

## CHAPTER VIII.<sup>1</sup>

### FIRST VIEWS IN UTAH.

*The real "American Desert"—No Myth—Bitter Creek—Green River—Lone Rock—Plains of Bridger—Quaking Asp Ridge—Bear River—A Mormon autobiography— "Pulling hair"— "Aristocracy" on the Plains— "Mule Skinners" and "Bullwackers"—The "Bullwackers Epic"—Cache Cave—Echo Cañon—Mormon "fortifications"— Braggadocio—Storm in Weber Cañon—Up the Weber—Parley's Park—A wife-stealing Apostle—Down the Cañon—Majestic scenery— First view of the valley—The "City of the Saints."*

ON the morning of August 28th, 1868, from the heights east of Green River, then the eastern boundary of the Territory, I took my first view of Utah. I had not reached, as I did not leave it, without tribulation. In company with a Mormon "outfit" of sixteen men, ten wagons, and sixty mules, I had made the wearisome journey from North Platte across three hundred miles of the American Desert at the dryest season of the year. The point of our departure from the railroad was too far south for us to reach the much sought Sweetwater route, and, after leaving Bridger's Pass, we struck directly for the head of Bitter Creek, down which we travelled for three days, days fixed in memory, but not dear.

A region of sand and alkali, where the white dust lay six inches deep in the road, and the whole surface of the valley looked like a mixture of dried soap and soda, this part of the American Desert is certainly no *myth*. On the 26th of August we left that stream at Point of Rocks, and traveled northward towards the upper crossing of Green River. Thirty miles on our former course would have brought us to the confluence of Bitter Creek and Green River, but it was impossible to travel longer on the former stream, the water of which resembles weak soapsuds, and has the effect upon the system of a mild infusion of aloes. The road, always bad at that season, was rendered much worse by the graders everywhere present, and at work upon the line of the railroad. The

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<sup>1</sup> Original chapter page numbers: 217-238.

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teamsters we met, whether Saxon, Mexican, or Negro, all looked of one color, a moving "pillar of cloud," and, as they shook the dust from their ears, seemed living examples of the judgment, "Dust thou art," etc.

Special notice is due the "Twenty-mile Desert," where for ten hours the train struggled wearily through a loose bed of sand and soda, enveloped by a blinding white cloud through which the driver could not see his lead mules, and naught was heard but the cracking of whips, the yells and curses of the teamsters and the "cry" of the wheels in the soda, as they seemed to be groaning out the unspeakable woes of the dumb animals. During this experience we often turned our eyes longingly toward the mountain ranges which lay so cool and invitingly before us. But a change came over the spirit of our dream, when by our new route we had reached that elevated region.

On the mornings of the 27th and 28th, we found ice a quarter of an inch thick on the water in our buckets, and the winds were so cold and piercing, that a heavy coat and two woollen [*sic*] wrappers seemed inadequate protection. Our route was in an irregular semi-circle, north, northwest and west; passing Lone Rock, a vast block of white and yellow stone, standing in the centre of a high, level plain, as if thrown by some convulsion of nature from a flat summit two miles distant. As we approached it up the valley from the east, at some miles distance, it bears an exact resemblance to a large steamboat coming on under full head of steam; seen from the side, it resembles a vast Gothic cathedral, with spires at the four corners, and numerous turrets, doors and windows, while the mind imagines the interior, with its ringing halls and resounding corridors. Descending to the valley by a dangerous "dugway," we forded Green River, a clear, pure stream, here fifty yards wide and three feet deep, cold as ice-water, flowing rapidly southward to its junction with Grand River, where both form the Great Colorado.

From Green River, another day's travel, nearly all the way up hill, brought us upon another cold ridge, where the water froze again. The next day was Sunday, but there is no Sabbath on the plains unless a man dies, a mule gets sick, or unusually good grass and water invite to a day of rest, in which case, Sunday comes

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any day of the week. So we thawed the ice out of our pots and buckets, took a little hot coffee, "damper" and pork, limbered up our joints and traveled on, this day crossing Ross' Fork.

Something in the air of these plains seems to furnish an exemption from the usual penalties of cold and exposure. I have often waded deep creeks or risen in the morning wet and cold, but never experienced any ill effects from it. The pure air of the region proves a perfect immunity against its exposures and hardships. From Ross' Fork we passed on to the high plains of Bridger, 7000 feet above sea level and cold and barren in proportion. Here Johnston's army passed the winter of 1857-8, after they had lost their cattle and supplies in Echo Cañon, and here Colonel Kane, a self-constituted ambassador [*sic*] from the Mormons, found "the three heads of departments," Governor Cumming, Colonel Johnston and Judge Eckles, when he sought the army on his mission of peace. For the last three days we have traveled in sight of the Uintah Range; far to the south of us its snowy peaks glistened in the morning sun-light with a cloud like silvery whiteness, while lower down the dark blue-green marked the timber line, which lower still faded to a dull gray, all presenting as the day advanced a varying panorama of light and shade, showing in the distance like the shadowy picture scenes of fairy land.

Our last cold night, August 31st, we spent on Quaking Asp Ridge where Boreas sent down a bitter blast, determined to punish us for intrusion into his high domains. With a double thickness of gunny-bags below our blankets and wagon-cover above we slept soundly and warmly, and while the wind whistled over my head I dreamed of the sunny valley of the Ohio, its corn ripening in the warm August night while the yellow-brown blades rustle in the soft breeze and sigh a lament for the departing summer.

From this summit we traveled all day, constantly descending along a narrow "dugway," between ridges lined with quaking asp, or through narrow cañons where over-hanging rocks nearly shut out the sunlight, emerging finally into a beautiful valley with a genial climate and luxuriant grass.

The next day we crossed Bear River, finding a rich valley with some fine farms. All this valley appears capable of cultivation,

while the lower hills and slopes abound in fine pasturage, and the region is evidently able to sustain a considerable population. From Bear River we moved on to Yellow Creek where we camped one night, the next day reaching Cache Cave at the head of Echo Cañon where we made a mid-day camp of four hours. Cache Cave is simply a hole in the rock, some fifty feet up the hillside and running back forty feet into the cliff, the inside covered with names cut, scratched and painted. Here we found the grass and water fine but no wood, not even the sage brush which had thus far served our needs; so we took to the plains and gathered the fuel known to plainsmen as "bull chips," which made a very hot fire when used in sufficient quantities and, "barrin the idee," served to cook a first-rate dinner.

As I am writing of a mode of travel now rendered entirely obsolete by the completed line of railroad, and of characters and methods of life no longer met with by the ordinary traveler, some special account of daily fare of those whose occupation has now fallen into disuse may be interesting to the general reader. In a few years more, our aggressive commercial enterprise and comprehensive civilization will have obliterated those routes along which the mule and ox trains bore the trade and immigrants to our great territories. The kinds as well as routes of trade will be rapidly modified, with new agencies and a vaster scope. With the present generation will almost entirely disappear whole classes of men who were met with everywhere in the Territories. Their occupation will be gone, and there will be neither demand nor school for the training of others. A hardy, brave and rough race generally, they were essential to their time, pioneers of a better day, yielding their places slowly to new routes of commerce for the world, their wagons disappearing before railroads, which are vaster than plains or mountains. With representatives of these men I was associated for the time. Thus far we had lived rather poorly on bacon, bread, coffee without milk or sugar, and such molasses as is used in the States as a medium for fly poison. But west of Green River we entered a region abounding in jack-rabbits and sage hens, with which our passengers kept us pretty well supplied. I had thought from its appearance that the sage hen could not be eaten, but found it rather palatable, tasting like the

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flesh of our domestic hen strongly flavored with sage. The jack-rabbit is about four times as large as the common "cotton-tail," and two of them made an ample meal for our crowd of sixteen. For biscuits the self-rising flour is used on the plains; but our cooks were not even respectable amateurs and half the time our bread was "Missouri-bake," *i.e.*, burnt on top and at the bottom, and raw in the middle.

The water supply was so irregular, too, that most of the way we made but one "route" per day, which implies no dinner. To aggravate the case further, we often had not enough at breakfast, and supper was our only full meal. At night all were at leisure; the mules were fed, turned out and given in charge of the night herder; the boys gathered around the fire, while the cooks took their time and prepared a bushel or more of biscuits, and we ate as long as we pleased. But in the morning all was hurry; the mules were done eating before the men began; the "wagon-boss" hurried the cooks, so they did not prepare enough; at the shout of "grub-pile," every man "went for" his share in haste, and the fastest eater got the most. When we got far enough to meet Salt Lake teams with freshly dried peaches of this year's crop, we invested largely therein, and our cooks made a number of peach pies.

The materials were flour, bacon grease, peaches and the molasses above mentioned, the pies being cooked in a tin plate inside of a baking kettle. Half a dozen of them as curiosities would be a prize to a Ladies' Fair, or a rare addition to a Medical Museum. Our favorite dinner, when we could get the meat, was of fried ham and "sinkers," the latter peculiar to the plains. Here is the recipe: Flour, *ad libitum*; water, *quant. suff.*; soda, a spoonful, if you have it, if not a pinch of ashes. Make in thin cakes, and fry rapidly in hot grease, with long handled frying pans. "Deathballs" and "Stone-blinders" are made in the same way, with the addition to the first of the molasses, and to the second plenty of saleratus.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> Vintage term for *Baking Soda*.

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Lady readers will give due credit for the above recipes, as I believe they are not found in “Leslie.”<sup>3</sup> My fellow passengers are worthy of notice. I had originally intended on leaving the States to proceed directly by railroad and stage to Salt Lake City; but charges on the Union Pacific being then at the rate of ten cents per mile, on reaching the then terminus at North Platte, I found myself laboring temporarily under a serious attack of what Tom Hood calls “impecuniosity,” and under the necessity of finding some cheaper, if less expeditious mode of conveyance. Freight had accumulated, and teamsters were in demand. So I took to the plains with the train of Naisbit and Hindley, Mormon merchants of Salt Lake City, in the capacity of a “mule-skinner” for the trip, seated on the back of my “near wheeler,” and wielding a whip nearly half as large as myself over the backs of three spans of mules, viz.: “Brigham” and “Sally Ann,” “Ponce” and “Jule,” “Kit” and “Mexico.” Whether the name of my “off-leader” had any reference to one of the real Brigham’s numerous wives, I cannot say;<sup>4</sup> but such a reckless system of asinine nomenclature would hardly indicate a delicate respect for the Prophet on the part of these young “Saints.” Of our little party of sixteen, two drivers, the night herder and three passengers were Gentiles; the rest Mormons, or at least “hickory Mormons,” sons of Mormon parents; most of them tall, awkward and lank lads of eighteen or twenty, with premonitory symptoms of manhood breaking out on their chins, giving them, as they never shaved, a very verdant and backwoods appearance.

For the night we joined blankets by two’s, sleeping on gunny bags, under the wagons. My partner was a tall, lank Mormon, a native of Mississippi,—“a tough cuss from Provo,” his compan-

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<sup>3</sup> Eliza Leslie (15 November 1787 – 1 January 1858), frequently referred to as *Miss Leslie*, was an American author of popular cookbooks during the nineteenth century. She also wrote household management books, etiquette books, novels, short stories and articles for magazines and newspapers. See *Biography of Eliza Leslie* and *Wikipedia*).

<sup>4</sup> Brigham Young entered into marriages with several women named *Ann*, although none specifically known as *Sally Ann*. *Miss Sally Young Kanosh* was a servant to Brigham and may have been one of his wives. Additionally, among his wives were *Mary Ann Angell*, *Lucy Ann Decker*, *Mary Ann Clark*, *Phebe Ann Morton*, *Mary Ann Turley*, and *Ann Eliza Webb*.

ions called him,—who, after a few days' travel grew quite confidential and told me his whole history. He joined the Confederate army at the first call, fought till he was tired, and allowed himself to be captured in Hood's retreat from Nashville; took the amnesty oath for which his "girl, in Massassipp, wouldn't have nothin' more to say to him," when he took a huge disgust at the States, and came out and joined the Mormons in 1865. He has "a house an' lot an' two good lookin' wives in the Twentieth Ward, and considers himself settled." I should think he would. As an outsider, I had kept quiet on the subject of polygamy; but one evening when reading an account of some Chicago social abomination, a young Mormon remarked, "That is the benefit of polygamy; they have nothing of that sort." "Polygamy would be all right, Bill," said another, "if they only wouldn't pull hair. But the women will pull hair any-way you fix it." As the first home testimony I had received on the "peculiar institution" of Utah, this could hardly be considered favorable. In our party were two grandsons of the late Heber C. Kimball, not much of a distinction when it is remembered that worthy left some fifty children to keep his name in remembrance. I have generally found all the younger generation of Mormons to be infidels, and suspect it must be so with the youth of any religion which has in it so little of the element of spirituality; certainly with the more intelligent of them. From a gross, sensuous religion, the thinking mind glides naturally into a cold and cheerless skepticism.

Our group of sixteen stood as follows: seven infidels, mostly of Mormon parents; five "good Mormons;" two Lutherans; one Catholic, and one Methodist. Religiously, all are pretty much alike on the plains, but socially there is even there an "aristocracy," and considerable "class and caste" jealousy. The "muleskinner" considers the "bull-whacker" quite beneath him, and will hardly associate with him upon equal terms, while the latter doubtless looks upon the former as "stuck up" and proud. The "bull-whackers" have to drive very late, for which reason they never seem so social and lively as the drivers in mule trains. All our work was done by dark, and gathered around the campfire we would spend the evening hours in lively songs, and merriment, varied by some with an occasional dose of "Red Jacket,"

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which is used on the plains as an alterative, sanative, sedative and preventive. On the wild mountain side or in the deep glen, by a sage brush fire, one may imagine the roaring chorus from a dozen pairs of strong lungs, over such a choice bit of poetry as this:

“Oh, how happy is the man who has heard instruction’s  
voice, And turned a mule-skinner for his first and early  
choice,” etc.

Or such a bit of history as this:

“Obadier, he dreamt a dream,  
Dreamt he was drivin’ a ten mule team,  
But when he woke he heaved a sigh,  
The lead mule kicked e-o-wt the swing mule’s eye.”

Compared with these bold and joyous utterances, there is quite a touch of the pathetic in

### “THE BULL-WHACKER’S EPIC.”

“Oh! I’m a jolly driver on the Salt Lake City line,  
And I can lick the rascal that yokes an ox of mine;  
He’d better turn him out, or you bet your life I’ll try  
To sprawl him with an ox-bow— ‘Root hog, or die.’

“Oh! I’ll tell you how it is when you first get on the road:  
You’ve got an awkward team and a very heavy load;  
You’ve got to whip and hollow, (if you swear it’s on the sly),—  
Punch your teams along boys— ‘Root hog, or die.’

“Oh! it’s every day at noon there is something to do.  
If there’s nothing else, there will be an ox to shoe;  
First with ropes you throw him, and there you make him lie.  
While you tack on the shoes, boys— ‘Root hog, or die.’

“Perhaps you’d like to know what it is we have to eat,  
A little bit of bread, and a dirty piece of meat;  
A little old molasses, and sugar on the sly.  
Potatoes if you’ve got ’em— ‘Root hog, or die.’

“Oh! there’s many strange sights to be seen along the road,  
The antelopes and deer and the great big sandy toad,  
The buffalo and elk, the rabbits jump so high.  
And with all the bloody Injuns— ‘Root hog, or die.’

“The prairie dogs in Dog-town, and the prickly pears,  
And the buffalo bones that are scattered everywhere;  
Now and then dead oxen from vile Alkali,  
Are very thick in places, where it’s ‘Root hog, or die.’

“Oh! you’ve got to take things on the plains as you can,  
They’ll never try to please you, ‘or any other man;’



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You go it late and early, and also wet or dry.  
And eat when you can get it— 'Root hog, or die.'

"Oh, times on Bitter Creek, they never can be beat,  
'Root hog, or die' is on every wagon sheet;  
The sand within your throat, the dust within your eye,  
Bend your back and stand it, to 'Root hog, or die.'

"When we arrived in Salt Lake, the 25th of June,  
The people were surprised to see us come so soon;  
But we are bold bull-whackers on whom you can rely,  
We're tough, and we can stand it, to 'Root hog, or die.'"

It will be seen that the "sacred nine" flourish even on the American Desert.

We were two days in passing the thirty miles down Echo Cañon, our progress being slow because the roads were so badly cut up by the workmen on the railroad track. Hundreds of English, Welsh, Swedes and Danes, were there at work on Brigham Young's contract, which extended sixty miles through Echo and Weber Cañons. Among them were many who had just come over and were working out their passage money, which the Church had advanced from the Perpetual Emigration Fund. In the wildest part of the cañon we halted for four hours of a beautiful autumn day, every moment of which was full of delight, in gazing upon the wall-like cliffs, the straw colored rocks, the deep rifts and caverns in the mountain sides, and all the sublime scenery which has made this place so noted.

The road here lay directly under a perpendicular cliff of nearly a thousand feet in height, where great rocks, of many tons weight, hung over the way; others which had fallen ages ago and rolled to the lower plain, stood like vast table rocks in the valley's bed. Where I stood, I could view the southern slope of the hills for twenty miles, and beyond them the white peaks of the Wintah Range, bathed in clouds of clear and dazzling whiteness, through which the sun was just breaking in glorious majesty. It was the hour of morning service, and nature here seemed yielding silent worship:

"But the sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard;  
Ne'er sighted at the sound of a knell,  
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared."

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A soft, sighing wind swept down the cañon, and mournful murmurs issued from the rocky side-crevices, which doubtless spoke often to the Indian as the spirits of his fathers, calling from the happy hunting grounds. The Greek poet would have heard in them the moanings of imprisoned souls seeking release from their rocky dungeons; but to the Christian the whole scene brings to solemn remembrance the time when "He stood and measured the earth; the everlasting mountains were scattered; the perpetual hills did bow."

Below this point we passed the remains of the fortifications, or rather stone-piles, which the Mormons erected in 1857 to stay the march of Johnston's army, and a little farther down the young Mormons pointed out a rock, rising apparently seven or eight hundred feet above the road, on the top of which a Mormon boy was shot dead by his companion below, "just on a dare, and to see if his gun would carry up that high." This was the only life lost by the Mormon forces during that memorable "war." The sight of these relics, which would have aided in checking a well-handled force about as much as the canvass forts at Pekin, caused a warm discussion to spring up among us. The "wretched awkwardness" of the Federal cavalry was contrasted very unfavorably with the "fiery valor" of the Mormon youth, who "offered to lasso [sic] the guns, rode full tilt down a point where a blue-coat wouldn't venture, took a man prisoner, drank with him and let him go," etc., etc. "If the army had been volunteers," was the general expression, "they would have been wiped out; but we only felt pity for the low Dutch and Irish, sent out here just to keep them moving."

Something might have been deducted from this on the score of prejudice, but from other and less interested testimony, I am compelled to conclude that the Army of Utah must have been "poor sticks," unless, as is probable, there was a secret understanding that they were not to force their way into the valley the first year. Of all the evils with which the "masterly inactivity" of Buchanan's Administration afflicted us, the Utah expedition of 1857 and its results were certainly not the least. To-day three-fourths of the Mormons firmly believe that Johnston's Army was compelled to retreat by the Mormon guerilla chief, Lot Smith,

and that they were only allowed to come into the valley after a treaty had been made with Brigham. When asked why the people vacated their homes and went South when the army came in the next year, if they had gained the victory, the prompt answer is: "It was the will of the Lord." This is the explanation of all difficult points in Utah, and a very convenient one it is.

On the 5th of September, we emerged from Echo into Weber Cañon, finding a pretty little settlement, in a spot of great natural beauty, where we halted for rest and feed. Scarcely had we formed *corral* and loosed our mules, when a sudden change came over the western sky, the afternoon sun was obscured by a murky haze, the Wasatch peaks were lost in sudden accumulations of dense cloud, and in a very few minutes the whole scene was shut out from our view by the rapidly gathering storm. For a few minutes longer, the air where we stood was in a dead calm, then a strong wind swept up the green valley of the Weber, sharp, jagged lightning ran along the mountain peaks and seemed to rebound from cliff to cliff evenly with the echoing thunder, and we had barely time to secure the fastenings of our wagon covers and take shelter within, when the storm was upon us in all its fury. Blinding clouds of dust, driven by fierce gusts of wind, were succeeded in an instant by torrents of rain, alternating again with heavy winds which threatened to hurl our wagons into the Weber. I learned with surprise that this usually dry, mild climate, was subject during the summer and autumn to sudden and violent wind and thunder-storms. The rain continued for an hour, sending great sluices down the mountain gulches and lashing the placid waters of Echo Creek into a foaming, muddy torrent; then ceased as suddenly as it had risen; and issuing from our retreats, we saw the dark clouds rolling away to the southeast over the Uintahs, and in another hour the sun was again shining brilliantly. By evening the roads were pleasantly dry, and the stormy afternoon was followed by a glorious sunset and a night of unusual clearness. We now changed our course to the southward, following up Weber Cañon, or rather valley, for in this part of its course it is too wide to merit the former name. The track of the Union Pacific Railroad, which has run continuously with the old stage-road from the head of Bitter Creek and followed down Echo Ca-



SCENE IN ECHO CAÑON.

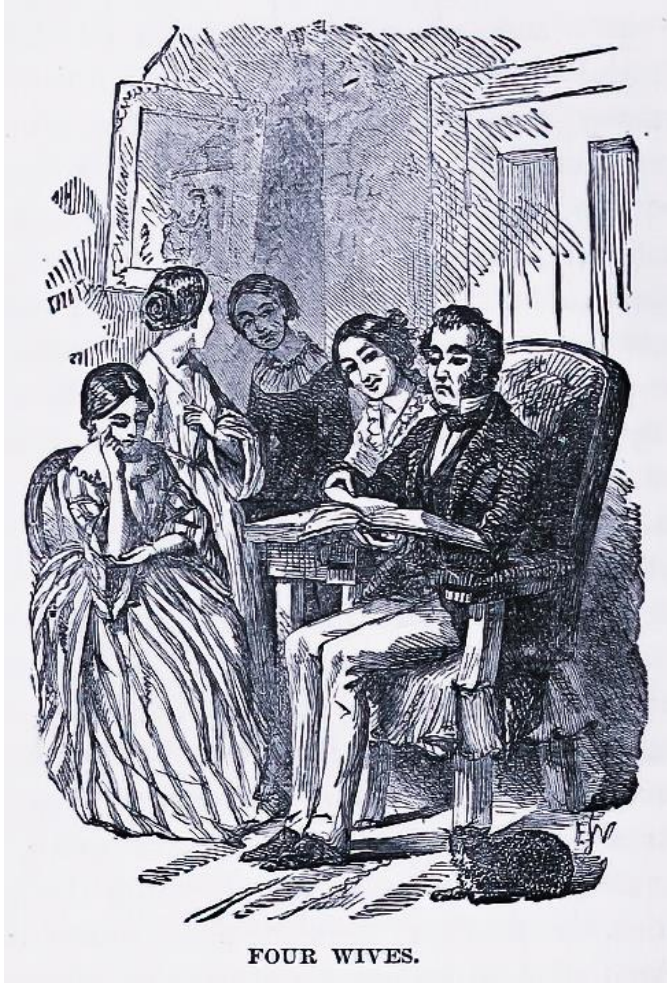
ñon for twenty miles, at the mouth of Echo turns in a direct W.N.W. course down Weber Cañon, and by that pass enters Salt Lake Valley thirty-five miles north of the city. The stage road turns south from Echo, follows up Weber to Spring Creek, up

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that W.S.W. to Parley's Park, across the Park and down Parley's Cañon W.N.W. into the city.

In Weber Valley we find ourselves, for the first time in many hundred miles, in a cultivated and settled country, and the contrast is most pleasing to the eye wearied by miles of desert and mountain, with scant growth of sage-brush, grease-wood, and desert cactus. Another Sunday's drive, the 6th of September, took us through Coalville, point of coal supply for Salt Lake City, through forty miles distant with a high range of mountains between; a rather neat but homely looking town, with a few houses nicely built of beautiful white stone, shingled or slated, but for the most part dwellings of rough hewn logs, and pole roofs covered with dirt, and often grass and flowers growing on the top. None but Mormons live in this valley, and I soon learned that the few houses, the finish of which I admired, were the residences of the Bishops and prominent Elders. The settlements extend along the little valley of two or three miles in width with high pastures beyond the cultivated lands, rolling back to the mountains. Vegetation showed that growth was slow, and the season late, as this valley is among the highest in the Utah. Fields of oats near the road had just been harvested, and hay-making was still in progress.

We next passed through Wanship, county-seat of Summit County, and soon after left the valley, turning to the right and following up Spring Creek Cañon, towards the summit. Nearly all day we traveled up hill, passing towards evening over a sort of summit level and then down a gentle slope into Parley's Park, a valley or mountain plateau of some ten thousand acres, 7000 feet above sea-level and entirely surrounded by rugged mountain ranges, except narrow outlets to the north and west. This tract produces fine grass both for pasturage and hay, but no grain. It was first owned by Heber C. Kimball, who had wheat sown there for seven years in succession. It grew well and headed out, but was invariably "cut off in the flower" by the frosts of early September, whereupon Kimball stated that "it was not the will of the Lord grain should grow there," and gave up the experiment. The Park received its name in honor of Parley P. Pratt, noted among the early apostles of Mormonism, and brother of Orson Pratt,



FOUR WIVES.

scholar, historian, and astronomer, the Usman of the new faith. Parley seems to have been a radical believer in polygamy, as he was certainly thorough in its practice, having six wives some time before his death. But, not satisfied with these, he converted a Mrs. Elinor McLean, wife of Hector McLean, of Arkansas, and took her to Salt Lake City, and married her. The enraged husband sought Pratt, when on a mission in Kansas, in 1856, and literally

cut him to pieces with a bowie knife. In Mormonism as in *El Islam*, the waves of the infidels are lawful prey to any believer who can win them; while, at the same time, it is one of the deadliest sins in their code for any other man to entice away one of their "women," an unpardonable crime for which they openly threaten and claim the right to inflict death. To *convert* a Gentile's wife to Mormonism is the highest achievement; the reverse worthy of death. There is a great deal in the way one states things; it makes all the difference between "Danite" and Damnite. Pratt was canonized among the "glorious martyrs" of the Latter-day faith, and his murder takes high rank in the long list of "persecutions" they have laid up against the Gentiles.

There is a small Mormon settlement on the south side of the Park, near where an old fort stood, but all the central portion is the property of Mr. Wm. Kimball, eldest son of Heber, formerly an ardent Mormon, but now weak in the faith, and sincerely trusting for inspiration in a more ardent *spirit*, or at least a more exhilarating one, if the testimony of his friends and nose be accepted. He has, however, "kept the faith" by taking three wives; the youngest and handsomest lives with him in a large stone hotel near the center of the Park, on the stage road; the second wife, apparently quite old, lives in a low log house two hundred yards from the hotel, and his legal wife lives in the city, and, it is said, takes in spinning and weaving for a living. The first and second wives had each a son in our "outfit," Burton and Willie Kimball, rather bright, intelligent boys, and for the night we encamped near their father's "ranche," procuring a plentiful supply of milk, butter and eggs. I afterwards found it to be quite common for hotel-keepers on the various roads to have two or three wives; sometimes an English wife as housekeeper, a Danish wife as gardener, and if there was a third, she did the spinning and weaving for the family.

Thus all the requirements of a first-class establishment are kept up, and servants dispensed with; the "woman question," "servant-gal-ism" and "division of labor" settled by one master stroke, and profits deduced from polygamy with more certainty than polygamy from the Prophets.

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From the Park we follow the stage road over a low "divide" to the head of Parley's Cañon, but made such slow progress that we were compelled to encamp for a night in the wildest part of the gorge, with barely room, and in but one place to range the wagons in *corral* between the road and bed of the stream.

The view was one of indescribable beauty. On either hand rose the dark green sides of the cañon, apparently almost perpendicular, yet covered with masses of timber to the very summit; while down the rocky flume, in the lowest part of the cañon, dashed the clear waters of the creek, formed by melting snows but a few miles above. From where we stand the gray crest of the summit seems within pistol shot, and I am surprised to learn that it is at least one mile in a direct line from my eye, and those apparent steep slopes near the top are really gentle slopes covered with grass and bushes. The masses of timber which stand out so boldly towards the lower part of the cañon appear to follow up the side gulches in rapidly lessening lines, sinking to rows of little saplings, and terminating in a mere fringe at the top like ornamental shrubbery. Yet those trifling looking poles are many of them from one to two feet thick. To one whose early life has been passed in a level prairie country, these mountain scenes are an ever-varying source of surprise and delight, and he only wonders why those whose home has been in the mountains should ever leave them. Nor do they often. There is a charm in the wild freedom of these heights which all must acknowledge, nor is it much less so on the plains, and though the mountaineer and plainsman may return to eastern friends and the abodes of civilization, they as often feel the irresistible longing to be back amid the untrained wildness of nature.

From this camp we made another day's travel down hill, all day by the side of the rushing stream, under numerous hanging rocks which seem to threaten destruction to all who venture beneath; now through frightful "dugways" far up the hillside, where a variance of three feet would send team and driver to fragmentary destruction, and now far down in the deeps, where the enclosing walls above almost shut out the sunshine.

Soon after noon we passed the last stage station in a sort of open valley where a side cañon connects Emigration and Parley's,



but after a few more turns we enter a deeper pass, of more wild and startling beauty. Finally we reached the Cañon Gates, a narrow pass, just wide enough to afford road room, with perpendicular walls several hundred feet in height, where we emerged from the mountains and came out into a hollow with sloping sides and a freer outlook. About 4 P.M. I caught sight for the first time of the open valley and blue hills far beyond, but for an hour more we continued to wind along a "dugway," and at length emerged upon an open "bench," where I could see the distant glimmer of Jordan and the "marshes," and the mountains west of Great Salt Lake, a faint, blue, cloudy line, that in the silvery light of the declining sun appeared fading away in infinite perspective.

Slowly descending from the "bench" to the valley, I caught sight of the hill north of the city and the cañon from which issues City Creek; then of Camp Douglass, far to the right and three miles east of the city; then of the Arsenal, Tabernacle, Brigham's house, and the Theatre, and at last the city appeared in full view, scattered for miles over the slope, and looking in the distance and haze of evening, like a collection of villages with groves and orchards scattered among them. Night overtook us four miles out, where we formed *corral* in an open space by the "uphill canal," so called, from which place on the next morning, September 10th, we entered the city.