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SAVED FROM THE MORMONS.

I.

I HAVE been asked to write of my escape from a place and a people where the priceless gift of a good man's love for a woman in its wide, pure, spiritual sense, is unknown; its worthless, base counterfeit being a foul earthly passion on one side only, tainting and degrading its miserable object, body and soul. In my faulty, imperfect way, I will tell the story.

My first recollection is of a lovely home in Lincolnshire, England. My father was a wealthy farmer, whose ancestors had owned Holthurst Grange since the days of good Queen Anne. Sweetness, cheerfulness, and a lithe, tender beauty express my dear mother, who was the daughter of the rector of the parish. God in His inscrutable wisdom saw fit to take her to Himself before she was world-weary, while life was yet full of hope and promise, while her children still sorely needed her. If she had been spared, this sorrowful history had never been written.

As the tuberose, which are so profusely laid upon the beloved dead in this country, bring sorrowful memories, so the scent of heliotrope and mignonette will ever be associated with my mother's dying hour. The sweet, heavy perfume of the pale purple and gray-green flowers growing beneath the window, filled the room, as, with difficulty folding me in her nerveless but loving arms, she drew me close to her breast, and gave to me, a girl of ten years, a solemn charge to watch over and protect Richard and Alice, my brother and sister, of seven and five. Young as I was, the sacred trust sank deep in my heart; and though I trembled and shuddered sorely, I gave my promise with sobbing earnestness, little wistful of the bitter years to come.

For my poor father, who had loved his wife with an utter devotion, became a changed man after her death. The bluff heartiness of his manner, the stalwart erectness of his gait were gone forever. He was kind to us little ones in a sad, pitiful way, but scarcely ever noticed us. He ceased to take any interest in his farm,

leaving all his affairs in the hands of his steward and servants. Before long everything fell into confusion, and at last a corroding fever stretched him upon his bed, from which he did not rise for many weeks. When he did, it was with a listless, weary, vague desire to go somewhere, anywhere out of his lost paradise. What wonder, then, that he should fall a victim to one of those emissaries of the Evil One, the "Latter-day Saints," who, with smooth, plausible manner and sophistical arguments, had sent so many heart-weary souls galloping on the road to hell? Yes, a Mormon demon invaded, haunted Holthurst Grange. He watched my father lynx-eyed; saw him trembling, hesitating; seized his opportunity, and bound him over body and soul to sell all he possessed and hasten at once to the paradise of saints, that unimaginable heaven upon earth, where troops of friends, abundance of this world's goods, and perfect bliss awaited him. Added to this was the solemn asseveration that the Mormons were the people whose God is the Lord Jehovah, who had secured for them on this earth a part of the rich inheritance which would be theirs in eternity. Yes, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man in complete equality were the cornerstones of their faith; consequently envy, hatred, and malice were unfelt, unknown, in that land of pure delight. All this and much more was poured out with a bewildering eloquence which fell like dew upon the parched, hungry soul of my father. Not a word was breathed to him of the revolting feature which is the true Alpha and Omega of the Mormon faith. The wily tempter reserved this bait for coarse and brutal natures. To my father the beautiful picture of a community of brothers touched him as nothing else could. If happiness were gone forever, surely *there* might be peace and rest; so under the gentle upspringing of this, as he thought, reasonable hope, he sold his long-descended inheritance, and taking us by the hand went resolutely away to the new and untried life.

Hundreds of equally deceived and infat-

unted persons made up the party; many of these were so miserably poor and degraded, and all so immeasurably inferior to my father, that I have since vainly wondered why the discovery of this fact did not give him a distrust of his new-found friends.

Mormon hunting is the best ordered emigration society in the world; for while they are glad to have well-to-do converts, they will also accept the very scum of the earth, who must pay "the church" by their subsequent labor for the expense of their transportation.

I will not tire you with a description of the long, long journey which we before us, after we had reached and left New York. We received recruits at several points on the route, a motley crowd, gathered from all nations; some clattering about in wooden *sabots* or shoes, some barefooted, all lowly born and ignorant. Scores of children swarmed all over the huge wagons drawn by oxen, which were our only means of locomotion after we had reached the "Plains;" but I could find no congenial companion among them, and I clung only the more closely to my little brother and sister. Three poor little pilgrims were we, travelling, as we thought, over an endless, bewildering green desert, a vast billowy ocean of verdure and flowers, from which every night, miles and miles away, the sun seemed to go down a green and golden stair and pass through the very gates of heaven. When it grew dusk, and evening sank in the arms of night, the encampments, widespread upon the waste, with their flickering, uncanny night lights, kept us staid, prin little English children in a continual flutter of excitement.

We encountered several tribes of Indians on our journey, to my extreme delight, immediately followed by excessive disappointment. I had read Cooper's novels, and Campbell's poem of "Gertrude of Wyoming," and you may imagine how naturally these feelings underwent such quick transition when I discovered, instead of the true nobility of nature, the almost divine heroism which these books had led me to expect, a set of thieving, tipsy savages, who with scowling visages demanded whiskey and yelled at the children. That I afterwards received from some of this debased race that help and succor which was denied me by my

own people, indicates that true nobility might have been a common trait with them, before the enlightened white men demoralized the poor savage, body and soul.

And so the days went lagging by—till at last, sun-burned, weary, and dusty, we came to the end of our journey—to Salt Lake City—to home.

Some of the elders visited our camp on the outskirts immediately; but after the customary salutation of "Peace be with you," they left us pretty much to ourselves. Father found great difficulty in obtaining any shelter, until he could decide what business he should pursue, and for some time we adhered to camp life.

This was early in September. Before the cold weather set in, father bought some land a few miles from the city, upon which there were already some improvements, though sorry ones enough in our estimation. We had a cabin to cover us, built of logs filled in between the chinks with grass and earth. It was a mere hut, but our own; and father talked so cheerily of the nice house he would build in the spring, and the trees and flowers with which he would surround it, that we waited contented and hopeful.

And now for months we were entirely alone. Although there were farms all around us, their occupants were either unsocial or too much engaged with their own affairs to attend to strangers. We also were very busy, for father and I developed the most brilliant faculty for turning the old boxes in which our goods had been packed into sofas, chairs, and bedsteads. Oh, I look back upon those days with a feeling akin to rapture! We loved each other; we were together, and alone! I know my father would have shuddered and recoiled then, could he have foreseen the crooked ways in which he would afterwards walk; all the innate purity scorched out of his soul; his thoughts afraid, ashamed, ever again to dwell upon the dead wife he had so truly loved and lost.

Early spring found us in a small house of four rooms which father had built, giving his cabin to a hired man and his wife, Americans, who assisted him in the care of his stock, of which he now owned a quantity. These Americans were naturally intelligent and had some education,

and though they were beneath the class with which I had associated in England, I found in Mrs. Miller the friend and adviser I sorely needed.

I was now in my fourteenth year. Like all English girls, I was more developed in person than an American girl of twenty. My hair was of a deep chestnut brown, and my hands of the same good rich color, owing to the chronic absence of gloves. My firm and by no means waspish waist held a healthy pair of lungs, to which I gave ample exercise, for I sang from morning till night. Singing was as natural to me as to a thrush. Chants, carols, and anthems sprang from my throat and heart as freely as the bird's morning and evening hymns were poured out in praise to their Maker. With all this, I was a most serious, thoughtful little woman, watching over my brother and sister with the love and solicitude of a mother.

Up to this time, so secluded had been our lives, I had no idea of the evil doctrines which governed the community in which we lived. Father attended the weekly meetings in the Tabernacle, but he very seldom took us children. I believe now that he shrank from exposing the vileness of their belief and practice to our innocent perceptions. Thus on Sundays I would have church at home. With my mother's prayer-book in my hand, standing opposite to Richard and Alice, I would reverently read through the beautiful English service of prayer, they responding with bent heads, in solemn tones. Then we would chant the glorious psalms and anthems, I leading, with soul uplifted, rising with the sound as the lark rises singing to heaven. We sang, not like the Sunday-school children I have since heard, boldly independent of time and tune, each squeaking to suit himself, but with perfect, harmonious accord; for we all had fine voices, and I was passionately fond of music.

But too soon those pleasant Sundays came to an end. One dark day, dark to me though it was in the sweet month of June, Elder Platt, the next in power to Governor Brigham Young, called upon my father, and, after conversing a little while on business matters, abruptly asked him, "Why do you not take a wife?" I started, and expected father at once to rebuke the impertinent question either by

silence or an indirect reply. Hot tears came into my eyes at the thought of any one daring to take my mother's place. Lunging my disuay then when father quietly answered, "I have been thinking of the matter for some time, but do not know whom to ask."

Then the two proceeded to the discussion of the women to be had, much as they would have spoken of the price, quantity, and quality of the cattle in the market. At last the Elder said, "Well, I think you had better take Eliza White and Ann Johns. They are both healthy young women, good workers, and will make useful wives."

So intent were they upon the matter that they forgot my presence; but at this horrible speech I could endure no longer. Setting my teeth firmly and springing up, I exclaimed, with burning cheeks and flashing eyes, "What! marry two women? *two* women?"

"Certainly, child; why not?" said the Elder, turning his cold gray eyes upon me.

"Why not?" I repeated; "because no two good women would marry the same man!" Then a terrible thought crossed my mind, and I cried out, "Oh, do women do so in America?" Then sobbing, "But my father does not want two wives, nor one even to take my mother's——" I could not go on; my sobs choked me.

For a moment the men were silenced, and my father looked agitated; but at a sneering remark from the Elder he roughly bade me leave the room and not meddle with matters I did not understand.

I obeyed, and ran quickly out to a little grove near the house. With a cry, "Oh, mother, mother!" I fell down in the grass, and poured out my tears and prayers. My poor little heart was raging against the bad man who was tempting my father to sin. In the midst of my anguish there came, descending from beyond the broad rustling green leaves high overhead, the scent of heliotrope and nigronette perfuming all the air, and I knew that my mother was looking piteously down out of heaven upon the poor little daughter who was weeping and calling upon her name. Suddenly the sweet, low voice of a woman singing came dream-like to my troubled senses, but the words I heard distinct and clear:

Christ leads us by no darker way,
Than he passed through before;
And who would in his kingdom come,
Must enter through that door.

Faint and fainter grew the sounds, as the singer passed on, but the blessed portent had done its work. I raised myself up and listened breathlessly for a moment, then sobbed out: "Yes, mother—darling—I will try to bear this misery. I know my Saviour suffered; and he will help and comfort me." Then with slow, reluctant feet I returned to the house, and quietly went about performing my duties.

A few days after this, as I was riding alone on a little pony my father had given to me, I met a sad-eyed woman whom I had often seen passing our house. Taking courage I approached her and said: "Will you tell me, do men have more than one wife at the same time in this country?"

She regarded me with a pitiful look and returned: "Why do you ask, my child?"

"Because I have no mother, and I have heard that which fills me with dread."

And then she told me all about it—how that she herself was one of four wives; that the three others and her husband all lived in one house.

"Oh," I sighed, "are the women happy here? Do the women have more than one husband?"

"Oh, no! Women have but one husband. Whether they are happy or not you will find out for yourself before long."

Between that woman, Sarah Barnes, and myself there sprang up one of those strange friendships that sometimes exist between middle-aged women and children prematurely old. Looking back now, I know that her frequent counsels to be patient, to yield my opinions to circumstances, in addition to the example of her own patient, sorrowful life, greatly helped me to endure all those years of torture.

One Sunday, soon after this conversation, a violent storm prevented father from going to the Tabernacle. I did not dare to commence our services; but little Alice, with the blessed innocence of childhood, climbed up to the shelf for the prayer-books, and after distributing them, placed herself demurely upon father's knee, saying with one of her rare sweet smiles: "Go on, Madge, we are ready;

papa and I will read out of dear mamma's book."

I did not look at him, but with a silent prayer for strength I read the opening sentence:

"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive."

Father joined with us in the prayers and responses, his strong bass voice mingled with ours in the chants and hymns; while through it all, down deep in my heart, like a refrain, was a trembling supplication of my own that God would turn him aside from the wicked thing he contemplated doing, and send us happier days. All that day he was kind to us, more like his old self; and when once little Alice smoothed his face with her small soft hands, a big tear started from his eyes and rolled slowly down his cheek.

But oh, with the morning came the Mormon elder—the demonic tempter, with his hateful counsel, which was little less than a command; and he never left us until a coarse, raw-boned woman was brought into the house, a great animal, against whom my heart rose in fierce rebellion—refusing in her behalf to profane the sacred name of mother. She was my father's wife; and my friend Mrs. Miller besought me to hold my peace, and thank God that only one woman called my father husband. Alas! for that I had not long to thank Him.

II.

AND now truly began our Mormon existence, and I ate thenceforth the bread of bitterness. With some remembrance of the decencies of life, father allowed Richard, Alice, and myself the use of one room. It was seldom invaded by Ann Johns, the new wife, and we came to regard it as sacred to ourselves. That was something; oh, it was a great deal to us. Most of the rough plodding work of the household was done by this woman, and I seized the unwonted leisure to educate my brother and sister.

Among the treasures we brought from England was a life-size portrait of my mother. I had never dared to ask father to unpack it and let us hang it upon the wall until that last happy Sunday, when, taking courage, with trembling lips I preferred my request. There was a few

moments troubled silence, and then it was granted. I am sure the hesitation arose from no unkind feeling, for the bit of canvas represented that which once told the whole heart and soul of the man. The thought of the outrage he was about to commit upon the memories of past happiness, pure and holy, unnerved him and made him dumb. I felt this, and quietly and quickly went out with Richard to get the precious picture. We hung it in our room in the best light, with our tears binding us; for the sweet lovely features seemed to smile down upon us, and the beautiful eyes to follow us as if with a blessing wherever we moved. After this the poor place became glorified.

When certain allotted daily tasks were done, we children were left to ourselves. Then Richard with Alice behind him on his pony, and I on mine, took long rides, exploring the country for miles around. In those little journeys I forgot the dark brooding pain which beset me in the polluted atmosphere of my home. Dear little Alice's bright face smiling and sunny, the pure air, and varied, beautiful scenery were like a psalm of consolation. The hours went smiling by, the gay deceitful hours; the lull before the storm.

For before the summer was ended father commenced making preparations for building an addition to his house. At first I had no suspicion of his intention, but poor Ann, dull and stupid as she was, doubtless knew only too well what it meant. She suddenly lost her cheerfulness, and I often surprised her crying bitterly; little as I liked her, I was sorry, and pitied her with a vague compassion, asking no questions.

It is but a homely tragedy, but when the addition was finished and father brought in Eliza White, and said she also was his wife, I stood confronting them for a moment, faint, dizzy, stupid with horror; then gasping for breath, I rushed past them into the open air. I walked—I ran—until I fell down exhausted, with my mouth pressed against the earth to stifle my agonized cries, sobbing out my grief to that only mother left to me, the kind, merciful earth, in whose quiet breast our tortured bodies are laid when our souls go home to God.

The eastern sky was glowing with the beams of the morning, and my clothing was drenched with dew, when with a

painful effort I wearily raised myself to return to the house; but before I went, I registered a solemn vow to live as though the eyes of my sainted mother were ever upon me; to bear this indignity as she would have borne it; and more than all, never to stain my soul with the foulness of polygamy.

From that day I talked to the children of the great evil of the land. I told them that I had the memory of our mother's pure life and earnest teaching to guide my steps; but they must remember my words, as I might not live to tell them of the terrible dangers which would beset them when they were grown. But oh, even then I felt most about Richard, and determined with God's help to devise some means of escape for him ere he reached manhood, lest he should be tempted to continue this foul wrong to women.

In our long walks and rides, I would tell the children of all the cases of marked unkindness to wives; of those poor wretches who, no longer able to endure the throes of jealous agony, fled to the terrors of the wilderness and the savages, preferring them to the intolerable, unnatural tortures of their lives. Yes, I told my young brother and sister these shameful stories, until, though only half understanding, their faces blanched and they shrank in horror from the recital. What could I do? It was like setting a canker in a rosebud; it was poisoning, festering their healthy young souls. My own purity rebelled against it, and I could only pray that theirs with this cruel knowledge of evil would not be breathed upon beyond recall.

My father's first wife, Ann, showed by her wan and spiritless demeanor that, coarse as she was, a woman's heart beat in her bosom; and Eliza, like many another Mormon bride, felt that her welcome was more hostile than hearty. Like Ann she neglected us children. She was a fat, sleepy-brained woman, who neither enjoyed nor suffered greatly.

As I grew older I mixed more freely with the people of the country, partly from curiosity, but principally because father laid his commands upon me. I studied the women, and found that they were stolid, heavy-eyed, and indolent. The married women have pathetic faces, and fade young. With all the sophistry which is woven about them, they have

dreams of "the might have been;" of the joy that comes in its completeness to the heart that is all in all to one alone. Their cry goes up to God for divine love, but their unsatisfied hearts are doomed to be forever hungry for the love that is human. Oh, happy wives! who are sheltered in the sunshine of a good man's heart—a heart which belongs to you, and you alone—can you imagine anything more like the apples of Sodom than the Mormon marriages!

I do not wish to give the impression that there were any highly-refined or cultivated women in Utah, for I do not remember one to whom an intelligent, superior man would turn for intellectual enjoyment; not one whom a poet might dream of, or an artist desire to paint. To a stranger they assume a joyful demeanor. This their religion not only inculcates, but enjoins to such an extent that no woman would dare carry a sad face intentionally, any more than she would parade a disgrace. No sad hymns or chants are tolerated; no one repeats a tale of misery to his neighbor on pain of Brother Brigham's displeasure. Their joys are frequently discussed, their sorrows never. The women in the same house (not home) are commanded to be sister each other, and their tow-headed, all the way round to black-headed progeny tumble about promiscuously on the same grass-plot before the door. That they don't all go mad or kill each other is owing to what that powerful but ignorant sensual animal, Heber Kimball, called "triumph o' grace."

The owner of all Mormondom is Brigham Young. He is *the church*. His will is law. If any one becomes obnoxious to him, that person receives a note advising him to leave. If he neglects this warning, the Destroying Angel will surely and speedily remove him.

Young was born in Vermont, and at fifty years of age was a large, fine-looking man. Though uneducated—for there was always an irrepressible conflict between his nouns and verbs—his ability, diplomacy, and shrewdness are something marvellous. There is power in his eye of steely gray-blue; power in his massive chin; strength and power in the mouth shut so firmly. If he says "No," that special petition is never renewed. His word is as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

His system of tithing is worthy of the brain that originated it. When a man of property arrives, he must give an inventory of his possessions. Of these the church kindly consents to accept one-hull, and afterwards one-tenth per annum, for which he receives a receipt from the Recording Angel.

The only available road to the cañon which supplies firewood lies through Brigham Young's grounds. Families have the privilege of using this road, on condition that they leave every third load within the enclosure for *church purposes*.

The Tabernacle is a long, low building of sun-dried bricks, 126 feet by 64. Its height is so disproportioned to its size as to give it a very squat appearance. It seats twenty-two hundred people on a pinch. The great temple, whose architectural plan was developed to Brigham by an angel, is hardly as yet above the foundations. When finished—if ever it is—it will present an exceedingly comical mix-up of all schools and ages and styles, never seen before on earth, and let us hope unknown in heaven.

The exhortations in the Tabernacle were of manifold complexion. Not the least curious was the "gift of tongues," which consisted of the utterance of gibberish unintelligible to the speaker himself. One of the elders rose one day and gave us an address in what we were told was the Carthaginian language. The jargon would have disgraced a Hottentot.

As to the misquoting of Scripture to suit their purposes, the Saints surpass the wildest imagining, and Heber Kimball overstepped them all. With permission I extract an exhortation by this brother, from Ludlow's "Heart of the Continent," as an example of tergiversation as ingenious as it is wicked:

Seven women shall take a hold o' one man. There! (with a resounding slap on the back of the nearest subject for regeneration) what d'ye think o' that? Shall' *Shall* take a hold on him! That don't mean they shan't, does it? Not God's word means what it says, and therefore means no otherwise—not in no way, shape, nor manner. Not in no way, for He saith, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life;" not in no *shape*, for "a man beholdeth his nat'ral shape in a glass;" nor in no *manner*, for "he straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was." Seven women *shall* catch a hold on him. And *if* they *shall*, then they *will*! For every thing shall come to pass, and not one good word shall fall to the ground. You who try to explain the Scripture' would make it figurative. But don't come to

me with none o' yer spiritualizers! Not one good word shall fall. Therefore seven shall not fail. And *if* seven shall catch a hold on him—and, as I jest proved, seven *will* catch a hold on him—then seven *ought*; and in the latter day glory seven, yea, as our Lord said un-tew Peter, "Verily I say un-tew you, not seven but seventy times seven"—these seventy times seven shall catch a hold and cleave. Blessed day! For the end shall be even as the beginning and seventy-fold more abundantly. Oh, the work of the Lord is *glorious*!

The cure by the laying on of hands is worthy the attention of wiser, more scientific people than those who practise it.

I recollect an instance of a child seemingly dying who was restored to life by this means. A number of saints were sent for, selecting those in the most perfect physical health and highest electric power.

The little one was put into a warm bath, then taken out and wrapped in a heated blanket, beneath which the right hand of each saint in turn was inserted, and the child's body excited by vigorous rubbing. The electricity was conveyed in a perfectly continuous stream into the body of the child, and this was kept up for days, each one resigning his place to another on the least weariness, and the child was restored to health.

So highly charged with electricity would these persons become, that showers of sparks would fly from their clothing when taken off; and one woman in perfect health and without a blemish of body, after rubbing the sick, by stepping hastily across the room could light a match with her finger, as readily as if it had been touched by a coal of fire.

Try this remedy, parents, when your little ones are in danger of dying of weakness, after the disease has left them. If I could ever know that some little child of a Christian family had been saved from death by reading this part of my sad narrative, and then faithfully using the cure described, I should rejoice that this good at least had been evolved from the hated evils of my life.

III.

YEARS came, years passed—dark, sad, cruel years—until the harem of a civilized Christian gentleman—as I once believed my father to be—numbered five inmates, of many nationalities, and but little education or refinement, though some of the

women could fairly lay claim to considerable beauty.

I was now eighteen. I had learned much and suffered more, but as yet had not personally sounded the depths of Mormon degradation. I was not beautiful; only a well-developed, healthy English girl, with a bright, clear complexion and luxuriant hair; but I knew without vanity that I was fully equal if not superior in appearance to most of the women I met. That I was more intelligent is also true; for I read all the books I could obtain. I was passionately fond of music, a natural musician; for I could play upon stringed or keyed instruments intuitively, and my voice was true, sweet, and powerful. This talent I carefully concealed lest it should expose me to the notice of the speculating saints in women.

Skilled musicians were rare in Brigham Young's dominions in those early times, and I well knew that if my talent were known my time would no longer be my own. Singing was the one joy of my life, yet I carefully abstained from it save when far away from human habitation. Then, with Rick and Alice, I would give full vent to my pent-up emotions. We were only three children as yet, and grand old times we had carolling in company with the birds.

In our rides we made some strange friends with Indians, for we had a feeling that, though possessed of a darker skin, in some points their souls were whiter than those of our own people. About five miles from Utah is the Hot Spring, which flows from beneath a rock at the base of a mountain. The water is so hot that an egg may be boiled in it. This water, which commences in a stream the size of a man's body, spreads into a seething, steaming lake more than an acre in extent. The Utes and Arapahoes frequently met here, and on one of our visits we found encamped a band of Arapahoes. The chief came to meet me with a sad face, telling me in his broken English that his mother was very ill, and begging me to go in and see her. I found the poor old squaw ill indeed with consumption, that rarest of diseases in Utah.

Nothing that I could do would prolong life, but I prepared jellies made from the wild fruits of the country, as my friend Mrs. Miller had taught me, and delicious soup from the game the hunters of the

tribe brought in. The poor feeble creature relished these delicacies more than anything her own people could make for her: my very presence soothed and comforted her. I would sit many an hour holding her brown, wrinkled hand in mine, singing and dreaming my dreams, pouring out my soul in the ballads and melodies I had learned in my childhood, the hymns I had been taught at my mother's knee, and the sublime chants of our beautiful church service.

One after another the Indians would softly enter the wigwam, until Footah the chief motioned them away. Then they would form groups outside, listening with bent heads, until I had finished the last note. They called me *Wina Metre*, or *Singing-Bird*; they looked upon me as inspired; not one of them but would have walked miles to do me the slightest service, and the old squaw would kiss my hand as though I were a goddess.

One day Footah told me that they must move, for their old enemies the Utes were on the war-path. He pressed upon me the gift of a pretty gray pony, to Rick he gave a beautiful bow and set of arrows, and to Alice a buffalo robe. To have refused these presents would have been a grave insult to their friendship. We saw them leave with genuine sorrow, for they had been true friends to us in our desolate condition.

We had never been compelled to attend the meetings in the Tabernacle. The services were so repugnant that unless father desired us to accompany him we remained at home. But now Brigham Young himself ordered father to see that we attended regularly. From this command there was no escape. I knew that I had lately been kept under a strict espionage. I was mortally afraid of that mysterious horror the Destroying Angel, as the chief of the terrible Danites was called, and I went henceforth to the meetings with my brother and sister. But I charged them on the way to spend the hours at the Tabernacle in castle-building, in dreaming of anything, in sleeping, rather than to listen while the enormity of polygamy was speciously defended and smoothed over.

This advice, which I also observed, brought my fate upon me. One Sunday the congregation commenced singing a hymn I dearly loved, because it had been

taught me by my mother. Absorbed in dreams, the melody stole in upon my brain. Hungering after the lost happiness of my childhood, my full heart rose to my lips, and unconsciously poured forth its yearning in that hymn. High and higher rose my voice until it drowned the rest, and I came back to my senses to find all eyes fastened upon me, covering me with dismay and an undefined terror.

The next day I was ordered by Brigham Young to become a member of the choir, which was largely composed of his own children, whose acquaintance I had no desire to make. I refused to go. Then I received a note signed by *Fate* himself, ordering me to be present at the next meeting of the choir. Resolved not to sing in that temple of Dagon, I braved my fate and stayed away.

The following Wednesday, as I was sewing in my own room, my father opened the door and stood upon the threshold looking at me. There was that in his face which told me that a crisis in my life had arrived. He entered, and seating himself carefully, as I thought, with his back to my mother's portrait, he said, "I wish to talk to you upon a subject of great importance to us both."

I bowed my head in silence, and waited for him to proceed, with a trembling heart and wistful look.

But he became confused, and hesitated, and made some pointless observations about domestic matters. Then a dusky flush rose in his face; he frowned, and moved uneasily in his seat, and his breath for a moment came hard and fast. Oh, did a thought of my sainted mother arrest his cruel intention? did the wistful expression in my eyes remind him of her, and force the base proposition he was about to make back to his heart?

But it came at last, his eyes not daring to meet mine; and shorn of the verbiage with which he strove to hide its loathsome features, it amounted to this: That I should at once become the eighth wife of Elder Platt.

I heard the bitter, shameful words. My breast heaved with my quick spasmodic breathing. Stung beyond endurance, I started up at last, and raising my hand as if I were registering an oath on high, I said, "*Never, father, never, while God gives me life!*"

"Do not say that," cried my father tempestuously, "for you only blaspheme. By to-morrow this time you will be the honored wife of a good man."

I sank into my chair, and covering my face with my hands rocked my body to and fro with anguished moans. My suffering was too great for tears; the pain of those dry, choking sobs was intolerable.

"No more of this nonsense!" urged my father roughly. "You have not liked your home, and you will have another cause of discontent when I tell you that to-morrow a daughter of Elder Platt's will be sealed to me as a wife, while as the good Elder's wife you will have a home of which any woman might be proud."

"Proud of the eighth part of a husband, the eighth part of a home! God forbid! I will not so degrade my womanhood! I will not so steep my soul in infamy! Oh, father, think of your promise to my dying mother; can you have the heart to consign me, her child, to a torment besides which death would be only too welcome? I cannot do this thing, I—"

"Hush, you jade! how dare you brave my authority? See to-morrow that you receive cheerfully, and marry without one word of dissent, the man who has honored you by his choice, or"—and a wrathful flash shot from his eyes—"you will rue the day you were born."

As he spoke these cruel words, he rose and went hastily out of the room, leaving me trembling with rage and horror at the double abasement and outrage with which he had overwhelmed me.

I was to be bartered, traded away for one of the loathsome old man's daughters. My father had sold me, not because love for another had blinded his conscience, but from a base, sensual desire to increase the inmates of his harem; and I—I was to enter into the same dishonored life—all good impulses offended, all pure instincts outraged, to the end of my miserable days.

Was there no escape? Escape! How the word rang through my half-crazed brain. With my hands pressed upon my burning, tearless eyes, I repeated this word over and over in my mind, until its meaning fled. Ghastly faces floated in the air, the faces of the women who I knew were suffering the torments of the hell to which I was doomed. Suddenly I heard my darling little sister's voice calling to some of my father's other children

in the playground below. The sweet voice and trilling laugh of the child, so ignorant of my misery, opened the flood-gates of my tears. Sinking upon the floor, and laying my head upon the chair, I wept unrestrainedly. From weeping I turned to praying. Soon the light came; my way was clear. I would escape from this moral grave that yawned before me, if I went knowingly to my physical death. I would literally "flee to the mountains."

When night had come I hastily gathered together a few clothes, and then retired as usual, to avoid exciting suspicion. Little Alice cuddled close to me, asking sleepily, "What keeps you, dear Midge?" "God keeps me," I thought, as I kissed the flushed, warm cheek of the sleeping child.

I told neither Alice nor Richard of the base proposition that had been made to me, nor of my determination to leave them, the only beings dear to me on earth. I thought if they knew nothing father would not revenge my disobedience upon their innocent heads.

About eleven o'clock I rose from my bed, and kneeling down with a breaking heart, I commended my darling sister to the God of the helpless and desolate. I prayed that I might escape so as to make a way for her to leave this modern Sodom. My blithe, pretty, innocent sister! My tears fell on her face as I softly kissed her, and they rained down as I bent over Richard for a last look and blessing. His arm was curled round his head, his beautiful face was the picture of health and innocent happiness; yet as he grew how could honor and faith and respect for women blossom in that foul air? Oh, how I prayed that he might loathe and abhor the peculiar sin of this people! that in him God would raise up a reformer who would in some measure atone for the wrong-doing of our father. Kissing them, I stole softly out, and in another moment stood beneath the starry sky. I went to where my pony was fastened, gathered up the rope or lariat, saddled and bridled him, took my little sack of clothing and provisions, not forgetting a small pistol and ammunition and matches, strapped them all on with a heavy blanket, as soldiers carry their knapsacks, mounted him, and rode away into the night, a homeless, desolate girl.

Of my escape I will tell next month.

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SAVED FROM THE MORMONS.

IV.

I DETERMINED eventually to find my way to California, but I did not dare to travel on the great California trail, as I could not fail of being captured were any search made for me. My only recourse, until pursuit was considered vain, was to hide in the ravines of the wilderness, preferring the tender mercies of any savages I might encounter, or the terrors of wild beasts, rather than risk the danger of being dragged back to the life of infamy to which I had been sold by my father.

I rode all night, and was still in the shadow of the Wasatch mountains at nine o'clock the next day. The morning sun was glinting the waters of Lake Utah in the distance, when I entered a deep ravine where there was a plentiful supply of coarse grass, and a small stream of delicious cool water.

After tying Bonny's lariat and taking a little food, I spread my blanket on the ground, and commending myself and my forsaken darlings to my father's protection, I lay down so weary that I soon fell into a deep sleep.

I must have slept some hours when I was awakened by a moist touch upon my face, and a low whining sound. For a moment I fancied myself at home, but upon opening my eyes and collecting my senses, I recognized my brother's dog, Nimrod, who was standing over me licking my face. Paralyzed with terror, every sense, every nerve was strained to listen. I was pursued—I was discovered, betrayed by my own brother, who had sent on his dog to find me. The minutes passed; no sound broke the stillness, except the low whining of the dog, who was telling me his joy at finding me. I threw my arms around him, laid my cheek upon his head, and burst into a flood of tears. God had sent him to me, as he sent the ravens to the prophet of old. He was not food, but he could procure food for me. He was a splendid hunter, and I thanked my Father in heaven for the timely gift.

I toiled on over the rough roads all

that day, with the pain tugging at my heart, the hungry desire to fold Alice to my breast, and to hear Richard's bluff, cheery voice; but I never turned back. I had fled from an evil worse than any I could meet, and I had a humble but steadfast faith that God would care for us all.

That night, after sharing the remains of my food with poor Nimrod, I tied my pony and laid myself down close to a large rock which sheltered me somewhat from the wind, for the night was cool. For some hours I could not sleep. My heart was filled with a great pity for myself, and for the two I loved and had left, and my brooding mind was full of plans for the future. No wonder that sleep fled for a while from my puzzled brain and aching body, but when it came at last it was sweet and dreamless.

In the morning we had no water, but Nimrod caught a grouse and brought it to me with excessive flourishing and frisking, to let me know how glad he was to help me in my extremity. I dressed it, and giving him a share felt relieved for the day. As for my good little pony, grass was as yet plentiful. We travelled all that day before we found water. Then I kindled a fire and cooked and ate my bird. I had wandered away from all vestige of a road or track since the day previous, when I caught sight of an adobe hut and cultivated field, some distance west of my route. I kindled a fire when night approached, as it was cold, but no sleep came to my weary eyes, for I was frightened by the crackling of the bushes behind me, and Nimrod barked incessantly at some invisible enemy.

We had no breakfast, but I gathered the pine cones which had fallen from the trees, for the little nuts they contain are palatable and would sustain me until I could procure better food. I tried my hand as a marksman during the day, and was fortunate enough to shoot two partridges, while Nimrod caught a large rabbit. The proud look with which he trotted up and laid it at my feet excited my laughter, instantly succeeded by a

burst of tears. It was droll, but oh it was pitiful too! Yet I was not ungrateful. God was good to me. He had given me one dumb but steadfast friend in this savage wild.

We travelled all that day. Toward night the distant barking of a dog and the sound of cow-bells sent a thrill of delight through my frame. I was near human beings; it was barely possible that I might make myself known without risk of betrayal, but not that night. I must be sure that Brigham Young's "Avengers" were not to be let loose upon me.

With the morning sun I started in search of the dwelling, giving my pony in charge to Nimrod. I soon discovered a log-cabin at the foot of a steep hill. Vegetables were growing in a small enclosure, and near a rude shed were a couple of cows and a horse.

I did not dare to approach until I was sure that no man was near. Presently a woman came out of the cabin, followed by several children. One of these seemed to be an invalid, for she brought him out in her arms and laid him in the sun. While the others played around him, and with a prayerful hope that a woman and little children would not be unkind to me, I drew near. The little ones stopped their play and called loudly for their mother, who hurried out, her eyes wide open with astonishment; but when I spoke to her a smile of welcome broke over her coarse features, and made her almost beautiful. The first words she uttered proved her to be an English woman, and we clasped hands as if we were old friends. Then she gave me food—delicious to me—of corn bread and milk, and soon was listening to my sad story with the warmest sympathy depicted on her face.

Then she told me of her own cheated life. How the Mormon sorcerer with facie tongue and the delusive promise of "free lands"—that most entrancing prospect to the small serf-like farmers and poor laborers of my country—had persuaded her husband to sell all he had, and hasten to that land of Canaan where milk and honey flowed, where his children would be educated, and he become a saint on earth. In a hand-cart they dragged and carried their possessions and four little children over the Plains. All old settlers will remember that "hand-cart brigade," the strongest exhibition of faith, not in

God but in an idea, which the world has ever known. They marched with blistered, bleeding feet. They bowed and fell by the wayside, and those who fell down dead gave up their lives in the conviction that they had died in God's service, and each had won a martyr's crown.

They had started late in the season, and added to their miseries was a heavy fall of snow. Mrs. Dodd and her husband pushed their cart and carried their little ones, until Mr. Dodd was stricken down with lung fever. No words can tell what they now endured until he died and was hastily hurried beneath the snow and sand, to become the prey of the next pack of wolves that passed that way. The cold grew more intense; the thermometer stood at ten degrees below zero. God only knows how she kept her children from freezing; her own hands and feet were frozen, and as the weather grew milder she suffered unspeakable agonies—pain so past endurance, that she pulled her cart upon her knees. There was no one to relieve her. All were maimed, frozen, exhausted. It was a mad struggle for life, for if she faltered or was left behind, she and her little ones would surely perish.

When at last the survivors of the party did arrive at Salt Lake, instead of Arcadia they found the very valley of Uppos. But they remained; for some of the poisonous doctrines of the community so appeal to the passions of men, that many of them become more than satisfied.

But Mrs. Dodd had no sympathy with this people, and she gladly accepted an offer to go forty or fifty miles south with some of her friends, and engage in farming and cattle-raising.

They were supplied with a few cows, oxen, sheep, and fowls, upon which they bound themselves to make an annual payment after a certain date, in the increase of these animals. They also made a secret and solemn league or covenant among themselves to refrain from the peculiar sin of the people, and as far as in them lay to lead pure and virtuous lives.

And poor Mrs. Dodd, though she knew that incessant labor would be her portion, thanked God for the privilege of living alone and working for her children. But poverty, hunger, and cold, like gaunt wolves, often entered her door, and in an evil hour she was induced to hire her old-

est boy, a mere child of eight years, to a neighbor to do "light work."

The little fellow, well knowing what a struggle his mother had to live, endured the most brutal treatment without complaint until, for some reason best known to himself, his fiendish employer beat him so that he was unable to walk, and then sent for his mother to "come and git her young 'un, as he was good for nothing." The child was maimed for life. With superhuman strength his mother carried him all the weary miles back to her cabin; and though this was ten years ago, the injured boy never grew, and he was the one now lying patiently outside, doomed to be a heart-breaking grief to his mother as long as he lived.

The nearest neighbor to my new-found friend was a good man named Chick, who had lost his wife a year before my coming. Mrs. Dodd sewed and did what she could for his children, in return for his assistance in outdoor work. They were good friends to each other, and so opposed to the doctrines of Mormonism that they had determined to leave the place at the first safe opportunity.

I had begged permission to remain all night in the cabin, for I was weary of the wilderness and loath to leave human companionship. How pleasant it sounded to hear her exclaim, "Stay all night, my dear young lady! Why, you are as welcome as the flowers in May! Stay as long as you can put up with our poor fare."

I gladly yielded to the homely tenderness of this invitation. I had a little money in my purse, and was only too thankful to give it to her.

The next day was Sunday. How heavy my heart was for the darlings I had apparently abandoned, only God and myself can know. They were grieving for me; they were calling upon my name. "Madge, come back, oh, come back," seemed to ring through the air and sink into my heart. I was a homeless wanderer, a fugitive slave; but with the tears streaming over my hands as I knelt to my morning prayers, I thanked God that that which was dearer to me than life was still my own, and a song of hope and trust arose in my soul. Dreary as the days now were, they would not always be full of clouds and storms. God would give me my dear ones, my sunshine, in His own good time.

Early in the morning Mr. Chick and his children came, as was their wont, to spend their only leisure day with Mrs. Dodd. The good man's surprise was intense as his glance fell upon a stranger; but when Mrs. Dodd simply said, "This is Miss Margaret Holthurst," the look of surprise changed into one of amazement. Coming hastily toward me, he repeated, "Miss Margaret Holthurst! Miss Margaret Holthurst!" in an agitated manner, that took my breath away, and made me faint with terror, for of course I was sure that the "Davites" were upon me.

"Are you Margaret Holthurst of Lincolnshire, England?" he asked.

I bowed my head, for I could not speak.

"His honor the rector's granddaughter? Good God! it cannot be!"

In speechless surprise I gazed at him; when, taking my cold hand in his own, hard, brown, and bony with labor, he exclaimed, "Miss Margaret! can it be that I find you here in this wild, benighted land? Why, I have carried you in my arms many and many's the day, when you were a wee bit tottler like my Jenn there! And to find—to find you here! in fact to be here myself, and as I am! Oh, it's too much, too much!" and the strong man covered his face and wept like a child, while I, speechless, breathless, sobbing with agitation, waited to hear more.

When he had somewhat regained his composure, he told me that years ago he had been an under-gardener to my grandfather, leaving the place when I was about six years old. To me he had been only one of the numerous servants over whom I queened it when a child at Bolton Green rectory; but now, now, fleeing for my life—for more than my life—this old servant became my friend and adviser, and I learned to respect his sound judgment and unflinching integrity.

We talked all that Sunday of dear old England. Although he had been here in Utah only two years, he was a stranger to what had transpired at Bolton Green. The death of my dear mother and grandfather, and the continued and angry estrangement of my mother's titled relatives because she had married beneath her, was of painful interest to this good man; and when he heard that I had no kith or kin on earth who cared for me, save the dear brother and sister in Utah, his tears started again. "Don't go away,

Miss Margaret," he entreated. "Stay with us. The rector's little pet without a home! Can it be? can it be? Stay here. I will help you. I will fight for you if it comes to that;" and as he doubled up his brawny fists a dangerous flash shot out of his eyes, for he well understood the peril from which I had fled; but the Danites once on the scent, muscular force would be of no avail—their assassin's work was done in the dark with lead and keen steel.

The next day Mr. Chick came over with the proposition that I should change my name, and remain with them, at least for the present, teaching the children of the two families. After painful thought I consented to the plan, and as Hannah Goodwin I was to begin my school the following Monday in a corner of Mrs. Dodd's cabin.

The Saturday before, I went with the children for a walk, and to gather treasures of wild flowers and all that was strange or curious that we could find, for poor Tommy the cripple. We climbed a high hill, and as I sat resting and listening to the prattle of the little ones, with my heart yearning for my own who were far away, in the green interval I could plainly see lying between the Great Salt Lake and Lake Utah, I noticed two horsemen journeying from the southwest, and approaching toward Mrs. Dodd's cabin. With a feeling that I must learn my fate if they held it, I hastened back, and reached the cabin before they arrived.

They proved to be travellers from the Eastern States, or, as the Mormon's say, "Gentiles from the States." For two days they "camped out" near Mrs. Dodd's cabin, receiving their meals from her. They were well-informed, pleasant men, and when they discovered that we had no sympathy with the Mormons, they talked freely of the curse of the land, though giving credit for the industry and indomitable perseverance of the people. The land well deserved, they said, the name of "Deseret," the "land of the bee." But in the midst of their pleasant chat came terrible words. They had been in Utah and had heard of my escape. "The Danites are in pursuit of this Margaret Holthurst," said they, "and hot and furious are the anathemas against her and all who dare to shelter her."

Well for me that my friends kept a discreet silence, while this news could be

only of ordinary interest to the Hannah Goodwin who leaned, trembling in breathless terror, against the wall.

"The Danites have searched all the most southern settlements," continued one of the travellers, "and intend to visit every house in the land to 'clean out the enemies of the Lord.' If they refuse to come into the kingdom, they must be shot or stabbed into kingdom come."

I was in deadly peril. I must go. Whatever might befall me, these kind people must suffer nothing in my behalf. I should be an ingrate indeed were the curse to be visited upon them through any imprudent lingering of mine; and so when the travellers departed I also took up my weary flight, with food for three days' sustenance, and a letter from Mr. Chick to friends in —, to whom he commended me as his daughter in search of a school.

Before I left, I wrote a note to Richard on one of the blank leaves of my prayer-book, which Mr. Chick promised to deliver into his hands as soon as he could. It contained but these few words:

DEAR BROTHER: I am safe and well. Don't fear for me. God helping me, I will come or send for you in the spring. Keep clean hands and a pure heart; care well for the wee one, and all will be right in time. God bless and keep you.
MADGE.

I parted from my friends with embraces and tears. Mr. Chick went a mile or two with me, directing me minutely as to the route.

"God bless you, dear Miss Margaret," he said at parting. "Don't fail to call upon me if you need help; I'll always be glad to help his honor's grandchild;" and the good fellow turned away with a grieted face and quivering lip.

And now, as "Peggy Chick," I rode sadly away, my faithful Nimrod capering by the side of Bonny, both evidently delighted to be *en route* again.

When we camped for the night I made a fire, as it was very cold, but the wolves howling around kept me wakeful and frightened.

Tired and unrefreshed, I went on the next day, until snow falling fast obliterated a dim Indian trail which had guided me. I reached a stream called Duck Creek, which I knew I must cross, and then struck due west. I forded the stream and rode rapidly on, hoping to

reach the end of my journey that night; but the snow fell fast, the earth was completely covered, and the air so full of it that I could not see an object fifty feet away. I was out on an open country, with no trees, not even a rock to shelter me from the bitter wind. There was no alternative but to press on. The solitude and silence of this white waste impressed me with a profound sadness, and as I rode big tears welled up from my heart and rolled slowly down my cheeks. At last I reached another stream, with sufficient vegetation around it to afford some protection from the storm, and though it was light enough to go a few miles farther, I thought it best to stay here for the night. I cut some bushes and constructed a rude, slight shelter; then with difficulty I made a fire, and leaving Bonny to paw away the snow from the tufts of grass, as his Indian training had taught him, and find, as I knew he would, a plentiful meal, I crawled into my tiny shelter-tent, and curling myself up with my dog, for five minutes felt quite comfortable and happy.

Then I was seized with a passionate despair, and sang, Oh, the air rang with the notes. My soul escaped from its bondage. I was back in Utah clasping in my loving, yearning arms the brother and sister whom I had forsaken. No language could have expressed my half-frenzied feelings as that music did: but when my voice suddenly dropped and died, the desolate anguish of my heart was complete. Like a blow from an open hand, the thought smote me that I was there alone in that dreary, snowy wild, a helpless, hunted girl; I broke down utterly, and cried as though my very heart must break.

V.

EXHAUSTED with weeping, I fell asleep. When I awoke the storm had ceased, but the clouds hung heavy and the landscape was obscured by mist. I caught a few fish by tying pieces of thread together, with bent pins for hooks. The bait was easily found on the margin of the stream, and the fish literally swarmed round it. In a short time I had secured sufficient for myself and Nimrod, and I determined to remain where I was until the weather moderated, which it would surely do in a day or two, as it was early in the season. During the day I was horribly frightened

by a huge bear, who leisurely approached the opposite side of the stream, and after quenching his thirst crossed over not more than thirty rods from my encampment. He was probably gorged with food, or I was protected from his getting the scent by the wind, which blew briskly toward me.

The snow was so deep that I could not find my way, and, spite of my uncanny neighbor, who made me very uneasy, there was no alternative but to remain where I was and hope he would not return. The birds were so tame that they sat on the roof of my tent peering in and exchanging remarks apparently about me. Nimrod watched them warily, his tail slowly waving like a pennon in the breeze, waiting my word to be up and at them; but I could not have killed those confiding little creatures if I had been starving.

By the next morning the sun was shining brightly, quickly melting the snow. I travelled all the afternoon on the route I had marked out, but when night came and I could discover no signs of human habitation, I was forced to the terrifying conviction that I had missed my way and was lost.

I climbed one of those grand cathedral-like rocks, so common in this part of the continent, and scanned the country in every direction. Not an evidence of human life could I see, save that far away in among a bluish-green strip, which looked as if it might be trees on the edge of a stream, I saw a thin smoke curling up to the sky.

It was too late then to find it, and I came down from my eyrie and spent the night at the foot of the rock.

But the smoke must have been a horn brother to a will-o'-the-wisp, for I failed to discover any house or human being. Three more days of this sorrowful, terrible life passed slowly away. A hare and a few fish sustained me, while Nimrod, with almost human intelligence, leaving these for me, caught and regaled himself with two prairie dogs. These odd little creatures, overcome with curiosity, would pop up in great numbers out of their abodes in the earth, and sit on their haunches and bark at us; and Nimrod, alert and quivering with eagerness, sprang like a shot and captured two, one after the other, just as they were tumbling down their holes. The strange little animals have no claim to the name of dog.

They resemble far more the woodchuck of New England.

I had now come upon an arid, rocky, sandy waste of country, with little vegetation other than the sage and grease bush, and now and then a patch of coarse grass, which served to keep my good little pony alive. On the fourth day of this purposeless wandering, I struck a small stream murmuring and singing through a rocky cañon, or deep ravine. I remained here a day to allow Bonny to feast on the sweet tender grass fringing its margin. While strolling idly and sadly along the banks, marks of savage footsteps, still fresh, arrested my attention. I was not frightened. I could not be more friendless and forlorn than I was, and for two days I followed the trail going south, but still finding no one.

We were now all three famishing. Dizzy, exhausted, but with a conviction through my suffering that I *must* live, for I had work to do, I walked much of the way to save my pony. It was well that at sunset of the sixth day we found water and grass, or our wanderings would soon have been at an end. I turned poor Bonny loose, for the intelligent, affectionate creature no longer required any fastening, and kindling a fire with a last desperate effort, I threw myself on the ground and fell into the deathlike sleep that only exhaustion brings. Yet I was conscious in this sleep of torturing visions of delicious food held far out of my reach, and of a low angry growling by Nimrod. Then a human voice uttering the exclamation "Ugh!" in a deep guttural tone, letting it off like a minute gun, awakened me. I sprang to my feet and confronted a being over six feet in height, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory. With a true woman's instinct I took in at once every detail of his gorgeous apparel, from the helmet of deer skin surmounted by a plume of feathers of all the colors of the rainbow; the blanket striped with blue, red, and green; the coat of blue with scarlet sash; the leggins fringed with scarlet, with bits of metal on the fringe, which tinkled like little bells when he moved; down to the profusely-decorated moccasins.

Hanging to his back were a bow and a quiver of most magnificent arrows, for the feathery tops were all ablaze with brilliant color.

I sank upon my knees and bowed my head, folding my arms upon my breast in token of submission. The slightest gleam of a smile lit up the bold, kingly face, which resembled one of those old Romans one sees in casts and paintings of the days of the Casars.

He made signs for me to rise, and by gestures inquired if I were alone, and from whence I came. I answered as best I could, and then signified my need of food, sinking again on the ground from excitement and exhaustion.

He regarded me in silence for a moment, then waving his hand uttered a few words in a not unmusical tone. If a kelpie had sprung out of the stream or a genii from the earth to do his bidding, I should have considered it only a fit sequence to the startling drama enacting before me; but a frightened look over my shoulder revealed a group of men with their horses, standing motionless at a little distance.

One of the men approached and received an order from his chief. In a few moments he returned with some uncooked meat, which he laid upon the embers of the fire I had kindled. Oh, could there ever have been a venison steak so delicious as that one was, which he soon handed to me? The bread of crushed corn which he added made a feast never to be forgotten.

Poor Nimrod looked on with such wishful eyes and watering chops, that I could not refrain from giving him a share, upon which the great chief frowned; but upon my taking the faithful dog in my arms and bursting into tears, the faint smile chased away the frown, and nodding his head he gave a sign to one of the men to bring some of the coarser meat to the dog, for which I thanked him as well as I could.

I afterward learned that the band belonged to the tribe of Navajoes. They were a fine-looking body of men, rather more plainly dressed than their chief. Their ponies were larger and stronger than are usually found among Indians, and they were travelling with many beasts of burden.

They built a great camp fire, and I laid down again to sleep, with a sense of protection, though I knew that I was now a prisoner. This was better than loneliness and starvation; better than Utah; far better than the tender mercies of Brigham Young.

And so the next morning, when they made signs that I must go with them, and led the way, Indian fashion, in single file, I followed bravely, my soul so full of thanksgiving and courage that I broke out impulsively in the "Gloria in Excelsis," fairly startling those imperturbable men, though the next moment they rode along again like so many automatons.

We were soon crossing an extended prairie, lush with luxuriant grass, and dotted here and there with small herds of buffaloes. At a word of command from the chief, some of the Indians dashed away, and in an incredibly short time returned with a plentiful supply of fresh meat, which was safely packed upon the led ponies.

Late in the afternoon we discovered a dense smoke rising above a range of bluffs or "buttes," as they are called. The "braves" spoke together and gravely shook their heads. When we had rounded the nearest point we were face to face with our worst enemy, for the prairie was on fire. Flight was useless; we must "fight the fire" or perish.

In an instant the entire band were upon their knees endeavoring to strike fire from their flints, and create what is called a "back fire," which when enough is burned is crushed out by trampling upon it in a circle. The first flames, meeting this cleared space, have nothing to feed them, and this tramped-out circle was our sole chance of escape from the resistless fury of a prairie fire.

I watched their efforts for a moment, shaking with fright. The flames were bearing down upon us with giant strides, and the Indians seemed to be striking their flints in vain. Suddenly I remembered that I had matches, and leaping from my pony and bending low struck one and applied it to the long, dry grass. In a moment the flame rose, widened, and spread. Unbounded amazement shone in the faces of my captors, as I fed the flames in a circle and soon had cleared a space large enough for myself, my pony, and Nimrod, whom I had to take in my arms, as he was mortally terrified and refused to cross the band of fire. As the circle in which I stood grew larger every moment, I shouted to the band and, waving my hand with a gesture of command, beckoned them to come to me and share my refuge.

The surging conflagration I had made met and mingled with the huge advancing waves of flame which, rearing their heads and writhing like enormous serpents, swept past us to the west, leaving the ground black and smoking but with all the danger over.

The next morning we crossed a large river, which I now know to be the Colorado. The Indians swam across, but I, gathering myself up on the back of my pony, was led safely over—one of the Indians holding the bridle, and Nimrod swimming by my side.

And now we came in our onward route upon those amazing mysterious works of nature—of nature's God—which are well worth a journey across the hemisphere to see. Palaces, cathedrals, monuments, columns capped in every known style of architecture; little baby gravestones, pulpits, pyramids, ruined shafts—all so artistic that it is almost inconceivable that they were not fashioned by the hand of man. You will not believe me, you will think I am romancing. You will wonder if I suppose your credulity equal to that of the good old lady, who insisted that the Egyptian pyramids stood teetering on their points; her grandson, who had "been there," told her so. Indeed, it was some time before I could convince myself that my own eyes were not playing fantastic tricks; but these wonders are real, and like David I can only cry out, "Oh come hither, and behold the glorious works of the Lord."

At times the rocky formation would close in upon our trail, and we would travel for miles through a cañon so deep as to be in twilight shadow at the base, at noon, while above the sunbeams struck the brilliant colors of the rocks, making them to gleam and sparkle like jewels.

Riding through one of these cañons a fit seized me to startle, if I could, my stolid, statue-like companions. I took out my little six-barrelled revolver and fired every barrel off in quick succession. The sun was obscured at the moment, and the cavernous depths of the cañon were black as night. The bright flash of each report, the sulphurous odor, and the resounding reverberations, made an effect which I lack words to describe. I had done what I wanted and a little more. They looked back at me, with eyes wide with terror

and faces gray with fright, every limb shuddering. I expected they would all dash away at utmost speed, leaving me successful but alone. Months after, I was told why they did not do so.

Two days after this the trail led up the sheer face of the rock five hundred feet high by a natural path, only wide enough for one pony at a time. The least misstep would have hurled us down to instant death. When we reached the top of the bluff, upon which was a broad plateau, I saw at a distance what appeared to be an immense fortification or fortified town. Faint wreaths of smoke ascended from within, and my heart gave a bound of delight. "Thank God!" I exclaimed aloud, "this must be one of the forts belonging to the United States Government." I pointed out the place to my companions, upon which they uttered the word "Mokees" several times. As this word had no certain signification to my mind, I concluded that my supposition was correct, and oh how glad it made me! I had met officers from the forts in Salt Lake City; I knew they were gentlemen; and I was certain of protection and help, once I was within those massive walls.

We descended gradually from the plateau, and rounding the point of a hill came suddenly upon a band of well-armed Indians, as horrible a set of hideously painted savages as I have ever beheld. For one moment my party stood like bronze statues, then with an unearthly, fiendish yell and a wild bound, they were in the midst of the others. Arrows flew, and the one rusty musket of my chief blazed away. They fought with ferocity and desperation, till the others, still keeping up a horrid din with their whoops and yells, dug their heels into the panting sides of their ponies and flew pell-mell, with my Indians pursuing, until the whole of them disappeared over an elevation some distance away.

Now or never! They were riding away from the fortified town, and I struck out toward it with a prayer that it might prove the protection I so sorely needed.

As I approached, herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, and cultivated fields with men laboring in them met my vision. I asked these men, who were copper-colored, whether that was a United States fort, but they glanced curiously at me, repeat-

ing the word "Mokees, Mokees," as the Navajoes had done.

And now I have a strange story to relate. The town was upon a bluff three hundred feet high. The bluff was terraced up, and the little soil clinging to it had been enriched and cultivated to the utmost. Fountains of pure water flowed out of the rock into basins of skilful masonry, and from thence in little rivulets along the cultivated ground. Flowers, fruits, and vegetables, some unknown to me, made the face of the rock beautiful. A narrow path led up to the town; and as I journeyed on the men and women at work on the terraces watched every movement, but did not approach me until I had reached the top and discovered that there was no visible entrance into the town.

It was not a United States fort; all these people were copper-colored, and I stood irresolute, my lips quivering with grief at my disappointment, when a ladder was let down and a man descended and came directly toward me. I sprang from my pony and bravely held out my hand, which he took and all but crushed in his own, smiling and talking fast in an unknown tongue.

I put my hand to my mouth to signify that I was hungry. He led the way up the ladder, to the top of the wall which encircled the town. Then we ascended another ladder, and were at once inside of a house. Pointing to a skin spread upon the floor and making signs that I should be seated, he left the room.

My heart beat with undefined fears. I had found a walled city in the very heart of the North American continent, and a people who could and might take summary means to punish me for intruding, if they chose. I am sure my troubled face said volumes to my poor dog, who nestled down close beside me, his eyes fixed lovingly on mine, once more my only earthly friend, for Bonny was far below on the terrace, in the hands of the people who had watched me.

After a while the chief, as I afterwards found he was, returned with a woman, who handed to me a wooden dish filled with a soup which was quite palatable.

While I was eating, they held a consultation about me, laughing heartily at my efforts to understand them, and failures in making out what they tried to convey, and soon went away again.

I passed the time examining the room. The walls were covered with clay not unlike our plaster; the partitions were upheld by substantial beams, and the floor laid with clay of almost stony hardness. Everything looked clean. Pretty mats of rushes and skins with the fur on were lying here and there on the floor, while the walls were decorated with bows, arrows, antlers, blankets, and various articles of wearing apparel. On some shelves were neatly fashioned vases of yellow earthenware, flat dishes of the same, and gourds of immense size filled with corn meal, beans, and dried peaches. An air of cleanly thrift pervaded all the place.

Presently the chief returned with two bright-looking children, who, after the wail of children, stared at me with their fingers in their mouths. They were the children of the chief, and we soon became the best of friends.

And now, as well as I was able, I told my story. Taking a coal from the fireplace, I drew a map on the floor, and traced my route from Salt Lake to that place. The chief surveyed it with a grunt of satisfaction, and taking the coal from my hand he drew at certain distances rude pictures of houses, which resembled the one I was in, and inquired if I had been in them. Upon my sinking my head in the negative he seemed very much pleased.

I began to remember that I had read something of the pueblos or walled towns of the Indians—the Moquis towns. I repeated the word to him as the Navajoes had pronounced it, "Mokees." He nodded assent and pointed to me. I said "English," which he caught immediately, pronouncing it "Yengees," delighted as it seemed to find that I came from the north and belonged to the Yengees. He told me his name was Weegolah and his wife's Menonah.

Gradually I found that Weegolah had several children, one a son who had my pony in charge, and two grown daughters, bright, pretty girls. I staid all the winter with this industrious, simple, virtuous people. I could not go on alone, and I hoped some way would be provided that I might get back to my darlings in the spring, as I had promised them. So I busied myself in learning the language of my protectors, and assisting them in such light work as would not derogate from the dignity I had assumed from the

first. They had never seen a white woman before, save a few albinos whom I found among them, and for whom they had unbounded reverence. A company of white men had visited the town a few months previous, bartering some of their possessions for skins and furs. I have since discovered that this party belonged to Lieutenant Ives's exploring expedition.

In these later years I have endeavored to trace out the origin of this interesting race, but with little success. No Prescott has arisen to search out their traditions and records, and they remain almost unknown.

But this much I have learned then and since. They are called Moquis, and live in seven walled towns or pueblos, situated between the San Juan and Colorado rivers, and thirty-fifth and sixth degrees of latitude.

Their cities are built on the plateaus of sharp bluffs or mesas, almost impregnable to attack. Each town has but one approach, which may be so destroyed on the proximity of danger, that no horseman and scarcely a footman could scale these natural Gibralters.

Here they have been for many generations, notwithstanding the attacks of hostile Indians. In an open field the Navajoes and Apaches, their formidable enemies, sometimes come off victorious; but in these fastnesses nothing short of the shot and shell of Christian warfare can dislodge them.

The houses are built of stone and adobe, and the towns supplied with a lavish abundance of sweet cold water. How this is obtained on the summit of a bluff or mesa I cannot tell. I saw it and enjoyed it in Orayba—the town I was in—but never was able to discover whence it came. While there the possibility occurred to me of constructing a fountain, as I well understood the simple principles required. With the help of my good friend Weegolah, I had the pleasure of seeing my fountain throwing silvery showers twenty feet in the air before I bade farewell to these good people.

It may interest others, as it certainly did me, to find how sufficient to themselves in all things this unknown race seemed to be, raising cotton, vegetables, fruit; making cloth both of cotton and wool, which was dyed in many colors; providing for winter so that famine was

never felt; breeding horses, mules, asses, goats, and sheep in vast quantities; and living the thrifty lives of the most enlightened Christians, without the greatest curse of our race—for intoxicating liquor was here utterly unknown.

They are of medium height, of a bronze-yellow complexion, with fine long hair, which is carefully kept.

During all my stay I never witnessed a single act of profligacy or impurity, and strange to tell, there were no municipal laws or police regulations. Polygamy is also unknown. The young women select their lovers, and inform their fathers of their choice, who on their behalf consult the fathers of the young men.

An offer of marriage is never refused, except in case of bodily deformity on one side or the other. Cripples, deformed and sickly persons are forbidden to marry by public opinion, which would pounce down upon them like a hawk upon a little bird. That is better than law.

Unlike most American Indians, the men do much of the out-of-door work, leaving the women the care of the household, children, and manufacturing of clothing. The women are decently clad at all times, but the men discard apparel in summer, save a band around the loins.

When I had been a month in Orayba, the eldest daughter of the chief was married, and I had the pleasure of assisting in the preparations. On the appointed day the bride with her relatives and friends went in procession to the new home, provided by the respective fathers of the contracting parties. Each one, except the bride, carried some useful present and spread them out on tables and shelves arranged upon one side of the room. The gifts consisted of dried fruits, vegetables, great quantities of yamos or dried guel, dried meats, poultry, eggs, and a sufficient number of vases, gourds, wooden dishes, spoons, and earthen cooking utensils, to last the new family at least a year. After we had arranged our end of the room, the young man accompanied by his relatives and friends entered, bringing blankets, skins, and articles of wearing apparel for both himself and wife. Then the guests inspected the presents, much as bridal presents are looked over and criticised among our own people.

The bride was a winning, pretty girl of twenty, and the groom a bright, healthy

young man of about twenty-four years of age. The bride was dressed in a blue woollen gown which reached just below the knee, belted in at the waist with a corn-colored scarf, and leggings of the same color; and on her little feet were moc-casins profusely embroidered with beads.

Around her neck she wore a necklace of tiny sea shells, and bracelets of the same on her arms, while a tasteful plume of corn color drooped on one side of her small, shapely head. These ornaments had been brought by Indians from the south, who come every year to barter their own wares for the corn, dried fruit, and cloth of the Moquis.

After the inspection of presents the bridegroom advanced to the centre of the room, attended by two young men. The bride, with two young women, came as far from her side, and held out her right hand. The groom took it in his, and all the company forming a ring danced around them. Then the four parents entered the ring, the young couple knelt, and the parents, crossing their hands over the two bent heads, invoked the blessing of their god upon them. After this there was a fine supper of fish, game, fruits, and yamos, which last is never omitted at any feast. Then some of the company played the most doleful ditties, and the rest danced, both musicians and dancers working themselves up to such a pitch of hilarious enjoyment as almost to persuade me that I was out of tune instead of the music.

I came out on this occasion in a full Orayba costume, and very comfortable it was. I presented my kind hosts and the young couple each with a gold piece. They knew nothing of their value, but puncturing a hole wore them around their necks as ornaments.

But my little six-barrelled pistol was the thing Weegodah most coveted. His amazement knew no bounds when I loaded and fired all off in quick succession. He would have given me half he was worth for the marvellous thing. He had a few old rusty muskets that looked as though they had belonged to Rip Van Winkle after his twenty years' nap. These had been long saved up for a possible invasion, but I hope his safety will never be dependent upon those decrepit old things.

I had been careful to keep a record of the days with a bit of pencil on the mar-

gin of my little prayer-book, and as Christmas approached—that hallowed festival of peace and good will—I noticed that preparations were making for some great event, and with a great deal of pantomime I arrived at the facts.

At a day's journey from Orayba is a spring sacred to the rain god, Boda-Bodin. Once a year the Indians for a hundred miles around visit this spring to propitiate the god; for with his favor secured they will not suffer from drought. And so on the 23d of December, as I knew from my little calendar, a hundred picked men and women, in perfect health, were chosen to make oblation and sacrifices for all the people of Orayba. I begged hard for permission to accompany them, and after consulting the priest, this was accorded, to my great delight.

The weather was pleasant, and we were several miles on our journey when the sun rose, lighting up the bright walls of the rocky cañons through which we wound. No words can describe the sublime panorama which spread out on every side when we emerged from one of those cavernous ravines, some of it so wild and rugged, with here and there lovely little vales green as a June meadow, while the sweet pure air shone like transparent gold. In one of these vales was the sacred spring. As the party caught sight of the silvery stream, with one accord they dismounted and bowed themselves to the ground, singing a low, mournful chant, not unmusical to my ears. Then, still chanting, they approached the spring with slow step and solemn mien, and reaching the edge of the sacred water, the priest lifted up his voice and implored the presence and favor of the deity.

After the petition the company formed a circle, still chanting, while the priest offered a sacrifice of corn, fruit, and herbs, on an altar near. The day waxed and waned, and the round moon rose before these were consumed. Then the priest ordered the chief, Weegodah, and ten of the leading men, to cleanse the spring with the vases which are preserved from generation to generation sacred to this purpose. Vase after vase of the water was lifted out and carried to some distance before it was poured upon the ground. With it came pipes, tobacco pouches, ornaments of every kind, moccasins, decorated arrows, plumes, corn, and fruit which

showed that some other tribe had shortly before been there with their oblations. These things were not touched by the Moquis; all were carefully scooped out and carried away. Then the vases were wiped and placed upside down upon the walls, after which we had supper, and lying down on the soft, velvety turf, under the silent, star-studded sky, we slept or waited for the dawn.

In the morning each one save myself throw into the spring some offering greatly valued, after which the priest prayed to the spirit of the water, entreating for abundant crops. There was some more low-voiced chanting, and we left for the next tribe to clean the spring as ours had and make their sacrifice in turn.

We came upon a band of Navajoes in full battle array, but they did not molest us, as that would have been a deadly insult to Boda-Bodin. As they passed I recognized some of my late travelling companions, and trembled lest they should claim me as their prisoner. I observed that they had a talk with some of my new friends, but carefully kept away from me, and when we reached Orayba I said to Weegodah, "Did the Navajoes say anything to you about me?"

"Oh yes, they are afraid of you."

"Afraid!" I repeated in astonishment. "I don't understand. Why should they be afraid?"

"Ah," said Weegodah, shaking his head, "too much fire woman. They call you 'Matougeeda,' or 'spirit of fire.'"

I had to laugh a little as I recalled the incidents of my journey, the pallid faces of the great braves on the day of the prairie fire, and in the cañon when I made my little revolver speak. Weegodah went on, partly in pantomime and partly in the few English words I had taught him, mixed with Moquis, to tell me that they had earnestly warned him to beware of me, as I could breathe fire out of my mouth, I could throw it from my hands with loud thunder like a god, and that if they did not get rid of me I would burn them up with all the earth.

I put out my hand, and smiling up in the chief's face said, "Do you fear me, Weegodah?"

The kind-hearted old man enclosed my hand in both his own. "No, no," he said, "no 'Matougeeda,' but 'Winomeenu.'"

1872.]

SAVED FROM THE MOHMONS.

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This soft, pretty name signified "my queen," or "superior spirit," and so it came to pass that my supernatural exploits among the Navajoes did me no harm after all.

I tried to understand the religion of this singular people. Weegodah and his wife and I had many long talks, in our lame, imperfect fashion. They believe in one supreme god, whom they call Ma Heetah, or Perfect Perfection. Fifteen secondary deities, and more than a hundred inferior ones, assist Ma Heetah in keeping the universe in order. They have a large temple, the centre room of which is sacred to Ma Heetah, and a smaller room to each of the secondary deities. Bada-Bodin, the god of rain, is one of these. Each god is represented by a rude image cut in stone. They profess not to worship these stones, but the spirits they represent. They reverence domestic animals, whom they will meet in the spirit land.

They burn their dead with solemn ceremonies, preserving the ashes in urns, which are kept in the temple in charge of the priests. A favorite animal is killed, laid at the feet of the dead, and burned with them.

Oh, how gladly would I have taught them the faith of a Christian people in a crucified and risen Lord. I was alone in my daily prayers. I might as well have been living a mile under ground for all that I knew of any that had ever belonged to me. I grew bewildered at times; only my dear little prayer-book with its Scripture lessons, psalms, and litany, kept my faith alive that my Father in heaven was not unmindful of me. I was not unhappy.

At rare times, when a brave fit was on me, I knew that there was more heroism evinced in this patient waiting than in doing or trying to do; but as I was neither indomitable spirit nor immutable steel from top to toe, I cried my heart out many an hour, from sheer hopelessness. At times a cowardly torpor would beset me; it seemed impossible that I ever could dare to venture out on that desolate wild again. I was tempted to forget the past, despise the future, and struggle no longer with my fate.

So my days drifted down on the tide of time. But when spring was come a new courage sprang up in my heart. Now or never, I said. I will go and snatch my

children away from that terrible place. Shall I ever reach it or them? I quivered like an aspen leaf as this doubt seized me, but my heart was steadfast and resolute to go. I begged Weegodah for a small body of men to protect me from marauding bands of Indians. It was a very great favor to ask, but when he comprehended that I was returning to the white people to rescue those I loved from an imminent peril, he consented. I had to encounter an affectionate but overwhelming hailstorm of entreaties from the entire family that I would stay; but when I explained to them also why I was going, they made no more objections, but helped me all they could to prepare for the dangerous chances of my journey, with sad faces, and tears from the women.

Twelve young braves, with Noniska, Weegodah's son, for their chief, were chosen for my escort, well armed with bows and arrows, and leading three ponies laden with everything the good people could think of for our sustenance and comfort, besides a complete new suit of native clothing for myself. I descended the steep, rocky pathway, crying as I went, for the whole population of the town followed, crowding round me, shaking hands, bidding me good-by and God speed in their deep-voiced Indian tongue. "Meeka Wagonah Ruba ma." was heard on all sides. "The blessing of the Good Spirit be upon you."

I threw my arms around the necks of the kind old chief and his wife and children, kissing their dusky cheeks, wetting them with my tears, and praying that God would remember them in His kingdom for all their kindness to me; then mounting my pony and waving a last adieu, I touched up Bonny and dashed out into the open—heart, brain, and nerves all tense with the desire to hasten back to Utah and rescue my dear ones from that wolf's den.

We journeyed on and on under a blue sky, in the pure, glowing atmosphere, with only the discomfort of one "north-er;" and on the sixth day, feeling sure that I knew my route, I sent back my faithful escort, dividing among them all the money I had left, with hearty thanks and prayers for their safe return. When they had gone a little way, Noniska, the chief's son, hurried back, and throwing himself at my feet bathed the hand I held

out to him with tears. His imploring eyes, his agitation, told me plainly that at a word he would leave all and follow me; but I bade him go back to his party, and stood watching them, despondent for the first time since I started.

For I was to go on alone. I changed my Indian suit for my own worn dress, which I had repaired as well as I could for this journey, and, avoiding the settlements, by the next evening I found myself approaching Mrs. Dodd's cabin with a thrill of mingled hope and fear. I alighted and hurried up to the entrance. It was deserted, empty; the walls bare, the hearth fireless. My breast heaved painfully with this disappointment, and big hot tears rose in my eyes.

I made a shelter of the silent, empty house for the night, and in the morning rode in the direction of Mr. Chick's farm, hoping at least to see him and his children. I had not gone far when I met a tall, rough-looking man, of whom I inquired where Mrs. Dodd was to be found.

"Why, law! She's gone 'to Californy."

"Do you know if Mr. Chick is on his farm?" I asked.

"Why, he's gone thar tu. I bought him out."

"Oh," I said, "when did they go?"

"Lemme see," he ejaculated. "Lemme see. Why, ya-us, twarn't only las' Wednesday they got off. Went in tu that ar preacher that kin with the blue coats, and he married them, you know; them kind o' preachers that hev to read the prayers out o' books."

"Married!" I exclaimed, "and blue coats! I don't understand."

"Law! stranger he'er, I reckon."

"Yes."

"Wall now, whar frum?"

"The south; but please explain to me about Mr. Chick."

"Why; Chick an' the widdler, in course, and a lot o' young 'uns. Wall, you see jist as soon as them darned blue coats kin, they jist pulled up stakes and put 'eaze you see, they never tuk to the Lord's people no way. Kin o' yourn?" he asked, looking inquisitively at me.

"No, only friends, but I wanted to see them."

"Hum! Wall, whar hev you bin, that you didn't know that them blasted sogers had kin into the kentry thicker nor lo-

cusses, and eating up every darned thing clar and clean?"

"Soldiers," I said; "are they United States troops?" and my heart gave a wild throb of joy. Here was help! here was hope. "Do tell me, sir, why they are here, and what they are doing."

"Why, you see, mum, I don't jist rightly know what all the mass is about, but I reckon it is sumthin' like this. The President—bust his ole picter—an' I voted for him back yonder when I lived in the Alleghanies—he's kinder tuk it inter his stupid ole head that Brother Brigham—and fust class he is, sure an' sartin—was takin' ruther tu big a stiff, an' we was gitten on tu all fives well; so he's gone and sent all these dog-goned, lazy, triflin' critters out he'er tu eat up what the lo-cusses lef frum las' year's craps. Oh," he cried, with a detoniac glare and shaking his fist, "ef I hed my way, I'd root 'em out hip an' thigh. I'd burn 'em! burn 'em every one on 'em! ef I was Brother Brigham—sneakin' wretches comin' to poke their gab inter the faces of the Saints of the Lord!"

"Have you been a Saint long?" I inquired.

"Wall, ony two years; but I got a bunkum farm, most on it fur nothin', tu; an' horses, an' lots of cattle, an'—with a disagreeable leer—"three o' the likeliest young wimmen in the kentry." And he chuckled hideously.

"You were converted to the faith before you came?"

"Wall, no, not 'xactly. I allers had a considerable feelin' for the Saints, but I started for Californy. I got froze up here, and kinder liked the look o' things, and tho't I'd make as good a saint as anybody. But what a fool I am! a stan-ning, gassin' he'er, when p'r'aps you haven't hed nothin' to eat to-day."

I owned that this was true. "Wall, then, come; come right along and my wimmen will fix you up suthin' in double quick."

I gladly assented, for I was faint with hunger; but I was met with an unmistakably unwelcome scowl from one woman; another never looked up from her work, and the third rushed from the room. But when the master of these bondwomen explained that I was only a passing traveller, the ominous chord disappeared, and they set food before me

with cheerful alacrity, which I ate, entertained meanwhile with a full, true, and particular account from my host of all his past and present life, and future intentions and prospects.

They refused any remuneration for my entertainment, and the women exchanged a glance of relief as I went out of the house. They were all dumpty, dull-looking girls, scarcely out of their teens, though two infants belonging to them were lying asleep on a bed.

My lanky, talkative friend saw me on my road, and when I bade him good-by with thanks, he astounded me by laying his hand on Bonny's bridle and making this speech:

"See he'er, young woman, I—I—like your looks fust rate! I'm intendin' to git me another woman, and ef—ef—you ain't sealed to any other cuss, say! why couldn't you come he'er an' live with me? Why, I'd go right 'long to the city an' we'd fix it all up, spite of the old cuss in Washington an' his durned sogers! What business is it o' thern how many wives a man hes, s'long as Brother Brigham ses it's all right? Eh, young woman? Wall, now, what du you say?"

I shook my head, for I did not dare to speak to the ugly creature whose face was pressed close to mine.

"Wall, now see," he urged, "I've three hundred acres o' land, a hundred under fence, and lots o' horses, cattle, and hogs, and ony them gals there," with a filip of his thumb towards his interesting family, and a strong expression of contempt on his face. "Now do come; ef you'll come, I'll go arter you to the ends o' creation."

Again I shook my head, and hiding my indignation, said quietly: "Impossible; I am engaged—in a great work," I mentally added. "I thank you for your flattering offer, but you know that it would never do to break an engagement."

He looked very much disappointed, and grumbled out: "Wall, I've tuk a mighty shine to you, and it's a slam, a hard slam, that I can't git you. I tell you what! Why can't you throw the other feller over? I know I'll du as well by you as ary a nuther man alive."

"I couldn't break my word," I said, and so we parted; but as Bonny started into a gallop, he shouted after me:

"I say, sturarger what mought your name be?" to which he got no answer.

Towards evening I was sadly debating with myself as I rode along whether I should venture to beg food and lodging at some house, or camp out supperless, when I heard some one quickly approaching behind me, and soon heard the Indian salutation "How!" I turned my head, and there close to me was Footah, my old friend. How glad I was, you may imagine! and the good old fellow let me see that he also was pleased, which was a sort of Indian miracle. He pointed to a smoke curling up at a short distance, and said: "Much papoose, much squaw," beckoning me to follow him, which I was only too thankful to do; and in a few moments I found myself in the midst of my sometime companions, the Arapahoes. Though this was but a moonlight happiness, it prepared me for the sunshine which was to come.

For Footah promised at once to help me get possession of my sister Alice. I was sure of Richard, and I intended to claim the protection of the military authorities, and start at once with my dear ones for California.

The Arapahoes, numbering fifty in all, struck their wigwams, and before night-fall we were encamped a short distance north of Salt Lake City, and near my father's farm. I wrote the word "Come" on a scrap of paper, and gave it to Footah, who was to watch for Richard and hand it to him when he was alone. I had to tie Nimrod in one of the wigwams, he was so wild with joy at being so near home, while I sat by him, my heart in my throat, and my hands clenched in an agony of impatience. But Footah came back alone, and that night I ventured out with him and watched my father's house for hours. I think I caught a glimpse of Alice, but of Richard I saw nothing. Oh, I suffered a keener torture in those dreadful days and nights of watching and waiting than in all the months before. Late on the third day I was sitting despairing when Nimrod suddenly sprang up, sniffing the air with a low whining bark of eager delight. I started up and found myself in Richard's arms. Not a word did we speak for a moment—Richard could not, and I was sobbing for joy.

Then I said, "Alice?"

"Well and hearty," answered my brother. "And both of us sick and disgusted with everything at home and the whole country—Oh, I've been waiting for you to come, Madge! I knew you would. Now's the time! The troops are here; they will help us—splendid fellows! Why, Madge, if I hadn't been sure you would come and help me off with little sis, I'd have enlisted and left with them; anything but staying here. Faugh! it's horrible! Yes, sir-ree!" shouted the boy, wild with excitement, and venting it in slang which I never minded a bit, so glad was I to hear him. "Yes, sir-ree! I'll ransack the ranch! I'll cut stick! and we can do it now! just as easy! And I say, Madge, that old fellow's a trump, a regular trump."

"Who, brother? who is a trump?"

"Why, that old chicken you sent that note by last winter! I knew you weren't the girl to desert us, and so when the chicken with his old hen and little bid-dies came again, and went through here last week and wanted me to pick up little sis, and put off with them, I said, 'No, sir-ree, bob! My sister Madge will come, no fear, and I ain't going to leave her, I tell you.' They told me that they would look out for us, and we would all go gold-hunting together."

So the light-hearted, happy boy rattled on, giving me a hug every twenty words and marching to and fro in the narrow wigwam, with such eager rushing stamps and strides that I expected every moment to see him kick the sides of it out.

The next day Richard procured me a decent suit of clothing, and with a thick veil over my face I went to the headquarters of the general in command, to tell my story and ask for help to escape to California. The officers appeared interested, but a look of doubt as to the truth of my statements was plain on their faces. They bade me come the next day, when they would be able to tell whether they could do anything for me; and assuming the resignation I did not feel, I went sorrowfully away.

But it was all right the next day. It was against army regulations, I was told, but in consideration of the peculiar circumstances we should go under the escort of a company leaving direct for Fort —, in California.

How good they were to us! Rations

were to be issued for our use, and an ambulance which was to accompany the soldiers in case of illness was to be at the service of Alice and myself when not otherwise needed. This would rest our ponies, for which I was very grateful.

But their kindness did not end here. The day before we started, one of the officers presented Richard with a purse of two hundred dollars, which they had made up among them for us. In spite of their insisting that it was a present for his sisters, the high-spirited boy refused to touch it save as a loan; and they were forced to take his note for the amount, which I will here mention was redeemed, principal and interest, within two years. My dear brother was now seventeen; a big, manly boy. He had already engaged in business for himself, and had a little money of his own.

I had not yet seen my sister, for Richard warned me that if we revealed our plans it would be impossible for the little puss to control her joy and excitement, and she would surely betray us. The brave, sensible boy was right, and I tried to possess my soul in patience. He secured enough of his own and her clothing to make them comfortable, and by diligent secret rummaging found some of mine, all of which he hid near a place on the road we were to travel.

I saw my father several times. He was now one of the leading men, and was very little at home. I longed to rush out and throw myself into his arms, but Richard said that any attempt at reconciliation would be ruin to our plans; father was still very bitter against me and forbade my name ever to be mentioned in his presence. He looked haggard and weary, and his hair was nearly white. The ghosts of the past seemed to haunt and mock him, and as he walked along his tall figure was bent and desponding. Seven women had now been sealed to him.

At last, after a weary delay, we began our journey. The sweet May morning was a very dream of loveliness, and when we were a few miles out of the city we were overtaken by Richard and my darling. He had told her that they were going to visit a friend some miles west, and had obtained permission to stay some days, so no inquiry would be made for them till with God's good mercy we were safe, safe! And Richard had not unde-

ceived Alice until they came in sight of the troops. The poor little thing came near fainting, and when Richard placed her in my arms she was quite insensible for some time.

Then I learned that the poor little child had been so grieved at my loss, and so terrified at the fury of my father and the man whose eighth wife I was to have been, that she was ill many weeks with raging fever; and when the fever left her she remained listless, indifferent to life, until Richard received and showed her the note I had sent by Mr. Chick, when hope again entered her little loving heart. Her numerous mothers were really kind to her, and as I loved her and was coming back for hers sooner or later, she became content.

We suffered greatly on portions of the route. Our mouths were flayed with the alkali water—all there was, which only increased our thirst. One plain was crossed destitute of any green thing; not a bird or insect, nor any living creature; with eternal silence brooding over it, so depressing that our soldiers marched as if they had been struck dumb, and only the captain said to me in a tone of conviction, "Mahum, God has no need of a hell while these plains are here."

Journeying through this desolate region, we approached a river well named Poison river, and fit companion for its arid banks.

A small train was halting on the further shore. Imagine my delight when I heard the familiar voice of Mr. Chick, but raised in lamentation. Two of his oxen and several belonging to other members of the party had drunk of the water and were lying dead upon the plain, and it seemed impossible for them to proceed. I was soon among my kind friends, Mrs. Dodd, now Mrs. Chick, and the children, trying to help them. Richard and Alice gave up their ponies, and I obtained permission to put Tommy, the poor cripple, and his little sister Bessie in the ambulance, while after this I rode my faithful Bonny. By leaving on the ground many things hitherto considered indispensable, and resorting to the "doubling of teams," a term all who travel on the plains understand, we were able to leave together that evening.

At last we reached Sacramento. Our journey was accomplished! We were saved from the Mormons. The good sol-

diers had protected us faithfully, but God was in the front!

Richard soon obtained a situation in a store, and I taught school. Thanks to the generous loan of the officers, we never knew what it was to want, and helpful friends were raised up to us on every side.

Five years ago, when Richard went to New York on business connected with his mine of "Good Luck," he visited Salt Lake City on his journey back, and father gave him for me our mother's portrait. It was an implied forgiveness for my disobedience, and I received it with grateful tears.

God has been so good. Richard, successful in mining, has been married for some years, and I have given my winsome sister to be the honored wife of Howard Glenn, as noble a man as ever lived. As for me, my godmother's legacy has put me above want or work.

I live with my darlings. They will have it so. As I write, I hear Alice crooning, and murmuring love-words to her baby Madge in the room overhead, while Richard the younger climbs up my knee, and pulling the pen out of my hand asks, "Auntie, why is your hair so white when my mamma's is so black?" I kiss his rosy cheeks, and promise to tell him when he is a man. Presently he comes again with, "His mos' a man now, auntie; tell me." But Richard's father, comes in and perches the boy on his broad shoulder, telling him that auntie must not be bothered by little chaps like him. They pet me and care for me like loving children. We live over and over the eventful days of the past in the sweet, quiet home our merciful Father has given us. Richard is a noble, generous man, and Alice has a woman's best happiness, husband, home, and children's voices singing through her heart.

Rick says, with a mischievous twinkle in his merry eyes, "Some day our Madge will be a soldier," and little Richard at once insists that he will go marching with me, if I will "only div him a dum."

From my window I can see a handsome house, and the good captain who brought us, with God's mercy, safe across the plains, is fitting it up for *somebody*. Little Rick will never march with me, though he shall have his drum all the same; for my soldier is about to become a citizen, and soon will be to me more than my brother and next to God.