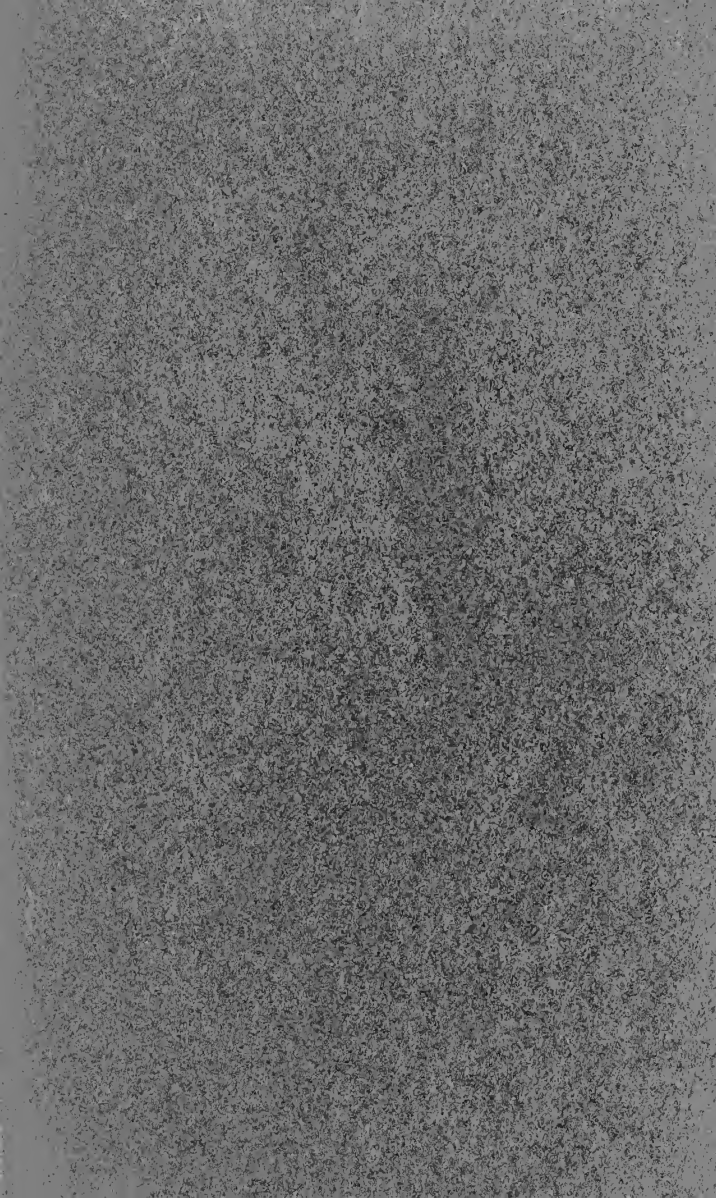


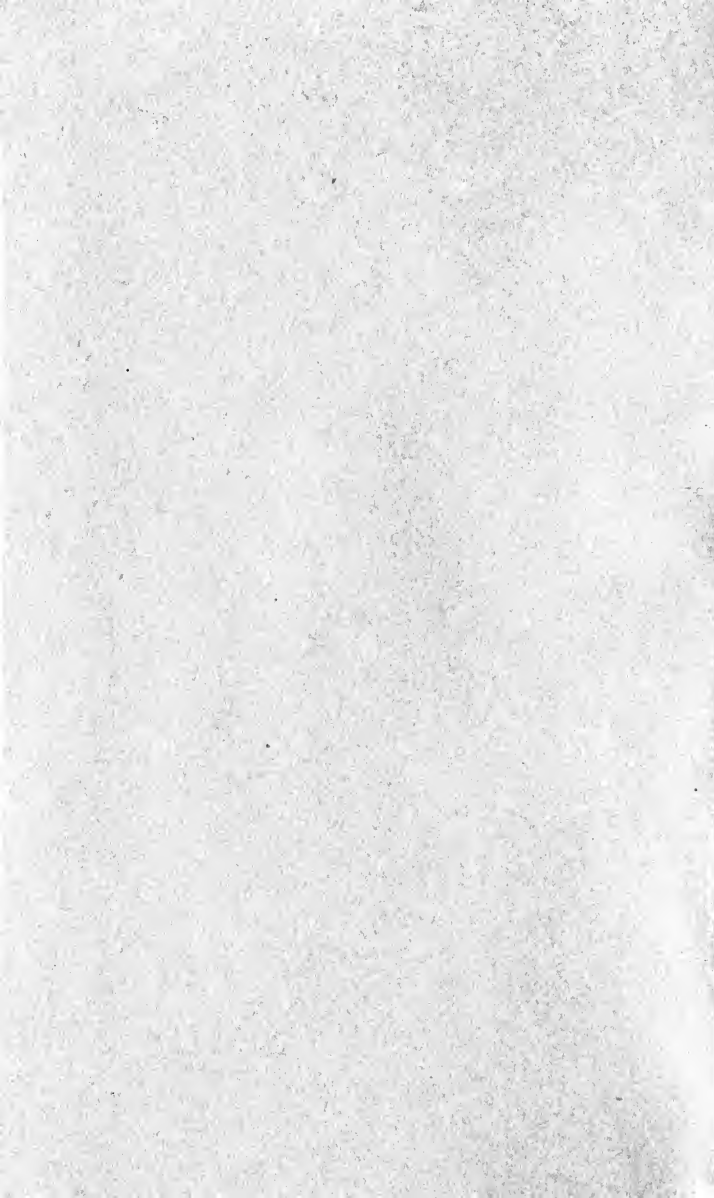


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IN THE GRIP
" OF THE
MORMONS

BY
AN ESCAPED WIFE
OF
A MORMON ELDER

LONDON :
HENRY HARDINGHAM,
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IN THE GRIP OF THE MORMONS

BY AN ESCAPED WIFE
OF A MORMON ELDER.

CHAPTER I.

JOSEPH SMITH, Senior, resided with his family in Windsor, Vermont. His four sons, cradled at the foot of the Green Mountains, were left free to roam where they listed, and they explored the deep ravines and narrow gullies through which sing the mountain streams, now in soft murmurs, and anon dashing from crag to crag down their rocky beds.

They knew that much knowledge was hidden from them, but they turned bewildered from the laborious path that should strike the rock of ignorance, that science might gush forth and envelope their way in a halo of light, whose rays could unlock the portal of Truth, and before which ignorance and superstition fly back to their dusty cavern. They had been apt scholars in the idle fancies that mark the ignorant and debased of every nation and clime. The moan of the forest, as it was rocked by the gale, warned them of approaching disaster, while the rivulet, as it rippled over its pebbly bed or leaped from rock to rock, whispered words of hope or of furious tempests. Every shade in the wax or wane of the moon had its language, while the stars were made potent auxiliaries in their superstitious creed. They had innumerable evil influences to propitiate—from the howling of a dog to the whisk of a fox across their way were so many omens of evil. They with wonder and terror saw the ignis fatuus dance along the marsh, and believed it the perturbed spirits of such as had been silently robbed of life, but who could not sleep in their unknown beds until they had called down vengeance on the murderer. The flitting, unsteady phosphorescent light that united its flashes as night gathered around they feared as genii keeping zealous watch over immense treasures which they believed would fall into the hands of any one who could devise a way to propitiate its spirit guardian. Many a night between the witching hours of twelve and one, when there was neither moon nor stars to spy upon them, had they stolen out to unearth the hidden treasure; but as often, they averred, the gnomes that guarded it

thwarted them, and they were forced to do as they always had, resort to their wits, which was a reserved capital to draw on for support.

The neighbours' complaints against their increasing deprivations grew loud and menacing, when our hero resolved to emigrate, and leave a spot where his talents had never been appreciated. It was a gala day to the neighbours when a one-ox cart, laden with all their accumulated wealth, moved slowly out of sight.

There is always a "promised land," which is said to "flow with milk and honey," beckoning us on to renewed exertion, which, like an anchor, keeps the heart from being submerged by the waves of depression. The promised land to the European, is America—to the American, California—to the Californian, a nest of isles, the existence of which is said to be far out in the Pacific, where there is neither heat nor cold, but a happy medium which keeps the forest ever green, the trees always laden with fruit, and where, without labour or care, a life may be spent in luxurious ease. Probably such a spot would have suited our emigrant; but as he, like every one else, could not find it, he chose one nearer home; and for a season, Palmyra, in Wayne County, New York, became his promised land. The light of this family was not destined to be hid under a bushel; for here the traits that had distinguished them in Vermont soon became conspicuous, and tales nowise honourable to the family were soon freely canvassed among the people around them.

Every vicinity has a haunted spot, according to popular belief, and this spot was too much like other vicinities to be destitute of so popular a delusion, and was so far ahead of some as to add traditions of buried gold to it. Joseph Smith firmly believed he was capable of overcoming the acknowledged subtlety of the powers of the air, and accordingly one night, when darkness had closed over the earth, and ghosts and spirits are supposed to leave their nooks, the elder Smith, followed by Joseph and Hyrum, wended their way through fields, over hills and dells, to a spot long since vacated by mortals for the benefit of invisible inhabitants supposed to dwell around it. Tradition said that, during the Revolutionary war, the British paymaster, while at New York, had been robbed of three kegs of gold by two of his own servants, who fled with it to this spot, where they put up at a small house for the night, but were murdered by its inmates, buried beneath the floor, together with the treasure, and the house burned to the ground. The murderers loitered about the vicinity for a month, and when they were satisfied that no one knew of the murdered men or the money, they dug up one keg, and left for parts unknown. Some twenty years after, as a hunter was returning home, he chanced to pass near the

spot, when he heard groans and cries, and in a moment more two headless men passed before him, each bearing a keg of gold. He would have fled from the spot, but terror chained him fast. He drew his rifle to his shoulder, but the weapon was at that moment knocked by an invisible hand from his grasp, and a hoarse voice cried : " Our blood has been foully spilt ! Bring the murderers to justice, and these kegs of gold shall be yours," and then vanished. Since then many pretended they had seen the perturbed spirits of the murdered men ; but no one had been able either to find the exact spot where they had been buried or the murderers.

Smith had no idea of attempting the latter, as, in all probability, they had long ago become spirits themselves ; but he thought that, by skilful manœuvring, he could compromise the matter with them.

All through that night, the next, and many other nights incantations were made, and spirits called, but they refused to give any sign of their presence or reveal the spot of the precious deposit.

As months went on, and even years, Joseph Smith, Sen., relinquished the sceptre into the more hopeful hands of his son, who, possessing none of the indolence of the father, and with a determination and energy of purpose of his own, inherited all of his father's wheedling roguery and cunning. These traits, combined with an overweening sensuality, which urged him to extremes for its gratification, made him a fit subject for such a business. He spent his days and nights among the rugged fastnesses of the forest, went and came stealthily, wrapping his movements in a mystery which, while he saw they annoyed others, were, for that reason, a source of gratification to him. Vicious and vulgar, he was shunned by the boys of his own age, while the girls fled in terror from the " Money-Digger," a soubriquet he had tauntingly received throughout the county he infested. This preyed upon the naturally proud sensibilities of the uncultivated, wayward boy, and by isolating himself further from those of his own age, left himself a prey to all the superstition and errors that he had imbibed.

Palmyra, like " dear old Windsor," gradually depreciated the capital of the family to such an extent that the favour of those who had countenanced them could not save them from the general odium, and the Smiths removed to a new field in Manchester, Ontario County, situated about eight miles south of Palmyra. Here, by the aid of his less erratic sons, the father secured the possession of several acres of land, and turned their attention to farming.

Joseph, junior, could not brook the confinement of tilling the soil for his bread, or subjugate his roving propensities. As he grew in years and that knowledge which nature gives

and the American boy learns in her grand old forests, lofty mountains, and stupendous cataracts—for he had no other teacher—he extended his wandering proclivities until the name of “Joe Smith, the Money-Digger,” grew familiar to the people of adjoining counties, to whom his visits, excepting to congenial spirits, were unwelcome.

The Alleghanies which extend along the Atlantic coast of North America break into innumerable ridges in the State of Pennsylvania, now rising their lofty peaks towards the sky, then rolling away into the pleasant valleys through which the mountain torrents meet to swell a river, which rushes on to meet the mighty ocean. Here, in the deep shady glens, whose retreat is never pierced by the sun, and along whose rugged sides rise stupendous cliffs, whose yawning, cavernous sides still bear traces of the almost extinct race who once made these hills and valleys their homes, and whose glory departed on the bloody field of Wyoming—here, among these ever-changing scenes, young Smith wandered; now giving out that he had discovered a rich vein of precious ore; then, again, that he had had revealed to him in a vision the veritable spot where Captain Kidd had concealed his treasures. He had in his possession a transparent stone, which, he averred, would reveal fated destinies and concealed treasures.

Joseph laughed secretly at the commotion his vagaries raised; and when he saw they caused him to be looked upon with awe, he pursued them with all the ardour of his nature. His natural sagacity taught him to be wary, and he would be able to play upon the credulous and superstitious to almost any extent, assuring himself by what he had seen of human nature that nothing could be too monstrous and absurd to find believers.

In his wanderings he encountered a man by the name of Stowell, who swallowed with avidity his stories. Stowell invited him to his house, provided him with implements and money, and set him to work to bring to light treasures said to be hidden in the earth in Brainbridge, New York. The legend said there was such a treasure concealed; but, although the young diviner brought the “seer stone” and mineral rod to his aid, he was unsuccessful, and Stowell, minus several large sums of money and a few months’ board, was glad to bid adieu to the aid he had called in. The life of Joseph Smith never had any sameness; and at this time we find him eloping with Miss Emma Hale, from Harmony, Pennsylvania.

He represented to the giddy girl that he and one Lawrence were digging silver ore out of the adjacent ridge, and, when they had secured a sufficient quantity, would take it down to Philadelphia, where it would be speedily converted into coin at the mint. No ore was, however, visible, and Lawrence,

learning what a dupe had been made of him, hinted at Joseph's obtaining his aid by unlawful means, and indignantly left the versatile Smith to concoct new schemes for deception, and the young bride awoke, when too late, to her position. This vicinity became unpleasant for a further sojourn, and he sought refuge again among the earlier scenes of his boyhood, in Palmyra, having induced his old dupe Stowell to convey him thither, promising in reward a bar of gold which he assured him he had discovered months before in that place, but had left it in its cachet. The credulous farmer performed his part of the bargain, but the other part was never fulfilled.

Here, with his brother Hyrum and one McKnight, Smith's doings were so suspicious as to raise the ire of the community, but it was of short duration, for all three were drawn into the vortex of a religious revival then in progress. Smith's passions, strong and undisciplined, were roused and whirled distractedly in an unknown, fathomless eddy. He failed to grasp the anchor, and was dashed upon the jagged rocks that encircled him. The strong current of his mind, which had set towards a darkened coast, swept on in its course, bearing on its bosom the fruits of a life of error and crime.

The crude elements of some daring feat, no doubt, were even then floating in his mind, but they were crushed or hidden for the time, as he, with his companions, fled before an officer who suspected them of passing false coin. While evading his pursuers he became acquainted with Sidney Rigdon, a religious fanatic, who had in turn belonged to, and been excluded from, several denominations. Smith's keen perception was more than a match for the fanatic's book-learning, for what he left as beyond the intelligence of mortal mind, Smith grasped and solved with the might of an overpowering perseverance.

CHAPTER II.

Between the years 1809 and 1816, when many minds were exercised in regard to the origin of the aborigines of America—when Catlin, armed with pen and pencil, started on his pilgrimage to bring to light from their wild fastnesses all that could solve the mystery of their ancestry—when Major Noah shook hands with their haughty chieftains and claimed them as brethren descended from the same father, Israel—and the onward march of civilisation was levelling the primitive forests and unearthing the hidden sepulchres and relics of extinct nations—Solomon Spaulding settled in Salem, Ashtabula County, Ohio. The now rich cultivated fields were then dark forests, among which beasts of prey prowled, and aborigines, driven to desperation by the gradual extinction of their race and hunting grounds, lurked in ambush to await the unguarded moment when they could in safety

sally forth and hurl dire vengeance on the pale faces who had usurped their all. At their feet and rolling away to the north lay Lake Erie, a broad inland sea, majestic and imperious in the storm, when its angry billows lashed its rugged shores, but beautiful as a sleeping tiger in its hours of repose.

As the axe of the hardy pioneer disencumbered and the ploughshare furrowed the earth, skeletons of a dead race, jars of earthenware, terra-cotta vases beautifully carved, thin sheets of brass covered with hieroglyphics, held together by rings at their backs, with numerous articles elegantly carved in stone, were often unearthed to reward the research of the pioneer.

"It is well enough," Spaulding cried one day, when after divesting some of the plates of rust, the hieroglyphics came out bold and clear, "for the Professors of New York, Philadelphia and London to advance such opinions on a subject upon which they have about as much practical knowledge as an Indian has about a sawmill; but to ask those who have seen different and know better is simply preposterous."

"You are positive the characters are not Hebrew or Egyptian?" queried Mrs. Spaulding, who deprecated this research.

"Positive!" he cried with roused pride. "Could I not read them if they were? And these are like so much Chinese to me. No, no; though they may be Chaldaic," he added thoughtfully, as he gazed longingly on the thin sheets of metal, covered with what had been bold characters, but now had lost much of the beauty of outline by corroding time.

"It is not worth the trouble, if you could," returned his more matter-of-fact companion. "It will, if deciphered, neither till the soil nor put money into your pocket, but, on the contrary, will lead to a close mental application which you have been strictly forbidden to indulge in by physicians."

"Then I am to let my talents rust because a man who never had any does not see the utility of those who have using them! I do not think myself it will bring us any money, but future ages may do me the justice that our own age is now doing to the names of Newton, Franklin, and a host of others, who are long since dead," answered the enthusiastic collegian.

A cloud settled on Mrs. Spaulding's brow as she turned away to conceal the anxiety of her heart.

The vague thoughts that had flitted through the brain of the antiquarian, as he communed with himself, developed into form; and surrounding himself with all the antiquities he had been able to collect, he seized his pen and paper, and heading it "Manuscript Found," transcribed thereon the fantastic theory to which it had given birth. Conversant with biblical research, he imitated its chronological theme, names,

and style. Still it was but an imitation, lacking the fire of inspiration, although it bore the trace of brilliant genius and intense thought.

Mrs. Spaulding, seeing the evil his present course of life was doing him, and thinking how futile was every endeavour to break the fascinating chain that enthralled him, urged a removal from the vicinity. Woman's wit was brought into requisition for devices without awakening suspicion in his sensitive mind as to the real cause; and in a few weeks she had induced him to abandon his forest home for a busy, active life among his fellows in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Here, as he daily encountered the living throng as they pursued the every day actualities of life, his mind assumed a more healthy tone, its morbid sensitiveness gave place to genial humour, and, instead of pursuing his former vagaries, was so far cured of them as to bring out his manuscripts and read from them for his friends' amusement. Their originality and oddities struck the fancy of a Mr. Patterson, who made application to him for the manuscript for publication.

Patterson saw and acknowledged the genius that could invent such a plot and carry it so triumphantly through as was disclosed in the perusal of the manuscript. He failed to obtain it for publication on any other than Spaulding's own terms; but as these would not answer his purpose, he contented himself with the privilege given by Spaulding of taking a copy of it for his amusement. One of his journeymen, Sidney Rigdon, who was a young itinerant preacher, became fascinated by it, and protested it sounded vastly like reality.

Spaulding's pecuniary affairs, never very flourishing, demanded his removal to Amity, Washington County, New York, where a disease, under which he had long suffered, and which at times had nearly dethroned his reason, gained the mastery, and he died in 1816. Mrs. Spaulding collected the original copy of the "Manuscript Found," together with other papers of her husband, and packing them away in a trunk, left them with his relatives in Otsego County, New York, where they were destroyed as worthless. Rigdon soon after left Patterson's employment for other printing offices in the city, occasionally borrowing the copy of Spaulding's manuscript in the possession of Patterson for the amusement of his fellow workmen. In 1826 Patterson died, leaving the manuscript in the possession of Rigdon, who had borrowed it a few days previously, and who, now that no one demanded it, kept it. A year after Patterson's death Rigdon wandered away in search of work and a congregation ignorant enough to appreciate his talents. During this tour, as he was taking the nearest way from one village to another in the eastern part of the State, his path led down a ridge at whose base

murmured a mountain stream thickly shaded by the forest that shut out the noonday sun. Weary and hungry he threw himself on its mossy bank, drank from the stream, then, taking a lunch from his bundle, commenced his meal. While thus engaged, he surveyed the scenery around; but before his eye had wandered far, it fell on a youth on the opposite bank surveying him with looks of distrust. He stood erect, with his hat swept back from his forehead, a rifle resting in the bend of his left arm, while his right hand played nervously with its hammer. A keen, bold, searching eye surveyed him, with a look not at all comfortable to a man of Rigdon's temperament, and he turned to fly in dismay, when an imperious voice cried, in a tone of command, "Stop!"

Trembling with affright, he paused, and turned towards the youth, who had raised his rifle, and was glancing along its barrel.

"Don't shoot! For heaven's sake, don't shoot! I have never done anybody any harm!" cried the alarmed Rigdon; and in truth a more courageous man than he would have felt like showing the white feather with that bold eye glancing at him across the rifle's barrel.

"Stand still then, for I want to know what you are here for if you are afraid of a rifle?" returned the youth, advancing, as he lowered his weapon again to his arm.

"I did not come for anything; I was only crossing over the ridge to the village beyond, and stopped to rest. Let me go now. I am a preacher," added Rigdon in a frightened tone.

"You a preacher?" cried his persecutor, as he burst into a loud laugh. "It strikes me you look like one, or a constable, which is about the same. Come, man, don't make a fool of yourself; out with it, and tell me who you are in search of?"

"I a constable!" returned the now astonished and somewhat reassured Rigdon; "I am nothing of the sort. I am a respectable man, a minister of the gospel."

"That won't do, covey. Ministers never go rambling through the woods carrying bundles and eating cold dinners. They always ride, and are fed like the Governor. Come, quibbling won't do; tell me who you are after."

"I was never after anybody, sir, never!"

"Nonsense; you are a constable after Joe Smith; you know you are; and I want you to take back a message to those who sent you from me, for I happen to be that individual."

"No one has sent me, nor am I a constable; neither did I ever hear of Joe Smith," persisted the victim.

This last assertion staggered his persecutor, who demanded in a softened tone:

"Why don't you say who you are, then, and what you are doing here? You are not hunting, for you have no gun; and to tell me that you are a minister is folly. I am not so easily gulled as that."

"I have my credentials with me, and if these don't convince you I can do no more," he returned, as he drew from an old leather wallet a tattered slip of paper and handed it over to his tormentor.

"Humph," he growled, as he glanced over its surface, and a feeling of bitterness filled his heart as he surveyed it, for it might as well have been written in the Carib tongue as his own for all the benefit it was to him, so perfectly untrammelled by art had the sire led his hopeful progeny in his own footsteps. He, in his vagabond, careless life, had never felt the want of it; but his sons, whether they had more ideas to communicate, or whether what they had were kept in agitation by a lurking envy and ambition, often had. The mood of Rigdon's tormentor, therefore, did not improve as he gazed longingly on the bit of paper covered over with a scrawl, and flinging it passionately from him, he cried:

"You are one of the book learned rascals, are you? Now," he continued, as he planted the butt of his rifle angrily on the ground, "I want to know wherein it makes you better than I am, who cannot even read a word of your writing. You are no better dressed, nor have you a rifle like this, and if you had, I do not believe you would know how to fire it any better."

"I am no better than you," returned the victim humbly, "and maybe," he added, deprecatingly, "I am not so good looking, nor yet have as good clothes, or a rifle, but I can fire one, and if I don't hit the mark every time, then I give you leave to call me a constable or anything else you please."

"Done!" cried the rifleman, and placing a piece of paper the size of a dollar eighty yards distant, he gave the rifle into the hands of Rigdon, who examined it closely a moment, then raised it to his shoulder, glanced along its barrel and fired. Handing it to the owner, who was eyeing him with a curious look, which was gradually displaced by one of admiration, he said:

"The upper edge of the paper is marked—load it again, and I will fetch it next time."

Silently the rifle was loaded and again placed in Rigdon's hands, who once more drew it deliberately to bear on the paper, fired, and it fell to the ground.

"Drove the pin, by Heaven! You are the boy for me," cried Smith exultingly, as he seized Rigdon's hand, and shook it with an iron grasp.

"You are satisfied, are you?" replied Rigdon coolly, as he returned the rifle.

“No, not quite ; I want to know who and what you are—where you came from, and where you are going.”

Chequered as Rigdon's life had been it was soon told ; and as he spoke of his intercourse with Patterson, he took from his bundle the copy of the original “Manuscript Found,” and read pages from it to his eager listener, whose whole soul was wrapt in it. The superstitious awe which had held him so often heretofore in its fetters, together with the pall of ignorance that hemmed him around, made it appear so like truth that he yielded to it a willing homage.

Hours were thus spent, during which every barrier was broken down between the two, and when night came on they were sworn brothers. The daring, headstrong tone of Smith's temperament, together with the superstitions that enthralled him, suited the dreamy biblical disputant, and when a few weeks later Smith emerged from his hiding-place, his friends having procured the withdrawal of the prosecution against him, Rigdon accompanied him.

CHAPTER III.

On re-appearing among his fellow-men Smith brought with him the vague fancies that had arisen during the religious excitement through which he had passed, moulded into something tangible. By the aid of Rigdon's smattering of biblical lore and the “Manuscript Found,” which had been read and re-read to him until his tenacious memory grasped it all, they had taken form, and one by one had been marshalled into order. The deep, unbroken silence of the forest, with its awe-inspiring grandeur, had been conducive to the train of thought and purpose that daily grew in his imaginative mind. He gradually played upon the superstitious Rigdon until he had inspired him with an awe which resulted in a blind acquiescence in his behests.

This involuntary banishment was one that bore upon all the actions of his after-life, for here Rigdon taught him to read and write, and all that he had spent a score of years in learning had been grasped and digested by his pupil, who still longingly called for more food to satisfy the mental hunger that for years had been preying upon all the generous promptings of his soul. This mental craving puzzled Rigdon, but when he saw his pupil grasp abstruse themes and solve them by the force of a master intellect, themes he himself had never dared to lay hold of, his wonder was turned to veneration, and he believed in his heart Smith was the most persecuted man, as well as the greatest genius, in America.

It had been customary among all classes, except his adherents, to denounce Joseph Smith as being an ignorant imbecile. But undoubtedly his natural talents were superior to those of common men, and he was more capable of solving

an abstruse theme within three years after he first learned his alphabet than most men after taking their degree at college.

A report that a golden Bible had been found in Canada, and another that one had been disinterred from among the tumuli of the west, gave Joseph Smith's nebulous plans a definite shape. This he scrupulously concealed from even Rigdon and his wife, and, save that they saw his demeanour gradually become grave, silent, and taciturn, as if his mind was big with untold thoughts, and that he sought and devoured with avidity books on religious themes, they knew nothing of the bent of his mind. They were unprepared for his announcement shortly after that he had had a vision, and that an angel had commanded him henceforth to be guided in all his doings by the commands which should be given him by the Lord.

His wife laughed at the idea, but Smith, who was serious, one day wended his way towards the hill of Cumora, four miles distant, in a southerly direction, where he was to confer with Rigdon, in reference to the next best step to take, to further and spread an imposture so boldly begun. Rigdon by appointment was at the rendezvous, and the two compared notes as to what had transpired. Smith had related his story to several of the neighbours, some of whom were shocked at his impious audacity, while others listened with open mouth and eyes at the strange recital. Those endowed with the full gift of reason chid the newly fledged Prophet for his idle life, and advised him to spend his nights in slumber and his days in labour instead of concocting fables to amuse and distract the simple and ignorant.

Rigdon had repeated to the gaping auditors the invented tale, yet at the same time denied his implicit belief in it, but harped upon its singularity, taking care to give it in its most seductive form, declaring if it was not true that Smith had been transformed into a Prophet to redeem the world, it would, unless some other should be sent soon, be destroyed by reason of the extreme wickedness which had steeped it in guilt and woe.

"So far all promises well," observed Rigdon, after they had canvassed each other's movements. "But if you would not fail, let your demeanour bear out the impression to others that you have been completely transformed from the worldly man to the sublime mission of founding the only true Church on earth—to be the chosen servant of the Most High. I have done all I thought advisable for the present, and find I can do our project more real good by mingling among the people, and keeping the subject before them, while I deny my belief in it, than I can to come out as a convert. Those will listen who in that case would not, and we must get another to do that for us. There is Cowdry, who

could be easily made to believe anything ; but it would not do to let him into the secret that the plan was concocted between us. Whoever we hereafter associate with us must do it in the full belief of the divinity of your mission ; but shall share after us equally the honours and emoluments the project shall bring.”

“Have you brought the Spaulding’s Manuscript with you ?” asked Smith. “I intend to have another vision soon, and I wish to refresh my memory as to the names and dates when it was buried. Besides, I have been thinking whether it would not take among the credulous to destroy its identity by altering it to suit our purpose—pretend we found it engraved on gold plates like that said to have been discovered in Canada, and have it published as a veritable Bible buried by the Prophets of old, and its hiding-place revealed to me in a vision, I being commanded at the same time to give it to the world as from the hand of God.”

“It would hardly do, Smith. The ancients were not conversant with the English language, and the more knowing would say at once, ‘The imposture carries its refutation on its face, for Smith is not conversant with the Hebrew, Egyptian, or Chaldaic, in which one of the three dialects the plates must have been engraved, for with no other were the Prophets of old conversant.’”

“Easily obviated,” returned Smith coolly. “You know I have the ‘seer stones,’ and I can make them believe I divined it by them, or, what is better still, say a ‘urium and thumin,’ of which Spaulding speaks, was discovered with it.”

“Nothing could be better, if we could evade discovery. Spaulding, Patterson, and I have read it to numbers of different people, and I am almost sure they would detect us.”

“You tell me Spaulding and Patterson are both dead, as well as several others who saw it in their possession ?”

“Yes, but Spaulding’s wife still lives, and she knew its contents perfectly ; she could not be deceived.”

“Perhaps she might,” returned Smith musingly. “I tell you, Rigdon, the more I think of it, the more possible it appears. We must be cautious but vigorous, and I am sure we shall at least create an excitement that will fill our pockets at last, and raise us above those who have scorned us all our lives.”

“Here is the manuscript, but use it carefully, and as you value the success of our schemes, let no one see it or know it was ever in your or my possession. And be wary, and not have a vision too often, or you will, by your over-zeal, draw contempt from even the most ignorant.”

Long these two worthies communed over their scheme of deception, and when the hours had waned they had set on a firm basis a train of duplicity that should startle the world.

Their only object at that time was to play upon the credulous, and extort money from the simple, under the plea of a divine mission, and thus deceive and rob in a mode which would not make them amenable to the law. Pride, ambition, and an overweening thirst for power led Smith to concoct the scheme, while the most consummate hypocrisy which he had played off on several denominations of Christians was Rigdon's motive. Honour, integrity, and all the nobler passions of the human heart had been stifled in the breasts of both, and now nothing remained to stem the new-born crime which should drag their own names to the depths of infamy and enslave in vice thousands of their fellows.

CHAPTER IV.

Twenty years make differences in other things as well as in a woman's age, and this fact is probably the reason why Emma Smith, the disappointed bride, did not fall back on her dignity, espouse the cause of disappointed women in general, and her own in particular, and go promulgating them through the country, in contradiction of her husband, who now spent his days in proclaiming the visions he averred he had received through the night. Hyrum, McKnight, and Rigdon became inseparable, and with Joe Smith spent their nights in a small cave near where the latter averred the angel had appeared to him. The neighbours became suspicious of the trio, and set the constable on the alert, but when they were questioned as to their doings they meekly replied they were watching and praying. The official took his departure with the full belief that they were crazed ; but not so the crowd that had gathered around them, and followed them to their abode, constantly increasing in numbers as they went, until when they disappeared beneath the low portal a hundred persons had collected around. They had been drawn together, by the exciting rumours that there had been other visions seen by Smith, and he had been commanded in them to bring to light revelations buried two thousand years ago by the patriarchs in the hill of Cumora by the command of God. McKnight, Hyrum, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Sen., acknowledged implicit belief in the modern miracles ; but Emma and Samuel treated them with the contempt with which they were received by the people who were gathered around the door, calling in no gentle tones for the Prophet to come out and substantiate his assertions or deny them.

"Now, Smith, is your time to strike a heavy blow for yourself," cried Rigdon, as he, panting, made his way into the house of his confederate, who began to think his plan not so feasible after all.

"For Heaven's sake, Rigdon, tell me what I shall do !"

“Face the crowd boldly and fearlessly, as a man who is under the protection of the Almighty. Preach them a powerful sermon, setting forth your mission, and urge them to come and join you, or take eternal death as the penalty.”

“Preach! Rigdon, you must be joking. I never spoke in public in my life. I should not know what to say.”

“You must not undertake to make fine speeches; if you do, they will laugh at you; but speak what you think, what is in your heart. Keep cool before them; for they will not know how to get over a dignified demeanour, when they would not hesitate to knock you down if you called them hard names. My God, they are prising the door from its hinges. Do you hear those shouts?”

“Do I?” cried Smith, his eyes flashing as he concealed within his vest a pair of pistols and a bowie-knife. “I do, and by the hand that made me *more* than their equal, if they do not desist, I am their man for the work they are at!”

“Remember, you are a Prophet, the chosen messenger of the Lord, and act accordingly!” said Rigdon, as he, in affright at the roused demon in Smith’s nature, ran after him as he strode out of the room to the door already sprung from its hinges, and, unbarring it, flung it back, and stepped boldly out among the people, who retreated as he sprang upon a pile of cordwood, and in a rambling way began his first sermon.

“Who made you, frail mortals, judges over the actions of your Maker?” cried Smith passionately, as his chest heaved, and his eye flashed with the volcano of passion ignited by their taunts and bitter sarcasms. “If the great God who sees the hearts of all men, and measures the iniquity He sees therein, not with an erring eye, but metes out justice with a hand that cannot err—with a decision that cannot be gainsayed, shall frail man raise his feeble hand against his Maker because he has not been chosen to fulfill the mandates of Jehovah, instead of one he, in his short-sightedness, deemed less holy than himself? If God has forgiven all sin, and purified a man’s soul, so that He deems it worthy to hold converse with him at the foot of His throne, does it become His creatures to turn from Him with scorn as if they feared contamination from what their Creator had sanctified. Look into your own hearts and search out—”

“Bah! Smith! you are getting into too deep water; tell us about the vision and Bible! We want facts, as we are capable of drawing our own deductions,” said one of the audience near him.

Smith was now perfectly self-possessed, and looked down upon the crowd around him with a bold unquailing eye, from which shot looks of scorn and defiance. Many in the auditory he saw at a glance he had subdued by his burning sarcasms, and he now changed his policy.

“ It is but little that I can tell you,” he resumed in a subdued tone. “ Four years ago, while alone, two singularly beautiful personages appeared to me and announced themselves as messengers from the throne of God, sent to reveal to me that I had been chosen to make known to men the errors of their faith—a faith which was offensive in the sight of God—and teach them the truth of the plan of salvation, which had been lost for ages through the stubborn wilfulness of man. I had long been troubled in my mind at the sinfulness of my own heart before that hour ; but no sooner did these messengers announce to me the mission I was to fulfil than all doubts ceased, and I felt my heart rising in adoration before my Maker. A few days passed, when I began to feel that I was past sinning—pride entered my heart, and I gloried not at the good I should accomplish, but at the honour and fame my mission would bring me. Then I began to be again miserable, when the angels re-appeared, who chided me for the wickedness of my thoughts, forgave them, and then told me that the records of the Lost Tribes of Israel were buried in the hill of Cumora, where they were deposited fourteen hundred years ago by Moroni, the son of the Prophet Mormon, having previously engraved them on plates of gold, the Prophet Mormon assuring his son Moroni that, after the lapse of fourteen hundred years, a Gentile nation should recover them, and, through the truth of their prophecies, be turned to the true worship of God. The angel gave me the directions by which I could find the spot indicated, and with joy I hastened to lay bare the holy treasure. On the west side of the hill, where the storms of ages had beaten against it, I dug down by the side of an immense rock, where, below the surface about two feet, I laid bare a square marble box, so firmly cemented that water could not penetrate its interior. At the sight of the box I knelt in prayer and adoration to the great Jehovah and my heart was melted by divine love. With reverence I laid my hand on the lid, when it flew open by an invisible hand, and beneath I saw plates of shining gold, covered over with strange characters, and on the tops of these lay two thick glasses set in a rim of gold. At the sight of the golden plates my heart became steeled by avarice, and I resolved to use the gold ; but no sooner was the thought born in my heart than an invisible hand struck me to the earth, and the ground gathered over the box and its contents. The air became filled with whispering voices, while cloud-like forms flitted around me. Ever and anon balls of fire hissed above me, while fiery serpents shot athwart the sky, and the sun paled in their fiery light. These died away, when the hosts of heaven, with their golden chariots and myriads of purified spirits, led on by the Patriarchs and Prophets, passed before me, among whom Mormon, the last of the Prophets, paused and addressed me thus :

“ ‘Take heart, O Joseph ; for in thee shall the Prophecies be fulfilled ; and thou shalt, if thou overcomest the evil in thine own heart, reign among us.’

“ The words of Mormon comforted me ; and when this procession had passed, darkness fell around and groans and shrieks filled the air. Trembling with fright, I looked around, and, approaching, I saw Satan and his fiends amidst clouds of flame, the smoke of which rolled high as the heavens. And as they drew near and encompassed me, while cries and blasphemies rent the air, I threw myself in the dust and besought aid from the great Jehovah. A moment passed, when a rushing sound, as of many winds, was heard, and Satan fled before the angel who stood before me, crying :

“ ‘Arise, O Joseph ! chosen Prophet of the Lord, who delighted in thee, inasmuch as thou hast turned to Him and scorned the evil ! Arise and go thy way, for, notwithstanding thou hast sinned in thy heart, thou shalt yet abide four more years in the world before thou shalt possess it. Go thy way and sin no more !’

“ With these words he left me, and I returned sorrowing to my home. Did you know all the bitterness and sorrow I have borne during those four years you would think more leniently of me now, for there was time enough for me to reflect upon the glorious mission I had delayed by the sinfulness of my heart, and to fortify it against a repetition. Four years to-day the angel appeared to me while in the field at work, and said :

“ ‘Arise ! beloved of the Lord ! and bring forth the word of thy God, and proclaim it to the world !’

“ As I, at the command, went forth, the heavenly messenger went before me, and stood over the place where it was entombed, and when I had thrown out the earth, the lid of the marble casket flew open of itself, and there, as I had seen it before, were the precious contents. At that moment my former sin rushed over my mind, and with fear and trembling I prostrated myself in the dust, while drops of sweat, wrung by the agony of fear that I should again sin, gathered over me, as I cried—

“ ‘Get hence, ye powers of darkness, I know ye not.’ Then the angel fanned me with a wave of his wing, and smiling benignly, raised the treasure, and placing it in my arms, said :

“ ‘Go, proclaim it to the world, for thou hast been found worthy, and He that sent thee will fill thy mouth with wisdom, whereby thou shalt found a congregation of true worshippers here below !’

“ As he ceased speaking he disappeared, and I was alone : but not alone in spirit, for the Comforter was with me. The things I teach were given me to proclaim, and who among you will dare raise his voice against the command of Jehovah ?

Who shall dare dictate to his Maker the instrument He shall use for the furtherance of the glory of His kingdom? He that has the hardihood, let him go up to battle against the host of heaven; as for me, I must do my Lord's bidding."

So saying, with a haughty wave of his hand, he sprang to the ground and entered the house, while the wrapt, silent, abashed audience, with the exception of a few, quietly dispersed, astounded at the impious audacity of his harangue.

"I never, never heard such a sermon in my life," said Rigdon as he followed him in. "Now, tell me in fact, Smith, did you ever have a vision in your life?—ever see any of those things you said you did?"

Smith gave a glance of astonishment at his follower, but made no reply. He began to like the role he was playing. The wrapt attention with which his story had been received, the ease with which he had subdued a taunting, sarcastic auditory, fed the love of power that was inherent in his nature.

"There was nothing in it of any importance that resembled the 'Manuscript Found,' and where you got the rest I am at a loss to know," continued Rigdon, who was now really perplexed.

"Rigdon," said Smith solemnly, as he turned his eye searchingly upon him to ascertain how such an assertion would be received, "the 'Manuscript' I received from your hands was found by Spaulding as it professes to be, and throws some light on what was shown to me, as I have this day proclaimed. It is, however, of little importance to me; yet I propose to retain it yet for a season to compare with the records in my possession."

"I believe so myself," returned the dupe, "for it sounds too much like truth to be false. No human mind, without the aid of inspiration, could speak like that. While you were preaching to-day I felt in my heart you were inspired, for no one could, the first time, preach as you did without the aid of ministering angels to put the words in his mouth!"

Flattered by the dupe, Smith became elated by his success, and assumed towards his family a bearing commensurate with his new-born dignity.

CHAPTER V.

He now had duped his father, mother, Hyrum, and Cowdry, the pedagogue of the neighbourhood—no great beginning in point of talent, yet it was a stepping-stone which, with Rigdon's silent manœuvring, promised well for the future. Emma, who saw nothing in the whole proceeding but dishonest trickery, still refused to countenance the iniquity, and did not hesitate to denounce to her scapegrace of a husband the criminal folly of his course. This annoyed him, and he

exhausted all his arguments to convince her of the divinity of his mission, but without success; and, angry at her obstinacy and want of credulity, he left her and his home, and, taking with him his never-failing companion, his rifle, started for the forest—his haunt when passion gained the mastery over his reason. Several days passed without his return, but it was nothing new, and therefore unnoticed, except by Samuel, who thought Joe had gone either to dig for money or to get up another vision, he hardly knew which.

He came at last, suddenly as he had left, and, pausing before his wife, cried in a tone of exulting joy:

“Hail, Emma! Elect lady, favoured of the Lord! Angels send thee greeting; for thou art exalted above all other women, who henceforth shall do thee reverence!”

“Joseph!” exclaimed his wife in astonishment at this eccentric greeting.

“The heavenly hosts even now surround thee, rejoicing that thou art worthy of this exalted honour. Thou lackest faith, Emma, or thou wouldst see and acknowledge the presence of thy heavenly visitors. Kneel and pray for faith, lest in anger they repent thy election!” said her husband, regardless of her astonishment, as he knelt reverently, and besought the imaginary heavenly hosts not to forsake her, but to remain by her until they had imbued her incredulous heart with the true faith.

The sudden and eccentric address startled her, and with fear and an undefined reverential awe that paralyzed her reason, she knelt, pale, silent, immovable, while the passionate entreaties of her husband to the spirits of the air changed the current of her thoughts, until she fancied the air was indeed peopled around her, for the sky darkened, the air pressed heavy and close around her, and, with a gasp for breath, she sank fainting in the Prophet’s arms, who regarded her pale and rigid features with a look of exulting triumph. He had indeed rightly estimated her mental calibre and his own powers of fascination. The same susceptibilities of heart which he had aroused in her breast when he persuaded her to fly from her father’s roof had again triumphed where arguments and reason failed. So it must be with the others, thought the victor, when all else fails—play upon the imagination and success is certain.

The family, awed at the scene before them, gazed silently, tremblingly, and, when consciousness returned to the young wife, they averred they were witnesses to the visitation of angels who were sent to announce to her the truthfulness of the mission of the new Prophet.

The combination of terror and superstition had been so overpowering that she remembered nothing but a conflicting

of different passions in her heart, a dizziness and pressure of the atmosphere, when all was dark and blank, and she was half inclined to believe more than human agency had been present and deprived her of consciousness. From henceforth she looked upon the singular being to whom her destiny was linked with more favour, treated his errors with more respect, while he classed her as one of his adherents. He had indeed silenced her opposition and enlisted her co-operation, and that was all he required of her.

The universal derision with which the Prophet's pretensions were first received gradually subsided, as one after another of the simple-minded struck their colours to his standard, and what at first promised to die of its own absurdity, began to give signs of creating a noise in the community. Martin Harris, a miserly, wealthy old man, had encountered the Prophet, who, stepping in front of him, cried with superb audacity characteristic of the man :

“Martin Harris, the day has come when thou art commanded by the Lord thy God to turn to the true faith, and do thy Master's bidding ! Gold and silver, houses and lands, have been bestowed on thee in abundance, and thou art now commanded to return tribute of them to Him who has given all to thee ; and, if thou art obedient to the command of thy God, then they shall be multiplied a thousandfold ; but if thou art obdurate, then what thou hast shall be taken from thee, and thou shall be a beggar for thy bread henceforth all thy days ! Moreover, if thou goest into the field and labour in the Lord's vineyard, thou shalt find honour and riches ; yea, all men shall do reverence to him who, in the day when others reviled, took up the cause of right, and proclaimed it to the world.”

With awe the old man listened to this harangue, and, dumb with astonishment, stared vacantly into the haughty, commanding face of the Prophet, who saw, in the evident dismay of his victim, that he had gained an advantage by pandering to his cupidity, and struck terror to his simple heart with the threatened loss of all his worldly wealth, which had for so many years been the shrine at which he worshipped. He had passed through a lonely life, and should he now at last, when he had thought to pass unloved, unhonoured to the tomb, be indeed honoured and treated with confidence and respect by his fellow men ? The thought made his old dead heart leap with a quick elastic throb.

“Proclaim thy decision, Martin Harris ! All men are free agents, free to choose between right and wrong ; but woe to those who choose the wrong ; for poverty and dishonour on earth, and eternal death in the world to come, shall be the penalty.”

“If I comply, what security will you give me that I shall receive even my own money back, and the honours you promise me?” faltered the trembling old man.

“The promise of the God who made you, and by whose bounty you live and possess what you have—the God who can take all you now call yours and return you to dust, whence He made you by the might of His power. What would you more?”

“How much must I give? for I am poor, very poor. The people tell lies when they say I am rich,” returned the old man in a grumbling tone.

“A little, a very little, will suffice for the present; but if you would claim honour on earth, as well as immortality, you must devote your life to the Lord to promote the spread of His gospel.”

“There is but little I can do, for I am old and feeble; yet what I can I will, but do not take what little gains I have scraped together to keep me from the poorhouse in my old age!” pleaded the old man.

“Has not the Lord promised to return you an hundredfold for all you devote to His service? Oh, man of little faith, have you no confidence in your Maker?” returned the Prophet in a reproachful tone; then he added more gently, “The cause wants little of thee now—fifty dollars, a mere trifle, is all it demands.”

“Fifty dollars! No, no, you surely do not mean to rob the poor old man of all his money. Oh, no! Why I never gave away as many cents in all my life. I will give you one dollar, and that is a big sum for a poor old man like me to give.”

“Do you then reject the honour and riches your Maker offers you? Do you for ever cast from you the last chance you will ever have to reap a thousandfold for what you give? Are you indeed content that the Lord, in His righteous anger, shall take from you what you have, and send you a beggar down to a pauper’s grave?”

“Not that! Oh no, not that!” cried the victim, while great drops of sweat gathered over his withered face.

“Thou art still free, Martin Harris, to make thine own election. Choose the good or evil!”

“Oh, was ever man so tempted?” murmured the old man, while his withered form trembled and tottered with the emotions that were contending for mastery in his heart between credulity and cupidity.

“Yes, there have been those doubly tempted. Some have triumphed and are now honoured on earth, and are sealed for immortality in the world to come, while others have yielded and are now beggars on earth, and are sealed for condemnation in the world to come.”

“ I will give the fifty—no, no, it is too dear a price, too dear ! ” faltered the old man in terror.

“ You are a free agent, Martin Harris ; do as your heart dictates,” returned Smith calmly.

“ Yes, yes, take it ! ” groaned the victim, as he took from a tattered wallet a fifty dollars bill and handed it to the Prophet.

Smith, with a smile of triumph, received the bill, folded it away in his own purse, and then turning to his victim, said in an authoritative tone—

“ Martin Harris, kneel and receive the blessing that shall henceforth consecrate thee to the task thou hast so nobly, in the integrity of thine heart, chosen. ”

The simple old man felt awe for the man who could make him “ voluntarily ” yield up his treasure at will, and he was ready to obey any absurdity dictated to him. Accordingly, he reverently, and with his grey locks uncovered, knelt at the young tyrant’s feet, who laid his hands upon his head, saying in a solemn tone—

“ Martin Harris, beloved of the Father and Son, and chosen above all others to labour in the Lord’s vineyard, go forth and preach the gospel through the land. Tire not, nor faint by the way, for He whose command thou obeyest will always be with thee, and thy recompense shall far exceed thy expectations.”

The old man arose confident and assured. The mission of a preacher was a step towards the fulfilment of the promise made him, and he now gave easy credence to all the pretended revelations of the Prophet, who had so awed and outwitted him.

With the tangible proof of the success of his imposture in his pocket, the Prophet gained confidence in his own powers, and now prosecuted his schemes with renewed ardour. Never before had a field been open to him where the whole energies of his nature were called into action, and the successful accomplishment of some of his plans aroused a thirst for others to which he might call into requisition those he felt still slumbered in his heart. The conversion of Harris, and his donation of fifty dollars for the establishment of the new religion he had espoused, struck astonishment among a people with whom the saying “ As tight as Harris ” had become to be applied to a person who held his purse-strings close.

No one yet had caught sight of the golden plates which the Prophet averred he had found by the aid of the angel, and the people expressed universal belief that none existed. This was a great drawback to the progress of his imposture, and he, after much thought, hit upon the plan of manufacturing the necessary articles himself, show them to some of his followers, and then consign them to oblivion, under the

plea that there was no one exalted enough in faith to look upon them. Having, without suspicion, ordered and received some galvanised plates of brass of the requisite size, he set himself to work, and by dint of months of closer application than he ever before applied to any object, he succeeded in covering them with curious devices, some of them bearing a resemblance to an ancient Mexican zodiac whose facsimile was published by Priest a few years previously ; others again bearing the traces of the Indians' picture writings, interspersed with Roman letters inverted, and placed sideways, Greek and Hebrew letters alternately ; and still others concocted in his own brain, and bearing likeness to nothing on the earth, or beneath it, or above it. When these were completed, which he had taken care that no eye had seen but his own, and having secured a marble box by a like cautious process, he enclosed the plates in the box, placed a pair of concave mirrors set in a rim of the same precious metal of which the plates were composed, and then announced to his followers that he had received another visit from the angel, and had been commanded to show unto them the sacred records ; but no hand except his own must touch them, nor yet a profane eye look upon them, or they would surely die. But before this could be accomplished he was to organise a Church, give the disciples the right of baptism, and then there would be those holy enough to look upon it with safety. For this last object, which he desired immediately to accomplish, he called Rigdon to his aid, conjecturing rightly that they would be able to devise between them articles of faith savouring of the whole, yet unlike any other in existence. The confederate hastened to his master, and no one will be surprised to learn that the following day Smith averred, as he was seated behind a screen dictating to Oliver Cowdry, who was acting as amanuensis to the Prophet, John the Baptist appeared to him, and laying his hands upon him, ordained him into the Aaronic priesthood, as he had also privately ordained Cowdry to be second in the sacred office, at the same time assuring him that he was sent by Peter, James, and John, who hold the keys of the Melchisedek priesthood, to inform him that in due time it should also be conferred on him. He and Cowdry were commanded to confer on each other the right of baptism, and then they would be deemed worthy to confer it on the Prophet's disciples.

Away in the forest, where Smith and Rigdon had first met, this act of impious blasphemy was performed, the only witnesses being Harris, Rigdon, and Hyrum.

This was a beginning, and Smith now made an appointment to deliver a sermon at Manchester, and when the service was ended, he proposed to organise a church under the name of *The Church of Latter Day Saints of Mormon.*

At the hour appointed the Prophet appeared, and, forcing his way through the taunting, jeering crowd, ascended the stand. His manner was extremely guarded, his deportment grave and determined. Evidently he had trained himself for the effort, for he did what Rigdon cautioned him against, an attempt to make fine speeches. These fell unheeded, but when a taunt or sarcasm from the crowd aroused him, he poured out upon them the burning, scathing bitterness engendered in his heart. This told, and they quailed before the bold, audacious man, who, placing himself co-equal with divinity, launched down upon them the thunders of the Godhead.

No man ever enacted his role better than the self-styled Prophet then. He secretly despised his dupes, while he felt in his heart that he could never have been so deceived ; but it suited his scheme, and they were fit subjects for such a master. Even the unbelievers in his mission he felt were far inferior to him in natural endowments ; and as his bold, fiery eye rested on them, he knew their hearts quailed before him.

CHAPTER VI.

After an invitation for those to remain who acknowledged Joseph Smith as a Prophet, and were willing to join in the founding of a new sect to be guided by his revelations, the rest of the assembly were dismissed, and Smith descended from the platform.

Then he and Cowdry proceeded, according to the arranged plan, to organise the sect. These consisted of Smith's father and mother, two brothers, Emma, McKnight, Harris, Cowdry, and five brothers by the name of Whitman, whose social position was on a par in the community with that of the Smiths. These made thirteen persons, and it was a beginning beyond the Prophet's first expectations. With exultation he read to the little band the articles of faith concocted by Rigdon's aid, to which they yielded a willing assent ; then the rules and regulations that were to govern them, and these also were subscribed to. Smith then announced to them that they were to meet the next Sabbath, when the rite of baptism would be performed, the sacrament administered, and they should then, if they remained pure, look upon the word of God, the sight of which was death to those who viewed it unworthily.

The thirteen were not idle through the week, and when the day appointed arrived, everything was in readiness. They repaired to a small stream which wound its way over a shallow bed near by, across which a dam had been thrown to raise the water to the necessary height, and where the novelty of the occasion had drawn the people for miles around, until both

banks were lined by hundreds of spectators, who felt a curiosity to witness this crowning act of the daring imposter's impiety.

He came with his little band, and one by one he led them into the water, and held them beneath it; and when this was accomplished he turned to the people and addressed them in a passionate harangue, when all dispersed as quietly as they came; but the impression which those of credulous temperaments had received was extensive and deep. They had all their lives heard of the wonderful and marvellous, but now it was among them, and they hastened to embrace it. The ease with which all he had undertaken was accomplished had done away with all distrust of his own powers of elocution, and Smith now launched forth, at all times and seasons, with an easy assurance that would have made the fortune of a political campaigner.

The claim of the Mormons, as the new organisation called themselves, that the golden plates were not mythical raised the curiosity of the people to a formidable height. Flattery, threats, and stratagems were exhausted in the vain endeavour to find their whereabouts. The man they had to deal with was more than a match for their curiosity, and, as a last resort, they called in the strong arm of the law to aid them. One of the many offences with which he stood charged was brought forward, and he fled before the constables armed with warrants for his arrest for obtaining goods on false pretences and forgery.

Securing the brass plates, he made his way for protection to the home of his father-in-law, in Pennsylvania, until the charges against him in New York were settled by the aid of his friends, who clamoured loudly for the return of the Prophet. During his absence the thirteen had swelled to twice that number, among whom Parly Pratt was an acquisition of great importance. The Prophet returned to find the people flocking around the standard he had raised.

To prepare the "Manuscript Found" of Spaulding for publication was now of great importance. He altered some parts, and then, retiring behind his screen with the brass plates, the concave mirrors set in a rim of the same precious metal as the plates, together with the "Manuscript," while Cowdry, the pedagogue, was on the other side of the screen as an amanuensis, he pretended to read and translate the characters on the plates through the mirrors, but in reality he read from Spaulding's "Manuscript," which he had mutilated to suit his purpose. The labour, in the course of a few months, was accomplished, and so completely had Smith been successful, that Sidney Rigdon was deceived more easily, as he had seen the plates which Smith asserted had contained the records, and was half inclined to believe Smith's assertion that the Spaulding "Manuscript" had been, if

written by its reputed author, written while under inspiration, which gift in sinning he had afterwards lost ; but certainly it was a link between the present and the Lost Tribes of Israel. The germ had expanded into a blossom, and what had previously been a mere neighbourhood excitement, spread, by the aid of the numerous teachers sent out by Smith, to the adjoining counties, and from them to different States, whence the contagion spread over the Union. The novelty took with the unthinking, while the debased flew with alacrity to the first sect they had ever known who were willing to receive them. The mystery that enveloped their leader's movements, his marvellous and miraculous pretensions, inspired them with a devotional awe, and he soon became regarded by his followers with veneration, which added new ardour to the course he was pursuing.

As months went by, and funds came into the Prophet's hands but slowly, he knew that the publication would be long delayed unless he made a bold strike for its accomplishment. He therefore started a new move by which to assail the money-bags of his disciples.

"This book," said he, "emanating from a divine source will, if once given to the world, revolutionise and reorganise the whole social system. It will carry conviction wherever it is read ; for the divine presence will accompany it. Is it not wrong for us, then, to delay giving to the world what God has entrusted to us for its good ? Do we not sin and run the risk of losing for ever the favour of the Father by our delay ?"

This appeal had the desired result, and money flowed in.

The "Manuscript" soon emanated from the press, under the title of the "Mormon Bible, or the Book of Mormon." But it failed to revolutionise the world, as the Prophet asserted it would. Yet the preachers of Mormonism made more rapid progress in their labours, and the West was looked to with longing eyes by the Prophet as the most-extensive and central spot in which to concentrate the forces which rapidly gathered around him. Kirkland, Ohio, was selected, and thither the Prophet and his disciples repaired. Here he established a school in which the mysteries of his faith might be taught to admiring disciples, started a bank in which to deposit his ill-gotten gains, and then set himself down to enjoy the dignity he had obtained, after commanding the disciples to build a temple to the Lord which should rival St. Peter's at Rome.

"For from here," said the Prophet, "the candle of the Lord shall never be removed, but shall abide until the second coming of Christ, and shall receive Him, king of Zion, in her gates."

From this spot Mormon agents were sent to Europe, among whom Catesby was sent to Wales and Richards to

England, with instructions to promulgate the new faith, and as fast as the people accepted it, to forward them to Kirkland if willing, where the Prophet, with the vast numbers gathered around him, began to see the germ of political ambition springing to life in his heart. He had already formed a new sect, and daily saw himself treated as a superior being. Nay, the most fanatical professed to believe him a god. Now that this was accomplished, his ambition cried for more fields to conquer, and where should he find them save in the political arena ?

Numerous Mormon communities of emigrants had been established as they arrived within the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, which were called "stakes," and were dependencies on the city of Kirkland. The people in the vicinity of these "stakes," who had suffered severely by the marauding parties that scoured the country for supplies for the idle and vicious vagabonds assembled in these places, rebelled against the infliction, and gave them to understand, in plain terms, that they must mend their manners or leave the States.

The school, also, which he had established was progressing faster in the mysteries of prophetic lore than he had bargained for ; inasmuch as, out of two hundred pupils, one hundred and fifty were receiving visions and prophesying on their own individual responsibility, and had also added to the wonderful by speaking with tongues that, like the hieroglyphics on the brass plates, resembled nothing on or under the earth.

These combustible materials soon burst into flames. The unaccountable tales brought the curious to the spot from the surrounding region. There were ecstasies—men and women falling to the floor in public assemblies—wallowing and rolling, tossing of hands—pointing into the heavens at the cloud of witnesses—uttering Indian dialects—swoonings, and rushing out of doors into the open fields—picking up of stones on which words were miraculously engraven and as mysteriously erased ; while others found pieces of parchment falling on them from the clouds, which they declared were sealed with the seal of God. Fanaticism had run mad wherever a "stake" had been formed.

The authority of the Prophet was becoming endangered, and his angel, who had a knack of coming when wanted, revealed to him that these wonders were the production of the devil instead of emanating from a higher source. At once order was restored, except among the more ambitious and reckless, and they fell back into the ranks of followers instead of aspiring to be leaders. The eyes of the sober, order-loving citizens were opened, and they accused them of the most infamous practices, which all their asseverations to the contrary could not dispel. To complete the disasters which

threatened the whole fabric of "Mormonism," the Mormon Bank, in which had been deposited vast sums of money by merchants and farmers, was obliged to stop payment, its vaults having, by one of the Prophet's miracles probably, been emptied of its treasures, which had gone no one knew where.

A storm of indignation burst upon the Prophet and his satellite Rigdon. The Prophet, with his leaders, vacated the spot under cover of the night, and the candle which he had prophesied should never be removed, fled after the contents of the Bank's vaults to unknown regions, leaving the poor deluded disciples to breast the wrath of the outraged people.

A few months later the Prophet and those who had been his companions in his ignominious flight turned up in Independence, Missouri, where his angel commanded him to rear a city and call it Zion, to which place he must gather all his disciples, and build a temple which should rival any in the world, promising him that there they should have immunity and licence to worship, according to their faith, unmolested.

From Independence he issued his mandates to his disciples, commanding every man, woman, and child, excepting such as he designated to remain in order to assist new disciples, to emigrate hither without delay, where land was untenanted and fertile, the climate mild, and the people friendly, a combination of circumstances which favoured the rearing of their great temple which they had been commanded to build, and of making this their central abode, around which others should cluster.

The Prophet had for once spoken the truth when he said the citizens in their promised land were friendly; and as by thousands they, sick, exhausted, naked and famished, poured into the country, they were received with open arms—clothed, fed and nursed, until they felt the invigorating blood again throbbing through their veins, sending strength to their limbs and energy to their hearts.

When they arrived the political horizon was heavy with threatened storms. The strife between the two great contending parties for preferment rose high, and was felt in the remotest sections of the Union. When, therefore, it had reached some of the political leaders in the State that the Mormon Prophet desired to emigrate to Missouri, efforts were used by them to have every facility offered for their accommodation, hoping by this act of kindness to secure their votes for the party which they represented. It mattered little to them what bearing such settlers would have on the future welfare of the State; the votes were all they cared for, and so long as the vagabond's vote counted as much as that of

the most refined, order-loving citizen, it was their interest to look to numbers not principles.

The new followers of the Prophet ceased not to pour in upon them from the earliest spring, through the fierce summer's heat, the autumn's calm, and the winter's northern blast. But before long complaints became rife of strange doings, sober citizens looked upon them in alarm, and gradually, but surely, the same causes that made them offensive in the eastern States were working for their overthrow in the western.

CHAPTER VII.

On an evening of the spring of 1830, in Springfield, Massachusetts, sat a young wife alone in the parlour of her cottage. The signs of comfort and luxury, without gaudy profuseness, were seen about the room and decked the happy occupant, who sat, dreamily leaning on her harp, with one white hand on its chords, wakening a soft strain of melody, subdued and low, but in keeping with the air of repose that hovered over that twilight hour.

Margaret Guilford was a woman in whom all the graces and virtues of womanhood seemed to have centred in an endeavour to perfect both body and mind. Tall and majestically moulded in form, she was a model that Canova might have coveted. Her head was gracefully poised, around which she twined the long glossy jet braids of hair like a coronet, while beneath lay the queenly brow, full, lofty and clear as Parian marble, with an eye of deep hazel, soft and clear as crystal, through which shone the pure soul which made the casket in which it was enshrined thrice beautiful by its noble deeds.

Margaret Guilford was the daughter of one of Massachusetts' most favoured sons, one whose ancestors had fled from oppression in the old world in the *May Flower*, and borne with him to the new world all the love of virtue which caused him to forsake a fatherland for a wilderness haunted by beasts of prey and a savage race no less ferocious than the beasts, but preferable to the hardy pioneers to live among than their own kindred from whom they had fled. Reared tenderly by those who loved and valued her rare combination of intellectual and personal endowments, Margaret had passed to womanhood in an uncontaminated atmosphere, whose every breeze whispered to her ear liberty, freedom, purity.

Eyes looked longingly towards the old homestead where the republican's queenly daughter bloomed securely from their reach, for they dared not enter the courtly old man's house unbidden to pay their devotion to the divinity they worshipped at a distance. There were coroneted heads and titled names from the old world who would have proudly

borne away the republican maiden if they could have won her from her fond parents' arms. Foremost among all that sued to win her hand was Leslie Harland. With a fine person, he inherited indomitable love for truth and integrity, which a free contact with the world had only rendered more lovable and sacred in his eyes. There was a manly dignity, an open, frank expression in his features, which passed the portal to the confidence of all hearts, for no one could look into those eyes and read aught but truth and good-will to all in his heart. He had worshipped timidly at a distance the beautiful Margaret, and when he saw she had become necessary to his existence, he no longer hesitated in the step to be taken to win so fair a bride, for he was too truthful, too honourable, to seek by word or look to win one token of regard from the woman he purposed to wed without the consent of her natural protectors. With dismay he found he was too late, and with a pain that each succeeding year, instead of softening, only augmented, he went out from the father that had pronounced his doom to watch the star of his dreams daily, yearly, but at a distance, as if he felt the loved object was sacred from his approach, but the no less loved.

There was the son of the friend of the father's youth, the young, gifted Arthur Guilford, who had borne away the honours from his compeers at college with triumph, and after two years' tour in Europe had returned home, for whom the parents of Margaret had secretly destined their treasure. Arthur was possessed of a manly beauty seldom excelled, yet of an impulsive spirit that brooked no control. He was overbearing, grasping, and possessed of an untiring, indomitable energy that bent the will of others to his own. These unfavourable traits lay undeveloped beneath the exterior of a high-bred gentleman, and others knew not that there existed a volcano beneath.

The young people formed an attachment to each other, much to the satisfaction of their parents, and were married, taking possession of the cottage in which we first looked in upon the happy young wife. She sat thus dreamily until the clock struck eleven, when a quick step came up the walk, and with an eager bound her husband stood before her, crying exultingly—

"It is over, Margaret, and you may congratulate me, for I am nominated, and my triumph is certain!"

"I do, most sincerely, for it is very unusual to place so great a trust in one so young and inexperienced," returned the young wife, as she placed her hand confidingly in his own.

"Is life measured by months and years that you measure capability by time?" asked Arthur passionately. "I tell you, Margaret, there are those who have more thought, feel more emotions, and live more real life in one day than others

do in years. The past, present, and future are every day crowded into such a man's life, and time can no more measure him than he can eternity. He does not vegetate by receiving impressions as they are forced upon him, but forces from hidden sources all knowledge. Such a man *lives!*"

"All men are not endowed with equal intellects; yet you are aware that it is a thing never before known to put up so young a man for so high an office."

"So much more complete will be my triumph. There would be very little satisfaction to be even a Governor if there were no obstacles to overcome in obtaining the station."

"You must not be so confident of success, else, if defeated, your disappointment will be great."

"Defeated, Margaret!" cried Arthur. "There must not, there shall not, be such a thing for me. It may do for others, but for me, never!"

"But, my dear husband, others have been, and often, and you may"—

"Margaret," cried her husband, as he removed the arm he had thrown around her, "stop! If you love me, do not repeat the hated word, for I will triumph, or fall lower than Lucifer fell in the attempt!"

"Oh, Arthur!" cried the frightened wife, "these political gatherings have made you beside yourself to-night. Come away to rest," and she drew him aside, soothing the tumult that raged in his breast with gentle words, while she cooled his heated brain, as she smoothed back his glossy curls from his proud, haughty brow, hot and dry by the overheated brain within.

The friends of the young candidate saw with pain the course pursued by Arthur, and endeavoured to withdraw him from the influence of the political demagogues, who, they saw, were using him to draw off the adherent of their opponent, distract the party, and cause their own favourite candidate to receive a majority. They were too wily for a moment to think of elevating the hot-brained, ambitious aspirant to the gubernatorial chair, but he served their purpose, and they used him to promote their own success. He spent day and night in making political speeches, his youth, intellect, and captivating appearance creating an interest in his favour, which more than once caused the old stagers to tremble lest the indefatigable candidate should carry the State by impulse, and should, instead of being defeated, cause their own defeat. The election day came and passed, and the party from whom his adherents had seceded, as well as himself, were routed. Then, with the veil rent from the hideous current over which he for months had securely trodden, he saw the foul, shameless trickery by which he had been duped, and all the fierce vin-

dictiveness of his nature burst out in a torrent upon his fellows.

From the whirl of political strife, smarting with their treachery, and crushed by deception and sarcasm, Guilford sought his young wife, who alone of all that was left of those who so lately had flattered him, received him as of old, and strove to soften the blow she saw full well had fallen with crushing force on all the hopes he had so confidently reared.

Others he spurned from him haughtily and peremptorily ; but her sympathy was so unobtrusive, her gentle, assiduous attention so soothing to his lacerated heart, that he clung to a hand that could still the wild throbbings of his brain, and bid the discordant passions of the heart be still. He learned to be calm, but the thorn had entered and still rankled in his soul. Too proud to bear their pity, he gave back contempt with interest, until he had alienated all but his own family, who knew the proud, wayward man had been deeply injured through his ambitious aspirations.

This state of things in his native place was unbearable, and with his young wife he fled to the western states, not knowing or caring where he went, only that he left far behind him all that should remind him of the short but terrible political ordeal through which he had passed. Through city and village, rich fields of grain and dense unbroken forests, he passed, never pausing an hour, except when conveyances delayed, until he reached Kirkland, Ohio, where, for the first time, the pale and trembling form of his wife arrested his attention.

"You are ill, very ill, Margaret," he said, aroused from the selfishness of his own heart, that had for weeks past thought only of self, regardless of even her who had been his all in this dark and fearful hour.

"Oh, no, not ill, only a little tired, but quite able to go on, if you desire it," she said, while a faint smile curled her white lips, but it quickly died away, and she gasped for air, for support, then sunk unconscious into her husband's arms.

"Margaret! Margaret!" he cried frantically, "I have killed you!—it needed only this to fill my cup with gall to overflowing!"

Wearily she unclosed her eyes, nestled closer in his arms, clasped fondly around her, as she murmured :

"I am weary, oh, so weary, Arthur!" then closed the white transparent lids, while a sweet smile settled around her lips.

"We will rest, Margaret: I have been a brute to drag you over the country like this in my selfishness."

"No, no, Arthur, you must not say so; I am a poor traveller, and unfit to enter into the hardships you bear so well."

"My poor, gentle Margaret, I am afraid I have been a sad fellow since—since that terrible day. God knows I did not

deserve such treatment as I received, but I was a brute to make you suffer for my folly as I have done."

Tenderly Guilford conveyed his wife to a hotel, where he left her to search for a quieter place in which she might be able to recruit her wasted strength. One was soon found, a cottage nestled in a clump of trees which shut out the sun, where five other boarders already enjoyed a quiet and pleasant place; so much like home that those who never knew the difference were in the habit of mistaking the spurious for the genuine article.

Here, in a suite of rooms that opened on a terrace overgrown by evergreens, through which the fresh pure air came laden with the perfume of fragrant flowers that grew in luxuriance in the well-kept garden below, the bloom soon came back to the cheek of Margaret, the light to her eye, and the smile, that had never once left her lips, now brightened into one of exulting hope, as she saw the clouds on Arthur's brow day by day grow fainter, the lines of care less clearly defined, until the open handsome face, the flashing eye, and proud manly form bore no trace of the storm that had swept over him. The boarders in the house were quiet, sociable people, much beneath those they had always encountered in the social scale; still they were not decidedly objectionable, and quite as good as are usually brought together even in the best regulated house, and Margaret and Arthur soon became accustomed to their ways, and accepted the friendship they so frankly tendered in as good faith as it was offered.

The fame of the new-fledged Prophet, who had returned from his flight to Nauvoo, and was now here, had become familiar to them in Springfield. Their landlady, with her young daughter Anne, a pretty blonde of fourteen, had given in their adherence to the new faith but a few months previously, while three others gave in theirs the same week the Guilfords arrived, and they found it to be the prevailing topic in the place. Margaret had been long a communicant of an orthodox church, but Arthur had never given the subject a thought; and with pain she saw him day after day engaged in discussing the tenets of Mormonism, for she feared his sanguine, unoccupied mind would again plunge him into error. She saw through the motives of the imposter, weighed his merits and demerits with her cool, calm intellect, and pointed out to the hot-brained enthusiasts its discrepancies and palpable errors. But they were too much excited for reason or reflection, and day after day she saw him she so loved swept down steadily, surely, into the same murky lake, already swollen by the human tide pouring into it, reeking with the errors and sacrilegious impiety of the imposter. Her only hope now was that his education and early associations

would revolt in disgust against the ignorant, vulgar mass of humanity admitted in its pale ; but in this, too, she was disappointed, and, to her consternation, her high-born, elegant, refined husband became also an adherent of the Prophet.

“ Oh, Arthur ! let us leave this spot ; for surely this is no place for us ! ” cried the young wife, as her husband related the fact that that day he had been immersed by the hands of the Prophet.

“ Whither would you have me go ? Here alone have I found true, earnest friends. Do you wish me to leave them ? ”

“ Anywhere away from here, where you will meet men of sense. These men are not like you, Arthur ; but are ignorant, deluded fanatics. Surely you cannot feel at ease among them ! ”

“ Margaret, right and truth have long been banished from earth—this the infamous treachery of my friends at home has demonstrated. God in His mercy has given us a Prophet to restore it, and I dare not deny the divinity of a mission from the hand of my Maker because he comes in a lowly form, and because the lowly are his followers—for their souls are as precious in the sight of Heaven as yours or mine.”

“ But, Arthur, this man has married two different women, while his lawful wife openly and shamelessly walks the streets with her husband and these abandoned women,” returned the young wife.

“ These are falsehoods, Margaret. I, too, have heard of this, and on relating them to the Prophet, he solemnly averred that they were false, and that it was sinful to possess but one wife. You are prejudiced : if you would allow me to present the Prophet to you, you would be struck with his original superiority over that of a mere man, and would at once feel all your prejudices desert you. May I not bring him to you ? he earnestly desires your acquaintance.”

“ No, Arthur, much as I desire to please you in all things, I cannot receive such a man in my presence ; he is presumptuous in requesting it.”

“ You would receive with cordiality a minister of our Government, would you not ? ”

“ Certainly, for I should be sure their own self-respect would prevent one being sent who ought not to be received in the most refined circles.”

“ Is not a minister accredited to earth by God far above that of any human government, and should we not accord to him higher considerations than those bestowed upon a mere mortal ? ”

“ The cases are not parallel : Smith is steeped in crime, and—”

“ Margaret, stop ! I will not allow even you to speak thus of the chosen and anointed Prophet of God ! ”

Struck dumb by this, the first unkind word ever addressed by her husband to her, she stood irresolute, her eyes drooped, while bitter tear drops glittered on the lids, and she closed her lips to choke down the anguish swelling up from her heart. Alas! then, had it come to this? Pale as a crushed lily, she turned to leave the room, when her husband sprang to her side, folded her in his arms, as he cried—

“Don’t leave me thus, Margaret; I would rather lose my life than wound yours. I was hasty—I fear I am mad; but I cannot help it; for I believe that this man is the Prophet of God as firmly as I believe there is a God in heaven!”

“Oh, Arthur, my husband, he is a wicked, bad man; let us fly from this place; then you will be yourself again,” murmured the young wife tearfully.

“You forget that we cannot fly from the eye of God, although we may from that of His Prophet.”

A dreary, heavy weight settled down on her heart as she saw how futile was all opposition to her husband’s infatuation; but she could pray for his deliverance from this galling moral bondage, and she could watch over him still, and to this—all she could now do—she resolved to devote herself. The garden, with its winding walks and beautiful shrubbery, close, high paling that shut out all prying eyes, was a favourite haunt of hers, and here she wended her way, languid with the anguish that lay so heavily upon her. But her queenly form was stately, her high regal brow as matchlessly beautiful as when first a bride and her heart was a stranger to grief. The eye was a perceptible shade dimmer, the lip a tone more thoughtful than of yore; but this took nothing from her majestic beauty; it rather added to it a strange, undefined interest, that chained, but held in awe, the curiosity of others. Pensively she sauntered along without object or aim, save that the fresh breeze was grateful to her drooping spirits, when suddenly, from a clump of lilacs, emerged a stranger, who, stepping before her, made her start back in alarm.

“Be not alarmed, lady, you have no cause for fear,” he said in a deprecating tone, as he gazed boldly on the queenly beauty before him.

Quietly Margaret returned to retrace her steps, when the stranger cried eagerly—

“Stay one moment, madam. Why are you so chary of charms with which you drive men mad? Stay!” he added, as he sprang in her path in which she was hastening away, “I have spent weeks in endeavouring to speak with you, and I will not be thwarted now.”

Contempt hovered around Margaret’s lips as she surveyed the bold, impudent insulter before her. He was a man of powerful muscular frame, low sloping forehead, keen glittering eyes, large Roman nose, full sensuous lips, and small retreat-

ing chin, completing the most singular combination of sensuality, combined with obstinate perseverance, that she had ever looked upon in any human being. Not one word passed her lips, but she stood with her clear, calm eyes on him, until he cowered beneath the glance of scorn, and, abashed, he stood irresolute. His eye fell, and resting on a rose-bush, he broke a bud and timidly but silently offered it to her, while she peremptorily but gracefully moved aside the hand that held it with a motion of her own, and passed on to the house, leaving the strange intruder completely baffled and cowed.

As her form receded rage flashed from his eyes, and muttering words of fearful import, he strode angrily away. Passing towards the lower end of the garden he, at a turn in the path, encountered Lucy, the ostensible niece of Murray, one of the boarders in the house.

At sight of her the frown vanished from his brow, and he sprang to her side, clasped her hand in his own as he placed his arm around her, and drawing her to him, pressed his lips to her own as he said in a joyful tone—

“My Lucy is lovelier than ever to-day; I came here to meet you, but feared I should have to retire disappointed. I hope you have not wearied of my love that you keep me thus waiting.”

“I have walked here daily at this hour since we were sealed—it is you, not I, that is faithless,” returned his companion, with a pout on her red lips.

“My Lucy must not be exacting—the interests of the Church first and love afterwards; but now that I am here, and hold my little wife to my heart, I am far happier than I ever thought of being until my mission is fulfilled.”

“Happier than with your other wives? Oh, Joseph, I could be happy with you in a dungeon, if I were your only wife, and had been publicly and legally wedded to you.”

“These interviews are none the less true that others hear not of them; and as God has sanctioned our union, the powers of earth cannot illegalise it.”

“I would have you mine—all mine. It puts bad thoughts in my heart to hear others boast of your love, while I, though I love you none the less, must love in silence,” and a sigh escaped her lips as her troubled eye fell beneath his.

“It cannot be otherwise now, as you are the wedded wife of Murray; but my Lucy may rest assured that none other has so large a share in my heart;” and again he folded her in his arms, as he toyed with the waving hair that shaded her brow.

“It seems like guilt and treachery to Murray, although I do not love him as I do you, to meet you thus, and—and—”

“Nay, my little one, it is not—he has three wedded wives, besides five that are sealed to him, and think you he has greater rights and privileges than you have? No, no, my love, your heart must be no more trammelled than his or mine; but where your affections rest rend them not away, for the love of the human heart is the principle of the Deity that binds mortals to Him and us to each other.”

“Murray loves me not as he did at first, and I tire of the teasing of his old ugly first wife, whom he has also ceased to love, but who blames me for having alienated her husband’s heart. I do not see how he could ever love such an old, dried up witch—but I am sure he loves me no better now than he does her.”

“My Lucy forgets that few women have such matchless beauty as her’s; a beauty that chains the heart, from which it has no desire to escape. If Murray loves you not now, he never loved you—for beauty like yours could never be forgotten.”

“Nay, but you forget me, though we have been sealed but a few weeks, and I began—”

“You began to think of someone else, eh, my little wife?” returned the Prophet.

When he bade his companion in guilt adieu he pursued his way towards the gate, where he encountered Pratt, impatiently awaiting his return.

“Have you seen her, Smith?” asked his confederate, in an impatient tone.

“Yes, but I would as soon have thought of laying my hands on the sun as her,” returned the Prophet moodily.

“Then she is as cold and haughty as she is represented? Faith, if I did not think you had struck up a match with her, you were gone so long,” said Pratt, inquiringly.

“Pratt, these Guilfords are aristocrats, haughty and domineering, like all their class. My lady here, forsooth, not only refuses my acquaintance, but, when she sees me, treats me as if I were a toad that had crossed her path! These aristocrats have ruled the world long enough, trampling upon us, and it is our turn now to tread on them; for by the sacredness of my mission there shall be a levelling down until there is none left to raise their heads above us, and this haughty beauty shall yet be proud of the friendship she now rejects with scorn.”

“Guilford is a most valuable acquisition to our ranks, coming as he does from the upper classes, and through him we may count on the conversion of his wife, as well as others of his class.”

“I have a fancy for converting his wife myself, and if I could get her to listen to me, I think she would not object giving in to our faith—you know I usually have success in that line,” returned the Prophet with a complacent leer.

“That is, when your tenets fail to make an impression, your irresistible exterior comes to your aid and succeeds among the susceptible.”

“You know it is necessary to convert the affections in order to gain access to the reason, sometimes,” said the Prophet gravely; “but one thing is certain, it will not do to let this class of our converts understand the plurality system yet. It would frighten them away, and those of us who have gone into it must keep all but our first wives rather close; it will not do to appear in public with them. Guilford came to me in great consternation on having heard of our second and third marriages, and I had to exert all my ingenuity to quiet his alarm.”

So saying, the two worthies locked the gate, pocketed the key, and walked away. Margaret sought her room, folded her arms across her breast, and paced her chamber, where an hour after her husband found her pale but calm.

“Something has distressed you, Margaret,” said he eagerly.

She stood immovable before him, and related all that had passed.

“You do not know this man, you say—you have never seen him?” he inquired, as she paused in her recital, while the hot, angry blood swelled the veins in his temples.

“No—I never saw him before; yet none the less do I know it to be—Smith, the imposter,” she replied firmly.

“Good Heavens! Margaret—but no, it must be a mistake. Speak, in Heaven’s name, and tell me how you know this.”

“By description—by his unparalleled impudence.”

“If this be so, his blood be upon his head!” said Guilford, as he hid beneath his vest a brace of pistols, and turned to leave the room.

“Arthur! oh, Arthur! what would you do?”

“Sift this matter; and if Smith has intruded upon you thus, after we both refused to allow him in your presence, I will shoot him, if thrice a Prophet, nay, if it were Jehovah himself!” he impiously exclaimed.

“Oh, no, no, Arthur! rather let us fly from this sink of pollution. I see in this house that which makes my blood curdle and my soul revolt; I have satisfied myself that this girl, whom Murray and his wife call a niece, is in reality a second wife of Murray; nor is this all: but the subject sickens me, and I long to fly from those who, under a plausible exterior, in the sacred name of Christianity, hide the most consummate hypocrisy.”

“I fear prejudice warps your judgment, Margaret, for the Prophet assured me positively those tales were false.”

“The man who presumes to insult the wife will dupe the husband, if possible,” returned Margaret, with a bitterness of tone never before heard from her lips.

"I see it all, Margaret, I believe I have been blind," and hurriedly he left the room.

The miserable wife sat long immovable where he had left her. It seemed as if the sky had darkened around her, until its cold, leaden, pitiless folds were crushing out her very life. Oh! how she longed for the peaceful home of her childhood, the contentment and repose that were now a stranger to her heart! Alas for the beautiful, loving, tenderly-reared wife, who even now, when sorrow had begun, deemed she could bear no more! Arthur found her as he had left her, and, tenderly greeting her, he said—

"I am satisfied it could not have been the Prophet whom you met in the garden, and who it is I am at a loss to know; but the Prophet assured me he shall be hunted out and punished for his audacity."

A sigh escaped the lips of the wife, but she uttered no word.

"Cheer up, Margaret, for in a few days we will leave a place against which you have formed so great a repugnance. I have received the appointment of presiding officer over the new city of Zion, in Missouri, a spot which, from its beauty of location, genial climate, and variety of ever-changing scenery, cannot fail to please you."

"Any change from here would be grateful, yet I regret you should have chosen a spot settled entirely by these fanatics. There is not, nor ever can be, a single congenial feeling between any one of them and me. I long to go where I shall meet those of my own class—where there is some tie to bind us together; for among this people I must live isolated, alone!"

"You do not know them. I have met here some of the most fascinating women I ever knew. When I accepted this post I supposed it would please you, and, if you object to go to Zion, I will even now decline it, and remain here."

"Why remain here? Why not go elsewhere, rather home than here?" returned Margaret eagerly.

"Home never again: besides, these people please me. In them I see the elements from which a state shall arise which shall overshadow the world; and in the flood that bears them on to victory I desire to be found, for then honour and glory shall crown me on earth, and immortality after death!"

The bewildered young wife, who hoped, by a temporary absence from these fanatics, to alienate him from them, consented to remove to Zion.

One day, when nearly ready to start for the Far West, word was brought her that a gentleman, a stranger, was below, and desired to see her. Glancing at the card, her eye met the name of Leslie Harland, and with a bounding heart she hastened to greet him.

"This is so kind of you," she cried, as she extended her hand in warm greeting.

"I should have called before if I had known I should have been welcome ; but now I have come to know if in anything I can be of service to you."

"Have you been in Kirkland long ?" asked Margaret, in astonishment ; then she added, "If so, why not have called ? You, of course, would have been most welcome."

"In truth," returned Harland, abashed, "I was informed you had turned Mormon as well as Mr. Guilford, and in that case, I thought, perhaps—perhaps you would not care for old friends."

"Never, Mr. Harland, never could I be a Mormon. Whatever you may hear, or whatever may occur, never believe this of me," returned Margaret with energy, while a flush dyed her neck and brow, and her eye fell abased at the imputation.

"Ah ! it is such a relief to know this ; yet I never believed it until I found you were about to join the Mormons in Zion, in the Far West."

"What else can I do ? Mr. Guilford cannot be turned from his purpose," said Margaret, as an expression of pain shot across her beautiful features.

"Return to your father, he will receive you with open arms," said Harland in an earnest tone.

"You know not what you counsel. I could never desert my husband ; the wife's duty is by her husband's side. Arthur has been disappointed in his aspirations, and needs me to soothe and comfort him. I have hopes he will tire of these people, and leave them soon of his own accord."

"You do not see him as I do," thought Harland ; but he said, "I am aware of Arthur's embarrassments, and am willing to assist him, if that will be any inducement for him to leave this band of lawless men. I have said as much to him, yet he will not listen to it ; but were you to use your influence, we might succeed."

"Arthur can have no embarrassments that he cannot relieve himself of by drawing on the Springfield bank," returned the wife coldly.

"She does not know, then, that he is ruined—that the money was transferred to the Kirkland bank, and has all gone irrecoverably into the imposter's hands." He did not like to tell her this, and, irresolute, he said—

"If there is anything I can do for you or Guilford I am at your service, and shall be but too happy to oblige you," and turned away more grieved than ever, while Margaret, puzzled at his words and manner, thoughtfully returned to her room.

Their journey was long and tedious ; and as they lingered in the villages through which they passed, sometimes for days

together, she strove to break the fetters that held her husband in their iron folds. The crimes alleged against the Mormons he indignantly repelled; their fanaticism he apologised for by their sincerity; and their rude vulgarity he declared was the duty of others to ameliorate. Thus she saw him hug the error that blinded him, and plunge madly on in his downward career.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the north of Wales is a fertile vale extending from the base of Snowdon, in whose shadow it lies, to the sea. Here is still found the remnant of the ancient Britons, who sought shelter among the inaccessible crags of Wales when driven from their fertile plains by their conqueror. Their customs, manners, and dialect are what they were in the days when Suetonius Paulinus, with his Roman army, massacred the Briton Druids in Anglesea, separated from them only by the Menai Straits, across whose waters came the wail of the slaughtered people, as by thousands they were butchered and hurled into the foaming sea, the craggy cliffs of Snowdon echoing back their shrieks of despair. They will not amalgamate with their neighbours, refuse to speak any language but Welsh, and wear such garments as their forefathers wore.

Among these relics of a former powerful nation Mormonism made its advent in the person of Catesby, a Welshman, who had emigrated from the south of Wales to the United States many years before, and had fallen into the Mormon imposter's toils. The Prophet conferred upon his follower the ordination ceremony, then sent him back to his native land to proclaim his doctrine throughout its length and breadth, and forward his converts, or all that would give in their adhesion to the divinity of his mission, to the land of promise—to Zion.

The simple people listened eagerly to the wondrous doings of the Prophet, which Catesby related to them, dressed in delusive hues. He told them of broad tracts of land only awaiting owners to lay hold of them and claim them as their own to give them a legal title to them—of a nation that would meet them with open arms, and take them to their homes as equals—of peace and plenty for all; and, moreover, of the ease with which fortunes could be accumulated by the most lowly, who, if they then desired, could return to their fatherland, and found for themselves a name and estate among the hills of their ancestors.

“The reign of the aristocrats is passing away,” said the fanatic in one of his sermons. “A Prophet among the lowly has risen who will lead us to possess the high places of our oppressors, who, in turn, shall be brought down to the earth, where they have for so many ages held us in chains. Who, then,

with the blood of the ancient Britons in his veins, will refuse to become a master of those who have held them in bondage for ages ? Who so great a slave as to hug the chains that God has sent a Prophet to divest him of ? You yearly look for the redemption of your fatherland from the conqueror's grasp, but you have looked only on the fetters being riveted more firmly around you ! Arise then, O Cambria, from your slumber ! Fly to the land of the free ! and when you have grown strong in numbers and wealth, return, and, in the name of the God you worship in your ancient groves, lay hold of your heritage ; for from Him is sent the new Prophet to redeem the nations ! ”

“ Say you so in truth ? ” asked Dan App Jones, the chief of this mountain clan, and the lineal descendant of the ancient Welsh kings.

“ In truth, and by the command of the Prophet, by whom I am sent to preach freedom and redemption to you ! ” he returned earnestly, for Catesby was a true believer in the faith he had espoused.

“ The day has been long enough coming to have it true, and you had better not be putting it off by doubting it, or we shall grow as grey as our fathers did, waiting, ” angrily remarked a tall, angular woman, with tangled flaxen locks, beneath which shone a pair of light blue eyes, strong and cold, but with a glitter that at once froze and chained the eye that encountered her's. This was the wife of the chieftain. The Welsh Queen, as she was called, was much older than her lord, and, moreover, was exceedingly ill-favoured.

“ Never doubt the commands of your Creator, lest He hold you and yours in bondage for ever, ” said Catesby, who saw he had more than half won a powerful auxiliary in the Welsh Queen.

“ It is not the doubts, ” replied the chief dubiously, “ but we are a simple people here, isolated from all around us, and how shall we all leave together ? If part go they will pine for the company of the friends they have been accustomed to see all their lives ! ”

“ Tut ! tut ! man, ” said the Queen eagerly. “ It is only for awhile we are going, and when we get as rich as lords, we will come back to these old hills and vales and drive out the Southerners. It may be, the Prophet who is doing such wonders in America will, when he sees us, and knows how we have been wronged, come over and drive the oppressors out of the land into the sea. ”

“ This may do for you, ” said an old man, “ still hoping for better things for our poor fatherland ; but I have lived too long, seen hope too often crushed. That we have kept ourselves together is owing to our being entrusted with the preservation of the blood royal of our race. To disband

now, and go into distant climes, would be immediate ruin, and to remain would put the inevitable evil day off a little longer. I, for one, counsel delay, but know my duty too well to my country to bid my people become disunited from their lawful sovereigns—where they go, we must follow ; but many of us, in that case, will never again look on the heritage we leave behind us.”

“ Old Griffith is querulous, heed him not,” said the Queen. “ I am not content to inherit this narrow strip of vale, of all that is rightfully mine. In our fathers’ day we had also the vale of Llangollen ; and now we have been driven from that, and we know not how soon this, our last retreat, will be wrested from us ; for, year by year, they have pressed upon us, and where shall we fly if not to a land of freedom, where, strengthened in wealth and numbers, we shall return and wrest our fatherland from the usurpers ? ”

“ If thou hadst said what thou didst now the other side of Snowdon thy days would have been already numbered, Mistress Jones,” returned her young sister.

“ And thou wouldst then have wedded thy gallant. Ha ! my Lady Bula blushes ! Does she so covet the hand of her cousin ? ” returned the Queen, as her brow lowered and her lip curled in scorn, while her fair shrinking sister, just budding from girlhood, turned abashed and trembling away, as the chief’s eye assumed a troubled look, which he sought to suppress, for he feared the anger of his wife, who more than once had taunted him with more than a brotherly partiality for his young pretty relative.

“ These bickerings are unseemly, my children,” he said in a reproachful tone, “ and ill become you.”

“ Lo ! ” said Catesby, pointing to Snowdon’s summit, “ the Prophet’s God speaks to you in the storm, and calls you to His chosen people. List ye to His voice ! ”

Turning their eyes in the direction indicated, they saw a vapoury wreath slowly gathering around its summit, whence issued shafts of light that shot and leaped from cloud to cloud, now darting angrily, then wreathing in fantastic curves around them, while sharp peals of thunder burst on the air, dying away in a thousand echoes, which reverberated from its hidden craggy recesses adown its sides.

“ The God who dwelleth in the groves, whom our fathers worshipped with burnt offerings, is the God we worship, and He calls us away, and we may no longer disobey.”

These people, simple and trusting, yielded to the tales of advantages they should reap in the new world, and, after a few weeks’ labour among them, two-thirds of the whole clan, consisting of men, women, and children, headed by their Chief and Queen, were eager to emigrate to the promised land, which was represented to them as overflowing with all

that could make life desirable. All that long winter they spent in preparation, and when spring returned they embarked for Nauvoo, while Catesby, as he saw the ship in which they sailed for America weigh anchor, started on a tour among the middling and lower districts, well pleased with the success which had attended his endeavours.

After a weary journey the emigrants arrived at Kirkland, Ohio, where they encountered the Prophet. At first they were inclined to treat him with awe; while he, pleased with the humility and simplicity of these new and important acquisitions, strove to encourage a deference so agreeable to his self-love.

The Lady Bula, as the Queen's sister was called, by the same courtesy that conferred the regal title of Chief on her cousin, and Queen on her sister, was an object of great regard to the Prophet, who took a peculiar interest in her welfare, so much so as to seek her presence daily.

The Chief's temperament led him to affiliate with the heterogeneous mass assembled at this "stake," and as long as the wassail-bowl was replenished, and the dance went on, or the horn and hounds called him to the forests, he could not find it in his heart to murmur or repine at the different aspect of affairs from what they had been led to expect. Not so with Mistress Jones. The warlike blood of the ancient Britons had, uncontaminated, descended to her, and still burnt fiercely in her veins. She chafed and fumed like a caged tigress at the indifference of her lord, the decline of their nationality, and everything that crossed her temper.

"Your sister is not kind to you, Lady Bula," said the Prophet, as, after an accustomed torrent of abuse poured out on everybody indiscriminately by Mistress Jones, her young sister fled to the open air, and on the threshold encountered him.

"Not always; but we are used to it," tremblingly returned the frightened girl, in her broken English, as her inquisitor gazed earnestly in her face, still wet with the tears the Amazon's seathing words had caused to flow.

"My poor little lamb, I fear you are not—nay, your tone belies your words. I am a protector for all my people, from the eldest to the babe. Confide in me your trouble, my sweet child, and I will shield you from sorrow," said the Prophet in a low earnest tone, as he took the small dimpled hand in his own, and gazed into the clear depths of her soft blue eyes, while his own glittered and flashed with a burning light that caused her to shrink back tremblingly.

"Thy people are too rude for one so fair. Come to the house of the Elect Lady, and be to her a daughter, and all that can make life pass as a summer-dream shall surround thee," murmured the tempter in her ear.

“Nay, these are my people ; I know not the ways of the Elect Lady, and fear to intrude on her,” returned the young girl timidly.

“But were she to send for you, would you not then come ?” asked the Prophet coaxingly.

“I cannot tell—the Mistress Jones could tell you better,” returned the child dreamily, as the hand of the tempter dropped on her shoulder.

“The mistress is a cold, hard woman, not at all like you ; but I will watch over you, and remember, little one, we will all protect and befriend you.” So saying, he pressed his burning lips upon her up-turned brow, and passed within, while she, bewildered, lingered where he had left her, wondering dreamily.

As day after day went by, the Queen sighed, and her lord caroused, while Bula grew restless and ill at ease. The tongues of the Gentiles were busy with her name, and though she had come to know the Elect Lady, she had turned coldly, rudely from her, and left her abashed and grieved, not being able to reconcile the extreme kindness of the Prophet with the coldness with which his wife received her. She had been led by the Prophet to expect a kindly greeting, but instead, she had met suspicion and distrust, too evident to create a doubt of her reception ; and when, with tears of disappointment, she innocently and naively related the cause of her grief to the Prophet, his brow grew dark, his eyes flashed with suppressed rage, while he smothered the tempest in his breast to enable him to soothe her, and win back her shaken confidence. He was entirely successful, and left her laughing gaily as ever. Seeking his own home, he entered his wife’s room, and closing the door, said angrily—

“Emma, I supposed this war between us was for ever settled ! How, then, do you presume to renew it ?”

“Joseph,” returned his wife defiantly, “I am sick and weary of this life, which plunges us deeper and deeper daily into guilt. You have broken your marriage vow already twice, and plunged two women into infamy—for I need not repeat what you know, that they are not, nor ever can be, your lawful wives—mistresses they are, and nothing more—and now you are seeking to bring this poor child to the same level to which you have reduced the rest ; for too well I know your design concerning her, and will no longer submit to it, but will, if you do not desist, denounce you as a bigamist.”

“Emma, are you mad, that you rave thus ? God has commanded and I must obey, even to the taking as many wives as Solomon had ; but none of them can ever usurp your place in my heart ; for all, if they would retain my favour, must yield deference to you as the best beloved of the chosen Prophet of God !”

“Do these you have brought into my house? Instead, they jeer at me as having lost my beauty, saying I have no right to lay claim to your love, and mockingly ask me when I intend to die, and give them the chance to be the Elect Lady! I never thought it would come to this, Joseph, when I left home, friends—all for you!”

“They are impudent, and I will teach them better, Emma. But my plans must not be interfered with in future, nor must this part of our faith be divulged until we are all removed to Independence. The Gentiles have got an inkling of it already through some traitor, and, ere long, if we do not keep silent, this section will become unsafe for us.”

“It is no part of my belief, neither do I think it is of any, except the most abandoned; and I will no longer submit to it. I alone am your wife, and these creatures you have brought to degradation must henceforth leave my presence for ever!”

“Emma,” said the Prophet, imperiously laying his hand roughly on her arm, “if you do not silently submit, your life is in danger! Think you we will allow a paltry woman to thwart a scheme that makes men and women by thousands do us homage, and pours wealth into our coffers, while we are worshipped as superior beings? All the leading men, with one or two exceptions, have gone into the plurality system; and I tell you, I care not whether you like it or not, I will marry as many women as I please, and though they shall not be allowed to worry you, you shall be made to receive them as my wives ought to be received, and without a word of dissent!”

Emma stood confronting her husband with flashing eye and a lip curled in scorn; and when he paused, she said passionately—

“Never! In your successful villainies you have forgotten we are American citizens, amenable to and protected by the laws. You shall answer to those you have defied, while I will claim their protection, and save others from your monstrous, iniquitous schemes!”

“You are even now surrounded by those who will see that you keep within bounds. I am sorry that you so far forget the duty you owe me as to attempt to thwart me, but be assured it will never succeed,” and, enraged at the obstacles in his path, he left her room.

Long hours she walked her chamber, and when darkness gathered around her, she threw on her shawl and bonnet, and softly stole down the steps and laid her hand on the wicket to open it. A strong arm grasped her round the waist, a hand was pressed over her mouth, and she was dragged forcibly back to the chamber she had but a few minutes before left, thrust rudely within, the door closed, and locked without.

The preparation being completed for the removal of the Welsh colony of Mormons to the promised land, they, with the Prophet and his retinue, bade adieu to Kirkland ; and not till then did Emma again see the light of day, or even her recreant husband. On the morning of their departure he spent an hour in her room, and though high words and threats were freely bandied between them, she was at the hour of departing subdued, and yielded to the master spirit that swayed her own to his will.

With the praises of the promised land still ringing in their ears, and hope beckoning them on, the spirit of all that vast body of enthusiasts rose, and harmony once more prevailed without, although the heart-burnings were raging deeper within. As they neared Independence, recollections of the queenly Margaret returned with overpowering force to the fickle Prophet, who, between the presence of the sweet child-like Bula, and the memory of the stately Margaret, quite forgot to amuse the three "wives" who already looked with jealousy upon each other.

The Welsh Queen now began also to have an inkling of the way matters stood in regard to matrimony, and her ire rose to a fearful pitch when she discovered her own beloved Dan had fallen already a prey to its sophistry, although she was at a loss to find his new divinity, yet she had seen enough to know it was a tangible one. She gave herself no rest night nor day ; but she might have spared herself her trouble, for her loving lord had rested his not over-stable affection where she little dreamed, and unlike his compeer, the Prophet, cared nothing for beauty, only that his divinity was gentle. He was also too wily to be aware of her presence when his sweet Queen was present ; and so he managed to pay his forbidden devoir, even beneath her very roof, without her suspicion. And while they wended their toilsome way towards the promised land, her tones beguiled his way, her eye commiserated when his liege lady stormed, and meekly he bowed his head and was silent.

CHAPTER IX.

The ship that transported Catesby and Mormonism to Wales conveyed an exponent of the same creed also to England, by the name of Richards. This man was an ardent enthusiast, sincere in his belief of the divine mission of the modern Prophet, labouring zealously to convert others to a like faith. He made his advent in Nottingham, knowing that there he would find ready listeners ; and if he seasoned his harangues with invectives against employers, and compared the pittances paid them to that paid for the same kind of labour in America, his success was certain. Employers saw

the torch of discord applied to this combustible material in alarm. Business had been dull, and many at this juncture were idle, and gathered to listen to absurdities that, at other times, would have passed unheeded. The time was opportune for Richards, but he could not have appeared at a more unfortunate one for those whom he deluged with the tales of miracles, second-sights, visions, prophecies, and the mission of the Mormon Prophet. He, like Catesby, told them of the wealth and honours that should inevitably be the heritage of the disciples of the chosen Prophet of the Lord, the peace and plenty that awaited them in the new world, and the welcome that should greet them; of the rich, broad lands that lay waste, which should be a heritage to the end of time for them.

The harangues were repeated daily and nightly; looms and wheels were deserted, workshops no longer echoed to the merry ring of artisans' implements of labour, and, for the want of the complained-of pittance being earned, thousands were thrown into want and misery. The men looked cowed, sullen, and threatening, demanding greater remuneration to enable them to lay by enough to take them to the land of promise pictured to them in such glowing hues, while the women hurled imprecations on the heads of those who refused to grant the demand, and the children cried for bread as a chorus. Richards, who had aroused this slumbering demon, fled before the incendiary's torch he saw one of his converts apply to a large factory, the proprietor of which had closed it, and declared it should never be again opened until the artisans had regained their reason, and would return in quiet to their duties.

Amid demoniacal cries of satisfaction the building, with all its contents, was burnt to the ground; half frenzied, Oliver Hatfield looked upon the flames upon whose fiery tongues was scattered to the winds all for which he had laboured long to accumulate.

"Do not take it so hard; you are insured, are you not?" said his wife.

"Not for half of the amount. I am ruined!"

"Oh, no! surely not as bad as that—you are weary and dispirited," said the wife in alarm.

She led the way into the elegant drawing-room, but he passed by her, entered the library, and closing the door against her, seated himself at his desk, and unlocking it, nervously began to pull out from their places parchment after parchment, at every moment becoming more unsteady and agitated in his manner. One after another was laid aside, until he came to one which he unfolded and glanced his eye over it. Then his stout chest heaved, he gasped, and with a groan fell prostrate on the floor.

His fall alarmed the family, and they rushed to the spot and raised him up. When Mrs. Hatfield's eye caught the paper which her still unconscious husband held in his hand, she too started back at the sight with a cry of terror—for that told her that it was the insurance already expired, and they were indeed little less than beggars!

Slowly the ruined man awoke to consciousness and gazed vacantly around the luxurious rooms, the troop of servants, and beautiful grounds, for he seemed to dream they were no longer his, and longed to awaken to the reality that should dispel the illusion.

It was even so: he was ruined; and when the sheriff had seized on his all to satisfy his notes as they became due, as much more was still unpaid. Penniless, and with heavy debts dragging him down, he despaired of ever regaining a competence in his fatherland. Then, for the first time, came up visions of the far off land of promise—the land where, by industry and economy, so many fortunes, impaired by misfortune or recklessness, had been retrieved. His very nature was a part of his country, and his heart revolted against a land where the lowest menial was virtually his equal, for the reverence and devotion he willingly accorded to his superiors in his own fatherland he scrupulously exacted from those a grade lower in the social scale than himself.

Ruin, poverty, and disgrace—for to be poor he considered himself as disgraced—stared him in the face, while hope whispered of the hour he could return in affluence, urged him to the step with which he complied, but protested at the necessity that left him no alternative but that of serving as a menial those that had partaken of his hospitality at his own board.

Mrs. Hatfield, when she understood the full import of the disaster that reduced her from affluence to ruin, and saw herself stripped of the surroundings that had made her the envy of her circle, saw nothing further in life worth living for, and only regretted that she had not died before the catastrophe occurred, so that she could have been buried decently; but when her husband gently hinted it was better late than never, she declared he was a brute, a vile beast, to think she would die when there was no prospect of making a decent show at her funeral.

The eldest daughter, Maud, was too much like her father to wish to encounter the pitying glances of those she had moved among, scarcely deeming them her equals in the depth of her proud, exacting heart; but Rose, her younger sister, clung to their old English home, and, like her mother, chose rather to have a narrow home in England than go where the rabble ruled.

When the ship in which he had been given with his family a passage had weighed anchor, he found, to his dismay, the

steerage was crowded with the disciples of the man whom he looked upon as the original cause of his misfortunes, and a half hour after found that Richards himself was a cabin passenger, occupying a state room divided from his own only by a thin partition.

Furious at being brought into such close contact with this man, he lost no time in showing him the ill-feeling entertained against him ; but again he was baffled, for at heart Richards was an arrant coward, and received all such outbursts with the meekest possible grace ; and, to cap the climax of his discomfort, the steerage passengers, who at home had never failed to acknowledge his superiority over them, here greeted him with audacious equality.

“ Good heavens ! what do you take me for ? ” he cried, his burly face flushed with passion, as he was asked to join them in a drinking revel one day.

“ Simply a gentleman,” returned Richards.

“ Then you ought to know better than to take such liberties as to suppose a gentleman could stoop to such low associations as your gang are,” was the curt retort.

“ We are all bound for a free country,” cried a convert, “ where you will have to mend your manners to the like of us.”

“ Tut ! tut ! ” cried Richards, “ the gospel proclaimed by our Prophet teaches unity and brotherly love. Mr. Hatfield has been sorely tried, and if it will be the means of leading him to acknowledge the truth of the gospel proclaimed anew to the world, it will not be in vain ; but, meanwhile, you must bear with him as with one who knows not the soothing influences of our faith.”

Richards was a man of fair talents and good address, was some thirty-five years of age, passable looking, and possessed a capability of adapting himself to all grades of society. Among the refined he affected the gentleman so naturally that he was often mistaken for one ; while with the sturdy artisan he was the hearty hater of all aristocratic pretensions, and talked of equality and fraternity, the right of the labourer to his products, denounced all employers, and made out the case very clear to his own mind that one half of the world was in duty bound to support the other half ; and if they failed to perform their duty, they should be made to exchange places, and vacate their lands and warm houses to the half they had refused to support ; while with the vagabond he was “ Hail fellow ! well met,” and drank bad whisky, smoked villainous cigars, and caroused until there was no mistaking the man, for he was one of them.

If he met with numerous rebuffs from the father, he had better success with the mother and daughter, who, pleased with anything that could while away the tedium of the voyage,

learned to listen with avidity to his descriptions of the land and people to whom they were hastening. When they had tired of the oft-repeated tale, he aroused their curiosity by speaking of the reputed miracles performed by the Prophet, and then led them gradually, cautiously on, until he had expounded to them the mysteries of Mormonism, all but one tenet; for the time had not arrived when he thought it prudent to unfold this mystery of mysteries to them.

Reduced from opulence, Mrs. Hatfield no longer hoped to obtain establishments for her daughters commensurate with her ideas of their deserts, and her anxiety now lay in selecting such as were eligible before they sunk still lower, and precluded their ever associating with those of their own class; for, in her opinion, equality and caste were determined by the style of living and cash at the bank, and those who could not boast of a superiority in both, no matter what their mental and physical acquirements, were among the *canaille*, who ought never to aspire higher than to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for their more successful brothers. Richards' dashing versatility won her regard—his command of ample funds her heart; while his gentlemanly deportment (for he was always on good behaviour in their presence), together with his other advantages, made him, in her estimation, under existing circumstances, a desirable match for Maud, who looked favourably on the young Mormon missionary.

"The world to which we are going, Maud," he said to her, "is far different from that of your old home, whose customs have become perverted, its people enslaved by a false standard of morality set up, and where all live and act under false motives entirely foreign to the promptings of the heart."

"You judge us harshly; although I was not aware that there was so great a difference in the same classes on the two continents."

"I judge you from facts. For instance, at home your pleasure, your happiness, may demand your union to a person whom you detest, and, forsooth, you must admit because others approve it, although your life be embittered, and you pass through an existence intended by the great Being, who is the Father of us all, to be one of mutual happiness."

"Surely this is right; a different state of society would turn the world into disorder, and break every bond that binds the family circle. Certainly, neither law nor custom sanctions a different state of affairs in America," Maud replied.

"Not unless the people desire it," returned the Mormon evasively. "The Union is made up of distinct States, which make the laws that govern their own territory; and whatever laws the people of any one State construct for their own

government, the other States have no right to interfere with ; therefore, it is not necessary for the whole Union to give their assent to any custom to make it legal, or to have custom sanction it ; if one State sanctions it within her territory, it is both legal and right."

"But, does not this state of internal division lead to disorder and crime ?"

"Not at all. If the laws do not suit a person in one State, he has but to remove to another. On the whole, it is a source of satisfaction to all, and is found to be conducive to national prosperity."

"Yet I cannot think it right or just. It is not so at home."

"Oh, no ; there a favoured few enjoy life ; but even they are denied the attainments of the higher sources of domestic happiness ; for there a man may marry a wife and she become ill, or so wedded to her domestic ties as to leave her no inclination to devote an hour out of the twenty-four to him, and he is forced to fly to the bar, the club, or, perchance, a worse place, for companionship, which another wife would have given him at his own fireside !"

"You are as bad in America as the Turks if indeed you carry out the principles you advocate. Really it is horrible !"

"So it looks to you ; for you have never become familiar with its harmonious workings ; although, if you reflect, you will acknowledge it is better so than that our lives should be embittered by a false morality."

The wily Mormon drew the girl's hand towards him, and, bending over her, gazed down into the depths of her earnest eyes, raised with a frightened, deprecating glance to his own. His sophistries bewildered and silenced, though it did not overcome the preconceived ideas of right which she had imbibed ; but she could not combat them, for she had been all her days accustomed to accept life as she had found it in others, and this new phase was unlike all others.

"I tell you of things as they are," continued the tempter in a silvery tone ; "although I agree with you that, where a perfect adaptation to promote domestic felicity exists between two, it is perfectly in accordance with our pursuit of happiness on earth to devote themselves solely to each other. I only speak of those where unforeseen causes prevent this ; but with one who combines accomplishments and a warm, loving heart, these causes could never exist.

Now the hand was caressed lovingly, and his brown waving hair, that clustered around his temples, mingled with her chestnut curls, loosed back from her fair smooth brow, as he bent still lower over her ; but her eyes now shrank from his bold gaze, and the crimson tide tinged her cheek.

"With a woman like you Maud," continued Richards in the same, lulling, winning tone, "the heart would be for

ever at rest ; for your beauty, your accomplishments, leave nothing further to be desired. With a love comprehensive and entire like this I bear you, Maud, for all other women I have ever encountered fall far short of my preconceived ideas of what should perfect the person, mind, and heart. Hope, happiness, life, all, are centred in you, Maud, and you alone can bind my heart in fetters, and make me what you will."

Now the burning lips of the speaker sunk lower until they rested on her brow, his hand closed softly over her own, while his arm wound gently round her, and the bird, bewildered, fascinated, but powerless, sank into the arms of the fowler.

" Maud ! "

The burning kiss was still on her brow, the hand clasped and her form encircled by the Mormon's arm, when a discordant note roused her, and she raised her eyes to encounter the angry, flashing glance of her mother, whose lips were purple with passion, while a pallor, cold and ashy, lay on her distorted features.

Maud, aroused, would have disengaged herself from his arms, but he held her against his heart as he returned the mother's angry frown with a glance of perfect self-possession, and replied calmly—

" Madam, your lovely Maud is joined to me by a tie that no mortal can make nor unloose. Her heart is mine, and mine alone, as mine is hers ; and though you may take her from me and separate us for ever, you can never break nor unloose the chain that joins us, and makes our hearts vibrate to the look or tone of the other. Knowing this, will you separate us, and mar the future of both ? "

" You ! We know nothing of you ! You are a stranger, and it does not become you to woo my daughter without enlightening us upon the ability you have of promoting her welfare," returned the mother, modified by the earnest manner of the Mormon. " Come, Maud, we will see to this," she added gently, as she thought what an advantage it would be to them to have a relative to receive and assist them when they landed, as well as that of a wealthy son-in-law on whom they could rely.

" You can go if your heart is not with me, Maud, although I know it is all my own," returned Richards.

He looked down into the girl's eyes upraised to his, then turned to her mother and said calmly—

" She is all my own, madam ; her heart owns the tie, and it remains only for you to see it lawfully sanctioned, which may be done at any hour you see fit to name—speak, my Maud, may it not ? "

Again those fascinating eyes looked into her own, as the mother, covertly smiling, left the cabin, while hers drooped, the burning lips were against her own, and she was folded to the breast of the Mormon, his tacitly betrothed.

That evening as the ship rocked and rolled over the mighty deep in its course there was revelry on board, for two hands were joined in one, two voices went up in one vow, and as it was recorded the angel of Truth transcribed beneath them the ominous word PERJURY.

The father had growled at the mesalliance, but he had been overruled, and had become reconciled by the time they landed at New Orleans, and as they knew not where else to go, they suffered themselves to be conveyed, with the rest of the emigrants under the guidance of Richards, to the land represented as flowing with milk and honey, where their arrival was looked for with impatience, and a warm welcome would greet them to Independence.

CHAPTER X.

Margaret Guilford's heart misgave her when she approached the place which was to be her future home. To reach it she had traversed high mountains and broad valleys, rivers, and wide prairies, dense, unbroken forests; and now she stood on the borders of civilisation. The forests were boundless and grand, filling the soul with awe—the landscape varying as the waves of the sea, with a still, silent beauty, which filled the eye and charmed the heart. Yet as she looked around her, and saw the rude implements of a frontier life, the coarse accommodation for the pioneers, her heart sickened and longed for the refinements of civilised life. Guilford had accepted the post assigned him by the Prophet, as he did everything else, without reflection; and now, when he was at his post, was astounded to find himself among a set of people who, wretchedly poor, were indebted to the kindness of charity for food and clothing. The best house in Zion, a wretched log hut, had been hastily put together for his accommodation, the crevices between the logs being filled with moss to exclude prying eyes, the wind and rain. It had but one room, a rude bedstead made of rough saplings, and three stools, being its only furniture.

Bewildered and groaning in the agony of his heart at the position into which the rashness of his headlong madness had plunged his gentle, tenderly-reared wife, he stood the picture of despair before her, his face turned away, for he could neither look upon her nor ask her to enter this miserable abode.

“Arthur!” said Margaret, in a trembling tone.

“Oh, Margaret, I cannot bear you should speak so to me! Why did I ever link your destiny with mine to lead you a life

of wretchedness? I am a brute, a villain, call me so, but do not speak to me in that old tone or you will drive me mad. God knows I believed here was a city possessed of all the elegance and necessities of civilisation, or I would have sooner died than brought you here."

"Who led you to believe this falsehood, Arthur?" asked the wife in the same calm tone, but with a perceptible ray of light flashing from her eye.

"The Prophet, else I had not come," returned the husband, the crimson tinging his temples at the recollection of the brilliant hues in Zion which had been painted by the imposter.

"Arthur," and now wounded pride and rising anger tinged her tone, "the man that could insult the wife will blind the husband, if possible. I have reminded you of this before, and now I will add, he is a man destitute of every moral principle, and leads in his train men like you who have been reared in the lap of refinement, but lack that moral independence that makes a master of the man."

"Oh, Margaret!—but go on, I deserve it."

"You certainly do, my husband; but I have no heart to say more than that; our only hope for the future lies in flight before Zion is reached by this imposter, or our fate is sealed."

"I wish to heaven we could! but it is too late—too late!"

"Why too late? Who shall hinder you, if you desire it?"

"My money is nearly to the last dollar expended in reaching this spot," cried Arthur in despair, who seemed to have suddenly awoke to his criminal infatuation.

"This, then, will cause us some delay, but not long, for you have only to send to the bank in Springfield for a supply."

"Would that it were so! for then I would indeed leave this wild, savage place. But I incautiously withdrew my funds from there, placed them in the Kirkland bank, and—"

"What! Did you lose all when the bank failed?"

"We are beggars!" he cried, as he buried his face in his hands, and turned away.

Cold, rigid, and pale, Margaret stood, as the truth rushed upon her with full force, that the imposter was not satisfied with poisoning her husband's mind, but had also robbed them, and rendered them powerless in his hands.

"Oh, Margaret! upbraid me, for I deserve it; but do not look so—you cannot feel our trials more than I do."

Slowly, coldly she turned her eyes upon one on whom they had never fallen coldly before, as she said in a dry, husky tone—

"There is help for us yet. Write to my father and tell him all—it will break his heart to know it, but he will aid you,

and it is better than that you should remain subject to the will of this lawless imposter."

"I can never do this, Margaret—already he has placed in my hands the larger part of his wealth, and, after having criminally suffered this to slip from my hands, I would rather beg than ask him for the pittance he has reserved for his old age!"

The icy chill gathered closer around the young wife's heart as every avenue seemed to be closed against them. She had heard of poverty, but she had never felt it; of deprivations, but all her life her every want had been gratified, and she now had a dim perception of she knew not what; but it seemed to be the approach of an unseen, unknown foe, to fly from whose presence she was powerless.

"Maybe yer tired and hungry after yer journey, and would come home with me and stay a bit, till ye's got yer house kinder home-like," said a vulgar, untidy woman, who had been watching the new comers at a distance, and, gradually edging up to them, delivered her message as she surveyed them more critically than politely.

"Where do you live my good woman?" asked Arthur, catching at the words like a drowning man at a straw.

"I've got no house yet; but do you see that tent there with that bit of red curtain by the door? Well, I live there quite comfortable like till they roll up the logs for me a house."

"Oh!" and with an inexpressible gesture of disgust, Arthur turned his back on his would-be hostess.

"Highly-tity! young man, who are ye that treats a respectable woman like me that way? Ye's better have left yer airs down east, where they like such things; but here I tell ye, we are all equals, and I is jest as good as you or your fine lady here, which ten chances to one is not your wife after all, or any better than she should be!" cried the angry virago, her eyes flashing.

"Betsy, silence!" and a man's heavy hand was laid on her shoulder, as she was about to fire another volley of her artillery at her victims, who were hastening into their house, which they before had not the courage to do, to escape her choice Billingsgate.

The woman sullenly obeyed and retraced her steps, when her master, a finer specimen of manhood than they had seen since they entered the place, respectfully approached them and said in a cheerful, cordial manner—

"I hear you are disappointed at the general aspect of affairs in Zion, and not without cause; yet I assure you they are not so bad as they seem. Everything is entirely new here, but we are making as rapid progress as willing hearts and stout hands will let us. I was really sorry we could not provide you with better accommodation on your arrival;

but we will obviate it in a few days when supplies come in. In the meantime, I must insist upon your making my house your home until your own is in better order."

"Thanks, thanks, we joyfully accept your kindness," returned Arthur, his impressible nature at once picturing to his mind that this man, so superior to those he had encountered, must have a home somewhere where the atmosphere of civilised life would make the place bearable.

"You shall be welcome. My name is Williams. Leave your baggage here—it will be safe, and I will send for it—and come with me.

Margaret nodding assent, Arthur drew her arm within his own, and Williams led the way to his house. This also was roughly built, but it was roomy, and had a rough fence surrounding it; but the grounds within this enclosure were neatly laid out, and planted with various kinds of vegetables, which grew luxuriantly, and reminded them of home. Under the windows, and up the path that led to the house, bright-eyed flowers peeped up to gladden the eye, and as Margaret looked down upon their familiar petals, her aching heart greeted them as a happy omen.

"Mrs. Guilford—Mrs. Williams."

Margaret raised her eyes to the face of a middle-aged motherly woman, who advanced to meet her with extended hand, and as they rested on the face that was regarding her so tenderly, she placed hers within it, and the pent-up fountain overflowed as she sank sobbing into the arms outstretched to receive her.

"Be a sister to her, and God will bless you," said Arthur in a husky voice, as he turned away, while Mrs. Williams gently drew her into an inner room, divested her of her hat and shawl, and extending her on a soft but simply constructed lounge, drew the curtain over the window, and kissing the poor, weary, grieved Margaret tenderly on the forehead, left the room. During this time not a word had been spoken by either, but each one mutually understood the other; that first glance had revealed all that could have been conveyed by words.

The light pattering of the footstep of Mrs. Williams without was all the sound that broke the stillness, and gradually the sobs died away, the tired head and aching heart were lost to consciousness as the eyelids closed in slumber.

When Margaret awoke the curtain was drawn from the window, and Mrs. Williams was bending over her.

"Are you better? I have prepared supper, and if you can eat, you will be stronger for it. Here is water, bathe your face."

"Much better, thank you, but where is Arthur?" asked Margaret, as she rose, and by the aid of her hostess brushed

out the long braids of her hair, and after laving her neck and brow, wound them around her head, where the glossy coils lay like a crown above the white regal brow beneath.

“Mr. Williams is showing him the grounds, rough now, but soon to be smooth and fair. I have sent for them, and they will join you at the table.”

“You are very, very kind,” faltered Margaret, and again the tears welled up from her overcharged heart.”

“This is a rough place for those unused to it, and to help each other is the least we can do. You must be brave to endure, and then deprivation will be robbed of half its terrors,” said Mrs. Williams in a cheerful tone, as she led the way to the adjoining room where the table was spread. The cloth was white as snow, the equipments plain, but well arranged, and the viands, plucked fresh from the garden, were delicious and inviting.

Margaret’s spirits rose with her meal, and when it was finished, and she with Arthur went out into the open air to look around them, and see what manner of place they had alighted on, to his intense satisfaction she expressed a belief that even there life might be made tolerable, if she could board with her hostess, and hear no more of Mormonism.

Delighted, Arthur hastened to make this arrangement, and the next day made over to the angry virago who had first greeted him the log hut intended for his accommodation, thereby changing her wrath, and when the sun went down she averred he was the only real gentleman in the settlement.

As month after month went by the ground became cleared of the rubbish, broad and regular streets were laid out, lots were pegged, not like eastern city lots by the foot, but by the acre, houses were erected with lumber from the mills now in successful operation, and a populous city seemed to have arisen as if by the wave of a magic wand. Arthur was active in superintending the increasing demands of the emigrants as they poured in by thousands, and in the excitement and bustle, into which he entered with all the enthusiasm and ardour of his nature, forgot his losses and disappointments, together with the falsehoods with which the Prophet had induced him to penetrate to the borders of civilisation. Not so Margaret. The wound had been deep, and the man who inflicted it had sunk deeper in her estimation than ever. When a few months had passed, and peace and plenty with the thousands that flocked in and settled down around them, she hoped the worst was over. But the hope at one fell blow was crushed; for word came that the Prophet, with a long train of followers, had already crossed the Mississippi, and was within a few days’ journey of Zion. At once her heart sank within her, for she knew this bad man would

again bend the will of her husband to his own, and lead him away in blind fanaticism.

The community was thrown into great commotion. Many of them had never seen the Prophet, and these were ready to fall down and worship him as a god ; others again, though they were quite well aware he was a man like themselves, yet believed him endowed with divinity, and were ready to reverence him accordingly. The labour that had been pursued so untiringly was deserted, and old and young of both sexes plied their hands to deck the city in gala attire, to welcome the man they looked upon as only second to the Saviour of any man who had ever lived on earth.

Sickened and disgusted at the blind fanaticism bursting out like long smothered flames around her, Margaret kept her room to shut out the hateful sight, her only companion, Mrs. Williams, who, though she believed the imposter to be a genuine Prophet, did not approve of paying him honours, and made no hesitation in saying it was his place to teach, by precept and example, rather than receive their outward honours and emoluments.

The third day afterwards the advance guard of the emigrants came in sight, and by night the last waggon drove in its occupants, weary with long weeks of travel, worn down with deprivations, but in high spirits at having reached their destination. The city had before been crowded with its flocks of inhabitants, encroaching upon each other until the labourers should complete new tenements for them. But now, with these new comers, room could not be found, and they were obliged to resort to frail tents for shelter until their own hands could build for themselves a more substantial abode.

There had been an unusual stir for a few hours after the new arrival, but Margaret supposed it was but a reverberation of that without, which would soon die away ; and closing herself in her room to shut out the discordant sound, awaited its result. Twice Arthur had come to her, agitated more than was his wont, and inquired tenderly if she was well, at the same time suggesting that she should take her meals in her room until the disorder consequent on the large accession of colonists had died away. She assured him it was unnecessary, she was well, it disturbed her very little, and she could not think of making good, motherly Mrs. Williams extra trouble.

He left her, and shortly after supper was announced. On emerging from her room, she was astonished to find herself in the presence of several strangers, and towering above them, with his bold eye and gross features, stood the Mormon Prophet !

For a moment only she hesitated, then, dropping her eyes, was passing on to her place, when Mrs. Williams took

her by the hand, and beckoning the Prophet to approach, said in an earnest, anxious tone—

“Mrs. Guilford, allow me to present to you our Prophet—you, too, must become acquainted.”

“This is a great pleasure; I have longed to meet you,” said the Prophet, who advanced with extended hand to greet her.

She raised her eyes proudly, haughtily, as she calmly folded her hands together, and said—

“This is not the first time we have met—would it were? Then I might have been spared the mortification of seeming unjust by those whose kindness has made life here tolerable. Remember the garden in Kirkland!” and quietly but peremptorily she turned away and seated herself in her place, leaving the abashed Prophet, as she had once before, humbled and cowed.

Arthur, astounded, looked on, and finally took his seat beside her. An awkward embarrassment held them all in check, and in silence the supper was completed, when Margaret arose to retire, and as she was passing out, she said in a clear, gentle tone, as she raised her eyes to Mrs. Williams—

“When you have a few moments’ leisure, will you come to my room?”

The troubled expression died away in an instant from the matron’s face as she encountered Margaret’s eye, and with her cheery “Will be with you presently,” Margaret left the room. But Arthur did not follow her as was his wont—for he sat listening to the words of that dread man, who, now that the restraint was withdrawn, was himself again, exerting all his powers of fascination to bind still closer around his victims the coils of delusion.

Mrs. Williams soon joined Margaret, and then she poured into her sympathising heart all she had suffered from the imposter—for she would call him nothing else. Their meeting in the garden—his robbery of their property—and the tricks he had played on her gifted but over-sanguine husband.

“It is not impossible but that you have been deceived—sometimes two persons bear an unaccountable likeness to each other; and not knowing him, even by sight, you may be mistaken,” gently replied Mrs. Williams.

“It is not possible! I should recognise him among a thousand,” returned Margaret with spirit.

“And yet I cannot think this of the Prophet. He certainly has been shamefully vilified by the Gentiles; yet I have ever thought it was without a cause.”

“Mrs. Williams,” and now Margaret’s full, proud eyes were bent on her, “I have only to say, watch for yourself, and, when you have ascertained, tell me what relationship these women bear to this imposter who sat with their infants in their

arms at the supper table with us to-night, without any other name than the one their parents gave them, and are now under his charge."

Mrs. Williams seemed startled for a moment, then replied—

"They are widows, who, in the kindness of his heart, he protects as far as it is in his power. Surely, such a disinterested act deserves admiration, and it is unjust and unworthy to attribute impure motives to it."

"So it would be, if such is really the case. Ascertain for yourself, and when you are satisfied you will acknowledge the imposter has not been denounced without a cause," returned Margaret firmly.

"You are governed by conscientious motives, I am sure," Mrs. Williams replied in a troubled tone; "but I can never think so good a man as the Prophet guilty of such gross improprieties as your suspicions imply. As watching him will dispel these illusions, without injuring him or us, we may safely do it; and, in the meantime, do not let us borrow useless cares; they come fast enough of themselves." So saying, she left Margaret, grieved and wretched, alone.

An hour passed, when Arthur joined her, and informed her he had been conversing with the Prophet, who magnanimously forgave her for the slight she had publicly put upon him, and honoured her for it, since he was aware it was done under the impression that he was the person she had encountered in the garden at Kirkland. But he was happy to be able to inform her that she was mistaken in the person, as a man answering her description had been arrested for larceny, and had confessed to an attempt to rob the cottage the day she encountered him, and finding he was discovered, had addressed her as he had to divert suspicion from his real object.

"And now," continued Arthur, in a tone of triumph, "I hope to hear no more of it; for, in truth, I am tired of it, as is the Prophet. You treated him shamefully, and I shall insist on your apologising, as it is all the amends you can make for an uncalled for, undeserved act of rudeness."

"Arthur!" cried Margaret in astonishment.

"Well, well, I do not insist now, as I hope your own sense of right will lead you voluntarily to this step," returned the deluded husband uneasily, as he encountered those deep, fathomless eyes fixed mournfully upon him.

"Arthur, I have but this to say, it is final. This imposter is the brutal fellow I encountered in the garden. He can blind you to any extent—sorry am I that truth demands I should utter words that pain me more than they can you—but me never. I am made of sterner stuff than to fall into such shallow trickery as is employed by this whilom vagabond." She had spoken in anger, and her voice was tinged with the bitterness in her heart.

Arthur rose, and she saw the angry flush mount to his brow; but he silently and with compressed lips left the room, and a few moments after she saw him go down the walk from the house arm in arm with the Prophet.

“Oh, God,” she murmured, as she pressed her hands over her heart to still its wild throbbings, “has it come to this? Break, oh break the chains that this bad man has bound around my Arthur, which are slowly, but surely, drawing him farther from me, and opening a yawning gulf between us.”

She could no longer shut her eyes to the fact that her husband's heart was being alienated from her, not to bestow it elsewhere, but it was recoiling on itself, while this dread man stood between her and it. Evidently he was not aware of it himself, and would have been shocked had he known of Margaret's suspicions. He believed he loved her as truly and devotedly as ever, and had no thought to wound or distress her. The poison that had been working in his heart had blunted the finer sensibilities of his nature, and he was no longer capable of entering into the *penetralia* of a sensitively high-toned, pure heart without jarring its chords. The unhallowed tenets he had espoused had marred the purity of his soul, and the tainted atmosphere around him, while it lulled him with its mystic vapours, made him oblivious of the downward path along which he was fast hastening.

CHAPTER XI.

The next morning the Prophet, with the other guests, took his departure, much to the satisfaction of Margaret, who was thus spared being forced into contact with one she loathed more than ever now that she had reason to think that by his influence her husband was being alienated from her. In Arthur's presence she strove to wear the old glad smile, although at the same time the anguish lay heavy on her heart. The songs he loved most she sung to him, and anon she strove to rouse his pride by dwelling on their old haunts in the East, where they moved in the most intellectual and refined circles, which contrasted strangely with the heterogeneous mass of humanity that now surrounded them. He abstractedly listened to all she said, but she saw his thoughts were not with her or the words she uttered. True, he occasionally seemed to be touched by compunction; and for days her heart bounded with the vague hope that he would yet shake off the fascination that was luring him on to ruin, but each time she was doomed to see him relapse into the same groove, after having crushed the dawning light that was stealing round her heart. She had still but one thought, one

desire—to win him away and break the delusion that enthralled and blunted the refined sensibilities of his nature.

To this end she accompanied him wherever he went when she could without having her eyes and ears shocked by the coarse brutality of those who formed two-thirds of the city's inhabitants. As she was returning from one of these walks one day, what was her astonishment to meet face to face one who, when she was last in Boston, was the then reigning belle. Beautiful and accomplished, and then the latest bride, Mrs. Cobb quened it with absolute sway, while those she held in her train were only too glad to win one glance from her bright eye or smile from her lip to repay them for months of devotion. It was the fashion then to toast and ape her, and her votaries gave even more than the fickle goddess demanded. Eagerly Margaret greeted her, and as eagerly was the greeting returned.

"This is such a pleasure. I have so longed to see some one I once knew—some one who could understand me when I spoke of the past."

"Nor am I less glad to meet you again—it is pleasant always to meet old friends when so far from home. I almost envy you that you have your husband with you," returned Mrs. Cobb, as she noticed Arthur was regarding her uneasily, and was evidently anxious to draw Margaret away.

"Why so? Surely Mr. Cobb is with you?" cried Margaret in astonishment; and now she noticed what had escaped her before, that the beauty, once so noble, commanding, and lovely, had acquired a gross, bold cast, which robbed her of the witching modesty that had been her greatest charm.

"No, he is too worldly; and I dared not peril my eternal salvation by tarrying; so I, with my little daughter, came away without him, although I have strong hopes he yet will embrace the truths of the Prophet, join us, and travel with us to the better world, which is fast approaching."

"Oh, Mrs. Cobb, you surely did not leave your husband, home, friends, all, to join the ranks of the wretched fanatics—"

"Come away, Margaret!" whispered Arthur, and he forcibly drew her along, while Mrs. Cobb, with a toss of the head and a smile of contempt on her beautiful lips, passed on.

"What does this mean, Arthur? I do not understand it," said Margaret, perplexed at what she saw and heard, but more than all at Arthur's uneasiness at her eager greeting of one with whom they had both, but a few short years before, been on terms of the closest intimacy.

"I hardly know myself; there was a difficulty and a divorce. She embraced Mormonism, and has joined us like thousands of others. I wish you had not seen her; she is very devout, yet—"

"Well, what am I to understand from all this, Arthur? Something is wrong, I am sure, or Mrs. Cobb would never be here alone, I am confident."

"There may be, but I don't know. It is said there is a second who is with her, but whom it is necessary should not be known as such. Pshaw! what am I talking about? I am sure it is right enough. The people here are not addicted to scandal, and no one meddles with his neighbour's business. You must curb this scandal-loving propensity, which I am sorry to see is growing upon you, Margaret, and then you will be far happier," returned Arthur, who now had gained his composure and the cold chilling air that was gradually becoming habitual to him.

He had already learned to repeat a falsehood without a blush. He well knew this woman had dishonoured her name, and ignominiously fled from the husband with one Brigham Young, who was a fit disciple of the Prophet's, and practised the things for which he and his followers had already become notorious.

Arthur knew all this when he told Margaret he did not; and even more—he knew that Brigham Young had a wife and two children then in Zion; that he had represented to Mrs. Cobb, when he entered her home with the fascination of a serpent and beguiled her away with him, that he was unmarried, and would make her his wife as soon as a divorce could be had to make their marriage legal. Simple woman! she dishonoured herself, broke the heart and blasted the life of a husband who doted on her, brought shame and disgrace on relatives and children, and, when too late, another woman, with a babe but a few months old, who gleefully cried "papa" at her betrayer's approach, stood between her and the legal wife. She at first raved madly at the deception, but finally became pacified with her lot; and it was thus when Margaret met her.

* * * * *

The downward path is always rapid, and what accelerates the speed is the peculiarity that the doomed one is oblivious of his own descent. He is heedless alike to reason or argument, heeds nothing but the present, and never, until too late, sees the gulf that yawns below him.

The long journey of Richards and his converts across the ocean from England, up the Mississippi through half a continent, up the Missouri across a state to the Zion which they had longed to behold, was drawing to an end. As they approached, the Mormon saints went out to meet them, and, as they drew near, there were welcome greetings, voices of joy and hope, and the wearied converts in that hour felt repaid for all their toil.

Richards, who had rarely left his newly-made bride's side, to whom he had been entirely devoted, as they entered the city left her, and, mingling among the crowd, was lost to sight for awhile. She, with her father, mother, and Rose, advanced bewildered through the crowd, straining her eyes to catch sight of the one to whom she looked for aid and direction. Her efforts were fruitless, and she began to be annoyed that he should leave her when she most needed him, when the crowd parted, and through it she saw her recreant lord fold again and again in his arms a middle-aged woman, who held by the hands two young children, whose unmistakable likeness to Richards told plainly whom they called father.

Frantically grasping her father's arm she, speechless with horror, pointed to the little group.

"Richards, what is the meaning of this?" cried the choleric Englishman. "Come, you will get yourself into a fine scrape if you intend to embrace all the women present before the very eyes of your wife. The little bride is jealous now, I see by her eyes."

"You are not fair, old man. You should give him a chance to say a word to his old wife, from whom he has been absent these two years; the new love does not always displace the old one," cried a burly fellow with a leer.

With a fearful oath the Englishman raised his cane and sprang at the fellow, who coolly caught it, and, as he laid an iron grasp on the old man's shoulder, said—

"This won't do here. I have said nothing but the truth. That woman is his wife, and has been these five years, and a fine woman, though a little faded, she is. I suspect he has been playing you a trick, for Richards is a gay boy; but such things pass for nothing here when you once get used to them." And now the glance he cast on poor Maud, who stood pale and rigid, and almost deprived of consciousness, was one of pity.

Shaking off her grasp, Mr. Hatfield bounded forward with the ferocity of a tiger, grappled the seducer by the throat, bore him to the ground, and the two rolled over for a moment together, when the old man's hand relaxed, the seducer sprang to his feet, and bending over his assailant, who lay rigid before him, saw that he was dead. His old enemy apoplexy, brought on by the terrible wrong suffered at Richards' hands, had taken his life, which went out with fearful maledictions on the head of him who had so foully disgraced his name.

The wife and daughters, paralysed with the double woe that had fallen upon them, strove to bring the dead to life; but when they saw how unavailing were their efforts, they clasped the lifeless form in their arms, while their wails of grief rent the air. Richards, who had stood perplexed and

annoyed, now advanced, and throwing his arm around Maud, attempted to soothe her.

“Maud, no one regrets this fearful occurrence more than myself. He was hasty, and acted without reflection; but I assure you most solemnly, my heart and hand are as much yours as when I gave them to you.”

“And she—what is she, if I am your wife?” cried Maud, throwing his arm from her as she drew up her proud form, and pointed to the woman he had greeted so tenderly, and who, with her children clasped in her arms, was sobbing bitterly.

“She is also my wife; we are not restricted to one wife in this free country, but can love as many as we can find room for in our hearts.” Again he attempted to throw his arm around her, but she thrust it from her with a gesture of loathing, as she replied in a cold, husky tone—

“Richards, I have loved you. I know not why, but I do so no longer. What I have seen within the last half hour has caused me to loathe your presence. I know not, nor care not, what may be your laws here, but this act at home would have put you where you belong—in a felon’s cell. Go! you have disgraced a whole family, and, to crown the act, have murdered its head!” And haughtily she turned from him, and went to the mother and sister who still were weeping over the dead, and strove to bring them to act as became them in this terrible hour of sorrow. She could not weep; the blow had been so powerful that it benumbed her faculties.

“Madam, things are not so bad as they appear,” whispered a silvery voice in her ear, and turning, she stood face to face with the Prophet.

“Can you give me back my father’s life, or even my own purity?” demanded Maud, in a tremulous yet excited tone.

“Your father has gone to the better land; such is the final end of us all. Greater purity than you now possess no one could give. Be comforted, and allow me to see you are cared for for the present,” and beckoning to some lookers-on, he motioned them to raise the body; and drawing Maud’s and the mother’s arms within his own, he moved on after it, as he whispered to Arthur, who stood near, to lead Rose.

As they moved from the spot, Richards went up to his wife, and taking the youngest child in his arms, said cheerfully—

“Come, Maria, show me the home they have given my wife and children during my absence. Come, you, too, do not distrust me surely?”

“You promised so faithfully that you would not bring another woman between me and you. I never thought you would, and now I am sure my heart is breaking,” sobbed the wife.

“Neither have I, Maria. All the old love I ever bore you is still fresh and warm in my heart; but I must obey the commands of my God, who has ordered us to do this. Maud is a lovely woman, but cannot compare with you, Maria; neither can she ever rob you of my love, or displace you as the first in my heart.”

“I am not content that she should be there as even second—I love only you, and I want a return of all I give—it is cruel to offer less!”

“How selfish my little wife is! I fear you have kept yourself too closely in my absence, and have become sad and querulous.”

“I was a wife and mother, and have striven to do my duty, that when you returned you would find a home, and wife, and children with open arms to welcome you.”

“And you have done nobly; you are more beautiful in my eyes now than even at the hour when you were first a bride; while my lovely children here are all I could have wished for, and they make me doubly fond of the woman who has reared them for me. Ah! is this our home?”

“Yes, it is humble; but the Prophet and patriarchs have been kind to me, and it is comfortable.” Together they entered, and Maria, although she felt a crushing load weighing down her heart, dried her tears, somewhat reassured, and commenced preparing the evening meal.

Richards was uneasy. Maria saw that; and the quick eye of the mother detected him putting away from him the little clinging hands when he thought her eye was not on him, although he was loud in admiration of them at other times. This sent a new pang to her heart, for she remembered with what delight they were clasped in his arms before he went abroad. A deep, deadly hatred arose in her breast against the women who she knew, despite his protestations, occupied the first place in his heart; for there was no degree to her love for her husband—it was all-absorbing, entire; and whoever stood between her and him was her deadly foe.

“Shall I see my children put aside for her and hers, while I am neglected? Never! Let the syren beware, for death will be preferable to life with a woman basking in the love all my own until she came between us.”

Thus mused the wife after Richards had gone out, leaving her and her babes alone. After his long absence, she had a right to expect he would give her a little of his society; but she soon saw his thoughts were not with her or his little ones, and the heart that had always been loving, gentle, and obedient, with all gentleness crushed out, bounded in resentment and anger.

Her two children, frightened at the altered countenance of a mother whose looks and words had ever been fraught with

tenderness and love, clung in terror to her side, weeping bitterly at they knew not what, save that they saw that her heart was wrung with agony and grief.

Frantically she caught them in her arms, pressed them tenderly to her heart, then putting them away, paced the room with a quick, angry step, while she piteously wrung her hands.

“For this,” she muttered angrily, “I have waited patiently his return—have never for one moment ceased to think of the hour when he should come to reward me for these years of lonely watching over his babes. Instead of this, he has forgotten the wife of his youth, the mother of his children, and has taken to his heart a younger, a fairer bride. Oh, God! why hast Thou made this cross for me, for it is more than I can bear!”

CHAPTER XII.

When Richards left his wife at the close of the evening meal he wended his way hurriedly to the house of the Prophet. In remaining the brief moments he had with Maria he blindly thought he had pacified her woman's trusting heart, and now his thoughts reverted to Maud, whom he feared he would find more trouble to appease.

There was a long consultation held between the Prophet and Richards, when the latter, though evidently loath to leave, retired without having seen either of those for whom he came, and he returned to a wife whose love, trust, and faith in him he had so outraged. The storm had passed from Maria's heart, but the scathing lightning had done its work. She was calm, cold, and determined, and her eye gleamed with a wild light sadly at variance with the serene pale brow above it, and the deep-toned, slow measured words with which she returned his greeting. She had laid her babes to rest before he came, and, blind as he had become by the riot of passion, he saw he had deceived himself, and that Maria's demeanour boded no good for his future peace with Maud. But he saw not all, for peremptorily she bade him occupy a separate chamber, and shut herself in another with her babes.

“But, Maria, this is folly, worse than madness. All of our leading men have done the same thing, and wherein am I worse than they are?” remonstrated Richards.

“It is too late for remonstrance now: the deed is done!” returned the wife, in that low, calm, fearful tone that had fallen so bodily on his heart, while those flashing eyes seemed to eat into his brain. “And were it not, I have no heart to beg for what should voluntarily be all my own. You have placed an insurmountable barrier between us; be it so. Henceforth we are strangers to each other!”

“Humph! you will come to your senses—no doubt of that; a little wholesome neglect will do the business for you,”

muttered Richards angrily, as the door closed between them, and he found that between his wife and mistress he was forced to occupy a solitary bed.

At dawn, before Maria was out of her room, he arose, let himself cautiously out, and hastily left the house ; but an eye that had not been closed during all those weary hours in which he had so calmly slumbered was on him ; the burning eyeballs strained after him as he defiantly and angrily strode away. This was the wholesome neglect which was to tame her down and prove a balm to her outraged womanhood. Had he seen that pale, rigid face and those gleaming eyes follow and mark the direction he took, he would have awakened to a new phase in his wife's character that had hitherto slumbered unknown even to herself.

The voices of her babes as they awoke recalled the wretched mother to herself. She lifted the rosy, laughing things from their bed, bathed their tiny, dimpled limbs, dressed them in their daintiest robes, and seating them on her knee, brushed out the soft, glossy hair, wound it round her finger, and dropped the clinging curls around their little heads. This was not wonderful in itself, for so she had done from the hour they were given to her keeping. Hitherto she had done it in the pride of maternity, wondering the while what the absent one would say on his return, when he saw his children grown so beautiful in his absence. For then—ah ! happy trusting wife and mother !—she had his pledged word that no other woman should come between them ; and, in the innocence and purity of her heart, the possibility that her idol could break his word and perjure his soul never occurred to her. Now she did it mechanically. No hope beamed in the future to brace her heart, for he had come, but another was with him—another held the heart once her own in thralldom ; and her treasures, *their* children, as well as herself, had no further charms for the recreant husband and father.

The day and night went, and the next day, when Hatfield was laid in his last, narrow bed, but still the wretched wife of him who had caused his death saw not the one who had plunged the family in shame and her in sorrow.

When Richards went out from his wife and children he hovered around the house that enclosed his victim, although he dared not intrude so soon upon their grief. Towards evening, after the funeral, he persuaded one of the Prophet's mistresses to privately deliver a note to Rose, the only one he dared now approach, and then anxiously retreated to the farther part of the grounds that enclosed the Prophet's dwelling ; and, in the shadow of a tree, he awaited the issue. Darkness gathered slowly until lights moved about the house, and, with a feverish anxiety, he peered into the darkness around.

A light nervous step approaches, pauses, then again advances, and the airy form of Rose Hatfield is clearly defined by the tempter, who springs forward, raises the half child half woman in his arms, and in fond soothing endearing tones, bears her into the shadow of the tree.

“ I knew your love was sincere—that you would come. Oh, Rose, you know not all I have suffered since the fatal occurrence that parted us ; but now that I once again hold you in my arms, and press my lips to your own, I feel that life has still happiness in store for us.”

“ Oh, we have done wrong, very wrong,” replied the child, nestling closer in the arms that enfolded her, “ and never, until since we landed here, did I feel how wrong was our intercourse. All looks dark and gloomy around me, and I can no longer conceal this from others, for even now my mother looks strangely on me, and I feel as if I should sink into nothingness before her eye, as it rests inquisitively upon me. Alas ! alas ! I am so wretched ! ” and she wrung her hands piteously as she raised her soft eyes, suffused in tears, to his.

“ Does my Rose value my love so little that she is wretched while in the full possession of it ? ” returned the tempter reproachfully.

“ I don't know—I cannot understand it. I love only you, and how can you love Maud and Maria besides me ? Alas ! I fear we are ruined—lost—lost for ever. Maud says we are, and she knows not yet that I, too, am your wife ; but thinks us all ruined by her being yours while you love another.”

“ You certainly do not think this, for I told you of my connections here before we were married, on ship-board, for then, as now, I knew I might trust your love for me. Ah, Rose, my heart is so entirely yours that my interest must be your interest also ; and yours must be the task to break it gently to your mother, and appease Maud, and lead her to look on this matter in its true light. In doing this, you will hasten your own interest by advancing the day when I can in public proclaim you my wife, and unite me once more to Maud, who commands my respect and admiration, although not my love—that is all your own. The Lord has, in consideration of our obeying His precepts, given us privileges not accorded to the Gentiles, as he did the patriarchs of old, and this is one of them ; and though we may love only one, as Jacob did, yet it is our duty to avail ourselves of these privileges, and thus rear up a holy people to rule the earth. In obedience to this, I married Maud, but you I wedded because I loved you, and secretly, that the prejudice of old down-trodden Europe, which your family still cherished, might not stand in the way of our mutual happiness. When these prejudices are appeased, you shall be owned openly as my best beloved, my most trusting and obedient wife. For, while

the others owe no less obedience to my commands, as their husband, they are less willing to acquiesce in my irrevocable decisions."

"And until that day arrives—oh! it is a torture to wait an hour longer. You do not know how wretched I feel under suspicious eyes—how they seem to burn into my soul, and drag thence, and hold up to contemptuous scorn, the terrible reality that soon must reveal itself!"

"Are you, then, so weak in spirit that you cannot bear this for a season, for my sake? I thought you loved me better than that, Rose!"

"God knows I do love you, all too well; but in mercy take pity on me, or I must die in shame, for I can no longer endure this suspense. Would to Heaven the sun would never again rise on me, for all light and every sound that falls on my ear seem to add new torture to my over-burdened heart!"

"But think of Maud and your mother; they would never become appeased if we thus continue to irritate them!"

"The die is irrevocably cast. Think you they would bear the knowledge they soon must have better than that I were your wife?"

"My dearest Rose, you distress me beyond measure; but if you can manage to keep them in the dark a few days longer, and in the meantime use all your efforts to soften Maud's anger towards me, it shall be as you desire. But I warn you against revealing one word concerning my connection with you without my full consent—nothing but the most disastrous consequences would follow it. You promise this?"

"I promise."

"That is my own darling wife. Be patient and all will be well; and Maud's reconciliation to me shall give me publicly my best-loved wife."

A heavy sigh heaved that child-like bosom when she saw and felt how powerless she was swayed by the strong man's will, and, like the bird fascinated, she resigned herself to a doom she had no power to avert. But hope yet buoyed her up; and, though she felt how weak was the promise given her, she set herself to the task of seeing the conditions fulfilled. Maud indignantly commanded her to silence when she sought to extenuate the acts of her betrayer, while she only piteously moaned and wrung her hands as she prayed for death to release her from the ineffaceable stain that lay like a canker upon her. When Rose sought to soften her grief, she chid her, and bade her never mention the hated name in her presence again; and then that troubled, inquiring look rested on the shrinking, child-like form before her, and the wailing moan grew lower, deeper, until it sank into her young bruised soul, for it told her too plainly to be misunderstood

that grief was breaking Maud's heart. How, then, could she bear the greater woe soon to come upon herself? Alas! alas! for the beautiful, the gentle, the fallen child!

Richards and Rose now agreed to meet every evening on the same spot to report progress. But there was no progress made on the half-distracted mother and outraged Maud; and poor Rose, as day after day went by, grew despairing.

"Maud loved me," said Richards, during one of the interviews; "could I manage to meet her by herself I have little doubt I could induce her to listen to reason; but as long as she refuses to see me I can do nothing."

"I could get you into her presence if she would not instantly leave the room, which I am almost sure she would," said Rose, eagerly grasping at this faint ray of hope.

"I will risk that, if you will take the time I choose, and give her no hint of what is going on."

"It makes little difference as to time—the sooner the better; every day it is deferred is so much time lost."

"Where does she sleep? Hist! someone is near. I hear footsteps."

"I hear nothing," returned Rose, bending her head eagerly in a listening attitude. Then she added, "That is her window over which the muslin curtain is drawn, through which a light faintly gleams; but I warn you against strongly agitating her, for she is much changed and very ill."

"Is it that small window on the first floor? Then our task is easy. I can go through the window, and you need have no hand in the matter," he cried exultingly.

"That is impossible; Maud day and night keeps it fastened down, and her door locked also. She fears you will thrust yourself into her presence."

"Why, you little innocent, I shall expect you will see that the fastenings to the window are removed. Maud is my wife, and there is no harm in it, you know; and I flatter myself that I still possess the charms that first won her, for I know full well she loves me."

"Then to-night I will remove the fastenings from the window; but I know Maud too well to think you will succeed in a reconciliation. It is, however, our last resource," and a shudder ran through the child, as a possibility of failure forced itself upon her.

Sadly she set about her object, not that she thought she was performing a wrong act, for, alas! the wily sophist had so polluted the fountain that the whole current of her mind was tainted by the foul contagion. She believed she was doing a good deed in striving to reconcile Maud to one she believed was her husband, for she knew not the depth and turpitude of crime that lay coiled deep in the heart of this man, who had lulled to slumber the monitor in her heart

which should have saved her at first, but which ceased to upbraid her, as lower and lower she sunk into the seducer's toils.

"Maud, dear sister Maud, are you better to-night?" gently asked Rose, as she entered her sister's room, and glided into a seat near her.

A quickened flush shot across Maud's pale brow, as she raised her eyes to Rose, but it died as quickly away, and she replied—

"No, thank Heaven for the mercy, I am no better, and long for the hour that shall blot my name from earth. To die and lie quietly away, where no eye can mock my misery, is gain; to live is too exquisite a torture to last long!"

"Dearest Maud, why distress yourself so? This is the custom among this people, and no one thinks less of them for it. Indeed, I have seen myself the greatest respect accorded to the second and third wife of the Prophet. It is considered an honour."

"Stop! for Heaven's sake, stop!" cried Maud, passionately, "or I shall think you have gone mad; for no sane English-woman can so far forget the dictates of virtue as to defend such monstrous outrages of decency, and both moral and civil law."

"But, dear sister, we must now consider ourselves as inhabitants of another hemisphere, the laws and customs of which are entirely different from our own," returned Rose, as her eyes drooped, and her cheek flushed before the angry brow of her sister.

"Rose! Rose Hatfield!" said Maud, in a calmer, sterner tone, "is it possible you have suffered your ears to be polluted with these monsters, that you defiantly trample on the decencies of civilisation, and advocate a return to brutal barbarism, because we have been inveigled among a horde of worse than savages, who seem to be destitute of every virtue that elevates and sanctifies the heart?"

"You wrong me, Maud, cruelly wrong me; yet I know it is because you misunderstand me," returned Rose, and a cold sickening sensation crept round her heart, as her sister's words recalled the terrible reality that held her in its coils. Turning away to hide the tell-tale shame that dyed her neck and brow, she approached the window, and parting the curtains, looked out upon the calm majesty of the night that enshrouded the city. The moon in stately grandeur was in the east, its full, silvery beams falling calmly over the earth, as if there was no sin, sorrow, grief, or woe to be lit up by its radiance. Before her in bold relief stood the stately tree, its wide-spreading branches throwing a shadow around its trunk, but she knew none the less that one was there who, in suspense, awaited her action, and then all she hoped to gain rushed upon her,

and, sliding her hand beneath the curtains, the window fastenings were removed, and she turned away calm. She resumed her seat for a few moments, but she felt she could not bear the searchings of Maud's eye, and bidding her good night, left her.

Poor Maud, a new bitterness had entered into her heart already crushed to the earth with shame and grief. The poison she saw too plainly had been instilled into the heart of her young sister, and so rapid was its growth as to already begin to bear its bitter fruits. She saw this by the deadened sense of right and wrong, the calmness with which she apologised for that from which she ought to have turned in loathing. Long she paced her room in agony; but turn as she would, every avenue to save the young girl seemed closed, save immediate flight with her and her mother, and that she resolved on at early dawn, even if it had to be done on foot. The danger that menaced Rose aroused her to activity, but she had no thought of where she should go—she cared not: her only thought was to place distance between the tempters and her young sister. Alas! had she known all, she might well have despaired, and prayed for what was already near. Hour after hour went by, and as her resolution centred on flight, her strength gave way, and she sank exhausted on her couch. Then she felt how rapidly had her health and strength declined, and how unfit she was to carry out her purpose. Tears for the first time came to her relief, soothing her heart and cooling her brain, when she sank into a deep, calm slumber.

Richards had seen the curtain parted by Rose, marked the white dimpled arm raised, and his heart leaped in exultation.

“The little witch,” he muttered, “how she loves me! I knew I might trust her. After all I am not sure but what it is better to have all the marriages done privately—I am sure it works better, as it makes them more obedient, and serves the same purpose.”

As one by one he saw the lights extinguished in the several apartments, he approached Maud's window, and cautiously peered in at the side where the falling fold of the curtain gave him a glimpse of the interior. Maud was then pacing the room, and he saw on her pale brow that which checked his hand as he was about to lift the sash. Gradually every light was extinguished except hers, but still she paced the room with that look on her fine rigid features that held him in awe. Approaching footsteps alarmed him, and he cautiously stole around the corner of the house, but kept watch of the intruder whom he saw now distinctly, and recognised as the man who had led away Rose when they first arrived, Arthur Guilford.

Cautiously Guilford approached a window, the same size as Maud's, and tapped gently on a pane of glass, when the window was raised from within. He entered, and it was instantly closed.

Could that be Rose's room? At this thought the hot blood leaped to Richards' brain, and regardless of caution or ought save to seek vengeance on his rival, if such he was, he approached the window with flashing eyes and clenched hands, and raising it dashed aside the curtain, when the form of a woman folded in the arms of Guilford stood revealed in the clear moonlight. He saw it was not Rose, and then he turned to fly, but the iron grasp of Guilford was on his arm as he demanded in a low, menacing tone—

"For what are you here? Do you come as a spy? or are you such a poor fool as not to know the virtue of steel with which I might shut your mouth at any moment?"

"I am no spy. I have mistaken the room; neither you nor the woman within are the ones I am searching for."

"Oh, foraging on your own account! Well, mum is the word, and success to you."

Abashed and vexed at himself, he once more returned to Maud's window, peered through at the side of the curtain, and saw her exhausted and weeping bitterly, and watched her as she sobbed herself to sleep. The light was flickering in its socket, and in a few moments more the room was still and dark, save only as the outlines of its furniture and inmate were relieved by the moon, as its beams fell through the muslin curtain and defined them from the darkened room.

Noiselessly he raised the sash, crept in, and approached the bed on which his innocent victim lay. Her head rested on her arm, and her hair having become loosed from her comb, lay in tangled waves over the pillow. Tears still glistened on the pallid cheek, which had lost its hue of health, while the sunken eyes and pale lips told of the suffering she endured. His heart smote him for the deed he had done as he looked down upon her, and in the stillness of the hour he repented the act. But it could not be undone; she was now among the fallen; but he resolved if it was in his power, by love and kindness, to win her to a reconciliation. The blooming Rose was forgotten in that hour, for then he promised himself Maud alone should reign in his heart. Treacherous, vacillating, and the slave of passion, he believed he would do this; but as well might he have endeavoured to stem the ocean's tide.

He laid his hand softly on hers, and found it dry and feverish, and, bending low over the slumbering sufferer, saw her breathing was quick, irregular, and broken by sobs, as if her slumbers were haunted by the grief that was preying upon her life. Her womanly dignity awed the demon in his heart, even in her slumber, and he shrank from arousing her, but

noiselessly crept on the couch beside her, laid his guilty head on her pillow, and softly placed his arm by the side of hers on which her head reposed, and drew the head of his victim on his bosom, where she had reposed with such perfect trust while she believed him all that was manly, noble, and worthy of her love. He would have pressed his polluted lips on that suffering brow, but as he bent over her his heart recoiled, and the pressure of that fair, beautiful head on his arm checked the master that held him in such ignoble bondage. So calm and serene was the hour, so holy the peaceful sufferer, that it sent feelings of repose through his whole being, and, closing his eyes under its influence, he also slept.

That evening Maria had laid her babes away to rest, and then, when there was no voice to soothe the agony that was gnawing at her heart, her fearful wrongs awoke the demon in her breast, and all the pent-up vindictiveness it called into being rushed like a lava tide over her woman's soul, blasting every emotion save that of a deadly hatred against the being she believed had lured her husband's love from its allegiance. Hardly conscious of any definite purpose, she went out into the open air, for it seemed as if the confinement of the house, with its dim loneliness, was suffocating her. The bitter desolation that weighed down her soul was more than her reason could bear, and when she saw the lights in the house of the Prophet, and knew one of them shone from her window, in whose presence, perhaps, even then her perjured husband was basking, careless and gay, callous to her grief, while she, lonely and forsaken, was left to pine in sorrow. As these thoughts ran riot through her brain she went out from the grounds that enclosed her own dwelling towards the gleaming lights. The smile of madness curled her white, defiant lips, while its light flashed from her eager, threatening eyes; but on she went; why, she thought not, cared not. The rude paling that enclosed the Prophet's ground obstructed her way momentarily, but she scaled it, and as her feet struck the ground, voices met her ears, and, cowering down in the shadow of the paling, her quick ear detected whence they came. Stealthily as a tigress creeps up to its prey she crept up to those her heart told her were the ones she sought, with a small bowie knife clenched firmly in her hand, and madness and death gleaming from her eye. When within a few feet of them they suddenly moved away, and Maria returned to the shadow of the fence where she again hid in its friendly shade. She saw her rival go on to the house and her husband return to the tree, where he had met his victim, and now her woman's curiosity was aroused to know why he tarried. Would she return?

"If she does," cried the wife, and eagerly she glanced along the keen glittering blade she held in her hand.

The parted curtain—the raised arm—the stealthy advance of her husband to the window—the approach and entrance of Guilford, and finally the entrance of her own guilty husband, were all seen, and now she understood what she had never dreamed of before. Noiselessly she too advanced, and at the side of the curtain saw the spoiler draw the head of her sleeping rival on his bosom. This was too much, for she grew sick at heart, her brain reeled, and sinking to the ground, she remained long in a dreamy, half-conscious stupor. The moon's bright beams had ascended still higher, and now shot their rays through the window, and every object stood revealed in their silvery light, when she once more peered into that room. Now she saw they both slept, and the sight of the peaceful slumber of her rival, reposing on that bosom which should have been all her own, again aroused the demon in her heart. Raising the sash, she crept in, bent over her, marked the smooth, beautiful brow, the glossy waves of hair, the finely-chiselled features, and full, voluptuous form, and contrasted them with her own faded beauty, once as lovely as that before her, but now with the roseate hues faded—faded in his service, and now trampled upon as valueless.

A demoniacal laugh issued from her rigid lips as she gloated over the sleeping victim, when the steel glittered once in the air, descended, and was raised reeking with the victim's life-blood! Again it descended, when the maniac murderess leaped through the window, and fled to her home and innocently sleeping babes.

CHAPTER XIII.

There was a gurgling groan and stifled sob, the round white arms were frantically tossed in air, as the murderess bounded away, and the warm life blood spouting in jets high and descending on the victim and her betrayer.

“My God! who has done this?” cried Richards, with a shudder of horror, as he bounded from the bed and strove to raise his victim in his arms. Recoiling from him as from a viper she shrank away as she strove to speak, but the words died on her lips as those large gazelle-like eyes, with their accusing lightning flash, burnt into his soul and seemed to say—

“Thou murderer.”

“Never, never, Maud,” he cried frantically. “As there is a God in Heaven I would have shielded your life with my own. Speak, Maud, and tell me you do not believe me guilty. Oh, God, she is dying! Help—help, there is murder here! Maud is dying!” As, obedient to his frantic calls, the door was burst open, and a motley throng pressed into the chamber the gurgling of the throat ceased, the eyes became fixed with

a fearful accusing look on her betrayer's face, and Maud was dead.

"Maud! Maud!" cried Rose, and with a frantic shriek she sprang forward and folded the dead in her arms, while the crimson life-blood of her sister dyed her own garments.

"Richards has killed his wife!" now rung wildly through the house. Richards reeled back against the wall as the appalling cry fell on his ears, his face and hair dripping with clotted gore, which slowly trickled down his garments, giving his pallid face a hideous hue. So suddenly had the murder occurred he was paralysed with fright, and as his mouth worked in frightful contortions, the affrighted inmates started in horror from the inhuman spectacle.

There was a heart-broken cry, not loud, but deep and thrilling, and the mother of the victim tottered forward, bent over her murdered child, then straightening up her bowed form, she gazed vacantly around her, until her eye rested on Richards, when she bounded on him like a tigress on her prey, grappled him and dragged him to the floor, as she yelled with maniacal laughter—

"The fiends are waiting for you below, and I am sent to bring you. Come along, Maud has gone, her father is gone—Rose will follow, and we will be all there together. Ha! ha! Maud shall still have a merry bridal, worthy of her station and beauty."

As they rolled together on the floor, the strong man in the clutches of the poor heart-broken maniac, an iron grasp seized her arm, and she was forcibly lifted to her feet by the Prophet, whose bold commanding eye awed and subdued her although she still pointed to the betrayer with menacing gestures. The Prophet, with soothing words, attempted to lead her from the room, but she broke from him, and raising the head of her murdered child in her arms, murmured in soft, soothing words—

"Sleep, my beautiful, my darling, you look so pale and weary: when you awake, we will go home to our own England, where the servants in our beautiful home await our coming—it is very sad and lonely here, such a place as this is not fit for us, we all pine for our old home. Sleep on, my beautiful, my darling; when you awake your father will take us away."

"Mother! oh, my mother!" and Rose laid her head, sobbing and bewildered, on that faithful, suffering bosom.

"My sweet Rose, do not weep; you will awake your sister, and she is so weary. How my brain throbs and my heart aches with weariness;" and she put back the hair from her throbbing temples, and pressed her burning lips to Rose's brow.

A fearful foreboding pressed upon Rose's young heart, and forcing back the agony that was weighing her down, she dashed away the tears, and in a calm, hollow tone she attempted to lead her mother away.

"No, no, Rose, who should watch Maud if not I? She will awake soon, and then we will go home—home, how I long to be there! Have the servants arrived with the carriage yet? I bade them come at this hour, for Maud will soon awaken now."

"Rose, leave her to herself awhile; she is beside herself, but it will soon pass away, and then she will listen to reason," said the Prophet gently, as he drew her away. Stepping back a few paces she stood face to face with the betrayer, when a sudden faintness overpowered her, and she leaned against the Prophet until it had passed, when she stretched her hands imploringly towards the wretched man, as she cried in piteous accents—

"You did not do this—say you did not—that your hands are innocent of my sister's blood; see, I kneel to you to spare me this—to hear you say you are innocent;" and the poor child threw herself at his feet, and clasped the knees of her betrayer.

"I call my God to witness my innocence," he murmured, as he stooped to raise her.

"I knew it; I knew it. You could not commit such a crime," cried the trusting child, as she sprang to her feet. Then she added doubtingly, "But who else could have done it?—no one was in the room besides you with poor Maud."

"Perhaps it is a suicide," said the Prophet in an apologetic tone.

A cry of pain escaped Rose's pale lips at the thought, and Richards attempted to refute it, when the Prophet motioned him to silence, and a moment after whispered in his ear—

"Let them all think so if they will. I know better, for I have seen blood-stains on the window where the murderer escaped, but we shall hush it up quicker by saying nothing of it. This affair must not be known out of this house, not even to our own people. I can trust my family in anything."

Richards grasped the hand of the Prophet, and as they gazed momentarily in each other's eyes, the hearts of both in all their hideous deformity of crime were stripped of their covering, and revealed to each other; and from that hour they were brothers in guilt.

By the Prophet's command each one retreated to his or her own room, there to remain until he should visit them, which he promised to do before the dawn, when he and Richards set themselves to work to remove all traces of the fearful crime. Rose was led away, and the mother was induced to follow, her bewildered mind seeming to have lost sight of all save their

old English home. The body was stripped of its gory garments, wrapped in a clean sheet, and laid upon the bed after the saturated bedclothes had been removed; the floor was scrubbed, and the chamber at dawn bore no trace of the fearful deed, save the pallid corpse of the murdered girl.

Richards knew not himself whose was the hand that had done the deed; but, from the first moment, a dread foreboding crossed his heart, which recoiled in horror at the thought that possibly it was his wife. With a sickening sensation he bade the thought begone as he recalled her patience, gentleness, and love; for though he saw she was troubled at the course he was pursuing, grieved that his heart had been untrue to his allegiance to her, he could not believe her guilty of so fearful a crime.

The Prophet carefully examined the ground around the window, saw the impression made by the small foot as it struck the ground on springing from the window, and, with a knowing curve on his lips, obliterated every trace, and then went back to Richards. He said nothing of any suspicion that was in his mind, yet before they parted they mutually agreed to look upon it as a suicide, and convey such an idea to those who already knew it, while others were to be kept in total ignorance of its occurrence. "This can be done," said the Prophet, "as one woman more or less makes no difference among us, and will probably never be missed, or, if she is, we can say she has escaped to the Gentiles; for, of course, we shall bury her privately."

The coolness with which the Prophet treated the matter reassured Richards, but he was still troubled lest Maria, if she it was, should betray the secret, and publish her own crime. Pale and haggard, with anxiety hanging heavily at his heart, he took his way towards the cottage that held his outraged wife and innocent children. As he neared it, he felt as if nearing his own doom. The cold, clammy sweat started from his forehead, and he paused, trembling with undefined terror which remorse awoke in his heart. All was still within as he lightly lifted the latch and furtively gazed around the room. Lightly he crossed it, entered the bedchamber, and there, wrapped in a heavy slumber, lay his wife and babes. He bent over the innocents; their warm breath fanned his cheek and stirred all the father in his heart. He bent over the wife he had so wronged; her cheeks were thin and pale, her eyes sunken, and the temples showed the blue veins throbbing with their feverish current. The lips were livid and dry, and the whole contour showed intense suffering; but no trace could he discover of participation in the fearful tragedy of the night.

Could she sleep like this if she were guilty? No; his soul rejected the thought as he saw her wrapped in calm

slumber, and a load heavy and terrible vanished from his heart. He could not bear the thought it should be she, and, as he banished the idea, a rush of tenderness for the bride of his youth, the first choice and idol of his early manhood, came over him, and, bending lower, he pressed his lips to hers.

Slowly, dreamily, she unclosed her eyes, and as they rested on him a smile of intense joy lighted her wan cheeks, and, with an exclamation of astonishment and pleasure, she threw herself on his breast, as she cried, "I have watched so long and wearily your coming—and this night I have had such a terrible dream of you," and shuddering with a deathly pallor on her brow, she clung frantically to her husband.

"Dearest Maria, what so alarms you? I am here safe, and nothing can harm or annoy you. Be composed, my sweet wife, or I shall think you are quite ill."

"Oh! but such a dream, it seems so real: I thought you came home and brought another bride with you—that you treated me and our babes coldly, and lived only in her smile—that her father fell dead at your feet in a fit of anger when he knew his daughter was not a wife. Then a demon took possession of my heart, and I dogged yours and her footsteps; I saw you meet her under a tree in the Prophet's garden, saw her listen to words that should have been all my own—saw her leave you, and her signal from the window, and you follow and enter it; then all feeling but that of revenge took possession of me, and when I saw you both slept, I entered also, and twice I plunged the naked steel you long ago gave me in her heart as she lay on your breast. Then I fled, and, cleansing the blood from my weapon, crawled in beside my babes with a feeling of pleasure that I had murdered my rival. Oh! it was horrible!—so life-like and real, that I suffered like a lost soul while it lasted; but, thank Heaven, I am awake now—you are here, and it was all a dream. Why do you tremble so and look so fearful? It was but a dream."

"It was such a fearful dream, Maria; but that knife, where do you keep it, where is it?"

"In that small drawer among the papers—it must be there, though I have not seen it this many a day. But when did you arrive? I am so glad you have come, for I have pined for the strong arm to go before and guide me."

"I hastened here on the moment," returned the husband evasively, as he released himself from her arms, and opening the drawer indicated, the first thing that met his eye was the fatal, well-remembered knife. Not a trace was left around it to tell a tale on its owner, for it was as clean and glittering as at the first hour he gave it to her, its undimmed blade pressing down the loose papers on which it lay. Yet why, if there had been no use for it, was it uppermost? He felt then, in the depth of his no less sinful heart, that the dream was a waking

reality, and his wife, the mother of his children, a murderess. But when he turned from the drawer to her, and met that pale suffering face, with calm trustful eyes resting lovingly on him, he knew she was ignorant of the deed she had done, and looked upon it as a fearful dream. Such to her it was, and such he resolved to her it should be. He longed to go out from her ; for her presence, though she was now gentle, loving and mild, sent a thrill of horror through his heart ; yet he dared not go, lest the reason he now knew had so lately grovelled in the dust should be again shaken from its throne. All the day he never went out of sight of the house, though others came there to see him, and Maria was happy, although haunted by the fearful dream.

That night, when Maria and her infants were wrapped in sleep, Richards rose from his bed and stole out of the house. Hastening to the house of death, he and his brother in guilt, attended only by Rose, laid the fair, beautiful murdered girl silently in her last narrow resting-place, and by her side the mother, who had silently yielded up her troubled soul on her murdered child's bosom. It was indeed a blessing for that broken-hearted mother to die within a few hours after her daughter had ceased to live.

Rose felt then what it was to be alone, and frantically she clung to her betrayer ; but he dared not tarry with her, it was necessary to return before Maria should miss him, and, relinquishing her reluctantly into the arms of the Prophet, he hastened to his wife.

CHAPTER XIV.

Zion, after these large accessions, grew more rapidly than ever. The enthusiasts, who believed their Prophet was but a little below the angels, and possessed of divine attributes, laboured zealously under his eye. Month after month went by, and a printing press, a bank, and schools were in successful operation. Large fields of grain were planted, which grew and were garnered ; foundations for dwellings by hundreds were laid and finished, and the city, so late a wilderness, was ringing with the busy throng of active, earnest, civilised life.

When the Prophet joined them there he found them harassed by the Gentiles, from whom they had purchased largely grain, vegetables, cattle, merchandise, lumber, of which they stood in need ; but having no money to pay, gave notes, which, when they became due, they were quite as unable to meet as the hour in which they were given. The Gentiles became clamorous, but the arch manœuvrer came among them and at once that trouble disappeared. He got hold of all the paper by compromising with some, and when this would

not succeed paid the demand, and then forbade any further transactions in future.

But the Gentiles' fields, barns, and granaries were overflowing, while they had no money to buy, and were in want of the stores with which they were surrounded. Smith's genius here came to his aid — perhaps he remembered the resources of his family of old in such a dilemma, for their peculiarities here burst out to an alarming extent. Oxen, cows, horses, and sheep by droves disappeared, while granaries some thirty farmers had at night left loaded with plump, ripe grain, in the morning were found to be entirely empty—while bogus coinage flooded the district for a hundred miles around.

The western pioneers are no more charitable or docile in their dispositions than their Atlantic brethren, and the storm that burst upon the Mormons was sudden, fierce, and devastating. They refused to forgive or forget, and avowed their determination to drive them from the country. The Prophet stood his ground, asserting that he and his followers had acted only in obedience to the Lord, and they dared not disobey a divine command.

The Gentiles laughed at him as a mad enthusiast, and began to retaliate; but very little could they obtain, as the grain and cattle were consumed nearly as fast as obtained. Constantly harassing each other, the bitterest feuds were engendered; and when the rumours became rife among the people in the vicinity that the most shameless crimes of bigamy were common and even countenanced by their leader the Prophet, whom rumour said was also guilty of this revolting crime, the storm that had laid over and around them for months burst upon their heads, and they fled over the Missouri river into Clay County before the indignant people whose moral sense of right was shocked by these unblushing outrages upon moral and civil law.

The people of Clay County were at first disposed to be friendly to the fugitives; but when they saw the districts above, comprising Carroll and Davies Counties, were being settled entirely by them, and suffered a year from the peculiarities which always accompany Mormon settlements, their ire was aroused also, and the whole State became embroiled in the quarrel of the people against the Mormons. Compromises and mediation were offered by the executive, but they were indignantly refused by the sufferers, who demanded that the State be entirely rid of a people who were a dead weight upon it, and who, from their vicinity, drove out pioneers and a better quality of emigrants who went to enrich other States by their industry and sober, active energy. Property mysteriously took its flight, daughters and sisters, aye, even wives and mothers, disappeared, and when found were

allotted to some one of the harems openly maintained by the saints, who lured them from home, friends, and every sacred tie down to the depth of shame.

This would have been enough to have aroused the borderers ; but the saints hastened their doom by endeavouring to exclude all but Mormons from the polls at the election for county officers, when a mêlée ensued between the people and the Mormons, during which the latter drove off the opponents, burnt several houses after plundering them, driving their terrified inmates to the forest for protection, where men, women, and children endured deprivations which sicken while they arouse indignation. Here, with the open forest for a chamber, leaves for a couch, infants first saw the light, while beasts of prey hovered around the fugitives, driven from their homes by the mad enthusiasts.

A company of militia were called together to protect the people, but they were surprised while encamped on a small stream, and those who were not killed at the onslaught were routed. Governor Boggs, at this crisis, ordered out the State troops, the Mormons were surrounded, and the Prophet, Sidney Rigdon, and Parley Pratt, the leaders, were taken prisoners, incarcerated in the county gaol, and the Mormons forced to sue for peace. Several skirmishes had ensued, during which numbers had fallen on both sides, and the fugitives who had been driven to the depths of the forest for protection timidly returned from their coverts, fearing a new outbreak with this turbulent crew among them, composed of fanatics from every nation and clime.

They had no cause for fear now, for the pseudo-saints were cowed for the time. The incarceration of the leaders alarmed their followers, and they fled from Missouri over the Mississippi to Illinois. The captive leaders, while being conveyed from one gaol to another, eluded their keepers, and soon followed the saints, and Missouri was happily rid of the pest that had embroiled the State in a civil war. The people were not the only sufferers in these lamentable deeds. The aged and young, delicate women and helpless infants, houseless, unsheltered, lacking sufficient food and clothing, made their way over the bleak prairies in their flight, strewing the wayside with the graves of their dead, whom exposure, grief, and hardships had released from suffering entailed upon them by their leaders. Disease, engendered by deprivation, preyed upon them daily, thinning their ranks, and when twelve thousand of them reached Illinois, all that was left of nearly fifteen thousand who had gathered around Zion, they had the appearance of lazzaroni of Europe rather than American citizens. The Illinoisans, touched by their abject appearance, collected food and clothing, and hastily constructed shelter to protect them from the cold. Hope once more was aroused in the

Mormons' hearts, and they received these kindnesses not as such, but as their due, their arrogance and fanaticism having in no wise abated by the terrible ordeal through which they had passed.

Dr. Galland, the owner of extensive tracts of land in Hancock County, invited their occupancy of his grounds, and so well pleased were the Mormons with the eligibility of the situation, the productiveness of the soil, and the mildness of the climate, that they purchased the lands, and selected a bend in the Mississippi river which rose in a high bluff overlooking the great river on the west, while on the east, north, and south the fertile valley which rolled away in an undulating surface presented a landscape of living beauty.

On this bluff a city was founded, to which they gave the name of Nauvoo. Streets were laid out, lots marked off, and houses were erected with great rapidity. The whole energies of the enthusiasts were brought to bear upon the new city, and when the genial spring came upon them the whole twelve thousand were comfortably sheltered, and the willing hands, that had laboured so zealously through the winter, were led by hundreds into the fields to clear the ground, break its virgin soil, and sow the grain that was to give them their bread.

The Illinoisans, in the generosity of their hearts, left them no excuse for committing depredations, and the Prophet, remembering the troubles Mormon peculiarities had plunged him and his followers into, held back his hordes, so that the people in their vicinity had really nothing to complain of, and were no wise backwards in asserting the Mormons the most harmless of people, and spoke of them as persecuted without a cause, slandered for their very virtues, of which they, in the innocence of their hearts, believed they were the models. The cry of persecution brought valuable accessions to the Prophet's faith, and these he found it hard to keep in the dark as to the internal state of affairs as they existed within his midst. He dared not here exhibit the traits that had driven him and his followers from other States openly until he should be able to maintain a firm stand; for to be driven from place to place weakened his forces, as well as the tenure by which he held his disciples in thralldom. Therefore the institutions he had introduced to his followers which conflicted with established laws and customs he authorised his disciples to deny existed, and when the Gentiles remarked the numerous young women, with infants in their arms, to say they were widows whose husbands had fallen at Zion, or died by hardship on the plains.

This looked plausible, although the people were often struck with the reckless gaiety of these widows, who seemed to have so quickly recovered from the sudden bereavement. Ah! they little knew that these women had been lured from home, friends

and virtue, and, bearing in their arms the price of their shame, to remind them how low they had fallen, cared for nothing now; that they were lost to all but the gratification of the moment, whether it plunged them deeper in woe or drowned their senses in appalling lethargy.

This new cloak thrown over the Prophet's followers served to keep them unmolested, and, by industry and indomitable perseverance, caused the wilderness to bear the unmistakable proofs of progress. Settlements around Nauvoo sprang up with as great rapidity as Nauvoo had, and, with the summer and brightening skies, recruits came to their relief, and the so late destitute and famished fugitives were surrounded with prosperity and plenty.

CHAPTER XV.

Arthur Guilford sheltered his wife from the association of the saints now that he saw the unparalleled licence indulged in by them as he would have shielded her from contagion. Not that they shocked his moral sense; for that had gradually become so hardened that vice had ceased to appal or affright him. No—it was not that; but, whenever he looked upon the fair brow of the queenly Margaret, or gazed into the depth of those clear, truthful eyes, he felt how immeasurably superior she was to those around them, or even to himself, since the demon of vice had woven its magic spells around him. He yielded a willing slave, but he was not yet so lost to all sense of honour as to wish to see his gentle Margaret become what he now knew too well the women, with few exceptions, were around him. Gradually the truth dawned upon him, but when the veil was fully removed he, too, was among the debased, and had lost all power, as he had all desire, to fly from danger.

Margaret still remained with Mrs. Williams, and they formed a little world among themselves, where rarely any, even the Prophet, intruded. Gentle, kind Mrs. Williams, how like a mother she was to the sad, grieving young wife!

When they were driven from Independence across the Missouri, Margaret and Mrs. Williams were removed by their husbands before the turmoil had fairly begun, and were thus spared the knowledge of the general odium in which the Mormons were held. They were simply informed that it was necessary for their prosperity to remove, but the real reason was not made known to them. While at Zion, they mingled so little with the rest of the community, and the unsettled state of affairs around precluding their being annoyed by the presence of the saints, they had escaped the broils that had fallen with such stunning force upon others. Strange rumours often met their ears, and strange sights met their eyes; things they could not account for could not be hid from

their observation, as retired as they lived ; yet these were so plausibly explained, and deprecatingly apologised for by the saints, that they were silenced, though not convinced.

When the popular indignation drove them from Missouri back to the east over the Mississippi they knew not what to think. This nomadic life had no charms for either, and though much pains were taken to conceal the compulsion which forced them from place to place, they obtained by close observation an inkling of the whole affair. The collision between the Mormons and people at the falls was a signal for Guilford and Williams—who saw that this was not to be the end of it—to remove their families, as well as others who could command the conveyances, to a place of security. They were placed in waggons, and rapidly conveyed out of the State to Illinois, as a place of rendezvous. Margaret was elated at this retrograde movement, for it was taking her towards civilisation.

The capture and imprisonment of the leaders of Mormonism were also carefully concealed from them, and they cared not to be too inquisitive concerning those whose absence was so great a relief. Margaret once more strove to break the fetters which held her husband in such ignoble bondage, but without avail. In vain she pictured to him what he might be, and what he was, and though he saw it all, and avowed that he deplored it, yet he asserted that he could now be nothing more and had no desire to make the effort. Grieved and heart-sick, she gazed upon the choice of her heart, marked the cool, scheming glance of the careless eye, the prematurely wrinkled brow, the sensual cast already acquired by the finely cut lips, and she shuddered. There was that conveyed in his whole expression, when closely analysed, which spoke volumes to her heart. Was it possible, could it be, that the refined, intellectual, aristocratic Guilford, her husband, was becoming—she dared not think what ? The idea was thrust aside as unworthy to be indulged in ; yet the weight on her heart pressed closer, heavier, and all her efforts were abortive to banish it.

At Nauvoo a new city was to be built, fields to be cleared and planted, and for a season she saw little of the saints, except the few that composed Mrs. Williams' family ; and she wondered if ever she was to be stationary—if ever her husband would give her some of his society, which she so much coveted, and which was spent now she knew not where.

As she sat thinking of these things one summer day, a shadow darkened the door, and raising her eyes, Leslie Harland stood before her.

“ Mr. Harland, what a pleasure to see you ! When did you arrive ? ” cried Margaret, in pleased astonishment at the sudden apparition.

"I will no longer disguise the truth, Margaret," he said, as he took her hands in his own, and bent his eyes pityingly on her. "I followed you to Independence, to Zion, and have now followed you here. Nay," said he, as a frightened expression clouded her brow, "do not be alarmed, it was to save Guilford, if possible—to protect you, if needs be. Heaven knows, were it not for this, I would rather spend my days in the deepest dungeon than in this sink of iniquity!"

"I had no thought of this; yet I fear it is useless, and you are wasting your years here where they can be of no avail. I conjure you to remain no longer, but fly while you detest the vice that may at last enthrall you!"

"Say not so; I am made of sterner stuff than to fall a prey to so glaring an imposture," returned Harland, as he led her to a seat, and withdrew a respectful distance from her. "No one is safe here. I cannot understand it; but once within their toils, it seems as if iron bands enfolded them, so difficult is it to win their way back!"

Harland with compressed lips, arose, paced the floor hurriedly for a moment, then pausing before her, asked, in a low-measured tone—

"And you know not why it is so?"

"No, unless it be infatuation. Ah! but it is a fatal one!" and she wrung her hands piteously as she thought of her husband, so loved and so lost.

"I will tell you! Step by step the new converts are led on—their path the while strewn with pleasing illusions, until the gulf is past, and lo! they are lost to honour and virtue, with nothing left but bitter, vain regrets to fill their place. Then the veil is raised, and, instead of finding theirs the only experience and themselves isolated by the act, they find all around them on the same level. They had looked for the ignominy and contempt their acts deserved, but instead they find themselves greeted as 'hail fellow,' and henceforth vice has lost half its terrors, for ignominy and contempt do not follow in its trail."

"Oh, this is terrible, terrible, if true!" said Margaret, shuddering.

"It is both terrible and true! Nor is all yet told, or ever can be by me; and probably I know not all, for the closest scrutiny could not unravel what occurs in all the midnight orgies that pollute this place, and have already made the name of Mormon synonymous with guilt in every form."

"The knowledge you give me makes me doubly wretched; it was hard enough to bear before."

"You are wretched here; I can see that well, for it is not a place for one like you."

"I am, oh, Harland, so wretched! But there is no escape; Guilford is bound, heart and soul, to these wretched fanatics."

“There is a mode of escape—else I would not have watched over you at a distance as I have done ; but now I have come to aid you.”

“How ? Where ? Name it, and I will for ever bless you for the act,” cried Margaret eagerly, springing to her feet in intense anxiety.

“Leave Guilford, and return to your father’s house. I will protect you there with as sacred a care as that I would bestow on my own beloved mother or sister.”

“Oh, Heaven, is there no other mode ? Then I am doomed, for I will never leave Arthur, never !” and trembling, with a deathly pallor around her beautiful lips, she sank back, and, closing her eyes, scarcely seemed to breathe.

“Mrs. Guilford, I know this subject must pain you ; but, if you knew all, it would pain you still more. Yet I desire you to reconsider your decision, for I would fain see you once more where you would have a chance of happiness remaining.”

“Without Arthur, think you I could ever be happy there and my husband here ? No—no ; leave me, for the thought is inexpressibly distressing.”

“I go at your bidding,” returned Harland sorrowfully, as he turned away from her ; and as he disappeared, Margaret, exhausted from contending emotions, wearily closed her eyes.

A few minutes later Mrs. Williams entered the room.

“There is a woman without who says she is an old friend of yours, and insists on seeing you. Knowing your repugnance to receiving anyone, I have sent her away several times, but now she is determined to be put off no longer. What am I to do ?”

“What is her name ?” asked Margaret gently.

“She will not give it, and is altogether a strange creature—a foreigner, I think.”

“Perhaps I had better see her, as such pertinacity is annoying.”

“She will frighten you—she does me ; I hardly know if it is prudent to admit her,” said Mrs. Williams deprecatingly, as she stood irresolute how to act. Then she added, “Perhaps it is better” ; and leaving the room, in a moment returned followed by a woman of a bony, masculine frame, whose tangled yellow locks, thrown back from her bronzed forehead, hung in disorder around her, beneath which flashed and glittered her small grey eyes. Her large mouth was firmly closed, leaving the thin lips the appearance of smoked parchment, while her freckled complexion, sallow and dry, gave her whole aspect a hideous expression.

Margaret started in dismay before this strange being, but quickly recovering her self-possession, motioned her to a seat, as she said in a kindly tone—

“ You desire to see me—to whom and what am I indebted for this visit ? ”

Curiously the woman still stood regarding Margaret, but now she drew that lank, tall form to its full height, and in a tone of condescension and displeasure, which grated harshly on her listener's ear, said in her broken English—

“ Have you never heard of the Welsh Queen that you ask me that, and turn me from your door as if I were a beggar ? The time has been, and will come again, when you and yours will sue for favours at our hands ; and it becomes you not to keep the rightful heiress to the throne of England waiting at your door ! ”

“ Really, I was not aware such a person existed here, and you must overlook any seeming want of courtesy—I assure you none was intended,” returned Margaret, amused at the assumption of so great a title by the strange-looking being before her.

The Welsh Queen accepted the apology with a grand wave of the hand. Then she said, by way of apology—

“ What I have to say may distress you. When I came, I did not care if it did, but somehow I do now, for you don't look as though you would do harm to a poor body like the Lady Bula.” The speaker's eyes drooped, and a painful contortion of the thin lips showed that some powerful emotion moved her.

“ And who is the Lady Bula ? I have never heard of her before,” said Margaret, her curiosity now excited by the softened tone and emotion of her visitor.

“ The Lady Bula is my own sister, and a blessed wee bairn ; she is not fitted like me to fight her way alone, for she's but a poor fluttering bird, looking more like a star than like a mortal as we are. Oh, but it makes my blood on fire to think the lord of a beautiful lady like you should try to get the fair frightened bird from her nest, and me all the while neither eating nor sleeping for fear he will steal her away.”

“ How—what, woman ! I don't understand you ! ” cried Margaret, starting up in alarm, as the colour dyed her neck and brow, then receding, left her pale as marble.

“ You surely are not to blame, my lady ; but if you could reason with your master, maybe he would hear you ; sure he ought, for you are as beautiful in your way as the Lady Bula. Sore was the day we listened to the deceiver and came away to this country, where they no nothing but steal, cheat, and ruin the beautiful bairns, and where the Prophet and patriarchs think the like of them were made to amuse and please them ! Oh, and my heart is breaking for my own home and the watching of the Lady Bula ! ”

Rudely dashing away a tear that started down her parchment-like cheek, she set her head defiantly, and with con-

temptuous coldness looked down upon the woman who sat rocking to and fro as she wrung her hands in the agony of her heart ; but she said not a word, for her whole soul seemed as if suddenly dried up within her.

“D’ye think ye feel sorrow like I, whose whole life is devoted to keeping the blood of our race pure, so that when we regain our inheritance, a true heir may again rule over our people ? The Lady Bula can only unite with one of her own kin, for ye see, my lady, no bairn comes to my arms, and when I am gone the Lady Bula will be Queen, and her children must inherit nothing but the blood of Gwennwin, and even if your lord gets a divorce, as he says he will, the Lady Bula cannot marry him, and I assure you—But mercy lady, what ails you now ? Sure, but ye is not dying outright ?”

“Go, woman, go !” cried Mrs. Williams imperatively, as she sprang forward in time to receive the almost lifeless form of Margaret in her arms.

“Hallo ! Queen, what are you here for ? And what is the meaning of this ?” cried Arthur as with a lowering, menacing brow he came in, and taking the helpless form of his wife in his arms, strove to bring her back to consciousness.

“It means that you are a brute to be breaking the heart of that beautiful lady, trying to get others above the likes of you ; and when I told her of the divorce ye promised me you would get if I would give you the Lady Bula, she kind o’ died right away as ye see her, and perhaps it’s better for her that she did, for if she lived on, ye have mountains of trouble to break her poor heart with.”

“Begone, or I will murder you !” cried Arthur, his face flushed with rage.

“Nay, nay, young man ; it would not be as easy to do that as it was to strangle, in her father’s orchard, the poor wee bairn of Farmer Blair when she shrieked for help and none came but death,” returned the Queen with a sneer of contempt.

“Are you the devil or one of his fiends ?” muttered Arthur as he relinquished his still unconscious wife to the care of the gentle matron, sprang on his tormentor with all the fury of deadly hatred, and attempted to drag her from the room ; but turning upon her assailant, she caught him by the collar, shook him as a mastiff would a cur, then hurled him from her, and strode out of the room, as she said warningly—

“Ye’s gang too far already ; I doubt if ye’s now mended the matter. Have a care that ye meddle no more with the Lady Bula.”

The demon of vengeance was aroused in Arthur’s heart, and, white with rage, he strode the room with clenched hands and angry steps, as he muttered—

“The she-devil, I will match her yet for this !”

“Arthur ! dear Arthur !” murmured a sad, low voice.

"Margaret, my sweet wife, I am here ;" and choking down the torrent of passion, he advanced and knelt beside her.

"That woman!—was what she told me true? Do not hesitate to let me know the worst," said the wife, while a cold shudder shook her frame.

"I know not what she has told you. I only know she is a coarse virago that causes us a world of trouble, and whom it is easy to make believe any absurdity. She is half crazy and believes herself heir to the English throne, and the manager of everybody's affairs. The people here make a butt of her peculiarities, and tell her anything that will annoy her. I am sorry she has penetrated your retreat, and been the cause of annoying you also."

"Then there is no truth about the divorce? Oh, Arthur say there is not!" and again the deadly pallor spread over those beautiful features.

"As there is a God in Heaven, there is not—the woman must be mad!" But there was a wincing in his eye which did not escape the quick glance of the wife as he said it, and she was hardly half convinced. He saw this, and added in a deprecating tone—

"It is not like you, Margaret, to distrust me. That I have adopted a different faith than yours is true; but should *that* necessarily lead to dissension and unhappiness? How many people professing different faiths marry; and because their creeds are hundreds of years old, they cause no regret nor strife; but now that a new Prophet comes to restore the Church to its primitive purity, forsooth the converts have heaped upon them charges of crimes that make the soul revolt to contemplate; and this, too, by professing Christians. These accusations are hard enough to bear; but they serve to bind us closely in brotherly union. But when they alienate from us our wives, then they strike home where we are less able to bear it. I had hoped your confidence in me was sufficient to make you repel with scorn any obloquy thrown on me; for when a wife doubts, who can rely on the suspected one?"

"Forgive me, Arthur; you are deluded, but I can never believe you guilty of crime. The woman must, as you say, be mad. But, oh, Arthur, why not leave these people? I will go anywhere, brave all deprivations, and even poverty in its worst form, if you will break loose and leave them."

"I dare not do this, Margaret; I would willingly give up anything but my Creator to please you, and *that* I dare not do. Come, now, look up once more, and be yourself again; the day is beautiful—the air balmy and delicious—put on your bonnet—my horse is at the door, and we will ride to the point of the bluff, where the corner stone is to be laid for our Temple." Margaret obeyed with alacrity, for it had been the

first time he had offered to take her out for months, although she pined in her confinement, which she dared not leave on foot, as then she must inevitably be jostled by the motley gangs gathered at Nauvoo. Alas! she knew not that, during this time, others no less fair, but less pure, had shared his drives, and had banished her from his mind.

It seemed like old times to sit by his side and feel the pure air play upon her brow, as the high-mettled horse dashed along; and when they reached the bluff and saw the Mississippi rolling away in majestic grandeur to the west, her soul drank in its beauty, her heart bounded with hope, and she returned home a happier and more contented woman.

CHAPTER XVI.

A few miles south of Nauvoo, on the banks of the Mississippi, was a growing village, which, like Nauvoo, was young in years, but old in energy and thrift; for these qualities were transplanted from the eastern States to this emporium of the west—the great Mississippi valley, which even now gives promise of rivalling the borders of the Atlantic in commerce and the wealth its deep, broad waters bear on its bosom.

This village was, like similar ones that cover the Union from its farthest recesses to the heart of its interior, composed of all classes of America's hardy yeomanry, who, leaving the populous districts, chose a home in the wilds of the West, where they could, unmolested by party strife or jealous rivalry, win for themselves a name and competency.

Here young Foster, a graduate of an eastern medical college, had located himself with his young wife, while waiting for the people around to become sick, so that he might have the pleasure of healing them, bought some land, cleared and planted it, and, to his joy, found in the first year that it yielded him a better income than he had ventured to hope his profession would. On the slope that terminated on the bank of the river he built a neat cottage, and surrounded it with all that could minister to the gratification of the eye and charm the senses.

The slope between the cottage and river was thickly studded with forest trees, which, cleared of the smaller growth of vegetation, and the surface converted into a greensward, made a natural spot of rare beauty. The favourite sitting-room of the happy young couple opened out on the slope, and they were wont to sit here and watch the restless waters as they moved on to the ocean, the tall waving trees hiding a full view, but leaving enough to make its fitful glimpses like gleams of silver.

It mattered little to Dr. Foster that his skill as a practitioner was rarely in demand, for he had fields waving with ripening grain, fat sheep filled his pasture, cows nightly were gathered

in their byres, and sleek, high mettled horses filled his stables, while the fingers of his wife, assisted by the one maid, kept his cottage in order, and made the most exquisite dishes to grace his table out of the products of his land, and the most comfortable of apparel for his wear.

Foster's ambition had never aspired to higher earthly felicity than a loving wife, a comfortable home, and a competence ; and now that these were his, he was happy and asked no more.

One sultry summer morning, while the unclouded sun was rising higher and pouring down its rays hot and fierce, Dr. Foster and his wife sat in their cool, shaded retreat. While thus careless and unconcerned, they were startled by the angry baying of the house-dog.

"Lion! here, Lion!" called Foster, as he half roused himself from a reclining posture, and whistled in the dog.

"Suspicious persons are approaching," said his wife as Lion, unheeding his master's call, kept up a growl of angry defiance. "See! a group of men are coming up from the river; they do not look suspicious, however. Call in Lion—it seems so inhospitable to a stranger to be met so savagely by a dog."

"Lion! here, Lion! down sir!" cried Foster, in a peremptory tone, as he stepped out on the veranda. The animal obeyed, though reluctantly, as he testified by showing his long white teeth and growling alternately.

Meanwhile the strangers, five in number, slowly advanced, as they evidently were in no haste to reach the house, or do anything else for the moment but admire the deep-shaded slope, the green lawn, and the fairy cottage.

"They take it coolly," said Foster, "and they are not any of the villagers. Probably they are detachments from some of the settlements around."

"They are strangers certainly," returned his wife; "yet they act as if they were quite at home."

"We were examining the localities around here," said the evident leader of the approaching group, as he, perceiving himself observed, advanced in front of the veranda, "and happened to land on the bank below. We had already mounted the ascent before we were aware we were trespassing on private grounds. The situation was so picturesque, beautiful, and refreshing that we felt loath to leave, and have come to claim your courtesy until we are refreshed."

"You are welcome, certainly, most welcome, walk in," returned Foster politely, quite assured by the stranger's frank address he had nothing to fear.

"This is very kind of you to the stranger, yet one that ought not to be a stranger. Have you never met Joseph Smith, the Prophet?"

“Not unless I meet him now,” returned Foster, amused by the curious announcement, which he was almost sure he understood.

“You do,” replied the stranger, extending his hand, “and may this be a token that it is not for the last time ; and this lady—”

“My wife, Mrs. Foster,” said the young husband with a frown contracting his brow, as he saw that hand steeped in crime close over the white, dimpled fingers of his wife, and saw her lids droop over her dewy eyes, and the blood mantle her cheek beneath his bold admiring gaze.

“You look so quiet, so contented and happy here, that I am near committing the sin of wishing my lot had been so cast. It is a thorny path in which I am forced to tread, and bitter and fearful are the opposition, calumny, and prejudice with which I have to contend ; but the greater the trials I overcome the more glorious will be my reward hereafter.”

Foster bowed, but made no reply : he had no desire to enter into a controversy with the Prophet. The others now came up, and were presented by the Prophet as Brothers Guilford, Pratt, Rigdon, and Hyrum Smith.

Foster saw he was in for a day with the Mormons he had heard such strange accounts of, and as he could do no better, he resolved to make the best of the infliction, and get rid of his unwelcome guests as soon as possible. Mrs. Foster had already left the room of her own accord, greatly to her husband’s satisfaction. Refreshments were brought in by the servant, when they all went out together, and some four hours after Foster returned alone, much to Mrs. Foster’s relief, for, though generally disposed to a generous hospitality, she had always entertained a horror for Mormonism, and consequently to all its adherents ; and when she recollected the bold, over-bearing, impudent stare of its chief, she could not drive from her heart the sense of loathing his presence evoked.

“I would as soon have received a call from the Evil One himself as these vagabonds,” said Foster, as he tossed his hat angrily aside. “They have spied us out, and we must either pull up stakes and be off, or be annoyed constantly by them !”

“It certainly was an unwelcome visit ; but I think they were not—after they let it be known who they were—treated with sufficient warmth to make it worth their while to try us over again.”

“I tell you, Alice, these Mormons are worse than blood-hounds on the scent. Good Heavens ! I came near knocking the Prophet down when he was staring so at you.”

“My dear husband, you surely do not fear me !” cried Alice, her lips quivering with wounded sensibility.

“No more than I do myself,” returned Foster cordially. “Do not misunderstand me, Alice. I know nothing could shake your truth. But these Mormons have a city composed of fourteen thousand inhabitants at Nauvoo; and, among so many abandoned wretches, no crime would be too great to commit if interest or inclination prompted it. When these powerful, lawless men take a fancy, they will have no denial, but possess by stratagem what they cannot obtain otherwise. If they visit these premises again, send the girl to attend to their wants, and remain in your chamber until they have departed.”

“They would not dare do such a thing. I have no fears on that score; for I have yet to see the person who would presume on such liberties with me. No, my dear husband, you may banish all unpleasant thoughts, for there can be no danger!”

“You do not know these lawless fanatics as well as I do, Alice. You must give me your word that you will remain in your room should any of them come around in future. If you do not, I shall be very wretched.”

“Certainly, if you desire it; but it is foolish precaution against imaginary danger. Such a man could never wield any influence over me.”

“No, Alice, I have no fear that he could; yet he is reported to have always succeeded where he set his inclination, and is believed to be a bold, bad man!”

“Not by his personal attractions, I dare assert, with his low, sloping forehead, retreating chin, and hawk nose. No, no, he has not personal attractions to recommend him; but I can see he has effrontery and impudence enough to keep him in ignorance of the fact.”

“Yet he prides himself upon his noble, manly beauty—these are the terms he most uses to express it, I hear,” replied Foster, laughing at Alice’s description of the Mormon lion and leader, which was not far out of the way after all.

“So is an overgrown bear beautiful in his way,” returned Alice. “To think of such a coarse mass of flesh being called anything but disgusting—why, he must weigh three hundred pounds!” and a merry light danced in the young wife’s eyes at the thought, while the flexible lip was curled in disgust.

“Oh, no, Alice, now you are too hard on the Prophet. He weighs but two hundred and ten he told me to-day, for he is particularly fond of talking of himself, and, were I to take his word for it, I should believe him the greatest philanthropist that ever lived, as well as the most persecuted. In his own estimation he might now have been the most honoured, and held the post of the greatest trust in the Union, if his duty to his fellow-men had not demanded he should chain his brilliant

talents down to the one idea of converting them to Mormonism."

Alice Foster was very fair; some called her beautiful, and those were among the number that knew her best, for hers was a beauty that lay calm as starlight upon her smooth open brow, until the soul within was aroused to action, then a sparkling light flashed from the soft eye, a sweet smile wreathed the mouth, and the soul within spoke in every curve of that fair face. Alice was a woman of rare courage, and one who, fearless in the cause of truth, would brave any danger rather than be intimidated by evil. Her husband was aware of this, and, though he had no fear of her principles being tampered with, he feared for her personal safety should the Prophet covet her youthful, blushing beauty.

As week after week went by and they saw no more of their unwelcome guests, the incident that caused Foster so much uneasiness was banished from his mind, and contentment and domestic felicity once more threw a holy feeling of repose around him.

The summer was gone, and the first crimson-tinged leaves of autumn strewed the ground. Among the falling leaves on the lawn Alice was walking, and, as was her wont, she bent her steps to the bank that overlooked the Mississippi. Here she paused, gazing out on the waters, the opposite bank, and the clear blue sky; she stood drinking in the changing beauty of the scene, so rapt and so unthinking of molestation, that she neither saw nor heard the approach of any one until her name was softly whispered by her side, and, with a startled exclamation, she turned and confronted the Prophet!

"My dear madam, I hope I have not alarmed you. I called at the house, and was told you were walking in the grove, and I ventured to trespass on your solitary walk," said the Prophet blandly, unheeding her evident annoyance.

"I am not easily alarmed," returned Alice coldly, slightly bending her head as her only greeting to the intruder.

"You have such an enchanting place here, with its long vista from the cottage to the river. I assure you I have thought of nothing else since I was here, so deep was the impression it left on my mind."

"It is a quiet, pleasant place, and we are very happy," returned Alice, as she gathered her shawl around her, and moved towards the cottage, having, before the Prophet's intrusion, allowed its folds to fall away from her, revealing the whole outline of her superb figure.

"Allow me to replace it for you," said the Prophet in a low, soft tone, when, to Alice's astonishment, he drew the folds from her hand, and placed it tenderly around her, as a mother would around a cherished child.

At first her eye flashed with resentment ; then, as she marked his respectful attitude, and reflected he had done no more than another man would have under the circumstances, she repressed the rising emotion, and they moved on together ; but had advanced but a few paces when to her joy she saw her husband rapidly and in great excitement approaching.

" Oh ! Alice, how could you do this ? " were his first words as he sprang to her side and drew her arm within his own.

" I came out for a walk, and scarce five minutes since the Prophet joined me," returned Alice, as she, with her calm, truthful eye encountered the troubled, inquiring look of her husband.

" It is even so," said the Prophet, in a bland tone of assurance ; " I learned at the cottage that both of you were away—Mrs. Foster walking in the grove, and presumed so far on her hospitality as to come to meet her—and am happy now that I have the pleasure of paying my respects to both, whose kindness last summer has been uppermost in my memory since."

" It is imprudent in Mrs. Foster to walk unattended in her own grounds since they are not safe from intrusion of any one who chooses to make them their own," exclaimed Foster.

" My dear sir, I could not have the slightest idea of offending, since I was not aware that Mrs. Foster preferred a life of solitude in this enchanting spot. We Americans are so accustomed to meeting ladies with the consideration and gentleness of a sister that we are at fault when we meet one that looks upon these courtesies as so much rudeness."

" Mrs. Foster does not live the life of a recluse, nor does she desire to ; yet she, as well as I, desire that, within her own house and grounds, she shall be secure from the intrusion of all, save those who come by special invitation from her or myself."

" As I am not of that number allow me to wish you a very good morning," and, lifting his hat respectfully, the Prophet bowed to both and walked away.

" Alice, my dear wife, I dread to think the use that bad man will make of your name. By Heavens ! if he intrudes upon you again I will shoot him."

" His presence made me shudder, as if some evil influence was around me ; yet I saw nothing to complain of, except the act of intrusion. I wish these grounds could be kept free, I so enjoy walking in them when I can feel as if there was no eye to gaze on its loveliness but my own, no step to press its sod or break the solemn stillness around me."

" And so it shall be, Alice ; you shall not be deprived of the use of our grounds through fear of molestation. I will build a paling around it so high that it cannot be scaled."

" As if I were a nun whom you feared would flee from your possession," laughed Alice ; for, in truth, the idea which

Foster seemed so earnest about struck her as peculiarly ludicrous.

"Don't laugh, Alice, it jars my nerves ; for it is no joking matter. You knew Lizzic Monroe ? Well, she was missing yesterday, and her mother went nearly distracted last night, and raved after her like a mad woman. This morning Harry Bennett, to whom she was betrothed, traced her to Nauvoo, but there he lost track of her. He applied to the civil authorities of the city, who assured him no such person was within the city bounds ; yet Harry declares he knows she is concealed there. It is a terrible affair, yet there is no way to obtain her, except we march in a body and take possession of the city, which would cost us many lives, as the Mormons declare they will bring their ' Legion ' upon any who attempt to force an entrance into the city."

"Oh, Gerald, this is fearful ; and where is it to end ? It is scarcely a year since Marian Gage was carried away, and has not been heard of to this day."

"Nay, she returned three days since, broken-hearted and dying, having escaped from her keepers, who ceased to value her when her beauty was gone. No one has seen her except the family ; for so pitiful is the sight of the poor girl, wasting by disease, and dying by inches, that they close the door on all except relatives, who represent her as a heartrending spectacle."

"Oh, can it be possible ?" cried Alice, as, pale and tremblingly, she listened to the recital ; "and now Lizzie, poor Lizzie Monroe, is, perchance, in the same monster's grasp."

"It is not impossible ; for, if she is not rescued at once, I fear it will be too late. Marian's return has roused the whole district to a fearful pitch of excitement. There will be a breaking up of this sink of pollution before long, and Heaven hasten the day when it shall be accomplished."

In an upper room of Young's harem sat a young girl in an attitude of despair. She was scarcely eighteen years of age, of full rounded form, and complexion that rivalled the peach when ripened by the southern sun, lips of the cherry and eyes liquid and blue as the heart of a spring violet. Now her long, shining hair was in disorder, her dark lashes drooped over the liquid orbs, and her rounded arms hung listlessly by her side, as the fair young head sunk in despair upon her bosom. Alas ! how often she had tried her feeble strength against the bars of the window and bolts of the door, and every time with like success ; and with a dead weight upon her heart, that shut out all thoughts except the one great agony that she was at the mercy of her captors, she had ceased to beat her prison bars with her feeble strength.

The bolt of the door was drawn, and a tall form crossed the threshold and stood beside her. He was a man of a powerful frame, but had evidently passed his prime.

"How now, my ladybird? I hear sad things of your doings, and have stolen a few moments from the cares that we public men have to bear to solace you in your captivity, which seems so irksome at present, but will soon be a pleasure, when you become tamed enough to go at large."

"Oh, sir, have pity on me, upon the anguish of my father and mother, and let me return to them!" pleaded the young girl, while the teardrops rained down her cheeks as she raised her clasped hands in an attitude of supplication.

"Nay, my Lizzie, you ask too much: demand aught else, and it shall be yours. The best suite of apartments, the richest apparel, the most superb horse, with a groom to attend you in your rides; all these shall be yours, and every wish your heart can frame; and all I ask in return is a rekindling of the light in those beautiful eyes, a smile on those lips, and the merry laughter from the heart."

"I want nothing save my own home and my liberty—give me these, I ask no more! Why should you deprive me of them? I never wronged you nor yours," pleaded the girl tearfully.

"No, Lizzie, you never wronged me until you broke my heart in denying me possession of the beauty that first drove me wild with delight that anything so rare and pure existed, and then turned coldly away, as if I could forget what my eye had seen, what my senses craved, as if it were an idol!"

"Sir, your presence is worse than my captivity; leave me, for it is hard enough to bear alone!" cried Lizzie, as a flash of anger dyed her brow with the hot blood that drove back the tears from her eyes and dried them on her cheeks.

"Dearest Lizzie, now I have offended you; yet I know not how, for I would not anger you for my life. I am a little rough, and do not understand such gentle beings; but I would become your slave, your anything, to win one smile from you, so deep, so fervent is the love I bear you."

"If you love me, then release me; all your protestations are vain, false, if you do not prove it by this act of justice."

"Become my wife to-day, and when the sun rises you shall be free to go or stay. Dearest Lizzie, I have brought you here only from the most honourable motives, and those, when carried out, you will yourself acknowledge were for your ultimate happiness and welfare."

"Oh, perjurer!" said Lizzie, her eye flashing with indignation, "twice lawfully wedded, and twice false to the vows witnessed and sanctioned by both divine and civil law, think you I will stoop to the depth of infamy by lengthening out the infamous chain of those creatures who shame humanity and womanhood by selling themselves in exchange

for what may keep the tainted soul in the desecrated body a few years longer. Go, you have mistaken your captive this time, for be assured I can neither be frightened nor cajoled into acceding to your infamous proposal ! ”

“ Lizzie ! Lizzie Monroe ! listen to me,” said the captor, as he took her hands forcibly, and held them in a vice-like grasp. “ I love you entirely and devotedly, and have brought you here through the influence of that love in order to secure your happiness as well as my own. I offered you an honourable marriage, and you refused it with contempt ; but contempt or scorn cannot change my love, and again I offer you the title of wife ; for mine you are even now, and mine you shall be, whether you comply or not, as sure as there is a God who made this love between us, and, in making it, gave us one to the other ! ”

Lizzie, pale and trembling with her large liquid eyes dilating, stood paralysed with terror, and, as she encountered his hateful gaze gloating over her, she shrank away from him.

“ Nay, my sweet Lizzie, I told you I was rough, and now I have frightened you again, and when you have not the slightest cause, for you hold both our destinies in your hands.”

He placed his long bony arm around her, while she wildly, madly struggled to free herself from his grasp ; but as well might a bird have tried to escape from the jaws of the serpent, for he held her arms pinioned to her side as he clasped her in his powerful hands. She called loudly for help, begged and prayed to be released ; and when he turned a deaf ear to her entreaties, she shrieked wildly, and her shrieks were answered from the inmates of the den of infamy in mocking, derisive laughter.

CHAPTER XVII.

The ascendancy which the Prophet had gained over his followers no longer satisfied his ambition. The ease with which he had procured the creation of the “ Nauvoo Legion,” with their control vested in himself, fed his aspiration for power until it burned as fiercely in his bosom as the lawless passion that already claimed so many lovely victims to satisfy it.

The nominations for Presidency were now freely canvassed, and when they were made he arrogantly demanded of the political parties whether, if he, with his followers, pledged their influence in their favour, they would bind themselves to protect his lawless band. To these demands he received characteristic replies, “ That all citizens should, and ought to, be protected in all lawful endeavours to promote their own religious and temporal welfare.” This was not what he wanted : and in the next issue of the *Times and Seasons*—his organ at Nauvoo—he proclaimed himself as candidate for the Presidency.

The height to which he had arisen—the ease with which he had fed his ruling passions of licentiousness and ambition from dawning manhood to the present moment—made him sanguine of success ; and the Prophet became a rabid stump orator. His eccentricities and bold, daring language attracted audiences wherever he went, and he was, by force of a powerful will, fast becoming a dangerous opponent. Says Ferris, in speaking of the Prophet at this time—

“ It affords matter for curious speculation in regard to the state of society at Washington, with Joseph Smith at the head of the nation, and the fashionable hospitalities of the White House in the keeping of his forty wives, to say nothing of his cabinet, composed of Elders Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, &c., with their respective harems.”

These days of apparent prosperity of the Mormons deceived the reckless leaders of the lawless band, but the more observant saw the volcano beneath slowly, surely gathering strength ; and as outrage after outrage was perpetrated, they saw the rolling lava tide rising and ready, when the hour came, to engulf them. Internal dissensions became rife, growing, out of infidelities which led to crimination and recrimination, until the party dissenting from the arrogance of the Prophet and his coadjutors established a paper of their own at Nauvoo, called the *Expositor*. The first number issued gave a grand exposé of the Prophet's, Young's, Richards', Guilford's, and Pratt's licentious and criminal career, in which they were accused of every grade of offence in the criminal calendar. This was bearding the lion in his den ; and the Prophet assembled his boon companions, and together they declared the *Expositor* a nuisance, and adjourned to the office, where its materials were forcibly taken possession of and destroyed.

The publishers fled from the city, and procuring a warrant for the arrest of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, and others, returned to the scene of the contest.

“ What ! ” exclaimed the Prophet, “ think you the Prophet of God acknowledges the authority of the dogs of the Gentiles ? Begone, lest Heaven destroys you for presuming to lift your hand against its servant ! ”

“ The man is mad,” said the constable. “ We shall have to take him by force.”

“ Raise but a hand against me and my Legion will cut you to pieces ! Be off, and never again dare to molest the servant of God, who, in all he does, only obeys his master's will ! ”

“ Which master is the devil, I take it,” said a bystander ; “ do your duty officer ; he dare not carry his threat into execution.”

“ Place the Legion under arms ! ” thundered the Prophet in a tone of defiance, and, in obedience to the command, away went his messenger, and within five minutes the drums

sounded the alarm, the trumpets called the saints to arms, and there was hurrying to and fro.

“This opposition is uncalled for,” remonstrated the officer. “Your arrest is a mere form, as you, no doubt, can clear yourself from the accusation; and if you accompany me in peace it may save trouble for yourself and me in future.”

“The day is passed when the Gentiles can drive me from place to place and imprison me. God has placed in my hands the means of defending His saints from Gentile persecution, and bidden me use it, and I dare not disobey if I desired.”

The officer’s reply was lost in the assault of a motley crew of men, women, and boys, who assailed him with missiles and foul epithets alternately, and he and his supporters fled outside the boundaries of the city before the infuriated mob.

Elated by the termination of the affair the Prophet returned to his harem. Never had he felt in better spirits; and the promptness with which the troops had responded to the call under arms gave him a feeling of security, while the zeal of the mob in his favour gave him at once to understand that the “Legion,” strong as they were, was not all the force his assailants would have to encounter should any emergency require their aid. He was accustomed to review his troops often; but now he resolved to proclaim a cessation of labour throughout the day, and ordered a grand review at four o’clock in the afternoon, to be succeeded by an impromptu ball in the evening, in which all were to join in holiday attire.

I have said that Nauvoo stands on a high bluff, in a bend of the Mississippi, which commands a noble view of the river and the surrounding districts. The temple reared high its beautiful proportions in the centre of the city, while around it clustered the long low ranges of the saints’ harems. The parade-ground lay at the foot of the bluff, and was approached by a broad, smooth way that had been built and beautified by the saints. The ground itself was admirably adapted to its use, and was as hard and smooth as a floor.

Long before the hour approached thousands of the saints began to fill up the grounds, for a holiday at Nauvoo was a thing that all were wont to participate in; and when the hour appointed had arrived ten thousand human beings were on the spot, awaiting with impatience the arrival of the troops, who were universal favourites with them.

Martial music broke over the hum of the assembled throng, and with quick, measured step the troops rounded the bluff, descended to the plain, and filed into their stations in the midst. They were a fine looking, athletic set of men, erect and well-equipped, wearing uniforms elegant and graceful. Well might the Prophet be proud of such a support, and as the eye rested upon them the reason was solved why they were the idols of the saints.

Still the Prophet and his staff had not arrived, and the anxiety, momentarily abated by the arrival of the troops, now became intense, and all eyes were turned in eager expectation towards the summit of the bluff. Soon soft strains of music were borne on the breeze, then a noble cavalcade came in sight; first the band, with their notes ringing clear and harmonious, then dying away in melting cadences; then the standard-bearer, his flag flung to the breeze. Following this came the Prophet mounted on a magnificent horse, whose rich housings glanced back the sunlight as it fell upon their gilded surface. By his side rode the last Sultana of his harem, her beautiful palfrey richly caparisoned, and her robe of invisible green fitting her full form with an ease that lent new grace to the rider, while its long folds nearly swept the ground.

Behind the Prophet and his Sultana, accompanied by the staff officers, rode the most blooming of his harem, gaily coquetting with their escorts. Following these, as a guard of honour, came a band of the "Brothers of Gideon," wearing the badge by which their order was designated.

With the music playing, banners flying, and horses prancing, they filed into the grounds, while the shouts of welcome and loud huzzas that greeted them rent the air. The Prophet raised his hat and bowed in acknowledgment, while the Sultana waved her small gloved hand.

A dead calm succeeded this tumultuous greeting, when the Prophet proceeded in the review. The Legion had been well drilled, and the satisfaction with which their general watched every manœuvre was well deserved by them, while it steeled his heart against any compromise with the Gentiles, for, as he viewed their solid ranks, and felt that they waited on his slightest word of command, he more fully understood the influence such a body of soldiers would have in giving weight and strength to the position he had assumed.

While the review was quietly taking place all had been hushed, save the whispered gallantries in some favourite ear, and the low return, when a shrill, discordant voice rose far above every other sound.

"Begone with ye, Mister Guilford, ye smooth-faced villain, or I will choke the life out of ye!" shrieked the well-known voice of the Welsh Queen, "and let the puir wee bairn see the show in peace! She is not for ever going to mope at home because ye choose to vex her life out of her!" and the virago pushed Guilford contemptuously from her.

"Oh, sister! do not—see, everyone is looking at us. I cannot stay longer; let us go home!" pleaded the soft voice of the Lady Bula.

"Hold your tongue, and see the show—how does such a child as ye know what is right or wrong? Do ye think I am

going to coop ye up because that man takes a notion to disgrace our noble ancestors by marrying ye? I tell ye the eagles never mate with owls, and he must have a care how he comes around ye!"

Blushing and trembling with terror, the Lady Bula stood, with her pearly lids drooping over her dove-like eyes, while the mass of golden curls fell over her crimsoned brow and neck, half shielding the coy Welsh beauty from the admiring eyes of the throng, who were so unaccustomed to modesty that it cast an awe upon them.

Guilford, abashed, and his face purple with rage, rejoined the Prophet's staff, and the pageant closed; the brilliant cortège returned as they came, amidst the loud huzzas of the saints, as pell-mell they followed on after their idols, the Prophet with his harem, and the troops.

Night had gathered around, and with it a flood of light illumined the ball-room. Waving branches draped the walls, while festoons of evergreens hung pendant from the ceilings. The Mormons' flag was gracefully suspended over a raised dais which had been prepared for the Prophet and the reigning Sultana, while a step lower were ranged the seats for those of the harem who were thought worthy to have a place near the foot of the temporary throne. Anon, the fine band of musicians entered the room and took up their positions; they were soon after followed by as gay a throng as ever congregated in the oldest city in the Union. The apostles entered with their last favourites on their arms, followed in pairs by their harems, and, when these were all seated, they took no further notice of them, unless they felt so disposed during the evening.

A few minutes later the doors were thrown open, and the Prophet, with his harem, advanced up the centre of the room leading the Sultana, whose graceful form was robed in the softest tissue, the gossamer folds of which exhibited every undulation of her voluptuous charms.

The jest, the laughter, and dance went round, and all were gay, if not all happy, for few wives were present; they, with their accumulated wrongs, over which they brooded until no heart was left for recreation, were at home. But what mattered their grief to either of the bashaws so long as they had their two, three, and even four dozen Cyprians with them, who made them forget even that there existed such a thing as a lawful, broken-hearted wife. "A wife cannot live out half her days among the Mormons," says an able critic on this Mormon institution, "for if her husband has not already tired of her faded beauty and deprived her of her rights, she is in constant fear he will bring home a fairer one, and she suffers nearly as acutely in suspense as if he had already done as others do—turned her from the best apartment in the house,

and compelled her to do the drudgery of her rival, and actually to become her servant."

Harry Bennett had heard of the review, and, accompanied by Foster, hastened to the city with hope brightening in his heart that, in the silence and absence of its motley throng, he would be able to penetrate the harems, and bear from the sink of pollution his affianced and lost Lizzie Monroe. He had his suspicions in what quarters she was confined, and together they presented themselves at the entrance of the Prophet's harem. The Elect Lady, her beauty gone, leaving a suffering expression beaming from her troubled eyes, and a calm despairing pallor on her brow, met them at the door. As they looked upon her, a feeling of compassion and involuntary respect took the place of anger, and Foster, stepping forward, said in a subdued, apologetic tone, as he saw the glance of nervous inquiry she cast from one to the other—

"Lizzie Monroe has disappeared from home, and having suspicions she is in Nauvoo, we have come to bear her home. You, I know from report, will aid us in this endeavour; and therefore I state candidly our errand here."

A tremor shook the frame of the Elect Lady, and though her white lips moved, they framed no syllable, as she wearily leaned against the door for support.

"It is a painful subject for us all, but it is a necessity that there shall be no shrinking from, for the return of Marian Gage has aroused the country to arms, and I fear the consequences if Lizzie is not given up."

"Then Marian has arrived home in safety? Thank God for that! I feared she had been waylaid in her flight, and dealt foully with, to prevent her telling tales in the future."

"Then you knew of her imprisonment here, and extended no hand to save her, until death had marked her for his own?" cried Foster indignantly.

"Nay, she never was in this house, and I accidentally came to a knowledge of her wrongs and sufferings, and that night she was free, how I dare not say, as I should compromise my own safety by it."

"Heaven bless you for the act!" cried Harry. "You look gentle and womanly—free Lizzie, and I will not ask how or where from."

"She is not in the Mansion, for there is not a closet in it that I am not conversant with, neither do I know where she is; but, if possible, I will find and free her."

"Madam, we can do no better than trust your word, and turn our search elsewhere. I feel you speak the truth when you say she is not here," returned Foster.

"Now to Pratt's," cried Bennett, as they turned away; and in a few moments they stood at the entrance of the most

conspicuous of the buildings that held his harem. A fragile, pale-looking woman, who had evidently once been beautiful, but was now jaded and sickly, answered their summons. There was an unsteady light in her dark eyes, an ominous contraction of the sallow brow and a compression of the thin lips that sent disappointment to their hearts.

"Madam, a disagreeable duty compels us to beg the privilege of ascertaining if Lizzie Monroe, a young girl dear to us, is in this house, and solicit your co-operation in ensuring her return to her home."

"I am the only woman in the house, save one, who is very ill, and another who is deranged, and never goes out. If you desire to see them you are welcome," said the woman, in a cold, harsh tone, without the alteration of an expression in her steeled features.

They followed her in silence to the sick chamber, where on an untidy, filthy couch lay the invalid, tossing in a delirium of fever, with the declining sun blazing into the room through the window with all its heat and light upon her, while she, parched with thirst and wild with fevered pain, was struggling for life against the fatal malady.

"Drink, child, drink!" said the woman, holding water to the sufferer's mouth, and in an instant the cup was drained, and the invalid fell back on her uneasy couch, cooled for the moment, while the woman dipped her hand in vinegar and moistened her burning brow.

"This is not she," cried Bennett, as, with a sickening sensation, he turned away, and their guide led them to another apartment, where sitting on the bare floor, with her locks of snowy whiteness falling unbound over her shoulders, sat a young woman who had evidently seen not more than twenty summers. She did not heed their approach, but with eyes cast down, and her white arms crossed over her breast, sat the embodiment of woe.

"Good Heavens! who is she, and what does she here?" cried Foster, as his eye rested on the sufferer before him.

"I have never heard her name," returned the guide, in the same cold, measured tone. "She was brought here in the night, and the next day was a raving maniac, with her hair bleached as you see it. She is passive now, and may remain so for days; but there are times when her ravings are horrible. Would to God she, as well as the other and myself, were dead! We should not be missed, for who cares for the faded wife or the heart-broken victim?"

"And you, woman, who and what are you?"

"I," answered the woman, with a perceptible shudder at the question, "I am Pratt's lawful wife, and, thank God, the rest, who have robbed me of his affection, and even the comforts of a home and fireside, are nothing but mistresses."

"Are you sure there are none others here? I have seen that within the hour which compels me to rescue Lizzie, if I have to wade through blood to accomplish it."

"There is not, nor in any other of the buildings; were there, I would release her with my own hand; for the more mistresses accumulate, the worse treatment I receive. He hates the sight of me now that he has so outraged every principle of honour and manliness, and these fallen women do because they know me to be the only wife and lawful mother, as well as the only pure woman among them. They would murder my children if they dared, so far does their hatred extend to them, for they know, before a legal tribunal, that I and my children are all that are entitled to the name we bear in common."

"You have spoken frankly and freely, and I think sincerely, and we have to thank you for a consideration we hardly expected; yet your own sorrow should shield you from further intrusion."

They turned away, but had hardly left the premises when they encountered the returning cortège, which, with music and gay laughter, and banners floating in the breeze, was entering the city.

"We must remain quiet now until night, when I hear there is to be a grand ball, and then, under cover of darkness, during the absence of the people, we can visit the other harems; for I take it, if we can encounter the other wives, as we did the Prophet's and Pratt's, we shall be successful," said Bennett.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When the gay throng had assembled, and the streets were silent, Bennett and his companion bent their steps to the entrance of Young's harem. They were met at the door by a coarse, slatternly woman, who imperiously demanded their business, and when it was stated, she answered—

"Begone! or I will turn the dogs loose on ye, and give the alarm to the Elder. Do ye think, ye thieving Gentiles, I will allow ye to come into my house, hunting for the Elder's wives, to be making love to them? Begone, I say!"

"Look here, my friend, help us in our search, and you may name any price, it shall be yours," said Bennett, in a coaxing tone.

She made no answer, but with a diabolical grin crossed over a few feet to a kennel where several savage brutes were chained, loosed the fastening of three of them, as she yelled with ferocity—

"Seek 'em! catch 'em! hold 'em fast!" and with a yell and bound the brutes landed at their feet; but, keeping them off with their boots and canes alternately, they took to a

running fight while the old hag's sarcastic laugh rose far above the yelping din.

"We shall learn nothing farther there to-night—that is certain. That monster, with her hounds, guards the inmates as securely as the angel ever did Paradise. I would give half my fortune to see that old witch floored!"

"God help Lizzie if she is in her keeping; for I should as soon look for mercy from the arch-fiend as from her. Where shall we look now?"

"I am at a loss to determine, unless we go to the ball, and, in making love to the Cyprians, endeavour to get an inkling of her whereabouts; for I am fully persuaded she is in the city, and am half inclined to think under that old witch's guardianship."

"The very thing. It will go hard if we cannot act the Mormon for an hour, and our wit must be dull if we cannot discover the dethroned queen; and if we are certain of her, a little judicious sympathy will coax the secret out of her, for she will be only too glad to win a lover to console her for her loss, and be revenged on her last lover for his infidelity."

As they entered the gay assemblage the Sultana was whirling in the dizzy mazes of the dance, and the two stood spell-bound at the entrance, entranced by the ethereal lightness of that half-draped form, as the fleecy drapery fell in misty clouds around her.

"Did you ever see anything so divine, so bewitching before?" whispered Harry, as she was led away to a seat.

"Never so beautiful and so fallen! yet, to my eye, Alice is far lovelier than she. The two, though, should never be mentioned in the same sentence, for the earth and stars are not farther asunder than they," returned Foster.

"You are right," said Harry. "I hear from those around that she is the Prophet's last fancy, but rumour says he is half tired of her, and I propose we get an introduction, and see if anything can be gained."

"There is a pretty creature yonder who looks sad and disconsolate. I have a notion in that direction, but you can make the acquaintance of that Cyprian, while I try this one," and Foster approached the neglected beauty.

"You look lonely here, and I am sure I am; and if you will pardon the liberty, I will endeavour to amuse you."

A look of startled inquiry flashed from her earnest, sad eye, and her lip trembled, but she made no reply.

"This is a gay scene—shall we promenade?" Lightly she rested her hand on his arm, and they moved down the hall amidst the gay, laughing throng. Passing to the end, they encountered the Prophet.

"Ha, Foster! can it be possible that we are honoured by your attendance?" cried he, extending his hand in welcome.

"I chanced to be up this way, and hearing of the assemblage here, hastened to share in the gay scenes," returned Foster.

"I am really happy to see you. I hope you have your wife with you, for then my satisfaction in seeing you here would be complete."

"Neither of us was aware of its being in contemplation when I left home; and as I came on business, I came alone."

"I am grieved at her absence, but am glad to see you console yourself with a substitute," and he bowed gallantly to the fair young girl on his arm as he moved away. In looking round the room a moment after, Foster saw he had left the hall.

"You do not seem to enter into the spirit of gaiety going on here; surely you are too young to deprive yourself of the pleasures of the dance, accompanied by the merry laugh," said Foster, as he drew her hand within his own and bent over her.

"No; to me it is all mockery," she replied, and, as her voice sounded for the first time on his ear, he marked its musical intonation, tinged with a tone of bitterness.

"Then you are not happy here?" and he fixed his eyes searchingly upon her troubled brow.

"Happy!" she reiterated, and a contemptuous smile curled the lips, then died away.

"No, I cannot think you are, on reflection. The young and beautiful should always be happy; they have no cause to be otherwise."

"Youth and beauty! they have been my ruin!" she cried passionately, as the heavy teardrops rolled down her cheeks; but, quickly dashing them away, she was calm and passive as before.

"I see it all; you are unhappy," said he in a soothing tone, as he drew her away from the crowd, and then added, "If you will confide to me the cause of your grief, I will pledge my honour to help you out of your trouble."

"It never can," said she in a desponding tone, "for I am lost! Then she added, "Do you know the meaning of that one word *lost*? Night and day, waking or sleeping, it haunts me, ringing its fearful sound in my ears." As she ceased, her features assumed the same calm, sad expression as if no ray of light illumined the darkness of despair within.

"Nay, but it may, and I feel an unaccountable desire to serve you," said Foster earnestly.

"The helping hand has come too late. Oh, God! I would have given life for it three months ago; but the mark of shame is on my brow, and nothing but death can erase it. Yet, if you would save one who needs your aid, you may yet serve humanity and rescue her from infamy."

“Who? Where? Point the way, for not a moment is to be lost,” cried Foster eagerly, as the thought of Lizzie flashed across his mind.

“In Young’s house is a beautiful young creature, who is hourly suffering a death with grief; if you are sincere, follow me, and within the hour she shall be free, if you will protect her and get her away.”

“Her name? speak—what is her name? and for Heaven’s sake, lead on, and I will follow.”

“Lizzie Monroe she says her name is. Come, if you would save her,” and as they were passing out of the hall a light hand was laid on his shoulder, and turning quickly he encountered the deep, liquid eyes of the Sultana.

“Your name is Dr. Foster?” she whispered in a quick, hurried tone.

He nodded assent.

“Then fly to your wife’s assistance, or you will be too late. Already the Prophet’s emissaries are on their way to wrest her from your hearthstone.” She disappeared among the crowd, leaving Foster paralysed with terror, but only momentarily, for he spied Bennett approaching and giving him the information he had acquired, he sprang away. In five minutes he was in his saddle, and was scouring over the ground at a fearful pace, each minute seeming an hour so intense was the anxiety that racked his brain.

On, on he sped, the brute’s hoofs striking sparks of fire from the stony road, his body reeking in sweat, and his tongue throwing back the foam, yet on he went in undiminished speed. Now he sees, away in the calm starlight, the outline of his grounds; every moment they grow more clearly defined, and hope rises above the intense anxiety in his heart. But hark! what sound is that? Again it rings on the air—a fearful shriek, and Foster reels in his saddle, for he knows his Alice, his wife, is in the hands of the merciless Mormons.

Madly he urges on his steed; the corner is passed, his grounds are before him. Clearing the fence at a bound, he drew a revolver and dashed ahead. Again that wild fearful shriek sent the blood curdling to his heart. Then there was a sound of voices and heavy steps, and in a moment more he sprang upon a group of three men bearing Alice in their midst. Levelling his revolver, one fell dead at his feet, when the others sprang away and were lost sight of in his anxiety for his wife, whom he raised from the ground where she had fallen, and then he saw she had fainted.

He lifted her light form in his arms, and bore her to the couch from which she had been so rudely torn, and rung for the servant, but received no answer. Then he bathed his wife’s brow, and soon she heaved a deep sigh, unclosed her eyes, and shuddering, closed them again.

"Alice, my sweet wife, it is I; look up, and do not be afraid," and he bent over her, and pressed his lips to her brow in a mute caress.

"Thank God you are here! Something terrible has happened! What, I know not, but I think the maid, with the aid of some strangers, has been trying to murder me and rob the house."

"My Alice, it was a fearful robbery; they attempted no less than that of your person! Oh, Alice, I shudder to think of the result if I had been a few moments later."

"Oh, those terrible men! I see it all now. Where are they, and how came you here so opportunely? Hark! I hear hurried steps approaching. What will become of us if they are returning?"

"Be brave, Alice, and fear nothing. I am armed, and it will go hard with me if I do not make them repent their temerity," returned Foster in a determined tone; and, though his face was pale, it was with calm determination, not with fear.

"Stop! Advance another step, and you are dead men!" he cried, as the approaching forms of two men were defined in the clear starlight.

"Hallo, Foster, what is all this row about? Are there thieves or Mormons here?" cried the well-known voice of Higbee, a friend and neighbour.

"Thank Heaven, it is you! But you have run a narrow risk of your life, for I came near firing and hailing afterwards," said Foster, as he dropped his revolver by his side.

"Going to shoot an old friend, eh? That's what I call ingratitude, when nothing but the prospect of rendering assistance to someone whose scream, accompanied by a shot, could have roused me at this time of night. Why don't you tell me what is the matter? You look as if you wanted to eat someone."

"See how terrified Alice is; surely something has happened," said Law, a relative of Alice.

Foster related what had occurred. When he came to the rescue and mentioned the shot, he remembered that one had fallen, and dispatched Higbee and Law to see if he had escaped, or was still on the ground. In a few minutes they returned, bearing between them the stiffening corpse of one of the assailants, and, when they threw the light full upon his face, they recognised M'Knight, one of the greatest debauchees and tools of the Prophet in Nauvoo. They laid him in an outhouse, locked the door, and left him to await the action of the proper authorities.

"These outrages," cried Law angrily, as he rejoined Foster, "have now become so frequent and audacious as to be no longer sufferable; and as sure as we have strong arms and

rifles this shall be the last in this State ; for every one of this unprincipled band of vultures shall be hunted out of it."

"Let but the daylight come," returned Foster eagerly, "so that I can place Alice in security, and I swear by the Heaven above me I will shoulder my rifle, and never lay it down until Nauvoo is razed to the ground. It makes me feel like a demon to think they should dare raise their polluted thoughts to my wife ; but they shall rue the deed for devastation shall follow them until there shall not be one left in a week's travel from Nauvoo."

"And yet you have not a tithe of the amount to complain of that the Monroes and Gages have, or yet a dozen other families between here and Nauvoo."

"That reminds me that I have obtained a clue of Lizzie Monroe, and perhaps even now she may be rescued by Bennett, whom I left in pursuit of her. He may need assistance in getting her off, and I recommend your both going to meet him, well mounted and armed, and if you can get one or two others to go with you so much the better."

Foster gave all the information he had, and in a quarter of an hour the two men were galloping towards Nauvoo at a pace scarcely less furious than that of Foster when he came from it two hours before.

When Bennett was left by Foster in the care of the sad guide, he scarcely comprehended the meaning of what was going on, until he recalled the words, "Alice is in danger—I must leave you ;" then he turned to the guide, who whispered—

"Follow me in silence until we are out of the throng, then I will tell you all."

"Had we not better go out separately ? Will it not rouse suspicion to see us go out together, and cause our movements to be watched ?" asked Bennett, in a low tone.

"No if we go leisurely they will suppose we are bent for some rendezvous. If you had had your eyes open during the evening you would have noticed the absence of more than one couple ; but it did not, nor will it now, attract attention—it is an everyday occurrence," returned the guide in a tone of bitterness.

She laid her hand once more on his arm, as she smiled sadly, but she said not a word, and they leisurely passed through the crowd.

"Now," said she, as they gained the open street, "we are free, and must lose no time, or all will be lost !" and rapidly they hurried away towards Young's harem.

"Have a care," cried Bennett, "the dogs are loose ! I have been here before to-night."

"Down, you brutes !" said Adeline, in a low, commanding tone, and the savage hounds, recognising the familiar voice,

fawned around her. Perhaps they were so accustomed to the passing and repassing of the Cyprians, and anyone who accompanied them, that they did not now attempt to dispute the passage of Bennett as they had done before.

Instead of going to the entrance, the guide led him round to the side of the house, and bidding him in a whisper wait there, she went to the door. A moment after he heard it unclose and then close again, and he shuddered as the act recalled the wrathful virago within whose keeping was sweet Lizzie Monroe.

After a lapse of five minutes he heard the window in the second storey above him softly raised ; a strong rope ladder was lowered, and the voice of Adeline whispered "Ascend !"

The thought of Lizzie within banished all hesitation, and, placing his foot in the coil, he ascended, but wondered at every step how many had gained the chamber above by the same means ; and then Adeline closed the window and struck a light.

"I know your thoughts," she said, "but they are as false as the heart that has cursed my life. This ladder is not mine, and you are the first one who has ever ascended it to my chamber. You do not believe me ; but what matters it now that I am lost—lost for ever ?"

"Madam, there is yet hope for one who feels her position as keenly as you do," returned Bennett gently, as he looked in pity upon the youthful penitent.

"Hush !" returned Adeline in a husky voice ; "you will drive me mad ! Too late ! too late !"

As she uttered these words her eye grew bright, the small mouth curled with the bitterness in her heart, and the passive face wore a look of passionate despair.

"My dear madam we are losing time : let us hasten to Lizzie, and if you will fly with her I will protect you with my life, and restore you to home and friends."

"Too late ! too late ! But I will save her ! Remain here, and do not attempt to speak or move until I return !" and she left the room. A few moments afterwards she returned with a chisel in her hand.

"The way is clear, but her room is locked, and you will have to prise out a panel in the door : and this is the best instrument for the purpose I can find. Can you succeed with it ?"

"I will try, and if I fail I will open it by forcing its hinges, and carry her out by main strength. I am well armed."

"That is fortunate for you : but try to do it silently. Follow me !"

Noiselessly they made their way to the door, and bending to the effort, the panel was soon displaced, and in a moment the

two stood within the room. There, white as marble, with her hair and dress in disorder, stood the sweet captive.

"Lizzie! my Lizzie! thank God, I have found you!" cried Bennett, as he sprang forward and folded her in his arms.

"Not a moment is to be lost—make your escape!" said Adeline. They had passed the panel, when a hurried shuffling was heard, followed by steps on the stairs, and Adeline hurried them into an adjoining room which was unlocked and closed the door.

The voice of the virago was now heard in anger, accompanied by those of some men whom she could not distinguish.

"Here, d'ye see that panel? I tell ye the new one is stolen away, and a purty row we'll have if we don't find her afore Young comes home. Get the dogs, ye rascals, and put 'em on the scent. I know they have not gone far."

"There is yet hope for you," said Adeline. "I will go ahead with Lizzie to the door if you are sufficiently armed to cover our retreat; if not, we are lost, and you will be murdered—I shall, happen what will, for I cannot now hide my implication in this night's business."

"Not so, Adeline—lead Lizzie to the door, but do not take a light with you; I will follow closely, and defend you from attack; but I will not leave you here. They shall never wreak revenge on you for so noble a deed. No one can be wholly lost to virtue who has made the effort to protect the defenceless as you have this night."

Issuing from the door, with Lizzie's hand closely locked in her own, and followed by Bennett, Adeline had already gained the head of the stairs before they were discovered, and when assured secrecy was no longer of avail, she whispered encouragingly—

"In a minute more we shall be in the open air! Come on!" and away she darted with her charge down the steps. The bottom was gained, but the assailants were close at their heels.

"Stand back!" shouted Bennett. "Attempt to stop our progress and I will kill every one of you in this modern sink of pollution. I am armed and desperate—so beware!"

With an oath the foremost levelled a blow at Bennett, but he warded it off with his left arm, at the same time placing his revolver against the fellow's breast and pulling the trigger. The man with a heavy groan fell dead, and his companions were paralysed with terror; but only for a few moments, when they sent up a cry of baffled rage, which caused the alarm to be spread. In ten minutes the ball-room was emptied of its occupants, and the whole city was roused to a fearful pitch of excitement. Some thought the last day had surely come, and knelt in the streets and began to

pray, while others sat bewailing they knew not what. Half an hour was thus given the fugitives to escape before the cause of alarm was known, and then the stern, commanding voice of the Prophet said—

“ Away ! every man of you—let no road be missed, but pursue and bring the girl back to brother Young alive ; but the other two, let them die the death of the dog where found. Go ! I have commanded ! ”

The streets were cleared in a few moments of the men, while the women leisurely chattered and lounged with the twelve patriarchs who remained behind.

Bennett hastened to where he had left his horse, but they could not escape on him. He did not, however, for a moment hesitate—a buggy stood in the barn-yard adjoining, with a harness thrown across it where it had been left the day before. To throw down the fence, drag it into the street, throw off his saddle, and harness his horse to it was but the work of a minute, and, placing the girls therein, he seated himself between them and dashed away for life and liberty. The commotion in the city warned him the hounds would soon be on his track—but he had a strong arm, and a brave heart ; was armed with a brace of revolvers, with but one ball spent, and a heavy bowie knife, and never for a moment did he harbour the thought of being taken or of relinquishing his prizes.

On, on went the noble beast with its heavy burden ; and now, far away behind him, he felt he was pursued—and he plied the lash to his steed, who, under the thong, bounded forward with redoubled vigour. He knew they were singly mounted, and were fast gaining upon him ; yet he hoped to pass the last Mormon settlement and seek shelter with some of the people whose farms lined the way before they overtook him. Not a quarter of a mile intervened between the pursued and pursuers, but hope was still in the ascendant, for if he could keep his way a mile farther he would find aid and shelter. But what is that which makes him horror-stricken for a moment, then gather the reins in his left hand, while with the other he draws his revolver ?

Scarcely thirty rods before him two horsemen came dashing on, as if riding for life, and the thought strikes him that he has been headed off, and must now contend with these in addition to those behind him !

“ Lizzie,” said Bennett, in a calm, determined tone, “ take the reins. You can drive ; there is the whip, and do not spare it when the road is free. I will attend to these men if they dispute it with us ! ”

Firmly Lizzie gathered the reins in her left hand, grasped the whip, and on they went ; and as they and the horsemen approached each other she plied the whip vigorously, and they

were dashing unmolested between them, when one of them exclaimed—

“ Escaped them single-handed, by Jove ! Stop, Bennett, you are safe now. Don’t kill your horse when it won’t do any good ! ”

“ Higbee, is that you ? Thank Heaven for your arrival ! Do you see that cavalcade bearing down upon us ? Well, we have got to fight them, and I am thankful I have not got to do it alone ! ”

“ That puts a different aspect on affairs ! Drive on—the faster the better, and we will keep the marauding scoundrels at bay ! ”

“ All right—let them come on ! I have a grudge to settle with them, and the sooner it is done the quicker it will be over,” said Law, preparing himself for the collision which he knew must soon occur.

On rushed the Mormon band, but their progress was checked by the discharge of a pistol in the hands of Law, which, missing the rider, brought the horse to the ground. The check was, however, momentary, and with redoubled fury the pursuers bore down on the fugitives. Attempting to surround the flying party, five of the Mormons were shot dead, and two that attempted to drag Lizzie from her seat were stabbed to the heart by her betrothed. Finding themselves so ably opposed where they were prepared for little or no defence they broke and fled, leaving the dead and wounded where they fell. Law had received a bullet wound in the thigh, but it was only a flesh wound, and save some rough knocks, the others had escaped unharmed. At daylight they arrived in triumph at the village, where they were greeted with shouts of joy. Lizzie was once more folded in the paternal embrace, her heart soothed with the balm of tenderness, and her bowed spirit by the assurance from her betrothed that he held her guiltless of the ordeal through which she had passed. He assured her that she owed her rescue to Adeline and begged her to receive her as a penitent.

CHAPTER XIX.

The lawless acts of the Mormons had brought them into antagonism with the citizens of the State. Husbands whose wives’ purity had been poisoned or their delicacy insulted ; fathers whose daughters had been stolen or seduced ; brothers and sisters who had lost a mother or sister ; farmers who had lost their cattle and grain ; merchants who had depredations committed on their goods—all joined in the cry for the extermination of a band of parasites who lived and preyed on their fellows. The currency of the State had been so

often counterfeited that to be "as worthless as Missouri currency" was an opprobrium no one was anxious to obtain.

The whole State arose as one man and demanded of the Governor the execution of the laws against the Mormons. This menacing tone of the people warned the Governor that no consideration of policy could longer be of avail to satisfy these just demands, and he ordered out the militia to see the warrants executed that were already out against the Prophet and several of the patriarchs.

Their movements had, however, been too tardy; and as the Governor and his troops approached the scene of excitement, he met detachments of the people armed. So numerous and determined were they that they refused to leave the matter in the executive's hands, but in unequivocal terms stated their resolution to repair to Nauvoo, and see that the arch-manceuvrer did not escape the punishment he so richly merited.

As detachment after detachment surrounded the city they were dooming to destruction the Governor became alarmed for the safety of its inhabitants; for he saw that, if they precipitated themselves on the city, a terrible slaughter must ensue. He well knew that the Prophet, with his legion, was prepared to receive them. Then he saw how far he had erred in creating a sectarian army, which was now about to repay him by turning their arms on himself. Anxiously he scanned his troops to ascertain if they could be controlled; but he found no assurance in their lowering brows and menacing eyes, for they were men, and knew how the people had suffered, and they had a disposition to punish, not shield, the Mormons from the threatened vengeance of the people.

The Governor, as the only expedient that could save the city, sent entreaties to the Prophet to yield, with the obnoxious patriarchs, to the laws they had outraged; for, if they refused, Nauvoo would be sacked and burned to the ground. The Prophet refused to yield, and, crossing over the river into Iowa, defied the power of the Governor to arrest him. The Governor expostulated with him for this obstinacy, for he felt the Prophet must ultimately yield, or those less guilty suffer for his crimes.

The Mormons, greatly to his annoyance, urged him to yield, if his safety was secured. They demanded his compliance, as they feared for the lives of their wives and children, as well as for the safety of their property. This popular demand he dared not disobey, fearing, if he did, he, in his anxiety to preserve his liberty, would lose the hold he had on his debased followers. He remembered also with what ease he had, in Missouri, escaped from his captors, and he hoped for a like success in eluding these. There was no alternative, and he complied, though under protest, and yielded himself a

prisoner, together with Samuel and Hyrum Smith, Taylor, and Richards, to the Governor, who pledged himself to secure their safety from personal danger. They were conveyed under a strong escort of troops to Carthage gaol, where they were locked up for trial on the charges for which they stood indicted.

Young and several others, though equally implicated, refused to surrender. The possession of part of the ringleaders in the iniquity, however, pacified the people for the time, and they fell back from the city they had so menacingly surrounded and took up a position near the gaol that held the captive Prophet and his worthy compeers. The following day the prisoners were brought before a magistrate; but the popular tumult had become so intense that they were advised to give bail for their appearance to answer the charges against them at court. This, it was supposed, would allay the terrible excitement to which the people had been raised; but they were mistaken, for warrants charging them with treason were brought by the constable, who came forward and arrested them, and in a few moments the prison door once more closed on them, while the dark, lowering visages of the outraged citizens assured the Governor that, even yet, they were not satisfied.

Warned by these symptoms of danger to the prisoners, whom he desired to screen from outrages, Governor Ford placed a strong guard of soldiers around the gaol for their protection, with the injunction to defend it from assault and guard the captives from any unlawful or riotous act.

Foster chafed like a caged lion until the dawn of day, and when he had secured the safety of his idolised wife, and joined the general rejoicing that greeted the arrival of Higbee and Law with their rescued captives, and related what had occurred in their midst through the night, a loud, fierce shout of rage and hatred arose from them as from one man and they demanded to be led to Nauvoo that they might destroy it.

"You," said Foster, in a calm, determined voice, "have heard how the Prophet's sacrilegious hand has been laid upon my hearthstone. Now hear me swear by the God that made me that this rifle I hold in my hands shall never go out of it until this human devil has paid the penalty of his crimes with his life. It is not revenge I seek, but retribution!"

A shout of applause greeted this fearful oath, and the flashing eyes and compressed lips around told him he would be sustained in its accomplishment.

"I go alone on this mission," pursued Foster, as the tumult died away, "unless there are others here whose hearthstones have suffered also, and they choose to wipe out the foul stain as I do."

“Foster,” said Bennett fiercely, “I go with you. What have you or your wife suffered in comparison to Lizzie Monroe. Lead on ; I will not follow, for I will be side by side with you. I accept your oath as my own, and will fulfil it.”

“We have all suffered, and will all follow,” replied the rest :
“Lead on.”

In two hours fifty men, strong and well armed, vowing retribution in their hearts, were on their way to Nauvoo. When within a few miles of the place they learned of the arrest of the Prophet and some of his patriarchs. This caused them to change their course and take up their march for Carthage.

On arriving at that place they found the prisoners were safe in prison, under guard of the Governor's troops. But so fearful was the excitement and resentment against them among the people that had crowded into Carthage that it scarcely needed the augmenting hurricane of passion brought in by Foster and Bennett to swell it beyond control. Their cause was a common one, and, uniting it in one fell purpose, they withdrew to an open space beyond the village boundaries in order to come to some general understanding how to effect the purpose on which they were resolved. The vindictive, outraged citizens were calm—not a sound arose above the low hum ; but there was an ominous sternness that told plainer than words that this calmness was more to be dreaded than wild, noisy disorder.

The guards anxiously watched the citizens, and when they saw the turn affairs had taken, their cheeks blanched, and their lips closed firmly, but it was not from cowardice.

They had fathers, brothers, friends, and neighbours among that throng of outraged citizens, and their hearts recoiled when the thought came over them that they would soon be called to defend their prisoners against them.

Hour after hour went by, and still there were no signs of attack on the gaol, and hope that the law would be allowed to take its course was fast rising in many hearts, but in others it only augmented anxiety, for they knew these western borderers too well to believe that they would quietly return to their homes. Night was drawing near, and the guard looked on the declining sun and wondered in their hearts how many in that village would ever again look upon its rising.

The sun had already begun to dip behind the forest that lined the Mississippi in the west when a band of Indians, heavily armed, dressed and painted in their war costume, were seen rapidly approaching the gaol. They came in solid ranks, with a firm, determined front, and in a few moments they had surrounded the guards and gaol. No words had been spoken up to this time ; but the soldiers were not taken by surprise, for the moment they saw them approach they knew they

were not Indians they had to contend with but their own fathers, brothers and friends.

“Soldiers! stand your ground, and give not an inch!” commanded their Captain, who saw at a glance that the object of the Indians was to get between them and the gaol. Then he added, in a conciliatory tone—

“The prisoners are well guarded—they cannot escape the punishment our laws have provided for such crimes as they stand charged with. Return to your homes in peace, with this assurance, that all annoyance from them will henceforth cease.”

“Will that wipe out the stain of foul dishonour with which they strove to stamp my name?” demanded the pretended Indian chief angrily.

“Or restore to life and honour my murdered sister?” cried another.

“Or give me back my squandered wealth, which they obtained by treachery and false pretence?” asked a third.

“No,” exclaimed the chief; “the time is past when we can be cajoled by sophistry into tolerating such wickedness; now we will put in force the laws they have violated, and execute a just sentence that their crimes have called down upon themselves; and it is *death!* Follow your leader!”

The chief darted forward, and, striking up the rifle of the nearest soldier, sprang past him, followed so closely by his comrades that the soldiers had no room to fire. A charge with the bayonet would have been worse than madness—it would have been murder breast to breast and shoulder to shoulder. It was only for a moment, for, though the soldiers stood on the ground where they had been stationed, the Indians were between them and the gaol, closely surrounding it.

Chagrined at the manœuvre that outwitted him, the Captain drew his guard before the most salient point of the Indians and endeavoured to regain what he had lost. A rough and tumble struggle ensued, when the guards were overpowered, many of their arms being wrested from them, and in a few moments they were powerless.

This accomplished, the chief, sounding the Indians’ savage war cry, attacked the door that barred the entrance into the building. A rail was brought forward, the door falling beneath repeated blows, and the chief and his comrades entered. In a moment a hundred rifles were levelled up the stair-way, at the head of which was the prison, and discharged without aim or object.

The chief and others ascended the stairs. A door was partially wrenched open, when a revolver from within was levelled in their faces, and the ball, whizzing past them, was buried in the wall. In an instant a dozen rifles were thrust

within and discharged. There was a groan of agony, and they knew one was mortally wounded. Rapid shots from revolvers from within for a few moments kept them at bay, but they soon rallied, and forcing the door fully open, were on the point of firing, when the ghastly form of Hyrum, lying dead, arrested them. The Prophet in alarm sprang to the window and leaped out; but before he had touched the ground, the air rang with the crack of the rifles with which his appearance at the window had been greeted, and they hastened out to find him dead!

The retribution they had sought had overtaken him; and as they saw him passive and bereft of power, a calm rested on their frenzied passions; and slowly, sadly, they left the spot. Had they done right or wrong? many were thinking, as they moved away, and though none repented the act that freed them, and avenged his victims, few applauded a deed which made the people executors of outraged law.

The Prophet was dead; but there was no reaction in favour of the lawless band that he had so long reigned over with despotic sway; for they knew the thousands so schooled in vice would not return to the path of rectitude and virtue. Their demands were still what they were before: nothing would satisfy them that there could ever be security for life or property within the State until it was freed from the pestilential presence of these worse than Egyptian locusts.

Numerous Mormon settlements clustered around Nauvoo and dotted the fertile valley of the Mississippi. The people in their vicinity had, it is true, suffered less the farther they were removed from the example of the Prophet and patriarchs; but even there they had acts of the most heinous character to complain of; and when the rumour reached them of what had occurred at Carthage, they arose also to drive out and punish the offenders.

CHAPTER XX.

With horror the Mormons at Nauvoo listened to the messenger who proclaimed the death of the Prophet. So sudden, so overpowering had the disaster fallen on them, that it paralysed every heart with fear. There were the quivering lips, terror-glancing eyes, and noiseless step as the fearful tragedy flew from group to group; but no sound arose to break the solemn stillness that lay like a pall over the city. A vague, undefined calamity seemed to enclose them with its leaden folds, crushing them in its pitiless embrace. An hour passed thus, and then the door of the Prophet's harem flew open, and the Cyprians within, headed by the Sultana, rushed forth with yells of rage demanding vengeance on the

murderers. "Hang them as high as Haman!" shouted the Sultana, as she tossed her arms in the air.

The sight of the Prophet's mistresses wailing in frantic grief caused a reaction in the city. Their wailings were taken up by his followers, and the sounds of grief and woe rose in one long cry. Closely following in its train arose the fierce vindictive cry for vengeance, for the distress of the beautiful favourite touched their hearts, and her impassioned appeals for retribution on the murderers of her lord and master roused them to action.

"Shall the Lord's best-beloved Prophet," continued the Sultana, "His chosen messenger to fallen man, be thus robbed of a life more precious than those of a million of other men's, and we not rise up to avenge it? Let the legion he loved so well go forth and slaughter the murderers by thousands and tens of thousands! It is not meet he should die thus like a dog, and his death not carry with it a retaliation that shall redeem the impious act."

"Let them die the dog's death! The God of Heaven has decreed it, and so it shall be accomplished," cried Rigdon. "Lo!" he continued, "the Angel of the Lord came to me and said, 'Go forth, and be unto me a Prophet in the place of my servant Joseph, whom the Gentiles have this day slain. Go before my people, and guide them in the paths I shall direct thee; then, when thou layest down thy life, thou shalt sit on my right hand, by my servant Joseph, and wear a crown, and bear a sceptre like unto the one with which he has this day been crowned. I charge thee to go out in battle with my legion against the Gentiles. I will cause thee to be victorious over my enemies; then shalt thou enlarge my borders around thee, and dwell in peace all the days of thy life.'"

Staggered at the audacity of Rigdon, who thus assumed the mantle of the fallen Prophet, they listened in silence for a moment, then gave a cry of glad acquiescence in the command, and Rigdon's vain heart arose in gratified pride that he was now the first as he had long been second in power.

"You, my bereaved brethren, must act with coolness and decision in this sorrowful hour," said Young, as he saw with dismay the effects of Rigdon's bold strike; for short as the time had been since the announcement of the Prophet's death, Rigdon's was not the only heart that exulted over it as it would leave the post he occupied to be filled.

"The hour for action is certainly with us," continued Young; "but we must be calm if we would accomplish good. The legion was disarmed and disbanded the day the Prophet was taken prisoner, therefore it cannot be of avail except as we arm and re-organise it, which I counsel doing immediately. This disbanding of the troops has been through policy kept

quiet until now, but it can be so no longer. The Gentiles have us in their power unless we act with prudence. Touching the prophecy of brother Rigdon, I have only to say, our martyred Prophet cautioned us, above all things, to beware of false prophets, whose revelations come not from God, but emanate from Lucifer."

With dismay Rigdon listened to Young, whose calm, authoritative tone swayed the multitudes, who felt, as they looked upon him and marked his energy and the unimpassioned view he took of affairs, that his, above all others, was the arm to direct and guide them in this perilous hour. Yet Rigdon had few fears of his being the Prophet's ultimate successor; for he had obtained from him a written acknowledgment that he alone was capable of fulfilling the high offices of Prophet-chief and guide of the Mormons should he survive the Prophet. This important document was willingly given by the Prophet to appease Rigdon, who, from his knowledge of the way the "Book of Mormon," or, as they termed it, the "Mormon Bible," had been brought into existence, would be a formidable enemy if suffered to become estranged from the superstitious toils fanaticism had woven around him. The wily Prophet, with his herculean frame, had no fears that the excitable visionary and nervous fanatic would survive him, and he deemed himself safe in promising what he believed could never occur. It served to attach Rigdon still closer to his interest, while it silenced all fears of unwelcome developments which might in an hour have dispersed to the winds the unstable elements he had collected together as fit subjects for such a master.

The patriarchs assembled in council, and there, more than ever, Rigdon felt the effect of the powerful, calm, calculating will of Young. Boldly he displayed the document which yielded to him the office of succession to the Prophet. In a commanding tone he called on all to yield him that trust and obedience that had been accorded to the Prophet. He said he came before them at the command of Jehovah, who had ordered him to restore peace among His chosen people by chastising the Gentiles, and then tender the revelation, as given by the Prophet Joseph to the heir of the Gwenwyns, in the person of the Welsh Queen.

The patriarchs listened to Rigdon with a gloomy brow, and when he had ceased James J. Strong, one of the twelve, arose, and in authoritative tones pronounced the revelations of Rigdon as proceeding from the devil, who sought to distract the faithful in this perilous hour, declaring *he* had been appointed by God to seize the vacant post and fulfil the divine mission the dead Prophet had begun!

William Smith likewise arose in indignation, and in choice vituperation denounced both competitors, and claimed as the

natural successor of the Prophet the office of Prophet and Seer, denouncing all other aspirants as dissenters and fomenters of evil. He was interrupted by Lyman White, another of the twelve, who proclaimed himself a Leader and Prophet, and in consternation the assembly broke up, for the vacant seat was likely to find as many contestants as ever at one time did the chair of St. Peter.

They had resolved to raise an army to defend themselves, but a conciliatory message having been received from Carthage, their ardour was somewhat cooled by the stern, steady hand of Young, who had assumed the leadership while others were quarrelling about it. He did not intend to dispute the claims of others : all he did was quietly to assert his own ; and on the twelve being again convened, he, by cajoling and intimidation, obtained the assent of the convention, and, henceforth, Brigham Young, the second to the Prophet in the number of his harem, became the second leader of the Mormon fanaticism.

Rigdon, indignant at the injustice done him, thundered his anathemas at their devoted heads, and they in return excommunicated him from the Church and sent him adrift on the world. Young knew not the secrets possessed by Rigdon, or he would have courted, instead of exasperated, so formidable an enemy. The Prophet had stood in fear of a man who could thus injure his cause : but Young, ignorant of this, found when too late the mistake he had committed. For Rigdon made a grand *exposé* of the imposture, and from this *exposé* much of the early history of Mormonism has been gathered. Friends by hundreds flocked around the would-be Prophet, and, placing himself defiantly at their head, he led his little colony away by themselves to Pennsylvania, where he settled with them, well pleased that he could rule a few, if not all. White led away another large party to Texas, where he settled with his adherents, also well pleased that he had a share of the subjects over which he had aspired to rule.

William Smith, the only surviving brother of Joseph the Prophet, published some revelations which made Mormonism still blacker to the Gentiles ; and Young, in order to get rid of so dangerous a rival, cut him off and turned him loose on the world also, greatly to his indignation. The pruning hook was applied with no sparing hand by Young, who resolved to free himself of all who would be likely in future to dispute his absolute sway.

Strong followed suit, and led away another large party to the prairies of Wisconsin, where he gathered a numerous colony.

Young saw these defections with little uneasiness, for it took away the turbulent and ambitious who, had they remained, would have caused him vast trouble to keep in subjection, and he rightly conjectured that, when freed from

these unruly spirits, he would be able to lead the rest with a silken cord.

The Mormons at Nauvoo, it is true, at that moment were in arms, defying alike the State's and the Union's authority ; but they were exasperated or calmed at will by the master spirit that ruled them. He never for a moment thought of leading them to seek the vengeance they so peremptorily demanded ; but he created a "masterly inactivity" that cooled their ardour, and they soon learned to forget their old Prophet under the rule of the new.

The Illinoisans were not thus to be cajoled by the new dynasty. They had seen and felt the curse of Mormonism, and now that the aggressors were disposed to show the flag of truce they were not prepared to receive it. Hundreds of the borderers refused to sheathe the sword as long as they remained as a community within the State, and in terms not to be misunderstood so informed Brigham Young, the new Prophet.

He begged a few days' grace to bury the Prophet in a fitting manner, dispose of their property, and remove the people to a place of security. So reasonable a demand was willingly accorded, but they feared he only wished to gain time to let the aroused passions of the indignant people cool so that he might the more easily cajole them, and retain the position he occupied with his followers. They were not wrong in interpreting his motives, and with jealous eyes every act and manœuvre of his was closely scanned, for they were not to be caught with treachery, which they well knew was a prominent trait in the new Prophet's character.

The funeral pageant was past. The wailing sounds of woe were hushed, and in their stead arose pæans in honour of the new Prophet. The city was quiet, but it was the quietness that precedes the storm. The Gentiles had not for one moment relaxed their demands, and when the days of grace had expired, and even thrice their number passed, and no signs were visible of their vacating the State, they reiterated a compliance with their orders. Young was alarmed, and begged a little longer delay that they might gather the ripened harvest to take with them to their new homes in order to keep starvation from their midst until they could again sow and reap.

Inhumanity forms no part of the Western character, and to drive them away empty-handed, with nothing to subsist on during the rigours of approaching winter, was not to be thought of ; so this delay was also granted, but they were given to understand that such was final.

In the meantime the finishing touches were given to the gorgeous Temple, dwellings were completed that had been begun previous to the riots, and the whole city resounded to the incessant clang of the implements of industry.

There came a day when the fields had yielded their wealth which was to give them their yearly food. Rejoicings were therefore to take place in Nauvoo, into which city flocked the Mormons from the colonies clustering around it. Their Temple, every house, and even the streets were festooned with evergreens, while songs of gladness, of joy and praise rolled up to Heaven. Of what had they cause for joy? Were not hands even now upraised to drive them forth from a spot they had made to blossom like the rose? Alas, that the innocent, sincere, gathered there by hundreds should be made to feel the retribution called down by the guilty! But they were not enough to avert a righteous judgment decreed by outraged humanity.

To the dismay of Young, the Elect Lady, Emma Smith, the widow of the dead Prophet, renounced all connection with the Mormons, and announced her determination to remain in Nauvoo. Young coaxed, reasoned, and finally threatened, but it was of no avail, for to all he could urge she had but the one answer—

“I have remained with this community thus long because my husband compelled me to remain. I am free now, and no effort shall ever again bring me in subjection to so lawless a band. Death has released me from the vilest of servitude, and death would be preferable to enduring over again what I have during these long years.”

From morn to setting sun arose the sounds of joy and revelry. Then every note was hushed, and nought broke the stillness around save preparations for departure—preparations for exile from the Temple they had reared and loved—the city they had built and beautified.

Their Guide and Prophet had said: “I will lead you over the Rocky Mountains to the fertile valleys of the Pacific, where a white man has never before trod. We will take with us our wives and our children, our cattle and our grain, our implements of labour; and there, in the fastnesses of the West, we will rear for ourselves another Temple and home which shall far surpass that we leave to be desecrated by the hands of the Gentiles. There we will be secure in our rock-begirt home, and defy the powers that refuse to us here the heritage which our God took from the unworthy and gave to us, to be ours and our children’s for ever. There, in our mountain home, we will plant the banner of our God. There, we will live as the God of nature, when He made us and implanted in our souls the attributes of the Deity, intending we should enjoy the pleasures of earth while we prepare for the world to come. There no finger of scorn, nor taunting sneer, a thousand miles over the prairies and impregnable mountains can reach us. We may there boldly wed as many wives as we can love; and the God whose mandates we obey will

feed the holy generations that shall be reared by us as He fed Elijah in the mountains when he went forth an exile from his home and kindred."

These inducements, so congenial to the Mormon love of uncurbed licence, were not unheeded, and the dismantled houses, the heavily-loaded carts as they moved away to the ford on the Mississippi, told of exile and unknown hardships that awaited them, far away from the haunts of civilised men, before another city could again be reared to receive and shelter them from storms and tempests.

As the long train reached the opposite bank of the river, and the misguided people turned to take a last look of the Temple they had reared, tears started in every eye, and sobs burst from many an over-charged heart. But the guilty leaders, who had caused all this misery and exile, broke forth into curses, fierce and vindictive, on the people who had driven them away.

CHAPTER XXI.

Richards, warned by the terrible fate of his innocent victim, Maud Hatfield, had been more circumspect in his conduct ; and, though the miserable Mormon mockery had proclaimed the sister of his victim, the trusting Rose, his wife, yet, for Maria's sake, they prudently forbore to publish it, and she, still a child, had ushered into the world a being scarcely less helpless than herself, with no strong arm to lean upon in her maternity, no heart to warm hers with its earnest, hopeful love. The child-mother felt all this too keenly ; and, though she had believed herself a wife, yet now the future welfare of her child expanded the germ of womanhood in her soul, and she turned with horror from the silken chain of sophistry that had brought her ruin. Alone, with no one to whom she dared reveal her grief, she bore, in the solitude of her chamber, the agony that was crushing out her life. When the exodus was made from Independence to Nauvoo she was removed, with her babe, as part of the chattels that had been acquired and belonged to the institution of Mormonism. Here, as before, in the seclusion of her room, with the rose faded from her cheek, and her young brow wrinkled by premature care, she spent her days and nights, wondering how it was that, if Richards ever loved her, he no longer sought her and his child ; yet dreading to meet him again lest she should once more fall into the wiles of the tempter. Her mother's heart longed to see the little Ada in its father's arms—to have him hear its soft cooing, and feel the peachy cheek and dimpled arms ; not that she loved him or even hated him—for she could not hate the father of her child.

Good Mrs. Williams saw the sorrowing young mother, and knew the cause of her grief. Tenderly she wiped away the tears, and folded the mother and babe in her arms, as she said :

“My poor child, you have been greatly sinned against, and, alas ! the past cannot be recalled or blotted out. Still, all is not lost, for Heaven may still be yours ; and be your task on earth to win it, and save your daughter from a like fate.”

A cry of pain burst from the young mother’s lips as she clasped her babe closer to her bosom, as if to shield it for ever from such a dark future.

“Nay, poor child, I did not intend to distress, but rather to warn you. You say you have no home ; come with me, and you shall be as safe as though you were my own daughter.”

“Oh ! willingly will I go with you anywhere ; for, surely, you can have no interest in leading me into danger. All I ask is a place where I can hide away from the sight of others, and live and die alone.”

Margaret Guilford listened with an aching heart to the sad recital of kind Mrs. Williams, and then, when satisfied that the poor child was more sinned against than sinning, hastened to her apartments to soothe the stricken young mother. As she entered the room, Rose sat in a low chair, her wan cheek resting on her right hand, her fair head bowed, while little Ada lay in her left arm, cooing and endeavouring to grasp the curls that floated back from her mother’s girlish brow.

As she paused at the door, and marked the attitude of both, a tremor passed through her frame. Then her woman’s heart was suffused with pity for the erring child, and, crushing back the emotion that was welling up in her breast, she drew a chair to the side of Rose, lifted the babe to her own arms and commenced toying with it as if no sorrow or grief was near. The infant’s happy looks and acts lured the young mother for a moment from the grief that never before had been absent from her heart. Margaret saw with pleasure the half smile playing like light around her lips, and knew the heart beneath had been saddened, chastened, yea, well-nigh broken ; and from that moment she resolved to win her to a better, truer life, and save both her and her daughter from the moral pestilence that hung around Nauvoo.

Margaret’s eyes were fully opened to the escapades of her husband ; but she wisely kept such knowledge to herself, and still hoped to win him back to the paths of rectitude and virtue. She knew her duty, and did not for a moment shrink from performing it, although many times it caused her heart-strings to quiver, and the noble soul within to revolt.

She had shunned her fallen sisters hitherto ; but now a new light broke in upon her dreary life, and she resolved to save others while she watched with anxious heart the career

of her misguided husband. Rose and her babe had already won her pity; and as she looked on them she thought perchance there were many others equally sinned against, and deserving her aid to save them from themselves and the libertines around them.

With blended feelings of joy and sorrow she had heard the Prophet's death announced—joy, that he could no longer sway her husband; sorrow, that a human being should be hurled without a moment's warning into the presence of his Maker by the hand of his fellow-men. She had lived in fear of personal violence at his hands from the day he insulted her in the garden at Kirkland, and she could not, therefore, repress the feeling of relief his death gave her. Then, with renewed energy, she strove to lure her husband from Nauvoo; but he silenced her by announcing that the Prophet's mantle had fallen on the cool-headed, wily Young, who henceforth would go before them and be their Prophet.

When their departure from Nauvoo commenced, she, with the families of the patriarchs, were placed in the van of the trains, well guarded, and supplied with food and clothing; and, though they suffered from inclement weather and fatigue, they escaped the horrors of the masses that followed, who, destitute and suffering for clothes and food, perished from want and exposure, or became so emaciated and broken-hearted by what they endured that they reached the promised land only to die on its bosom.

During the months taken to accomplish the journey from Nauvoo to Utah, through the unbroken wilds of the West, Margaret added to her list of friends the gentle wife of Richards. There was a loveliness in the tenderness of her devotion to her little one and her husband, which awoke a response in her own breast, and she felt drawn to the woman who could rise so superior to poor human nature as to cling to the man who had become so debased and fallen.

The young mother shrank at first from the approach of the wife of her betrayer—why she knew not—but the unostentatious kindness and sympathy of Maria overcame this feeling, and she learned to love her for her exalted virtues and singleness of heart. They were scrupulous in suppressing the name of Rose's betrayer to Maria, knowing it could avail nothing to the fallen, but would render doubly bitter the life of her whose burdens were fast weighing down her life. She thought her husband's love was only hers. Others she knew had openly taken younger, more blooming wives, and her life was one agony with the fear *he* would also, and she felt she could never brook the presence of another between her and her babes and husband.

The lawless intrigues that had characterised the Mormons at Nauvoo found few advocates during the months of suffering

on the plains. Gaunt famine and pestilence took their places and hushed the impious mockery, and life, only life, on any terms was the object for which they battled against these visitants. Wandering tribes of savages came down in bands upon them, plundering and murdering where they could make a breach in their ranks.

At last the land of promise was in view. They stood upon the mountains and gazed with thankfulness and joy down into the valley that was to be their home for future ages, where their cities and temples were to be reared, and they felt that here they should be secure from the Gentiles, thousands of miles away over the rugged mountains and desert-like prairies. They wound down into the valley, and at every step new beauties of the landscape met their eyes. They paused upon a beautifully fertile spot. Their exodus was accomplished, the journey ended, and they pitched their tents upon the spot where they purposed to build their city. A few days were given to repose, when bands of men, fifty in each, went to work; and, as if by magic, the forest gave way before them. The torch was applied to the prostrate monarchs of the wood, and when it had done its work, what was left was rolled together and the torch again applied, and the land stood free from all encumbrances. Grain was sown, corn and vegetables planted, and then the labourers turned their hands to building the city for shelter to the people, who still had no homes except their canvas tents to protect them from the storms of Heaven.

Lots were laid off, dwellings were begun, and though they laboured under difficulties for want of proper building materials, a city rapidly arose, and by the time the fields had yielded their burdens every family was sheltered from the blasts of approaching winter.

There are unwritten horrors of the sufferings of that winter in Utah which live in the memory of the Mormons; but they were not idle, and in the spring vast fields had been prepared for the reception of seed which should for ever banish famine from their midst. With the summer came plenty, even abundance, driving away hunger and disease, and once more the song was heard, and the voice of revelry broke the stillness of the midnight hour.

CHAPTER XXII.

One morning in the spring of 1854 Margaret Guilford was walking among the budding trees and flowers with which she had filled the grounds surrounding her house, for she once more had a home she could call her own, and of which she could be sole mistress. There was an air of elegant refinement about all its appointments and surroundings

which revealed the high-born hand that had guided them into harmonising with each other. The light, airy trellis that surrounded the balcony, up which the eglantine and honeysuckle were climbing, gave the cottage an appearance that recalled old familiar scenes in the East. The walks, bordered with budding blossoms, the shade of the forest trees, which, at her desire, had been left standing, gave the grounds an air that invited contentment; but, alas! no contentment was there, for in its place a feeling of unrest was exhibited in its mistress, and ungratified desires in its master. There were no harsh words nor bitter reproaches, but there was neglect, an altered tone, an averted eye, that cut deeper into the wife's heart than words.

The spring morning air had sent a thrill of joy to her heart, and in its quickened pulsations her cheek glowed with the rose-like hue of her girlhood. The queenly form had never been more majestic than now, the white open brow more beautiful. Unconsciously the joy in her heart formed itself into words, which rose on the air in a voice of melody, while she wandered alone inhaling its purity.

"Ah, Margaret, this is as it should be," said the well-known voice of Arthur, who had followed her thither.

"This air is so pure, and our grounds are so peaceful; if all without was like it and us, I could be happy as in our old home before the sky darkened with gathering storms."

"You ask too much, Margaret, when you expect the world to be made up of perfect beings; as well might we expect it to be peopled with sinless beings. We must take the world as it is, not as we imagine we would like it to be."

"Utah is not the world, nor the world Utah. I live in fear lest the same abandoned course be resorted to here under the new Prophet that was in Nauvoo under the old. Heaven only knows, my husband, how you are blinded not to have seen the enormities enacted there by the Prophet and his patriarchs, and even by the lowest of his followers."

"Not all, Margaret; you are again looking for perfection, which you will never find on earth," returned the husband coldly.

The eye of the wife grew troubled, but she did not reply, and the two walked on in silence.

"I have been thinking, since we have been alone in our house," said Arthur, after a few moments' pause, in a soft winning tone, that spoke to the wife's heart of early scenes, "that you must be very lonely while I am away, as you rarely go out—too much so for your health or comfort."

"I am, sometimes, so lonely as to feel doubly wretched. Oh, Arthur, if you could indeed spend more of your days and nights at home it would relieve my heart of much pain and care," returned Margaret eagerly.

"Heaven knows how gladly I would do so if duty did not call me away," replied Arthur, as he placed his arms around his wife caressingly.

Margaret's countenance fell, and she bent over a budding shrub to hide the crushed hopes that had arisen in her heart.

"Nay, Margaret, you must be reasonable," said Arthur, in an altered tone. "We are not our own, but the creatures of the God who made us, and sent us here to do His bidding; and who will dare to make war with his Creator? I have long neglected to fulfil commands imperatively laid upon me, through my great love for you, my adored wife; but this I no longer dare do, and to tell you this is why I sought you here."

Then he had a selfish object in seeking her! She had thought he came through the old love, because he had tired of his new friends, for whom he had left her to her lonely watching for days and nights together; but still she had no word to offer, and bent still lower over the buds.

"I know I am about to pain you, Margaret," he continued; "but, whatever may occur, let me once more assure you you have the first place in my heart and ever will have."

There was something so strange in her husband's tone that she rose from her bending posture, and fixed her clear eyes inquiringly upon his troubled face.

"This duty, Margaret," said he, taking both her hands in his own, and gazing searchingly in her face, as if to read her thoughts, "is harder to perform than any other act of my life. Alas! my wife, you know not what I suffer."

A gleam of joy lighted up Margaret's fine eyes, as she cried eagerly, "You have tired of this people at last. Is it so? Speak my husband, and tell me I have not waited and hoped these years in vain."

"Tired of the chosen people of God, Margaret! May I forfeit my life here, and eternal life in the world to come, if ever I prove so recreant to my faith!" returned Arthur in an angry tone, while Margaret, quivering like a leaf at the sudden revulsion, played nervously with the half-blown buds to hide the emotion she so strove to control.

"Margaret," pursued Arthur, in an imperious tone, which of late months had often grated on her ears, "I am sorry to be under the necessity to remind you that it is a husband's place to command and a wife's to obey. The reverse has been the ruling spirit of our household too long already, to which I have weakly submitted through my love for you; but the duty I owe my country and my God forbids my allowing it longer, and from henceforth I shall command and expect that obedience from you which you are in duty bound to give."

“ Arthur ! dear Arthur !—my husband ! ” cried Margaret in astonishment.

“ Silence, and obey ! I, within the hour, shall bring you a sister here, whom I command you to receive as such, giving her the honour my first wife owes to my second ! ”

A wild, agonised shriek burst from the poor wife’s lips as she sprang with a bound from his side, tossing her arms in the air ; then, with a low moan, sank down in the path, as a purple stream burst from her parted lips, staining her white wrapper with the warm life blood from her heart. She did not faint, but her brain was racked with thoughts of anguish, her heart with despairing grief.

He had expected a scene, and had used all his ingenuity to avert or to soften it ; but now that it had come, his heart was steeled to encounter it. He advanced to her side, and laying his hand heavily on her arm said sternly—

“ You are carrying this too far, Margaret. Get up, and go to your room ! You are bleeding at the lungs, and will be a suicide if you persist in your opposition to my authority ! ”

She strove to raise herself, and then wearily sank powerless back and closed her eyes, while with every breath the purple tide oozed from her lips.

His callous heart smote him at last as he raised her in his arms, bore her to her chamber, and laid her on the couch she might never leave again in health, and despatched her maid for a physician. The doctor came, staunched the flowing tide, and left her with the attendant ; for her heartless brute of a husband had already gone to keep his appointment with the siren for whose smiles he had forgotten his honour and his manhood.

Her chamber was darkened, and the stillness within was most profound. Helpless on the pillows she lay, without the power to speak or move, while her hands, white as the counterpane, lay meekly, passively folded over her heart. She strove to forget—she prayed for the rest that eternity gives ; but alas ! it came not ; for never had her brain been clearer than now, never had she been more keenly alive to the maddening shame of dishonour. The conduct of her husband had caused her acute suffering, but she never dreamed he would dare go so far as this. He had, while in her presence, maintained a show of affection, but now he had boldly thrown the cloak aside, and the choice of her girlhood, the idol of her heart, stood revealed to her worthless and depraved.

Hour after hour passed when from below came merry voices, light, happy footsteps, rapid opening and shutting of doors, and then her heart died within her ; for she knew another had taken her place in her home, as well as in her husband’s heart, while she lay there quivering under the blow that had fallen with crushing weight upon her, with the width of a

continent between her and all that would have shielded her in her husband's desertion. Amy, her maid, was in constant attendance in the room; but, save her, Margaret remained alone. Her husband's voice sounded in her ears, yet he came not near her chamber, but basked below in the wanton smile, forgetting her he had so outraged and wronged.

Evening was past, when a step approached her door, and her heart bounded, for that step was familiar to its every chord. He has not forgotten me, she thought, for her poor heart still clung to its idol though it knew it was stained with unholy passion. The step drew nearer, and she strained her eyes to catch the first glimpse of him as he came in, when the step passed on, and she sank back and closed her eyes, as a spasm contracted her noble features.

The door of the chamber adjoining hers unclosed, and she became conscious that her guilty husband and his paramour had taken up their abode there for the night, with nothing between her and them save a board partition, through which every whispered endearment was borne with fearful distinctness. Oh, the agony that noble, sensitive heart endured as she heard that voice pour into his guilty companion's ears words of tenderness once all her own, to lie there helpless, suffering, racked with pain, and listen to the careless jest and heartless laughter! Would dawn ever come? would that night, so like an eternity, ever pass?

Long she lay wondering where she had heard that voice before; then came the recollection, it was the Sultana's. And she was right; it was Eva Leydon's, the reigning Sultana at Nauvoo—afterwards the mistress of Richards, who dared not own her publicly, fearing the vengeance of Maria, and who, in a moment of pique, because he would not take her home and make her the mistress of his household, left him for Arthur Guilford, who had long coveted her rare beauty. He had promised all she desired, and had fulfilled his promise, for he was under the witching spell her beauty threw around him.

Such a woman had Margaret's husband dared to insult her purity with by installing her in his household. The morning came; and the day passed, the night also, as before, but Arthur came not near her, nor yet Eva Leydon.

Kind Mrs. Williams came and strove to soften the blow that had stricken her down and win her back to health and life. Rose Hatfield and the Lady Bula also came to soothe her, and their sympathy fell like balm on her lacerated heart.

Slowly strength returned, but it brought no hue of health to the wan cheek, no elasticity to the step. Months she lingered thus; yet, during all this time, though revelry and mirth held sway below, not once had her husband visited her. Reckless as he was, he dared not look upon the wreck he had

made ; and to drown the voice within he plunged deeper, still deeper, into vice. The autumn winds began to play around them, bearing a healthy vigour on their wings, and Margaret was induced to walk on the balcony that opened from the room.

New vigour ran through her languid frame, and the sharp, dry cough that incessantly troubled her deserted her in that balmy air. She soon tired of walking, and she sat down, while a dreamy languor stole over her.

Arthur was approaching the house, and stopped as his eye rested on his injured wife, as if paralysed by an unseen blow. With an agonised feeling he bounded forward, thinking only of his poor wife, and was already on the stairs, when a soft hand drew him back, and a silvery voice said—

“She is out of the chamber now, and you said I might have it as soon as we could get her away. Come and help me to take possession of it before she gets back, for I am tired of waiting !”

With an exclamation of disgust he threw the siren from him, passed up the stairs, and in a moment more was kneeling at his wife’s feet.

“Margaret, my wife ! do not spurn me ; but I dare not ask you to forgive me !”

“Arthur !” and her thin, transparent hand rested upon his shoulder, “Why have you deserted me ? Did I deserve it ?”

“No, no ! I was mad ! I am a monster ! But if you will receive me, I will be yours, and yours alone ! Oh, God, what am I saying ? Pity me, Margaret, for the toils of the fiends are around me ; and I fain would, but I cannot, shake them off !”

“Arthur, my husband, be firm in the path of right, and they will desert you of their own accord. One effort, and you are free !”

“Free ! and from what, pray ?” cried a mocking voice, and, startled by the harsh tone, Arthur sprang to his feet, and there, arm in arm, stood Mrs. Cobb and Lucy More.

“Curse you ! How dare you disobey me and come here !” demanded Arthur, while his eyes blazed with fury on the intruders.

“Our place is in our husband’s house, and we have a right to make it our home !” returned Mrs. Cobb in the same mocking tone.

“You mistake us if you suppose we will be kept in a hovel, poorly cared for, while you have this nice place in which you keep your other wives comfortable and happy as queens ! Our right here is as good as theirs, and we will never again leave it,” added Lucy.

“Arthur Guilford, will you stand there and suffer these vile things to remain in the same house with me ? Where are

all the promises you have made me, that I shall be sole mistress of your house and heart?" asked Eva the Sultana, who, with her face distorted with passion, entered the balcony from an inner room, whence she had seen and heard all.

"Are these women all yours, Arthur?" murmured Margaret, who, nearly paralysed at what she saw and heard, longed to see him deny them and send them away.

A deep groan was his only answer, but it was enough for the crushed wife, and she beckoned Amy to assist her to her room, where she might shut herself out from the hateful sight of the fallen beings around her.

"Not here, madam, you can't have this room any longer!" interposed Eva as she was crossing the threshold, and leaning heavily on her attendant's arm. Margaret staggered to the door of the room Eva had before occupied, but Mrs. Cobb sprang into the room before her, and shut the door as she said in her mocking way—

"Possession is nine points of the law, and this room is already occupied: you can't have this one either."

Margaret, trembling and half fainting, leaned against the wall, while Amy, with the tears raining down her face, clasped her arms around and strove to support her. But no tears came to Margaret's eyes—their fount had been dried in grief for ever.

"Come to my room—it is small, but better than none!" sobbed Amy, as she drew away her mistress, who, hardly conscious, followed where her attendant led her. This was to a small room rudely furnished, without carpet or hangings; but wearily Margaret sank on the couch, closed her eyes, and lay calmly there, for the shock had rent away the power to do aught but suffer.

Where was Arthur all this time? When he saw the inevitable collision between his mistresses, which all his authority could not now avert, he ignobly fled and left his wife in the power of these furies, who, lost to virtue, hated a wife they felt was so far above them. Meanwhile the contention between the three mistresses waxed warmer, until the criminations they hurled at each other came to blows, and amidst obscene vituperations, fierce execrations, shrieks and yells of rage, they hurled at each other every movable article they could use as missiles. Crockery was smashed, chairs, tables, stools, and glasses were broken; and when they paused from sheer exhaustion, it was hard telling which had the best of it, Mrs. Cobb, Lucy or Eva, who through the whole proceedings had exhibited the ferocity of a tigress.

Amy fastened the door of Margaret's room, but through the keyhole she saw much of the fray, and when it was ended she bent over her mistress and thought she slept. And so

she did, but it was the sleep that knows no waking—*Margaret was dead!*

The weak husband's remorse was fearful when he found his wife dead; and by force he drove the vile women from his house.

He buried her in the garden she had loved and beautified, then sold his house and furniture, all he possessed, save the ground where his wife slept, and left for a mission to California, where he might be rid of the creatures of his lawless passion who had become loathsome to his sight.

They laughed at his desertion, and within the month all of them had become the inmates of other harems.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Lady Bula had all the firmness of the Queen without any of her coarse vindictiveness. Snares were laid to entrap her, but the vigilant, argus-eyed virago triumphantly dragged them forth to the light, and in many instances inflicted personal chastisement on those who prepared them.

Lady Bula was beyond their reach, but was no less coveted, and as again and again her pursuers found themselves thwarted, one of them resolved that, if he could not possess her in Utah in safety, he would bear her away where the eyes of the Queen could not penetrate, and those of the one he feared still more than the Queen—his wife's. This man was Richards. He took no one into his confidence. The danger would be too imminent, for of late Maria had watched his movements with more than wonted scrutiny; and when those calm, searching eyes rested on his guilty face he felt as if under the confessional, where his secrets were being extorted from him.

His plans matured, he patiently waited the auspicious moment, when the vigilant Queen should be absent, to bear away his prize. This in a few evenings occurred, the Queen having left her house in charge of the maid, with the injunction to open the door to no one, not even to her lord, during her absence.

Now Dan knew of his wife's habits, and no sooner was she out of sight than he raised a window which, for a reason he and the maid alone could explain, happened to be unbarred, and let himself in with the agility of a mountaineer. When Richards saw the dame leave her dove-cot he hastened hither, and, not expecting to be able to obtain the assistance of the maid, chose to let himself in by a less legitimate mode than the door, and, unfortunately for his enterprise, selected the maid's window for that purpose, through which, shortly before, Dan had passed. Gropping his way along a few feet, he was

startled by heavy hands grappling his throat, and in a moment he and his opponent were rolling on the floor together in a fierce struggle for the mastery, amidst the shrieks of the maid, whose cries drew thither the Lady Bula, trembling and pale with terror. As her light step fell on the combatants' ears they relaxed their hold of each other and sprang to their feet.

"Why, brother Dan, what is all this about? Are you hurt?"

"No, Lady Bula, nor do I exactly know what is the matter. This man here—"

"Nay, Lady Bula," cried Richards, "leave him to pacify the maid his awkwardness has frightened into hysterics, and step with me into the adjoining room, and I will explain all to you." Without waiting for a reply he left Dan and his fair one to guilt and darkness, passed into the adjoining room followed by Bula.

"I came hither this evening on an errand, Lady Bula, which I cannot now reveal, yet in the future it shall all be clear to you. The fright was unintentional, and would never have occurred had I not mistaken the locality of the room." As he said this, he moved to the door, as if to depart, and opening it, paused on the threshold, glanced hurriedly around, then returned to where the young girl stood, and, as he extended his hand, said, with an easy nonchalance—

"How ungracious of me to leave without bidding you good night!"

"Good night," returned Lady Bula, as she placed her rosy fingers in the villain's grasp. He gripped them, and, placing his other hand over her mouth, he raising her fairy form in his arms, gained the door, and bounded with his light burden a few rods away, where stood a carriage. Into this he sprang after binding a bandage over the victim's mouth, and drove rapidly away towards the lake.

Here, moored to the bank, was a small boat, into which he laid the unconscious girl, led his horse to a short distance, where he concealed and tied him, then sprang into the boat and rowed it from the shore. It glided swiftly over the buoyant waves, and in a quarter of an hour touched one of the rocky islands that dot the lake. Mooring his boat, Richards raised Lady Bula in his arms, and bore her up the rocky beach.

Lady Bula was at heart a brave girl, and though she had fainted when she found herself in the hands of her captor, as the invigorating breeze of the lake awakened new life in her all the subtlety and energy that characterised her sister awoke in her heart. To become a prey to anyone was not to be thought of for a moment, and to escape by force or persuasion she knew was hopeless; but she would match him with the same weapons he had used to abduct her. Feigning a

half unconscious resignation, she suffered herself to be borne passively along.

Half way across this small, inhospitable island was a small natural cave, bearing the appearance of having once been inhabited. Half-burnt coals strewed a niche where fires had been built, as well as billets of wood, which must have been transferred from the mainland, as nothing but coarse grasses and stunted shrubs grew upon the island. Here Richards bore the beautiful young girl, and, as she surveyed the dark, dismal cave by the torch which her captor had lighted, it needed all the effort she could command to choke down the despair that was gathering around her heart.

"It is a poor place for one so young and lovely," apologised Richards, "but you need not remain here one hour if you will return with me as my bride, my wedded wife."

"I have been in worse places many a time among the highlands of Wales, and I am sure I shall be very comfortable here," returned the Lady Bula coldly.

"Ah! my sweet one, you know not what satisfaction it gives me to find you so resigned. I had feared you would dim your beauty with grief at the step you forced me to take against my inclination. But it cannot last long; you will soon be my wife, and then all will be well again."

"This is no place nor hour to woo a bride. Return to your home with the consciousness that, for the present, I am comfortable," returned Bula in the same cold, gentle tone.

"Nay, it would be very ungallant to leave you here all alone. Have you no curiosity to know where you are, and how far you are from aid, except what comes through me?"

"What matters it where I am? Children born and bred among the Welsh hills learn to rely on themselves alone; they require no aid from without. I expect, when you are tired of keeping me here, you will take me back of your own accord."

"Then you rely on me for protection. What a beautiful, sweet wife you will make!"

"Why should I fear you? Maria's dagger stands between you and me. Even now it may be suspended over our heads as it was over yours and Maud's."

He recoiled at the sound of that name. With a hurried glance around the cave, as if he feared the injured wife was indeed there, he approached Bula with white lips and blanched cheek, as he said—

"Beautiful, incorrigible Bula, this badinage is child's play. You know you are mine from henceforth and for ever. I will make you my wife, if you will, but mine you shall be, whether you will or not. I have brought you here to humour no caprice, and all you have to do is to submit. If you become my wife you may return with me this hour; if I have to

use compulsion, you may never return, for I am not a man to be thwarted nor intimidated."

The cold sweat gathered on the brow of the young girl; but his threats only served to arouse all the antagonism of her nature. Veiling her flashing eyes to hide the real purpose of her soul, she said in a subdued tone—

"I see, I see it all. God forgive me for which alternative I may choose; but I cannot do it now. Return to-morrow, and I shall have decided."

"Ah, Bula, I cannot deny you this, nor aught else that does not keep you too long from my arms."

"Wait until to-morrow; then my decision will be made. Go—I would be alone."

"Cold as beautiful! Will no terror of this dark cave move you? You are too lovely, too beautiful to remain here alone."

"Then take me hence; I came not here by my own free will," replied the young girl eagerly.

"As my bride, this moment; say but the word, and it is done," and the tempter again caught that fair hand in his own.

"I cannot decide to-night; it is not so bad a place after all; I told you I had been in worse places in Wales," she replied coldly, withdrawing her hand, and retreating from her tormentor.

"Nay, you think you will escape; but I know that to be impossible. The odds are so completely in my favour that I can afford to be magnanimous."

"I understand, sir, how completely you have me in your power. All I ask is to be left alone that I may think how best to decide."

"How cold you are! Oh, Bula, will nothing make you sensible of my love for you?"

"I do not act from impulse, and, as I have never thought of it until to-night, I cannot be expected to be more considerate than I am."

"Then you will think favourably of me?" eagerly asked the hoary villain.

"As the case will admit."

"And set down to my great love for you the violence that I was forced to use, against my inclination, in bringing you hither?"

"I will view it as lightly as possible, if you will leave me now."

"I go, but let me whisper a warning in your ear. If I am missed they will know I have conveyed you away. As for Dan and his lady, they will be as quiet as mice for fear I will betray them to the anger of the Queen. So you see, prudence demands I show myself in the search for you, and that

will disarm suspicion. And now I must leave you, but I shall soon return."

As soon as his footsteps died away the form of the young girl assumed a far different aspect than that it had ever had before. Her eyes, so mild and calm, flashed with defiance; her brow and lips grew firm and rigid. No one, to have looked upon her then, would have failed to catch a gleam of resemblance to that of the Queen. It lay not in form nor feature, but the expression conveying the workings of the soul within bore an unmistakable resemblance to hers, enough to have satisfied the beholder that the same untainted blood flowed alike in both their veins. With torch in hand, she surveyed her limits. In one niche a mattress and blankets had been placed for her use, while in another were fresh bread and dainties of every description.

"He has furnished his cage beforehand, it seems, and has acted not from impulse but from deliberation. Well, I will see if I cannot match him," she said to herself.

Going to the mouth of the cave, to her dismay she found a large boulder stopped her egress. Closely she scrutinised the obstruction, and laying down her torch, procured the largest billet of wood she could find for a lever. Placing it beneath the boulder, she threw her strength upon it, when the stone slowly rolled away. In a moment she was in the free air, with the star-gemmed sky above her, and the huge mass of rock beneath, around which, on every side, lay the clear deep waters of the lake.

Not for a moment had the brave girl despaired, and now that she stood free in the open air, and had secured the absence of the villain from the island a few hours, she felt escape almost certain. She had no hope from her sister or kinsman, for she knew Dan stood in too great fear of his wife to reveal all he knew, and was not magnanimous enough to ruin himself to save another. With the agility of a fawn, she clambered over the rocks towards the opposite side of the island, hoping to find shelter in their crevices, which should temporarily protect her until she found means to gain the mainland. The sharp edges of the rock lacerated her hands and limbs until the blood flowed, yet she heeded it not; but on, on she went on her perilous way, lighted only by the stars above, until she had gained a high bluff that overlooked the lake for miles around. Here, exhausted, she awaited the dawn of day; and when it came, she saw to her joy the city, lying far over the water before her.

Wearied and bruised as she was, she hastened down to the shore, hoping to find means to make her way over the water. All there was a dreary waste, without a single available thing that would float; and as she gazed around her heart sank within her.

Scarcely an hour had elapsed after the abduction of Lady Bula when the Queen returned, to find the maid in tears, and her sister gone, none knew whither. When she learned that a strange man had come, forced the door, and carried her away she gave way to no outburst of passion, but her small, grey eyes burned like live coals, and her thin lips were drawn back until they displayed her white teeth beneath.

Lighting a torch, she went out into the night, and, at the very threshold of the house, her eye marked the boot heel of a man deeply sunk, as if he had been bearing a burden.

"That is not Dan's mark," muttered the Queen, as if relieved of some weighty doubt. "No," she went on, "and if it was the devil, and he had borne her to the infernal regions, I would follow his track and bring her home; and woe be to him if his hand has been laid in violence upon her!"

Her quick eye now discovered fresh tracks in the soft earth, and with the tenacity of a bloodhound she followed them up to the spot where the carriage had received them; then marking every peculiarity the horse's hoofs had made in the ground, she followed up the trail at a rapid rate, until it paused at the lake shore, where she found marks of the boat as it had been pushed from the shore. Extinguishing her torch, she peered around in the darkness; but all was as silent as the grave.

Once more lighting her torch she surveyed the tracks around, when her quick eye detected the trail where the horse had been led away, and following it up, she came upon the concealed horse and carriage.

"Richards, by Heaven!" cried the Amazon, as her eye fell upon it. "So be it, then. Richards, your doom is sealed; for, by the God we worshipped in our ancient groves, your blood shall atone for this injury."

Extinguishing her torch again, she made for the shore to await his coming, for she was now sure, by the traces she had seen, that he had conveyed the Lady Bula away by water, and would return before the dawn and remove his horse and carriage lest its being found there on the morrow and recognised would lead to his detection.

The quick, rapid stroke of oars soon fell on her ears, and, concealing herself in the darkness, she awaited his coming. The boat touched the shore, and dragging it among some coarse, rank weeds, all the vegetation that bordered this lake, he left it, and approached the tigress that lay in his path, already crouched for a spring at her prey.

"D'ye not think, man, ye could steal the birdling and the old ones not be on your track?" mockingly laughed the Queen, as she sprang before the abductor.

“ You she-devil ! how came you here ? Begone, before I am tempted to wring your neck and throw you into the lake.”

“ Nay, nay, man, ye know it canna be done—though yer last hour be here if ye do not give up the Lady Bula ! ” And the Queen laid one hand heavily on his collar, while with the other she placed a pistol at his breast.

“ This is too much, you old hag ! ” and he dealt her a heavy blow on the head, which made her for a moment recoil ; but retaining her hold, she recovered herself, and with a quick motion hurled him heavily to the ground. Now she had him at her mercy—the powerful man in the grasp of the merciless Amazon.

“ The birdling, the birdling, man ! Tell me what ye have done with the birdling, or I will carry out yer own threat, wring your neck, and throw ye into the lake,” cried the victorious Queen.

“ And you will spare my life if I reveal her hiding-place to you ? ”

“ If no harm has befallen her ; but if your hand has been raised against her, then—” and he felt the pistol pressed against his heart.

“ She is safe and innocent. I swear it by the God above us—”

“ Bah ! what is your God to you ? Ye make Him a cloak to cover the works of the devil,” returned the Queen mockingly.

“ Spare my life, and I will lead you to her, and if she does not say the same, then my life is in your hands,” pleaded the wretch.

“ I take ye at yer word. Rise, and show me the way ! ”

With the pistol at his breast he launched the boat, and, both entering, they were soon fairly on the bosom of the lake. But Richards was watching his opportunity, and when he supposed an auspicious moment had arrived, he threw himself heavily on the side, and in a moment both were precipitated into the lake. Both rose at the same time, Richards striking out for the mainland, glad at any cost to be rid of his tormentor, while the indomitable Queen swam around the boat, righted it, found the oars, shipped them, and then once more entered the boat, and made for the nearest island where she believed her young sister to have been concealed.

She soon touched the shore, but which way to turn she knew not, as the darkness still lay like a pall over the earth. Wringing the water from her drenched garments, she patiently awaited the dawn, when she took a survey of the rocky, inhospitable place around her. She was not long in detecting the trail to the cave, and in a few minutes she stood in its centre, but the bird had flown.

Mounting a bluff above the cave she placed to her lips a bugle which she always wore at her girdle, and blew a long, shrill blast ; then she bent her ear in a listening attitude but no sound greeted her. Again, and yet again, its shrill notes rang on the air, but with no better success.

"I don't know why the bairn does not answer if she be in a mile around."

Climbing from rock to rock, the Queen pursued her way a short distance farther, and applying the bugle to her lips, the clear shrill notes rang out on the mountain air. Scarcely had they died away when up from the shore, three hundred feet below her, back came a cry quivering with exultation and joy.

"'Tis the bairn ! the bonny bairn !" cried the Queen, and from rock to rock she made her way down the perilous descent with the agility of the chamois.

Again she sounded her bugle, and this time the reply was close at hand, and she dashed on down the gullies and ravines until she landed on the sterile shore, when, in a moment more, the Lady Bula bounded towards her with outstretched arms and a shout of joy, while tears rained down her pale cheeks.

Grasping the girl by the hand, the Queen held her at arm's length, and as she surveyed her soiled and tattered garments, she demanded in a cold, stern tone—

"This is a sore plight for the Lady Bula ! Think ye I will own ye more, after yer gallant has tired of and forsaken ye ? Ye have need of tears to wash out the guilt ye have brought down on yer own head !"

"No, no ! I am innocent, thank God, innocent ! Take me hence or he will return, and it will be too late !" sobbed the poor child.

"Nay, ye need no more tears. I meant not to chide my birdling," and the Queen folded the young girl in her arms.

"You are wet and cold—surely you did not swim here from the land ?" said Bula, starting back from the embrace of her sister.

"Not quite, but it matters little now that you are unharmed ; and, by the God our ancestors worshipped, I will never sleep again until we are safely out of the reach of this murderous, thieving crew !"

"Would that we might return once more to our native hills, where no such perils ever disturbed us !"

"Might, child ! You silly thing, why do you talk of might ? Think you the person lives that dare oppose me, if I will it ?"

"Then let us go," eagerly cried the child, "this hour—this minute ! The ties we brought with us here with our

people have become sundered, and there is nothing for us to love, while those around us seek only our ruin."

"For once my birdling speaks wisely. But keep thy peace, and do as I bid, and all will yet be well. Come away to the boat; and, once home, our preparations will be short."

"Will Dan approve this hasty decision?" timidly queried the Lady Bula, as the light boat glided swiftly over the water under the stalwart arms of the Queen.

"Will he approve?" mockingly laughed the Queen; "rather ask if he will dare disapprove any course I decide upon?"

"And the maid? I pray you take her not with us. Had she not unbarred the window to allow Dan to enter while you were away Richards could never have gained entrance into the house, and we should have been spared this fearful night's terrors."

The Queen looked upon her young trembling sister with the fury of a demon for a moment, then sternly bade her relate every particular of her abduction. Attentively she listened, and when Bula had finished she uttered not a word of comment, but in silence the two left the boat and pursued their way towards their abode. Arriving unexpectedly they surprised the inmates over a merry breakfast.

A torrent of scorching, withering invectives was poured upon their devoted heads by the incensed Queen, and she finally concluded by ejecting the maid from the house, and ordering her beloved lord to take up his quarters on the stool of repentance in the corner, and not to leave it again without her permission.

There was a resolute determination on the Queen's swarthy visage through the day, which, together with the packing up of household goods, told of some purpose in which it would be dangerous to thwart her. Dan looked on in dismay, his easy temper not penetrating the purpose that actuated his lady; but, as he had a horror of domestic contention, in which he was well aware he always came off "second best," he thought it prudent to be oblivious of the preparation going on around him.

Night once more gathered around them when a waggon drawn by a span of mules was driven up to the door by the Queen, the household goods were packed within, and Dan was ordered to take his seat beside them.

"But, my dearest wife, what does all this mean?" remonstrated the husband.

The Queen's brow grew dark, but before the storm burst the latch was timidly lifted, and Rose Hatfield, pale with terror, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, entered with her child.

"Why are you here at this hour? Have you not learned by experience that such as you are not safe a moment in the open air after nightfall?" demanded the Queen in an angry tone.

"I came for help, for succour!" cried Rose pleadingly. "Turn me not away, or I am lost—for to no one else can I look for aid! Even now these inhuman brutes are searching around Mrs. Williams' dwelling for me, and I only eluded them with the greatest difficulty."

"And Mrs. Williams, where is she, that you are forced to this extremity?" inquired the Queen in a softened tone.

"A messenger came and said that one of the women in Pratt's house was dying, and desired to see her—I think it was a ruse to get her away, for she had not been gone five minutes when the Prophet came in, and, when he found he could not coax me to take up my abode in his house, attempted to force me away!"

"And you eluded him?—thank Heaven for that! You are a brave girl, and deserve a better fate than will inevitably be yours if you remain here. What can a poor bairn like you do against such odds? Now, if you were strong like me, you could circumvent the whole crew of them."

"I have only eluded them for the time being, unless you protect me. Heaven knows that, were it not for my child, I should wish I were dead. To live thus is horrible, but to leave her to grow up among these wicked men is thrice torture," and the child-mother clasped her little daughter to her heart as if it was strong enough to shield her from the spoiler.

"For the time being, say you? Would you, then, if you could, leave them for ever?" demanded the Queen.

"Would I?" eagerly exclaimed the young mother. "Would the bird escape, if it could, from the talons of the hawk?"

"Now, this hour, would you commit yourself and your child to the wilderness, to remain there a wanderer, perhaps for months, before you come to a habitation?"

"Had I one to lead the way, God knows how gladly I would!"

"Then all you have to do is to ask no questions and obey. Seat yourself and child in the waggon there; Bula, take your seat by the side of her; and you, Dan, may walk by the side of the team and carry the whip. It may be that I shall need my hands for other purposes besides riding to-night."

"Surely, you are not mad enough to start out for the forest at this hour!—I am tired and sleepy already," remonstrated her lord.

"Follow me in silence!" commanded his lady in a contemptuous, imperative tone, as she moved away, and with a muttered imprecation he started his team and followed on.

Hour after hour they moved along, stopping only once to rest, and at dawn they arrived in sight of a long train that had started the day before for California. This was what the indomitable woman had anticipated. Turning out her mules to feed and rest, she camped two hours on the same ground occupied during the night by the train, and by the time the last of the stragglers was out of sight, she started in their wake. By a judicious management of the mules' strength she managed to keep within a short distance of the train through the day, and two hours after they had camped at night she came up and joined them, and the next morning was refreshed and as ready to pursue her way as the rest of them. Their journey was long and tedious, and their trials were sore, yet, relieved from the vicinity of those who had so long harassed them, they day by day grew buoyant instead of depressed, and, in looking forward to a haven of repose where they might live in security, they forgot the toils of the present in the hope of the future.

In a fertile valley of California the Queen and her protégés halted. Here already the settler had reared his cabin and planted his vineyard. Their provisions were exhausted, their mules broken down and reduced to mere skeletons, and they could proceed no further. The Queen's only object in her flight was to place distance between herself and the fetid atmosphere of Mormondom, and now that it was accomplished it mattered little to her where her home was if it was out of the Welsh hills.

Selecting a picturesque situation for a cabin one was soon erected, where she tilled the soil, and endeavoured to make her lord do likewise—berating and caressing alternately her still beautiful sister Bula, and sheltering the young mother and her child.



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