

all, when he reaches Evanston, where he is to be removed from the car, his rough companions place him tenderly on a stretcher, and one, with "Ain't you cold, Dick?" removes his coat and places it upon the prostrate form of his comrade, and in his shirt-sleeves, in the cold night wind, joins the others, who, with softened voices and lifting with tender care their burden, bear him away to the surgeon's table. We reach Ogden at 10 P.M. The mountains all around the town are white with snow, and will glisten like burnished silver under the morrow's sun.

We paused here to visit Salt Lake City, our impressions of which will be given hereafter.

LETTER II.

AMONG THE MORMONS.

SUNDAY and Monday we spend in "the City of the Saints." We expected to reach there by Saturday night, but our train being several hours late, we were unable to make connection. One of three courses remained—either to continue our journey to San Francisco, traveling all day Sunday, to avoid which we had purposed spending the day in Salt Lake City; or to spend the Sabbath in Ogden; or to take the early train Sunday morning to Salt Lake City. Ogden is the second city of the Mormons, and is beautiful for situation, nestling at the foot of the mountains, whose summits are perpetually tipped with snow. A Sabbath might have been spent here most pleasantly, were it safe to do so; but that terrible pestilence the small-pox had been raging here for several weeks, no less than fifty or sixty cases having occurred. During the two days we were in the vicinity eleven new cases were reported. The mayor used all precautionary measures, discontinuing the schools and public gatherings of all kinds, and requiring a yellow flag to be displayed at every house where there was a case of the pestilence. The disease had so spread, however, that no proper quarantine seemed possible. But one safe and proper course remained, and that was to leave Ogden on the first train for Salt Lake City. In company with most pleasant traveling compan-

ions—Mr. Stickney and wife, of Washington, Mr. Barstow, of Rhode Island, and Mr. Jerome, of Michigan, Indian commissioners, on their way to Oregon, together with several others, among whom we especially mention Mr. Stephen Ballard, of Brooklyn, a most delightful companion by day and a *very* musical one at night—we are soon within sight of the dome of the tabernacle in the center of “the City of the Saints.”

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so also they encircle Salt Lake City. There is every thing in his physical surroundings to impress a Mormon—his Dead Sea, with a Jordan emptying into it, fresh water soon becoming brackish, and without an outlet, is as near his Zion as the no more mysterious Dead Sea of Palestine is near the Holy City. The specific gravity of the water of Salt Lake is exactly that of the water of the Dead Sea. No fish are found in either body. The only living thing in the waters of the Salt Lake is a kind of insect which lives on the surface and feeds on the salt water. It is supposed that no bird can fly over the Dead Sea, and the citizen of Utah will tell you that the grasshopper meets his fate which tries to fly over the waters of the lake. The per cent. of salt in these waters is so great that five barrels of the water will yield one barrel of salt. About this season of the year, when the waters are lower after the immense evaporation caused by the heat of the summer, large quantities of salt are found in places along the borders of the lake. It is shoveled up by the wagon-load, and is ready for market. In fact, when an analysis of the waters shows them to be over one-fifth chloride of sodium, we can readily believe that here is a source whence the whole country may be supplied with salt for years to come. The supply would cease in time, however, as the waters are becoming perceptibly less brackish. It

is a somewhat startling fact that the waters of the Salt Lake are constantly rising. The rate of the rise is at least one foot in two years. When we remember that they have no outlet, we naturally fear that the time will come when the whole plain will be covered by the lake. The city, however, is a hundred feet higher than the level of the lake, and in the event of the continued rise of the waters, owing to the greater depression on the west side of the lake, some fifteen or twenty feet above their surface, they will find an outlet on that side, and in time form another lake hardly less large than the original. So that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. The present dimensions of the lake are about one hundred miles in length and forty in breadth. A steam-boat accommodating three hundred passengers plies between different points.

The mountains which look down upon the city and the plain are the Wahsatch on the left and the Oquirrh on the right, as you run over from Ogden. The snow is visible on their summits the whole year round. The Twin Mountains, which overlook the city, are eight thousand feet above it. They hardly appear five miles distant, but are really more than twenty. The whole range of the Wahsatch is rent at different points by *cañons*, or deep ravines. Through these passes run the railroads and highways to other parts of the Territory. Those little bushes on the sides of the mountains are the red pine, white pine, balsam, and quaking ash, many of them sixty and seventy feet high. They furnish the lumber for much of this valley. The water which we see running in ditches comes down those *cañons* from mountain springs or snows, and, washing out the alkali of the soil, fertilizes all the plain. Those fields of green are lucern, like the alfalfa of California, and afford three crops of hay annually to the industrious scythe of the farmer. The same

source of supply of water for the farmer is that also of the people of the city. City Creek is tapped back of the residence of Brigham Young, and while there is an abundant supply afforded for the city water-works in the pipes below the surface, it sends a running stream through ditches in every street. These ditches are tapped at different points, and irrigating streams are turned off into the gardens and orchards with which the city abounds. The gurgling of these mountain streams, which greets the ear of the traveler wherever he goes in the city, is one of the most delightful experiences. Aside from this mountain water is hot or warm water bursting forth in a spring at the foot of the mountains. The former, a couple of miles from the city, is hot enough to scald the hand. We took an invigorating plunge-bath at the Warm Springs in the suburbs of the city. Even here the water is so hot as it bursts from under the mountain that cold water has to be mixed with it before one can endure it. Elegant bathing-rooms are fitted up for ladies and gentlemen, and, with attendants to serve you, a more pleasant and safe bath is not to be had.

Take Salt Lake City as it greets the eye from the top of the tabernacle or of the Walker House, and a more beautiful place of residence is not to be found anywhere. Above you and around you on every side are the mountains from whose summits the snow never wholly disappears. In the distance are seen the waters of the great lake. On every side is the fertile valley. All about you in the city are splendid residences, surrounded by beautiful gardens and orchards, while every street is shaded by parallel lines of trees fed by the unfailling mountain stream. The temperature is agreeable, while mountain, forest, stream, and plain combine to furnish the hungry traveler with venison, trout, the finest of canvas-back ducks, splendid grapes, and

vegetables so vast in size and superior in quality as that no one who wishes to be regarded as a credible narrator should attempt to describe them. There are two drawbacks—the grasshoppers and the Mormons. We need say but little about the former. They have come at intervals since Utah Territory was first settled. They were here this autumn and laid their eggs. Next spring and summer their young will hold high carnival, and will destroy every vestige of grass and grain, producing a year of want and suffering. But Utah has perhaps suffered less from the Colorado locusts, or grasshoppers, than other sections of the country. They come and go. There are wide intervals of time when they are unknown or forgotten. The Mormons *stay all the time*, and are perpetually hatching their young to possess and hold the land.

We do not pretend to have come to Salt Lake as an unprejudiced observer. We had our views before coming, but we tried to hold them in abeyance, and by a careful survey of the field reach conclusions that were just to the Mormons themselves. To this end we would not depend on any one source of information. We have tried to make conscientious use of every available item and means of instruction considered trustworthy. We have attended their tabernacle and visited their university, their coöperative stores, publishing house, and tithing house. We have talked with Apostle George Q. Cannon, First Councilor John W. Young, son of Brigham, Bishop McCrae, and others of the dignitaries of the Church. We did not call on Brigham Young, for two reasons: one was lack of time, and the other of inclination. But we frankly say that our inclination left us only because we found out that we had not time—the time we intended using for a call being that spent by him in bed, or what was worse, in marrying a third one of his daugh-

ters to Hiram Clawson, who was already the husband of two others. Ascertaining the fact from perfectly reliable sources, all inclination to talk with President Young ceased. We spoke with lawyers and merchants, and miners and ministers, and conductors and brakemen, and hotel waiters, whether Gentile or Mormon, and we do not hesitate to say that Mormonism is a curse to Salt Lake City and the beautiful valley where it has made its den, and an offense to Christianity and civilization throughout the world. Brigham Young is credited with having made a beautiful city and a fertile valley in what was once a wilderness. It is true that these exist in what was once an alkali desert. But it only needed man's presence here to make the transformation. The water was all ready to be turned upon the plain to wash out the alkali from the soil, and the valley has become a garden despite the narrow policy of the Mormons. Uncursed by polygamy, which is the tap root of Mormonism, this city of Salt Lake, with its twenty-two thousand people, would in the nearly thirty years of its history, with an average Gentile population and their enterprise, have been a city of seventy-five thousand inhabitants. Even at this late date, since the opening of the Pacific Railroad, it would have added twenty-five thousand to its population, but for the overshadowing influence of Mormonism and the fears it awakens. The whole city is in its power. Mormon merchants, either singly or through the Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institute, control the business of the city. A Mormon mayor presides over the Mormon councilmen. Conductors and drivers of street-cars are all Mormons. In short, they control every thing, and are in turn controlled by a few licentious and avaricious men. Such men as Young, Jennings, Cannon, etc., count their money by hundreds of thousands, and their wives

by twos or tens, and their children by the score. Brigham Young has sixteen wives and forty-two children. John D. Lee, who is in prison and sentenced to be shot for his participation in the Mountain Meadows massacre, is reported as having eighteen wives. The whole community is under Brigham Young's paw. Very fitly, therefore, his house is known as the "Lion House," from a huge lion cut in sandstone which adorns the entrance.

In the nature of the case polygamy, once being allowed, has become the very essence of Mormonism. There are very few married Mormons who are not polygamists. Some men who have two or more wives are entirely supported by them while they lounge or smoke. Within the fold are many negroes and Indians, who take to Mormonism very naturally. While we were in a photograph gallery, obtaining some views of the splendid natural scenery of the Territory, an Indian entered accompanied by several women and children. In response to our inquiry, he pointed out which were his wives and which his children. As we left the Walker House Sabbath afternoon, on our way to the tabernacle, we saw a man pass by accompanied by his five wives. The favorite one was by his side, while the other four trudged along in silence behind. Some of them may have been sisters. We quote the following from a Salt Lake City paper:

"In this city, recently, a Mormon bishop took as wives both mother and daughter. Another Mormon took as wives a mother and her daughter, about fifteen years of age. Another Mormon took as wives a mother and her two daughters. In this city three different Mormons, of our personal acquaintance, took as wives two sisters each, and are living with both at the same time. A Mormon bishop took as wives three sisters, his own nieces.

A leading Mormon merchant of this city, whom we personally know, took as his fourth wife the niece of his first wife, living with both, or the four, as his living wives."

In the tabernacle we did not see a single attractive or happy woman. They are all under the tyranny of husband and Church. The sum and substance of Mormon preaching, as far as we could learn, and from what we ourselves heard, is to show the absolute supremacy and the divine authority of the rulers of the Church. They then crack the whip of authority over the heads of the deluded members, and threaten apostasy with eternal punishment. Venus is the goddess of Mormonism. Those with whom we talked confidently expect marital joys hereafter. A Mohammedan paradise is not a whit more sensual than a Mormon one.

Apostle George Q. Cannon, Congressional Delegate from Utah, preached at the tabernacle Sunday afternoon. The seating capacity of the tabernacle is claimed by the Mormons to be fifteen thousand. By actual measurement it will seat only six thousand. It is shaped like a hippodrome, with a dome-like roof. A fountain, with sculptured lions in sandstone at each corner, plays in the center of the building. A large gallery entirely surrounds the auditorium below, which is lighted from the ceiling and from greenhouse-looking windows on the sides. A large organ is back of the three pulpits, which rise one behind the other on the rostrum. The highest is occupied by Brigham Young when he preaches, the next by the apostles, and the one lower by the bishops and others. Below all this is a long table, covered with cake-baskets of bread and pitchers and double-handled cups of water, behind which sits Bishop Hunter in the middle, with three bishops on each side; with these elements the sacrament is celebrated.

Not over two thousand people were present. "We are not ashamed to own our Lord" was sung by a choir of thirty voices, accompanied by the large organ. After prayer by one of the bishops, who thanked God for modern prophets and the later revelation, and who prayed especially for Brigham Young (who was not present), his counselors and his twelve apostles, a song was sung, and the distribution of the bread begun. The Gentiles were for the most part seated together, and were passed by in the distribution. Daniel H. Wells, John Taylor, Orson Pratt, and others, sat on the platform, some one of whom, nobody knows who until he gets up, usually preaches. Presently George Q. Cannon arose and read part of the fifth of Hebrews, about a divinely called ministry. This chapter he took for his text and began to preach, his clear, ringing voice audible throughout the tabernacle. The distribution of the bread continued while he was speaking, and when they were ready for the water Bishop Hunter asked him to stop while a prayer was offered for God's blessing on it. The sermon was resumed and continued, the water in the meantime being passed, and empty pitchers and cups brought up to the table to be filled, the elders, missionaries, etc., on the platform, to the number of a hundred or more, now eating or drinking, and now making notes of the sermon, while a short-hand reporter among them made a complete report of every word by whomsoever spoken. Cannon's argument was "that the ministry must be called of God—a distinct and peculiar doctrine of Latter-day Saints," and on this account they had been opposed and persecuted from the beginning, especially by the Churches who did not hold this view. Joseph Smith was thus divinely called by angels and the Apostles Peter, James, and John, and he in turn had called Brigham Young and oth-

ers who spoke with divine authority. No great teacher or prophet appears in the Bible who was not called or addressed by angels, not excepting even Balaam; *therefore*, Joseph Smith was called by angels as he professed. The apostles were all dead, but to one of them was given the power of the keys, and Peter bestowed them on Joseph Smith. The fruits of Mormonism prove it to be divine, for no other religion could gather so many nations together—the Swede, the Norwegian, the Dane, the Austrian, etc. They were poor and illiterate, but he loved them all, and prayed that they might keep the faith in its purity. This was followed by many amens, and a prayer by one of the bishops that God would bless the words of *inspiration* that had been spoken. The name of Joseph Smith was mentioned perhaps fifty times in the sermon, while the name of Jesus did not fall on our ear more than once. An anthem and the benediction followed, and the benighted people returned to their unhappy homes.

Hungry at night, we went to hear the Rev. Dr. McEldowney, of the M. E. Church. We are glad of the good work being done by this Church here. Out of a membership of one hundred, over twenty are converted Mormons. They have built up in less than six years a seminary with more students than the Mormon "University of Deseret," and with as high a course of study. They have established here the *Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate*, which enters many Mormon homes. A fine church, costing sixty thousand dollars, impresses the same minds influenced by the great Mormon temple in process of erection. Other Churches, too, are at work, and this beautiful valley will yet become a moral as well as a natural paradise.

Salt Lake City, Oct. 22, 23, 1876.

LETTER III.

ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC.

WE left Ogden at 6:15 P.M. on the 23d, in one of the silver palace cars of the Central Pacific Railroad. This road runs through California, Nevada, and Utah to Ogden, where it forms a junction with the Union Pacific, that after leaving Utah runs through Wyoming and Nebraska. The length of the Union Pacific is one thousand and thirty-three miles, and that of the Central Pacific is about eight hundred and eighty miles. These nineteen hundred and thirteen miles of iron are needed to form the wedding-ring which unites the fortunes of California to those of the distant East. The moon is shining brightly on the motionless waters of the great Salt Lake, as, leaving Ogden, we hasten toward the Golden Gate. For many miles it is the same picture. With the sails of a schooner now and then to greet the eye, one might be almost persuaded that it is Lake Michigan or Erie that lies off to his left. But no; it is none other than the mysterious Dead Sea of the American Continent.

The early morning finds us in Nevada. The strong odor of the sage-brush penetrates the sleeping-car as we awake. We breakfast at Elko, one of the most important towns of this new State. Near by some of our Missouri friends from Glasgow are engaged in mining. We were very glad to meet at the depot a former acquaintance, Governor Brad-