



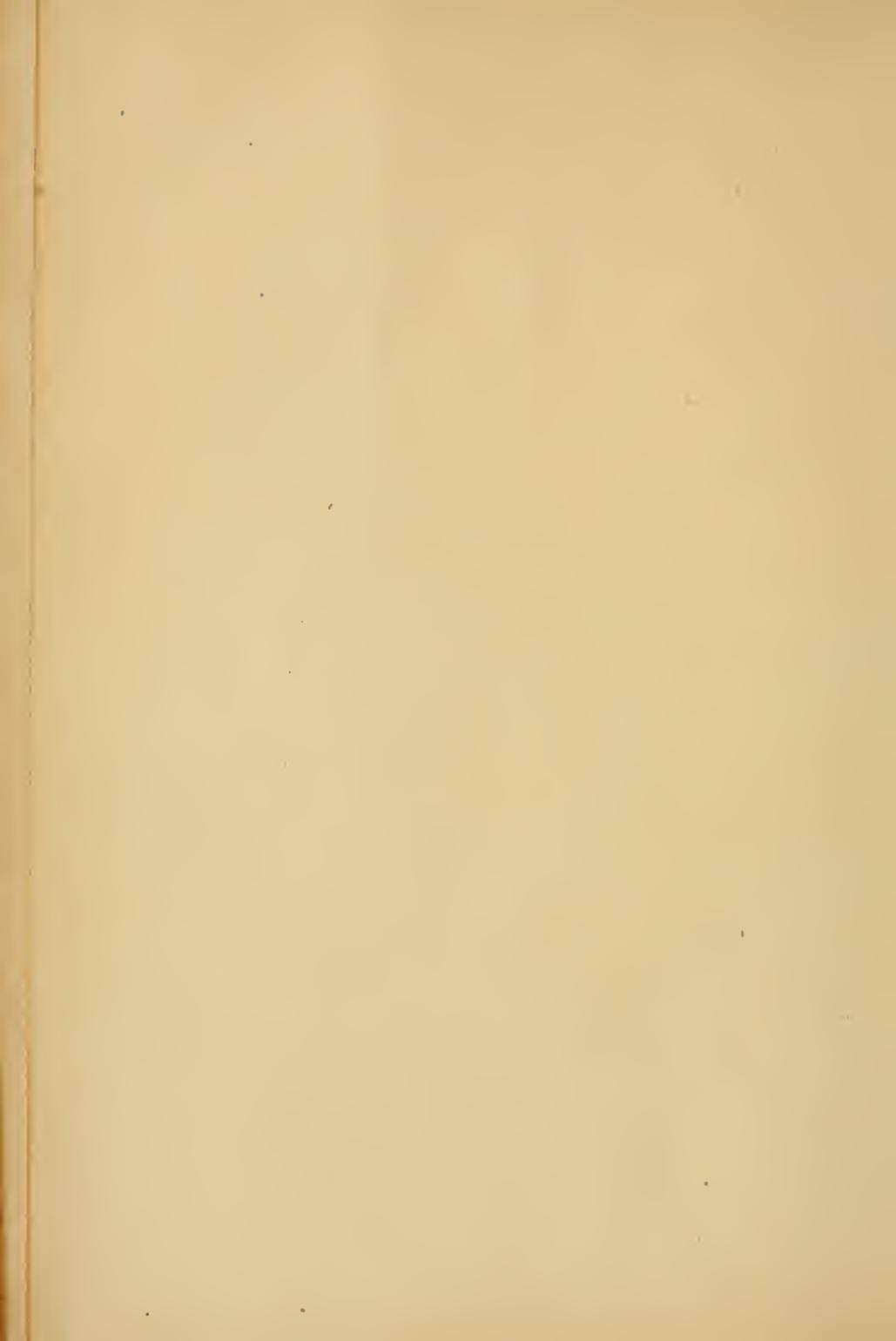
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THE

Follies *and* Crimes

— OF —

BIGAMY YOUNG

AND

His Po-Lig. Divines.

By "WILL COOPER."

CHICAGO:
Union Publishing Company
1874.

RATTLING, ROARING RHYMES

ON

Mormon Utah and Her Institutions.

LIFE AMONG THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN SAINTS, THE LAND
OF MANY WIVES AND MUCH SILVER,

OR,

THE FOLLIES AND CRIMES

OF

BIGAMY YOUNG AND HIS PO-LIG. DIVINES.

BY "WILL COOPER."

W. C. Gannan

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Preface.

The ancients tell a story, that in the long ago — Ante-deluvian, or among the Pre-historics, for aught I know — there were two beautiful maidens, who together went bathing in the waters of forgetfulness. That one of the maids stole away, and arrayed herself in the garb of the other, and has ever since wandered in the vast, illimitable fields of human credulity. The other maid, disdainful of the cast-off garments of her fellow-bather, has followed her devious windings — in great distress. The one is called *Falsehood*; the other, Bare — naked — Truth.

The history of modern Mormonism proves conclusively that *Falsehood* has so far out-stripped Bare — naked Truth, that the distressed maid is no where in sight. From the Yankee, hazel-switched wizard

—Jo. Smith—in 1815, to the polygamous, hypocritical villain, Brigham Young, in 1873, Mormonism is one huge mass of conglomerated lies. Falsehood has worn Truth's livery so loosely and recklessly—in fact, has worn it so *thread-bare*, in this story of *Mormon*, that it is most astounding how the commonest understanding can fail to detect the *Fraud*. Notwithstanding all of which, Mormonism, to-day, claims a million adherents.

Brigham Young, at Salt Lake City, as Prophet, Priest, and King of this monstrous Hierarchy, stands charged with all the crimes known on the calendar. By seizing on the lowest and basest elements of humanity, and by a quarter of a century's seclusion in the depths of the Rocky Mountains, on the shores of Great Salt Lake,— he has moulded and formed for his own purposes and uses, one of the most diabolical “*Treasons*” against human progress and liberty known in this nineteenth century. The Chicago convention in 1860, that nominated Lincoln, declared its purposes were to destroy those twin relicts of Barbarism—Slavery and Polygamy. Slavery went down in a sea of *blood*; but Mormon—Polygamy—with its hideous crimes, still rears its defiant head in Jesuitical—Insolence. How long this anomaly of a Priestly despotism, will continue to exist in the midst of The Great Republic, can be determined only by forty millions of American Free Men.

Rhymes, on Mormon Utah.

GEOGRAPHICAL FEATURES OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE BASIN.

The "Basin," into which the great unwashed Mormon has thrown himself, has for its bottom "Great Salt Lake," and numerous other small lakes, at the mean altitude of near a mile above the level of the sea — being almost twice the average height of the Alleghany ranges. The lofty mountains that enclose the Great Basin, and that are in the familiar parlance of the country, called the "Rim" of the Basin, arise in some places to 14,000 feet in height, more than two miles above the level of the sea, and more than a mile above the bottom of Great Salt Lake, the whole enclosing a country five hundred miles long, from east to west, and four hundred miles wide from North to South, all the waters of which fall into Great Salt Lake, that has no outlet to the sea. More than half of the area is a barren waste — an arid desert, extending from the head waters of Bear

River, in western Wyoming, far into Nevada and southeastern California. The eastern part of the "Rim" is the grand divide between Bear River and Green River, which is one of the affluents of the Colorado — emptying its waters into the Pacific through the Gulf of California. The north part of the "Rim" are the lofty ranges of the Oregon system in Idaho, while the western "Rim" is made up of the Sierras in Nevada; the south is a low, almost imperceptible divide, between the great American desert, and the waters of the great Colorado.

Nature appears to have made the Basin, her Grand Work-shop, in which every form of her handiwork and ingenuity has been presented.

Her Continents and Islands,
Her Rivers, Lakes, and Plains,
Are like old Mother Earth
In miniature again.

Great Salt Lake is a veritable "Ocean." It is about ninety miles long, with a mean width of about forty, not deeper than forty feet in any part; its average depth will not exceed ten feet; with a grand circumference of three hundred miles. The saline, or salt proportions of the waters, are as great as that of the celebrated Dead Sea, of Sodom and Gomorrah notoriety, being about twenty-four per cent., or one-fourth part. Its principal feeder, the River Jordan — so named by the Mormons — is an outlet of Utah Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, aptly termed

the "Gem of the Desert." Innumerable streams flow into it from all sides, fed by the melting of the everlasting snows; that crown the lofty mountain peaks in mid-summer brightness.

The Jordan, strikingly resembles its namesake of the East, which is an outlet to the Sea of Galilee, as our Jordan is to Utah Lake. Salt Lake is fed by many other streams, principal among which are Weber and Bear Rivers, that are of considerable magnitude, coursing a country more than two hundred miles in extent, westwardly from the Eastern "Rim," or Green River divide.

The Union Pacific R. R., after crossing the "Rim" or "grand divide" at Aspen Summit, with an altitude of more than 7,000 feet—comes down Bear River waters to Echo—down Echo to Weber—and thus reaches Great Salt Lake; having descended 3,000 feet in less than a hundred miles; striking the lake, it keeps along its northern and western shores till it mounts the "Sierras" in Nevada. All the western shore, for more than a hundred miles, is one vast mud, or dust-flat of soda or alkali — not a blade of grass, not a drop of water, not even a poor, miserable sage-bush, to relieve the longing eyes of the weary traveler.

In the southern part of the "Basin" there are some considerable streams of water, principal among which is the Sevier, which, with all the rest, disappears in deserts of sand and alkali, with here and there pleas-

ant oases, in a real, unmistakable desert. Mineral springs of all kinds abound, while boiling hot, and ice cold water, can be seen issuing from the ground within a few feet of each other, and blending finally into one stream. There is not a mountain in the Great Basin that does not contain some kind of metal. The silver mines are the most numerous and important, and are utterly inexhaustable for ages yet to come.

The Mormons made their first settlement in the Basin on the 24th of July, 1847, which is kept as an anniversary day, more enthusiastically by them than our memorable 4th. Settling near the southeast corner of Great Salt Lake, at the western base of the Wasatch range, they have built up what they call the "City of Zion, amid the mountains of Zion,"* on this side "Jordan" and the "Plains of Jordan," which are west of the river.

Salt Lake City contains 25,000 people—four-fifths Mormons. It is the residence of Brigham Young, and here is built the Tabernacle of the Lord, and the Temple of the Mormon New Jerusalem is in process of erection.

*See Key.

Rhymes, on Mormon Utah.

THE WORLD.

'Tis a very strange world, this of ours,
And yet not so strange as it seems ;
In fact, for myself, I have often
Saw much stranger "ones" in my dreams.

This world has a form — 't is a circle ;
Those in my "dreams," they had none,
For when I have striven to shape them,
Into utter confusion they 'd run.

This world, that is hanging in ether,
Nucleatically formed as a pod,
Was found at the "dawn of Creation"
As round as the "Eye of its God."

So I thought I would take as a "sample"
The "World" that "Creation had made,"
And somewhat the "soul" to enlighten,
Around the "example" — a *shade* —.*

“THE GREAT BASIN.”

If you please, just imagine
 A “Basin,”
 A great earthen bowl,
 It would seem,
 Ten thousand feet
 — To the bottom,
 And a thousand miles round
 — On the “Rim.”

Fill it with water
 — And “Boulders,”
 With sand here and there
 And with “Lead.”
 Sprinkle it over
 — With “Silver.”
 And oxide it over
 — With “Red.”

And then, very nearly
 The middle,
 Throw some coarse salt
 — A mile deep—
 So that your fresh
 — Mountain water,
 Will not stagnate and spoil,
 But will keep.

On the Peaks, and the highest
 — “ Of Ridges,”
 In mid-summer still leaves us
 Some snow.
 And down on the lake,
 Every — evening,
 And all round the “ Rim,”
 — You may — blow.

Leave all the mountains
 Bare — naked ;
 But fill a few canyons
 With Pine ;
 While here and there, at
 Hap-hazard,
 You may drop, if you choose,
 A good mine.

On the “ Rim,” and in some of
 The valleys,
 You may look for a little
 Bunch grass.
 The eternal, unending
 Sage Bushes
 Will do for the rest,
 As you Pass.

If you wish in the Summer
 To travel,
 Through the dust and through —
 Alkali go.
 But if you prefer it —
 In Winter,
 — Up to your eyes —
 In the Snow ;*

Taking — I 'll say it
 In Rhetoric,
 The Dilemma — as sure —
 As you 're Born,
 You will wish before you
 Get through it,
 You had taken the other
 “ Spare horn.”

But then I forgot, there s
 The Mormons,
 Brigham Young, and his latter
 — Day thieves.
 You may Cry — or may — laugh
 As it suits you.
 As Brigham does, up —
 In his sleeve.

* See Key.

Take it all in all,
 As I saw it,
The Basin, and all
 It contains,
Would be more like the
 “Mountains of Zion,” *
With some early and latter —
 Day-rains.

* See Key.

UTAH AND HER MINES.

From our northern boundary line,
 To that of Mexico ;
 Along the Rocky Mountains,
 Forever white with snow.
 From the " skies of Ari-zone,"
 To the " bleak ones of Mon-tan,"
 A thousand miles of granite,
 And what is called " hard-pan,"

Contain the kind of metals,
 The " Silver and the Gold,"
 That down the " western waters "
 For ages have been rolled.
 The Salt Lake — Utah basin,
 In the middle — lies between,
 In silver or galena
 Turns out to be the " Queen."

From St. George, in the Southern,
 To the extremest North,
 These " rare and precious metals,"
 Are everywhere brought forth.
 Nature always boundless,
 In her gifts to man,
 In Utah overflowing,
 Pours out her all in hand.

Towering peaks and mountains,
Lift their heads on high ;
Until their dazzling summits,
Appear to meet the sky.

The purest crystal waters,
Dash down each "canyon glen ;"
And fructify the valleys,
That are the homes of men.
There 're tiny sheets of water,
Like seas in miniature ;
While further down the "Basin,"
You have an "ocean sure."
Its continents and islands,
Its rivers, lakes, and plains,
Are like old mother earth,
In miniature again.

Since when, in California,
The golden grains were found ;
Colorado and Nevada,
And all the West around ;
Away on Frazier River,
And down in Mexico —
The plains of Arizona,
And up in Idaho ;
Montana and Wyoming,
And Mountains of Big Horn ;
The miners passed through Utah —
Leaving it in scorn.

But everything 's a circle,
And everything 's a "sphere;"
They whirled around the magnet,
And pivoted down here.

"Cottonwood," and "Ophir,"
"Tintic," and "American Fork,"
Are now well known in London,
As 'Frisco or New York.

On the "Oquirrah Ranges,"
From Bingham to Camp Floyd's,
All the "mines and prospects"
Are understood at "Lloyd's."

The Emma and the Flag-staff,
And a hundred other mines,
Are all upon the "Stock Board,"
Among the Upper Nines.

East and West Dry Canyons,
And even Parley's Park;
With a gentle silver radiance,
Illuminates the dark.

While in the "Southern Star,"
A brilliancy is seen;
Which shows us what we are,
And what we might have been.

If the "New Jerusalem,"
In verity and truth,
Of which we heard so often,
In the hey-day of our youth ;
Described by "John" of Patmos,
With streets of "solid gold,"
Its waters "pure as crystal,"
That through the city rolled ;
The gates of "shining silver,"
All set with "precious stones"—
"One hundred and forty thousand"
Of Jewish "spirit homes."

I say, in truth, not fiction,
If such to earth were whirled,
The very place to "squat her,"*
Is in this "western world."

For, out from California,
Mon-tan — New Mexico,
Flow on the golden streamlets,
In a steady, endless flow.

Utah will furnish "silver,"
And down in Ari-zone,
You 'll find all that you want
Of "planted precious stone."*

* See Key.

There 's diamonds there, and rubies,
Emeralds and topaz,
Or any kind of "dornicks,"
"Kentucky Arnold" has.*

And when the city's planted,—
Not using "lime or paint,"—
Send for "Profit Brigham,"
He'll be the "patron saint"

*See Key.

THE WEBER AND ITS ECHO.

Photograph and lithograph,
 Their praises long have rung,
 The Weber, and its echo,
 Are now on every tongue.
 Weber — devil's slide —
 And echo's "pulpit rock,
 Are now on "every card
 In every windowed shop.

Weber's fearful gorge,
 And echo's castelled Hills,
 Startle the tourist eye —
 The artist bosom thrills ;
 And whether the approach
 Is by the West, or East —
 "There is a flow of soul,
 And reason has a feast."

Weber's roaring flood
 And echo's seething stream,
 In the long hereafter,
 Will seem as but a dream :
 A dream — not all a dream —
 In which a mountain high
 Cleft from top to bottom —
 Shows a patch of sky.

Rocks in jutting mass —
 Heave up to heaven strait —
 While Stygian Waters boil
 At Weber — “ devil’s gate ” —
 The boiling, raging flood,
 Dashes here and there,
 Against the solid mountain,
 Foaming in despair.

Heaven far above,
 And Hell beneath his feet,
 The Rocky Mountain Mormon
 His prayers may here repeat.*
 But to the artist eye,
 And to the human soul,
 Inexpressibly beautiful
 And grand the tale is told.

The dazzling peaks of snow
 On far-off mountains wild,
 By a soft and sunny glow
 Are melted as a child ——.
 They melt — but “ passions hiss ”
 In tumult, tears and pain ;
 A rough and tumble life,
 Before they reach the plain.

* See Key.

Yet as they melt and run —
I mean both child and snow —
From their “peaks of pride”
To “humble plains” below,
They wear and tear in cliffs,
A deep and crooked road.
Such is the “law of life,”
Says our “*great loving God.*”

EVANSTON, UPON THE BEAR.

Should you ask me why I write this,
 Why a village is my theme,
Why Bear River should delight me,
 More than Weber's roaring stream.

I would answer, I would tell you,
 I am on the edge of Utah,
Evanston — upon the U. P. —
 Hear me therefore with some eclat.

Echo canyon 's just behind me,
 While my "face of travel 's" east,
Twenty miles to "Aspen Summit,"
 On the "Rim" of this great base.

Hence, the Colorado waters,
 Eastward, southward, run and tumble,
O'er the cliffs and through the canyons,
 For a thousand miles they rumble.

Hurry, skurry, dashing, plashing,
 O'er the cataracts terrific,
Till at last in Arizona,
 They become for once *Pacific*.

Three times over greater Alta,
 Than “ *Blue Ridge* ” of Alleghania,*
 Twice Virginia’s “ *Hill of Thunder*,”
 Is the “ *Rim* ” of Seperania.

In the plains of Evanstonia,
 Higher than the *Peaks of Otter*,*
 In a beauteous, verdant valley,
 Sweetly rolls “ *Bear River water*.”

Gentle, undulating surface, —
 All around yon grassy meadow,
 Here, at last, the tourist misses,
 That great, sombre, mountain shadow.

“ *Low, red bluffs*,” are to the northward,
 Glomerated composition, —
 Pebble — boulder — shell and fossil, —
 Here once rolled an “ *ancient ocean*.”

Seven thousand feet upheaveal, —
 Nature’s quiet, strong commotion,
 Makes the “ *Rim* ” of this *Great Basin*,
 What was *once*, the *shore of ocean*.

Here once grew in “ *sylvan masses*,”
 A gigantic forest — Flora —
 Lofty-tangled-tropic mazes, —
 Now made thirty feet of coal of!

Inexhaustible for fuel,
Riches for the coming millions,
Countless riches, only numbered
By the highest "*tens of trillions.*"

Standing in that "ancient forest,"
On the "margin of that ocean,"
What a strange, mysterious feeling
Stirs the heart in deep devotion.

What a lesson here for mortals,
In the rapid coming ages.
There will still be greater changes,
Than recorded in these pages.

All men here, and here all women
Realize "*The Declaration,*"—*
Free and equal in position —
Fourth of July — Education.

Nature, ceaseless, ever working,
In her "grandest laboratory,"
Gives her creatures more of comfort,
And her "*Architect more glory!*"

* See Key.

DEAD SEA OF AMERICA.

Sodom and Gomorrah,
 Old cities of the plain,
 As per ancient story,
 Got a red-hot rain ;
 So — where the cities stood
 There 's now an old dead sea,
 Connected by a strait
 With that of Galilee.

'Tis said the "vengeful stroke"
 From powers up on high,
 Was 'cause old "Sod. and Gom."
 Would murder, steal, and lie.
 That not content with *one*,
 They had them many wives,
 Living lustful — lewd,
 Lecherous, leper — lives.

Pardon, if you please,
 The aliterative line ;
 The words are of the thought,
 Pray do not think 'em mine.
 I have not read the tale
 For many long — long day,
 So what I fail to tell
 I leave for you to say.*

* See Key.

And if you do not speak,
We'll have it understood,
That in old "Sod. and Gom."
Was very little good;
So little, that but three
Of all that "mighty throng,"
But what had done — or thought —
Of something very wrong.

I only speak of Three,
For Mrs. Lot, you know,
Left old "Sod. and Gom."
Reluctantly, so slow.
Or perhaps so vicious,
Or curiously inclined,
That, like old mother "*Eve*,"
She forgot to mind.

The upshot of it was,
That when she "called a halt,"
She turned into a "stone"
Of the saltiest kind of salt.
The balance of the "tale"
I beg to now defer,
Leaving it to Lot —
What to think of her.*

* See Key.

Now, if the story told
 Was to piously explain
 What became of those
 Bad cities of the plain;
 Or why a lake of salt
 In those plains should be,
 With no kind of a strait
 Or outlet to the sea,

The Mormons are at fault,
 Else in their "Sacred Book,"*
 Mormon or Maroni,
 Should have undertook
 To explain just how
 Our "*own Dead Sea*" was made.
 If another "Sod. and Gom."
 In salt water has been laid.

I merely speak of this
 Because I notice well
 That anything on earth,
 In heaven, or in heli,
 That can be made or used
 As a religious proof,
 Are gobbled by the Mormons
 As words of God and truth.*

In conclusion, I would say,
About old "Sod. and Gom."
If they were burnt and sunk
For being bad and wrong ;

If they were "salted down"
For murder, theft, and lies,
Living lustful, lewd,
Lecherous, leper — lives.*

What should be done with "our"
"New Sodom" of the West,
That in *every crime*
Out-Sodom's all the rest.
Brigham's "*Salt Lake Zion*,"
His *New Jerusalem*,
And all his *Po-lig* Saints —
What must be done with them?*

* See Key.

THE GULL OF SALT LAKE.

Around this strange asphaltic sea,
 Perhaps three hundred leagues, or more,
 As one may count the winding bays,
 Along the ever-bending shore.

Myriads of black insects fly
 Close on the margin of its line,
 That darken all the *Salt Lake Shore*,
 And lave their bodies in its brine.

They sport upon its crested surf,
 In "great, black lines" across its foam,
 To die, and make the "*gull his food*,"
 That *strangely* makes the "*lake his home*."

The Mormons have a "legend tale,"
 That *once*, when swarms of crickets came,—
 Grasshoppers — locusts — other plagues,—
 Herein too numerous to name.

The prophet, Brigham, made a prayer,
 To him who rules the smallest fly,—
 To give relief, and give it quick,
 Or all his saints would starve and die.

No sooner prayed than done it was,—
 A band of gulls, with "*long red legs*,"
 From far Pacific's ocean shore,
 Forthwith eat up the Mormon plagues.*

* See Key.

Yea, so intently gormandized,
Upon the dainty food, off hand,
That even "sea gull stomachs" turned,
And threw the contents o'er the land.

Then more like dogs than like sea gulls,
Returned and ate another fill;
And thus and so, if you believe,
Old Brigham did the crickets kill.

From then till now the sea gull makes
His home upon the "great dead sea,"—
And *none* must dare the *gull to kill* —
This is the *tale* they told to me.

AMERICAN FORK RAILWAY — UTAH.

Can we pass — said Napoleon
 The First, to his guide,—
 O'er these Alpine heights
 To Italia's side?
 You may pass — barely pass —
 Said the guide to his "*Chief*;"
Then let us "set forward!"
 Brave words and so brief.

It is so, even so,
 Then, now, and forever;
 Let us set forward
 Now, and whenever
 The *soul* asks to go —
 Or hearts may aspire;
 Let us set forward —
 Fill every desire.
 Can a railway be made
 Up American Fork?
 It can, said a "*hero*;"
 "Then let us set forward."
 Words as true of the "*man*,"
 As he of the star,
 That shone so resplendently
 Brilliant in war.

Three hundred feet grade
To every mile ; —
The project might make
A lunatic smile.
“ Let us set forward ” —
The work was begun —
The mountain was “ scaled,”
*And the railway is done !**

Leaving the beautiful Lake
And the plain,—
Rippling in silver,
And golden with grain ;
You start up the canyon,
Your leisure to while,—
Mounting grade three hundred —
Feet to the mile.

Zig-zag and crosswise,
Sharp curve and point ;
You look with delight,
And tremble in joint.
A wall perpendicular,—
Thousands in height,
For a moment shuts out
The Heavens from sight.

* See Key.

A mountain is cleft
 From the top, clean asunder ;
 The train passes through,
 And you — lost in wonder —
 Gaze at the *chaos*
 “ Of a *past, former world ;*” *
 While the engine higher
 And higher is whirled.

Onward and upward,
 Higher and higher,
 The *engine hilarious*,
 Is throwing its fire,
 Into the clouds that
 Envelope the mountain ;
 Stopping for water
 At a cavernous fountain.

Talk of the Alps !
 And far Himalay !
 And of all the scenery
 So far away.
 The “ Wasatch Ranges,”
 Are grander by far,
 When seen from the
 American “ *Railway Car.*”

* See Key.

MORMON INSTITUTIONS.

Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, was born December 23, 1805, at Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont. His parents, Joseph Smith, Sr., and Lucy Mack-Smith, belonged to the lowest grade of society, and by the testimony of all their neighbors, were illiterate and superstitious, as well as indolent and unreliable. They could believe in the supernatural as easy as the natural, for they were as ignorant of one as the other.

These qualities seemed to descend upon the son by "ordinary generation," but at an early age he showed that he far excelled all the rest of the family in a peculiar low cunning, and a certain faculty of invention, which enabled him to have a story ready for any emergency.

Joe's witch-hazel divination, his Peep-stone revelations, were sure precursors of The Great Impostor. His stealing the Spalding "Manuscript Found," and the invention of golden plates, or Golden Bible, were only proofs of a larger and better developed first-

class *Thief* and *Liar*.* His manipulation of Harris, by which he procured "material aid" in his grand charlatanism, shows a cunning knavery, that, had he been educated, would have placed him among the leading successful, corrupt politicians of any age.

In passing through the various forms of his knavery, it is curious to observe how much less prudent he was, when success and riches had crowned his efforts. At Nauvoo — as Lieut.-General commanding a legion — he determined on a course of universal licentiousness, and by a revelation from God,* declared the time had come, when seven women should lay hold upon *one* man; that on this principle, and this only, could the women be saved; whereupon, inventing the ordinance of sealing, prostitution was made a religious rite.

Smith's arrogance, his licentiousness, and political perfidy, produced him martyrdom at Carthage —* Jail. Brigham Young, as the close successor of Jo. Smith, has completely carried out his programme. All Smith could have hoped for, has been achieved by Brigham. His move into the Great Basin was a master-stroke. Salt Lake City, or the City of Zion, is to-day the Queen of Utah, as Brigham is its Prophet, Priest, and King. The wildest imaginings of the quandom Joe, never realized the wealth and grandeur, the magnificence of the latter-day Prophet. What has done all this? Wholesale murder and

* See Key.

robbery ; a general system of *Tithing*, or taking the one-tenth of everything ; a perpetual emigration fund ; and lastly,—though by no means least,—Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution, by which the Mormon business community, in the name of Holiness to the Lord, are consolidated in the one directing head of Brigham Young, Chief of the Hierarchy.*

* See Key.

OH! HAVE YOU BEEN TO ZION?

Oh, have you been to Zion?

Oh, have you felt the breeze
 Across the Salt Lake water
 Of the strange Asphaltic Sea?

Oh, have you been to Zion?

Oh, have you felt the breeze?
 Or, have you seen old Brigham
 With his babies on his knees?

Say, have you seen his "Harem"?

His eighteen concubines?*

Oh, have you been to Utah,
 Or ever seen her Mines?

Oh, have you been to Zion,

And "done" her Salt Lake town,
 And saw the Mormons "toady"?*
 Oh, do n't they do it brown?

Oh, did you see the "Mayor,"

The bottle-nosed giraffe?
 His military title
 Would surely make you laugh.

Oh, did you see the " Temple " ?
The Tabernacle, too ?
The " secrets " of endowment,
And what therein they do ?*

Oh, did you see Young Brigham,
His bowels round and fat,
Who cut a shine in London
On the name of his old Pap ?*

Oh, did you see " old Jeter " ?
He of the City Hall ?
Or did you see Brig-Hampton,
So slim, and thin, and tall.

Oh, did you see " Co-Op. ? " *
Its staring bull-eye sign ?
Zion's mercantile shop,
And holiness divine.

Oh, did you pay your " tithing,"
Or will you never pay ?
If so, you 're not a Mormon,
Nor a saint this latter day.

Oh, have you been to Zion,
Or ever saw a saint ?
The beauties of a Mormon,
No artist pen can paint.

* See Key.

Oh, have you been to Zion ?
Or did you ever stay
At " Townsend's " or at " Walker's,"—
Go off and never pay ?

Oh, have you been to Zion ?
If not, then stay away.
If you 're a wicked Gentile,
Come here some other day.*

If you 've never been to Zion,
Come here some other day,
When the saints have " shut up shop,"
And gone and run away.

If you 've never been to Zion,
Come here some future day,
When all the saints have gone
To Ari-zo-ni-a.*

* See Key.

BRIGHAM'S "TITHING SHOP."²

Say, have you paid your tithing,
Or do you mean to pay?

Is pertinent — or impertinent —
In Utah every day.

If you have paid your tithing
There's not another word,

For you are hun-ki-do-ri
In the "Temple of the Lord."^{*}

No matter what you are,
Or what you may have been,
If you have paid your tithing
It covers every sin.

No matter what they call you,
Gentile, or Mormon Saint,
Dear Brother! or Apostate!
So you have paid your rent.^{*}

If a Mormon Saint you are,
Or go by Mormon word,
One tenth of all you have
Must be given to the "Lord."^{*}
One-tenth of all you raise,
One-tenth of all you earn,
One-tenth of all you make,
Must be put in your return.

^{*} See Key.

One-tenth of all your cash,
One-tenth of all your wheat,
One-tenth of every cent,
From Gentiles you may cheat.

One-tenth of all your stock,
One-tenth of the increase,
Must be given up to Brigham,
If you want any peace.
One-tenth of every egg,
One-tenth of every hen,
Must be given to the "Church,"
Or her appointed men.
One-tenth of all your fruit,
One-tenth of labor, too ;
One-tenth of everything,
No matter what you do.*

In every town or ville,
Wherever I have been
In all this Utah land
There is a tithing pen.
There is a tithing yard
For all the hay and straw,
As well as many things
The like you never saw.*

* See Key.

There is a tithing barn
 And tithing corn-cribs, too ;
 There is a cider press,
 Fixed with a *tithing screw*.*

The Bishop of the town,
 His deputy, likewise,
 Keep up a sharp lookout
 With the sharpest kind of eyes.
 A registry is kept
 Of everything you wear,
 And everything is spotted
 To the fraction of a hair.*

You can 't go out or in
 Or move around about,
 But what these "Paul Pry Saints"
 Are sure to find you out.
 Such Puritanic rules—
 Such Connecticut "blue laws,"—
 And if they find you "short,"
 May God then help your cause.

If you could only see
 As I have seen, *en masse*,
 These poor, down trodden toilers,
 Bringing in their grass,

* See Key.

Like dog-hair, thin and spare,
 Cut from the swamps around,
 Giving to these church thieves
 The tenth of every pound.*

With clothing, scarce enough
 To cover all their back,
 You would curse, as I have done,
 The infernal thieving pack,
 The Bishops, Elders, Priests,
 And still to be more brief,
 From the meanest to old Brigham,
 Who is the biggest thief.*

In those two hundred towns
 That Brigham made his boast,
 He himself had "planted"
 In all this western coast;—
 There are ten thousand thieves,—
 Church cormorants at will,—
 That suck the people's blood,—
 That leech, but do not kill.

They only suck them dry ;
 To kill 'em would not pay ;
 They barely let 'em live
 To leech another day.

* See Key.

Such is the " Church of Christ,"
Of " our day " latter saints.
The Rhymes I here indite,
Their crimes but feebly paint.

You 've heard how much old Brigham,
Is said to have in cash,
Some " six or seven millions,"—
Wrote with uncertain dash ;
His farms, and barns and buildings,
And squares in every town,—
And ranches without number,
That 's scattered all around.

His banks and railroad stock,
And Zion's huge Co-Op.—
In all these institutions,
Old Brigham is the prop.
Besides his bonds of mortgage,
That cover all the land,
Would " oust " in legal parlance,
All at his command.*

A score of years in tithing,
And a kind of, sort of " Fund,"
Called by the simple-hearted,
The emigration one ;

* See Key.

Is a very simple key,
By which old Brigham's tune
Can be sung and understood,
By the simplest Gentile loon ;
But the saints can never sing,
They dare not sound the key ;
Its echoes and re-echoes
Would reach across the sea.

It is well known to Mormons,
Conceded true by all,
The cost of emigration
On emigrants must fall.
That is to say, when Mormons
Arrive in Zion's town,
The cost of emigration
Against them is set down.*

It is a rule of Brigham's,
Well known to every grade,
That first, on Mormon honor,
Their passage must be paid.
Their tithing comes right after,
As soon as they can earn
Anything in Utah,
From which to make return.*

* See Key.

Now every "Mormon Saint"
 That ever I have heard,
 Says, what he gives to emigrants
 He never hears a word ;
 Not a single cent 's returned
 Of what was given first ;
 Yet the emigrants must pay ; —
 When will this "bubble burst?"*

The prophet in his answer
 To the *Herald* of New York,
 Thus speaks about himself,
 And his great Mormon work : —
 Some say that I have money
 In Bank at London town ;
 Allow me to assure you
 That this is naught but sound.

If I had funds in England,
 Or Europe anywhere,
 There 's fifty thousand Mormons
 I 'd soon bring over here.
 "My funds" are all invested
 In Bank and railroad stock —
 In "our internal matters,"
 And Zion's huge Co-Op.*

* See Kev.

Now Brigham, in the name
 Of all the saints of God ;
 You sly prevaricator !
 I 'll take you at your word.

Where, oh, tell me where
 Has gone the tithing cash ?
 And Emigration Fund,
 Has it all gone to smash ?*

“ Your funds ” are all invested
 In Utah, so you say,
 And so my cute old Yankee,
 You know best what will pay.

The money that for years
 Has been poured in like rain,
 If now sent over water,
 Might ne'er come back again.

You are stricken now in years,
 And do n't look very strong ;*
 To send away the money
 Would certainly be wrong.

You 're blest with many wives,
 And many children, too ;
 What a blessed thing for them,
 You know just what to do.*

* See Key.

Invest your "funds" in Utah,
 And Ari-zo-ni-a —*
 The Profit is a wise one,
 And knows just what will pay.

But where's the Church of Christ?
 Her money — where, oh, where?
 Will you leave the 50,000
 In Europe to despair?
 Where's the hundreds — thousands —
 Of poor demented men
 Who paid you the "tithing"
 And emigration fund?
 Who gave it to the Lord,
 In trust, with Brigham Young;
 The news of "*your investments*,"*
 Their honest hearts have rung.

Why do n't you take the money?
 The bank and railroad stock,
 And all of your "investments,"
 In Zion's huge Co-Op.?
 Your farms, and barns, and buildings,
 And squares in every town,
 Your mortgages and bonds,
 And do this thing up brown?*

* See Key.

Go sell now what you have,
And give unto the poor,
Send for the 50,000,
And your reward is sure.

If not, dear Brother Brigham,
It will not be so well,
For Jesus, He of Nazareth,
Thinks your chances are for H—ll

I give His very words,
For fear you may dispute,
And some of your disciples
Be calling me a brute.

How hardly shall the rich
E'er enter Heaven's gate ;
They must sell out and give
Or in H—ll forever wait.

It would be easier far,
That an Arab camel fly,
With all his "humpty dumpty,"
Right through a needle's eye.*
Than that old Brigham Young
To Heaven e'er should go,
Who has such "grand investments"
In Utah here below.

* See Key.

“ZION’S HUGE CO-OP.”

Oh, have you seen Co-Op.—
 Its staring bull-eye sign ;
 Zion’s mercantile shop,—
 And holiness divine ?
 Such were the rhyming words,
 In the preface of my song ;
 I now propose to show,
 To whom Co-Ops. belong.

The church of Jesus Christ,
 Of “ our day latter saints,”
 Headed by Brigham Young,
 All kinds of plans invent,
 By which the “ clanish serfs,”—
 The “ Mormon devotees,”
 Can be cajoled or forced,
 To pay the “ church her fees.”

Hence, when the “ tithing plan,”*
 And “ emigration fund,”
 With every kind of “ sham,”
 They thought of under sun
 Settlements in Utah,
 And up in Idaho,
 In the Sandwich Islands,
 And down in Mexico.

* See Key.

Missionaries started
To all the world around ;
To be erected " temples,"*
On consecrated ground.
Hot springs, and soda,
Stole from Uncle Sam ;
Mormon cities founded
On Brigham Junior's plan.*

I say when all these " schemes,"
Got up by " priestly lies,"
Had robbed the people well,
Blindfolding all their eyes.
A cunning " thing " was thought,
The Mormon " fraud " to prop,—
Holiness to God —
And Zion's huge Co-Op.*

If you should ever go
Into Salt Lake town,
And take it in your head
To walk it up and down.
Stuck up most everywhere,
You 'll see a curious sign,—
Zion's mercantile shop,
And holiness divine.*

* See Key.

An open bull-eye stares
 Each Gentile in the face,
 As much as though to say,
 Dear sir! you 're out of place.
 It is Zion's huge Co-Op.—
 Erative Institute,
 “Brigham's mercantile shop,”
 You see the Profit's cute.*

“Holiness to God!”
 In place is very well,
 And more especially
 Where everything's to sell.
 Holiness to God!
 What is the price of that?
 I do n't mean holiness,
 But that white beaver hat.*

Holiness to God!
 Pray tell me what's the price?
 Not of holiness to God,
 But of those goods — so nice.
 Holiness to God!
 Pray tell me, if you can,
 Is holiness for sale?
 Oh, no, you gentile man.*

* See Key.

Holiness to God .

How goes the "Trade " to-day ?

Sales are very ready,

But "hard-up " in the pay.

Holiness to God !

Notions soon may fall,

If Jesus, He of Nazareth,

Should give Co-Op. a call.*

Holiness to God !

His house was one of prayer,

But now, a "den of thieves "

Are quartered over there ;

Buying and selling doves,

To make them "many wives ;"*

Cursed, lecherous thieves,

Get out, and save your lives.

Holiness to God !

Go on ye saintly throng.

Holiness to God !

Sell him right or wrong.

Judas — I, the traitor !

For thirty pieces down,

Sold his Lord and Master,

In old Jerusalem town.

* See Key.

Holiness to God !

The "Judas" of to-day
Sells his Lord and Master,
Whenever it will pay ;
Invests his "bribe" in bonds,
In bank, and railroad stock,
In Utah "silver mines,"
And Zion's huge Co-Op.*

Two or three million funds,
Of which the poor were robbed,
With "credits" in New York,
Is how the "Thing" is jobbed.
The "credit" very like
The wild-cat-banks were run,
"Ten," in circulation, upon deposit, "one."

A curious "Thing," is this,
The Poor, in Utah, robbed,
While away in New York,
The Rich are only jobbed.
Holiness to God !

Oh, what a blessed "Thing,"
Betwixt New York and Zion,
To have just such a string.
The saints are holding on,
Pulling either way ;
From Zion, or New York,
The "Thing" is bound to pay.*

* See Key.

Last winter, when a " Bill "

Was passed in Washington,

By "grave and reverend sages,"

Who done it all in fun,

Some one, out in Utah,

And some "one," from New York,

"Saw " the " House Committee,"

And had a solid talk.*

Said pious " daddy Hooper,"

If you should pass this Bill,

To all " our friends in York "

It will prove a bitter pill.

Zion's huge Co-Op.

Owes some millions there,

And many eastern credits,

Scattered everywhere.*

Customers, no better

Than Mormon saints, have they,

Polygamists, or not,

The " trade " with Utah pays.

Besides, if you so wildly,

Go and pass this bill,

And kill off us Po-ligs,

And all our credit kill ;

* See Key.

Where, oh, tell me where
Are the payments all to come ?
Or how can we poor saints
Raise such a monster sum ?

Whereupon, and after,
Old Gotham "rose and read,"
Confirming just precisely,
What Brother Hooper said.
Committee then arose —
"Agents " may call again,
We 'll think upon this matter,
And you can "see us then."*

Suffice it here to say,
Committee all were "seen,"
And everything remains
Just as it 's always been.
Zion's huge Co-Op.,
With Brigham's "bonds and stock,"
"Coppered the House Committee,"
When backed up by New York.*

* See Key.

THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE.

Beadle, in his work on the "Mysteries and Crimes of Mormonism," says :

"About the same time, Brigham Young, preaching in the Tabernacle, stated that hitherto as Governor and Indian Agent he 'had protected emigrants passing through the territory, but now he would turn the Indians loose upon them.' This hint was as good as a letter of *marque* to the land pirates of southern Utah, and was not long in being acted upon. Early in August, 1857, and before the excitement had reached its greatest height, a large train, on its way to California, reached Salt Lake City. Doctor Brewer, of the United States Army, who saw this train last at O'Fallon's Bluff on the Platte, the 11th of June preceding, describes it as 'probably the finest train that had ever crossed the plains. There seemed to be forty heads of families, many women, some unmarried, and many children. They had three carriages; one very fine, in which ladies rode and to which he made several visits as he journeyed with them. There was something peculiar in the construction of

the carriage, its ornaments, the blazoned stag's head upon the panels, etc.' This carriage was many years afterwards in the possession of the Mormons.

“ In Salt Lake City several disaffected Mormons joined the train, and all proceeded by the southern route. The train was last seen entire by Jacob Hamlin, Indian sub-agent for the Pah-Utes, who lived at the upper end of the Mountain Meadow. He met them at Corn Creek, eight miles south of Fillmore, while on his way to Salt Lake City. Thenceforward no more was heard of the train ; it was ‘ lost,’ and a whole year had passed before any news of its fate reached the officials.

“ Nor was it till many years afterwards, that all the damning facts in regard to its destruction were brought to light. But when revealed, it stands forth pre-eminent in shocking barbarity above all that has occurred in American history, scarcely equalled by aught in the old world, and certainly not by anything in the history of our English race. The massacre of Glencoe pales in comparison.

“ Without going into detail of the witnesses examined, or the evidence of each, suffice it to give events as they occurred, and as they were fully proved in various examinations since made. Mountain Meadow is three hundred miles from Salt Lake, on the road to Los Angeles, California. The meadows are about five miles in length and one in width,

on the 'divide' between the waters of the Great Basin and the Colorado. A very large spring rises near the south end, by which the emigrants camped for a few days, having been told by Hamlin that this was the best place to rest and recruit their stock before entering upon the Great Desert. Thirty-four miles below the Meadow is a Mormon settlement on the Santa Clara; thirty miles north is Cedar City, and eighteen miles east of that is the town of Harmony. From the 'divide' down to the Colorado, are a few Pah-Ute Indians, and north to Fillmore, a small tribe of Pah-Vents. The day after the emigrants passed Cedar City, a grand council was called there by Bishop Higbee and President J. C. Haight of that town, and Bishop John D. Lee of Harmony. They stated that they had received a command from Salt Lake City 'to follow and attack those accursed Gentiles and let the arrows of the Almighty drink their blood.'

"A force of sixty men was soon raised, and joined with a much larger force of Indians, encircled the emigrants' camp before daylight. The white men had meanwhile painted and disguised themselves as Indians. A portion crept down a ravine near the camp, and fired upon the emigrants while at breakfast, killing ten or twelve.

"The latter were completely taken by surprise, but seized their arms, shoved the wagons together,

sunk the wheels in the earth, and got in condition for defence. The idea that enough of the Utes of that district could be got together to attack a train with fifty armed men, is too absurd to be entertained for a moment, and the emigrants had rested in the ease of fancied security.

“But their resistance was far greater than the Mormons had expected; and there for an entire week, with their women and children lying in the trenches they had dug, they maintained the siege and kept the savages, as they supposed, at bay. And all of this time, as testified by Mrs. Hamlin, wife of the Agent, the shots were constantly heard at Hamlin's ranche, and parties of Mormons, bishops, elders, and laymen, were coming and going to and from the ranche, eating and drinking there, and ‘*pitching quoits and amusing themselves in various ways.*’ They had the emigrants effectually secured, and could afford to divide time and slaughter the Gentiles at their leisure. But at the end of a week they grew tired and resolved upon strategy. The firing ceased, and while the weary and heart-sick emigrants looked for relief, and hoped that their savage foes had given up the attack, they saw, at the upper end of the little hollow in which they were, a wagon full of men. The latter raised a white flag, and it was perceived they were white men. A glad shout of joy rang through the *corral* at the sight of men of

their own color, their protectors, as they had every reason to believe. They held up a little girl dressed in white to answer their signal, and the party entered. The wagon contained J. C. Haight, John D. Lee and other dignitaries. They accused the emigrants of having poisoned a spring on the road used by the Indians, which was denied. It afterwards appeared in evidence that the spring ran so strong that a 'barrel of arsenic would not have poisoned it.' The Mormons said they were on good terms with the Indians, but the latter were very angry, and would not let the emigrants escape. The Mormons would, however, intercede for them, if desired. This offer was gladly accepted, and after a few hour's absence the Mormons returned and stated that the Indians gave as an ultimatum, that the emigrants should give up all their property, *particularly their guns*, and go back the way they came. The Mormons promised in this case to guard them back to the settlements. These hard terms were acceded to, and the emigrants left their wagons and started northward on foot.

“The women and children were in front, the men behind them, and a Mormon guard of forty men in the rear. A mile or so from the spring, the road runs through a thicket of scrub oaks, where are also many large rocks, and here a force of Indians lay in ambush. At an agreed signal, a sudden fire was

poured into the body of emigrants, and then Mormons and Indians together rushed upon them, shooting, cutting their throats, beating them to death with stones and clubs, and in a very few minutes a hundred and twenty men, women and children, Americans, Christians, Gentiles, lay dead upon the ground, the miserable, hapless victims of Mormonism. The Mormons and Indians fell upon the women, bit and tore the rings from their fingers and ears, and trampled in the faces of the dying. One young girl was dragged aside by President Haight, and kneeling implored him for life. He violated her with shameful barbarity, then beat out her brains with a club. Another young woman was taken out of the throng by John D. Lee. He afterwards stated he intended to save her life and take her to his harem; but that she struck at him with a large knife, when he immediately shot her through the head. Three men escaped. One starved to death upon the desert, another was murdered by the Indians ninety miles south, and the third was killed upon the Colorado, by whom is not known. Seventeen children were saved alive, who were supposed to be too young to remember anything about the circumstance. But two of them did, and afterwards gave important evidence.

“The children were first taken to Mrs. Hamlin’s, and afterwards distributed among Mormon families

in the neighborhood ; one was shot through the arm and lost the use of it. They were all recovered two years after and returned to their friends in the States. The property was divided, the Indians getting most of the flour and ammunition ; but they claim that the Mormons kept more than their share. Much of it was sold in Cedar City *at public auction* ; it was there facetiously styled, "Property taken at the siege of Sebastopol ;" and there is legal proof that the clothing stripped from the corpses, spotted with blood and flesh and shredded by bullets, was placed in the cellar of the tithing office and privately sold. As late as 1862, jewelry taken at Mountain Meadow, was worn in Salt Lake City, and the source it came from not denied.

"Such was the Mountain Meadow Massacre ; and to the eternal disgrace of American justice, not one of the perpetrators has ever been punished according to law. But the vengeance of heaven has not spared them. Some of the young men in the Mormon party have since removed to California, and others apostatized. They earnestly insist that they were never informed that any killing was intended ; that they were told that the only object was to turn back the emigrants and prevent their carrying information to California ; that no more than a dozen white men, besides the bishops and President, were in the secret, and that these with the Indians did

all the killing. This is the present belief of most of the Mormons, and they add that Haight and Lee forged the order from Brigham Young, which was produced in extenuation of the crime. Two of the principal perpetrators are now insane. John D. Lee still resides in Harmony, no longer a bishop, and one can scarcely restrain a feeling of satisfaction at knowing that his life is one of misery. He is shunned and hated even by his Mormon neighbors, he seldom ventures beyond the square upon which he lives, his mind is distracted by an unceasing dread of vengeance, and his intellect disordered.

“ Though a too lenient government has failed of its duty, yet, in the sufferings of a fearful mind, he anticipates the hell his crimes deserve. Some months passed away before it was even whispered in the northern district that white men were concerned in this affair; and to the credit of the Mormon people be it said, a great horror spread among them at the report. A lady, then resident at Springville, told me that the people of that place first learned of the massacre the next spring, and the complicity of white men was put beyond doubt, in her mind, by the confession of her cousin, who was in the party but claimed he did not assist at the killing. ‘ For weeks,’ she added, ‘ I and the other women could not sleep for hearing the screams and groans of the poor creatures in our ears. We thought we saw

signs in 'the sky. We trembled in dread. We wanted to run away from the land, for we thought it was cursed — that the vengeance of God would destroy everybody in the southern district.' The lady escaped to Fort Bridger, and afterwards married a Gentile. The superstitious fears, of which she speaks, still rests in many minds; nor is it difficult to believe that, in the mysterious decrees of the moral order, the fearful stain must be washed out in blood. The guilty have escaped earthly justice; but to the eye of faith an avenging Nemesis is poised upon the mountains of southern Utah, and pointing to the plains below demands 'blood for blood.'

“One question remains: Did Brigham Young know aught of, or give command for this massacre?

“The strong probability of course, is, that he did not. The majority of the Mormons, while they admit that church officials were concerned, yet claim that they acted without Brigham's knowledge, and his own family add, that when news of the affair was brought him, he burst into tears and said, 'If anything could break up and destroy this people, that one act would do it.' Against these opinions there are many strong proofs. The evidence of the Mormons and Indians engaged in the affair; the failure of Brigham to give any account of it, whatever, in his next report as Indian Superintendent; the complete silence of his organ, the Church paper, on the

subject; his sermon 'turning loose the Indians on emigrants;' the fact *that John D. Lee is his son by Mormon 'adoption,' and has never been punished;* the testimony of the young Mormons who escaped from Harmony to California, and more than all else, the overwhelming certainty that no fact of great importance is ever entered upon without the advice and consent of Brigham Young. An attempt was made by Judge Cradlebaugh, in the autumn of 1859, to bring the murderers to justice, which failed from causes to be hereafter fully explained—Mormon courts and juries."

* See Key.

THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE.

Burns well had sung, long years ago,
In poesy, deep and strong,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.
Well might we sing it now as then ;
With shame the words we speak,
When we relate the horrid tale
That blanches every cheek.

II.

Some fourteen years ago, or more,
A company of men,
With wives and children — seven score —
If all were counted in ;
Did start from far Arkansas line,
For California state ;
What happened to these pioneers,
I will herein relate.

III.

Missouri and her western wilds,
Were soon left far behind,
While up the beauteous rolling Platte,
The emigrants did wind ;

Across the Black Hills sped they on,
 And over Lari plain,
 Adown Green River mountain pass,
 Where savages did reign.

IV.

While undisturbed by red men's whoop,
 And never put in dread ;
 They now approach the land of " Utes,"
 And Salt Lake water-bed.
 Here, even here, the red men — no
 The savage do n't disturb,
 But a more dire and savage foe —
 A clan less under curb.

V.

Years before, a quondam band*
 Of liars, thieves and knaves,
 Had fled Missouri's distant shore,
 Their graceless lives to save.
 Driven by the outraged laws,
 Beyond the western plains ;
 Had crossed the Rocky mountain tops,
 Beyond the Wasatch range.

VI

Here, on the shore of Great Salt Lake,
 A thousand miles or more,
 From all their crime, left far behind,
 And from Pacific shore —
 These arrant knaves, and theives and slaves,
 Led on by Be-he-hung,*
 These pious, mormon saints of Hell,
 Set up their “kingdom come.”

VII.

Here for half a score of years,
 They planned, and prayed, and stole ;
 The chief of scoundrels, Be-he-hung,
 Commander of the whole.
 Sunken here in lust and vice,
 These desperate villains swore,
 To be revenged on every one,
 That name of Gentile bore.

VIII.

A Danite band was organized,
 To slay both old and young ;
 And every one was doomed to death
 That dared to wag his tongue*

*See Key.

Against the Prophet, Joseph Smith,
 Or Brother Brigham Young,—
 While praises to these “ pious frauds,”
 Were daily to be sung.

IX.

Emigrants were robbed and slain,
 By red men it was said ;
 “ The horrid secret ” was not known,
 It slumbered with the dead.
 Again, again, were missing men,
 Traced to the Salt Lake shore ;
 And then their friends ne’er heard again
 From them forevermore.*

X.

Year after year the evil grew,
 And wider grew its range ;
 That it was so, to people now
 Appears so very strange.
 No greater truth e’er came from God,
 Or e’er was known to man.
 “ *The saints* grew bold, and proud, and rich,”
 By just such robbing plan.

* See Key.

XI.

A train so large and well equipped
As these Arkansas men,
Had never passed the Salt Lake shore,
And Mormon robbing den.
But now the saints so stoutly grown,
In robbery inured,
And from all fear or dread of law,
Successfully immured.

XII.

With greedy eyes, began to look
Upon the splendid train.
Such wagons, horses, stock and all,
Scarce ever crossed the plain.
The bandit chieftian, Be-he-hung,
Sent heralds far ahead,—
Trade not, sell not unto this train,
A bite of meat or bread.*

XIII.

The message had its sure effect,
On all the saintly throng;
A single thing could not be got,
As they marched slowly on.

*See Key.

The snut up house — averted face,—
 Were all the new-comers saw ;
 And yet these toiling Plainers kept
 The sacred name of law.

XIV.

The Mormon bands and robbing clans,
 Still large and larger grew,
 Till full five hundred villains met,
 At their grand rendezvous ;
 Commanded by one Major Lee,
 With Bishops in command,—
 This wholesale, robbing, murder crew,
 Attack with sword in hand.*

XV.

“ At Mountain Meadow,” in the south
 Of Utah, were encamped
 The little band of weary ones,
 That many miles had tramped.
 The sable night wore on apace,
 The dreadful morn drew nigh,
 When by red-handed butchery,
 So many were to die.

XVI.

At break of morn — the crack of doom !
Death — sounded in each ear,
The maiden's rosy cheek was blanched,
The children cowered with fear ;
The men, stout-hearted, did not quail,
But met their fate like men ;
Although the foe outnumbered them,
As five outnumber one.

XVII.

They fought like brave men, long and well,
While many bit the ground ;
And fairest women's crimson blood,
Did stain the green sward round.*
At last the wily Mormon thought
Such contest did not pay,—
For many of the saints were down,
On that dark, bloody day.

XVIII.

A parley was agreed upon,
And propositions made,
That if the band would move off hand,
And be not sore afraid,

*See Key.

Give up their arms without alarm,
And further fight decline,
They should be safely put across
The southern Utah line.

XIX.

To save their wives and children dear,
The men did thus agree, —
As soon as Utah line was crossed,
They would again be free.
'T was done as said, and quickly done,
The prisoners marched before,
Till at a narrow mountain pass,
Again ran human gore.

XX.

The prisoners were all there shot down,
Most treacherously were slain ;
Of men and women, children too,
Not one of them remain.
Of those two hundred souls in train,—
No better under sun,
Not one remained to tell the tale;
No, not a single one.

XXI.

The wagons, horses, goods and all,
That made that splendid "train,"
Were taken by the Mormon saints,
Back to Salt Lake again.*
No man has ever yet been tried —
Guilt hangs its blackened pall —
From Brigham to the meanest "*thug*,"
They all are guilty — all !

XXII.

Amid the Rocky Mountain snows,
The sage-bush desert plain,
Where'er the Salt Lake waters roll,
The Mormons still remain.
Treachorous and lecherous still,
The saints can do no wrong ;
The earth 's the Lord's, and they are his,
Is still their knavish song.*

* See Key.

LAW, OR THE COURTS IN UTAH.

No recourse being left
 His feelings, or his pride,
 But Death, or Doctor Commons,
 Why then, therefore, he—died.
 So Lord Byron wrote,
 In a witty epigram;
 Rather than go to law,
 He 'd die an honest man.

Another Bard has sung—
 The immortal *Will* Shakespeare—
 “From the uncertainty of Law,
 There is everything to fear.”
 And again he sadly speaks,
 Of the law's drag-on delays,
 Wherein procrastination,
 Puts everything in a haze.

Lamented Dickens, called it
 The way for not to do;
 A circumlocution,
 Instead of going through.
 If this is true of law
 When all the courts agree,
 What must be thought of law,
 In the land of U. T. E.*

*See Key.

Our Uncle Samuel, he —
 Invisibly so green —
 Who stands for all *our sins*,
 And yet is never seen ;
 He says, or seems to say,
 Utah, my fairest *niece*,
 Mormon saint, or sinner,
 You all must live in peace.*

Live in peace ! say, Uncle,
 How can we live in peace ?
 Under Utah lawyers,
 And a Mormon paid police.
 Brigham Young as ruler,
 Both civil and religious ;
 McKean and Woods, thy servants,
 Peaceably fastidious.*

McKean, without a jury,
 The Probate *snubbed at will*,
Non est inventus, villains,
 All but those *who kill*.
 Gentiles held by Probate,
Habeas Corpused out,
 Mormon juries paneled,
 The *cause* of Gentiles *flout*.*

Diamond cutting diamond ;
 Greek outdoing Greek ;
 The only *law* in Utah —
 Plenty of funds and cheek.
 Mormons with the money,
 Gentiles with the cheek,
 Of justice, “ *law* or *order*,”
 Neither have much to speak.

The *saints* are anxious only,
 To make their crop of hay ;
 To make it, sure and certain,
 While it is called to-day.
 To make their “ *pile* ” and “ *marry*,”
 Before dear “ *Uncle Sam*,”
 Declares by “ *penal statute*,”
 Polygamy a *sham*.

The Mormons have a “ *leader*,”
 A vigorous “ *leader*,” too ;
 No matter how *abject*,
 The *saints* are well to do.
 Of all the non-de-scripts,
 Husband, wife, or child,
 Out of place in Utah,
 It is “ *the poor Gentile*.”*

* See Key.

The "poor men," "*full of sores,*"
Lay at the *rich saint's* gate,
Like Lazarus, he of old,
They only "*look and wait.*"
Obey the "*law,*" says Grant —
In Utah, there is no "*law!*"
Not a "*single statute,*"
Worth a "*single straw.*"*

* See Key.

BRIGHAM AND HIS HAREM.

If you listen, I will tell you,
I will tell the strangest story,
Of the smartest, cutest Yankee,
Stricken now in years, and hoary.*

'Way down East, up in the mountains,
Lived — a *model* to the nation —
Poor old *Grand-Pa* Young, who never,*
In his sanguine expectation,

Never, I say never, never —
Never, for one moment thought it,
Never entered in his head, sir !
To create the world a prophet.

Whether meditated malice,
Instigated by the Devil,
Or some Imp of the Infernal,—
Not the fear of God before him,

Or the resurrected witches,
Of old Salem persecutions,
Did frustrate the good man's wishes,
In a very strange abortion.

*See Key.

I know not, nor at this moment,
Can I search for occult causes ;
Unless in old Connecticut,
And the codified *blue laws* of.

Strange, mysterious hints, in nature,
Were thrown out in scintellations,
Evidencing greatness coming,—
This is not in disputation —*

Though contemporaneous stories,—
Now forever in oblivion,—
May be wanting for the proof of,
Still, believed in by the million.

World's, for aught we know, had bursted ;
Moons turned sadly on their axis,
Looking like *green cheese* to boobies,—
Tories would not pay their taxes.

Horrid owls in woodland hooted ;
Dairy milk in pails turned sour ;
Cutty-sark, rode broomstick — booted,
On or about the very hour.

Tam O'Shanter crossed the keystone —
Gilpin lost his wig behind him —
Little Bo-Pe lost his sheep-pe,
Never knowing where to find 'em.

* See Key.

Little fishes in the rivers —
 Little urchins try to gig 'em !
 Lo, behold ! what cometh hereto,
 'Tis long looked for *Brother Brigham*. *

Joseph — I do n't mean of Egypt —
 He that found the *Golden Bible* ;*
 Joseph, he of *peep-stone* noted,
 Though some say that is a libel.

Joseph, who translated Mormon ;
 Joseph, seer and revelator ;
 Joseph, martyred down at Carthage,
 Needed Brigham as testator.

Brother Brigham, came when needed,
 Opportunely at the moment ;
 Spirit of the call was heeded ;
 Leader of the *quondam Mormon*.

Brigham as the close successor
 Of the knavish prophet Joseph ;
 Most completely filled the *bill of*—
 Better could have never "*rose up*."

Byron, Moore, and many others,
 Oft have sung in rhyming numbers,
 Of the Oriental harems,
 Causing Saxon heads to wonder.

* See Key.

How a *naturalis homo*,—
 Papa — *pateros families*,—
 Lived, and loved, and greatly wedded,
 And so often was imbedded.*

How when number *one* was with him,
 Number *two* could dare approach him ;
 How when number *three* caresses,
 Number *four* could help reproach him ;

How when number *five* delights him,
 With a storm of *burning kisses* ;
 Number *six* could help but spite him,
 With the *echo* of her *hisses*.

And when young and glorious *seven*,
 Princess of the grand seraglio,
 Rapt her lord in *love's elysium*,
 Number *eight* would kind of hate him ;

How when *nine*, so pensive, gentle,
 In magnetic, soul — attraction,
 Drew with secret cords her master,
 Number *ten* could help distract him.

So forth, and so forth, and so on,
 Through a *score* of *blooming beauties* ;
 How *Mustapha Pacha's* pleasures,
 Crossed the line of family duties.*

* See Key.

Well we thought, and often wondered,
 Even set up calculation,
 How much time should be allotted,
 To these hand-maids of the nation.

But, in Utah wonder ceases ;
 Here we find the grand solution,
 Here the monogamic Saxon,
 Polygamies in pollution.

Sons of puritanic fathers,
 Hash-heesh with the Scandinavian ;*
 Cold-blood, virtuous, pious north-men,
 Multiply the Australasian.*

In America, what crosses,
 And still stranger contradiction ;
 Africa has been for ages
 Polygamic in condition ;

But her sable sons, transplanted
 To a higher soul formation,
 Monogamic like the noblest
 Of this great and mighty nation.

While the sons of Modern Europe,
 And America, United,
 In the Rocky Mountain fastness,
 Asiatically benighted ;

* See Key.

Turning back historic pages —
Polygamic Institutions,
Lost, in lapse of bygone ages,
Are revived with their pollutions.*

'Tis a scab upon the human,
A reproach on common nature,
When the animals, the noblest,
Monogamic in their union ;

When the birds, who sing so sweetly,
And who dress in superb feather,
Take each other, worse or better,
Wander off in *pairs* together.

Now this modern, lecherous monster,
Brigham, I can mean no other,
Prophet, Seer and Revelator,
And his victims call him brother,

Has nineteen, and maybe over,
Hand-maids, concubines, or matrons,
Certainly the man's in clover,
With so many wives, if *fat ones*.*

Take them, old and young together,
Large and small, and lean and fatty,
Tall, and short, and fair and sallow,
From Amelia up to Hatty ;

* See Key.

From the wise, and smart, and witty,
 Down to Idiotic Sallie ;
 Mary, Martha, Emma, Kitty,
 Ann, Maria, Jane and Hally.

One and all, and each and several,
 Young and lovely, rarest *spiced ones*,
 Took *Old Brigham*, at a venture,
 For his pile, for they had *priced him*.

Mysteries of *Love and Mammon*,
 Sold each heart, and soul, and body,
 And by deed of "*Fee-male Simple*,"
 Transferred to this "*hoary shoddy*."*

Sins as bad, as glaring, damning,
 As had cursed the *ancient fathers*,
 Brigham gave up all his manhood
 To the *sexual* hands of woman.

Man is man, while in *God's image*,
 Nature's hero — he advances —
 But if he himself unsexes,
 Poodle dog-like, *licks and prances*,

Then no more can he be trusted,
 Amorous glutton, or lust-smitten,
 Synoms of man's utter ruin,
 Let his epitaph be written.

* See Key.

Sordid, lecherous, meanest *Biped*,
 Life with him is but a fun-gus ;
 Let the wretched *cheat* be *wiped out*,
 Let him dwell no more *among us*.*

If a soul has dwelt within him,
 If a spirit be imprisoned,
 Burst the prison doors *asunder*,
 Give the *soul* once more its *pinions*.

God of *light*! thou soul Creator!
 Who in *Justice* rules the *world*,
 May this festering, *moral gangrene*,
 From his power soon be hurled.

Oh, my dear beloved country!
 Thou *Columbia of the Free*!
 From the *top-most* of these mountains,
 To the all-surrounding sea,—

Sing *once* more, the *song of honor*,
 Light of freedom shine above us ;
 This dishonored man to *vanquish*,
 God in mercy hear and *love us*.

✓ BRIGHAM YOUNG IN THE PULPIT.

It is a fact with which all residents of Utah are familiar, that until a few years since, many of the sermons of Brigham Young, as delivered in the Tabernacle in this city, were so full of profanity and abounded with so many obscene and indecent expressions, as to be utterly unfit for publication. That the public may form a correct estimate of the real character of this man, who professes to be a Prophet of the Living God, and who, as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, assumes to himself the triple functions of Prophet, Seer and Revelator, we lay before our readers the following extract from one of his sermons. The selection is made from a verbatim report of a sermon delivered by Brigham, in this city, on the first Sunday in September, 1861, upon the subject of the "Proneness to Follow Gentile Fashions." Nothing has been exaggerated, nothing extenuated, nor aught set down in malice, but the Prophet's own words

have been presented just as they were delivered before a congregation of more than two thousand men, women and children. It is as follows :

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON DELIVERED BY BRIGHAM
YOUNG,

The First Sunday in September, 1861.

SUBJECT — *Proneness of the Saints to Imitate Gentile Fashions.*

* * * * *

That man that sells liquor and believes that he must, I promise him damnation for it.

That man that makes liquor and gives it to his neighbor, he shall have his reward in Hell. That man that says he cannot live without destroying truth and virtue from the earth — what is he fit for? If Hell was all at my disposal, I would not give him hell-room. I'd annihilate him, and that is what the Lord will do with him.

Give us a little Gentileism, for Heaven's sake, you say. The women say let us wear hoops, because the whores wear them.

[After speaking of their imitation of the Gentiles in their styles of boots and hair cutting, he added:] I believe if they were to come with a cob stuck in behind, you would want to do the same. I despise their damnable fashions, their lying and whoring; and God being my helper, I'll live to see every one

of those cussed fools off the earth, saint or sinner. I do n't know that I have a wife but what would see me damned rather than she should not get what she wished, and that is what I think of all of them, and of the men too.

I would see a Gentile further in Hell than they ever got, before I would follow their fashions, if it did not suit me. There is not a day I go out but I see the women's legs, and if the wind blows you see them up to their bodies.

If you must wear their hoops, tie them down with weights, and do n't let your petticoats be over your heads. It is ridiculous, and should not be. It belongs to a set of whorey congregations that love iniquity and to corrupt themselves one with another. It belongs there. It do n't belong to this community.

How do you think I feel about it? Who cares about these infernal Gentiles?

If they were to wear *a s—t pot* on their head, must I do so?

I know I ought to be ashamed, but when you show your tother end I have a right to talk about tother end. If you keep them hid, I'll be modest, and not talk about them.

There are those fornication pantaloons, made on purpose for whores to button up in front. My pantaloons button up here (showing how) where

they belong, that my secrets, that God has given me, should not be exposed.

You follow the Gentiles and you will be partakers of their plagues if you do n't look out. That is the work of the Lord.

Break off from your sins by righteousness. Will you do it? This is the word of the Almighty to you, through his servant Brigham. Keep your secrets secret, and hide your bodies and preserve you bodies.

Now, if a whore comes along and turns up her clothes, do n't turn up yours and go through the streets.

SERMON DELIVERED BY DR. JETER
CLINTON.

IN THE 13TH WARD MEETING-HOUSE, SALT LAKE
CITY, SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 1ST, 1865.

(Good many gestures. 'Hem! 'hem! 'hem!)

My words to-night will be the subject of Mormonism. I am going to speak words to convert strangers, and bring them in the true path of virtue and truthfulness of Mormonism. Good many like to hear a regular Mormon sermon, and I am going to preach one to-night. Mormon is the word the Devil called us (gesture), but God gave us a saint, a prophet by the name of Mormon, but we are God's chosen people, the Latter-day Saints. The Jews and Gentiles have driven us from place to place, and they have tried to drive us from here, but I can tell you, friends, that we are not a-going from here. The filth and dirt will devour themselves; God will see to that, as I do not want to dirty my hands with them. Then the filth, the dirt, the scum, that was sent here to teach and direct us in the paths of virtue and right

—God keep us from such righteousness—but as long as they mind their own business and gather up the filth laying around the streets—but we won't say a word. That is my doctrine. To-night, I am going to speak plain with you. Now, let us clean the outside and keep the inside clean, as you would one of your platters. Wash it, wash it; purify it, and by that means clean it; if you do not it will be dirty, sticky, foul. Now, there are men and women in this congregation who do not belong to this church, who have come out of curiosity, but this is the kind of sermon which will do more to convert them than anything else. Now for these women, the low, nasty street-walkers who live in the Thirteenth Ward; the low, nasty, dirty, filthy, stinking bitches, they stink—that will invite strange men into their houses and introduce them into their family circles. Their excuse was they were boarders; but it is a lie, and that is their excuse. They ought to be shot with a double-barreled shot-gun. That is my doctrine (pointing to a soldier), and when you see those street-walkers following behind such women (God keep me from calling them women) take a double-barreled shot-gun and follow them, and when you catch them, shoot them to pieces, and if you do not overtake them before they get to their haunts or dens, go in and kill them both. That is my doctrine. I am the Justice of the Peace. I am the

Coroner or the county, but I will never find you. I will guarantee that. But if there is two of them, one a Mormon and one Jew or Gentile, shoot the Mormon first, if you have only one load in your gun, but if you have two loads in your gun, shoot them both.

I have been in this country sixteen years. You never see such people in my house, for they are not wanted there. I have had these same kind of women come to me for advice, and I used to give it, and they would go to my enemies, but I have got too old for them now. I used the words of our Saviour, "Go your way and sin no more." Now I can tell you, one and all, when I came here there was not a groggery in the place, and not a lot of gambling loafers, horse thieves and filth, who congregate and dance by an old fiddle. They are not only Gentiles, but Saints; such Saints! (throwing up his hands.) Now, the only comparison I can make to show you, is what I heard from a brother, who compared them to a Missouri hog, a long-nosed hog, for after you got him out in these hills he would be a hog still. I thought when we came out here we would be clean, not sullied, and to God's chosen people I come. You might want to know what for? I came for my religion, and to bring up my family in holiness and purity. And now for another comparison: If a man was a thief in Missouri, he would be a thief here.

My friends, you may think it strange that I should have dealt so lenient with that young blackguard who I fined \$100 a few days ago, but my jurisdiction would not allow me to do more. I mean to clean out the Thirteenth Ward, purify it. I will send our teachers all around—Jew and Gentile—it is our right, etc., to every house in the Ward, and when we find one of these houses, tear it down. It is not the first house that has been torn down here (they never come to me about it); and I will help you. Shoot down the miscreants who infest the city; I will promise you that no law shall trouble you. Now, what have we to expect; when Noah entered the Ark with eight persons, there was one bad one there, and I think that was Ham, for he was mean and dirty, for he married a nigger wench (gesture); and another thing shows, that when the waters had returned from the earth, they planted some grapes and made wine, and *Old Noah* got on a spree and distilled himself and fell asleep in the vineyard, when Ham, instead of hiding his father, slipped off his clothes from him, and called the people in to witness his father's nakedness. His younger brother was ashamed, and walked backward and threw them over him. That is the reason I think he was a bad man, because he was an abolitionist (gestures). God bless Abe Lincoln.

SERMON DELIVERED BY BISHOP
WOOLLEY,

IN THE THIRTEENTH WARD MEETING-HOUSE, SALT
LAKE CITY, SUNDAY EV'G, JAN. 1, 1865,

Well, Brothers and Sisters, Jews and Gentiles, they call me a hard case, but the Doctor has taken the wind out of my sails, so that I have only to put on the finishing touches. Now, I have commenced the new year, and I am going to commence, and if I have been hard I am going to keep it up in the Thirteenth Ward. When our teachers go around, as they will do, they will find out the business occupation, number of families, etc., and if they are in want, sickness, etc., and try to break up the low, vile dens in this Ward. I am coming right down upon them. Why, I can throw a stone from this pulpit on a house of whoredom, and another around the corner. They have carried on their whoredom long enough under our very nose. Yes, there are plenty gentlemen in this congregation, and some white-livered gamblers—I know them by their eyes,

yes and their hang-dog looks, and whores and whore-masters — they can 't stay among us and bring up their bastards on us. I can tell you so. You can go to some houses in this Ward and see some lone widow woman and a lot of strangers there. They never come there without an invitation. No, they never come to my house, for they are not wanted there. I have been here sixteen years, and no strangers but my own family come there. I am the stranger's friend. Why do n't he go to the public houses? No, it is for prostitution and nothing else, and these miserable excuses are all lies, black lies. I would do as the Doctor says, kill them, but their filth will kill themselves. They were sent out here to dictate to us, and for our welfare. What have they to do with our plurality of wives? Nothing. I read in a newspaper this afternoon, speaking about what they had accomplished in one year, and how much they had benefited the country — *God help the good they have done!* They have fetched the Devil here, whores, whore-masters, and bastards. Tear down their houses, if they persist in their damnable wickedness. There is no help for them. Why, I told Sister ———, (the name was given, but we decline to give publicity to private scandal,) if she persisted in going to Camp, and among Gentiles, years ago, what it would bring her to. Now, you see, her daughter Lizzie is a whore, *a dirty, stinking*

huzzy, a filthy bitch. I have put up with her mothers' whining and sniveling long enough. Of course, a mother loves her child, but it is the Sister's own fault, and I told her so. And then there is our brother, G. W. Stevens, and his *dearly beloved* wife. What shall we do with them — send them out of the Church? Our streets are now filled with whores, thieves, gamblers, pimps, etc. The only way to purify it, is to drive them out. Tear down their houses and send them where Gebow and his gang (looking towards Camp) went. That Gebow, Brother Gebow, was a Mormon once, (laughter) but it is true though. I suppose some of these remarks will be seen in that little vile sheet, the *Vedette*, for I presume some are taking notes now. We are going to cut off some of these from the Church to-night. It was only last Sabbath night we had two men stationed at the door. If there had been any such disturbance as we had the Sunday before, we would have *hoisted* them down stairs, so they would not come again, and God would have been with us, and those two men felt like it, too.

Now, when they speak of President Brigham Young, they speak of *me*, and when they insult him, they insult *me*. Now, I am going to expel and cut off Lizzie from the Church, and all those who are in favor of expelling Lizzie will please raise their right hand (six hands raised). Carried. Now, all who

are found harboring Lizzie, from this on, after to-morrow's sun, or anybody not belonging to the Church, their houses will be battered down; and if she shall go to another Ward, we will use our influence and drive her out of that, and send her where Gebow and his gang went (looking towards the soldiers). Now, in reference to G. W. Stevens and his *dearly beloved* wife, you will please signify by raising your right hand. Carried. Now, we have some more to cut off, but we will keep them till next Sunday night, and see further in their cases. We have put up with G. W. Stevens and his wife three years too long. They talk about the plurality of wives, but when they speak of my wives and children, they touch the apple of my eye.

They who come here from California, Oregon, Idaho and Nevada, to teach us civilization, the *low, dirty, miserable, scraping rabble of the earth*, why do they come here? What brings them here? They call us the outcasts of the earth, but we know that we are *God's chosen people*, and He will fight our battles. They have tried thirty-four years to sweep us off the face of the earth, but the Lord has directed otherwise, and He will direct and protect Zion's people wherever He leads them. This is like King Egah leading his people against Elijah, the prophet, but the Lord protected him, and He will us, and we will thank Him for it. Now, we

want you to tell all those members that are not present, about harboring any such characters, whether men or women, as our teachers will be around the Ward, whether Jew or Gentile, that no whore or whore-master will be allowed to abide amidst us, for we will do as the Doctor said, and have a clean record. Now, I will draw my remarks to a close. I will give all the evil doers time to reform, we will *clean, purify* and *wash* the Thirteenth Ward of all *damnable sinners*. Amen.

BRIGHAM'S SERMON.

PREACHED IN THE TABERNACLE AT SALT LAKE
CITY, ON THE 1ST SUNDAY IN SEPT., 1861.

I.

Said Brigham the Prophet,
 My heart is in pain,
 At the doings of women
 So sinful and vain.
 Let a harlot appear
 On the streets of our town,
 No matter how long,
 Or short is her gown ;

II.

Whatever the cut of her
 Shoes they may be,
 Her stockings below,
 Or above on her knee ;
 Her hair be it short,
 Or hanging down long —
 From Paris, or London,
 New York, or Hong-Kong.

III.

Our women — our wives,
So sacredly sealed,
Must alter their shoes,
And get them new heeled.
Must cut off their dress,
Or drag it still down,
So they may look
• Like this girl of the town.

IV.

I believe in my soul,
Said the Prophet in wrath,
That if one of these girls
That crosses my path,
Should appear on the street
With a Grecian behind,
Every one of our wives
Would go it — stone blind,

V.

I dispise all their fashions,
I 'm d——d but I do,
And every good saint
Should dispise them all, too.

I hope in my soul,
God helping me well,
To drive all these Gentiles
To death and to H—ll.

VI.

I do n't even know,
After all that I 've been,
That one of my wives,
Cares for me a pin!
They would all see me
D——d forever in H—ll,
But what they would dress
Like this latter-day Belle.

VII.

I truly say this,
Not of one, but of all;
May the vengeance of God
On all of them fall.
The bretheren, indeed!
Are almost as bad;
And if it continues
I will surely go mad!

VIII.

I would see a Gentile
Go far into H—ll,
Before I would follow
This new fashioned belle.
There is not a day
I go out on the street,
But what I can see
Their legs and their feet.

IX.

And if the wind blows,
Their hoops toss about
So high in the air—
I fairly could shout,
At the sight of their bodies
So naked and bare ;
My eyes are agape,
And standing —— my hair.

X.

If you must wear your hoops,
Please tie them down well :
Put weights on the sides,
My latter-day Belle.

Do n't fly your petticoats
Clean over your head,
Or, maybe, you 'll cause
Some one to fall dead.

XI.

These fashions belong
To no one but girls,
Who are all *on the street*,
And never in doors ;
They do not belong
To the Saints, like we ;
From lusting for such
Our souls are made free.

XII.

And how do you think,
That I, Brigham Young,
Do feel about this,
When wagging my tongue ?
These infernal Gentiles,
Who cause me to swear,
And in huge bunches
To pull out my hair.

XIII.

believe, in my soul,
So far have you got,
That if one of these girls
Should wear a tea-pot,
On the top of her head,
You would try to do so,
Our wives, and our daughters,
Have got so d——d low.

XIV.

I know that I ought
To be really ashamed,
But why do you try
To show “tother end;”
While you, in spite of me,
Try for to show,
I will, in spite of you,
Whistle and blow.

XV.

If you cover up,
I will let it all pass,
If not, my dear girls,
Be careful of glass.

Be modest yourselves,
 And Brigham will try,
 Provided you put
 Nothing else in his eye.*

XVI.

You have seen, says Brigham,
 Pants, button before —
 “Pants — fornication” —
 That are made to be wore !*
 Beware of them, brethren !
 And you, my dear wives,
 Look not upon them !
 At the risk of your lives.

XVII.

My pants button up
 Just like a barn-door,
 That my secrets of life
 I carry before,
 And which God has given
 His prophet and seer —
 Unexpectedly — sudden —
 May never appear.*

* See Key.

XVIII.

As a last, parting word,
 Allow me to say,
 If one of these girls
 Comes into your way,
 And turns up her clothes
 Clear over her head,
 And beckons you on
 To her lecherous bed,

XIX.

Avoid her and fly,
 As Joseph of old,
 Though even your garment
 In her hands she may hold.*
 And, oh! my dear daughters
 Of Zion, do n't be
 Like the women of H—ll,
 I've described unto thee.

XX.

Break from the Gentile,
 The world, and the devil;
 Our Latter-day Saints
 In their harems can revel.

Take you many wives,
And concubines, too,
And the Lord will be with you,
Whatever you do.

XXI.

This is the voice
Of our Almighty God,
And Brigham, his servant,
Now gives you his word,
Keep all your secrets
Forever from view ;
Be a good Morman,
And then you will do.

* See Key.

JETER, OR THE DAYS' DOINGS OF A
SALT LAKE CITY POLICE COURT.

Do you know Jeter ?
 Jeter the great ;
 He of the City Hall,
 Sitting in state.
 Jeter the learned —
 The deeply profound
 In the mysteries of law,
 Where quibbles abound.*

You do n't know Jeter !
 Then your wisdom is naught ;
 You do n't know Jeter !
 Then you 've never been caught
 In the shadows of night,
 With a dear mam-selle ;
 'Yont the wee sma' hours,
 On a bit of a swell.*

You do n't know Jeter !
 Then you 've never been drunk ;
 In your composition
 There 's little of spunk.
 You do n't know Jeter '
 Jeter of ours, —
 Then your name 's not " Joe,"
 Our own Joe Bowers, — *

Patsey Marely — Beigan —
 Nor old Mrs. Jones ;*
 If it were, you 'd know him,
 Clean into your bones.
 Know him ! the devil
 Himself, only knows
 Mephistophiles,
 In his own family clothes.

Ask Uncle Sam's boys,—
 Our boys in blue ;
 Do you know Jeter ?
 Rather think they do.
 Know the old porpoise !
 We know him indeed,
 For often he 's made
 Our pockets to bleed.*

Ask of the miners —
 All — great and small,—
 Big, round and fat,
 Short, slim and tall.
 Know the old whelp ?
 We all know him well,
 And pray for his daily
 Descent into H—ll.

*See Key.

He has fined us and robbed us,
 And treated us so,
 He is sure of a nice
 Little furnace below.*

Many and many
 Deposits *we 've made*,*
 With big-headed Bill
 And Jeter,— afraid —
 In the lousey old jail
 Our stamps would be stole,
 Never thinking, that Jeter,
 Would pocket the whole !

Not leaving even
 A four-bitty piece,
 To get a square meal
 When we get our release.*
 Surely must Justice
 Be blind as a bat,
 When she sits in the crown
 Of Jeter's old hat.

This latter day saint
 Is a Doctor, beside,—
 A preacher — ah, then,
 In the pitch of his pride !

*See Key.

He will rant at the Gentile,
And tell you what he,
Came out in the wilderness
Here for to see.

Says Jeter, the preacher,
Whenever you see
A soldier in blue —
Wherever you be—
In company with one
Of these girls of the town,
Take a gun, and shoot
Both the miscreants down.*

He will warrant no law
For the act can be found,
For Jeter, the Coroner,
Will not be round.*
Thus he counsels the people
On God's Sabbath day,
How securely and easy,
To murder and slay.

He preaches that this
Is the counsel of God
And he is His servant,
To preach you His word.

*See Key.

Is there blasphemy — wickedness —
 Murderous spite,
 More hellish than this,
 In the blackness of night?

Did you ever see Jeter,
 When cases were sparse?
 And his court lacked even
 One subject for farce?
 How sunken and joyless
 His great flabby face;
 How uneasy and restless,
 His shuffling pace.*

All the world has gone wrong,—
 Not a case to be tried;
 Bill and *Jeter*, disconsolate,
 Sit down side by side.
 Not a drunk, not a fight,
 Not a sweet-scented job,
 Not a man, nor a woman,
 To-day can they rob.

Not a Gentile to fleece,
 Not a cent to be made,—
 Send out the Cops *
 On a commercial street raid.

*See Key.

Law and humanity .

Who cares for law ?

Down with the domicils,*

Who cares a straw ?

Besides, did n't Paul,

Long, long ago, say,

The heathen 's a law

To himself, in his way ?

A law to themselves

Are Jeter and court ;

A law to himself

Is Jeter's rare fort.*

Jeffries, the fiend,—

Why, Jeffries was mild,—

Nero, the tyrant,

Was only a child.

Pontius Pilate,

That crucified Christ,

Wash'd his hands of the blood

In less than a trice.

Meaner, more cruel,

And darker in blood,

Is Jeter, the Mormon

Latter day-Thug.

* See Key.

You do n't know Jeter ?

Then your name 's not Ewing,*

That " sets up jobs "

For his own undoing.

A respectable

San Francisco hag,

Whose *ulti-ma-thule*,

Is to carry the swag.*

An intelligent, decent,

Bawd madam,

Who boards a Latter-day

Saint for a sham.

Takes in, in a quiet,

Domestic way,

Elderly gentlemen

For what they pay.*

Rooms to let —

On the basement floor ;

Codfish boarding

Sign on the door.

Blackmails gents

Who do n't come down,—

Sends 'em to Jeter,*

Or out of the town.

*See Key.

Sometimes she gets
Her grasping hand,
In the teeth of a tartar
Kind of man.*
'T is then old Jeter
Makes her pay,
Down with a hundred,
And out of the way.*

What matter, she rents
Of a Mormon saint,
A queer little dobe,
That needs some paint.
On Second street, south,
By first one west.
I know, and you know,
How it is yourself.*

You do n't know Jeter !
Then your name 's not Flint ;
If it were, you would know,
Just here what 's meant.
Flint *versus* Jeter,
In the U. S. court,
Stands boldly out
On the docket report.*

*See Key.

Cora and Kate, against
 Jeter and crew,
 Ask for a judgment
 Of just what 's due.
 If justice and law
 Be still in the land,
 These women will get,
 What they rightly demand.
 No matter how good,
 Or bad, they may be,
 They are citizens here,
 In the land of the free.*

They live where justice
 Must surely be done ;
 Where even the " Mormon "
 Will pay for his fun.
 Must pay for their fun,
 We all know it well,—
 Shall pay for their fun,
 Or be driven to H—ll.

No matter how Flint,
 Or Conway, may stand,
 They 're not a bit worse
 Than the Bee-hive clan ;

*See Key.

They 're not a whit worse
 Than the "Lion-house Bawd,"
 Who 's as guilty as they —
 Before man and God,*

By the infinite law
 Of causes, that tell
 If Young goes to Heaven,
 They can 't go to H—ll.*

You do n't know Jeter?
 Then you never kept bar,
 Never have you seen
 Brig-Hampton's star.
 Never paid a hundred
 In greenbacks down,
 All to the credit
 Of Salt Lake town;
 So as to make
 Some Mormon Bishop rich,
 By grading a street
 Or cutting a water-ditch.*

You do n't know Jeter?
 Then you never heard "slang,"
 Never have you served
 On his chain-ball gang.

*See Key.

You do n't know Jeter ?
Then you never wanted bail ;
Never have you been
In Salt Lake jail.

You do n't know Jeter .
Then your not a Gentile ;
If you were all the blood
In your veins would "bile,"
At the way and manner,
This Mormon knave,
The bodies of women
And men enslave.

See Jeter, some morning,
When the jail is filled up,
How oft to the basement
He goes with a cup.
Quaffs hearty, and laughs
In demoniac glee ;
On his fingers he counts
Cases, twenty and three.*

Five drunks, three fights,
And a lasciv — Co-hab,*
With more in perspective
If some persons blab.

*See Key.

One rape on a sweet
Mormon girl of the town,
By Cameron — Good God!
But Jeter 'll come down.

One disorderly one
By the “gentle Aurine,”
Who strides with the regal
Step of a queen.
An assault, it is said
With intention to kill;
A kock-down in “style,”
By Brass-knuckle Phil.*

Two profanes, by a pair,
Of soldiers in blue;
Five larks, by the
Liveliest, jolliest crew.
One horrible case
Of seduction, by A——.
Alternate, “to marry,”
Or down with “the pay.”*

One house-break, by
Major C. and his son,
Who frightened old “Tough,”
In their innocent fun.*

*See Key

One murder,— one —
 But sad to relate,
 The murderer
 Suicides out of his fate.
 Whereupon, Jeter
 Looks blank in the face,
 Chagrined at being
 Beat out of a case.*

Time! cries Jeter!
 The clock strikes ten.
 Ho, there, Johnny!
 Bring in the men.
 First, all the drunks;
 We'll make short work —
 Send for 'em, Bill —
 Read the names, Clerk.
 Any deposits? By whom,
 And how much?
 Bring in the cripple,
 He with the crutch.*

No money, and can't work,
 Let the poor devil rip,
 Salt Lake, and Jeter,
 Won't get a nip.

*See Key.

Deposits, "twenty,"
Ten and thirty-five —
Out go the drunks,
Three, four and five.

No deposits, say you,
By numbers one and two?
Damnation, Brig. !
This will never do.
Number "one," the cripple, —
Got his bed and board,
So much money
Stolen from the Lord.*

Number "two" is hearty
And stout, so you say,
Thirty days on chain gang,
Or thirty dollars pay.
Three fights, by Gentiles,
Fifty dollars each —
All on deposit,
That 'll mend the breach.*

Walk in the dirty —
Lasciv. — co-hab.
Say, there, Brig.,
Any more to blab?

*See Key.

Fine him a hundred,
 Fine the girl the same ;
 So says the law,
 Can Jeter be to blame?*

What does it matter,
 The Prophet's eighteen,
 Not a whit better
 Than this night queen.
 Is not he the servant
 Of the "Great most High"?
 Give him all the "harlots"
 His money can buy.*

A Latter-day Saint,
 And the chosen of God,
 The high chief bugler
 And Salt Lake Bawd.
 What does it matter,
 Jeter has two,
 Not a whit better,
 Than the co-hab. crew.*

Take all the Po-ligs.,
 From Brigham Young down,
 From the soles of their feet
 To the top of their crown ;

*See Key.

“*Lasciv. — co — hab.*” —

Should be written in red,
 From top to the bottom
 Of their lecherous bed.*

Concubine, harlot,
 Wanton or bawd,
 Should be printed in scarlet,
 So help me God!
 On every Mormon,
 Polygamous brute ;
 Till the words brought forth
 Legitimate fruit.

In Cameron’s case,
 Three thousand for bail ;
 In default thereof,
 Send him to jail.
 What matter, ’t was only
 A difference in price,
 ’Twixt he and the girl
 Of the value of vice.*

She ’s a “modest,” sweet
 Mormon girl of the town ;
 The price of her lechy—
 Shall never come down,

*See Key.

Had he paid the price,
 There was no cause for rape,
 But he did not, and so
 He is now in the scrape.*

Twenty-five, in the case
 Of the gentle Aurine,
 For telling a "Hood-lum"—
 Just what she means.
 Ten, for contempt
 Of Jeter's grand court;
 Thirty-five, for rasping—
 A Police sport.*

Fifteen, for assault
 With intention to kill.
 Discharge, "without day,"
 Brass-knuckle Phil.*
 Two profanes, ten and five,
 Larkies the same,
 'T is written in the law,
 And Jeter's not to blame

In Mr. A——'s case,
 It is "marriage or jail,"
 "Come, god of Love,"
 And away with the bail.*

*See Key.

Twenty-five, each,
For Major C—— and his son,
For daring to make
Old Mother Tough run.*
And now for the murder,
But the murderer 's gone
To that "bourne" from whence
No travelers return.*

What a glorious day!
For Jeter and Bill.
Here, Johnny, bring
Up the glasses, and fill:
Here 's confusion to Gentile
Damn them to H—ll,
We 'll fine 'em and rob 'em,
Our coffers to swell.
This beautiful City
Of Zion, shall be
The home of the Latter-
Day saints, like we.*

We will live in our lusts,
We 'll steal and we 'll rob,
And daily, for Gentiles,
We 'll put up a job.

*See Key.

Till God in his mercy
 Shall call us all home,
To live with him always,
 And never to roam

LI-ZE VERSUS BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Hark now, boys ! here is fun ;
 Hear it in Gath — in Askelon !
 Hear — oh, yes, the suit 's begun,

Li-ze *versus* Brigham Young.
 Hear ye all, oh, yes, hear ye,
 Through the land — across the sea-
 Whereever Po-ligs. may be,
 Brig. and Li-ze do n't agree.

Brig's time is up — the die is cast —
 Old Brigham's got his fingers fast,—
 Li-ze sued old Brig. at last —
 Nail her colors to the mast.

Sued in earnest, not in fun,—
 By his tender, loving one,—
 Funniest fun, now under sun ;
 Li-ze *versus* Brigham Young.

By the papers there I see,
 Lawyers are on the *qui vie* ;*
 U. S. Court the Judge must be,
 'Twixt old Brig. and his Li-ze.

*See Key.

Let her rip ! 't is plainly seen,
 Of old Brigham's seventeen,
 Li-ze was the harem's queen ;
 Yet old Brig. has done her mean.

Go in gal ! the track is clear,
 Every one bids you good cheer ;
 Go in, Li-ze, never fear !
 None for Brig. will drop a tear.

Now at last the tale is told,
 How this blatant Mormon scold —
 Who in crime is growing old —
 Drives his wives from out the fold*

Cruel, savage, and unjust —
 This poor worm of common dust —
 Who has reveled in his lust,
 Calls himself — *Trustee in trust*.*

Trustee of the Mormon Church ;
 On its bee hive he would perch ;
 For fresh victims he would search —
 When despoiled — leave in the lurch.

Gorilla of the human clan,—
 Gorilla or Ourang-outang ;
 Husband, father, brother man,
 Brigham proves the Darwin plan.

* See Key.

This cold-blooded, vicious brute,
 Who all virtue would uproot,—
 And all truth and wisdom hoot,—
 In finance is very cute.

For “ways and means” — his only care—
 Men nor women does he spare;
 Seizing on the lion's share --
 He became a millionaire.*

Yet his wives may starve and die,
 While his children weep and cry,
 Right before his saintly eye;
 So, at least, swears his *Li-ze*

Tilden, Maxwell, Jones & Co.
 Are getting up the *Mormon show*,
 Salt Lake papers now may blow —
 Hip hurrah! hurrah! hur-oh!

Since Ann Eliza ran away!
 The hounds have got old Brig. at bay;
 They 're bound to make that Prophet pay;
 Hip! hip! hip! hurrah! hurrah!

As soon as this divorce is through,
 There 's eighteen more of Brigham's crew,
 Will know exactly what to do;
 Alas for Brig. — *things look d——d blue.*

AMELIA GONE.

What is this I hear,
 And do I hear aright,—
 Amelia gone, 't is said ;
 Left Brigham in the night ?
 Brigham's Amelia gone !
 And why, and wherefore ?
 Brigham's sad, I know,
 Disconsolate therefor.*

Thou favored spouse !
 The last of seventeen ;
 Favored above woman —
 The harem's beauteous queen.
 And art thou gone
 From the Prophet's presence ?
 Out from Mormon,
 From its very essence.

Left the domestic Hell ;
 The den — the hole —
 Left disgusted
 In thy true woman's soul.
 Huzza ! the tide is up,
 It doth arise —
 Here in the camp of Brigham,
 Among his wives.

*See Key.

Napoleon and Samson,
 And the old tyrant Herod,
 With many an egotist,
 Long since buried.
 Found at the last,
 To their very great surprise
 They were stuck in the mud
 After losing their wives.

Come, Brother Brigham,
 Bolster up your soul,
 Or may be you 'll be after
 Losing of the whole
 Of the darling nineteen,*
 The apples of your eye,
 With nothing left for you,
 But root, hog, or die.

The earth is aquake,
 Listen to the roar ;
 Hearken Brother Brigham !
 It 's at your very door.
 The Mormon columns shake,
 The capitals do fall :
 Down comes the tabernacle,
 Polygamy and all.

*See Key.

OLD PO-LIG ON HIS LAST LEGS.

The glory of Zion is waning,*
 Even Brigham, the Prophet, is dumb,
 For the words — “ Mene, tekel upharsin,”
 Are read in the light of the sun.

Weighed in the balance, and wanting,
 Is the verdict of angels on high ;
 Polygamy's days, they are numbered,
 On his last legs — he must die.

Old Po-lig. was a “ jolly, good fellow,”*
 Stout and hearty, and hale, you may say ;
 For near thirty years in the Basin,
 He had pretty much his own way.

He married the young and the pretty,
 And the widows, who were well to do,
 The rich, and the gay, and the witty,
 But never the *homeliest crew*.

He preached a new gospel of Jesus,*
 Giving right both to murder and steal ;
 And if in his lust he was burning,
 He immediately got a new “ Seal.”

*See Key.

He married quite often, and *muchly*,*
 Of strangers, and those near akin ;
 He married the mother and daughters,
 With nieces and cousins thrown in.*

He took many wives, late and early,
 He traded in poor women's souls ;
 Old Po-lig. was a very fast fellow,
 Doing nothing by halves, but by wholes.*

If to marry were good, he 'd do better,
 He 'd marry over and over again ;
 To seal them and take them to Heaven,
 Was surely a very good plan.*

In the street, he would stop a dear brother,
 " You 've a daughter I greatly adore,
 I'll give you mine for yours."—" 'Tis a bargain!"
 Is there anything meaner or lower ?*

There 's a gentle, sweet maid of another,
 She 's a lover, but what did he care ?
 The Danites will settle the bother,
 For the nuptials of Po-lig. prepare.*

And so the old, lecherous monster,
 Under foot trampled all that 's divine,
 Being piously set and determined,
 That all that are young shall be mine.

*See Key.

And so it was, "*dead sure, and certain,*"
Till the U. P. and C. P. were made.
From that time till now, Mr. Po-lig.
Has traveled a very steep grade.*

The leaven 's at work, it is rising,
The fowl has been scared from her eggs,
The Mormons are apostatizing,
Old Po-lig. *is on his last legs!*

*See Key.

KEY—KEY.

Inasmuch as the Mormon question involves a retention of many facts and instances, in a minute and detailed form, the relation of which might bring a blush of shame to the cheeks of my fair "countrywomen," or cause a factious criticism by the over-fastidious Press,—yet the relation of which is absolutely necessary to understanding the

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OF

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