as if the "Lord's Anointed" were in luck, or that they had been notified of our advent.

Leaving Stuckie's palatial abode, we proceed for about a hundred yards to the squalid home of Mrs. Stuckie No. 2. This might be called a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, for

this little cabin is a great contrast to the magnificent home of Mrs. Stuckie No. 1. Here we find the second wife surrounded by a large family of small children, while in the other house the lady appeared to be all alone. After suggesting to the more humble lady that she should make a kick for better quarters, we divided our party up and proceeded separately. We left the driver in charge of the sleigh, and as we made arrests we brought our prisoners there. The first capture was Brother Duffin. We then called on Brother Wright. On going to his house and knocking at the door, we were answered by a female with a strong English accent. More for fun than anything else, I had decided to speak in broken English, so when I heard, "Is that you, Brother Linglot?" I at once said, "Yes, mum, dot vos me. I fancied I heard her poke Brother Wright in the ribs, as she said: "Chawles, Brother Linglot is at the door and wants to see you." "Yes, and I want to see you as quick as possible, Chawles," I said. Finding by the different tone of my voice that I was bad medicine for "Chawles," she said, "'E isn't 'ere." "Too late," said I. "You have given it away. Open the door; I've got a warrant here for 'Chawles,' and we need him in our business." She wanted to parley, but as daylight was rapidly approaching, time was precious,

for as soon as daylight came, every man in the valley would be notified and warned that the "Philistines were upon them." Having allowed sufficient time for her to dress, I again told her to open the door, but as she paid no attention to me, some one fell up against it, and we went in. There was no sign of her husband, and she said: "I told you 'e wasn't 'ere," so we took a light and went into the next room, and, here, hiding behind the door, was the bashful and retiring "Chawles." I addressed him with, "Brother Wright, howdy?"

"Don't call me brother," said he, in a deep bass voice.

"All right," said I, pulling out the warrant. "Just hold your ear open a moment and I will drop the contents of this paper into it. Get your duds on as soon as possible, and come and look at the little two-horse jail we have got down on the corner."

He was the sulkiest prisoner I had yet made, and said it would be a long time before such a thing as coming into a man's house as we had done would be allowed in England.

"Yes," I replied, "and a long time you would be in England before you would dare to have two wives. But this is Bear Lake County, Idaho, and you will have to put up with whatever may

seem a little rough, and ascribe it to the way things are done in the 'Far West.'"

Bringing Wright down to the sleigh, we turned him over to the care of Johnny, who by this time had another captive perched on the seat behind. The other boys were gone after another man, so we waited until they came up. As we kept chatting away, we had not paid any particular attention to "Chawles," until I noticed that he had sneaked away a distance of about twenty-five yards from where we were. Shouting out to him to come back or I would take a shot at him, he concluded to return. After that we found him accommodations in the sleigh.

By this time the other boys arrived, bringing with them a polygamous gentleman who bore the suggestive if not euphonious cognomen of "Duck Leg Lewis." Day was now about breaking; we took the prisoners out of the sleigh and left them in charge of the rest of the boys while the driver and I drove down a couple of miles where a gentleman I wished to see was located. By this time horsemen were flying in all directions to spread the alarm caused by our presence in the settlement, and an air of great activity pervaded the little place, early though it was. Seeing a man in a corral at the place where my man lived, I called him by name, and as he responded I, of course, put him under arrest at once. This man

was a Dane, who made a perfect slave of his first wife until they had accumulated a nice little property, and had then taken to himself a second one. He then commenced to neglect the first one, sometimes cruelly abusing her in various ways until at last she died of a broken heart. I have this on the authority of her son, who told me the story, and he ground his teeth as the bitter memory of how his mother had been treated came back to him.

It was impossible to do anything more this journey, though there was plenty of material in Paris for a more extensive raid; by this time everybody who was at all likely to be wanted had taken the timely warning and gone into hiding somewhere. There was one old Scottish gentleman whom I would particularly liked to have seen. He had taken his own niece as his fourth wife. We found on our way back that Montpellier had been fully warned by telephone, and many of the Saints who were "off color" in the eyes of the law had gone to the mountains, where we will leave them for the present. The return trip was uneventful and much more pleasant, for we were favored with better weather. We disbanded on arriving at home, and as a sequel to this memorable raid, I may say that all four prisoners were found guilty, and some of them are still serving their sentences.

CHAPTER XXI.

David Jenson—A Brutal Dane—Squalor and Misery.

ONE OR TWO OTHER unimportant arrests were made, when attention was given to the case of David Jenson, and the peculiar brutality of it deserves passing notice. He lived near the village of Preston, and had married two sisters, but by starvation and hard usage which had made even Mormons look upon him with disfavor, he had succeeded in bringing one of his wives to the grave broken-hearted. We started on our ride of twenty-three miles or so with the thermometer about thirty-two degrees below zero and the stars shining brightly overhead. We walked for miles at a time in order to keep warm, and by daylight we got to a couple of houses, but the occupants were all away. Riding on to the house of a Gentile friend we got warmed up and had a good breakfast, after which we moved on the works of Brother Jenson. We found him on a fine ranche with good, warm sheds for his livestock, and good, roomy pig-pens; in fact the out-houses looked better than the dwellings. He was abundantly supplied with cattle, horses, pigs, etc., etc., and appeared to be in good circumstances. Going to the door of the cabin or shanty, I knocked, and the door was opened by

Jenson, whom I accosted with: "Good-morning, David."

"Good-morning," said he, "but my name is not David."

"That will be all right," I returned; "we will just go on as if your name was David, and while you are getting ready to take a little ride with us, I will first read this and then subpoena Mrs. Jenson."

"There vas no Mrs. Jenson," said he; "I haf no vife. Mein vife vas dead ein year."

"Mrs. Jenson No. 2," I replied; and looking through the two miserable rooms I picked my way over heaps of filth which were apparently the accumulation of weeks, but did not find her. Leaving my companion in charge, I made a tour of the other sheds and shanties, and at last in a hut still more miserable looking if possible, I found an elderly-looking Danish woman. Assuming that she was Mrs. Jenson, I bade her good-morning by that name; she said she was not the lady named, adding: "Mrs. Yenson vos sick in dot room," pointing to a little cubby-hole about six feet by eight. I went in and found the poor woman laying on a pile of rags that had once been quilts. Her complaint was inflammatory rheumatism, yet she was left to suffer in this den, while a wide space where the chinking had fallen out of the log hut let in the bitter cold to add

to the poor woman's misery and suffering. I had to subpoena her as a matter of duty, and then stuffing the chinks up as well as I could, I left her; and if ever I felt like giving a man his just desserts, I felt it then toward the inhuman husband. He was ready to start by the time we got back to the cabin, so we started on our return trip. His brutality was well known to all the neighbors, and I was curious to know how he would be treated on applying for bondsmen. I found that in spite of his record he was looked upon as a martyr, and Mormons came flocking round him to go on the bonds. It should have been mentioned that while he was a Dane, his wives were Americans. He was eventually sent to Boise City penitentiary, but he has served his time by this, and he is probably repeating his history in his old home.



CHAPTER XXII.

*Solomon Edwards — Mormons Capture Mormons —
The Biters Bitten.*

THE TRIPS taken during the very cold snap that was now in progress were nearly all successful, but as there was nothing of especial interest to the public, we will pass several of them over and merely touch on a few more cases that are in some respects worthy of note and have the merit of being short.

About this time one Solomon Edwards, of Utah, was in hiding near Eagle Rock, Idaho, and a warrant for his arrest was placed in my hands. Eagle Rock was about twenty-three miles beyond Blackfoot on the Utah Northern; and as I was taking a prisoner to Blackfoot I had the jailor meet me at the depot, and after delivering my charge over to him I proceeded to Eagle Rock to look after Brother Edwards, arriving there about 10 o'clock that night. On getting off the train I met a friend who happened to be at the depot. He was Deputy Marshal for Idaho North, and I told him my business and described Solomon to him. (A "broken nose" was included in the description.) My friend believed we could find his location, although he never remembered to have seen any one answering the description around town. My informa-

tion was that he was living on a timber claim belonging to his son about eight miles from Eagle Rock, and by midnight we were on the road with a team and buggy. After wandering round for several hours we pulled up at the house of a rancher and inquired for Edwards, describing him minutely, but were told that no one answering the description lived in the neighborhood. He was positive there must be a mistake, as he had lived there some time, and being engaged in the stock business, which kept him riding about, he was sure if a man answering the description was in the neighborhood he would have met him. As no information could be got here, although we had no idea the rancher was a Mormon, we drove back to Eagle Rock just as day was breaking, and as soon as possible we went to the Deputy Clerk of the Land Office, and looking over the plats we very soon located the quarter section where Sol was living, and taking down the names of parties owning adjoining claims, many of whom were known to my companion, we again started on our search, on horseback this time. After riding over nearly the whole of his claim we stumbled at last on his domicile, a brief description of which will not be amiss.

Hewn out of the lava rock we found a room probably eight by ten in size, to which three or

four steps led down. The walls and floor were stone, and the furniture consisted of a bed, stove, table, a couple of chairs and two or three dry-goods boxes, which served as seats as well as receptacles for anything that could not be piled up anywhere else. In this hole in the ground we found a little English woman and three very young children, and a boy of perhaps ten years of age. The woman was getting on in years, but still her face bore traces of what was probably at one time remarkable beauty, and her language and manner denoted that she had not always lived in a dug-out like this. On inquiring if Mr. Solomon Edwards lived there, she replied in the negative without the slightest hesitation.

"Has he ever lived here?" I asked.

"No, sir; my husband's name is Russell, and I do not know any one by the name of Edwards."

"Have you got a son named Edmond?" I again asked her.

"No, sir," she replied.

I was sitting on the bottom step leading into the hut, and seeing a "Book of Mormon," laying on a box near me, I picked it up, and there on the fly leaf was the name "Solomon Edwards, a gift from his wife," giving the name of the little lady I was speaking to. I did not say anything

about it for some time, but finding that she still denied knowing her husband, I finally said :

“Was that the best present you could make Solomon?”

“What do you mean?” she asked, turning red in the face.

I handed her the book and she burst out crying. A woman in tears always “breaks me up,” and believing her tears were the result of being caught in so many lies, I begged of her to “brace up.” I admired her none the less for trying to throw me off the track, for it went to prove that she had “grit.” It was absolutely necessary that I should have an interview with Sol, seeing that business of importance demanded his presence in Salt Lake City, so I asked her if she would kindly inform me where he was to be found. She said she could not. She had not seen him for two days. My companion was sitting outside, and when I emerged from the “dug-out” as wise as when I went in, except that I was positive we were at the home of Edwards, we were puzzled what to do. I knew that if the party whom we woke up the night before was a Mormon, that by this time Sol had been warned, and this would account for his absence. We had only talked for a moment or two when we saw a man on horseback approaching, so we retired behind the roof of the dug-out

to take observations. We hoped to find that it was Edwards himself, but were very much disgusted when it turned out to be the acquaintance of the night before. We were both satisfied that he was the cause of our man's absence, and though he claimed to be unaware that the family went under any other name than Russell, his very manner of expressing himself was sufficient to convince me that he was lying. We talked about it for a while, Mrs. Edwards joining in the conversation, and it soon leaked out that they both knew where he was at that moment, and as it would be utterly impossible for us to approach his hiding-place, a bargain was struck with this Mormon that he should lay down a proposition to Edwards to give himself up, for he could not provide for his family while dodging round the country in this way. It appeared also that the family had been pretty badly off of late. The wife told me that for weeks they had lived on jack-rabbits and "slapjacks" or pancakes, made of flour mixed with water; and that for want of cooking material they had to boil them instead of frying or cooking them in the usual way; she added that if it were not for the little ones, she would gladly leave and try and get some work to do in Eagle Rock. I also told our Mormon friend to let Edwards know that we would give five dollars apiece to make the family comfort-

able, and would also make the case known to the charitably-disposed at Eagle Rock, who would no doubt see that they wanted for nothing. The understanding was also had that we were to wait for him one hour, and if he was not back by that time we would try and get Edwards ourselves. He rode off, but we had but little faith in him ; so we went to a position where, by the aid of a field-glass my friend had brought with him, we were afforded a view of the country for many miles round. We soon saw our ambassador arrive at a house round which several men seemed to be congregated, and after what appeared to be a short consultation one of them mounted a horse and rode rapidly in the opposite direction to where we were standing. We at once mounted and started in pursuit of him, but as he had evidently got too good a start we rode back and found ourselves in the middle of a band of Mormons, who twitted us on letting Edwards get away so easy. We told them that was all right, and if we did not have to return to Salt Lake City at once we would follow him if it took us to England after him. We told them to be prepared for a second visit, as we would be back after Sol again in about a couple of weeks. We then returned to Eagle Rock, tired and disgusted, as we had been on the road all the night before.

It now occurred to me that the Mormon whom we had sent to negotiate with Edwards would hardly expect a visit from us that night, so I asked my friend if he was willing to pay them another visit and take them by surprise. He said he was agreeable after having a little sleep, so, arranging for a couple of fresh horses, we took supper and retired to take a little much-needed rest. We got up at midnight, and going to the stable for the horses we were soon on the road again. We knew every foot of the way now, short cuts and all, and it did not take us very long to reach the "dug-out." I rapped gently on the door, and whatever pity I might have previously had for the woman died out when I received no answer to the summons. I lighted a match, and on examining the door I found it was padlocked on the outside. We soon found fresh wagon-tracks leading in an easterly direction, and at once decided to follow them up. We rode four or five miles until we came to the house of one of the party who had the laugh on us the day before. After our summons at the door was replied to, we said that we had good reason to believe that Edwards was there, and that we wanted the door opened at once. He said he was not there and wanted to know if we had a search-warrant. The door was finally opened, and after explaining my reasons for sup-

posing my man to be there, I said that I would make a short search if he had no objection. He had common-sense enough to consent, and I was soon satisfied that there was no one in hiding there.

A few doors off was another Mormon residence, and here we found the wagon we had been following. As usual we knocked at the door, and were replied to by one of those smart fellows who think they know everything. When I stated our business, he demanded a search-warrant. I replied that I had what was much stronger—a United States bench warrant. He “did not care a d——n; we could not come into his house without a search-warrant.” I parleyed with him mildly a few moments, which seemed to have the effect of increasing his little stock of courage until at last he began to get abusive. Getting weary, I finally said to him:

“I am going to read this paper to you, and if you are not willing to let us in, why then you put on your clothes and go to Eagle Rock with us.”

“Oh,” replied he, “you can run no bluffs on me. I will go to Eagle Rock with you.”

“Get on your duds as quick as you can, then,” said I. “I would rather teach a fool like you a lesson than take Edwards if he was in there.”

In a minute or so he came out ready for the

trip. I explained to him why I was arresting him and gave him another chance, but he was obstinate as a mule, and after he had mounted his pony we placed him between us and rode to Eagle Rock. For a time he seemed to think he had the best of us, and told us he proposed to make this a test case. We laughed and told him he would not want to tackle another test case like it. We neared Eagle Rock, and when he found no signs of weakening on our side, he said he was beginning to think he had been hasty, and if we would go back to his place we could go through the house, but he could assure us that Edwards was not there. We told him he ought to have thought of all that before, and not acted as he had done when we had treated him in every way as gentlemen should do; but it was too late now. On arriving at Eagle Rock we went into an all-night house, got a lunch and stayed there till daylight. I did not like to put the poor fellow behind the bars, so I kept an eye on him till about noon to give his friends time to come and see him. About noon a sheepish-looking band of Saints came to town, and they proved to be some of the same party who had been so extremely witty when Solomon gave us the slip the day before. As they came in to where we were it was laughable to watch them. They did not know whether to blame the pris-

oner, who, by his bull-headed obstinacy had got himself into trouble, or to sympathize with him. So, after they had condoled with him, I said: "Well, boys, there is only one thing that can be done in this case. You all know where Edwards is, and that he is the party wanted. I would have had him last night but for this man. Yet this same young man has done nothing but what appeals to me as a manly act, and one that I would probably have done myself if our positions were reversed. But it does not alter the fact that he has laid himself liable. He tells me that he has a wife and three children, and that he is struggling to make them a living. Now, you fellows go out and get Edwards and bring him here, and I will not make any complaint against him until you return with Edwards, provided you get back by train-time to-morrow morning. His wife and some of you say that Edwards is not guilty. If he is not he will be back here in a week a free man."

They thought the terms fair enough, and four of them started out on horseback after him. My prisoner's spirits began to rise, and as I had said nothing to any one about the case, I let him go around the town where he pleased, merely keeping an eye on him to see that he did not get lost. Hour after hour flew by, so I took him to a hotel and secured beds, leaving orders to be called should

any one ask for me. About three in the morning the captive Mormon, who had been awake and restless, but watchful of the window overlooking the road taken by his friends, woke me with the intelligence that he could see them coming. On looking out I was convinced that he was right, so we dressed ourselves and went down to the bar-room to await them. In a few moments one of them came in and I said, "Well, brother, what luck?" For a moment he did not know what to say. Here was I, sitting round smoking good cigars and taking it easy, the prisoner also getting his full share of whatever was going. The new arrival claimed that he and his companions had been in the saddle for over fourteen hours and had ridden down three horses apiece. I said:

"Oh, that's nothing. Such is life in the Rocky Mountains. Where is Edwards? It is near train-time."

"He is where we can get him in a few minutes," was the reply. "How do we know you will keep your word?"

"I always keep my word, don't I?" said I, turning to a bystander.

"I dunno," said he.

"I said I would get Sol before I returned to Salt Lake City, didn't I, three days ago?"

"Yes," said he.

“Well, I’ve kept my word, have I not?”

“I don’t know,” said he, “You hain’t got Sol yet. We have him.”

“All right; keep him,” said I. Then turning to my prisoner I said: “The train will pull in in a few minutes, and I guess we’d better be getting over to the depot.”

The poor captive looked so woe-begone that I could not help pitying him, as did all the rest. Their leader or spokesman then coming over to me said: “You’ll let him go ‘honest Injun’ if I bring in Sol?”

“I told you I would when you first went on this trip, and I meant it,” said I, “but you fellows get in the way of lying, and you think every one else is the same.”

He went and whispered to a couple of the others and they started off, and returned in a few minutes with a gentleman whom, on close inspection, I found to answer the description I had. He was about fifty years of age, and had an unmistakably broken nose. After we had been formally introduced to each other, I took his hand and shook it cordially, expressing at the same time the great pleasure I found in making his acquaintance. Solomon did not seem to reciprocate to any alarming extent the delight that I felt. He turned to my former prisoner and began to sneer at him for the part he had taken

in the business. Why should he be taking an interest in his (Edwards') welfare? He did not ask him to go and take his wife to his place, and he kept up a regular tirade until I interfered and told him that if he went on much more he need not expect any favors from me on the road. The exchange of prisoners was now formally made, and soon afterward I started with Edwards for Salt Lake City, a distance of some two hundred and fifty miles south. He was shortly afterward tried and found guilty, and all the "persecution" (Mormons delight in calling all measures for abating and punishing the crime of polygamy by this name) he got was that he was allowed to return to his home on promising to obey the law in future.



CHAPTER XXIII.

Nelson, a Dane, Marries the Whole Family.

WESTON is a little inland village about seventeen miles from Oxford. The population is entirely Mormon and of the most fanatical stripe, many of them being polygamists. I might add that they are nearly all Danish. It is situated on the old Montana stage road previously mentioned, and can boast of a Mormon meeting-house, a Zion's Co-operative Institution, and a splendid flour mill.

I had warrants for the arrest of several of the Weston polygamists, so one night I took a man with me as a guide, and after a starlight ride of about two hours we arrived at Weston. Here was a Scandinavian named Nelson, who lived about a mile and a half from the village, who had three wives, two of whom were mother and daughter, and as he was wanted I thought I would attend to his case first. We went out to his farm where two of his wives (the mother and daughter) were, and in response to a knock the door was speedily opened. On inquiring for Brother Nelson we were informed that he was not there to-night, but was stopping in town. They evidently suspected nothing and told the truth, so I questioned no further. There were

four or five women in this very small log-house — two were wives and the others were presumably the daughters. We soon arrived in the town and first visited Brother Nelson's city residence, which was hastily searched without any trace being found of Nelson. The only occupant was a stolid-looking Danish woman, who either could not or would not speak a word of English. We left here hastily and visited the house of another Dane who had two wives — one residing here and the other about two miles away. One of us went to the back door, and a very decent-looking young Danish woman opened it in response to the knock. I had heard a man's voice on approaching the house, and I was surprised when I entered to find no one. I asked her where her husband was, to which she replied that she did not know. "Well," said I, "I am going to search the house," and when I moved toward the door with the intention of closing it, a very crest-fallen looking Dane came out from behind it.

"I thought you said your husband was not in," said I to the woman.

"Nein, dot vas not mein husband; dot vas von neighbor."

"Oh, I guess not," I replied; and taking out the bunch of warrants from my pockets I began to read out the name of her husband. As the man heard the name pronounced, an expression

of relief came over his face, and he broke out with a joyous laugh.

“Nein, nein; dot vas not mein nem.”

“What is your name?” I asked.

“Mein nem vas Nelson,” he replied; and he proved to be the party we were first looking for.

I called in an assistant, into whose care he was given, while we looked through the other part of the house for the husband of this woman, but no trace of him could be found.

As there had been no fuss made so far, we were in hopes that our presence in the town was unknown as yet. So we hastily got on our horse and rode in the direction of the Dane's other house. When about half way, we met a Swede, whom the party with me recognized as a kind of Mormon spy, who was giving some trouble. (Some time after this I had the pleasure of seeing him fined seventy-five dollars for his trouble.) On arriving at the house, we found in the first wife of our Dane, a poor little crippled woman, having a number of children, one of them being a mere baby. The surroundings were in keeping with some of the lowest cases I had yet come across, and fifteen dollars would probably cover all the assets in both houses. We did not find the owner of these assets, so returned to Oxford in company with Brother Nelson, who was held to await the action of the

grand jury, and eventually pleaded guilty to the charge against him. He was sent to relieve the monotony of the Saints who were having a vacation in the House of Correction, at Detroit, Michigan.



CHAPTER XXIV.

The Famed Mountain Meadow Massacre — The Brutal Morrisites Outrage.

AS WOULD be naturally supposed, the stirring up the polygamists had been having of late, had brought up many reminiscences of the past ; and among other things much talked about was the Mountain Meadow massacre. This has been written up many times before by many different authors ; still I will risk a brief account of it, owing to the peculiar way in which I received the facts. I number among my friends an old man in Cassia County, Idaho, who is now an Apostate Mormon, and who left Zion's fold on account of this very same massacre. We were talking about it one day when I put this question to him : " Was old John D. Lee urged on in that Mountain Meadow massacre by Brigham Young, as it is claimed he was, or do you believe ' Petticoat Penrose ' in his paper told the truth when he denied that such was the case ? "

[Penrose was the editor of a Mormon newspaper in Ogden, who escaped the officers of the law in his wives' petticoats. He was a very prominent and loud-mouthed polygamist.]

" In course," answered my old friend ; " Brig-

ham Young was the whole head and front of the massacre. I can 'member the time well. I was up to whar the Lemhi Indian Agency is now."

He then went on to tell me that he was serving in the Nauvoo Legion (an armed body of scouts in Brigham Young's service), at the time; when he returned to Salt Lake City shortly after the massacre, he said the city looked as if cholera had struck it, and the people all seemed to talk in whispers. There were plenty of Mormons who would gladly have quit service in the "Legion" had they dared to; but as the whole system was a network of spies no one cared to risk leaving. Secret assassination was quite common, and very often some well-known man would turn up missing, and the usual conclusion come to was that he had been put out of the way for the good of the cause. My friend again impressed on me the fact that he was up at Lemhi and had *nothing to do with the massacre* personally, and then continued the narrative.

About the 24th of July, 1857, a large party of "Arkansawyers" were on their way to California; they must have numbered from a hundred to a hundred and fifty in all. They ran short of provisions before they reached Salt Lake City, but as they were well supplied with funds they did not worry about it. They could

get plentifully supplied at Salt Lake. Brigham Young's outposts were manned by a pretty tough lot of scoundrels, but they did not bear the reputation at that time of being murderers, and they could and would on occasion be as friendly and sociable with emigrants as need be. Perhaps Brigham was annoyed or put out by some tidings he had received about the doings of the United States troops, or he may have had other reasons; but it is certain that he did not like the idea of so large a body of Gentiles coming into his stronghold at once, for Salt Lake City was only a small place in those days. His word was law, and he always had a band of scouts out so as to prevent the possibility of any sudden influx of Gentiles into his territory; and he was invariably informed of all that went on outside of the city by his scouts, so that he might take what action he thought best for the protection of the Saints and the "building up of Zion." New "Stakes of Zion" were established then as now, only much more arbitrary in their methods and conditions. There were, moreover, among his own people many who were dissatisfied for one reason or another with the life they were leading. Many had been disappointed with their new home in this Land of Promise, some being bold enough to think there had been more promise than fulfillment. It was, of

course, of vital importance to the cause that anything approaching disaffection among the Mormons should at once be squelched — they should be coaxed into submission if possible, frightened if obstinate, forced if need be. Why would not a wholesale slaughter serve as an effectual argument to these dissatisfied ones? Would it not be indisputable proof that the Lord, who sent His angel to destroy the hosts of Sennacherib, was still living, and would stop at nothing in order to guard His people from the encroachments of the "Evil Ones." It is tolerably certain that such thoughts as these found a constant place in Brigham Young's mind at this time.

To return to the poor emigrants from Arkansas. After long weeks of weary travel, they had looked forward to the day when they should reach Salt Lake City. Its location was known, even at that early day, as a very fertile valley, and no doubt the hearts of these travel-worn pilgrims grew light as they contemplated this haven of rest in their imaginations. Alas for them and their bright hopes! When they reached Salt Lake City they found everything closed to them. They could not buy anything, for Brigham Young's fiat had gone forth prohibiting the sale of anything to them, and here they were with nearly a thousand miles of mountain and desert

staring them in the face, while their poor wives and children were suffering for the very things they could see on all sides in profusion—for July is, of all months, the one when the beautiful Cache Valley is at its best. It is hard to conceive of anything more heartless than this, even if nothing more was done to persecute these poor emigrants, whose only offense was passing through the Mormon country in their endeavor to better themselves. But, no; Brigham and his Danites had now started on the war-path, and, not content with ordering these inoffensive travelers away empty-handed, he must needs lay plans for their total annihilation. The outside settlements had all received their instructions, and to use a modern expression, they found themselves literally “boycotted.” Though traveling in a land which was “flowing with milk and honey,” they were denied the privilege of exchanging their gold for the common necessities of life. It is very much to be regretted now that so strong a party as these emigrants were known to be should have submitted to such treatment, and that they did not compel these wretches to supply their wants. Necessity should certainly have known no law in this case. This of itself is proof that the wayfarers were an exceptionally peaceable and law-abiding party, and only goes to make the Mormons appear

more despicable than ever. Finding it was impossible to obtain anything, they sorrowfully wended their way forward, and after struggling on for some time they reached the head of Corn Creek, high up in the hills, at what is known as the Mountain Meadows. Here they found abundant pasturage for their stock, and so they made up their minds to rest for some time, to recruit up, and provide, if possible, for their own sustenance during the remainder of the journey. Their plans were doomed to be frustrated, however, for the Mòrmons had determined upon their total destruction, and were even now busily preparing a plan, that for cowardice and brutality stands out alone in all its ghastly hideousness. Their plan was not only to wipe out the travelers effectually, but also to guard against the possibility of subsequent detection and punishment. To better insure this result, they decided to resort to strategem, so they called in the aid of the "Lamanites," or Mormon Indians, who were at all times willing tools of Brigham Young. There was a double purpose in this part of the well-laid scheme. Should they fail in their purpose, or succeeding, should they be subsequently charged with the crime, what was easier than to lay all the blame on the Indians. The civilized world would be much more inclined to believe this theory than that such a butchery had been

perpetrated by the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints." So the Indians were chosen to do the dirty work, and were to be rewarded for their services with a share in the plunder.

No warning voice reached the poor doomed victims, for there was no friend near, and they slept on peacefully, without even a presentiment of the horrible fate awaiting them. One day, early in September, as they were camped in the corral formed by their wagons, they were pounced upon without a moment's warning by a horde of Indians, whom they had no reason to expect or guard against, from the fact that they were still in the settlements. The Indians fired a volley at them, and the surprised emigrants were dismayed to see a number of their loved ones fall dead at the first discharge. Finding that they were surrounded, they quickly put themselves on the defensive, and while some threw up breastworks, to protect the women and children, the others held the Indians at bay and attended to the wounded and dying.

They managed to keep the Indians off until nightfall, and although many were slaughtered, yet it was far from being the success that the Mormons anticipated. The emigrants lost no time in making their little fort impregnable to everything but cannon, and the attacking party found that to effectually wipe them out some

other plan must be resorted to, so news was conveyed to Cedar City, another of the Mormon outposts, that the emigrants were defending themselves and had built a little fort or earth-works. It was thereupon determined to proceed differently and to use treacherous means to overcome the brave little band of defenders. As none but Indians had been seen as yet by the emigrants, it was thought by the Mormons that a flag of truce would gain them an entrance to the little fort without endangering their own lives. The emigrants would have been more than mortal if by this time they had not become despondent; and as every avenue of escape was cut off and they were running out of food, they hailed the flag of truce with joy as an emblem of deliverance and at once admitted the bearer with confidence. With him came John D. Lee, who it will be remembered was since tried and executed for the part he took in the massacre. He was sub-Indian Agent, and he was selected by the Mormons as one who was peculiarly fitted for the furtherance of their ends, as from his very position he could effectually lull any suspicions the emigrants might have. After he was admitted, Lee told them that the Indians were determined on their destruction, and that nothing would pacify them but the full surrender of their entire outfit. He assured them that if they

would agree to this, he would see that they were fully protected and left unmolested; but as this meant death by starvation for them it became a matter for most serious consideration what to do. Yet it seemed the only avenue left by which they could escape with their lives, and as there was no alternative, they agreed to it. Lee had everything arranged in anticipation of such a decision. The wounded men and women with the younger children were placed in the wagons and taken past the besieging party outside, the women and older children walking behind. The men of the party were then led in single file, and each one was in charge of a Mormon guard with a loaded rifle, and they were marched in this order for a distance of perhaps half a mile to a spot already chosen, where the Indians were ambushed. At a given signal each of these fiendish guards shot down the particular emigrant in his keeping, while the Indians finished the brutal work by murdering the helpless women and children as well as the wounded men. A few upon whom the shots had failed to take effect sought safety in flight but were soon overtaken and ruthlessly slaughtered. *Not one man or woman* was left to tell the tale. *All were murdered.* A few of the children, whom the Mormons thought were too young to be able at any future time to remember the incidents connected

with the murder of their relatives, were spared. They were given to the Indians with the exception of one or two who were taken by some of the Mormon participants in the massacre. In this will be seen another example of Mormon cunning; for should the friends of the murdered parties ever follow up their fate, the possession of the white children would point to the Indians as the perpetrators.

As is well known, this occurred some twelve years before the Union Pacific was built through to Ogden, and when Salt Lake City was far from even the old emigrant road. For years the guilty secret was kept close, but "murder will out," and it was not to be expected that such a diabolical crime as this could remain a secret forever, so that to-day the whole occurrence is a matter of history.

My only reason for thus briefly reviewing the sad tale, is that people with the same beliefs and doctrine and possessed of the same blood-thirsty instincts, are to-day posing before the world as martyrs and are just as willing to perpetrate crime to-day as they were thirty years ago.

The "Morrisites" outrage that took place some years later, although not as bad as the Mountain Meadow massacre in all its features, was yet bad enough. With a brief account of it I will close this chapter. At Soda Springs

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there lives a friend of mine, a Swedish gentleman whose name I prefer not to give for obvious reasons. I was at a loss for some time to know why Nels was down on the Mormons to the extent that he was, but stopping at his house over night on one occasion, I found that he had good reason to be so. Some years ago there was among the Mormons a man named Morris who, while holding to some portions of the Mormon belief, yet eschewed all that related to polygamy. He soon had followers, much to the dismay and anger of Brigham Young. Morris and his followers moved in a body to a place in Weber Canyon, where they proceeded to make homes for themselves, and were getting along nicely until it became rumored that Brigham had determined to put them down at all hazards. With the events of the Mountain Meadow massacre fresh in their minds, they soon saw that their case was one that needed immediate attention. They therefore began building a stockade and corral, and were very cautious as to whom they admitted within their gates. All, however, was of no avail, for one day the minions of Brigham came pouring in on them right and left, and after a few minutes' shooting, left several of the Morrisites weltering in their gore as a reminder of what they might expect should they persist in following the teachings of Brother

Morris. My friend Nels concluded his account of it by pointing to his wife, and saying: "There; that scar on my wife's chin is the reason I am down on the d——d Mormons." His wife was one of the victims of this outrage, and her face is terribly disfigured; half of her chin having been shot away.



CHAPTER X XV.

Brother Handy, Husband, Brother-in-law, Father and Uncle to His Own Family, Pulled Out of a Straw-Stack.

AS WE ARE SHORT of Polygs' we will take a trip to Franklin once more, and with "hooplas" away we go, the clatter of hoofs making a bass to the dog chorus that celebrates our departure. It is in a minor chord, however, and its musical qualities unappreciated by us. Touching up our ponies we soon reach the open country, and quite agree that "distance lends enchantment" to that concert. There are few houses along the road, and nothing of special interest. We, however, forget the monotony in a jolly conversation. Many an anecdote was told that, could I repeat them in this work, would lighten up the gloom, as it were, and will no doubt be recalled and laughed over years from now by us, for we were not solemn, like some of our estimable Mormon Saints, but found ourselves tired out with laughter by the time we reached Bear River bridge, which, if you remember, I have described in a former chapter. Crossing the bridge we climb the mountains, and, crossing the railroad track near the summit, follow the wagon track until we come to the village of Preston. The clouds which have

for some time been threatening now turned themselves inside out and the rain came down in torrents.

After a little consultation we agreed upon a place of shelter. It is at a house where the hearty reception I always have received makes me feel assured of our welcome; and the prospect of hot coffee with a good warming is not at all unpleasant. The house stands in a nook on the banks of the river, and going down we awaken our friends who, by the way, are keeping "bachelor's hall," and we are soon enjoying the appetizing odors of stewed duck and speckled trout, which our host is preparing for our early morning meal. In the meantime we hang ourselves over the backs of chairs to dry. You see there is an air of freedom about "bachelor's hall," and a small decoction of alcohol "passed down" ostensibly as a preventative for colds, gives us a jolly and homelike feeling; while our host claims it is an excellent appetizer and we soon proved the fact. The efforts of the cook were thoroughly appreciated by the inner man and the meal enlivened by many a joke.

It was necessary to make our professional calls at hours which would be productive of the best results, so, as it was still raining very hard, we concluded to take it easy for the day. Our host had extended his hospitality to our horses,



MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE.

and we found that Reddy and his partner were like ourselves—feasting on the fat of the land. I suggested to George that should the weather clear up we might take a shot-gun and kill a few ducks, or go down and catch a few trout for dinner, which we did. When that was accomplished and we had a refreshing sleep it was about time to go and interview Brother Wm. Handy and the ladies. George suggested that were the latter “handy” it would probably be necessary to subpoena them, but he solemnly declared that no pun was intended.

About two o'clock in the morning we bade good-by to our genial host, and remounting our horses were soon jogging along toward Franklin.

We were in hopes we could find a few Mormons on the way, for our last trip had made us familiar with every polygamist in the place, and we were willing to spare the others for a day or two. Our success was poor, however, for in some mysterious way they had all been warned, and, as Brother Swan expresses it, been told to “flee to the mountains.” Finally we turned our horses' heads in the direction of Brother Handy's palatial log cabins, but not without difficulty, for in many places our horses were nearly up to their flanks in mud.

As we neared the cabins we were met by the

two Mrs. Handys, who are sisters, Brother Handy filling the double position of husband and brother-in-law to each of them. He also has the distinguished honor of being not only his children's father, but their uncle.

One would naturally suppose that it would take at least a good stalwart specimen of the human race to fill such a responsible position, but truth compels me to state that Brother Handy, the husband, father, brother-in-law and uncle is but a small, insignificant-looking man. It fills the average beholder with profound astonishment to think that one of such slight stature can shoulder such immense responsibilities, and so successfully, as the yard full of noisy young ones would suggest. Bill is humble and unpretentious, or he could never digest the "family jars." I use the word "humble" for the moment Bill saw us approaching and while we were yet afar off, seemed to think himself unworthy of our notice, and made quick time in reaching a large straw-stack. We were not surprised, however, as the retiring dispositions of polygamists had often been observed in our experience.

We were rather pleased to find that he had taken the direction of the straw-stack which stood in an open field, and saw at a glance that our game was safe in our hands. Poor fellow, in his hurry he had not been able to "pull the hole in

after him," and there, like an ostrich, he stood, with his head and shoulders buried in the hay. We could not help wishing that he was one of those remarkable birds, for from the way he was jammed into the stack I could have picked his feathers slick and clean before he could even remonstrate. I took him by the heels and without much exertion landed what little there was of him on his feet; and such a little puny creature, why we felt like saying "you poor, naughty little boy what made you so bashful, when visitors were coming?"

I said instead: "Bill, you know what this is all about, don't you?"

"Polygamy, I suppose," he sullenly replied.

"Yes," I said, "and although it is scarcely needed I will read the warrant to you, for it makes it more binding, you know."

He listened quietly enough, and we then went back to the little homes with our prisoner, and I guarded him while George went after the ladies, whom we had passed shortly before. They were soon subpœnaed, and on their driving down the lane I could see they were very mad. The first one who alighted from the wagon flew at me with wrath in her eyes, and snapped out that William was no polygamist, that her name was not Handy, but Mary Jane Flewit, and then poured out a torrent of abuse

in language that was more copious than elegant. I endeavored to soothe my wounded feelings by commiserating Bill.

“Poor William,” I said, “you are indeed to be pitied, and a cell in the penitentiary ought to be looked on by you as a haven of rest, and a relief from a life of torture.”

Mrs. Flewit Handy was silent while I spoke to him, but how her eyes snapped, and if a look of the deadliest hate could have killed, I would have gone up the flume immediately.

She finally asked me what I meant by talking that way.

I told her I meant to express my pity for her poor martyr of a husband, and was only sorry he was not arrested for murder, for then he would be likely to be hung and out of his misery, while now he would probably get six months or so in the penitentiary, and would then be obliged to come back and live with her, and in my extreme pity I cried out, “God help him,” for although one wife of this kind would be bad enough, think of the misery of holding “two of a kind,” and afraid to show your hand.

Before we left Bill, he admitted that it was a “close, hard game.” He is now in the House of Correction at Detroit, where he was taken in June, 1886, and unless pardoned out or dead is

probably meditating on past wrongs, and thinking "what might have been."



CHAPTER XXVI.

Mormon Persecution of Gentiles—Husbands by Proxy—The Church Opens Houses of Prostitution with Harlots brought from San Francisco—Peep Holes for Mormon Police—Signal Failure of the Scheme—Plotters get One Year in Jail—Mobbing Officials—Disgusting Means Resorted to—Mobbing of Mr. and Mrs. Stenhouse—Attempted Assassination of Collins—A Sainly Crew.

IF ALL MORMONS were polygamists, it would be no very difficult matter to keep them down. But the fact is that there are a great many Mormons who are very much opposed to polygamy, but who have relatives and friends who are polygamists. For this reason they not only will not take any active part against them, but will protect and shield them from prosecution to the best of their ability. They are bound by their vows to do this, even if the ties of relationship or friendship did not prompt them to do so.

The Saints are not, as we have already seen, always content to remain on the defensive, but have many ingenious ways of persecuting their "persecutors." A friend of mine—raised in Logan, but who now lives some one hundred and twenty-five miles north of there, having had to leave civilization and live among Indians years

ago owing to the persecution—was showing me over the splendid hay ranche where he lived, with his father. There was plenty of machinery in the barns, hundreds of sleek, fat cattle grazed on the mountainsides, and an air of prosperity pervaded the whole place.

“Yes,” said my friend, “you would not believe how, a few years since, when my father left the Church, we were preached against. The Elect were told to let us breathe the air and drink the water, but warning them never to hold out the hand of fellowship to us, or in any way have dealings with us. We were to be taught that starvation was the fate of those who *dared* to reason for themselves and deny the authority of Brigham Young and his satellites. Our saintly neighbors were not content with this but when any thing wrong was done by some of the young hoodlums of their own families, they would blame some of us boys. Life among them became intolerable, and we moved out of the place, content rather to dwell among the Indians than to remain any longer near such a class of people—and we have not lost anything by the change.”

Not long after the effects of the anti-polygamy crusade commenced to be severely felt by the Mormons, they instituted some very novel methods of counteracting the movement, and

especially of putting a stigma upon the United States officials, and other prominent movers in the conflict. One in particular deserves mention here, not only for its originality of idea, but also for the signal failure that attended it. They arranged for the importation of a lot of prostitutes from San Francisco, who were to open houses of ill-fame in Salt Lake City, the money being furnished by some of the leaders of the Mormon Church. The landladies of these establishments were to entice into their dens, as far as possible, those who were actively engaged in prosecuting the Mormons. Police were secreted in these houses and holes pierced through the walls to enable them to make observations. These women were also to send notes to prominent men among the Gentiles begging the favor of an interview on "business of importance," etc. These houses were in respectable localities, and the intended victims of the conspiracy were supposed to fall at once into the trap. They succeeded in getting many to come to their houses in this way, but in very few, if any, cases were they successful in placing any of their callers in false positions. The whole scheme fell through very shortly, and several of the conspirators got into trouble, and one of them got one year in jail.

I forgot to mention that the city officials of Salt Lake City are all Mormons, and it was these

same city officials who not long since insulted American citizens by hanging the stars and stripes at half-mast on the 4th of July. It was fully reported in the newspapers at the time, and bloodshed was only very narrowly avoided.

Sometimes these zealots will resort to treacherous violence upon the authorized officers of the government, in the larger cities as well as on the outskirts of their dominions. Witness the case of Deputy Marshal Collins, who was set upon by four of these lusty Saints in a dark alley one night. Collins made a hard fight and succeeded in routing them. Three of his assailants escaped, but one had too much cold lead in him, so he was taken to the hospital for repairs. From there he was spirited away, long before he was well, by the Saints when they found out that he was to be tried for assault with intent to kill.

A favorite theme with the Mormons is that no houses of prostitution existed in their domain before the Gentiles came among them. I am not prepared to affirm or deny this, for it may or may not be true; but I have it on good authority that something much more unsavory did exist among the Mormons themselves, and may be one of their peculiar practices to-day for aught I know. Can any institution be found outside of Mormonism, where a man can be a husband by proxy? It used to be the custom when a

Mormon went away on a mission anywhere, that a man was appointed, if deemed desirable, to fill his place, so that children might be raised for him and Zion built up during his absence. One case is known to me where the husband found an increased family on his return whose existence he was not responsible for.

Talking of Mormon methods of combating apostates and Gentiles, who does not remember the case of Mr. and Mrs. Stenhouse a few years ago. They were apostates, and there was a very bitter feeling against them. They were mobbed and submitted to the very roughest kind of treatment, being pelted in the public streets with filth gathered from the cess-pools of the city. The same methods have been resorted to in other cases, and within a very short period of time. A perusal of Salt Lake City papers will frequently bring cases before the eyes of any who may doubt it.

I will close this chapter with a peculiarly horrible instance of brutal punishment visited on a Gentile who had attempted to marry a Mormon girl against the decrees of the Church. A man who was lately a Justice of the Peace assisted in the vengeful outrage, and the victim was mutilated in a manner too disgusting to be described in public print. This happened years ago when a Gentile was a *rara avis*, and had

little or nothing to say. Of course such a crime could not be committed now without resulting in speedy retribution.



CHAPTER XXVII.

A Queer Hiding-place—Mormons Seek and Find Refuge in a Jail—How Mormon Sheriffs Work.

BEFORE CONCLUDING the subject of arresting polygamists I want to give one more illustration of how well laid their plans are, and that they can call to their aid county officials—of course these officials being Mormons. It became necessary for me to make another trip to Paris, and as court was in progress there, information was received that all the prominent polygamists were walking around as large as life. I had to go anyway, as court was in session; so I concluded to go alone by train, for there would be plenty on whom I could call for assistance if needed. On reaching McCammon I discovered I could not go on that night, through some change in the railroad arrangements. I was not alone in my disappointment, for I found, to my disgust, that there was also a resident of Montpelier to lay over here on his way home. My face being pretty familiar in Montpelier, I supposed of course that he would recognize me. In order to know the worst, I at last spoke to him about the annoyance and inconvenience of having to stay over, and as he evidently did not know me, we

continued to condole with each other. He asked me if I was going to stop at the hotel, but I told him I could not afford it, that my purse was too light and that I had little more than would pay my fare. I intended to try and stop at the section house, for if I should be seen by any of the parties at the hotel, my identity would soon be made known to him, and the trip might as well be abandoned. I contrived to get rid of him, and he saw no more of me until we were on the train. I put on a doleful countenance when he met me. I asked him if he thought there was any show to get a job on the railroad, in order to lull any suspicions he might have had. There was a party to meet me at Montpelier and tell me if the coast was clear; but it was imperative that I should not be seen with him by my new Mormon friend, whom I shall call "Jim." To better accomplish my purpose, I lay down and pretended to be asleep, and he no doubt thought me poor company, for he got up and left me. The train changes engines at Montpelier, so a few minutes before the train started Jim came and woke me up, and I told him gruffly that I had changed my mind and was going on to Granger. He then left me, and as I saw the man who was to meet me on the platform, I tapped on the window, and after he came aboard I told him of the party who had been

traveling with me. After considering the matter it was thought best for me not to be seen by him again, and I decided to get the conductor to slow up a mile or so out of town to enable me to jump off the train. My friend could then pick me up in a sleigh and we could decide what to do. I got off the train in a manner which would lead bystanders to suppose I was "bounced" off the train in default of paying my fare. After remaining in the brush a few minutes the team came along and we drove directly to the stable. The weather was pretty cold, and after making several excuses the party who was to take me over, from cowardice or some other cause, backed out of his agreement, though I subsequently found out that he went over alone. I was too well known here to show myself, and I had no alternative but to lay down and wait until evening. I could hear from railroad men who came to see me, that the most prominent men in the Mormon party were walking round Paris; and as one person after another, including a prominent lawyer, came and told me of their movements, I could not avoid chafing at my helplessness. Here I was penned up only ten miles away from them, and for the time being unable to do anything to help myself.

At dusk I was fortunately able to make arrangements for a sleigh and a couple of men

to go to Paris with me. We started about midnight, and as it was only a ride of a couple of hours we got there about two in the morning. I went to the houses of several of the most prominent Mormons without finding any of them. On leaving the last residence I noticed that one of the inmates, a young man about twenty-six years old, was following me up, and as he continued to do so I at last got tired and told him that if he persisted in poking his nose into my business that I would be compelled to put strings on him. I warned him back two or three times, but found him dogging me still, so I pulled out a pair of handcuffs and snapped them under his nose, and was about to fasten them on him when he showed signs of weakening, and said: "Judge Hayes is stopping at Brother Stuckie's; I would like to ask him if I hain't got a right to go round this town if I want to."

"All right," said I; "here is Stuckie's. Knock at the door and you can see the Judge. I am not finding fault with you walking all over Paris. What I object to is your tagging round after me and interfering with my business."

It was bitterly cold, and as we knocked our heels together and rubbed our ears to keep them from freezing, I could not help wishing Paris and all its inhabitants had sunk before I ever took the trip. The door was opened, so I

told the young man to see the Judge as soon as possible, and we went up-stairs, Mrs. Stuckie in the meantime scowling at me in the highest style of the art. I had left a man outside to watch the exit of any one. After the Judge had dressed and come out, the Mormon asked him if he had not a right to go where he pleased in the town. The Judge told him he had, and asked him who had anything to say about it. I said I had, and I burst into laughter. I could not help it when I contemplated my surroundings. Here was I, out hunting polygamists, and the only party I could find in a polygamist house was the Judge before whom they were tried; and a Judge, too, who showed by the sentences he invariably imposed on them that so far as he was concerned Mormons had very little to expect but justice "right from the shoulder." I explained to the Judge that I was making a house to house canvass that night, and that this young man had been following me up and that I was beginning to get a little weary of it, but I thought I would give him an opportunity to find out his rights, as I had no object in getting him into trouble. After the Judge explained to him that he was transgressing and that I was right, he went off, and I proceeded to search the house. I could find no one, however, and just before my departure I asked Mrs. Stuckie if Brother Stuckie was liable

to be at the residences of either of his other wives. She said I was misinformed as to the number of ladies who with her shared Mr. Stuckie's heart and homes. I thereupon drew from my pocket a map of the town I had with me, she was convinced I knew what I was talking about. Finally I went away and searched the other houses, with a like result. Every man in Paris had been warned by this time, and the warning must have been given by those who professed to be friends of mine, for I had not been seen by a single Mormon since my arrival.

As I had some work to do in connection with arrests made on my other trip, I got away from Paris about daylight. Cold as the weather was, the young Mormon boys were flying about in every direction with the news of my arrival. A word of explanation regarding the finding of Judge Hayes in Brother Stuckie's house. Paris, as I have before said, is inhabited entirely by Mormons, and there is not such a thing as a hotel in it. The Mormon leaders vie with each other in showing hospitality and favors to all whom they fear, or wish to curry favor with. As Judge Hayes had to hold court there for a week or ten days once in each year, he has no alternative but to stop at a Mormon house; but as he understands the Mormons pretty thoroughly, he

takes their little attentions for what they are worth, and I have no doubt he would get along without being a guest in their houses if he could.

I got back to Montpelier about ten o'clock that morning, and after discharging the boys and the team, I made arrangements to leave, for it was Saturday and I was anxious to get home before Sunday. As I sat thinking the matter over, and talking with some of the railroad boys, I made up my mind to stay and try to take a couple of the Montpelier Saints back with me. The sheriff from Paris, a good Saint named Moulton, followed me into Montpelier, and he and I had a good laugh over my ill success the night before. He was if anything too pleasant, introduced me to another good Saint named Osborne, and it did not take me very long to find that they were shadowing me.

About an hour before the train arrived, I took them into one of the bar-rooms and said, as we took a drink: "Now, fellows, this is probably the last time I will bother this section of the country. Well, you tell me where the Polygs flew so quickly last night! They were all seen at seven o'clock, but when I arrived not one was in sight. I turned up everything but the jail, and by omitting that I got left."

Moulton flushed up and said: "How do you know?"

"Because a friend of mine in Montpelier gave it away," said I.

"Oh, I guess not," returned he.

"It does not make any difference now," I continued. "It is my place to catch them, and their place to get away; but I don't think it is giving a fellow a square deal to hide in a jail." He did not attempt to deny it.

As train-time drew near I went over to the depot, and Moulton and Osborne were there to bid me good-by. I also noticed the young Mormon (his name I found to be Shupe) who rode out with me from McCammon among the number of people on the platform. Seing a railroad man who was a friend of mine, I went over to him and told him to keep his eye on Moulton, Osborne and Shupe, for there was something in the wind that I was not up to. Before the train pulled in I found their programme was to be as follows: Shupe was to go as far as Soda Springs, and see that I left the country. If I went on he was to telegraph them, then catch a freight and come back. I got talking to Moulton and Osborne again, but gave them no intimation that I knew anything about their scheme. I spoiled their game as far as telegrams were concerned. Finally, when the train pulled in, I

jumped aboard after bidding them an effusive farewell. The Judge was aboard and his eyes began to twinkle when he saw me.

"A pretty cold morning when I saw you last, Fred," said he.

"Yes, your Honor, and it has stayed cold ever since for me; my trip has amounted to nothing, and I hate to ride so many miles for my health with the thermometer frozen."

"Well," returned his Honor, "you cannot always expect success. You have had pretty good luck so far."

By this time I was about four miles from Montpelier, and saying farewell to the Judge I went out on the car platform. The engineer had been asked to slow up so as to give me a chance to jump off. As soon as he saw a good snow-bank, and perceiving that I was ready, he slowed up slightly, though not enough to make it noticeable to Shupe, who went on in blissful ignorance of my doings. I jumped off, walked back to Montpelier and went directly to the caboose of a railroad friend who was running a train there. I asked him to go and see a friend of mine whom I mentioned, and ask him to come down to meet me at the caboose that night at ten o'clock; that I would take him with me and pay him well for his trouble. In the meantime, as I had not slept any the night before, I took a nap, and about

half-past ten the party I was expecting came along. The both of us then made for the Upper Town, and for once I thought I had a sure thing, but as it had been the night before so was it now. They had been already warned and no one was in sight. Again disappointed, I returned to Lower Town after going through the house of every polygamist in Montpelier. Moulton and Osborne had stayed up all night waiting for Shupe to get back, and in the meantime I had enough evidence to convict Shupe of obstructing a United States officer ; so when the Mormon trio came down during the day to give me the laugh, I took Brother Shupe with me to Oxford. He was tried and fined one hundred dollars, and the fine was paid by the Church. I should have mentioned that a Mormon mob was formed at Montpelier for the express purpose of mobbing me, but to the credit of the railroad men let me say that they stood by me, and probably saved me from some rough treatment.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Anti-Mormon Champions—Poker and Prayer—The Test-Oath—The New West Academies—Orthodox Churches to the Rescue.

AND NOW a short chapter to the men who, by their untiring efforts, have above all others been instrumental in putting a stop to the iniquitous practices of the Church.

At one time, and not so very far back either, Gentiles who went into Utah for the purpose of doing business, had everything against them. They were handicapped and boycotted to such an extent that failure was almost a foregone conclusion. The Mormon signboard is familiar to all who have ever been out in their country—it consists of an eye with the words "Holiness to the Lord" over the top, and "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution" painted underneath. To the uninitiated this sign would suggest religion and piety, and a stranger would be very likely to think that people who would have the eye of Providence and an exhortation to holiness over their places of business could not be very bad. But this sign has, in fact, a very different meaning to the dupes who live under the iron rule of Mormonism. It means that the *Eye of the Church* is ever upon them, and as all these

Zion stores are conducted in the interests of the Church, the sign is highly suggestive of a caution not to trade with Gentiles. An old Irishman put yet a different interpretation on this sign. He had been wandering up and down the streets of Salt Lake City, and seeing an eye over nearly every place of business, and being unable to read the inscription on it, he was heard to remark: "Faith, av all these eye docthers can make a living here, it's toime I was immigratin' fwile I can see to git away."

But as this chapter is to be devoted to the men who have come to the front in checking the influence for evil of Mormonism and its institutions, we will hasten on.

First and foremost, that honest and fearless newspaper, the *Salt Lake Tribune*, deserves especially to be mentioned. It is to-day, and has been for years, the champion of Gentile rights in the Mormon stronghold and if the Mormon people were asked to give their candid opinion as to what was the most potent anti-Mormon agency, they would probably say it was this nervy publication. United States Judge Zane has won the respect and admiration of all by the manner in which he has administered justice to Mormon and Gentile alike, vindicating the disregarded and all but obsolete laws with an integrity of purpose which was re-assuring and comforting in view of

the past condition of affairs. Let me add the names of Hon. E. A. Ireland, late U. S. Marshal for Utah; United States Attorney Dixon, with Assistant-Attorney Varien; Judge McKay, U. S. Commissioner. Add to these in Idaho the *Idaho Reporter* of Blackfoot, and the *Eagle Rock Register*; Judge J. B. Hayes of the Third Judicial District, whose impartial administration of justice is conceded by all—Mormon and Gentile alike; Hon. H. M. Bennett of Oxford, prosecuting attorney of Bingham county, chairman of the Anti-Mormon Committee; Hon. H. W. Smith of Blackfoot, widely known as "Kentucky Smith," the author of the memorable test-oath, a copy of which is appended; Hon. Fred T. Dubois, ex-U. S. Marshal and now member of Congress from Idaho. He came to the territories from Springfield, Illinois, and is a son of the late Hon. Jesse K. Dubois who was well known as a friend of Abraham Lincoln. It is to the efforts of such men as I have mentioned that anything at all has been and is being done in the direction of stamping out this national disgrace.

Mormons and Gentiles can never affiliate with each other. It is true that in places like Salt Lake City they can run along without much friction, but in the smaller towns and on the up-country ranches, the Gentile will have a very slim chance of getting along. There are hun-



ARREST OF THE BASHFUL BUT MUCHLY MARRIED, BROTHER HANDY. Page 240

dreds of Mormons living to-day who know of valuable mineral ledges which have been hidden by the express orders of Brigham Young, lest the Gentiles should profit by them. There are millions of acres of good land that could be utilized if irrigated at a comparatively small expense; but Gentiles do not feel safe in going out to develop these resources until the National Government can give assurance that they can not only farm their lands or work their mines, but also worship their God in the freedom and security contemplated by the constitution of the United States. The Mormons will readily admit all this to be fair enough, and say they ask for nothing more, thus often gaining to some extent the sympathy and good will of many who do not know the true inwardness of their system. I was told only recently in Chicago of several people who had been among the Mormons, and had been very favorably impressed by them. I do not doubt this, and I am not at all surprised at it. Mormons are much like the rest of humanity in some things. They do not generally put out their worst side for the inspection of strangers; they are generally on "dress parade" for the reception of visitors, and use their utmost endeavors to favorably impress all from the outside world. It should not be forgotten that their converts are *deceived* into joining with them, and

there are thousands who to-day wish they had never become Mormons, now that they have found out what the stern reality is. Most, if not all, the works I have read on Mormonism and Polygamy have been written from the standpoint and authority of a visit to Salt Lake City, and the authors know about as much of the truth as the aforesaid Irishman did of the sign inscription. If you want to see Mormonism as it is—undiluted and undisturbed by any mixture with the restraints of civilization—go into the back settlements; take in some of their country meeting-houses; listen to their sermons, if possible without letting any one know you are a Gentile, and the chances are that outside of a tirade against Gentiles you will hear nothing. Everything will be touched but religion; of Christ and Him crucified you will seldom hear from a Mormon preacher. He is much more likely to give the faithful some advice about farming—the best manure to use for vegetables, how to raise chickens, the best methods of breeding cattle, etc., etc., are common subjects of religious (?) discourse.

A Mormon Deacon with whom I am well acquainted will furnish as good an example of the class of men who do the exhorting and preaching as any I know. He is a very good sort of fellow in his way, is a close, hard hand at poker,

can swear like a trooper, and should circumstances demand it, he can take care of himself in a rough-and-tumble fight. One Saturday night not very long ago, he happened to be engaged in a little game of poker, which as they continued to play became very interesting. As hour after hour went by it was clear that the Deacon was uneasy in his mind about something. The game went on, however, through the small hours of the Sabbath morning, until at last meeting time came, and the Deacon said he could play no longer as he had "to go and open up that meetin' with prayer." The fellows he was playing with objected, and said he was only quitting the game because he was ahead. At this the good Deacon's feelings were hurt, and he said:

"Any d——d man who accuses me that way has to fight. I am gwine to open that meetin' with pra'ar, but that does not hinder me from putting a head on any man that accuses me of jumping the game." And with a very few words he pitched in, and but for the interference of the bystanders would have given the object of his wrath a severe thrashing. After he cooled down he said:

"I kin lick any man that 'cuses me wrongfully, or tries to keep me from meetin'. He knows I am Deacon thar, an' hed to open up the game over thar with pra'r."

I don't know what kind of prayer he offered on that Sunday morning, but pray he did, and does to this day.

The test oath, to which we have referred, is an oath which is put to all office-holders, and with slight variation to voters and jurors. So far it has only been adopted in the Territory of Idaho, and for the time it has been in use, it has proved a bulwark of strength to the administration of justice. If its value were gauged by the hatred the Mormons bear its author, there can be no doubt about the advisability of its adoption in Utah, and, indeed, wherever else Mormonism exists. The following is a copy of it:

“OATH OF OFFICE.

“I, ——, do solemnly swear that I am a male citizen of the United States, and over the age of twenty-one years. That I had actually resided in Idaho Territory for the period of four months, and in this county thirty days next preceding the date of my election (or appointment). That I am not a member of any order, sect or organization which teaches, advises or encourages the practice of bigamy or polygamy, or any other crime defined by law, as a duty or privilege resulting or arising from the faith or practice of

such order, sect or organization, or that teaches, counsels, encourages or advises any person or persons to commit the crime of bigamy or polygamy, or any other crime defined by law, as a religious duty. That I am not a bigamist or a polygamist, nor do I cohabit with any woman other than my lawful wife. That I do not either publicly or privately teach, counsel, encourage or advise any person or persons to enter into bigamous or polygamous relations, or into relations known as Plural or Celestial Marriage. That I regard the Constitution of the United States and the laws thereof, and of this Territory, as interpreted by the Courts, as the supreme law of the land, and that I will support and uphold the same, the teachings of any order, sect or organization to the contrary notwithstanding. That I will discharge the duties of the office of ——— according to law, and the best of my ability, so help me God.”

Another instrument of good, and one that is making itself felt, is the dissemination of knowledge by the “New West Academies.” These institutions are scattered through the country through the efforts of one of the Christian denominations, and I believe they have been endowed to some extent by some deceased member of the Church that controls them. They are strictly unsectarian, and Mormon and Gen-

tile are alike welcome. For a merely nominal sum a person can have the advantages of a good education, and there is no doubt that they have been a means of doing much good among the younger members of the Mormon Church, where their parents or guardians have allowed them to attend. A few of the more liberal-minded Mormons embrace the opportunity gladly, but by far the greater number of this most fanatical people say they would sooner see their children taken to the graveyard than to an educational establishment conducted by Gentiles.

The Presbyterians have established many churches throughout Mormondom. The Methodists have also been strenuous in their efforts to bring these poor benighted creatures up higher ; and through the indefatigable endeavors of their genial Bishop, Rev. T. C. Iliff of Salt Lake City, have given Methodism a foothold that is felt everywhere. Through the efforts of the Bishop and his coadjutors every year sees new churches built, and no matter how slim the chances are for a congregation, the church has to go up, and the good Bishop puts his trust in God to pay the bills. Good schools are also established and conducted in connection with the churches. The one in Oxford is presided over by Rev. J. E. Turner, an enthusiastic worker, and one whose labors promise an abundant harvest. Several

young ladies have graduated from these schools, and are now themselves earning good salaries as teachers of district schools. This has been only possible since the adoption of the test oath given above, for in the past the schoolboards were composed entirely of Mormons, and no Gentile need apply for a position as teacher.

It is most earnestly hoped that no relapse will occur, and that the hands of those who are engaged in the good work will be held up as they deserve. The cause is one worthy of the moral and financial support of all who believe in freedom and good government.



MORMON HYMNS.

BELOW will be found a few of the soul-stirring hymns sung by the Saints. They are, as you may plainly see, full of pathos, and could only have emanated from the brain of a man who had religion deep down in his soul. You cannot fail to be pleased with "Upper California, O!" by John Taylor, President of the Mormon Church, and then, "The God That Others Worship Is Not the God for Me," how beautiful the sentiment! how touching! These are a fair average; we could give more, but think these will appeal to the reader:

HYMN 299. (P.M.)

- 1 The Upper California, O, that's the land for me!
It lies between the mountains and the great Pacific sea;
The Saints can be supported there,
And taste the sweets of liberty
In Upper California—Oh, that's the land fo.
Oh, that's, &c.
- 2 We'll go and lift our standard, we'll go there and be free;
We'll go to California and have our jubilee,
A land that blooms with beauty rare,
A land of life and liberty,
With flocks and herds abounding—Oh, that's the land for me!
Oh, that's, &c.
- 3 We'll burst off all our fetters and break the Gentile yoke,
For long it has beset us, but now it shall be broke.
No more shall Jacob bow his neck;
Henceforth he shall be great and free
In Upper California—Oh, that's the land for me!
Oh, that's, &c.
- 4 We'll reign, we'll rule and triumph, and God shall be our King;
The plains, the hills and valleys shall with hosannas ring;

Our towers and temples there shall rise
 Along the great Pacific Sea,
 In Upper California — Oh, that's the land for me !
 Oh, that's, &c.

5 We'll ask our cousin Lemuel to join us heart and hand,
 And spread abroad our curtains throughout fair Zion's land :
 Till this is done we'll pitch our tents
 Along the great Pacific Sea,
 In Upper California — Oh, that's the land for me !
 Oh, that's, &c.

6 Then join with me, my brethren, and let us hasten there ;
 We'll lift our glorious standard and raise our house of prayer ;
 We'll call on all the nations round
 To join our standard and be free
 In Upper California — Oh, that's the land for me !
 Oh, that's, &c.

HYMN 297. (P.M.)

- 1 The God that others worship is not the God for me ;
 He has no parts nor body, and cannot hear nor see ;
 But I've a God that reigns above —
 A God of power and of love —
 A God of revelation — Oh, that's the God for me !
 Oh, that's the God for me !
 Oh, that's the God for me !
- 2 A Church without a Prophet is not the Church for me ;
 It has no head to lead it ; in it I would not be ;
 But I've a Church not made by man,
 Cut from the mountain without hand ;
 A Church with gifts and blessings — Oh, that's the Church for me.
 Oh, that's, &c.
- 3 A Church without Apostles is not the Church for me
 'Tis like a ship dismasted, afloat upon the sea ;
 But I've a Church that's always led
 With the Twelve Stars around her head ;
 A Church with good foundation — Oh, that's the Church for me.
 Oh, that's, &c.
- 4 The Hope that Gentiles cherish is not the hope for me ;
 It has no faith nor knowledge ! far from it I would be :
 But I've a hope that will not fail ;
 It reaches far within the veil ;
 Which Hope is like an anchor — Oh, that's the Hope for me.
 Oh, that's, &c.
- 5 The Heaven of sectarians is not the Heaven for me,
 So doubtful its location — neither on land nor sea ;

But I've a Heaven upon the earth —
 The land and home that gave me birth ;
 A Heaven of light and knowledge — Oh, that's the Heaven for me.
 Oh, that's, &c.

- 6 A Church without a gathering is not the Church for me ;
 The Savior would not own it, wherever it might be ;
 But I've a Church that is called out
 From false tradition, fear and doubt —
 A gathering dispensation — Oh, that's the Church for me.
 Oh, that's, &c.

HYMN 296. (L.M.D.)

- 1 O give me back my Prophet dear,
 And Patriarch, O give them back,
 The Saints of Latter-days to cheer,
 And lead them in the Gospel track.
 But Oh! they're gone from my embrace—
 From earthly scenes their spirits fled ;
 Two of the best of Adam's race
 Now lie entombed among the dead.
- 2 Ye men of wisdom, tell me why,
 When guilt nor crime in them were found,
 Why now their blood doth loudly cry
 From prison walls and Carthage ground ?
 Your tongues are mute, but pray attend,
 The secret I will now relate,
 Why those, whom God to earth did lend,
 Have met the suffering martyr's fate.
- 3 It is because they strove to gain,
 Beyond the grave, a heaven of bliss,—
 Because they made the Gospel plain,
 And led the Saints in righteousness ;
 It is because God called them forth,
 And led them by his own right hand,
 Christ's coming to proclaim on earth,
 And gather Israel to their land.
- 4 It is because the priests of Baal
 Were desperate their craft to save ;
 And when they saw it doomed to fail ;
 They sent the Prophets to their grave.
 Like scenes the ancient Prophets saw ;
 Like these, the ancient Prophets fell ;
 And, till the resurrection dawn,
 Prophet and Patriarch — fare you well.

HYMN 326. (C.M.)

- 1 How have the nations grown corrupt !
How, from their natural use,
Men their life-giving powers pervert
By wanton, lewd abuse.
- 2 The holy ties of wedded life,
Are cloaks for the profane,
While lust and mammon desecrate,
Where faith and love should reign.
- 3 Adult'ers gain the world's applause,
As men of honored fame ;
Women, though weak, defenceless, pure,
Are branded with the shame.
- 4 Is there no home ? There is ! While men
Rush on from bad to worse,
Jehovah speaks, lest all the earth
Be smitten with a curse ;—
- 5 " He, who one talent has abused,
Hear it ! ye sons of men,
Shall lose it, and it shall be given
To him who improves ten.
- 6 " Through him who holds the sealing power,
Ye faithful ones who heed
Celestial laws, take many wives,
And rear a righteous seed.
- 7 " Though fools revile I'll honor you,
As Abraham, my friend ;
You shall be Gods, and shall be blest
With lives that never end."

 HYMN 283. (12's.)

- 1 Come to me, will ye come to the Saints that have died,
To the next better world where the righteous reside,—
Where the angels and spirits in harmony be,
In the joys of a vast Paradise ? Come to me,
- 2 Come to me, where the truth and the virtues prevail,
Where the union is one, and the years never fail,
Where the heart can't conceive, nor the natural eye see
What the Lord has prepared for the just: Come to me.
- 3 Come to me, where there is no destruction nor war,
Neither tyrants nor mobbers, nor nations ajar ;

Where the system is perfect, and happiness free,
And the life is eternal with God : Come to me.

- 4 Come to me, will ye come to the mansions above,
Where the bliss and the knowledge, the light and the love,
And the glory of God shall eternally be?
Death, the wages of sin is not here : Come to me.
- 5 Come to me; here are Adam and Eve at the head
Of a multitude quickened and raised from the dead;
Here's the knowledge that was, or that is, or will be,
In the general assembly of worlds: Come to me.'
- 6 Come to me; here's the myst'ry that man hath not seen—
Here's our Father in Heaven, and Mother, the Queen.
Here are worlds that have been, and the worlds yet to be;
Here's eternity — endless: Amen. Come to me.
- 7 Come to me, all ye faithful and blest of Nauvoo ;
Come, ye Twelve, and ye High Priests, and Seventies, too;
Come, ye Elders, and all of the great company,
When you've finished your work on the earth : Come to me.
- 8 Come to me; here's the future, the present and past;
Here is Alpha, Omega, the first and the last;
Here's the " Fountain," the " River of Life," and the " Tree! "
Here's your Prophet and Seer, Joseph Smith : Come to me.

Now, as the God that others worship is not the God for them, we herewith append a letter from Bay Port, Michigan, dated March 12th, 1887, which will give an idea of the kind of a God they do worship and their peculiar way of worshipping Him. Seeing an account in a Chicago paper of a fracas at Bay Port, Michigan, of that date, and knowing their peculiar methods I wrote the gentleman whose name was mentioned in connection, and received the following in reply:

BAY PORT, HURON CO., Mich., March 12, 1887.

F. E. Bennett, Chicago, Ill. :

Thy letter of the 9th addressed John B. Davis was put into my hands last evening, and appears

to be designed for me, though I am not instructed of my Lord to be called "Rev.," and my Christian name and middle initial are not "John B."

As to the excitement and events connected with the recent debate, I have requested the most competent witness of the whole affair in the neighborhood, Joseph Snell, to send thee some account of the matter, as it ill becomes me to figure in the double capacity of debater and reporter.

Sincerely, thy servant in X.

WM. F. DAVIS.

Some erroneous accounts having got into the papers in regard to the debate between Elder J. J. Cornish, Mormon or "Latterday Saint" preacher, and Rev. Wm. F. Davis, General Missionary and Evangelist, I deem it proper to make the following statement of facts in reference thereto. Elder Cornish had been holding a series of meetings here (near Bay Port, Mich.), for about six weeks with but slight interruption. By his shrewdness, craft and cunning as well as by the audacity and boldness of his claims, he had led captive a large portion of the community, and filled them with a large share of his own spirit of hatred and dislike to all persons and ideas opposed to Joseph Smith and his Mormon Bible. Mr. Davis came here by invita-

tion to hold gospel meetings, or to take up the Mormon question as he should think desirable. The school-house was the only available place in the vicinity for holding public meetings. It was there that Mr. Davis was to hold his meetings, Mr. Cornish having transferred his appointments to other points, with the exception of an occasional sermon. At the close of Mr. Davis's first meeting he submitted to the congregation the matter of taking up the Mormon question; by an almost unanimous vote he was requested to do so. Thinking that Mr. Cornish might wish to be present, or take part in the discussion, said he would not then fix the time for taking up the subject. Finally, when they met Mr. Cornish, in both speeches, confined himself to the setting forth of their religious views upon the subjects of baptism, the millenium, the resurrection, future punishment, etc., but not going beyond our Scriptures.

Mr. Davis endeavored to draw him out on Joseph Smith and his Mormon Bible, but did not succeed. So the discussion had only been initiated at the close of the first meeting. There was some talk of continuing the debate an hour longer, but a gentleman in the middle of the audience, said his wife was sick and he must be let out. Mr. Cornish made a very insulting reply, and the chairman, a Cornishite, sprang to

his feet and remarked that that woman was in the habit of going to meetings and getting sick—an entirely gratuitous statement. High words began to pass, the man with a sick wife declaring he would get out if he had to force his way, and expressed the wish that he was where he could lay his hands on Mr. Cornish. The confusion increased, and a tumult seemed imminent; a number of women and children were helped out of the windows. But the crowd dispersed without violence. The next day Mr. Davis saw a justice of the peace and earnestly requested him to be at the school-house early, and to keep open two aisles, so that egress could be had, as he did not think a house so filled as that was on the previous evening either safe or lawful. However, when Mr. Davis reached the house, a little after 6 P. M., he found the condition about the same as that of the evening previous. Making his way into the body of the house, Mr. Davis called the attention of the chairman to the packed and still packing condition of the house, and said he could not consent to speak unless two aisles should be cleared (there being five) so as to give ingress and egress when required. At once there arose an unseemly confusion. Mr. Cornish told the people not to move. Others called out that Mr. Davis was a coward and wanted to back out. The chairman told him to

come forward to the platform or own that he was beaten, and much more of the same sort of talk was heard. A motion was passed that Mr. Davis should come forward "like a man" and proceed with the debate. From the show of hands it clearly appeared that the body of the house was almost entirely filled with "Cornishites," they having come first. Mr. Davis, who fears nothing so much as wrong-doing, was unmoved by all these taunts and jeers, and insisted on his point. Failing, however, to accomplish anything, he made an appointment for 2 o'clock P. M. the next day, when he would proceed with his examination of the subject in hand, and then retired, followed by many of his friends. Scarcely had Mr. Davis left the house when quite a tumult arose. A young man near the front sprang up and rushed over the desks toward the door to reach some one who had made some insulting remark that he fancied was addressed to himself. A rush of the "Cornishites" from near the stand at once followed, some to take part in the fight and some to prevent one. The crowd became alarmed. Egress at the door was impossible. Many women and children were helped out of the windows, followed by men. A constable seized the belligerent young man near the door, so the fight was off, but confusion was on. The chairman, a stalwart

six-footer, threw off his coat and vest, laid his pocket-book (but not his pistol) on the table, and seizing his chair walked out into the tumultuous mass and demanded order at the point of his chair legs. After the lapse of some time and the departure of many people, order was finally restored. Mr. Cornish and his friends indulged in a good deal of foolish and high-sounding talk about their so-called victory, and passed some equally foolish resolutions, and then Mr. Cornish proceeded alone with his part of the discussion. Subsequently the writer learned from different persons, friends of Mr. Cornish, that poles were brought to the school-house on the second night of the debate, for the ostensible purpose of rail-riding Mr. Davis, and the chairman distinctly stated to him that he wished to and "did his best to raise a fight" on the second night. But the friends of Mr. Davis had no disposition to create any disturbance.

Mr. Davis continued his appointments afternoon and evening until he had gone over the whole subject, including the history of the Mormon Bible and Joseph Smith. He distinctly pointed out many false deductions, that Mr. Cornish drew from his Scripture quotations, reading his quotations chiefly from the Greek text, in order that the true sense might more distinctly appear. All who heard him through

must have been convinced that the claims of Joseph Smith for himself and his Bible were stupendous frauds.

From the best information I have derived from a variety of sources, it appears that Mr. Cornish pursued here the usual course adopted by the "Latter-day Saints." They first set forth those religious doctrines founded on a literal view of the Scripture, and which have been held by many Christians for centuries, and which will not be likely to be offensive to the common people. At the same time a systematic and continuous attack is made upon the honesty and integrity of the clergy of all other denominations, and so also of all history and all testimony that comes from outside their own sources. They are all the time telling their hearers that other ministers are after their money and must pass around the hat after almost every sermon. The encyclopedias he calls novels, and to prove it points to some statement therein in regard to themselves, which he claims to be false, but which upon investigation will turn out to be substantially true. The mobs that tarred and feathered Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon, and that assassinated Joseph and Hiram Smith were lead by "rev. divines," and so of any other acts of violence that the Mormons may have suffered from the incensed people. Many people run after those swindling

advertisements that promise large value for mere nothing, because they hope to obtain something valuable, without the toil and sacrifice of fairly earning it. So people are ever anxious to pry into the mysterious and unknown, and many are ever ready to take a short cut to a knowledge of Divine things through prophets and cheap revelations, when the only way to obtain them is to deserve them through that purity and elevation of character, which alone can enable men to grasp them.

APPENDIX.

We append a few verses from the alleged revelation of the marriage covenant, including plurality of wives:

SECTION 132.

Revelation on the Eternity of the Marriage Covenant, including Plurality of Wives. Given through Joseph, the Seer, in Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois, July 12th, 1843.

1. Verily, thus saith the Lord unto you, my servant Joseph, that inasmuch as you have inquired of my hand, to know and understand wherein I, the Lord, justified my servants, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; as also Moses, David and Solomon, my servants, as touching the prin-

ciple and doctrine of their having many wives and concubines.

* * * * *

14. And verily I say unto you, that the conditions of this law are these:—All covenants, contracts, bonds, obligations, oaths, vows, performances, connections, associations, or expectations, that are not made, and entered into, and sealed, by the Holy Spirit of promise, of him who is anointed, both as well for time and for all eternity, and that, too, most holy, by revelation and commandment through the medium of mine anointed, whom I have appointed on the earth to hold this power, (and I have appointed unto my servant Joseph to hold this power in the last days, and there is never but one on the earth at a time, on whom this power and the keys of this Priesthood are conferred), are of no efficacy, virtue or force, in and after the resurrection from the dead; for all contracts that are not made unto this end, have an end when men are dead.

* * * * *

15. Therefore, if a man marry him a wife in the world, and he marry her not by me, nor by my word; and he covenant with her so long as he is in the world, and she with him, their covenant and marriage are not of force when they are dead, and when they are out of the world;

therefore, they are not bound by any law when they are out of the world;

16. Therefore, when they are out of the world, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage; but are appointed angels in heaven, which angels are ministering servants, to minister for those who are worthy of a far more, and an exceeding, and an eternal weight of glory;

17. For these angels did not abide my law, therefore they cannot be enlarged, but remain separately and singly, without exaltation, in their saved condition, to all eternity, and from henceforth are not Gods, but are angels of God, for ever and ever.

18. And again, verily I say unto you, if a man marry a wife, and make a covenant with her for time and for all eternity, if that covenant is not by me, or by my word, which is my law, and is not sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise, through him whom I have anointed and appointed unto this power—then it is not valid, neither of force when they are out of the world, because they are not joined by me, saith the Lord, neither by my word; when they are out of the world, it cannot be received there, because the angels and the Gods are appointed there, by whom they cannot pass; they cannot, therefore, inherit my glory, for my house is a house of order, saith the Lord God.

19. And again, verily I say unto you, if a man marry a wife by my word, which is my law, and by the new and everlasting covenant, and it is sealed unto them by the Holy Spirit of promise by him who is anointed, unto whom I have appointed this power, and the keys of this Priesthood; and it shall be said unto them, ye shall come forth in the first resurrection; and if it be after the first resurrection, in the next resurrection; and shall inherit thrones, kingdoms, principalities, and powers, dominions, all heights and depths — then shall it be written in the Lamb's Book of Life, that he shall commit no murder whereby to shed innocent blood, and if ye abide in my covenant, and commit no murder whereby to shed innocent blood, it shall be done unto them in all things whatsoever my servant hath put upon them, in time, and through all eternity, and shall be of full force when they are out of the world; and they shall pass by the angels, and the Gods which are set there, to their exaltation and glory in all things, as hath been sealed upon their heads, which glory shall be a fullness and a continuation of the seeds for ever and ever.

20. Then shall they be Gods, because they have no end; therefore shall they be from everlasting to everlasting, because they continue; then shall they be above all, because all things are subject unto them. Then shall they be

Gods, because they have all power, and the angels are subject unto them.

* * * * *

26. Verily, verily I say unto you, if a man marry a wife according to my word, and they are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise, according to mine appointment, and he or she shall commit any sin or transgression of the new and everlasting covenant whatever, and all manner of blasphemies, and if they commit no murder, wherein they shed innocent blood—yet they shall come forth in the first resurrection, and enter into their exaltation; but they shall be destroyed in the flesh, and shall be delivered unto the buffetings of Satan unto the day of redemption, saith the Lord God.

* * * * *

30. Abraham received promises concerning his seed, and of the fruit of his loins,—from whose loins ye are, namely, my servant Joseph,—which were to continue so long as they were in the world; and as touching Abraham and his seed, out of the world they should continue; both in the world and out of the world should they continue as innumerable as the stars; or, if ye were to count the sand upon the sea shore, ye could not number them.

* * * * *

37. Abraham received concubines, and they

bear him children, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness, because they were given unto him, and he abode in my law, as Isaac also, and Jacob did none other things than that which they were commanded; and because they did none other things than that which they were commanded, they have entered into their exaltation, according to the promises, and sit upon thrones, and are not angels, but are Gods.

38. David also received many wives and concubines, as also Solomon and Moses, my servants; as also many others of my servants, from the beginning of creation until this time; and in nothing did they sin, save in those things which they received not of me.

39. David's wives and concubines were given unto him, of me, by the hand of Nathan, my servant, and others of the prophets who had the keys of this power; and in none of these things did he sin against me, save in the case of Uriah and his wife; and, therefore, he hath fallen from his exaltation, and received his portion; and he shall not inherit them out of the world; for I gave them unto another, saith the Lord.

* * * * *

41. And as ye have asked concerning adultery — verily, verily I say unto you, if a man receiveth a wife in the new and everlasting covenant, and if she be with another man, and I

have not appointed unto her by the holy anointing, she hath committed adultery, and shall be destroyed.

42. If she be not in the new and everlasting covenant, and she be with another man. she has committed adultery.

43. And if her husband be with another woman, and he was under a vow, he hath broken his vow, and hath committed adultery.

44. And if she hath not committed adultery, but is innocent, and hath not broken her vow, and she knoweth it, and I reveal it unto you, my servant Joseph, then shall you have power, by the power of my Holy Priesthood, to take her, and give her unto him that hath not committed adultery, but hath been faithful ; for he shall be made ruler over many ;

45. For I have conferred upon you the keys and power of the Priesthood, wherein I restore all things, and make known unto you all things in due time.

46. And verily, verily I say unto you, that whatsoever you seal on earth, shall be sealed in heaven ; and whatsoever you bind on earth, in my name, and by my word, saith the Lord, it shall be eternally bound in the heavens ; and whosoever sins you remit on earth shall be remitted eternally in the heavens ; and whoso-

ever sins you retain on earth, shall be retained in heaven.

47. And again, verily I say, whomsoever you bless, I will bless, and whomsoever you curse, I will curse, saith the Lord ; for I, the Lord, am thy God.

48. And again, verily I say unto you, my servant Joseph, that whatsoever you give on earth, and to whomsoever you give any one on earth, by my word, and according to my law, it shall be visited with blessings, and not cursings, and with my power, saith the Lord, and shall be without condemnation on earth, and in heaven ;

49. For I am the Lord thy God, and will be with thee even unto the end of the world, and through all eternity ; for verily, I seal upon you your exaltation, and prepare a throne for you in the kingdom of my Father, with Abraham your father.

50. Behold, I have seen your sacrifices, and will forgive all your sins ; I have seen your sacrifices, in obedience to that which I have told you ; go, therefore, and I make a way for your escape, as I accepted the offering of Abraham, of his son Isaac.

51. Verily, I say unto you, a commandment I give unto mine handmaid, Emma Smith, your

wife, whom I have given unto you, that she stay herself, and partake not of that which I commanded you to offer unto her ; for I did it, saith the Lord, to prove you all, as I did Abraham ; and that I might require an offering at your hand, by covenant and sacrifice ;

52. And let mine handmaid, Emma Smith, receive all those that have been given unto my servant Joseph, and who are virtuous and pure before me ; and those who are not pure, and have said they were pure, shall be destroyed, saith the Lord God ;

53. For I am the Lord thy God, and ye shall obey my voice ; and I give unto my servant Joseph, that he shall be made ruler over many things, for he hath been faithful over a few things, and from henceforth I will strengthen him.

54. And I commanded mine handmaid, Emma Smith, to abide and cleave unto my servant Joseph, and to none else. But if she will not abide this commandment, she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord ; for I am the Lord thy God, and will destroy her, if she abide not in my law ;

55. But if she will not abide this commandment, then shall my servant Joseph do all things for her, even as he hath said ; and I will bless him and multiply him, and give unto him an hundred-fold in this world, of fathers and mothers,

brothers and sisters, houses and lands, wives and children, and crowns of eternal lives in the eternal worlds.

56. And again, verily I say, let mine handmaid forgive my servant Joseph his trespasses ; and then shall she be forgiven her trespasses, wherein she has trespassed against me ; and I, the Lord thy God, will bless her, and multiply her, and make her heart to rejoice.

57. And again, I say, let not my servant Joseph put his property out of his hands, lest an enemy come and destroy him ; for Satan seeketh to destroy ; for I am the Lord thy God, and he is my servant ; and behold ! and lo, I am with him, as I was with Abraham, thy father, even unto his exaltation and glory.

58. Now, as touching the law of the Priesthood, there are many things pertaining thereunto.

59. Verily, if a man be called of my Father, as was Aaron, by mine own voice, and by the voice of him that sent me ; and I have endowed him with the keys of the power of this Priesthood, if he do anything in my name, and according to my law, and by my word, he will not commit sin, and I will justify him.

60. Let no one, therefore, set on my servant Joseph ; for I will justify him ; for he shall do

the sacrifice which I require at his hands, for his transgressions, saith the Lord your God.

61. And again, as pertaining to the law of the Priesthood: If any man espouse a virgin, and desire to espouse another, and the first give her consent; and if he espouse the second, and they are virgins, and have vowed to no other man, then is he justified; he cannot commit adultery, for they are given unto him; for he cannot commit adultery with that that belongeth unto him and to no one else;

62. And if he have ten virgins given unto him by this law, he cannot commit adultery, for they belong to him, and they are given unto him, therefore is he justified

63. But if one or either of the ten virgins, after she is espoused, shall be with another man; she has committed adultery, and shall be destroyed; for they are given unto him to multiply and replenish the earth, according to my commandment, and to fulfill the promise which was given by my Father before the foundation of the world; and for their exaltation in the eternal worlds, that they may bear the souls of men; for herein is the work of my Father continued, that he may be glorified.

64. And again, verily, verily, I say unto you, if any man have a wife, who holds the keys of this power, and he teaches unto her the law of

my Priesthood, as pertaining to these things, then shall she believe, and administer unto him, or she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord your God, for I will destroy her ; for I will magnify my name upon all those who receive and abide in my law.

65. Therefore, it shall be lawful in me, if she receive not this law, for him to receive all things, whatsoever I, the Lord his God, will give unto him, because she did not administer unto him according to my word ; and she then becomes the transgressor ; and he is exempt from the law of Sarah, who administered unto Abraham according to the law, when I commanded Abraham to take Hager to wife.

66. And now, as pertaining to this law, verily, verily, I say unto you, I will reveal more unto you, hereafter ; therefore, let this suffice for the present. Behold, I am Alpha and Omega. Amen.



