

AMONG THE MORMONS IN THE DAYS OF BRIGHAM YOUNG

BY WILFRED H. MUNRO

IN 1871 the author of this paper was told by his physician that he must throw up his position and go west for a "life in the open" or he could not live six months. He was then a Master in a military boarding school, and one of his pupils happened to be a brother-in-law of Bishop Tuttle of Utah. Like all young men of that day "Mormonism" appealed to him as a curiosity. He chose Salt Lake City as a place from which to wander and has ever since rejoiced in the experiences resulting therefrom.

The stories of the beginnings of a religion are ordinarily vague and of doubtful value. Accounts written, as in the case of the Mohammedans, upon "palm leaves, skins, blade-bones and the hearts of men," do not always agree in their statements and can never be entirely satisfactory. It is not so with "Mormonism." Its founder, Joseph Smith, was born hardly a century and a quarter ago (1805); its organization is not yet a hundred years old (1830). An alert printing press has steadily kept us informed of all that is worth knowing in its history. The establishment of the Mormon state in what was supposed to be foreign territory, in 1847, does not antedate the birth of many members of this Society. (It was not until 1848 that Mexico, by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, ceded to the United States the indefinite and unsurveyed regions of the provinces of New Mexico and Upper California.) Very many living men have known the great leader of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

For Joe Smith, the Founder of the Mormon Church, we may have nothing but contempt; for Brigham Young, its organizer and administrator, we must cherish a most profound respect, even though we may not go so far as to say with Secretary Seward, that "America has never produced a greater statesman than Brigham Young."

Most of the transcontinental travelers who carried pens before 1869, when the Pacific Railway was completed, gave more or less valuable accounts of *what they saw* of the workings of the Mormon Hierarchy. The most trustworthy of these writers was the professional traveler, Sir Richard F. Burton. Many estimable women have written volumes that are valueless dealing with what *they thought* was the unhappy condition of the Mormon women. As a matter of fact very few women that were not Mormons ever got an inside view of the workings of the Mormon system. As that wise friend of our early years, the late C. J. Caesar of Rome said, "Men are wont to believe what they wish to believe." The most valuable books dealing with Mormonism are Linn's "Story of the Mormons," and Werner's "Brigham Young." Bancroft's "History of Utah" is of course filled with information. Tullidge, "The History of Salt Lake City," gives the official Mormon account. Most valuable of all sources are the nineteen volumes of the "Journal of Discourses of Brigham Young and the other Mormon leaders." Of the non-historical writers, Mark Twain's impressions seem to Linn to be the most important.

Going westward from Niagara I stopped first at Ann Arbor to visit some fraternity brothers at the University of Michigan. They took me in to the Chapel services, that I might size up the "coeds." There were but a handful, certainly not an armful of these maidens. The coeducation idea was only just beginning to spread over the land. Next I stopped at Chicago. It was before the fire, and the city was still rising on stilts from the prairie. Going

through Iowa I was, being a New Englander, impressed with the complete absence of stones. (So I was forty years afterwards when journeying over the plains of Argentina. In both cases the silt of a great river had covered the land.)

At Omaha I made my first halt. There was no bridge over the Missouri River. A ferry boat carefully picked its way among the changing channels. The bars in the river were innumerable. The boat escaped them all, but its passengers seemed never able to cross from one side of the craft to the other without becoming stranded at its bar. The rails still running down to the water's edge reminded one of the ice which had bridged the river during most of the winter. Cozzen's Hotel, built in forty days, on a wager, by George Francis Train, was the leading hostelry in Omaha. There I remained for several days, awaiting transportation, and thereby gaining the friendship of the "Wit of the United States Senate," James W. Nye of Nevada. Mr. Nye appeared to regard it as his duty to make things pleasant for a young man who was "down on his luck." "Rhody" was the name he gave me, after the manner of the mining camps, and Rhody will never forget his indebtedness to that genial, warm-hearted man. Fortune further favored by assigning me to the Pullman section occupied by Clarence King, famous explorer and writer, than whom no man could wish for a more charming companion or one with a larger knowledge of that western country. The journey became a perpetual joy. There was no "Diner" on the train, but the prairies furnished abundant game for the railway eating rooms at which we stopped for our meals, and youth furnished an abundant appetite.

My first view of the Great Salt Lake was from the branch road running from Ogden to Salt Lake City. There was a heavy sea on, and some men covered with spray landed from a sailboat. They stood drying on the platform until the train started and then came on

board, crusted with salt. When one bathes today in Salt Lake if he stands for a moment to dry in the hot sun he may brush a shower of fine salt from his body. He must be exceedingly careful not to get any of that salt water in his eyes. Talk of "Tear Gas"! He who reaches the city by rail loses the thrill one gets who enters Salt Lake Valley by the old Mormon Trail. I sat one day upon my horse at the mouth of Emigration Canyon. There was a goodly prospect. Below were green fields and well-kept cottages. The wide streets were lined with trees whose roots were nourished by the waters everywhere running through the gutters. Beyond were lofty mountains with snow still lingering on their summits and on their sides, where the sun's rays could not reach them. Between the city and the mountains the great lake glittered in the sun. An old Mormon rode up beside me. "Here," he said, "where we are sitting, Brigham stretched out his hands and said: 'This is the place the Lord has appointed for us.' It was the worst looking valley we had seen since we left Missouri. There was no vegetation but sage brush; there were no living things but jack-rabbits and rattlesnakes, lizards and horned toads." Brigham saw the possibilities contained in the waters flowing down through the canyons, and was wise enough also to pre-empt for his own control City Creek Canyon, through which the most abundant water supply came. The beetles and the grasshoppers were to appear later as well as the seagulls that were to save the settlers from the last two pests. The wife of Bishop Tuttle told me that the beetles ate the clothes hanging on the lines. The grasshoppers ate not only the leaves on her peach trees, but the meat from the half-ripened peaches, leaving the naked stones attached to the branches. Coming back toward dusk one day I rode through a country barren of verdure, which had at sunrise (before the insect swarms appeared) been one wide plain of standing grain.

The Townsend House was the leading hotel in 1871,

and the centre of resort for the Gentile part of the population. (In Utah all who are not Mormons are Gentiles, even the Jews.) At first I essayed a boarding house. It was filled with young men; no man was more than thirty-five, and all were from the West or South. I was the only man whose home was east of the Mississippi; when one spoke of going east he meant Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis or St. Joe., rarely even Chicago. Later I found lodgings with a widow. She was a fragment only, being one of seven wives. She was English and better educated than most of her class. She believed in polygamy, and so did every Mormon woman with whom I talked. I was prepared by reading of anti-Mormon books for bitterness of feeling on that subject, but I found none. The horrible tales were written to sell; they found ready credence because, to quote Caesar once more, "Men are wont to believe what they wish to believe." Tourists swarmed through that summer. Especially frequent were Congressmen, Senators and such. I remember the name of Hannibal Hamlin on the hotel register. Somewhat remarkable were the congressional amusements. Going by one day, Senator Nye summoned me to a place beside him. There had been a "Round-up." A quantity of beetles had been corraled for the spectacle, likewise a number of toads. These were herded into separate parts of the arena, while the participants in the game gathered around it. First a beetle was turned into the ring and then a toad. Ensued immediately a vigorous attempt on the part of the batrachian to swallow the insect, while the spectators made their bets on the possible results of the undertaking. Not infrequently there was a "draw." "Thumbs down" then meant the destruction of the beetle and the removal of the mortified toad. Bets were settled and another contest followed. Nye's leadership in the mining camps of Nevada might easily be imagined from the way he managed these affairs.

The extravagantly wide streets of the city furnished excellent parking places for the prairie schooners. Upon these lived the immigrants who had used them for their journey across the plains. Life was as open on them as on the river boats on a Chinese river. There was no more regard for decency than on the boulevards of Paris, or in the streets of Italian cities. The immigrants were largely from the English mill towns. Students of Social Science know what the conditions in those towns were fifty and seventy-five years ago. Such were the elements from which Brigham Young developed the Mormon state. But the wide streets were always clean. The steadily running water was made to carry away all refuse. Drove of mustangs frequently passed through them and near the corrals one might daily see the splendid horsemanship of the "Rodeos" of this generation. The mustangs sold for from five to fifty dollars each—rarely for more than twenty-five. Their endurance was marvellous, and they could live on almost nothing.

I struck Salt Lake on Saturday. The next day was a more than Puritan Sabbath. Even the barber shops were closed. The town was the only one I saw between Omaha and Sacramento where Sunday was observed. The saloons were never in evidence except as testified to by drunken Gentiles—mostly from the mines—and there were no brothels. Brigham's city was a model town. The Mormons were all church goers; the Gentiles sometimes went to church, but not with alarming frequency. The services most attended by the young Gentiles were in the Tabernacle. Thither we often went on Sunday afternoon, especially when it was known that Brigham was to preach. His sermons were always to the point. He had a message to put forth, and his language could always be understood by his people. He knew his audience. Often he was ungrammatical, occasionally he was witty, sometimes he was slangy and profane, sometimes he was obscene. (The language of Heber Kimball, even

in the pulpit, was habitually so obscene that decent ears never could endure it.) But Brigham's language never seemed to faze his followers. As a body the faces of the women in his congregation showed but little intelligence. I had the pleasure one day of escorting to the Tabernacle a young lady from Framingham. We were late and had to take seats from which there was but little chance to see the faces. My companion did not require that additional aid to form her judgments. "I saw their bonnets," she said. (An additional illustration of the well known fact—the female of the species is more delicate in perception than the male.)

The Prophet was especially severe in condemning extravagance and immodesty in dress. The hoop skirt, the Grecian bend, the banged hair, with which all of us who have passed the seventy milestone were more or less familiar, were to him abominations. Most vehemently he opposed the following of Gentile fashions. His language on this subject, from the pulpit of the Tabernacle, was so coarse that while one may read it in the "Mormon Expositor" he will search for it in vain in the "Journal of Discourses." From a special sermon on fashions delivered in the "sixties," and published at that time in the "Expositor," I heard frequent quotations that I should be ashamed to repeat in this place. Brigham even went so far as to ordain a standard costume for Mormon women. Its distinguishing features were a sunbonnet and a long cape. It was in evidence in country districts in my day but of course it could not endure. Womenkind were all against it. Has civilized man ever been successful in determining and fixing the garb of woman, civilized or uncivilized?

Brigham, great empire builder that he was, saw that he must have not only a tabernacle in which to instruct, but also a theatre in which he might amuse his people. His was the best amusement house between Chicago and San Francisco. Of course I went to it,

and my first visit was one to be remembered. I selected a seat as we would choose one here—in the parquet and not too far down. I noticed as I sat down that there was an armchair at the end of the row, and that my Gentile acquaintances in the “first gallery” were much amused about something. They became almost hilarious when I rose to allow some young ladies to take seats just beyond me. At the end of the performance they joyfully explained matters. I had taken a seat in the space ordinarily occupied by the Mormon prophet’s own family; the young ladies for whom I had risen were some of his daughters; and I had been pointed out by some of their Gentile neighbors in adjoining seats as one of Brigham’s sons. There was another part of the theatre, known as “Brigham’s Corral,” where the Prophet’s younger children were placed.

This prayer of President Daniel H. Wells at the dedication of the Theatre in 1862 shows the working of the Mormon mind and the attitude of the Mormon hierarchy toward the theatre itself. Wells gushed forth words.

“In the name of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and on the authority of the holy and eternal priesthood of Almighty God, we consecrate and dedicate this building and its surroundings, above and below, and upon each side thereof, unto Thee, our Father and God. We dedicate the ground upon which it stands, and the foundation of the building and superstructure thereon, and the side and the end walls, and the chimneys upon the tops thereof, and the flues within the walls, and the openings for ingress and egress; and ask for thy blessing to rest upon them, and that the materials used in the construction of the walls may cement together and grow stronger and stronger as time shall pass away.

“To this end we dedicate to Thee, our Father, the stone, the adobes, the brick, the hewn stone and mortar of which they are composed, and all the mason work thereof; and all the timbers within, above and upon the walls, and the framework thereof for the support of the floors, the galleries, the

stage, the side rooms, stairs and passages and entrances thereof and therefrom, for the support of the roof of the building and the towering dome. And we dedicate the parquette, circles, galleries and rooms adjoining for the people, the orchestra, the actors and performers; the stage on which they stand, and the green room and rooms adjoining above and round about for dressing rooms, for painting and other conveniences—, all and every part of this building we consecrate and dedicate unto Thee, our Father, that it may be pure and holy unto the Lord, our God, for a safe and righteous habitation for the assemblages of Thy people, for pastime, amusement and recreation; for plays, for theatrical performances, for lectures, conventions, or celebrations, or for whatsoever purpose it may be used for the benefit of Thy saints—.

“Upon this edifice be pleased to let Thy blessing rest, that it may be preserved against accident or calamity by fire or flood, or hurricane, or the lurid lightning’s flash, or earthquakes. May it forever stand as a monument of the skill, industry and improvement of those who have labored thereon, or in any wise contributed thereto, and of the enterprise and ability of Thy servant Brigham, who is the projector and builder thereof, and also as a monument of the blessing and prosperity which Thou hast so eminently conferred upon Thy people since Thou didst bring them forth unto this land. And we pray Thee to bless this Dramatic Association, the actors and actresses, and all who shall perform upon this stage. O Lord, may they feel the quickening influence of Thy Holy Spirit, vivifying and strengthening their whole being, and enabling them to bring into requisition and activity all those energies and powers, mental and physical, quick perceptions and memories necessary to the development and showing forth the parts, acts and performances assigned unto them, to their highest sense of gratification or desire, and to the satisfaction of the attending audience.

“And, O Lord, preserve this house pure and holy for the habitation of Thy people. Suffer no evil or wicked influences to prevail or predominate within these walls, neither disorder, drunkenness, debauchery, or licentiousness of any sort or kind; but rather than this—sooner than it should pass into

the hands or control of the wicked or ungodly, let it utterly perish and crumble to atoms. Let it be as though it had not been—an utter waste, each part returning to its natural element; but may order, virtue, cleanliness, sobriety and excellence obtain and hold fast possession therein, the righteous possess it, and 'Holiness to the Lord' be forever inscribed therein."

To this last sentiment Brigham added a fervent "Amen."

The theatre was from its opening an immense success.

It not only maintained an excellent Stock Company, but, after the Pacific Railway was finished, was able to halt the traveling troupes on their way across the continent. And thereby hangs a tale. The members of this Society who were in college in 1870 will of course remember the sensation created in our college towns by the production of the "Black Crook" extravaganza and the performances of the Lingard, and the Weber Troupes. Those performances would now be deemed mild, but then they were "the limit." One of those companies played in Salt Lake while I was living there, and Brigham Young occupied his box by the side of the stage when I saw the performance. It was a shock, to put it mildly, to see the Head of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints sitting in his shirt sleeves, with a "plug hat" on the back of his head and his feet on the rail in front of him, gazing with great apparent pleasure at a vaudeville show.

The genius of the Mormon leader was seen in the organization of the great business concern, "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution." Its emblem was a beehive; its motto, "Holiness to the Lord." Burton called attention to the inappropriateness of the emblem in a country where "that industrious insect never has been seen." Of course no bee in her senses ever would attempt to extract honey from a sage bush, but I wonder whether the bee may not have

followed plant cultivation into Utah and so by this time have justified the use of the symbol. Even in 1871 fruits and vegetables were exceedingly abundant and astonishingly cheap. I used to feed my mustang with peaches from Bishop Tuttle's orchard, because there was no market for them. The largest branch shop of the Z. C. M. I. was known as "The Big Co-op." It was at that time one of the great department stores of the country.

The Church was founded on Revelation; its organization was apostolic. The authority of its head was everywhere felt. He seemed almost omniscient. To him all matters were referred as to a Court of Last Appeal. The city was divided into wards, and over each ward and village and town was placed a Bishop. The ward rooms were places for consultation and for imparting practical instruction as to policies to be followed. Brigham's wisdom was never more strikingly manifested than in his treatment of the so-called Methodist Crusade. This affair took place a few months before I reached the city, and its echoes were still in the air. The Sunday before the Methodist speakers were to reach the city Brigham made announcement from the desk in the Tabernacle: "Next week the Methodists are coming to convert us. I want you all to go to hear them. Listen carefully to all they have to say, and then go to your ward rooms to talk things over with the Bishops." The result was no conversions. The Bishops were very carefully selected for their ability to direct the thoughts of their flocks. Their functions were varied. As the British in India provide "dak-bungalows" where travel is infrequent, so the Mormons made the house of each Bishop in the sparsely settled regions, a hotel. Riding up to a "See-house" (a Gentile term, not a Mormon) of that kind one day, I did not receive a very cordial greeting from the Bishop. He plainly "had no use" for Gentiles. Gradually he warmed up a little as we talked and asked me where I came from. I said "I

was born in Bristol, Rhode Island." Out stretched his hands. "Shake," he said, "I am from Pawtucket." There was no more aloofness.

The Methodist speakers in the Crusade were given most careful attention, and were not interrupted. Stories of interference and antinterference on the part of miners have no foundation in fact. Bishop Tuttle, who should certainly have known all about it, had, he told me, never heard of any. The miner when visiting the "City of the Saints" was a subdued and chastened individual. Both the Mormon police and the United States troops at Camp Douglas combined to keep him so. The mining camps in the canyons leading down to the Salt Lake valley were "hells" on Sundays. There was nothing heavenly about them on the other days of the week. Barrooms and brothels predominated on their Main Streets, and shootings were of common occurrence.

But suspicion was in the air. One of my special friends, who was a missionary of the Episcopal Church, was also a Chaplain in the United States army, and as such was stationed at Camp Douglas. Coming into the city one day to call upon one of his congregation, he tied his horse to the post before the house. The animal got loose and ran back to Camp Douglas. As quickly as it could be done a squad of troopers was sent into town to find out what had happened to their Chaplain. The army was always on the job.

The church leaders planned an elaborate celebration for the Fourth of July. One of the features was to be a parade of the "Nauvoo Legion"—the Mormon militia. General Wells, the commander of the Legion, issued the orders for its assembling. But the Governor of the territory was a rather timid being. He forbade the parade, and summoned the forces at Camp Douglas to his aid. Wells being recalcitrant, General De Trobriand, commanding at Camp Douglas, put his foot down. An hour or more before the parade was to start I saw him riding slowly into the city with a

trumpeter behind him. Wells being wise, even though recalcitrant, there was no parade. De Trobriand was a veteran of our Civil War, and he was a Frenchman with French ideas as to the method of dealing with incipient revolt.

The Governor of the Territory had been appointed to his position as a reward for political services. He was spectacular and nothing more. He possessed a voice of marvellous power. In that rarefied air, 4250 feet above the sea, it carried to an amazing distance. But it was *Vox et praeterea nihil*. The Territorial Secretary was the most conspicuous national official, because, though a young man, he always wore a swallow-tail coat. The young Gentiles might have pardoned such a sartorial eccentricity in an older person.

The predominant public officer was Judge McKean. He had been a Methodist minister before he became a lawyer, and he was a partizan of partizans, a very Torquemada. Entirely fearless, and thoroughly convinced of the righteousness of his cause, he opposed the Mormon Hierarchy with a zeal that equalled that of the old Spanish Inquisitor. He summoned Brigham before his court and attempted to convict the man of seventy years of "lascivious cohabitation with sixteen women." His methods were such as a Jeffreys might have used. The United States Supreme Court was forced to declare many of his actions illegal, and to dismiss the indictments in the special cases under consideration. McKean's first case was tried while I was in Salt Lake. The sympathy of many of the Gentiles was with the Mormon leader because it was evident that he was not being treated fairly. The situation was an extremely critical one and only Brigham's wise conduct prevented an outbreak. A closely packed throng surrounded the building where McKean held his court and the crowd was so great in the building itself, an adobe structure, that the walls and the floors began to crack.

Brigham Young was a pleasant man to meet, aff-

able and courteous unless one enquired too closely respecting his marital affairs. He said to one lady who asked if she might see his wives, "Madam, they are not on exhibition." To one especially tactless man he answered, "It is none of your damn business." Broad and thickset, five feet, ten inches in height, he was plainly a man of power. Sir Richard Burton thought he looked like a gentleman farmer from New England. (He was born in Vermont, and his legal wife, Mary Ann Angell, who embraced the Mormon doctrines in full and who assented to her husband's polygamous relations, was born in Providence, Rhode Island.) Burton especially noted his lack of pretention and compared him favorably with the Eastern potentates he had met.

One thing brought out by the McKean proceedings was the number of Brigham's wives. It had been vaguely reported that he "had more than a thousand scattered all over Utah." It developed that the number was grossly exaggerated. Again the words of Caesar apply. . . . He had had but twenty-seven wives in his whole life and that number had never been living at one time. McKean could find only seventeen, including the legal one. Ann Eliza, when she wrote her "Wife No. 19," had not learned of some deaths. Ann E. was the last consort. She was twenty-four, he was sixty-six. Gentile judgment pronounced her a "bad lot." Brigham did not show his usual wisdom when he espoused her. He should have known better, especially at that stage of the game. Her purpose was always extortion. At last she sued for divorce—in a court which could not recognize her marriage. Ann Eliza was especially jealous of Amelia, "under whose influence he is rapidly becoming a monogamist in all except the name." Her jealousy was well grounded.

Amelia captivated the young Gentile fancy. In her case it was with Brigham a real affair of the heart. She had been "hard to get." The course of true love

had not run smoothly. The city talked very freely about it. Amelia was tall and handsome. She had a piano and she had a voice. And she could sing "Fair Bingen on the Rhine." I take it for granted that by this time other musical instruments had been placed in the Prophet's dwellings, but it is certain that no other wife could sing "Fair Bingen." (I regret to record that she pronounced the name Binjen.) Werner repeats much of the Salt Lake gossip of my day and for that gossip Amelia supplied a large element. She had then been the Prophet's bride for eight years and was still the favorite. She most frequently accompanied him in his walks abroad, and in his visitations throughout the Territory. When they went to the theatre she occupied a seat beside him, in his box at the side of the stage, while other consorts had to be content with seats in the parquet (where I once, *and only once*, sat). She held herself apart. Before marriage she had, very wisely, made many conditions. She refused to live with the other wives in the Lion House, or the Bee Hive. For her the "Amelia Palace" was erected, in which she lived in solitary state. This building was of wood, with a mansard roof and a tower, like hundreds of other tasteless structures that have cumbered the land since the decade of the Civil War. Amelia unhappily left no children.

In the matter of children there has also been much exaggeration. Brigham had but fifty-six all told, if we leave out those he acquired by marrying their mothers. Eleven wives bore no children; sixteen had fifty-six. One, Emmeline Free, had ten. All the children were healthy. There were three sets of twins, and several children bore the same names. "Just naturally" their father could not always remember.

In this matter of wives and children Brigham was outclassed by several of his associates. Heber Kimball, dead before I struck Salt Lake, had forty-five wives. The last time he was called to testify on the subject he said that he had been the father of sixty-five children.

He died in 1868. Fourteen years later his direct descendants numbered one hundred and seventy-two. John D. Lee, of Mountain Meadow infamy, had sixty-four sons and daughters. No wonder the specialist in genealogy finds ready employment in Mormon land.

It was my privilege to be in Utah when the first election held after suffrage was conferred on women took place. The advocates of women's suffrage had urged it as a great agency for the doing away with polygamy. "Give the Mormon women the opportunity and they will emancipate themselves at once," they said. The opportunity came but the women evidenced no desire for immediate emancipation. As a matter of fact the vote of the women only served to strengthen the power of the Mormon Church. The Mormon women cared but little for the privilege of voting and cast their ballots just as their Bishops directed. The widowed fragment with whom I was then sojourning as a boarder did not even know the names of those for whom she voted. The hack that was to take her to the polling place came at a critical moment in her culinary operations and forced her to suspend them entirely. She regarded the whole business as a nuisance. Arrived at the polls, she took the ballot that was handed to her and deposited it in the box without even reading all the names upon it. The few Gentile women that I knew did not vote at all, realizing that the election was simply a farce. It was not until 1890, thirteen years after the death of Brigham Young (1877), that the Mormon Hierarchy decreed the discontinuance of polygamy. (Utah became a state in 1896.)

Looking back through the years I find these impressions of Utah deeply impressed on my memory:

First. In outward seeming Salt Lake City was one of the most moral of communities. It was as heedful of the positive elements of religion as the most orthodox of Puritan towns. The centre of a mining region to which a great body of miners would naturally be

attracted for their Sunday dissipations, it presented no facilities for Sunday debauchery, and was, on the first day of the week, as quiet as a village among the hills of New England. Dominated by fearless and conscientious leaders, it was inhabited by quiet-loving and law-abiding citizens.

Second. It had not been getting a fair deal from the Federal Government. Many of the officials sent from Washington for the government of the Territory were "a bad lot." Not a few of them were given to drunkenness. Some of them lived with their mistresses in open adultery. Of the judges, some were partizans of the most intense type. One was so virulent that the President of the United States was forced to remove him "from an office he had abused and disgraced in a manner to which the world can furnish no parallel." The quotation is from a Mormon characterization but to many Gentiles it seemed a just one.

Third. It was dominated and governed by a man of extraordinary ability—certainly one of the great men of the times though he may not have merited Secretary Seward's extravagant encomium. He was surely a man of marvellous prescience and his "Revelations" astound us. Modestly he explained himself in this way. "I am a Yankee. I guess things, and very frequently I guess right." Perhaps we should best let it stand at that.

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