

DEBORAH

The Advanced Woman

BY
M. I. T.

"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."—*Bible*
"Time makes ancient good uncouth."—*Lowell*



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"Deborab"

Is lovingly inscribed
To the dear Old Home Circle,—
Howbeit some are in Heaven long since,—
Father, Mother, Willie, Carrie, Vina,
Frankie, Hattie, Jennie, Wiffie,
And Aunt Hannah.
M. I. T.

DEBORAH,

The Advanced Woman.

CHAPTER I.

IGNORANCE AND FANATICISM, FATAL PAIR!

“Promise me that you will do what *you* think is right, my daughter. I have not done this—not done what I thought was right, but blindly followed where others led. My conscience—how I wish I could pluck it out! It tortures me—consumes me. Oh, God! would there was time to tell all—to warn—to save from degradation. . . And yet I have not meant to do wrong—only lacked faith in my own feeling of the right—and ignorant, so very ignorant. But wrong has come of my blind following of the blind—hideous wrong, not to myself alone—that I could bear—but to others. *You* will suffer—will be degraded. Oh that I had never been born—never been a woman—a mother! Oh that there were time to tell all—to warn—*warn*——”

"Sweet mother, let me run for our good elder. He will make you well," soothingly replied Debby.

"No, no; speak not to me of him. The thought of him poisons me afresh. Great God! the sight of him would be retribution's self. Only promise me."

"Certainly, I promise," quickly replied the girl, as she pressed a soft kiss on the dear lips.

"And you will get my wedding ring, and wear it always to remind you of the promise."

"Yes, mother."

"It is in the secret drawer of the old chest, the key to which is on the chain about my neck. I used to wear my wedding ring there, too, till— Oh, my daughter, if there were only time to tell all, to warn—warn—"

At this moment there resounded through the death chamber a violent knocking at the outer door. The young girl unwound her arms from about her mother's neck and giving her a hurried kiss hastened to the door. In those unsettled times most women would have hesitated to do this. But the loving daughter thought only of her dying mother. She opened it immediately in order the sooner to return to her.

A woman stood on the step, panting both with excitement and with the energy of her flight. Speechless at first, she could only grasp the girl's

arm and point in the direction of the setting sun, whence came the rattle of musketry and the shouts of men engaged in mortal combat. At length she exclaimed hoarsely:

“Haste! haste! we must begone.”

Scarcely had she spoken when a covered wagon was driven into the gate and a man well armed leaped out, urging,

“Debby, I beg of you, get into the wagon; I will bring your mother. Trust her to me.”

He spoke beseechingly though hurriedly, seeming to anticipate opposition. Deborah replied firmly:

“My mother is dying; leave us to our fate. Go! go! your life may pay the forfeit of a moment’s delay.”

Meantime the woman had made her way to the bedside of the dying mother, and, perceiving that she was dead, wrapped some bedclothes about the stiffening form and beckoned her son to approach. But Deborah was there first. Ah! her mother no longer needed her care; she had passed on, leaving her alone.

Passed on, it is to be hoped, nevermore to taste of the bitter fruit which grows on the Mormon tree. And what a price had that dead woman paid for the privilege of tasting the apple called “Mormonism,” enticingly declared by the “latter-day prophet” to mean “More Good.” Fatal error!

as if the blind worship of a dead past and the attempt to resuscitate it could be other than degrading superstition, could bring forth other than constant abortions amid agonizing, impotent pain.

But how was Hannah, the dead woman, to know this with her one book, much of it so very old, and her solitary life among the great trees with their deep shadows, its monotony varied only by an occasional visitor as ignorant as herself. That old book! how she pored over it when her home duties were done; for she was not strong enough to work in the field or do outdoor chores as did other women around her pioneer home. Then no little children had come to make a thousand sweet cares in the rude cabin, and distract in endless ways the minds of father and mother. Many times did she read of that other Hannah, childless like herself; and very many times did she pour out her soul in prayer for the great boon of children. But the years passed away, one by one, leaving her the same childless wife; and with each departure despair gained upon hope until at length the conquest was complete.

Judge then of her surprise, her delight, her perfect happiness, when Deborah came bringing with her a new world of tenderness. She was rather glad than otherwise that it was a Deborah who had come instead of a Samuel, since she could keep a daughter by her side so much

longer than she could have hoped to retain a son. It never occurred to Hannah that she need set aside or lend a *girl* to the Lord. In fact, it was quite plain that, from the beginning, the feminine sex was weak and liable to err—had in short upset God's great plan for humanity at the very start. To bear children and be in perfect submission to those set over her, especially to the "heaven-sent," was all her sex was capable of. True, in rare instances, God had used a woman for the upbuilding of his kingdom; but they were so "few and far between," thought Hannah, as she went over those recounted in the one book with which she was familiar. But rare as these were, she yet determined to have the little one baptized Deborah, saying to herself hopefully, "Peradventure she may find favor with the Lord, as did the other Deborah."

CHAPTER. II

FOUNDING A NEW RELIGION.

“France has her lily,
And England her rose,
And everybody knows
Where the shamrock grows;
Scotland has her thistles,
Flowering on the hill,
But the American emblem
Is the one-dollar bill.”

Cincinnati Porcupine.

When, years before our story opens, Hannah arrived at Kirtland, Ohio, where the first Mormon experiment at erecting Zion was made, she found a community of several thousand souls that had been gathered chiefly through the efforts of one man, Joseph Smith, in some respects one of the most notable men of his time.

Of humble parentage, beginning life as wizard and necromancer, he founded a powerful hierarchy, and was by turns its prophet, apostle, high priest, lawgiver, leader, ruler, and general.

He owed his remarkable ascendancy over his dupes quite as much, no doubt, to his rare hypnotic powers as to his qualities as a born leader of men.

His family was noted for its many-sided faith:

faith in God, and in the prodigious influence of evil spirits; faith in the power of the rod and in the seership of a certain stone; faith in palmistry and in astrology; faith in the Bible as the literal word of God, and in the Book of Mormon as the gospel in its fullness; and last but not least was its faith in the Almighty Dollar, which flourished side by side with faith in "blood atonement" and patriarchal blessings. The way this new prophetic family combined these various kinds of faith, making all work toward a practical end, was, if not enlightening, certainly amusing and lucrative. Smith, like Hannah, was a great reader of the Bible. But, unlike her, he had other favorite books—at least three. Two of these were "The Life of Stephen Burroughs," a clerical scoundrel, and the "Autobiography of Captain Kidd." It has been claimed that there was great fascination for him in these lines:

" I had ninety bars of gold,
As I sailed, as I sailed;
I had ninety bars of gold,
As I sailed;
I had ninety bars of gold,
And dollars manifold,
And riches uncontrolled,
As I sailed."

The fourth favorite volume was, of course, the "Manuscript Found" of Solomon Spaulding,

written by that gentleman in imitation of the ancient Scriptures. This was never published by the American "Solomon," he having none of the riches or wisdom of the Jewish one. The new Solomon was only like the old one in having thrown off his early faith and failed to obtain a fresh one. Indeed, the book was inspired by the need of the Almighty Dollar and written to procure it. Still, though written for money, and thrown into romance form in the hope of making it more profitable, the author declared that in time "it would be fully believed by all except learned men and historians."

Yet not as written. It remained for Joseph Smith, the man of dreams, of biblical knowledge and necromantic fame, to so metamorphose the work that, in the first place, it could with some consistency be called the "Golden Bible," and would appeal to people in general; and, in the second place, it would appeal to an acquaintance in particular, who had both faith and cash combined in such proportions as to be willing and able to furnish the wherewithal for publication.

On a beautiful autumn afternoon, shortly after the Golden Bible had been published, the tall, lank form of Joseph Smith appeared in the doorway of Hannah's humble home.

She had heard of him as one who told fortunes by the courses of the stars, one in whose hands

the divining rod moved, pointing out hidden treasure, and feeling quite flattered by his visit, she bade him be seated.

“Sister Hannah,” said he solemnly, “I have had a revelation. While I was in my little chamber over the porch praying to God, I discerned a faint light in the room, which continued to increase until the room was lighter than noon-day, when immediately a personage appeared at my bedside standing in the air, for his feet did not touch the floor. He had on a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness. It was a whiteness beyond anything earthly I had ever seen; nor do I believe that any earthly thing could ever be made to appear so exceedingly white and brilliant. His hands and arms were naked, also his feet a little above the ankles. His head and neck were also bare. He had no other clothing on but this robe; it was open, so that I could see into his bosom. Not only was his robe exceedingly white, but his whole person was glorious beyond description, and his countenance was like lightning. The room was exceedingly light, but not so bright as immediately around his person. When I first looked upon him I was afraid, but the fear soon left me.

“He called me by name and said that he was a messenger sent from God to me, and that my name should be had for good and evil among all

nations, kindreds, and tongues; or that it should be both good and evil spoken of by all people. He said that a book was deposited, written upon gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent and the source from which they sprang. He also said that the fullness of the everlasting gospel was contained in it as delivered by the Saviour to the ancient inhabitants. Also, that two stones in silver bows (these stones, fastened to a breastplate, constituting what are called the Urim and Thummim) were deposited with the plates; that the possession and use of these stones were what constituted seers in ancient or former times; and that God had prepared them for the purpose of translating the book.

“After telling me these things, he commenced quoting the prophecies of the Old Testament. He first quoted part of the third chapter of Malachi; he quoted also the fourth or last chapter of the same prophecy, though with a little variation from the way it reads in our Bible. Instead of quoting the first verse as it reads in our books, he quoted it thus: ‘For behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all that do wickedly shall burn as stubble, for they that come shall burn them, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch.’ And he quoted the fifth verse thus: ‘And he shall plant

in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers; if it were not so the whole earth would be wasted at his coming.'

"In addition to these he quoted the eleventh chapter of Isaiah, saying that it was about to be fulfilled. He also quoted the third chapter of Acts, verses 22 and 23, precisely as they stand in our New Testament. He said that that prophet was Christ, but that the day was not yet come when 'they who would not hear his voice should be cut off from among the people,' though it soon would come.

"He also quoted the second chapter of Joel, from the 28th to the last verse. He said that this was not yet fulfilled, but soon would be. He further said that the fullness of the Gentiles was soon to come in.

"He quoted many other passages of Scripture, and offered many explanations which cannot be mentioned here.

"Again, he told me that when I got those plates of which he had spoken (for the time that they should be obtained was not yet fulfilled), I should not show them to any person, neither the breastplate with the Urim and Thummim, only to those to whom I should be commanded to show them. If I showed them to others I should be destroyed.

“While he was conversing with me about the plates, the vision was opened to my mind that I should see the plates where they were deposited, and that so clearly and distinctly that I should know the place again when I visited it.

“Convenient to the village of Manchester, Ontario County, New York, stands a hill of considerable size, and the highest of any in the neighborhood. On the west side of this hill, not far from the top, under a stone of considerable size, lay the plates deposited in a stone box. This stone was thick and rounded in the middle on the upper side, and thinner towards the edges, so that the middle part of it was visible above the ground, but the edge all around was covered with earth. Having removed the earth and obtained a lever, which I fixed under the edge of the stone, I raised the stone with a little exertion, looked in, and there indeed did I behold the plates, the Urim and Thummim, and the breastplate, as stated by the messenger. The box in which they lay was formed by laying stones together in some kind of cement. In the bottom of the box were laid two stones crosswise of the box, and on the stones lay the plates and the other things with them. I made an attempt to take them out, but was forbidden by the messenger. I was again informed that the time for bringing them out had not yet arrived; neither would it until four years

from that time. But he told me that I should come to that place precisely in one year from that time, that he would be there to meet me, and that I should continue to go annually until the time should come for obtaining the plates."

Then the arch-tempter proceeded to tell Hannah how he had gone each year to the place where were hidden the golden plates, receiving instruction for his pains concerning the Lord's purposes in the latter days, and the kingdom to be set up for which he was to prepare the way.

Hannah received the story with implicit faith; it was not so much the words as the man's manner and his eyes gazing steadfastly into hers that wrought conviction. And when he produced the book itself, which he declared had been printed from the golden plates, and proceeded to read from it she gazed at it with reverential awe. He had gained complete mastery over her. She would at that moment have followed him unquestioningly to the ends of the earth. As with Hannah, so with thousands of other unfortunates. By the means described they were gathered from farm-houses and hamlets, and from the crowded tenements of cities, and they now constituted the motley assemblage of converts gathered at Kirtland for the initial experiment.

But the latter-day saints soon fell into bad odor with their neighbors in Ohio, and in obedi-

ence to a revelation received by Smith, they removed to Missouri. Driven from that state by a secret band of regulators the City of the Lord was next established at Nauvoo, in western Illinois, on the banks of the Mississippi.

Here the doctrine of spiritual wives being soon promulgated, Joseph Smith and his brother Hiram were arrested and thrown into prison at Carthage, where they were shot in June, 1844, by a mob infuriated at the report that the Governor of Illinois was about to pardon them.

Hannah had followed "the chosen people" through all their peregrinations. For a long time her faith faltered not. That the Golden Bible was the identical "book that is sealed" spoken of by Isaiah, the "veritable stick of Joseph" referred to by Ezekiel, and the "everlasting gospel" foretold by John in Revelations, she had not the slightest doubt; that the Church of Latter-Day Saints was the "stone" that was to smite the image and fill the whole earth, she also firmly believed.

In fact, it was not until the "spiritual-wife" doctrine was presented for Hannah's acceptance and practice, that a question whether the new faith was not of man rather than of God was raised.

A spiritual wifehood, demanding the same surrender of the body as ordinary wifehood, and in

the name of the Lord—well, Hannah did not know what to think. *Think*, that is the proper word. The situation was so shocking to her pure mind that the poor woman was actually driven to think. But not for long. She was so accustomed to submission, implicit obedience, that after a short, agonizing struggle she concluded that it was her hesitation to “obey” which had thrown her into a condition very like insanity.

It was only after she had fallen that she perceived her dreadful mistake; discovered that white-winged peace had fled her breast; that, instead, a flaming sword was set up which turned every way. Even Deborah’s artless, laughing glance seemed to scorch and sear, until in desperation she rushed affrighted from their little dwelling.

This state of feeling ere long undermined her health, never very robust. Day by day she sank, a silent, secret sufferer. Secret, since as yet only those who could bear “strong meat” were initiated into “strong doctrine.” For nearly a year she visibly declined; then, as has been related, just as the sun was sinking in a sea of blood, she sank broken-hearted into the arms of death.

CHAPTER III.

A LOVE BAPTISM.

“She has given for naught her priceless gift,
And spoiled the bread, and spilled the wine,
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine.
So through thine humbleness,
And disregard of thy degee,
Mainly, has man been so much less
Than fits his fellowship with thee.”

It was but the work of a few moments to place all that was left to mortal eye of Hannah in the covered wagon at the gate. In another instant the horses were being driven with the utmost speed toward a ferry in waiting at the river. But a short distance, however, had been traversed before the flying team was overtaken by a band of determined men, who levelled their guns at the young driver, while their leader called out,

“Halt!” Then he added in a tone beseeching rather than commanding: “Renounce Mormonism and you shall remain in peace. Go home and enact the part of a free-born American citizen.”

The young man replied without hesitation and with great firmness: “I will never renounce Mormonism, the true religion of these latter days. I shall follow the Twelve now that our Prophet has been assassinated.”

“Fool! be off with you then and be damned! My orders are to summarily deal with every Mormon found on this accursed spot in half an hour from now. Deliver up your arms.”

Immediately a search was made and two strong men, having relieved the driver of his arms, next proceeded to clamber within. They probably intended to search still further. But one glance was sufficient to deter them. Indeed, they seemed for a moment half paralyzed. Strange, when every day was filled with harrowing scenes, bloody conflicts, vindictive hate! Yet this scene was different from anything witnessed before. A sad-faced woman of worn though delicate beauty, apparently dead, was being upheld by two women, one of them young, fair, and strong-limbed, her countenance clouded by a deep sorrow. On the bony Scotch face of the second woman, there was also a look of sorrow, but it was of a different kind. Her countenance seemed to say “Sorrow and I are one ; we shall never part; we cannot, for Mormonism welded us together when we threw our individuality at her feet.” Neither of the women took the least notice of the interlopers, doubtless from the fact that in those troubled times to be searched was a common experience, especially if Mormons were leaving the city.

The wagon was again borne onward at a rapid

pace, and soon the ferry, which was to convey the party across the Mississippi to the Iowa shore, was reached. What was their destination and that of the thousands who fled with them? They knew not. It was only known that they must find some new wilderness farther west, there to dig and delve, subdue the Indians, rid the land of wild beasts and poisonous reptiles, rear another "Zion" with "stakes roundabout," build yet another temple at infinite cost and pains, attain some of the comforts and privileges of civilization, and then doubtless be driven forth again. Illinois liked them no better than her sisters, New York, Ohio, and Missouri, notwithstanding her warm welcome some seven years before, and in the end treated them as badly as hated Missouri.

In 1839, Illinois, indeed, had enacted the part of good Samaritan. Since that period the Mormons had increased with alarming rapidity; had sent out missionaries into all parts of the world, from whose efforts converts poured in. They had built a city which in 1844 numbered twenty thousand inhabitants. Other settlements were made. The best drilled soldiers, divided into "divisions, cohorts, regiments, battalions, and companies," were at the beck of the prophet. Politically, the Mormon people voted as a unit, held the balance of power, and used the Whigs

or Democrats, as best suited their purposes. The prophet's name was even put forth as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, while hundreds of elders were sent over the states preaching Mormonism and electioneering for Joseph. With increasing numbers, wealth, and privileges were developed arrogance, arbitrariness, overweening self-conceit, and secret vice.

Illinois began to be aware that a government within a government was in her midst; a peculiar institution, becoming more peculiar every day. It was not, however, until a decided blow was aimed at the freedom of the press that a bitter enmity, which meant nothing less than expulsion, began filling the breasts of the people. The new opposition paper attempted to uncover prematurely what the Mormon hierarchy desired should be covered for the time being, until the majority could bear "strong doctrine" and should practice the same. But the anti-Mormon press succeeded in publishing but one number, when the Mormons voted the paper a "public nuisance" and summarily destroyed the press and property. Neither the editor nor any of the owners of the paper was permitted trial by the Mormon leaders. Joseph, being mayor of Nauvoo as well as prophet, naturally took the lead. A very short time after the destruction of the press, however, the prophet himself was secretly voted a nuisance, and likewise summarily destroyed.

Then began in dead earnest that bitter conflict between Mormon and gentile which closed in the expulsion of the former.

It was on account of Hannah that the little party with her body were among the last to leave the doomed city. Whenever she had been urged to flee, she would always shake her head mournfully and say, "I can follow them no more." Her friends attributed the reason to her failing health.

Jeddy would not hear a word as to leaving Hannah and Deborah behind, although his mother frequently urged him to leave a scene so fraught with peril, so filled with ever increasing dissensions and bitterness, that must end sooner or later in bloodshed and ejection. Why, he would as soon have consented to leave his strong right hand behind, nay, his palpitating heart. Had he not loved "Debby" ever since he could remember? Had she not been the depository of all his childish griefs, joys, and aspirations, as well as those of youth and manhood? Verily, he could not imagine himself really living without this other self, without wise and beautiful Deborah. He often called her Deborah in his mind, as her mother had been wont to do when speaking to others of her daughter, particularly to those who seemed to hold her sex in slight esteem. It was the only way in which timid Hannah could protest against

the monstrous monopoly, the slavish degradation, that she realized would inevitably follow the engrafting upon her people the as yet secret "spiritual-wife" system, a knowledge of which had been early committed to her keeping.

But of late Jeddy had realized that an element of restraint had stolen in, and that there was not quite the old freedom of companionship.

This change, he was sure, was due to Hannah's influence, to the lovely woman whom he had so long regarded as another and sweeter mother. Still, no word of prohibition, even hint, had been given to him of any change of feeling; and accordingly, he came and went as of yore. Yet as spring slipped into summer he became more and more disturbed and anxious. Why did he sometimes catch her observing them with a look of keenest anguish on her delicate countenance?—a look that haunted him in the night, nay, even in the broad sunlight.

Once, after having noticed such a deep expression of pain upon her face as she lay on her sofa he had asked her if she was not ill. "No—yes," she had answered confusedly, and then left the room.

Jeddy tried hard to believe that Hannah's distress arose from her physical weakness, together with the worry and anxiety incident to their unhappy position among the gentiles. He and Debo-

rah had several times taken counsel together, but could reach no other decision than that her deep sadness was due to the approaching loss of home and the uncertain future. They formed no conception of the true cause of her wretched condition. Never having been initiated into the repulsive "secret doctrines" which would sooner or later embitter the heart of pure, enlightened womanhood and aspiring American citizenship, how could they?

The death of Hannah came suddenly, even to herself. She had meant to make a full confession to her beloved daughter. She would tell her all. With her dying breath she would warn in a way never to be forgotten. No matter if she sank into the grave a degraded woman in the sight of Deborah, she would tell the whole shameful story, sparing no one. Deborah would be saved; and others might be saved. Ah, yes! Deborah would heed at such an hour. How she would warn—warn, as one speaking from the depths of hell! Alas! fleet death at the last left no opportunity.

In spite of himself Jeddy felt a sense of relief when he was told that Hannah was dead. Instantly came the thought, "I can be sure of Debby now, can make her my very own. My mother loves her like a daughter, and there is no other mother to fear."

They determined not to bury Hannah's remains as long as it was possible to refrain from doing so. Deborah had both heard and read stories of people being buried alive. The thought was horrible ; they must keep the body of her dear mother until no such mistake were possible.

But the time came all too soon for poor Deborah, when the last sad rites could no longer be deferred. Accordingly, when Jeddy, with his arm about the weeping girl, asked by look rather than word, "Shall it be to-day?" the whispered reply came, "Yes, to-day."

"Oh, Debby," he immediately added, "if I could only bear this trouble for you, how quickly would I take it up. Is there nothing I can do to make the pain less?" He pressed a timid kiss upon the hand he held, as he gazed fondly into her sweet countenance.

"I think it would be unbearable but for you," replied the young girl simply.

There was a pause for a few moments, as the two proceeded to the shelter of a splendid oak, underneath which was a new-made grave; and out of a heap of oak leaves Deborah formed a beautiful crown.

"It seems pitiful that only leaves should deck my mother's brow. Yet, as it was her wish, we could but comply," said Deborah in disappointed tones.

"Why 'only leaves'?" corrected Jeddy. "In times gone by, to be laurel-crowned was something to put forth one's whole being to obtain; and who shall think the less of an oaken wreath? Not an American, surely. I would as soon have the one as the other, provided the merit were the same; though I would prefer a crown of thorns to either, were my life worthy."

There was no reply other than a look of admiring love on the part of Deborah. They sat down and set about making a cross, true emblem of the earth-life, a slow crucifixion of the flesh, which we begin by worshipping so ardently; a sure triumph of the spirit, sooner or later.

It was Jeddy who decided about the proportions and procured the leaves, sometimes going quite a distance to secure those of the right size and shade. It was Deborah who arranged them so skillfully. Scarcely, however, had a beginning been made when a blinding flash of lightning, followed by crashing thunder and torrents of rain, caused both to rise and clasp one another instinctively. The very earth seemed crashing to ruin. Yet, no, it proved to be only the riving of the handsome, graceful tree but a few feet distant. The lurid lightning, swifter than thought, had sent a bolt of death to its very heart. It was now a complete wreck, fit emblem of the woman-ruin shortly to be laid at its feet.

Jeddy and Deborah had been very near death. It might yet come, for the clouds still shot forth bolt after bolt of deadly visitation; trees were falling in the distance, crash upon crash of reverberating thunder filling the air; the rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew as if beside itself with rage. It was impossible to return to the encampment, impossible even to move. Indeed, it was all they could do to keep from being dashed down by standing unitedly together.

Ah, what bliss they suddenly discovered standing thus! Even Deborah for a time forgot her terrible loss, forgot everything in that moment of supreme joy when love recognized its own.

"My bride, my beloved!" whispered Jeddy as the storm paused in its mad career.

For reply the young girl raised her beautiful eyes to his and he read his answer in their clear, sweet depths.

"Thank God!" her lover fervently ejaculated, casting his eyes to heaven.

Neither thought of the pouring rain, nor saw the ethereal blue which was beginning to appear through rifts in the clouds. But presently Jeddy bethought him that the rain had ceased and that Deborah was wet through and through. She had endured much pain and exposure of late, and his heart sank at the thought that she too might be seized with the fever that had claimed so

many victims. He laid his hand upon her cheek ; it was burning hot.

"Debby," he said, "you are not well ; let us race back to camp ; a crown of roses, dearest, if you come out ahead."

They had often run foot-races before Debby grew "too big." Usually Jeddy was the victor ; still his playmate had outstripped him sufficiently often to furnish variety and make the outcome by no means certain. To-day, however, she was easily eclipsed, and on reaching the camp her lover said :

"Change your clothes, dear, and then to bed. I will send mother to attend you and mix you something hot."

"It was the wet, clinging skirts that impeded me," protested Deborah ; nevertheless she was glad to climb into the canvas-covered wagon that was now her only home, and lay her aching head upon the pillow.

Her lover, as he sought his own quarters, said, speaking to himself as if in answer to some foreboding : "I can never forget our transfiguration, our holy love-baptism. Life must henceforth be a sacred thing. With a glimpse of Morning within my soul, the darkest, longest, most hideous Night cannot now overwhelm. Surely I can still trust on, though God should see fit to remove my beautiful one ; though the separation seemed complete, final."

Jeddy had in mind a separation effected by death ; a sad, yet uplifting and comparatively painless separation ; a separation of hope to the pure in heart. Of a parting of an altogether different nature, which might be brought about by man in imitation of old and warlike times when people were more brute than human, and which in these more human days might tend to destroy both soul and body, he had not as yet the remotest conception.

CHAPTER IV.

A PRISONER FOR LOVE.

Morning dawned on the slough opposite their once flourishing city of Nauvoo, where the exiles lay encamped. On her pallet Deborah lies tossing, scorched through and through by the fierce breath of fever. The exquisite wealth of hair, which yesterday lay like a glory about her, has been sacrificed at its behest. The eyes, ever so full of heaven's blue and calm, are now frenzied with fever. A woman is near watching the motions of a pious elder, who is attempting to anoint the distraught patient with oil. He stands ready and willing to cast out the devil, which he declares is making all the disturbance, if only the young woman will believe. But Deborah has only maddening shrieks for his fair promises, and as for the oil which he would fain rub gently on her burning brow, she bids him be gone with it; she will have none of it. Frantically she motions him away with her large, strong, yet beautiful hands. He shall not so much as touch her, nor even pray for her.

"Back, back!" she screams, till it would seem as if the words of the elder were true, that she

was actually being torn by an unclean spirit and would soon be destroyed if she would not believe.

It is with Jeddy that she pleads, oh! so piteously, calling him "good man," for she no longer recognizes him. He is simply the good man who will perhaps do her bidding. What would she have? Ah! that is the strangest part of it—that Deborah, once so self-sacrificing, so kind, so careful of others' well-being and happiness, so loth to expose the meanest of God's creatures to intempered winds, should yet plead with one dearer than life to rush into peril of death—and all for a bit of gold! It is thus she pleads:

"Good man, dear good man, do get for me my mother's ring; it is in the old chest in our little home. My mother has gone. I cannot find her. But you must get her ring for me. I promised my mother to wear the ring, so that I should not forget—forget—what? I cannot remember. The ring will remind me. She said it would. Good man, do go for the ring. I must have it to make me remember the promise to my mother. Go, please go!"

Long and tenderly would she plead, holding Jeddy's hand in her hot clasp, and raining kisses upon it as she pleaded. Jeddy would have gone without delay had it not been for the peremptory command of the elder to be at peace in the name of the Lord. He must not rush into that

den of thieves and cutthroats for a woman's vain ornament, the pious elder said.

So the day passed. At sunset Jeddy paid still another visit to the couch of his beloved, and found the elder about to make another attempt to administer, by way of anointing, a portion of a bottle of oil he held in his hand. But, alas for elder, and alas for the "devil-possessed!" no sooner had the little man endeavored to lay one hand unctuously upon her brow than with the quickness of light the young woman dealt him a blow that laid him sprawling on the floor.

Jeddy could bear no more, and without stopping to assist the elder to his feet or learn whether or no he was badly hurt, he leaped out of the wagon, hurried to the river bank, jumped into a skiff, and rowed rapidly in the direction of Nauvoo. He knew that he was bitterly hated by the gentiles, and that the attempt might cost him his life, but something must be done to give Debby peace.

At first he could scarcely tell whither he was rowing, for the night had fallen dark and stormy. But soon his keen eye discerned some landmarks which enabled him to steer his boat with greater accuracy. The darkness of the night was in his favor. Possibly he might be able to return immediately with the coveted prize.

Being an expert oarsman he was not long in

reaching a lonely spot on the other shore which he deemed a safe landing place, and, unseen as he supposed, he drew his boat ashore and securely fastened it. For a time he advanced quickly and without fear of pursuit, since his way lay through deserted wheat fields, with the Mormon graveyard intervening between himself and the suburbs of the once beautiful city.

When he reached the burial-place of their dead, whose graves they had been obliged to leave in the hands of their enemies, he could not repress a groan, which burst from his tortured heart with startling vehemence. In an instant a dozen men appeared to rise from the very earth. They had either observed him crossing the river, or had been prowling about in search of stragglers. It was quite clear that Jeddy was their victim, for they covered him with their weapons, and there was not the slightest chance to escape.

He was hurried to the temple and, after some consultation with a commanding officer, taken to the "well-room" for safe-keeping.

Little did Jeddy dream when he helped to rear that great structure, with its strange underground chambers, that one day it would be his fate to be immured in the most dreadful of all, the "sheltered chamber," where was dug the deep, noisome well. His cheek paled perceptibly when he perceived his destination and heard the cap-

tain say as he nodded significantly to his men, "We'll fix him in approved Mormon fashion."

In some respects this temple was a building to be proud of. By the Mormons it was said to represent "more wealth, more art, more science, more revelation, more splendor, and more God" than all the rest of the world taken together. Its cost was estimated at nearly a million of dollars in money and labor. This was not a trifle to people who began it in the midst of indigence, and carried it forward in spite of immense drawbacks. The building was never quite completed, though the saints continued to work upon it, when as a measure of safety they deemed it necessary to keep firearms beside their tools, meanwhile comforting themselves by thinking that in such manner were the Jewish builders compelled to build the walls of Jerusalem under the guidance of Nehemiah.

Though the temple was in some respects a building worthy of praise, being erected of white limestone, of majestic proportions, and finely situated on an eminence round which Nauvoo circled, in other respects it was well calculated to call forth the blush of shame to the brow of an American citizen who dwells in the present and looks to the future rather than to the past, who belongs to a nation carving out a new destiny rather than servilely imitating old peoples and effete principles.

“The Temple,” says W. W. Phelps, “is erected from white limestone, wrought in a superior style; is one hundred and twenty-eight feet by eighty-three feet square, near sixty feet high; two stories in the clear, and two and a-half stories in the recesses over the arches; four tiers of windows, two gothic and two round. The two great stories will each have two pulpits, one at each end, to accommodate the Melchizedek and Aaronic priesthood, grading into four rising seats—the first for the president of the elders and his two counsellors, the third for the Melchizedek president and his two counsellors, and the fourth for the president of the whole church and his two counsellors. This highest seat is where the Scribes and Pharisees used to crowd in to Moses’ seat. The Aaronic pulpit at the other end is the same.

“The font in the basement story is for the baptism of the living for health, for remission of sin, and for the salvation of the dead, as was the case in Solomon’s temple, and all temples that God commands built. You know that I am no gentile, and, of course, do not believe that a monastery, cathedral, chapel, or meeting-house, erected by the notions and calculations of man, has any more sanction of God than any common house of Babylon.”

Colonel Kane, who visited Nauvoo in 1846, is

responsible for the second description, here inserted, of this same heathenish temple reared on American soil :

“They told me the story of the Dead City; that it had been a notable manufacturing and commercial mart, sheltering over 20,000 persons; that they had waged war with its inhabitants for several years, and had been finally successful only a few days before my visit, in an action fought in front of the ruined suburb; after which they had driven them forth at the point of the sword. . . . They also conducted me inside the massive sculptured walls of the curious Temple, in which they said the banished inhabitants were accustomed to celebrate the mystic rites of an unhallowed worship. They particularly pointed out to me certain features of the building, which, having been the peculiar objects of a superstitious regard, they had, as a matter of duty, sedulously defiled and defaced. The reputed sites of certain shrines they had thus particularly noticed; and various sheltered chambers, in one of which was a deep well, constructed, they believed, with a dreadful design. Beside these, they led me to see a large and deep chiseled marble vase or basin supported upon twelve oxen, also of marble, and of the size of life, of which they told romantic stories. They said the deluded persons, most of whom were emigrants from a

great distance, believed their Deity countenanced their reception here of a baptism of regeneration as proxies for whomsoever they held in warm affection in the countries from which they had come. That here parents went into the water for their lost children, children for their lost parents, widows for their spouses, and young persons for their lovers ; that thus the Great Vase came to be for them associated with all dear memories, and was therefore the object of all others in the building, to which they attached the greatest degree of idolatrous affection. On this account the victors had so diligently desecrated it as to render the apartment in which it was contained too noisome to abide in."

Scarcely less noisome was the sheltered chamber into which Jeddy had been so uncere-
moniously thrust.

CHAPTER V.

A MIRACLE.

Jeddy doubted not that some fearful punishment awaited him. His ears had long been filled with horrid tales of atrocities which only the brain of a "vile" gentile could conceive, only he carry out. Many a time his blood had fairly curdled in his veins at the telling by prophet, priest, or elder, of the dastardly Ohio outrages, of the fiendish Missouri massacre. The cold-blooded murder of their prophet and patriarch he was not sure gentiles alone had plotted and executed; but they had certainly connived with sneaking, corrupting, dissenting Mormons, and were as guilty, in Jeddy's estimation, as if they had actually committed the foul deed. Again, what untold miseries had not his beloved people endured from that ominous time till now? No tongue, however eloquent, no pen, however faithful, could begin to portray them. He rejoiced to believe that the measure of the iniquitous gentiles would soon be full, as the prophet had foretold, when they would be summarily cut off root and branch.

In the meantime he must appear before a gen-

tile tribunal. Oh, God ! what awful doom awaited him ? And Deborah—what would become of her ? She might die—he would never see her again. Ah ! if they could only have died together, have soothed one another when the last great change came. But she must die alone, while he would be horribly mutilated and left to a wretched lingering death in the noisome chamber, with its ominous well ! . . . Or, more horrible still, he would be neglected, forgotten, till, nearly starved and bereft of reason, he would take his life, and be counted a reprobate and suffer eternal torments in hell. Everlastingly he would be shut out of heaven, from Deborah—from all he loved ; everlastingly suffer torments with vile gentiles. He threw himself prone on his face and wept aloud in that dark, noisome place. Oh, what madness to disobey the elder's commands as he had done ! He tried to pray, but his anguish was too deep ; his lips could articulate no petition ; he was a doomed man.

There are limits beyond which human anguish may not pass. Crude, morbid, dyspeptic fancy may picture for humanity everlasting punishment, but what we know of nature and life will not sustain her. Intense suffering is in itself an anaesthetic ; it brings unconsciousness. In Jeddy's case quiescent stupor intervened to blunt the keen edge of his anguish ; still, he was not

bereft altogether of his senses. He knew when a soldier entered his room and what was wanted of him, though he found it difficult to rise and keep pace with his companion as that worthy hurried on into the presence of his commander.

Jeddy was in too forlorn a condition to give much heed to his surroundings or to the group of strange men who were busily discussing with their leader some matter of seeming importance. Indeed, he was but fairly conscious of one fact—that he was to be “handled” by “that fiend incarnate,” as the Mormons designated a certain gentile leader. He was sure now that he could hope for no mercy, that the most cruel fate that man could conceive and execute awaited him.

There was no formal trial, and it was plain from the beginning that the captain was master of all the details. When Jeddy and his attendant came before him, he simply nodded and said:

“Young man, I have just been investigating your case. Under the circumstances I shall only reprimand you for not applying for a permit to enter Nauvoo in lawful manner. You are, notwithstanding, to be commended for your devotion to one of Nauvoo’s loveliest daughters, and for your bravery in facing danger in these perilous times, when life is held cheap by both Mormon and gentile. Proceed now to the house of the late Mrs. Wilson and procure the ring her daugh-

ter constantly begs for. Your escort will attend you thither. You need fear nothing."

Jeddy seemed as one stunned. Indeed, for a few moments he felt incapable of moving so much as his eyes from the captain's face. His guide began to think that he had gone daft, and took hold of his arm, saying gently:

"You're in luck. Come, let's get the ring for that handsome sweetheart of yours."

With difficulty the young man turned about and followed his escort, wondering, as he did so, if that captain were really a gentile or had his eyes deceived him, or—ah! he had it now; God had wrought a miracle in his behalf. He had turned aside the wrath of the gentiles, as He had in times past turned aside the waters of the sea for the passage of His beloved people across it, as He had shut the lions' mouths in behalf of Daniel. God was working miracles for his latter-day saints as he had done for those in biblical times. Jedediah's spirits rose. As they pursued their way he broke forth into song, a familiar one that had cheered the hearts of the Mormons in many a time of distress and faint-heartedness;

"The Spirit of God like a fire is burning;
The latter-day glory begins to come forth;
The visions and blessings of old are returning,
The angels are coming to visit the earth.

We'll sing and we'll shout with the armies of heaven,
Hosannah, hosannah to God and the Lamb;
Let glory to them in the highest be given,
Henceforth and forever: Amen and Amen."

As Jeddy neared his former home the song died away on his lips and his countenance became overcast; but he walked to the front door with something of the old eagerness and hurried in. Once again he was within the portal of the dainty domicile where so many delightful days had passed; for it had been his home as well as Debby's for more than a year. This arrangement had been needful on account of Hannah's delicate health and the insecurity of the times. Every part of the house was perfectly familiar to him, and as dear as familiar. He longed to linger, it was so homelike. But in a moment he thought of Deborah and hurried to the old chest; after a short but desperate struggle with the rusty lock he threw up the cover and began searching for the golden circlet. The contents were in perfect order and pervaded by some delicate scent. All reminded him vividly of Hannah and Deborah. As he glanced over them he saw many dainty relics; doubtless each had a history. He wished he could carry to Deborah some of the things he knew she must prize; yet he must hasten—Debby might even now be breathing her last.

Without more ado he secured the coveted ring and an old-fashioned picture of her father, closed the chest, and left the dwelling.

It seemed an age to Jeddy before he could reach the river, and another age before he could be ferried over; the boat seemed scarcely to move. He longed to throw himself into the stream and swim ashore, but he reflected that the gentiles on board would be sure to suspect him guilty of some crime, and would accordingly capture him, or at least make it impossible for him to return at once to Deborah. There was nothing to do but wait. His impatience at length becoming unbearable, he finally turned to the ferryman and offered him every cent he had if he would but let him take the oars and try for more speed. The man declined with an oath, saying that no Mormon should handle anything of his. "They are a thieving, rascally, murderous set which the country does well to rid itself of, even if it has to shoot 'em down like wolves. No decent man can live in peace and security where these infernal Mormons settle. They are like the itch, the smallpox, the yellow fever, the cholera—just as ketchin' and loathsome and hard to get shet of."

Jeddy dared to make no reply to this tirade. The gentiles were masters of the situation, and he must keep his tongue and strong right arm

within bounds if he would again see Deborah alive.

But at last the Iowa bank was reached and with a great leap Jedediah sprang from the ferry-boat upon the same shore that held his bride. He took no notice of anything, but ran with long, swift strides toward a wagon in the distance, somewhat off by itself and partly concealed by shrubbery. When he had reached it he paused; all was perfectly still; not the faintest sound or slightest stir of life greeted the eye or ear. A few hundred yards away he saw two groups of people standing near an open grave. The men were busily engaged in filling it with earth, the women were weeping. A little farther away to the right two men were digging another grave. Oh, God! could it be that either of those graves had been dug for Debby? Jeddy knew that the people were anxious to hasten on, that their situation was an unhealthy as well as dangerous one, that many were sick and deaths frequent, and that, consequently, funeral obsequies were swiftly carried forward.

With a groan he drew aside the curtain of his wagon and looked cautiously in. Thank God! the form at least of his dear one was still there for him to caress. That was some comfort; but, alas! she was dead. Her beautiful hands were meekly folded on the chaste breast, a snowy hand-

kerchief was pinned underneath the well-moulded chin with its deep dimple, and coins held down the long-lashed lids. Ah! how beautiful even in death she seemed.

His mother sat near, lost in heavy slumber. "Poor mother!" he murmured as he turned again to gaze on his lost love. How beautiful she was! He wondered that heaven had not somehow managed to take her bodily away, that it could fain part the immaculate soul from so lovely a mate—the perfect body.

But only for a moment did he thus stand idly gazing; the next he had flung himself on his knees, had lain his heated face beside her cold cheek, and thrown an arm around the marble form of the maiden.

Was it the sorrow-stricken tones that pleaded so earnestly with Debby to return and not leave him alone, disconsolate and stricken, or was it the passionate embrace, the fond clasping and chafing of hands, or the agonizing prayer that caused that serene, statuesque form to gradually lose its rigidity and assume the hue of life, that recalled the soul from the gates of death to the vale called life? Who can tell? They who watched knew only that life had returned.

Jeddy's transport was now as great as his grief had been poignant; it was bliss to hold Debby's hand and know that she lived, to watch her slowly

but surely come into possession of fuller life. When speech was possible, she said:

“The ring, Jeddy; did you get the ring?”

For reply her lover drew it out of his pocket and laid it in her palm.

“Would you like to have me put it on your finger?” he asked, as he observed her make a trembling attempt.

A movement of the hand toward Jeddy was her reply.

The ring had fitted Hannah's forefinger when she wedded her brawny* husband. He was a man of stalwart frame. Debby was fashioned after her father, though not quite so tall for a woman as he for a man. The ring fitted her third finger, and after being duly wished on and kissed by her blissful lover was given to Deborah, who gazed at it meditatively. What *was* the promise which the ring was to put her in mind of? Ah—yes—she remembered; it was this:

“Promise me that you will do what *you* think is right, oh, my daughter,” were the last words her mother had spoken with such intense insistence ere she passed into the hereafter.

“Dearest, pray do not try to recall the promise until you are stronger. It will come of itself then,” urged the lover, as he playfully covered the ring with one hand while he laid the other over her eyes, urging, “Do rest, do rest.”

Deborah was only to glad to obey, and before long seemed to have been overtaken by healthful sleep. Relieved by this sign of returning health, Jeddy gave his attention to his mother.

"Poor overworked mother!" he said softly, as he arranged her in a more comfortable position. He continued: "I fear she too is ill, but when she rouses and sees Deborah restored by God's own hand she will quickly get strong; she will doubt God's guidance no longer, and will joyfully arise and go whithersoever He directs and the Twelve lead."

A slight noise behind the wagon caused Jeddy to look in that direction, when he observed the meagre form and wizened face of Elder Brown in the act of peering cautiously in. The elder seemed undecided what to do, probably because both women — the quick and the dead — had made things so warm for him in times past. True, Deborah had shown no positive dislike until she had become possessed of the seven devils. For the elder had declared the number to be seven as her malady approached its lively crisis. At first he spoke of but one evil spirit as having possession, but as she rapidly became more delirious he as rapidly augmented the number, until, when she felled him to the bottom of the wagon he was sure she had reached the utmost limit, that of the Magdalen record.

No sooner had Jeddy caught sight of this disturbing spirit than he clambered out of the wagon as fast as he could, lest the elder might re-enter and more trouble be brewed.

"How's your mother coming on?" asked the elder, as he turned the light of his small green eyes on Jeddy. Without waiting for a reply, he said: "They both be contrary-like and need the hand of the Lord placed heavy on 'em. You'd no sooner left last night than they both become unmanageable. I could do nothin' with 'em, and had to turn 'em over to the buffetin' of Satan. The big young woman filled chuck-full of devils afore they carri'd her off to damnation. She hollered awful. They came mighty near tearing her to pieces. It warn't safe to be nigh her. She laid me nearly out agin after you'd left, an' I tried to get the old woman to let me tie her up. But she wouldn't—acted as stubborn as a mule—said if all the Mormon wimmen would act that ar' way there wouldn't be so much rottenness in the Mormon Church, and we wouldn't have to be Ishmaelites with our hand agin everything as wuz decent, and every decent hand agin us. Some of the other wimmin poked their noses in askin' if they mightn't help. An' I told 'em as how the Lord was workin' his will, 'an to let Him alone. 'Let 'im do 'is will an' not hinder 'im,' says I. But I didn't kum to see you

about them wimmin; the Lord's attendin' to them, bless his holy name."

The elder, having reached this point in his monologue, turned his eyes heavenward, while he unctuously stroked a monstrous long and heavy beard, that would have put the patriarchs to shame had they been present to compete with this hairy modern. In color it was non-committal, being neither black, brown, red, nor yellow, but a sort of off color, like badly painted "antique" furniture. Aside from the ample beard, nature had apparently been ungenerous to the pious elder. Besides the small, green eyes set close together, there was only an apology for a nose, while his head, though high, was narrow, and his body was undersized.

"No," he continued, speaking in his usual nasal tones, "I called to tell ye as ye's wanted to jine thet Mormon battalion to go to the Mexican war."

"Who wants me?" brusquely demanded Jedediah, his eye flashing as he did so. He was in no mood just now to consider a long absence from Deborah and his mother.

"Why, what ails ye? I've niver heerd as ye'd turned coward. Indeed, I *have* heerd as how the prophet was going to promote ye for yer bravery and skill afore he was murdered by them poisonous reptiles. It's Brigham himself as has

told ye off to serve, and ye must be gettin' ready sharp. We'll see that the old woman is taken care of."

"I must have time to think the matter over. The young woman is not dead, as you suppose, but is very ill. My mother, too, is sick, and I do not see how I can leave them in their helpless condition."

Jedediah began to retrace his steps, the elder following him up, unwilling to return without an affirmative answer.

"Ye don't say as ye'd be thinking of disobeying the word of Brigham? It's the Lord's will, and it's easy enough to find them as will care for the wimmen when ye are gone, an' work enough for them as soon as they be able, I'll be bound. It's not so easy, though, to find young fellows as kin handle the rifle as ye can, and tramp over the high mountains, and wade through the hot deserts, and fight the Injins and wild beasts, and go without eatin' and drinkin' for long stretches of time, as ye'll be havin' to do when ye go to the Mexican war. Ye were cut out for hard work and plenty of it, as ye can see by measurin' yourself with other men. It's the young woman as is makin' a fool of ye. She'll make a coward of ye yet, I'll be bound."

"How dare you talk to me like that? If you were not such a wizened-up bit of skin and bones

I'd give you a good drubbing, and teach you better manners." With a menacing scowl Jedediah turned on his heel and sought his sick charges.

The somewhat dazed elder gazed after the young giant until he disappeared, when he walked away talking to himself after this fashion:

"Jedediah's awfully gone on that devil of a woman; but we'll see as ye've both the work as is proper for ye. I need just such a strong-made woman as the young un to tek care of Leah and the children, and look after my necessities, and Brigham will see to it that this young Samson doesn't spile himself with another Delilah. The devil's had the upper hand of the wimmen from the start, and they must be kept in their places with a heel of iron. The man that gives in to them is a fool and gets a fool's pay for his trouble, like Adam, an' Solomon, an' Samson, an' the rest on 'em. It's the Mormon religion as will put them in their proper place as soon as it has a fair show; teach 'em to mind the men as is put over them on account of their falling into sin so easy. Yes, they must be taught over again in this impudent age to mind, and multiply, and hold their tongues—yes, and their fists too." (Here the elder rubbed his breast in a meditative manner) "That young un liked to have knocked me silly the last time I visited her. She needs to have the devils taken

out of her, an' the word of the Lord expounded to her, and then she'll be as docile as a lamb, especially if we tell her she can't get to heaven without. The wimmen are all mighty afeard of going to hell, an' they'll put up with a mighty hot one here to make sure of getting shut of one beyond. But we must get him off first, and then it will be easy to teach the young un her dooty and her spere. The old un isn't worth meddlin' with."

CHAPTER VI.

A DEATHBED PROMISE.

“Why are the savage and the barbarian superseded in the race of life? Because they will not move forward, but cling to the ways of the past. So it is in civilized communities, they stagnate unless they move abreast with the progress of the times.”

A week has gone by. It is now the mother of Jedediah who is lying at the point of death, and she knows full well that this time death will not be cheated of his prey. Nor would she have it otherwise, for, like Hannah, she has drunk of life's degradation to the very dregs. Like Hannah again she has not the courage to turn her back on the dead past and move forward, but she will endeavor to give the young folks the right start before it is too late. She will warn them of the terrible pitfalls just ahead, ready to engulf the unwary, the innocent and ignorant, who by chance are travelling that way. Perhaps they will heed her words and turn back from following after this new “Moses,” who is no more like the old Moses than the new nation of America is like the old Egyptian despotism. The Jewish Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the ages, of progressive tendencies, while belong-

ing to people sunk in the most abject slavery and ground under the heel of a jealous despot. The new "Moses" is unlearned and unprogressive, and bent on leading his followers out from among a liberty-loving and liberty-acquiring people, into a terrible isolation, where, undisturbed, they can be led into many of the degrading superstitions and slaveries of the past.

And yet, when the time could no longer be deferred, it seemed too hard, too difficult a task for the dying woman. Deborah looked at her so innocent of any thought of harm to come; how could she empty into that pure, ardent soul sophistries leading to such pollution of body and usurpation of personal rights—and all in the name of religion? She tried twice to speak. She looked imploringly at both Debby and her boy, who were on either side of her, but only a groan came with each attempt. At length Deborah could bear the sight of the dying woman's anguish no longer. She rose from her seat and flinging her arms about her, covered the sunken cheek with mingled tears and kisses.

"You must not leave us," she cried. "What could we do without you? All the rest are gone. Surely God will not take our last dear one away. Jeddy, pray! pray! Does it not say in the Bible that the prayer of the righteous availeth much? and did you not save my life by prayer?"

"Na, na," the old woman protested, "ye maunna interfere; ye maunna meddle wi' the like o' this; death's coomin' aye nearer an' nearer; we'll be guid friends as soon as I've spoken my min'. Take your puir eyes away, bonny lass. There's something that lays heavy on my min' and would be got rid of afore I dee. Go into the sweet-smelling woods and pick me some wild flowers to lay on my troubled breast. Ye needna hurry back, for I have mony a word to speak to the lad afore death and I trot awa' together."

The young girl sobbingly arose, and, after a long, silent kiss and a look of unspeakable sorrow and tenderness had been given, departed on her errand. When she was out of hearing, the dying woman requested Jedediah to place her in a sitting posture, as she thought she might thus the better be able to give her parting warning. There was a fear in her breast that death might overtake her before it was delivered, as it had poor Hannah. She made haste to speak, yet spoke with deliberation, choosing for the most part good English words, such as Jedediah liked, rather than the more picturesque Scotch, such as she herself loved.

"Jeddy," she began, gazing mournfully at the great, manly-looking fellow whose sorrow-stricken face was close to her own, "it's my fault that ye are a Mormon, but it will not be my

fault if ye keep on bein' a Mormon, for I mean to tell ye the truth, God bein' my witness. When I joined them I believed it meant 'more good,' as the prophet said. I know better now; I know it means more evil, more of the devil they talk so much about; it means the bringing back of the old-time oppression, which the forwardest men have fought themselves out of; it means the degradation of the mothers and their sweet bairns."

"Oh, mother, I am sure you must be mistaken," broke in Jeddy, who was an ardent Mormon and believed with his whole soul the enormous claims made by the prophet, Joseph Smith. He had not been initiated into certain doctrines, secret as yet, though, having been brought up in the Mormon faith, it was quite possible that he would have accepted anything Joseph Smith or Brigham Young chose to teach, as had a multitude of others, older and more mature.

"No, I am not mistaken, my lad; it's an unclean and stultifying religion which ye should wash your hands of as quickly as ye ken. I canna bear to think of your going on with it and wrecking, not only your own independence and manliness of character, but the loving, beautiful hopes of the bonny lass who is trusting herself to your guidance. Ye are both fair to look upon and well disposed, an' it lays wi' ye to choose whether ye will advance wi' your

country to new and higher triumphs of liberty and well-being, or fall back with an ignorant priesthood into Old Testament oppression, and degradation, and bloodshed; whether ye will be intelligently led into new pastures of love and fraternity or be forced back into a wilderness of resurrected bygone slaveries, where ye canna think for yourself, and where the one-man power reigns supreme. And what will be your reward? To die in shame, like Hannah and me. For ye are too open and honest, wi' too much good sense, to always put up with their old rubbish."

The old woman paused, panting for breath—paused, too, in hopes that Jedediah would be convinced without further speech. She wished not to divulge any of the secret doctrines, for she had promised to keep them close with many a horrid oath. But he could only wring her hands and groan rather than cry out:

"How *can* I desert our people at this terrible time, when we are being driven forth like wild beasts, and know not which way to turn, even if I could bring myself to believe with you and Deborah's mother?"

"Ye could believe with Hannah and me if ye were a decent woman and were taught the secret doctrines. A religion that puts the mothers to shame is more of the black devil than of the pure God as reigns above. Ye thoct

it was the gentiles' lies and wickedness as is a-drivin' the Mormons about from place to place. That is fause; it isna that. It is the secret doctrines, and the bad practices, and the unholy haste to build up a kingdom as isna respectable, that has made us a stench in the land. An' when the apostles teks the Mormon people away to themsels, where there is naebody to find faut wi' them or hinder them in putting in practice their unholy ideas in buildin' up their kingdom, then will the men's liberty be lost as well as the women's. Min' ye that!—the fathers' as well as the mothers'. Right here in Nauvoo, where the Mormon leaders and people were welcomed after the Missouri troubles, and allowed to try again, they became so tyrannical in public matters and so indecent in private as it isna to be wondered at that once more we are homeless and adrift. But they made themselves homeless first. For the prophet and such as could bear 'strong meat'—min' ye what I say; I am dying, Jeddy, or I could nae speak it—practiced in secret—polygamy."

A stillness as of death succeeded the panting utterance of that terrorizing word. Jedediah had heard it several times of late when it had been hurled at him by a furious gentile. Yet never before had it been spoken by a Mormon in his presence, except in angry denial of there being

any truth in the stigma. After a terrible pause he burst out:

“Mother, mother, it cannot be true. Your mind is wandering. You do not know what you are saying.”

Having spoken these words he flung himself down on his knees beside her, threw an arm about the dying woman, and imploringly gazed into her eyes. He seemed to want to rouse her to a knowledge of what she had been saying (he imagined she was losing her senses), so that she might unsay her last words of fearful import. Deborah would be sure to ask him what they were, and would be influenced by them if he repeated them. He himself believed his mother to be out of her head; she surely would not talk so strangely about Mormonism if she were in full possession of her faculties.

Instead, however, of taking back her words, his mother reiterated her assertion that polygamy was practiced by the strong in secret, and would be practiced by all and openly when the Mormons got off by themselves; that the prophet had received a revelation from the Lord which made polygamy a part of their religion; and when it was politic to make it known and to enforce its practice, it would be done.

Having thus spoken, the old woman, with death fast falling upon her, urged,

“Promise me, Jeddy, that you will follow them no more. Ye maun promise quick! I—am—going—prom—ise—”

The last syllables were faint indeed, scarcely more than a whisper. But her eyes were fastened upon her boy's with a compelling gaze.

“Yes, mother,” he said, as he hastened to kiss the stiffening lips, “I promise, I promise.”

CHAPTER VII.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

The last sad rites attendant upon the death of his mother had scarcely been performed, when Jedediah was asked to meet one of the Twelve upon a very important matter, demanding immediate attention. Jedediah's strong frame and habitually vigorous and healthy aspect had begun to show the wear and tear of the last cruel months, more wearing by far than years of physical toil; and when the meager elder delivered this message, the young man's eyes filled with tears in spite of his effort to keep them back.

"Tschuch! tschuch! the likes of ye were made to fight. Ye're not afeard, are ye? But belike it's the fear that ye'll have to leave the young woman that makes your eyes fill with tears. Tears may help ye with the wimmen, but they'll not help ye a bit with the apostle. Besides, it's Brigham that's sent for ye in the greatest haste, and ye may as well make the best on't."

Jedediah turned away from the elder, sick at heart, and sorely puzzled how to act. He had promised his mother that he would follow the Mormons no more. Yet, whenever he tried to

picture himself as really leaving them, turning his back on them in their hour of greatest need, and returning to the despised gentiles, it seemed a thing too hard for him to do. On the other hand, his mother's fearful charges in regard to the secret doctrines of the Mormons, and the practise of them by their leaders, and her reiterated warnings and forebodings as to what the latter would do when unfettered by the gentiles, gave him perpetual uneasiness.

He had thought several times of making Deborah his confidante, as in times past — of talking it all over with her; of telling her all that his mother had told him, and getting her opinion of what was best to be done under the circumstances. But he shrank from pouring into her ear such a tale of imposture as his mother's story intimated. How her pure, open, upright nature would recoil at such a recital! Even if she did not believe it to be true, there could never be just the same feeling of childlike trust in Mormonism as a religion that meant more good for the human family, nor the same implicit belief in the leaders of the movement as being altogether God-led, instead of more or less passion-led like other fallible human beings. He would not for the world have her tortured by the thousand fears, and doubts, and blinding perplexities which had been his portion since his mother's death. Deborah was far from having

regained her health, and she needed such rest as could be procured during these troubled times.

This last was one of the main reasons for not acquainting Deborah with his mother's dying words. But a still stronger one was the fear that she might believe what his mother had said, common sense and honesty being notable traits in her character. In that case she would refuse to have anything more to do with Mormonism, or, at least, refuse to go where she would be walled in with it, as it were ; for already there were hints of seeking some isolated spot in the mountains, where they could build up the Lord's kingdom undisturbed by the infidel gentiles. No civilized woman would submit to the enforcement of polygamy, Jedediah argued, if she could escape it. And it was comparatively easy just now for Deborah to escape. They were not yet wedded, and they were still among the gentiles, to whom she could flee for protection. Even supposing he could not make up his mind whether his mother's dying utterances were true or not, Deborah might believe them to his undoing, and he must then give up either Deborah or Mormonism. A cruel alternative !

At this point in his cogitations, one of the Twelve stepped up and laid a hand affectionately on his arm. The day was hot and sultry, and the camp was in a despairing condition, for a low type of fever was prevailing, and every one had

hands and heart full attending to the sick and dying. It was, therefore, occasion for surprise to find the one remaining apostle in the camp following along leisurely by his side. For a few moments neither of them spoke other than to pass a commonplace greeting. They simply walked along by the riverside, watching meditatively the stream flowing so blithely and gay, perhaps dimly wondering that it could do this in the midst of so much suffering, bitterness, and destitution. At length the apostle said :

“My stricken son, dost thou not know that we must imitate the example of the river, that we, too, must be moving swiftly on without more loss of time? And thou in particular, Jedediah ; for Brigham, knowing well thy great physical prowess, has sent for thee to join the battalion to be sent to Mexico. It is a bitter thing to be obliged to part with the flower of our men when we need them to help cut a way through the vast wilderness which lies before our faces ere we reach that land where we are to rear Zion. But our need of money to procure outfitting stores is yet greater, and it is accordingly thought best by Brigham to send the battalion. There will be forty dollars bounty money for each soldier, and, as most of the men have agreed to place this money in the hands of Brigham to be used for their families, and for the purchasing of stores for the great journey, it will

be a godsend at this crisis. You will doubtless be willing to do as the rest have signified their intention of doing, since you are on the eve of marriage with Deborah Wilson. The outfitting arrangements can be bought at St. Louis at greatly reduced rates. Your bride shall be cared for as a dear daughter of Zion. The time is short for your reflection on this matter. You should set out on the morrow, and you will likely reach California, and from thence find your way to the mountain fastness where the new and everlasting Zion is to be built, much sooner than the main body of saints, among whom will be so many weak and helpless ones who will retard our progress, as was the case with Moses and the children of Israel."

It seemed impossible for Jedediah to make any sort of reply. Involuntarily both stopped in their walk. Jedediah, too perplexed to look up, began awkwardly to kick the sand from his partly embedded foot. At length, however, after a painful pause, he said :

"Certainly I will pay my bounty money into the hands of our president if I conclude to go."

"Explain yourself, my son. Surely the many persecutions which thus far have been our portion among the ungoldly gentiles have not weakened thy faith ; nor can I believe that the terrors of a journey through an unknown country, to take part in what may prove a bloody war, will dismay one

of thy well-known courage and dogged perseverance. You have the name of being insensible to fear. I little thought that you would be one who would hesitate at this crisis, when our people are fainting on every side, and every strong man is needed at the front and to the rescue."

There was another painful pause. Nothing was to be heard but the song of the river as it hurried by. All else in that lonely spot beside the Mississippi seemed to await the reply of the perplexed young man, who was vainly questioning himself as to whether or not he should divulge his mother's last words and the promise given. Presently the apostle continued :

"It cannot be true — what Elder Brown was telling me no longer ago than this morning — that your sweetheart is holding you back from your duty. Yet many men since the time of Adam have disobeyed the voice of God at woman's behest. Yield not to that weakness, my son. As I said a little while ago, we will see to it that the young woman is well taken care of; and thy wedded bliss will be all the more blessed after thou hast done a brave bit of work for the Lord."

"It is not Deborah who is holding me back," hastily interposed Jedediah. He could not bear to have the slightest imputation of wrongdoing attributed to his dear love.

"Who or what is holding thee back, then?"

Another pause, with Jeddy's tongue tied as before. It was now the turn of the apostle to show embarrassment and speak hesitatingly.

"My son, if you are being influenced in your conduct by base insinuations flung at us by the infidel gentiles, I would refer you to refutations which I have taken the pains to obtain for such as appeared to be unsound in the faith."

Jedediah winced as the last words fell on his ear, for he had always prided himself on being a staunch supporter of Mormonism, and for this had endured many insults at the hands of incensed gentiles. But he took the papers which the apostle handed to him, and forebore any reproach in return.

"I will leave you now," pursued the apostle, "and I would urge you to hesitate no longer, lest it be with you as with Balaam, to whom God said, 'Thou shalt not go with them; thou shalt not curse the people, for they are blessed.'"

The apostle having departed, Jeddy sought the shade of a neighboring thicket, and, tossing himself down, began to examine the contents of the documents handed to him by the devout disciple of the dead prophet. The first one he examined read:

"We are charged with advocating a plurality of wives and common property. Now, this is as false as the many other ridiculous charges brought

against us. No sect has a *greater reverence for the laws of matrimony* or the rights of private property; and we do what others do not: we practise what we preach."

The tenor of another paper was this :

"As we have lately been credibly informed that an elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, by the name of Hyrum Brown, has been preaching polygamy and other false and corrupt doctrines in the county of Lapeer, State of Michigan, this is to notify him, and the church in general, that *he has been cut off from the church for his iniquity*; and that he is further notified to appear at the special conference on the sixth of April next, to make answer to these charges.

[Signed] "JOSEPH SMITH AND HYRUM SMITH,
"Presidents of said Church."

Still another paper read as follows :

"To the brethren of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, living on China Creek, in Hancock County, Greeting: Whereas Brother Richard Hewett has called on me to-day to know my views concerning some doctrines that are preached in your place, and states to me that some of your elders say, that a man having a certain

priesthood may have as many wives as he pleases, and that doctrine is taught here, I say unto you, that the man teaches false doctrine, for there is no such doctrine taught here, neither is there any such *thing practised here.*"

The paper, however, which really convinced Jedediah that his mother had labored under a misapprehension in regard to the plural-wife doctrine was signed "Old Man in Israel," and had been published, so it appeared, though Jeddy had not so much as heard of it, in *The Times and Seasons*, the Mormon paper of Nauvoo. The Old Man in Israel spoke in this wise :

"The laws of the land and the rules of the Church do not allow any man to have more than one wife alive at once ; but if any man's wife die, he has the right to marry another, and be sealed to both for eternity — to the living and the dead ! There is no law of man or God against it. *This is all the spiritual-wife system* that was ever tolerated in the Church, and they know it."

Jedediah now felt that he understood perfectly how his mother had come to be mistaken about her polygamic notions. She had somehow got it into her head that a man could be sealed to two living wives, whereas the Mormon polygamy only

intended that he might be sealed, if he desired, to the one who was dead and the living wife. That was all right, thought Jeddy, provided a man found it necessary to marry again upon the loss of his first wife — a thing he would never do, not if Deborah should die immediately upon the consummation of the marriage ceremony. Nobody could or should occupy her place, either in his affections or as the companion of this present life.

Jedediah got up and retraced his steps, with the feeling that he was absolved from his promise to his dead mother, since she had evidently been mistaken about polygamy being practised secretly among the Mormon leaders. He would take Deborah to the meeting underneath the big oak, and be married without delay. He would join the battalion; and when he returned, they would be happy ever afterward. Well, no, he would not acquaint Deborah in regard to his fright about the plural-wife system, since there was nothing in it. It might worry her, not being accustomed to examine documents with the impartiality of a man. Besides, she needed every particle of strength and fortitude she could muster for the long, fearful journey through the wilderness to the new Zion "hid up" for the saints from the foundation of the world.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEW PROMISED LAND.

"All through Mormonism there is a constant effort to imitate something Hebraic. Nothing can be done without some allusion to Biblical history." — *T. B. II. Stenhouse.*

"Our sickness is an overdose of Bible." — *Old Mormon Lady.*

It was a heavy-hearted couple who were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony by rise of sun the next day, after the meeting under the big oak, in order that Jeddy might swiftly join the battalion, already *en route* for Fort Leavenworth. Doubtless it was the least of their troubles that there was no joyous peal of wedding bells, no glistening raiment, no lavish display of flowers, no fine-phrased congratulations in some pleasant home or beloved church — indeed, nothing at all but a rude tent, plain clothes, a clumsily spoken marriage ceremony, together with a prayer that set Deborah's teeth on edge and more than once brought the color to her cheeks, but presently left them as pale as before. The only redeeming part of this sad business, after the quick, loving kiss of the bridegroom at the close of the ceremony, was the motherly clasp of poor Leah's hand as she wished the bride, timidly, "a happy

life." It was strange that she wept as she spoke the words ; but Deborah thought little of that, as it was a general time of mourning with the Mormons, and no one knew what fresh disaster awaited each new-born day.

It was hard, so hard, that their cup of happiness must be snatched away when they had scarcely tasted it. Yet, after all, the fact of separation for a year from each other was not the greatest cause of unhappiness to Jeddy as he looked these last moments into the sweet, true eyes of his bride. Ah ! how he wished now that he had been perfectly straightforward with Debby — had told her all ; but it was too late. Everything was in readiness for his departure. In a moment he must be gone. Therefore there was something akin to despair in his air and manner in those last parting embraces.

"Debby, wife," he exclaimed, "*ought* I to go? Are you well enough? You look so pale — you will die — speak !"

Turning her steadfast and affectionate glance upon him, she answered :

"I am not ill. If I look pale, it is only because of a dream of blood last night, which left me cold and affrighted. But dreams are only dreams ; they count for nothing these days. You will return to me covered with glory, and I shall crown you not only with the leaves of the sturdy oak,

but with rare blossoms as well." She smiled as she said this, the old girlish smile he had known since he could remember.

"But, Debby," he pleaded, as he caught both her hands in his and held them fast, "promise me that you will not easily believe me dead, and that you will not fail to come with the Mormons to the mountain fastness of refuge, the Zion that is to be."

"Why, that is a strange double promise you require of me. Of what are you thinking?" asked Deborah.

"I have not time to lay bare my thoughts to you — would that I could! But you will promise me what I ask, because you love me and believe in me."

"Yes, indeed, Jeddy! I know you well, and love you well, and I give you my promise *not* to easily believe you dead, and to come to meet you in our mountain place of refuge."

Jeddy said no more, only took his bride in his arms and held her so close that she could scarcely breathe, then stooped and kissed her, sped through the open tent door, and was gone!

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On the morrow after Jedediah's departure, the company of Mormons, with Deborah among them, began their journey westward. Owing to the low state of health and poor equipment of many

of those in this train of latter-day saints, and to the fierce midsummer sun, but slow progress was made across Iowa's prairies, and the nights were frosty and nipping by the time winter quarters were reached.

This temporary abode comprised about seven hundred log huts and dug-outs, in the midst of which was located the Tabernacle of the Congregation, where the people gathered for worship and instruction. The city had sprung into being as by magic, having been constructed by the saints who had left Nauvoo but a few months previous, and who, together with those which came afterwards, were making ready for the inevitable halt of a year or more, before it would be feasible for the main body of "the Camp of Israel" to go forward to the "Land of Promise."

In midwinter came "the word of the Lord concerning the Camp of Israel in their journeying to the West," by the mouth of Brigham Young, the new prophet, who had lately been installed as leader of the latter-day saints in place of Joseph Smith. These words, as transcribed by his secretary, read as follows :

"Let all the people of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and those who journey with them, be organized into companies, with a covenant and a promise to keep all the command-

ments and statutes of the Lord our God. Let the companies be organized with captains of hundreds, and captains of fifties, and captains of tens, with a president and counsellor at their head, under direction of the Twelve Apostles; and this shall be our covenant, that we will walk in all the ordinances of the Lord.

“Let each company provide itself with all the teams, wagons, provisions, and all other necessities for the journey, that they can. When the companies are organized, let them go to Zion with all their might, to prepare for those who are to tarry. Let each company, with their captains and presidents, decide how many can go next spring; then choose out a sufficient number of able-bodied and expert men to take teams, seed, and farming utensils, to go as pioneers to prepare for putting in the spring crops. Let each company bear an equal proportion, according to the dividend of their property, in taking the poor, the widows, and the fatherless, and the families of those who have gone with the army, that the cries of the widow and the fatherless come not up into the ears of the Lord against His people.

“Let each company prepare houses and fields for raising grain for those who are to remain behind this season; and this is the will of the Lord concerning this people.

“Let every man use all his influence and prop-

erty to remove this people to the place where the Lord shall locate a stake of Zion; and if ye do this with a pure heart, with all faithfulness, ye shall be blessed in your flocks, and in your herds, and in your fields, and in your houses, and in your families. . . .

“Seek ye, and keep all your pledges one with another, and covet not that which is thy brother’s. Keep yourselves from evil; take not the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for I am the Lord your God, even the God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob. I am He who led the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt, and my arm is stretched out in the last days to save my people Israel. . . .

“Have I not delivered you from your enemies only in that I have left a witness of my name? Now, therefore, hearken! Oh, ye people of my Church, and ye Elders, listen together. You have received my kingdom: Be diligent in keeping all my commandments, lest judgment come upon you, and your faith fail you, and your enemies triumph over you. Amen, and amen.”

The Mormons were delighted with this revelation, and more than ever convinced of their being the new, peculiar people whom the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob would be pleased to honor; leading them forth to a land which, for their

sakes, would flow with milk and honey. They accordingly proceeded to carry out the injunctions of the revelation, at the same time diligently conning the precepts and doings of the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in order that they might understand and do his will and be blessed "in their flocks, and in their herds, and in their fields, and in their houses, and in their families," and triumph over their enemies, the gentiles.

Though Joseph had been granted a "whispering revelation" that their destiny lay in the Rocky Mountains, and Brigham Young had a vision in connection with the Salt Lake region, the exact locality had not been vouchsafed. It was therefore needful to fit out a pioneer band, who should go ahead and spy out the land and make ready for the coming hosts of Israel.

This band, numbering one hundred and forty-three picked men, three women, and two children, with seventy wagons, drawn by horses and oxen, left the Missouri river for the Rocky Mountains in April, 1847, organized as per revelation, and under the leadership of Brigham Young. This latter-day Moses had some characteristics in common with the Jewish Moses. Both had an immense *working* faith and were sure that God was directing them, hence infallible in their judgments; both possessed indomitable perseverance and great executive ability; both were born leaders

of men at a certain stage of development, were excellent disciplinarians, and quite ready, when opportunity offered, to visit punishment upon their enemies in the name of the Lord. As to culture, the Jewish lawgiver had the advantage of the latter-day saint, having been bred in a palace and dowered with a princely education. Brigham, on the contrary, was reared in poverty and spent but eleven days and a half in the village school. Probably, being born in the free, generous land of America, he could have secured a better education had he so desired. But his mind was set mainly to the acquisition of knowledge concerning the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the uplifting of Zion.

Neither of these men attained to the height of their ambition. The first was not permitted to so much as enter his promised land; while the other, though permitted to enter in and possess it for many years, yet died in sorrow and anguish of spirit from not having been able to triumph over his enemies, the gentiles, and make the new Zion the millennial center of the world.

The pioneers were extraordinarily successful in their journey to the latter-day promised land, meeting with no gentile enemies whatever, with nothing indeed more formidable than some Indians, whom Joseph Smith had prophesied should become, under the teachings of the saints, a "fair

and delightful people." These occasionally sallied out, but, as the saints received them in half-moon phalanx, they were easily persuaded to accept presents in lieu of bullets, and after a short "pow-wow" the saints were allowed to go on their way to the promised land.

This long-desired spot was safely reached on the morning of July 24, 1847, when arose the exultant cry, "The Land of Promise! The Land of Promise! held in reserve by the hand of God for the resting-place of His saints."

It was with ecstasies of joy that they first gazed upon the beautiful scenery of Salt Lake Valley. In the distance gleamed the burnished surface of the Great Salt Lake. In every direction loomed majestic snow-capped mountains keeping watch over the new Israel that was to be. The valley unrolled at the feet of these sturdy sentinels was truly beautiful. Indeed, it was an ideal scene of loveliness which greeted the eyes of the weary saints as they emerged from the cañon after their weary journey of eleven hundred miles over unmade roads.

Notwithstanding Brigham was ill when the poetical scene burst upon their vision, he was not too ill to assure the saints that they had at length reached the "Zion of the mountains that had been the theme of ancient prediction."

The next step was naturally that of consecra-

tion of the new Zion to the Lord and the selection of the tabernacle block. Following duly upon this came the preparation of the ground for the crops upon which so much depended, no miracles as yet having taken place to feed the chosen people from time to time. Neither was rain anticipated at this season of the year, and a portion of the saints began to construct a dam to secure irrigation for the thirsty soil. What, therefore, was their surprise to witness the thunderstorm of July 24, which made them realize the prompt coming of the Lord to the assistance of "modern Israel."

Tradition avers that Brigham ascended a high mountain which overlooks the entire valley, when an angel appeared to him and made important revelations, and "traced the laying out of the temple block." Accordingly, on the twenty-eighth, this block, so auspiciously designated, was laid out, and embraced forty acres. The city of Salt Lake, including a two-mile square, was next outlined. The streets were traced toward the cardinal points of the compass, eight rods wide, with twenty feet of sidewalk. It was revealed to the saints in some way that their houses should be placed in the center of their lots, twenty feet from the front line, and that shade trees should be planted in all the streets.

It was next in order for the saints, pioneers,

and such members of the battalion as had returned from the Mexican War, to choose their inheritances in the new Zion. Most of the party then returned whence they came, to prepare and lead the hosts of Israel to the new promised land.

CHAPTER IX.

“CELESTIAL MARRIAGE.”

“O queen, awake to thy renown,
Require what 'tis man's wealth to give,
And comprehend and wear the crown
Of thy divine prerogative ;
For lofty honors undersold,
Seller and buyer both disgrace ;
And favor that makes folly bold
Puts out the light in virtue's face.”

The return to winter quarters at Florence, Neb., of members of the pioneer band and battalion company was the cause of great rejoicing among the saints. Israel was eager to be delivered out of the land of the gentiles, and the new Egyptians, unlike the old, were anxious to have them depart. The continual clashing of the ancient order, as adopted by the followers of Joseph Smith, and the new, on American soil, had brought many disasters in its train, not the least of which was the terrible mortality everywhere prevalent in the ranks of the Mormons, *not* of the gentiles, as in that other contention between a peculiar people and godless heathen in which the first-born of the latter fell a prey.

In the Mormon graveyard at Florence alone were made in a short time seven hundred graves,

of which two hundred were those of children. Indeed, the ranks of the Mormons had been decimated with fearful rapidity, not only by maladies of various kinds, such as fevers, inflammatory diseases, and cholera, but also by the desertion of multitudes of "apostates." Semi-starvation, too, kept step with them daily, every head of a family being obliged to issue rations, of which the children received as their portion, each, one biscuit per day, and all the sago roots they could dig.

Very welcome, under the circumstances, was the news, brought by Brigham Young and his company, of the new land of promise toward which all were to journey as soon as the final preparations could be made and the weather would permit.

Doubtless, of all the happy ones, none was more deservedly so than Deborah, who had for months been an angel of tenderness and help to so many of the sick and dying. But her happiness, though of the keenest while it lasted, was of short duration. Jedediah was not among the battalion men who had returned; moreover, word was brought her from Brigham to meet him at an early hour on the morrow, as he had news of importance to deliver to her.

"It must be about Jeddy," was Deborah's thought as the messenger left her. She was sitting by the bedside of Leah, the sickly wife of

Elder Brown, and had been reading to her out of the New Testament.

Poor Leah could not endure the old portion of the Bible, which, she fancied, had so much to say of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and she particularly despised every verse and chapter which related the marital arrangements of various former-day polygamists, especially those of Jacob, her own name being the same as that of his unloved wife. Strange to say, these were the very portions of scripture held in special favor by her husband, who read them to her on all possible occasions, not only at family prayers, but during those times "when the hand of the Lord was laid heavy on Leah," until, through much brooding of their import, and consequent weeping, her own once magnificent eyes had become sore, like those of the Jewish Leah. A sad pity, for quite glorious had they been with their midnight beauty in the time of their dewy freshness, partly veiled by the long black eyelashes. Alas! the lids were red with disease now, the black lashes scant, and the eyes themselves shrunken and faded with grief and illness. Shrunken, too, was the once well-filled olive cheek; and the great masses of dark hair were threaded with silver.

Her husband had loved her when she had been the embodiment of a rare type of Jewish beauty, and her smile bright like the morning. That

time, however, was long past ; and since then many bitter disappointments had been theirs, not only those common to the Mormons, but private and personal sorrows besides. One in particular, which came with the birth of every new child, seemed too full of disappointment for the pious elder. He had counted on repeating Jacob's luck in having his quiver full of *boys*, and had even planned to give them the very names of the sons of that worthy patriarch ; but, alas ! only girls had been his portion so far, and he was in despair that "the hand of the Lord was laid so heavy on Leah." True, he had won his point in having them bear the names of women in sympathy with polygamy, and who for the most part practised it. The little girls were called Leah, Rachel, Sarah, Abigail, Hannah, Michal, and Miriam.

The reading was not resumed after the messenger had departed, Deborah feeling too ill with apprehension to be able to go on. The intervening hours, would they never pass ? The suspense was scarcely endurable, and the night watches were spent in agonizing prayer for strength and guidance on the morrow, which she felt would be a terrible crisis in her life. Coming events in her case had cast their shadows before. She shrank from the ordeal, though she was eager to know the worst.

Very pale was her face the next morning ; and her heavily fringed blue eyes looked unspeakably

sad as she raised them upon meeting Brigham at the door of the tithing house, and was conducted by him within to a room labeled "Private." It was then occupied by two elders and an apostle, who, after greeting Deborah, took their leave.

It has been said that Brigham Young at the age of seventy-three might "almost be called a handsome man." At forty-six he must have looked still better. He was of medium height, well built, upright, with light, sandy hair, and eyes to match. The expression of his countenance was thought by many to be pleasant and manly. Some imagined they detected evidences of selfishness and cruelty in the stern lines about his mouth, not so stern at this period of his life as later on. As he met Deborah, he was in the enjoyment of restored health, and was the acknowledged head of the Mormon church and people, whose commands no man or woman who believed the faith he upheld dared gainsay.

He accosted Deborah with the utmost sympathy expressed in his usually unsympathetic countenance, for he had known her since she was a little child, and esteemed her highly.

"Dear sister," he began, after having grasped her hand with eagerness and warmth, "I see by your countenance that you have partly guessed the object of our meeting this morning. Yet, be not unduly cast down. Your husband has met

the fate of a gallant soldier, and, what is better, was a faithful Mormon to the last. I will have one of the battalion men give you such details of his life, after he left you, as he can call to mind. I hope you will be able to say, with the fortitude common to our people, 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord'."

Brigham paused, expecting some reply. Deborah, however, sat perfectly still and mute, with tense and blanched countenance, while occasionally a big tear rolled down her cheeks. As Brigham was a man of acts rather than words, he at once drew up his chair to Deborah's, and took one of her hands in his. It did not occur to her to resist his action, for she was so fully possessed by her loss as to be scarcely aware of what he had done. Emboldened by her passivity, and perhaps unduly wrought upon by the peculiar circumstances of the hour, he began to speak in a pleading manner:

"Deborah, have you read about that other Deborah, the Hebrew prophetess, who lived in the time of the Judges, and dwelt on Mount Ephraim?"

Deborah showed some signs of interest, and Brigham continued:

"Her land and people, like ours, were suffering from the oppressive yoke of the Canaanites, under which it had groaned for the space of twenty years. The Lord does not often have dealings with a

woman, on account of the frailty of the sex. It is because of this weakness of the woman that God saw fit to put her in subjection to man at the very start. But, my dear sister, your mother thought peradventure that God might show you favor, as He had shown favor to the Jewish prophetess. He has certainly made you strong and beautiful. Do you not believe that He intended you to be the handmaid of a latter-day Barak, so to speak, and inspire him to deeds of valor, so that he might, like that heroic Jewish leader, free our people from the oppressive yoke of the ungodly gentiles, or at least lead them forth into the land prepared for them from the foundations of the world?"

Brigham was still further encouraged to go on, since Deborah's tears had ceased to flow, and she seemed to be giving close attention.

"Doubtless your mother, whom we reckoned as able to bear strong meat, has told you that our prophet, Joseph Smith, had a revelation concerning celestial marriage among the latter-day saints; that is, as it was in the days of Abraham, so shall it be in these last days; and whosoever are the first willing to take up this cross will receive the greatest blessings and be exalted the highest. To convince you of the truth of what I say, I will read you an accurate copy of the revelation of God to Joseph Smith in regard to celestial marriage."

As Brigham began fumbling in his pocket for

the desired document, Deborah revealed the fact that some whispers, at least, of this dreadful plural-wife system had reached her ears since her husband had left her for Mexico, for she asked :

“Is it still in existence? I was told that the prophet’s wife had destroyed it.”

Brigham at once warmed to the subject, and said in his emphatic way :

“Yes, Emma took that revelation, supposing she had all there was, but Joseph had wisdom enough to take care of it, for he first handed it to Bishop Whitney, who wrote it off. After Joseph had been to Bishop Whitney’s, he went home, and Emma began teasing for the revelation. Said she: ‘Joseph, you promised me that revelation, and if you are a man of your word, you will give it to me.’ Joseph took it from his pocket and said, ‘Take it.’ She went to the fireplace and put it in, and put the candle under it and burnt it; and she thought that was the end of it, and she will be damned as sure as she is a living woman. The revelation is a lengthy document, but as I am well acquainted with it, I can soon read it to you. The other copy of it having perished at the hands of a woman, we dare not trust this one into the hands of the women until we have had it published, which we shall proceed to do when we are out of the land of the ungodly gentile and secure in our new Zion.”

Brigham read :

“CELESTIAL MARRIAGE.

“A Revelation on the Patriarchal Order of Marriage, or Plurality of Wives, Given to Joseph Smith, the Seer, in Nauvoo, July 12, 1843.

“1. Verily, thus saith the Lord unto you, my servant Joseph, that inasmuch as you have inquired of my hand, to know and understand wherein I, the Lord, justified my servants Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as also Moses, David, and Solomon, my servants, as touching the principles and doctrine of their having many wives and concubines : Behold ! and lo ! I am the Lord thy God, and will answer thee as touching this matter. Therefore, prepare thy heart to receive and obey instructions which I am about to give you ; for all those who have this law revealed unto them must obey the same ; for, behold ! I reveal unto you a new and everlasting covenant, and if ye obey not that covenant, then are ye damned ; for no one can reject this covenant and be permitted to enter into my glory ; for all who will have a blessing at my hands shall abide the law which was appointed for that blessing, and the conditions thereof, as instituted from the foundations of the world ; and as pertaining to the new and everlasting covenant, it was instituted for the fulness of

my glory; and he that receiveth a fulness thereof must and shall abide the law, or he shall be damned, saith the Lord God.

“2. And, verily, I say unto you that the conditions of this law are these: All covenants, contracts, bonds, obligations, oaths, vows, performances, connections, associations, or expectations that are not made and entered into and sealed by the Holy Spirit of Promise, of him who is anointed, both as well for time as for all eternity, and that, too, most holy, by revelation and commandment, through the medium of mine anointed, whom I appointed on the earth to hold this power (and I have appointed unto my servant Joseph to hold this power in the last days, and there is never but one on the earth at a time on whom this power and the keys of this priesthood are conferred), are of no efficacy, virtue, or force in and after the resurrection from the dead; for all contracts that are not made unto this end have an end when men are dead.

“3. Behold! mine house is a house of order, saith the Lord God, and not a house of confusion. Will I accept of an offering, saith the Lord, that is not made in my name? Or will I receive at your hands that which I have not appointed? And will I appoint unto you, saith the Lord, except it be by law, even as I and my Father ordained unto you before the world was? I am

the Lord thy God, and I give unto you this commandment, that no man shall come unto the Father but by me, or by my word, which is my law, saith the Lord; and everything that is in the world, whether it be ordained of men, by thrones, or principalities, or powers, or things of name, whatsoever they may be, that are not by me, or by my word, saith the Lord, shall be thrown down, and shall not remain after men are dead, neither in nor after the resurrection, saith the Lord your God; for whatsoever things remaineth are by me, and whatsoever things are not by me shall be shaken and destroyed.

“4. Therefore, if a man marry him a wife in the world, and he marry her not by me, nor by my word, and he covenant with her so long as he is in the world, and she with him, their covenant and marriage is not of force when they are dead, and when they are out of the world; therefore, they are not bound by any law when they are out of the world; therefore, when they are out of the world they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are appointed angels in heaven; which angels are ministering servants, to minister for those who are worthy of a far more, and an exceeding and eternal weight of glory; for these angels did not abide my law, therefore they cannot be enlarged, but remain separately and singly, without exaltation in their saved condition, to all

eternity, and from henceforth are not gods, but are angels of God forever and ever.

“5. And again, verily, I say unto you, if a man marry a wife, and make a covenant with her for time and for all eternity, if that covenant is not by me or by my word, which is my law, and is not sealed by the Holy Spirit of Promise, through him whom I have anointed and appointed unto this power, then it is not valid, neither of force when they are out of the world, because they are not joined by me, saith the Lord God, neither by my word; when they are out of the world, it cannot be received there, because the angels and the gods are appointed there, by whom they cannot pass; they cannot, therefore, inherit my glory, for my house is a house of order, saith the Lord God.

“6. And again, verily, I say unto you, if a man marry a wife by my word, which is my law, and by the new and everlasting covenant, and it is sealed unto them by the Holy Spirit of Promise, by him who is anointed, unto whom I have appointed this power, and the keys of this priesthood, and it shall be said unto them, ye shall come forth in the first resurrection; and if it be after the first resurrection, in the next resurrection, and shall inherit thrones, kingdoms, principalities, and powers of dominions, all heights, and depths, then shall it be written in the Lamb's Book of Life,

that he shall commit no murder whereby to shed innocent blood ; and if ye abide in my covenant, and commit no murder, whereby to shed innocent blood, it shall be done unto them in all things whatsoever my servant hath put upon them, in time and through all eternity, and shall be of full force when they are out of the world ; and they shall pass by the angels, and the gods, which are set there, to their exaltation and glory in all things, as hath been sealed upon their heads, which glory shall be a fulness and a continuation of the seeds for ever and ever.

“7. Then shall they be gods, because they have no end ; therefore shall they be from everlasting to everlasting, because they continue ; then shall they be above all, because all things are subject unto them. Then shall they be gods, because they have all power, and the angels are subject unto them.

“8. Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye abide in my law, ye cannot attain to this glory ; for strait is the gate, and narrow the way that leadeth unto the exaltation and continuation of the lives, and few there be that find it, because ye receive me not in the world, neither do ye know me. But if ye receive me in the world, then shall ye know me, and shall receive your exaltation, that where I am, there shall ye be also. This is eternal life, to know the only wise and true

God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. I am He. Receive ye therefore my law. Broad is the gate and wide the way that leadeth to death, and many there are that go in thereat, because they receive me not, neither do they abide in my law.

“9. Verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man marry a wife according to my word, and they are sealed by the Holy Ghost of Promise, according to mine appointment, and he or she shall commit any sin or transgression of the new and everlasting covenant whatever, and all manner of blasphemies, and if they commit no murder, wherein they shed innocent blood, yet come forth in the first resurrection, and enter into their exaltation; but they shall be destroyed in the flesh, and shall be delivered unto the buffetings of Satan unto the day of redemption, saith the Lord God.

“10. The blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, which shall not be forgiven in the world, nor out of the world, is in that ye commit murder, wherein ye shed innocent blood, and assent unto my death, after ye have received my new and everlasting covenant, saith the Lord God; and he that abideth not this law can in no wise enter into my glory, but shall be damned, saith the Lord.

“11. I am the Lord thy God, and will give unto thee the law of my holy priesthood, as was ordained by me and my Father before the world was. Abraham received all things, whatsoever

he received, by revelation and commandment, by my word, saith the Lord, and hath entered into his exaltation, and sitteth upon his throne.

“12. Abraham received promises concerning his seed, and of the fruit of his loins — from whose loins ye are, namely, my servant Joseph — which were to continue so long as they were in the world; and as touching Abraham and his seed, out of the world, they shall continue; both in the world and out of the world should they continue as innumerable as the stars; or if ye were to count the sand of the seashore, ye could not number them. This promise is yours also, because ye are of Abraham, and the promise was made unto Abraham; and by this law is the continuation of the works of my Father, wherein he glorifieth himself. Go ye, therefore, and do the works of Abraham; enter ye into my law, or ye cannot receive the promises of my Father, which He made unto Abraham.

“13. God commanded Abraham, and Sarah gave Hagar to Abraham to wife. And why did she do it? Because this was the law, and from Hagar sprang many people. This, therefore, was fulfilling, among other things, the promises. Was Abraham, therefore, under condemnation? Verily, I say unto you, Nay; for I, the Lord, commanded it. Abraham was commanded to offer his son Isaac; nevertheless, it was written, Thou shalt

not kill. Abraham, however, did not refuse, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness.

“14. Abraham received concubines, and they bare him children, because they were given unto him, and he abode in my law; as Isaac, also, and Jacob did none other things than that which they were commanded; and because they did none other things than that which they were commanded, they have entered into their exaltation, according to the promises, and sat upon thrones, and are not angels, but are gods. David also received many wives and concubines, as also Solomon, and Moses my servant, as also many others of my servants, from the beginning of creation until this time; and in nothing did they sin, save in those things which they received not of me.

“15. David's wives and concubines were given unto him of me, by the hand of Nathan, my servant, and others of the prophets who had the keys of this power; and in none of these things did he sin against me, save in the case of Uriah and his wife; and, therefore, he hath fallen from his exaltation and received his portion, and he shall not inherit them out of this world, for I gave them unto another, saith the Lord.

“16. I am the Lord thy God, and I gave unto thee, my servant Joseph, an appointment, to restore all things; ask what ye will, and it shall be given unto you, according to my word; and as ye have

asked concerning adultery, verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man receiveth a wife in the new and everlasting covenant, and if she be with another man, and I have not appointed unto her by the holy anointing, she hath committed adultery, and shall be destroyed. If she be not in the new and everlasting covenant, and she be with another man, she hath committed adultery; and if her husband be with another woman, and he was under a vow, he hath broken his vow, and hath committed adultery; and if she hath not committed adultery, but is innocent, and hath not broken her vow, and she knoweth it, and I reveal it unto you, my servant Joseph, then shall you have power, by the power of my holy priesthood, to take her, and give her unto him that hath not committed adultery, but hath been faithful, for he shall be ruler over many; for I have conferred upon you the keys and power of the priesthood, wherein I restore all things, and make known unto you all things in due time.

“17. And verily, verily, I say unto you, that whatsoever you seal on earth shall be sealed in heaven, and whatsoever you bind on earth, in my name, and by my word, saith the Lord, it shall be eternally bound in the heavens; and whosoever’s sins you retain on earth shall be retained in heaven.

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“19. And again, verily, I say unto you, my servant Joseph, that whatsoever you give on earth, and to whomsoever you give anyone on earth, by my word, and according to my law, it shall be visited with blessings and not cursings, and with my power, saith the Lord, and shall be without condemnation on earth, and in heaven; for I am the Lord thy God, and will be with thee even unto the end of the world, and through all eternity; for verily I seal upon you your exaltation, and prepare a throne for you in the kingdom of my Father, with Abraham, your father. Behold, I have seen your sacrifices, and will forgive your sins; I have seen your sacrifices in obedience to that which I have told you: Go, therefore, and make a way of escape, as I accepted the offering of Abraham, of his son Isaac.

“20. Verily, I say unto you, a commandment I give unto mine handmaid Emma Smith, your wife, whom I have given unto you, that she stay herself, and partake not of that which I commanded you to offer unto her, for I did it, saith the Lord, to prove you all, as I did Abraham; and that I might require an offering at your hand, by covenant and sacrifice: and let mine handmaid Emma Smith receive all those that have been given unto my servant Joseph, and who are virtuous and pure before me; and those who are not pure and have said they were pure, shall be destroyed,

saith the Lord God, for I give unto my servant Joseph, that he shall be ruler over many things, for he hath been faithful over the few things, and from henceforth I will strengthen him.

“21. And I command mine handmaid Emma Smith to abide and cleave unto my servant Joseph, and to none else. But if she will not abide this commandment, she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord, for I am the Lord thy God, and will destroy her if she abide not in my law; but if she will abide this commandment, then shall my servant Joseph do all things for her, even as he hath said, and I will bless him and multiply him, and give to him a hundredfold in this world, of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, houses and lands, wives and children, and crowns of eternal lives in the eternal worlds. And again, verily, I say, let mine handmaid forgive my servant Joseph his trespasses, and then shall she be forgiven her trespasses, wherein she has trespassed against me, and I, the Lord thy God, will bless her and multiply her and make her heart to rejoice.

“22. And again, I say, let not my servant Joseph put his property out of his hands, lest an enemy come and destroy him, for Satan seeketh to destroy: for I am the Lord thy God, and he is my servant, and behold, and lo, I am with him, as I was with Abraham, thy father, even unto his exaltation and glory.

“ 23. Now, as touching the law of the priesthood, there be many things pertaining thereunto. Verily, if a man be called of my father, as was Aaron, by mine own voice, and by the voice of him that sent me, and I have endowed him with the keys of the power of the priesthood, if he do anything in my name and according to my law, and by my word, he will not commit sin, and I will justify him. Let no one, therefore, set on my servant Joseph, for I will justify him, for he shall do the sacrifice which I require at his hands for his transgressions, saith the Lord your God.

“ 24. And again, as pertaining to the law of the priesthood: If a man espouse a virgin, and desire to espouse another, and the first give her consent; and if he espouse the second and they are virgins, and have vowed to no other man, then is he justified; he cannot commit adultery with that that belongeth unto him, and to none else; and if he have ten virgins given unto him by this law, he cannot commit adultery, for they belong to him, and they are given unto him — therefore is he justified. But if one or either of the ten virgins, after she is espoused, shall be with another man, she has committed adultery, and shall be destroyed; for they are given unto him to multiply and replenish the earth, according to my commandment, and to fulfil the promise which was given by my Father before the foundation of

the world; and for their exaltation in the eternal worlds, that they may bear the souls of men; for herein is the work of my Father continued, that He may be glorified.

“25. And again, verily, I say unto you, if any man have a wife, who holds the keys of this power, and he teaches unto her the law of my priesthood, as pertaining to these things, then shall she believe, and administer unto him, or she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord your God, for I will destroy her; for I will magnify my name upon all those who receive and abide in my law. Therefore it shall be lawful in him, if she receive not this law, for him to receive all things whatsoever I, the Lord his God, will give unto him because she did believe and administer unto him according to my word; and she then becomes the transgressor, and he is exempt from the law of Sarah, who administered unto Abraham according to the law when I commanded Abraham to take Hagar to wife. And now as pertaining to this law, verily, verily, I say unto you, I will reveal more unto you hereafter. Therefore, let this suffice for the present. Behold, I am Alpha and Omega. Amen.”

Deborah, having passed through the forty days and nights of fasting and prayer, like many another thinking, conscientious, religious soul,

was accordingly better prepared for this encounter with the present head of Mormonism than if she had been taken unawares, as her mother and other devout Mormon women had been. Therefore, when Brigham attempted again to take her hand, and urged that she do her part towards the building up of God's kingdom in these latter days, the keys of which had been entrusted to him; and that as her name signified bee, he would make her the queen bee of his hive, if only she would accept of him as her husband, and be a plural wife, she took no notice of his hand, and replied, at first, in the words of a far-seeing, spiritual soul of the past:

“‘It is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.’” She then continued: “During the last year I have undertaken to examine the claims of Mormonism as earnestly and carefully as I was able, because my mother, who died prematurely of a broken heart, extorted from me a promise to do what I thought was right; and to do what one thinks is right carries with it the obligation to examine for one's self what is right, not to follow slavishly and unthinkingly the lead of others. Now, I cannot resist the conclusion, from what I have been able to see and learn, that Mormonism cannot mean ‘more good,’ as Joseph Smith would have us believe, for the corner-stone of it is, first, an un-

natural subjection of woman to man, and next, of the people to the priesthood, who are endeavoring to ring in again the old rather than the new. The old is of blood and fratricide, the new should be of love and brotherhood."

To this unusual reply on the part of a woman, Brigham knew not what to say. He was so used to having his utterances taken as those of divinity itself, that he was literally too dazed to form a coherent answer, especially as he could not bring himself to utter his usual denunciatory phrases to a young woman whom he loved as devotedly as his much-divided heart was capable of doing. So he simply turned on his heel and left the room.

CHAPTER X.

A PIOUS ELDER'S WOOING.

"I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." — *Former-day Prophet*.

"And again, verily, verily, I say unto you, if any man have a wife, who holds the keys of this power, and he teaches unto her the law of my priesthood, as pertaining to these things, then shall she believe and administer unto him, or she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord your God, for I will destroy her." — *Latter-day Prophet*.

After her interview with Brigham, Deborah was thrown into a fearful state of perplexity as to the right course for her to pursue. Though she had not herself partaken of the Mormon tree of knowledge of good and evil, she was under no misapprehension as to the kind of fruit it bore. She knew very well that for her sisters the taste thereof was bitter to the palate, and the fruit itself hard to digest, and that it gradually perverted their cheerful, loving, trusting natures into those of fawning, hypocritical slaves or stupid beasts of burden. While, as for the men, though the sight thereof was as seductive to the eye as glittering gold, and the taste as sweet as honey, yet the eating of it had already doomed their

leaders to destruction, besides imperiling the lives of the common people over and over again. She realized, with a woman's intuition, intensified and clarified by the premature suffering and manifold experiences through which she had passed, that no kingdom which God would bless and prolong could be built upon the crushed hearts of the mothers and the monopoly-bloated lives of the fathers. She saw with the clear eye of the woman-seer that Mormonism was an unnatural, priest-ridden system, which could not long endure, as planned, among an energetic, freedom-loving people like the Americans.

Still, though she had not herself partaken of this out-of-date tree of good and evil, her life was so enmeshed with those who either had or were determined to do so, that it seemed mere hardness of heart to leave them to their fate, while she selfishly sought light and happiness among the gentiles. Besides, had she not given her word to meet Jeddy in the land of Zion? Of course he was mistaken as to the possibility of the Mormons, or any other people, being able to rear a new Zion on the foundations of the old, in the new world. But, alas! to keep the promise made to her husband meant the taking up of a cross too heavy for even her strong frame, so it appeared. Surely there could be no mistake about his being dead. The battalion man *saw* him lying dead after one

of their encounters with the Indians. It was easy to believe that her brave husband was no more. But then, again, she had promised "*not* to easily believe him dead!"

All this dire perplexity, in connection with her poignant grief, made life almost unbearable. This, in connection, also, with the short rations, in no long time made her have the appearance of a person but recently recovered from a long illness. Those who knew and loved her tenderly began to grow apprehensive, and to say, "It will not be long before Deborah joins her husband." Only Brigham, with his usual belief in the infallibility of his judgment, declared to a beloved disciple that Deborah was getting sick over the revelation; and added, with a knowing nod, "But she'll not dare long to butt her head against it. She'll come round all right!"

While this inner drama of perplexity was going forward in the hearts of some, the camps of Israel wore an air of stir and bustle, especially when the cold, dismal winter gave place to blithesome spring. Many of the faint-hearted now became strong in the faith, and where once were tears and groans appeared smiles and snatches of song; for was not the day at hand when God was ready to lead them forth by the strong arm of His might, as He had those other camps of Israel in the dim dawn of history?

Thus reasoned those who had not as yet folded their tents and departed. For it was certainly a test which the Mormons were right in thinking separated most completely the goats from the sheep, since those willing to leave all behind and cross an immense desert, and literally be shut up and shut in with Mormonism, must indeed be true believers, Israel's sheep.

Yet there were exceptions. And among these was poor blind Leah, who would follow her girls, if possible, into the very jaws of death. There likewise was the sad-eyed Deborah, who, after another forty days of prayer and fasting, had decided to keep her promise true, even though her life was soon snuffed out by this loathsome woman-and-man-extinguisher, Mormonism. She would dare be true to her best insight, let it cost what it would.

"The day of deliverance has surely come," was the general jubilant cry in the beginning of June, 1848, when a large body of the saints left the banks of the Missouri for the "chambers of the mountains against the day of wrath," which was to come upon the gentile world.

This gathering of Israel comprised 1,891 souls, 623 wagons, 2,012 oxen, 131 horses, 44 mules, 983 cows, 334 loose cattle, 237 pigs, 654 sheep, 134 dogs, 54 cats, 904 chickens, 10 geese, 3 goats, 11 doves, 5 ducks, and 1 squirrel.

In addition to the revelation for the guidance of the moving column, there were other regulations. At five o'clock in the morning, at the bugle's sound, they assembled for prayers; then breakfast was in order, and by the time the bugle sounded again all were ready to start on their day's journey. Usually twenty miles were traversed in a day. At night the wagons would be drawn up in an oblong, with the tongues outside, and the fore wheel of one placed against the hind wheel of the other. The enclosure served as a corral for their horses and cattle. There were openings at either end, where was stationed a guard. When the bugle call came at night, each patriarch had prayers in his own wagon, and at nine o'clock he had laid him down to dream of coming unfettered patriarchal glory. During the day he was expected to march beside his wagon with loaded gun and powder-horn handy. Usually two, though sometimes four, wagons were kept abreast, in order to preserve a compact front to Indians or the wild beasts of the wilderness. From four to eight oxen, as a rule, drew the heavily laden wagons. •

The strong and vigorous were expected to walk at least a portion of the way across the plains. Deborah minded this only for one reason: she could not endure to have any Mormon man walk by her side; while the approach of the green-eyed

elder, with Bible in hand, was enough to send a sharp thrill of pain the entire length of her body. Though she loved her Bible in a certain way, she could not endure to hear it expounded by the husband of Leah. It was, without doubt, a mine of various kinds of ore, but that which he brought to the surface was too crude.

That from the Mormon standpoint Deborah deteriorated rapidly under the exhorting methods of the elder may be inferred from the fact, that not half the distance across the wilderness had been traversed ere she found herself earnestly questioning, "Can anything decent be found in Mormonism?" True, only the day previous the pious elder had expounded to her the story of Jonah and the whale; and had proceeded to point his remarks by saying that one wicked person in a camp was enough to bring destruction to every member of it. She knew that he had her in mind as being the wicked person in their company, for he had upbraided her for being so proud and stiff-necked, and not subject to counsel, and said she would be brought low, for God had fitted her for the performance of a certain duty which she was shirking day by day. That same night he had upbraided Leah for not speaking more plainly to Deborah, upbraiding her because she had not urged to more purpose upon Deborah the enactment of the part of Hagar to Abraham, so that

God's kingdom of chosen people might the sooner be built up, the sooner become like the sand of the sea in numbers. Blind Leah had actually broached the matter to Deborah, but her success had been dubious; Deborah, as usual, being so nauseated over such a climax to a religion purporting to mean more good to the human family, that she could make no reply. It was plain to the elder that he would have to take the matter in hand himself, and be much more explicit. He began his work of grace by being complimentary, the usual bait for attention. He remarked, as they walked along by the wagon:

"I'll not deny, sister, thet ye work well, an' tek good keer of Leah an' the children. But there is other work the Lord has for ye, as mebbe ye'll not think so pleasant. I'm afeared I've been failin' in my dooty to ye to put off about it so long."

The elder paused, expecting Deborah to say something in reply. She, however, was as sick at her stomach as usual when the doctrines of this peculiar people were broached to her, and was glad that her ample sunbonnet hid her face from view, so that he might not perceive the disgust in it.

"The time is short, my sister," he urged. "It is my dooty to urge ye to be about the Lord's work. Leah tells me as ye will have naught to do

with polygamy, as ye are sure Jedediah will turn up in time. Well, then, it's my dooty to tell ye of another doctrine as Joseph had revealed to him for the wimmen whose husbands were sent off on long missions, so thet they would not be idle, but be building up Zion stiddy. It's the proxy-husband doctrine. Only a few know it as yet. It's too strong for most of the wimmen. They're not reddy yet. But I'm in hopes ye'll be reddy and strong to do the Lord's will."

The elder gave the oxen an encouraging crack of the whip as he closed his pathetic appeal; perhaps he thought it would be suggestive to Deborah as well.

Not wishing to be thought too stiff-necked, Deborah deigned a reply to the duty-loving elder.

"I thought," she remarked, "that God's house was a house of order. A proxy-husband law like the one mentioned must throw even the camp of Israel into the utmost disorder, if practised to any extent."

"But the time is short, my sister. An' it's only fair to the spirits as are a-hankering to be born. A prophet has told us how the air is full of 'em waiting to be born into the Mormon Church, as that is, in these last days, the only true church in the world. An' it's the Mormon wimmin as must give them a chance for the millennium

and everlasting life, for the prophet told how these spirits in the air have only passed through one stage, and must have another of probashun and discipline. They kin select of their own free will where they will be born. Likely there's a number on 'em a-waitin' fer you to show mercy to 'em. Will ye shrink from doing your sheer towards the buildin' up of Zion in these latter days ? ”

Again the whip cracked in an ominous manner over the heads of the lumbering old bovines. Deborah, having recovered partially from her seasick feeling, answered good-naturedly :

“ Brother Brown, I hope you will not lay it up against me if I wait, before taking any active steps in the matter, until this group of spirits present their claims to *me*, since I am to be the one to bear the brunt of their coming hither. You are aware that the prophecies of Joseph Smith often failed to come to pass as he predicted ; and I am inclined to think that his sad end was due to his unwise haste in building up Zion. Everything goes to prove that the Most High is an orderly, loving spirit with plenty of time at His command. Believing thus, I must be excused in not accepting what appears to me a very disorderly course of conduct.”

“ Ye'll be a vile apostate next if ye refuse to accept counsel. Ye air but a weak woman, as the Lord will destroy if ye go on being so stiff-necked.

Ye should be meek and lowly, fer it's the wimmin's place to minister to the men, and the men in turn will save them in the kingdom."

"What kingdom?" asked Deborah absently, as she walked along with her eyes on the western horizon, where the sun was making preparations for a royal setting.

"How ignorant the wimmin air!" exclaimed the elder in disgust. "Why, the kingdom of God and His son, Jesus Christ. Perhaps ye hev not heerd as how Jesus Christ Himself was a polygamist, and that all those wimmin who followed Him about and ministered unto Him were His wives. He's an example for ye who air so stiff-necked."

"No," said Deborah, rather recklessly, "I don't believe God intended any man to be an example for any woman, or any woman to be an example for any man."

"Ye air right about the men a-copying the wimmin. It would be a shame fer the head of creation to copy after them as is made to be in subjection," answered the elder, vexed that he made such slow progress in bringing Deborah to his way of thinking, or, rather, Joseph Smith's way of dreaming. "But we should copy after Christ, as is the perfect man."

"Then you want the women to be perfect men; is that it, elder? I am inclined to think I shall

always be thankful that I was born a woman, judging from the men it has mostly been my fortune to meet."

Elder Brown was shocked at Deborah's infidelity. He both cracked his whip and shook his head ominously, as he half groaned out:

"Ye'll be possessed of them devils agen as sure as ye're a woman and an infidel. The holy Bible and Joseph Smith and all the prophets say it's fer the wimmin to obey and be silent. That's the dooty of the wimmin. Ye'll be everlastingly destroyed if ye follow your own foolish notion of things, like Eve and the rest on 'em. See if ye ain't!" he called out menacingly, as Deborah disappeared in the wagon and away from his expounding self.

"How glad I am to feel you near me!" exclaimed Leah, as she caught hold of the tall, sturdy form of the young woman bending over her. "Do take baby. It seems as if it was nursing the very life out of me."

Debby took the chubby darling, while Leah, with a long-drawn sigh of relief, turned over to snatch a little rest. Only the two little girls, just older than the little one, were in the wagon with mamma. The others were outside walking with some girls near their size. Little Hannah was busy maltreating a huge black cat which the family were removing to Zion. When she began

to pound it, Deborah interfered, shaking her head, and asking what Tabby had done to deserve such bad treatment.

"She am a black gentile," replied the child, administering some more blows.

"I think you must be mistaken, Hannah. Gentiles don't bear pounding like that; they pound back again. Please let her go; she might be tempted to scratch you. And what are these three ragamuffins hanging up to this chair for? What have they done, Michal, to deserve such fearful punishment?"

"Dey be 'postates. Dey be dead. Dey go to de bad place. 'Oo sorry, sis?"

If Deborah had spoken her mind she would have said, "I don't think they will find a worse place than an outgrown religion is making of this." She said, however, "I would play that you loved them; it would be nicer."

"Dey be dedful bad, sis. Me like to hang 'em," replied the child vindictively.

The babe falling to sleep soon after being taken, Deborah laid it carefully down beside its mother, and took up her knitting.

The Mormon women made it a rule to be always employed unless at church or at some merry-making, which usually took place in the evening, when theatrical plays, charades, and dancing were in order, opening and closing with prayer. They

learned to make butter on the march, and made bread with such skill that it was ready to bake when the oven was prepared at night. As the clothes of the new Israel, unlike those of the old, wore out the same as the garments of the reprobate gentiles, there was much making and repairing always to be done.

While Deborah's fingers were flying, her thoughts were flying likewise. She wondered what this unnatural religion would rob her of next. It had been the cause of her father's bloody death. It had broken her mother's heart. It had wrenched her husband out of her arms on their wedding morn. It was now endeavoring to rob her of self-respect and destroy her individuality. Would she finally, in a moment of weakness, of despair, of fearful heart-hunger, sell her birthright, as many a seemingly wiser and stronger woman had done? Oh, God forbid!

CHAPTER XI.

A RIVAL WOOER.

“And I command mine handmaid, Emma Smith, to abide and cleave unto my servant, Joseph, and to none else. But if she will not abide this commandment, she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord, for I am the Lord thy God, and will destroy her if she abide not in my law.” — *Mormon Prophet (Joseph Smith)*.

“It was all guess-work.” — *Elect Lady (Emma Smith)*.

“If any of the elders preach polygamy to you, get hold of a poker or a pair of tongs, sisters, and drive the fellow away.” — *Elect Lady*.

The advent of a new day is ever a mysterious thing. The slow, transforming transition from darkness to light, from sleep to waking, from silence to song, is a matter for wonder and congratulation.

It is the advent of a new opportunity after the plunge into darkness and imbecility. And appropriately does each new morn find the human family beginning its onward march to the song of birds.

But if the advent of a new day is a mysterious event, even in the familiar haunts of men and in the midst of the usual heralds of the morn, how much more mysterious must its advent have been to the new camps of Israel, in the new immensities of plain

and mountain fastnesses, surrounded by strange, wild animals and swarthy, treacherous, wild men. And then, as if to compass the infinitudes of mystery itself, to hear, as you waked and mused a little ere you plunged into the new-born day, weird, melancholy strains of music, which seemed to come from another sphere, so strangely harmonious were they, so delicious, so sweetly loosed into the pulsating atmosphere!

It was passing strange that among this people, imitative of a crude and primitive time, should bloom forth as an exotic a love for music worthy of the highest culture of the time; yet so it was, and the music of their temple service was excelled by few cathedral choirs in the great centers of the earth. Said a gentile who heard it, Colonel Kane:

“Well as I knew the peculiar fondness of the Mormons for music, their orchestra in service on this occasion astonished me by its numbers and full drill. The story was, that an eloquent Mormon missionary had converted its members in a body at an English town, a stronghold of the sect, and that they took up their trumpets, trombones, drums, and hautboys together, and followed him to America. When the refugees from Nauvoo were hastening to part with their table-ware, jewelry, and almost every other fragment of metal wealth they possessed that was not iron, they had

never a thought of giving up the instruments of this favorite band. And when the battalion was enlisted, though high inducements were offered some of the performers to accompany it, they all refused. Their fortunes went with the camp of the tabernacle. They had led the farewell service in the Nauvoo Temple. Their office now was to guide the monster choruses and Sunday hymns; and like the trumpets of silver made of a whole piece, 'for the calling of the assembly, and for the journeying of the camps,' to knell the people in to church. Some of their wind instruments, indeed, were uncommonly full and pure-toned, and in that clear, dry air could be heard to a great distance. It had the strangest effect in the world, to listen to their sweet music winding over the uninhabited country. It might be when you were hunting a ford over the Great Platte, the dreariest of all wild rivers, perplexed among the far-reaching sand-bars and curlew shallows of its shifting bed, that the wind rising would bring you the first faint thought of a melody; and, as you listened, borne down upon the gust that swept past you a cloud of the dry, sifted sands, you recognized it — perhaps a home-loved theme of Henry Proch or Mendelssohn. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, away there in the Indian marches!"

It was not until the camps of Israel were nearing the new prospective Zion that Brigham ap-

proached Deborah again with looks of practical love in his sandy eyes. He was beginning to feel quite elated over their comparatively swift and successful journey across the new great wilderness. He felt quite sure, by this time, that he was the real Moses, and that the Jewish one was only a sort of shadowy type of himself. There could be no denying the fact that everything had been systematically arranged and carried out; that the long desert march, the fording of streams, the encounters with wild beasts and wild men, the laborious mountain climbing, had all been accomplished with consummate skill. He wished now to make a different kind of a conquest, and one equally difficult—that of the unwilling heart of a beautiful young woman. He had given her sufficient time to think his proposal over and assure herself of her husband's death. With his usual shrewdness he watched a fitting opportunity to present this important matter, not so easy on the wing, as it were, as when settled and master of premises in which was located a room with "No Admittance" staring the would-be trespasser in the face.

But all things come to him who patiently waits. Brigham had been called into Elder Brown's wagon to lay his healing hands on blind Leah, who was failing rapidly and bade fair to die, like Moses, before she could set foot in the promised land. After he had anointed Leah and counseled her

in the name of the Lord and by the power of His might, Elder Brown clambered into the wagon rather unceremoniously, saying that some one ought to look for Deborah and the little girls, as they were nowhere to be seen. It was not safe for them to be out of sight in the midst of wild beasts and savage men.

Brigham at once took leave of Leah, remarking to the elder that he would himself look them up, not having anything just then to attend to. The elder accepted the situation, although he would have liked better to have had Brigham offer to drive the oxen for him, and thus have furnished him the opportunity to hunt up "the girls."

Deborah was found to be only a little way from the last wagon, although, on account of some bushes and the declivity of the mountain, entirely hidden from view. Though Brigham's ideas of women were exceedingly primitive and much after the order of those of the "noble red man," he, nevertheless, stood in awe of the new Deborah's commanding figure and personality. She, too, seemed to be given to the delivery of oracles, like the old Deborah, which he, unlike the old Barak, would rather not hear; he preferred she would meekly accept "counsel." But, all in good time, he would bring her to his way of thinking, since he was now accepted as standing in God's stead, and his lightest word was obeyed by his people.

He accordingly smiled very cordially upon the little group, and upon Deborah in particular, as he held out his hand and said :

“Sister Deborah, I hope I see you comforted and strong in the faith of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. He has brought us forth from a land of bondage to one of great promise, which we shall soon make to blossom as the rose.”

Though Deborah's costume was plain and simple, it fitted her fine figure perfectly, while its somber tint threw into greater relief her dazzling blond complexion and rippling golden hair, just now unprotected by her huge white sun-bonnet. Indeed, towards evening, when the sun sank low and great shadows flung themselves over the moving camps of Israel, she usually walked with it thrown back nearly off her sunny head. She was walking thus when Brigham spoke to her, with a little girl on either side of her holding tight to her hands. She loosed one of the little hands just long enough to shake his extended palm, and replied to him in her most earnest vein :

“I cannot say, Brother Brigham, that I am changed since I last talked with you, except that my sorrow, no longer being new, has become more bearable. As to my faith being strong in the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, I have to admit that poor, blind Leah's detestation of the Old

Testament worthies, especially those who practised polygamy, has also affected me, and made me love better to dwell upon the God of Jesus Christ in the New Testament. I am aware that certain of the Mormons hold that Jesus Christ himself was a polygamist, but I do not believe it. He was simply the same unselfish friend of woman as of man; who loved her, and gave her of His best, without attempting to unduly monopolize or degrade her; and He was, so far as I know, the first man to whom it did not seem to occur that she was simply a thing to be disposed of as man saw fit. I think it was because of this fact that the women who knew Him gladly ministered to Him in such ways as lay in their power. Never once do we read that He sent them home to learn in silence of their husbands — a poor place to learn anything, so far as my observation goes. Married men seem to take very little interest in the higher needs of their wives. I might go further, and say that our Mormon men scarcely accord the attention and intelligent care to their wives that they give to their barnyard animals. They never consult with them about matters of moment or general interest, or give them positions of responsibility. Mormon men do not look upon women as the other necessary half of man, but as belongings to them, like the rest of their property. In the Ten Commandments, which are said to have been

written by God, man's earmarks are most plain. For instance, we read : 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.' You see that in this commandment the wife is catalogued with the things a man is supposed to own and control. I can't understand — since God evidently intended women to be the mothers of the race, and with that motherhood entrusted her with responsibilities second to none — why man should ever be determined to make of woman a thing, a toy, a servant, anything, in short, but an equal, with equal privileges of culture and responsibility for the progress of the race."

Though Brigham knew quite well from Elder Brown that Deborah was unbelieving and "stiff-necked," and was partly prepared for her "queer ideas," yet he found it difficult, under the circumstances, to smile like a lover and reply with his accustomed shrewdness. Still he meant not to give up, but would bear many rebuffs in order to make the conquest he had set his heart upon. Afterwards she would soon settle down meekly, like the rest, into her sphere. He therefore said, with a beaming smile :

"Sister Deborah, I am sure your Mormon brothers would be glad to allow the wimmen their say and recognize them as equals, if they believed

it was God's will. But, you know, woman at the very outset showed she could not be trusted, and so God had to step in and tell her, face to face, that in punishment for her disobedience He would greatly multiply her sorrow and conception, and that her husband should rule over her. Adam was cursed, too, because he had listened to his woman, and everything with him; a costly experiment, Sister Deborah. You see, it don't do to consult with the wimmen about anything of importance. We don't want to call down another curse upon all creation."

"How do you know that Eve was the first to disobey God, and that everything went wrong in consequence?"

"Why, God said so in the very first book of the Bible. I will show you the chapter and verse," replied Brigham, with alacrity, pulling a well-thumbed book from his pocket.

"I do not need to look at the portion of scripture to which you refer. I have read Genesis over many times, but I could never make out how it all was. I have never seen God at any time, and have never met anyone who has. He seems to be the Invisible One, and to perform His wonders so secretly that no one catches Him at it. Now, since He does not show His hand in these latter days, I am inclined to think He did not work more clumsily in former times. Have you, Brother

Brigham, who claim to have the Mormon prophet's mantle upon you, ever really heard God walking or talking, as the Mormon people believe he walked and talked in the Garden of Eden?"

Brigham Young was a man of an altogether different type from the Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith. Aside from the fact that both men were physically well developed, Brigham was comparatively straightforward, though shrewd upon occasion, eminently practical, and hard-working. He only ventured upon making one or two revelations, declaring it was his part to carry out those of Joseph Smith primarily, and those of the Old Testament prophets incidentally. Joseph, on the contrary, had been jovial and lazy, impracticable and superstitious, underhanded, ardent as to temperament, and as full of revelations stamped with the "Thus saith the Lord" stamp as any Old Testament prophet.

Brigham hesitated as to how to reply to Deborah, she appeared to be so very ignorant of God's dealings with men and "wimmen." He finally said:

"No, I can't say that I have, Sister Deborah; I do not claim to have had the mysterious experiences of the prophets and apostles of former times, nor of those of Joseph Smith, the prophet of these last days, who was sent by God to gather together His people for the millennium, soon to come. But you shock me with your ignorance. I do not see

how you can have failed to hear from our pulpits, many times, that God uses certain men, whom He raises up for His purposes, to be the bearer of His messages to man. In these last days it is Joseph who has been His mouthpiece."

"Ah! then I suppose it was some man sent by God, who was walking about the Garden of Eden and talking to Adam and Eve, in God's stead, not really God Himself. Might not that man have been mistaken, just as Joseph Smith was mistaken about some things which he said the Lord said He would do, but which were not done, as it turned out? From what I have been able to observe as the leading characteristics of the two sexes, it seems to me that man is swifter to rush into new things, but at the same time more self-indulgent and not so conscientious. Indeed, if there ever really was a Garden of Eden, and if there ever was a couple, innocent like Adam and Eve, delegated to tend it, and forbidden to taste of the fruit of a certain tree, I am sure it was Adam who tried to see what the fruit was like first, and then told Eve it was her duty to taste, too. When the whole scheme turned out badly, there is no reason for me to doubt that Adam laid the failure of it all to Eve. Is it not commonly said by men when things go wrong, 'Depend upon it, a woman's at the bottom of it'?"

By this time Brigham was too angry to play the

part of lover any longer, and he burst out into speech more strong than elegant:

“Sister Deborah, you are plainly following in the footsteps of the latter-day Jezebel, Emma Smith. Notwithstanding her infidelity and wickedness, the prophet loved her best of all. And it was that d——d woman who lured him to his destruction. If she had never written to him that cruel and indignant letter, accusing him and his brother of being coward shepherds, who had left the sheep in time of danger and fled, he would not have returned at that critical, excited time, and been haled to that treacherous prison where he was shot down like a dog. Joseph used to say he would have Emma for his in eternity if he had to go to hell for her, and he will have to go to hell for her if he gets her.”

Having thus spoken, Brigham strode forward, like a veritable angry lord of creation, leaving Deborah to follow with the little girls, and to ruminate upon what Brigham had said: that it had been the latter-day Jezebel who was responsible for the terrible death of the latter-day prophet. In this new tragedy of prophet and “wicked woman,” it was the prophet who had met a fearful death. Evidently the Old Testament times were not repeated exactly in these latter days. There was a difference, and in this case apparently in favor of the woman, the new woman, who had

a mind of her own and acted as seemed right in her own eyes. Deborah walked on with a lighter step.

In the eyes of most people other than Brigham Young and a few other polygamous leaders of the Mormon church, the Mormon Jezebel, so called, was by no means a wicked woman; indeed, quite the reverse. Dr. Wyl, in "Mormon Portraits," sketches her quite truthfully. He says:

"Emma was a bright, black-eyed daughter of a sturdy, honest, humbug-hating Pennsylvania farmer, Isaac Hale. . . .

"When Emma fell in love with young Joe, he was a shiftless vagabond, swindling money-digger and fortune-teller, who got his living, as he called it himself, by 'glass-looking.' This was not the kind of son-in-law fancied by old Hickory Hale. Oh, no! He would have liked a steady-going, hard-working farmer, with 320 or at least 100 acres of good land, fine horses, cows, good house, barn and stables, a family Bible, and good fences. Seven years after Smith's elopement with the old man's darling, Emma, the wound was yet smarting; you feel it in every line of that letter of 1834. But Emma fell in love with the money-digger all the same. How do you explain it? Why, Emma was a country girl, after all. Joe must have had a certain mysterious charm for her, with his secret 'looking' powers, his wonderful

stone, and that *old white hat* filled with dark secrets. She didn't believe in it altogether, but still there was something out of the way in it; it was more interesting than that absurd talk about cows and bulls, corn and barley, oxen and sheep. Father wouldn't hear of her taking 'that slouching, shiftless feller from York State,' so she ran away with him. A near relative of hers, a Mr. Hiel Lewis, says about that elopement and its effect in old Isaac Hale's house: 'The Hale family was greatly exasperated, and perhaps it would not have been safe for Smith to have shown himself at his father-in-law's house. Emma was, or had been, the idol of the family, and they still felt a strong attachment for her, and the permission to return and the reconciliation was effected and accomplished by her, and perhaps her sister, Mrs. Wasson, who lived near Bainbridge, N. Y. The permission for Smith to return all came from the other side, not from Mr. Isaac Hale or his family in Harmony, Penn.'

"Later on in married life Emma found out fully, no doubt, that Joseph was a wretched impostor. But what could she do, even if the blood of honest old Hale did rebel in her veins against the continual negation of all honor and truth in her husband's life and actions? And then ('don't you forget it') there was a good deal of womanly satisfaction in this part, too.

Joseph was a daring brigand, and woman has always admired and loved, and will always admire and love, a daring brigand. I have seen that in Sicily, where beautiful girls told me, with flaming eyes, of the heroic deeds of the Mafiosi. Smith became the Lord's friend and mouthpiece, a prophet, soon after his marriage; in time the founder of cities and temples, a general and mayor, a leader of the people, a ruler of thousands of votes, flattered and cajoled by demagogues of all parties. His role was important, and to a certain extent picturesque, imposing, and brilliant. All that other men have to toil for was showered upon him—fat living, landed property, money, jewelry, good houses, fine horses, titles, honors, the admiration of thousands. Yes, he was a king, that blue-eyed, wandering, 'peeper' and money-digger of yore, the only king in America, forsooth! A king and a pope in one!

"Was it not nice to ride out with him, the prophet and general, in a fine carriage, or dash with him on horseback over the prairie, or shine on a charger at a parade of the Nauvoo Legion? Was it not fine to be the focus of general admiration, to be the first lady of the kingdom, yea, the queen, to have everybody greet and bow to the 'elect lady' of the church?

"And Emma played her part well. Let our witnesses take the stand: 'She was tall, dark,

dignified, and very ladylike,' says one of them who knew her intimately; 'she was rather above the average for talent, and would have passed for a lady anywhere. Her education had not been a careful one; she had attended very indifferent schools; but she had any amount of good, sound sense, and knew how to use everything to the best advantage. She loved Joseph very much, and felt most wretched over his oft-recurring trespasses (see revelation of July 12, 1843, and others), but she was too proud to talk about her grief.' . . .

“ ‘She was very much attached to her family; this was her chief thought and care. She was capable of talking about everything, but in those times all the talk turned about Mormonism,’ says another contemporary of the ‘elect lady.’ The same witness affirms that Emma was squint-eyed. But this last I prefer not to believe. Such things are never true. ‘Her figure was very stately, and after Joseph’s violent death, when she had overcome the first shock, she looked rather fresher and stouter than before. She had been much worried by Joseph’s conduct with the sisters.’ So says another informant, an old lady yet living in Salt Lake, to whom Emma once said, in 1846, while talking about his revelations, ‘It was all guess-work.’ ”

CHAPTER XII.

SORELY TEMPTED.

“Sound philosophy shows us three great objects of marriage: the production and rearing of children; the formation of a close partnership, common interest, and confidential intimacy between husband and wife; and, above all, the enjoyment of a pure affection.” — *J. H. Beadle, in Polygamy; or, the Mysteries and Crimes of Mormonism.*

When Deborah had reached the wagon and clambered in with the little ones, she at once flew to the side of Leah, as she was accustomed to do after an interval of absence, to press a kiss upon her brow and relieve her of the care of the chubby but usurping darling. Why, it could not be! Leah dead! She had thought to find her smiling and better, after the anointing and laying on of hands of their vicegerent of God, Brigham Young. Yet how cold she was! How still she lay! And her heart, it did not beat!

In sad trepidation Deborah called to the elder to hasten in and see if nothing could be done to rouse Leah. It could not be that her sweetest, dearest friend was gone, quite gone from her clasp and her love, that she was left once more alone, with no near, tender, *human* friend!

Yet so it proved; and the husband, more

thoughtful of the dead Leah than of the living, suffering wife, declared that she should not be buried outside the promised land. Accordingly, they placed the remains of the broken-hearted woman in a rude casket and carried it with them to the new Zion, where, in the years to come, were to be placed so many other "tabernacles of clay," from which crushed womanly spirits had made haste to flee and return to the God who sent them hither.

Another importunate temptation now stared Deborah in the face, isolated, as she was, among a strange people in the immensities of a great wilderness. It was the temptation which besets women with great mother-hearts beating warm in their breasts—the temptation to marry a man without any special endowment of love or fitness, hoping thus to secure a home and home loves. Though this temptation is common enough, it is seldom that it comes to a woman in such constraining measure, so in the garb of godlike duty, as in this instance. Deborah was accustomed to thinking of her husband as dead, and accustomed also to being the home-maker of Elder Brown and the seven little girls, who loved her as a mother, and who for many months had been even more dependent upon her love and care than upon their own mother's. According as she made her choice, they were to be hers to rear as best she could, or

they were to be turned over to some strange woman, who would probably be in full sympathy with polygamy, and bring them up as they should *not* go.

Deborah wished so much that Elder Brown would let her go on being his home-maker and acting the part of mother to his children without insisting on her filling Leah's place also. Though faint-hearted as to procuring his consent to this arrangement, she would yet ask him, and plead her love to the children and her proved devotion to them as a sufficient reason for leaving things as they were. Surely her character had always been above reproach, straightforward, and reliable; surely no one would now think of aspersing it, if she went on the same as if Leah were living. Besides, the elder had already a larger family than he could well support. If he would accord her this privilege of caring for the children, she would ask him nothing for herself, but would do little odd tasks of sewing or nursing, and thus procure the few clothes she needed, and make good the cost of the food she required.

Deborah embraced the first opportunity to talk the matter over with the expounding elder. The anxiously awaited occasion came as they were approaching pretty close to their prospective Zion. The day was beautiful, and the scenery about them picturesque and magnificent. It was toil-

some work for the oxen, but this only gave the walking multitudes the better opportunity to discourse on the outlook pertaining to the promised land, the future building up of Zion, and the strange, wonderful way in which the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob had taken to bring His people forth from the midst of the deadly gentiles to this latter-day paradise. For this new Israel He would perform the great things which the disobedience of old Israel had made thus far impracticable.

The elder, with carefully combed beard, and eyes twinkling with new-born hopes, lost no time in edging up to the side of Deborah, now that she walked near the wagon rather than straggled off with the little girls just too far for him to speak to and at the same time reach his oxen properly.

He began his talk, as usual, by cracking his long whip over the heads of the oxen. This done by way of preliminary, he said:

“Sister Deborah, ye know as God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. Ye hev been so blind and stiff-necked all along, but now how ken ye fail to see as He intends ye to be my Rachel. I thought as how it was His will I should hev ye both at once, like Jacob. But ye an’ Leah were both so contrary-like thet it caused the hand of the Lord to be laid heavy on Leah — on her first, as she was the oldest and ought to hev known

better then to hev raised her puny will agin His'n. She's dead, an' there's no sayin' where she's gone to or the sufferin' as is meted out to her. The Lord hev mercy on her soul ! But ye air young, and the Lord is mercifool. Verily ye'll be about His business afore it's too late, won't ye, Sister Deborah ? ”

The affectionate look of the elder was met by one of appealing sadness on the part of the young woman. Hesitatingly she replied :

“ Brother Brown, I beseech you not to endeavor to change our relations with one another. I will make your home cheerful, and do for the children as if they were my own, instead of those born to others. I will tend them, asking nothing in return, for your hands are already too full of burdens. Only let me help you the same as I have been doing ! ”

Her tones were sweet and full of entreaty. She could not bear to turn her back on the little ones so dear to her, and depart into yet another wilderness of loneliness and deprivation of accustomed duties.

“ It's not easy to understand as how ye ken go on shirkin' your dooty of helpin' to build up Zion. Ye need not worry as to where the food and clothes is to come from. The Lord will provide for them as does His will. It's amazin' thet ye air not ready yet to do His will, seein' as how He laid His hand so heavy on Leah for refusing to hear

His whole will and obey His word, besides makin' light sometimes of our own prophet's revelations. Ye'll not wish to lose your pritty eyes and die afore ye air old, like Leah, will ye?"

The elder cracked his whip in a triumphant manner. He was sure the vision of Leah's blindness called up by his last argument would win the day. Besides, since Leah's death, Deborah had seemed so very sad and docile. She was surely under "conviction for sin," and would come out on the Lord's side—which meant his side, the doing as he desired.

Deborah soon undeceived him.

"You are making a mistake, Brother Brown, if you think I am less an infidel than Leah, and likely to be converted to your ways of thinking. I mean to be perfectly honest with you, even though at the close of our talk you decide to send me away and get another woman, one who is strong in the peculiar Mormon doctrines, to take my place and that of Leah's also. Perhaps you have forgotten that Leah wavered as to what it was best to do, and urged me to do as you desired, and so have a little peace in the family. I told her that I did not believe it could be procured in that way; and then she let me read to her out of the Old Testament about Sarah and Hagar, Jacob's domestic relations, Hannah and Peninnah, David's marital unhappiness and his quarreling children, and

Solomon's apostasy because of his thousand wives, who so embittered his life that he declared he had found one man among a thousand, but a woman among all these he had not found. Then he says, 'Live joyfully with the wife thou lovest all the days of thy life.' Indeed, in every polygamous relation given in the Bible we find hatred and quarreling, and Leah finally agreed with me that it was best not to run such a risk of losing our friendship for one another. You ask me now to be your Rachel, and I suppose for awhile you would be satisfied with one wife. But I will never wed a man holding such views in regard to my sex as you hold, or having such low ideas of the God of nature or of the destiny of the human race. We could never agree upon matters of any moment. There could never be any marriage of minds in our case; never any whole-hearted coöperation. What one tried to build up, the other would endeavor to tear down. The continual outcome would be bitterness for both, and futile action. But if you would accord me freedom from the marital bond, I would go on serving you as faithfully in the future as in the past. I love the little girls, and would teach them such things as were essential for them to know. As for the peculiar Mormon doctrines, you would not wish them to be initiated into those for some time to come, and you could attend to that part of their education yourself."

“Yes, I want the eldest girl taught our doctrine right away,” replied the elder, thoroughly angry by this time. “Ye air worse than Leah, an ye’ll be destroyed, root an’ branch. An’ ye cannot lay your undoing to me as has warned ye in season an’ out of season. An’ I warn ye now as your last state will be worse than your first. Tek yourself off and get ye another place where ye can mek a new set of infidels, as ye made of Leah. She’d ’a’ come round all right on the celestial-wife system if ye’d ’a’ kept still. It’s belike ye’ve been her damnation, as ye’ll be your own as soon as the devil’s ready to swipe you into his place of torment. I say git your duds together, and be ready to go as soon as I can hustle up another woman as is ready to do her dooty in buildin’ up Zion.”

The long whip here sped away over the heads of the oxen, and finally went off in an explosion which really made them quicken their pace. Deborah fell back to where several of the little girls were chattering like magpies in the warm sunlight. She had no sooner reached their side, however, than the long line of teams halted, and, as one or two men came up to the elder, and began a conversation with him, she improved the opportunity to clamber into the wagon and see if baby had waked during her absence.

No, both the little chubby darling and the next older one lay in their improvised bed fast asleep.

The sight of the two innocent babes, over whom she had watched so long with a mother's devotion, took away the last remnant of her self-control. She flung herself down upon her knees by the side of the bed where lay the youngest and chubbiest of the two, and sobbed aloud; sobbed until even her strong frame became weak and flaccid from the long-continued intensity of her emotion.

After awhile, when too weary to weep or pray, except for an occasional soft-gliding tear or a whispered snatch of prayer, there came suddenly to her ear the sound of a glad, well-loved voice, which for a moment caused her heart to cease its beating.

It was the voice of her husband, calling, "Debby, Debby!"

CHAPTER XIII.

REUNITED.

Before Deborah could recover from the first shock of surprise, she was grasped by a pair of strong arms, and held so tight that it seemed, for a time, as if she must suffocate. Presently, however, the pressure relaxed and the glad voice said:

“Are you frightened, Debby? Forgive me for rushing on you like a mad buffalo.”

He held her off as he spoke, and glanced with the old-time admiration into her pale, tear-stained face.

“What!” he exclaimed again before she could reply, “are you ill? They told me you were well. What troubles my long-lost love, my wife, my Debby?”

Before she could reply he had snatched her again to his breast, and was pressing kiss after kiss on her lips, her cheeks, her brow. He was in a transport of joy at having back once more his old playmate and dearest friend. At length he put a curb on his joyous emotion, and loosing her, with the exception of her hands, which he took possession of, he said, as he looked fixedly at her:

“Answer me; are you ill? Why this pale, tear-stained face, my loyal love?”

“I’ve been so lonely, Jeddy.”

“And you really thought I was dead?”

“How could I help it, when it was so reported by those who saw you fall? And then you stayed away so long!”

“So long! You’re right! I thought I should never get well after that last fearful sickness. Why, I have been filled full of shot by those treacherous Indians, and left for dead more than once. But I seem to have as many lives as a cat. And after many days I managed to get strong enough to travel. Then, after many more days — or months — I got to Zion, where I’ve picked us out a plat of ground and built a little home on it. Ah! but I knew you would come! I knew you would come!”

Once more he snatched her to his breast and kissed her over and again. “Yes,” he continued, “I knew I could count on your keeping your promise to me, you were always so true. Debby, what can I ever do to prove my loyalty and devotion to you?”

Jedediah’s eyes filled with tears as he softly embraced her once more and awaited her answer.

Deborah responded promptly, as if the matter had long been cogitated in her own mind: “I would have your promise that, in matters of

moment which shall arise, and which will vitally affect your own welfare as well as that of others, you will act upon your own judgment as to what is right or what is wrong."

Though she spoke half playfully, there was apparent an intense undercurrent of seriousness which made Jedediah feel that some singular experience of her own had urged her to speak thus.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Just what I said." Again the playful look which did not deceive. She was terribly in earnest, he knew.

"To what do you refer? Tell me all!" His grip on her hands tightened. He had an undefined fear that she was slipping away from him.

"Dear Jeddy, I simply mean to urge that you will be your own judge as to what is right or wrong for you to do in the affairs of life. Or, to put it so that you will understand me at once, I wish you would promise me that you will obey the inward monitor in your breast, rather than 'counsel,' as the Mormons say."

"Ah! I understand. But how can I promise what you ask when I've already pledged myself to obey those whom God has placed over me, to be in His stead, as it were. Ask me something else. Gladly will I lay down my life for you, my sweet bride!"

"I know you love me devotedly, Jeddy," replied

Deborah, with a fond yet sad look. "But, alas for love, loyalty, liberty under the fanatical sway of an ignorant priesthood!"

Even as Deborah spoke she seemed to see herself forsaken, and treading the wine-press of life alone. For some reason each silently let go the other's hands, and began to talk of more commonplace matters.

Presently Jedediah said:

"Do you realize, Debby, that we are now near the new Zion? That reminds me: I promised that after I'd seen you, I would take charge of some wagons that have been driven by broken-down women and under-sized boys, till we are all safe in our mountain home. In another day or so we'll be together to part no more. Cheer up, sweetheart, cheer up, and don't you forget,

"The Spirit of God like a fire is burning,
The latter-day glory begins to come forth;
The visions and blessings of old are returning,
The angels are coming to visit the earth.
We'll sing and we'll shout with the armies of heaven,
All glory to them in the highest be given
Henceforth and forever. Amen, and amen.'"

As Jeddy finished singing this soul-stirring verse, dear to the heart of a Mormon as the Marseillaise to the heart of a Frenchman, he drew Deborah to his breast again, kissed her tenderly, and departed.

Ah! it was heaven to the long-separated wife to see for a little while the stalwart frame and open, joyous countenance of Jeddy. When he was gone, she again flung herself upon her knees, but this time in a transport of joy.

But soon the wagon began to move on, and the chubby darling, awaking, began to cry. The hubbub had its effect upon the other sleeper, who did not fail to follow suit. It was plainly her duty to attend upon the wants of the children, give them food, and put fresh garments upon them. She was glad of this detention in the wagon, since she wished for awhile to enjoy her new happiness, as she could not hope to do if once she came in contact with the elder. He had a way of saying things that made her seasick, and ready to collapse. After enjoying this oasis of happiness, why, then she would give her attention to ordinary life again, with its multitude of anxious cares, its deep responsibilities, its perplexing problems. She would, too, look with more interest on the new land of promise, which hitherto had seemed so barren of promise to her.

Ah! this new land of promise, in comparison with which the old had been declared to be "hardly a cow-pasture." Whether the new land of promise will actually prove as promising as a new writer, P. Donan, in "The Treasury of the Gods," affirms, might furnish grounds for discus-

sion. However, as it is refreshing to read so enthusiastic an account of a land which has at least cost women dear, it is here transcribed :

“Lift all New England and New York bodily a mile above the level of the sea. Add five thousand feet to the height of Mount Washington, and seven thousand to that of Mount Mitchell. Throw in dozens of other peaks fully as high, all punching holes in the sky with their snowy crowns. Pile up, everywhere, hundreds on hundreds of mountains from ten to fourteen thousand feet high. Exaggerate fiftyfold all the wild notches and gorges and glens of Eastern America, and multiply them by scores. Send cataracts and cascades leaping and foaming down a thousand dizzy precipice channels. Toss in, promiscuously, parks larger than whole States in the tame, small-notioned East; and gardens of giant statuary — statues of gods, and genii, and gnomes, titans, centaurs, and unnamed monsters, thousands of feet high-hewn by ages on ages of winds, and waves, and whirling waters. Cap all the mountain-tops with everlasting ice and snow, and clothe their shaggy sides with waving forests of valuable timber. Fill all the valleys to the mountains’ feet with orchards and gardens, vineyards and grain-fields, bending beneath the burdens of their own magnificent fruitage; and dot the horizon-bounded pasture-lands with flocks and herds, waist-deep in the very

wantonness of plenty. Underlay the whole vast area with gold and silver, zinc, copper, lead, and iron ores; marble of a hundred hues; anthracite, bituminous, and cannel coal; salt, sulphur, soda, lime, and gypsum; and nearly every other metal and mineral in human use. Through countless wondrous cañons, pour mighty rivers with water-power enough to run all the world's machinery. Smite the rock-ribbed laboratories of Omnipotence and let unnumbered healing floods gush forth, rich in miracle-working virtues for the alleviation of many of the sorest 'ills that flesh is heir to.' As the dazzling bosom-jewel of the whole transcendent scene, spread out the twenty-five hundred square miles of that majestic and mysterious lake, whose waters hold in solution wealth enough to pay all the national debts of the world, and leave a fortune for every man, woman, and child from Cape Cod to Yuba Dam. And over all throw the glory of a climate unsurpassed under the heaven since sin and death climbed into Eden, and the translucent splendor of skies more radiantly sapphirean than ever bent their crystal arches above the far-famed, beggar-hemmed, and flea-girt Bay of Naples, or the Lake of Como, on whose enchanted shores lay the bogus ranch of the glib-tongued bunco-steerer, Claude Melnotte, and you have a poor, faint, puny approximation to an idea of Utah!"

If, however, the latter-day saints had but a

“puny approximation to an idea” of the dormant material wealth of the land of promise, still less had they any conception of the climax they were so busily preparing for themselves. Just as if with impunity a man, however shrewd, backed by a people however docile and devoted, could make history repeat itself! Or as if it were any safer for women in these latter days to look backward, though prophesied to that “The Lord commanded it,” than it was in the time of Lot’s wife!

CHAPTER XIV.

SEPARATION.

"The Latter-day Saints pretend to derive the word Mormon from the Gaelic, and a branch of the Teutonic dialects: compounding it from Mor, *more* or *great*, and from Mon, signifying *good* and therefore it imports more good, great good. Mormon, mormonos, Greek, signifies a female spectre, a phantom, a hideous monster." — *Lieut. J. W. Gunnison, in History of the Mormons.*

The wedded bliss of Jedediah and Deborah was of short duration, for soon at their side stalked the hideous Mormon monster, leering at them as they smiled, clutching them when they affectionately greeted one another, and frightening them with uncanny visions when they slept. To Deborah it appeared as a female specter which would one day steal from her side her early playmate, her lover, her husband, and gradually transform him from an ideal husband and modest, manly man into a coarse, sensual egotist, intent upon building up his own kingdom rather than that of Christ, or the great Unseen Good, who from everlasting to everlasting pours out His life for man.

The Mormon man, to do this successfully, to make his kingdom in time a large and flourishing one, was counseled at every opportunity to take more wives, and multiply, multiply, multiply.

The Mormon kingdoms were, it appears, to be built up on the crushed hearts of unwilling wives and mothers, and lawless children — a sorry sort of kingdom, one would think, to reign over !

Though Jedediah, on account of the love he bore Deborah, stoutly resisted the idea of taking more wives, resistance was not by any means easy. His wife bore him no children, which was thought to shadow forth the stigma God was placing upon them for being slow to accept counsel. At every turn disapprobation of their conduct was expressed more or less openly ; and sometimes the finger of scorn was pointed at them, mated with cutting speech. People may say what they like, but any one who has really tried to play the part of Daniel knows that it is not an easy one ; that the lions and the fire on every side are very alert, and bite or burn, though if one stand unwaveringly true, they will not devour.

Thus had three years passed in Zion, years marked by toilsome drudgery, famine, perils by wild beasts and wild men, with the ever-accompanying Mormon phantom at their side, when one day Brigham called Jeddy into his office to speak to him.

“ Brother Jedediah,” he excitedly exclaimed, as the young man approached, “ the Lord has work for you to do. These are the last days, when all the vials of the wrath of God are to be poured out

on the earth ; when wars and pestilence, anarchy, vomiting lava, consuming fire, and all manner of abominations shall desolate the land of the godless gentiles ; when men shall call upon the rocks to hide them, when in bitterness of soul they will call upon God to save, but in vain. Already a seven years' famine is begun in the land, and a sack of wheat will be exchanged for a sack of gold. And I bear testimony to you that gentile potentates and princes shall come and crouch to the saints for protection. Why, that awful time is even now beginning to darken the land. Now I counsel you in the name of the Lord to depart at once to Liverpool and help gather the saints to Zion. You are to start to-morrow morning at dawn with the brethren who are making ready."

When Jedediah had retired, too bewildered to reply, Brigham remarked jocosely to several of the priesthood, who were making hasty preparations for the journey on the morrow :

"That's the way to serve those who think they know more than God. Just send them off on a mission. That kind of work breaks them in mighty quick. When you have to teach a thing to other people, you believe more in it yourself. He will be a practising Mormon by the time he has had four or five years of missionary work. And that stiff-necked wife of his will be brought low, too, before he comes back. I'll see that

Jedediah has special instructions to take another wife before he returns. That will fix her. She will not make a business of keeping him tied to her apron-strings then."

Some chuckling and coarse laughter greeted this talk of the new Moses.

Jedediah lost no time in finding his way to his charming little home, where Debby greeted him with the usual smile and kiss. She had noticed, as she opened the door for him, that something was amiss, and waited anxiously until he should tell her what new trouble had overtaken them.

The little cottage contained only three rooms, but it was rose-embowered, and the neatest band-box of a place one was likely to meet with in many a day. All the furniture was home-made, necessarily, yet at the same time it was well made and artistically arranged, besides being daintily draped with prints of various designs. The very atmosphere of this home seemed purer and better worth breathing than that of the finest polygamous house in the city. Nevertheless, in this pure home of upright, God-loving souls the trail of the Mormon specter was apparent. They seemed to hear it squeak and gibber as they walked across the floor, they sickened at its clammy touch as they tossed sleepless in the night watches, it robbed the carefully prepared meal of its appetizing odor, and made them oftentimes loathe the very sight of

food. Thus does an unnatural environment breed in the fairest home a sickening discontent, which perforce dims the brightest eyes and daunts the bravest heart, yea, crucifies the sweetest life God ever filled to overflowing from His very own.

The usual greeting over, Jeddy flung himself gloomily in his big chair, when Deborah seated herself by his side, took his hand in one of her own, and gazed affectionately into his troubled countenance. At length she said :

“ Well, Jeddy ? ”

He half groaned as he exclaimed, “ How can I tell you what has befallen us, dearest ? ” His voice broke, and he suspiciously rubbed his arm across his face.

Deborah, with a woman's intuition, guessed at once the trouble, and said :

“ Ah ! it has come ! You are to go off on a mission.”

She dared not say all that was in her mind, lest she should pain her husband unnecessarily. She knew him well enough to believe that he would not refuse to comply with this new call to what he would consider his duty. For some time she had been aware that the Mormon specter was gradually materializing in their home, and was every day thrusting them further apart. She had hoped, however, that together and by the help of God, the monster could somehow be kept at bay. But

if Jeddy went on this mission, all was lost — home, love, loyalty, liberty; all that was worth anything. He would return a fanatical Mormon, and she would be, if not despised, at least supplanted. She seemed suddenly to feel the clutch of the Mormon vampire on her heart, and in this moment of despair she wished it would make a finish. Not only was the flesh weak, but the spirit as well had fainted within her. For she saw herself forsaken and deserted by one whom she loved dearer than life itself.

Though Jedediah was absorbed in his own grief, — for, notwithstanding the growing differences in their religious beliefs, he still tenderly loved Debby, — he observed her blanched face and stony gaze.

“Why, Debby,” he urged, “be brave! be brave! We are both taking this new trouble too much to heart. Since the Lord has sent it, He will help us to bear it.”

Deborah wanted to say: “I think Mormon ignorance, fanaticism, and unholy ambition has had a good deal more to do with it than the Lord,” but she refrained. It would only still further separate them and not in the least convince *him*. She was but a woman, and Jeddy, though still loving her dearly, was beginning to share the usual Mormon opinion of the “female” sex. There were now no gentile influences at work to, in a measure, counterbalance Mormon doctrines.

Mormonism was fast becoming a hopeless slavery of the priesthood to Brigham Young, of men to the priesthood, and of the women to the men. "Obedience to counsel" was the keynote, the central doctrine, of the Mormon religion.

"Do you know, Debby, that I must be off at break of day, and that there are a thousand matters to attend to between now and then?"

"Oh, Jeddy!" Deborah half gasped out, feeling that she must say something, but too keenly stricken to know just what.

"Get me a little dinner, dear," he said; not that he cared for anything to eat, but he hoped that movement, action, would dull the edge of her despair, and make his own bitter grief less poignant.

How Deborah ever got through the intervening hours between that scarce-tasted meal and the dim light of the next morning, when she felt rather than saw her husband depart, she could never tell. She only dimly remembered that she found herself alone, that she managed to turn the lock in the door, to pull down the curtains, and that then she went back to bed, *not* more dead than alive; oh, no, that would have been comparative bliss; but with a steady, gnawing, burning pain in her heart, which made her almost wish she could pluck every fiber of it out of her breast and throw it in the deep sea. For, alas! it was but the heart of a

woman, which the religions of the ages have taught man to crush, to trample on, to rule over with cruel, arbitrary, heartless sway, because, forsooth, it is only a thing, a toy, a piece of property, a machine, useful when in good repair, nothing more !

Deborah did not attempt to rise for many hours, not until the pain had yielded partially to the anodyne of sleep, when, pale and spent, she arose to look into the face of the wilderness, make friends with it if perchance she could, and so live out her little life to the bitter end.

She was sure that all was over for her — love, joy, hope ; only duty remained, the attempt to do the right as she saw it — a heavy cross. Thinking thus, her eye fell on her ring, the ring her mother had bequeathed to her, making her promise that she would always wear it, always do what *she* thought was right. “My dearest mother,” she softly murmured, the ring having turned her thoughts in a different channel, “I wonder why you died in such anguish, why you made me promise to do what *I* thought was right. Perhaps because you yourself had obeyed counsel, had done what you thought was not right, and so died broken-hearted !” She mused over the tragedy of her mother’s life, then kissed the ring with reverential awe. The thought that she had been true to that singular promise, required so earnestly by

her mother, seemed gradually to penetrate her heart and drive away the burning pain. God appeared to draw so near. Was it a new baptism of His spirit that made her suddenly brave and ready with loyal, even thankful, heart to take up life's burdens again?

CHAPTER XV.

STEWARDS OF THE MYSTERIES OF GOD.

By and by nature asserting her claims, Deborah prepared herself some food. She found it not altogether easy to eat alone, but by resolutely thinking what she should do when her house was put in order and the wants of the animal pets attended to, she managed to swallow enough food to sustain her until the hour came around for another lonely meal.

All this having been accomplished, she changed her everyday dress for her white one, — for it was the beginning of summer and the day a warm one, — put on her delicate white shawl, her coarsely braided but picturesque straw hat, prettily trimmed with some soft white material, her mitts, and sallied forth.

She had quite a walk before her, since Salt Lake City had grown rapidly during the three years of its existence, and was laid out in such a way as to consume much time on the part of pedestrians. It now embraced twenty wards and covered an area of several square miles. Some one has said that it equaled in dimensions the great capitals of the world, though that is an exaggeration. It would, however, have been

difficult for a tourist to tell just where the city ended and the country began, the houses in the city being so far apart and in the midst of a plat of ground, every foot of which was under cultivation. The city proper contained about five thousand inhabitants, while the settlements, extending forty miles on either side, toward the Weber on the north and Utah Lake on the south, had something like seven thousand more. Excellent water was obtained from the mountains, which was distributed in ditches through every street and brought to the houses for domestic purposes. The domiciles of the Mormons, of which there were about a thousand in the city, were small, as a rule, comprising but two or three rooms, and the material used in their construction was mostly adobe, or sun-dried brick.

The afternoon was half spent by the time Deborah reached the little house she was in search of—that of Leah, the daughter of her dear departed friend. She was not only married at this time, but was the mother of a new Abraham, besides bidding fair to add a new Jacob before many days. It had occurred to Deborah that the young mother might need a little rest from her ceaseless toil, and would gladly loan her the little Abraham for a season. She would see.

As Deborah came up the walk and near the front door of the small hut, it was pleasant to

note the young mother come smilingly out to meet her. Although Deborah was considered a dangerous infidel by some of the Mormon leaders, the common people loved her, more particularly her own sex; especially tired mothers who had little children whom it was a relief to loan to Debby awhile. She always took such good care of them, and brought them back so much improved in health.

Of course it would not be wise to let her have charge of children of larger growth; *they* might imbibe infidel notions which would be their ruin. Little toddlers, however, who were into every sort of mischief, might safely be entrusted to her for a time, thus giving both mother and little ones a restful change.

"Well, and how is Leah and little Abraham?" asked Deborah, after Leah had hugged and kissed her several times. Leah was young and still ardent in her affections, her husband not having as yet taken a second wife.

"Pretty well, only he is teething, and so much care. I feel as if my back would break, sometimes, trying to carry him about when he is fretful. I am so poorly now. Do come right in and stay a long while. It is so pleasant to see you once more. I can believe that summer is really here, you bring with you always such a sunny, cheerful atmosphere, though you look unusually

pale to-day. What is the matter? Another wife on the string?"

Leah's fine dark eyes, only less fine than her mother's, looked sympathetically into Deborah's blue ones.

"No, not that, not that, so far as I am aware of. My husband started yesterday on a mission to England."

"Indeed! It will likely be a long time before he can return."

"Yes."

"You were always so happy together, it seems a pity to separate you. If the women now were managin', they would send off on a mission those men whom their wives have no use for at home."

"Likely it was Brigham's work. He has no use for me, you know; and I suppose he thought to save Jedediah's soul by getting him away from my influence."

Leah said nothing in reply, for she herself did not approve of Deborah's infidel notions, having much the same sort of fanatical mind as her father. Then, too, he had carefully taught her, line upon line, and precept upon precept, the peculiar Mormon doctrines, as he understood them; and he understood them somewhat worse than the average elder. He never failed to give point to his instructions by telling his daughter how heavy had been the hand of the Lord upon her mother

because of *her* infidel notions, which had been much strengthened by Deborah, to her final undoing.

"Well, and how is your sister Rachel to-day?"

"Why, have you not heard? She is to be married this very day."

"That seems too bad. She is so very young to take upon herself the cares and duties of married life."

"Yes, but the last days are at hand, and we women, as well as the men, must be up and doing to build up our kingdoms — our men's kingdoms. She is a plural wife. Father would have it so, because he said the apostles could exalt her so much more than a young and untried man. She is going through the Endowment House ceremonies to-day. You have never had your endowments, have you?"

"No."

"Why? Are you afraid to go through?"

"Yes," replied Deborah, with a smile.

"Of what are you afraid?"

"Oh, I am not sure what they will undertake to make me promise."

"You will lose your husband if you persist in your refusal to go through."

"Can you give me an idea of the nature of the promises required?"

"I do not dare. We are pledged to secrecy by terrible oaths."

"That is all I want to know. It corroborates my impression of the state of affairs. And now, if you will give me little Abraham for a time, I will be going. It is a long way home, and I would like to return before it grows late, so that Abraham will not get cold."

"Yes, indeed," replied Leah with alacrity; "I want to get a little rest before the next one is born. I might not survive if too much worn to begin with."

Leah left Deborah to muse over what might be the terrible oaths connected with the Endowment House ceremonies while she prepared her darling for a visit. Deborah wished so much she could know precisely what would be demanded of her, should she, upon Jedediah's return, decide to go through with him. Still, of what avail to think of what as yet she could obtain no clue to?

She was accordingly glad when the mother appeared with the teething babe and she was relieved for a time from thinking of anything more serious.

The ceremonies of the Endowment House have undergone several stages of development. Originally they were simple in character and consisted in the washing of one another's feet, anointings, the partaking of bread and wine, blessings, prophesyings, and the supposed apparition of angels. In time these were changed into a long

series of oaths, grips, covenants, and signs, in imitation of the Masonic lodge, of which, at one time, the Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith, was a member.

Afterwards the prophet had a revelation, which, he declared, put him in possession of the great secret lost upon the death of the architect of King Solomon's temple. Doubtless, the most important changes in the ceremonies of the Endowment House were introduced by Brigham Young after the death of the prophet, since it is said to have been due to his influence that terrible oaths were prescribed upon the Mormons to avenge the blood of the prophet, spilled through gentile indifference, if not connivance.

Whether this was actually the case or not will probably never be known to the gentile world, as it is asserted that all memory of these ceremonies is taken away from apostate Mormons, leaving their mind a blank. However this may be, it is certainly true that in that plain, unpretentious Endowment House, on the northwest corner of the tabernacle, near the great temple, were performed certain rites and ceremonies which, more than anything else, held the Mormons together.

To the uninitiated these ceremonies were held out as something to be greatly desired and to make one blessed, if not altogether wise. The promise of them has drawn thousands from the

Old World to the New, and the portrayal of the blessings that followed their inception has done more than all else combined to render saints, more particularly those in the Old World, self-sacrificing, in order that as many as possible might have the benefits accruing therefrom. That very many souls crossed seas and continents, expecting everything and obtaining nothing, is likewise true.

To give the reader an idea of these ceremonies, we transcribe the following interesting account from Mrs. T. B. H. Stenhouse's "Englishwoman in Utah":

"It is an invariable rule among the Mormons, as I have before intimated, for every man or woman to mind his or her own business, and nothing else. Thus it was that until I myself went through the endowments, I was totally ignorant of what they were; although, of course, many people with whom I had daily intercourse could easily have enlightened me if they had been thus minded. Besides this, every Mormon's mouth was closed by the oath of the same Endowment House, the penalty of which was death, which no one doubted would be sternly enforced. Thus, totally in the dark, and remembering only the strange stories told about the washings and anointings, and an imitation of the Garden of Eden, with Adam and Eve clothed in their own innocence alone, it can be no wonder that any modest

woman should wish to evade all participation in such scenes.

“I spoke to my husband about it, and he tried to reassure me, but what he said had rather the contrary effect.

“Before we left England, when speaking of these ceremonies, my husband told me that they were simply a privilege and a matter of choice. But what choice! I might go or refuse to go; but if I refused, he must, if he went through it all, take another wife in my place, and, as I knew, there would be no difficulty in finding one. I should, in consequence, be known as a rebellious woman; annoyance and indignity would be heaped upon me; while within my own home I should be compelled to occupy the position of second wife, as the one who is first in the Endowment House is considered the first wife, and has control of everything.

“My husband told me that now he was anxious to go; he had already been notified three times that such was his privilege, and there were, he said, good reasons why we ought gladly to accept the opportunity. It was an honor, he said, for which many people waited for years.

“My husband reminded me that we had been married by a gentile and while living among gentiles, and that, as I said before, our marriage was not valid, and our children were not legiti-

mate. Only those children of ours who were born *after* the ceremony in the Endowment House would be legitimate; the others were outcasts from the 'kingdom' unless we adopted them *after* our initiation, and thus made them heirs. In any case, poor children, they could never be considered the real heirs; they could only be heirs 'by adoption.'

"So I agreed to go, trying to persuade myself that it was a sacred duty; for, although my faith in Mormonism had been roughly shaken, I still believed that its origin was divine.

"The temple robe, which is a long, loose, flowing garment made of white linen or bleached muslin and reaching to the ankle, had been placed upon us just before we took the oaths. It was gathered to a band about twelve inches long, which rested on the right shoulder, passed across the breast, and came together under the left arm, and was then fastened by a linen belt. This leaves the arm entirely free. The veil consists of a large square of Swiss muslin, gathered in one corner so as to form a sort of cap to fit the head; the remainder falls down as a veil. The men wear the same kind of under-garment as the women, and their robes are the same, but their headdress is a round piece of linen drawn up with a string and a bow in front, something after the fashion of a Scotch cap. All good Mormons,

after they have received their first endowments, get whole suits of temple robes made on purpose for them, so that they may be ready for use at any time when they are needed. All marriages in the Endowment House are performed in these robes, and in them all saints who have received their endowments are buried. Besides our robes, we were instructed to take with us a bottle of the best olive oil.

“At seven o’clock in the morning of the day appointed, we presented ourselves at the door of the Endowment House, and were admitted by Brother Lyon, the Mormon poet. Everything within was beautifully neat and clean, and a solemn silence pervaded the whole place. The only sound that could be heard was the splashing of water, but whence the sound proceeded we could not see. In spite of myself, a feeling of dread and uncertainty respecting what I had to go through would steal over my mind, and I earnestly wished that the day was over.

“We waited patiently for awhile, and presently a man entered and seated himself at a table placed there for that purpose, upon which was a large book. He opened the book, and then calling each person in turn, he took their names and ages, and the names of their fathers and mothers, and carefully entered each particular in the book. Our bottles of oil were then taken from

us, and we were supposed to be ready for the ceremony.

“First we were told to take off our shoes and leave them in the anteroom, and then to take up our bundles and pass into another room beyond. This was a large bath-room, which was divided down the middle by a curtain of heavy material, placed there for the purpose of separating the men from the women. Here my husband left me, he going to the men’s and I to the women’s division. In the bath-room were two or three large bathing-tubs supplied by streams of hot and cold water. We were as much concealed from the men as if we had been in an entirely separate room, and everything was very quiet and orderly.

“Miss Eliza R. Snow, the poetess, and a Mrs. Whitney were the officiating attendants on that occasion. The former conducted me to one of the bathing-tubs, and, placing me in it, she proceeded to wash me from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. As she did this, she repeated various formulas to the effect that I was now washed clean from the blood of this generation, and should never, if I remained faithful, be partaker in the plagues and miseries which were about to come upon the earth. When I had thus been washed clean, she wiped me dry, and then taking a large horn filled with olive oil which we had brought, she anointed me. The oil was

poured from the horn by Mrs. Whitney into the hand of Eliza Snow, who then applied it to me. The horn was said to be the horn of plenty, which, like the widow's cruse of oil, would never fail as long as the ordinance should continue to be administered. In addition to the crown of my head, my eyes, ears, and mouth were also anointed; my eyes, that they might be quick to see, my ears, that they might be apt at hearing, and my mouth, that I might with wisdom speak the words of eternal life. She also anointed my feet, that they might be swift to run in the ways of the Lord. I was then given a certain garment to put on.

“Now this garment is one peculiar to the Mormon people. It is made so as to envelope the whole body, and it is worn night and day. I was told that after having once put it on, I must never wholly take it off before putting on another, but that I should change one half at a time, and that if I did so I should be protected from disease, and even death itself; for the bullets of an enemy would not penetrate that garment, and that from it even the dagger's point should be turned aside. It has been said that the prophet Joseph carelessly left off this peculiar garment on the day of his death, and that, had he not done so, the rifles of his assassins would have been harmless against him.

“When thus arrayed, I proceeded to put on a white night-dress and skirt, stockings, and white linen shoes. A new name was then whispered into my ear, which I was told I must never mention to any living soul, except my husband in the Endowment House. This name was taken from the Bible, and I was given to understand that it would be the name whereby I should be admitted into the celestial kingdom. This was, of course, very gratifying. A circumstance, however, occurred which took from me all the pride which might have been mine in the possession of a new name. There was among our number a deaf woman; Mrs. Whitney had to tell her her name once or twice over, loud enough for me to hear, and thus I found that her new name, as well as mine, was Sarah. To make the matter worse, another sister whispered, ‘Why, that is my name, too.’ This entirely dispelled any enthusiasm which otherwise I might have felt. I could well understand that I might yet become a Sarah in Israel, but if we were all Sarahs, there would not be such distinction or honor in being called by that name. As a matter of course, I supposed that the men would all become Abrahams.

“Our washing and anointing being now over, we were ready for the initiation; there were about fifteen couples in all.

“A voice from behind the curtains asked Miss

Snow if we were ready, and was answered in the affirmative. We were then arranged in a row, the curtain was drawn aside, and we stood face to face with the men, who had, of course, on their side of the curtain, been put through the same ordeal. I felt dreadfully nervous, for I did not know what was coming next, and I could not quite dismiss from my mind the stories that I had heard about these mysteries. But in spite of my nervousness, curiosity was strong within me at that moment, as it was, I suppose, in the others, for as soon as the curtain was drawn aside we all cast our eyes in the direction of the men. They, as might be expected, were looking in our direction, and when I beheld them I must say that my sympathies were drawn out towards the poor creatures. However little vanity or personal pride they possessed, they must have felt it unpleasant to have to appear in our presence in such a dress, or rather *undress*; and notwithstanding the solemn meaning of the ceremony, there was just the ghost of a smile upon our faces as we looked at each other and dropped our eyes again. To any one who did not feel as we did the religious nature of the initiation, the scene must have appeared perfectly ludicrous. In fact, some of us felt it so. One sister, just as the curtain was drawn up and we came in full view of our lords, cried out: 'Oh dear, oh dear, where shall I go? What

shall I do?' This, as may be supposed, caused a laugh, which was, of course, immediately suppressed.

"We could see how the men looked, but of our appearance we could not so easily judge. Certainly we must have looked anything but handsome in our white garments, and with the oil trickling down our faces and into our eyes, making them smart and look red. There was nothing, however, for us to do but to quietly submit and make the best of it we could. Ashamed as I was, I thought I might venture to look at my husband; there could be no harm in that; but when I saw his demure-looking countenance and his efforts to keep his clothing in order, I thought I should be compelled to laugh outright, for I could see that his thoughts were more occupied about his personal appearance than with the solemnity of the occasion. The men were all dressed in the same kind of a garment as the women, — drawers and shirt all in one, very much like those which are used for children to sleep in, — and over that an ordinary white shirt, such as men always wear; that, with socks and white linen shoes, completed their toilet.

"Clad after this interesting fashion, we sat opposite to each other for several minutes, and then my husband and myself were instructed to come forward and kneel at the altar, while all the

rest remained standing. It is the custom thus to select two persons, and we were either picked by chance, or, it might be, as my husband was thought a good deal of by the authorities, that they considered he would feel honored by the preference.

“Suddenly a voice was heard speaking to some one, who also replied. This voice from the unseen was supposed to be the voice of Elohim in conversation with Jehovah, and the words that were used were the same as those contained in the first chapter of the book of Genesis, describing the creation of the world. Finally, Jehovah and Elohim declare their intention to come down and visit the earth. This they do, and pronounce all that they behold very good; but they declare that it is necessary that one of a higher order of intelligence than the brute creation should be placed in the world to govern and control all else.

“Michal the Archangel is now called, and he is placed upon the earth under the name of Adam, and power is given him over all the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea. Moreover, the fruits of the earth are given to him for his sustenance and pleasure; but he is strictly charged, as in Bible story, not to eat of one particular tree which stands in the midst of the garden. This tree is represented by a small real evergreen, and a few bunches of raisins are hung upon it as fruit.

“It is now discovered that it is not good for man to be alone; Elohim and Jehovah, therefore, hold another conversation upon the subject, and they finally determine to give a companion to Adam. They, therefore, cause a deep sleep to fall upon Michal — or Adam, as he is now called — and they prepare to operate upon him. Here we were instructed to assume the attitude of deep sleep by dropping our heads upon our breasts. Elohim and Jehovah then come down and go through the motions of removing a rib from the side of the sleeper, which said rib appears immediately upon the scene in the person of Eliza R. Snow. Elohim and Jehovah are generally represented by two of the Twelve Apostles. When Brigham is present he plays a prominent part.

“And now the devil makes his appearance in the person of W. W. Phelps. Phelps used always to personate the devil in the endowments, and the role suited him admirably. He is dead now, but whether it has made any difference in his status I cannot tell, nor do I know who has succeeded him in the office. The devil wears a very tight-fitting suit of black muslin, with knee breeches and black stockings and slippers. This dress has all the appearance of a theatrical costume, and the man looks as much like what one might imagine the devil would look as he possibly could. He begins by trying to scrape acquaintance with

Eve, whom he meets while taking a walk in the garden. The innocent, unsuspecting woman is fascinated by his attentions. Father Adam — who seems to have had a touch of the Mormon about him — perhaps was not the most attentive of husbands; or he may have made the same mistake as that which so many of his sons have since made — neglecting to pay the same attentions after marriage as he was wont to before — and left his young wife to the tempter. However that may be, Satan and Eve are soon discovered in conversation together, and Eve appears to be particularly pleased with Satan. At length he offers her some fruit of the forbidden garden, and after some little demur she accepts it and eats thereof.

“Then the devil leaves her, Adam makes his appearance, and Eve persuades him also to eat of the fruit of the tree. After this they make a dumb show of perceiving their condition, and an apron of white linen is produced, on which are sewn pieces of green silk, in imitation of fig leaves, and in these they both attire themselves.

“Then all the brethren and sisters produced similar aprons which they brought with them on purpose; these are put on, as Adam and Eve had already done. Elohim now appeared again, and called Adam; but Adam was afraid, and hid himself in the garden with Eve. The curse was now pronounced upon the serpent — the devil —

who reappears upon his hands and knees, making a hissing noise as one might suppose a serpent would do. We were then all driven out of the Garden of Eden into another room which represented the world—and this ended the ‘First Degree.’

“We were now supposed to be out in the world, earning our daily bread by the sweat of our brows, and we were informed that although we had been driven out from the presence of the Lord, yet a plan of salvation would be devised for us, by which we should be enabled to return to our first estate. We were patiently to wait until this plan should be disclosed to us.

“There was such a mixture of persons and events that I could not exactly follow the idea that was intended to be conveyed—if there was any idea at all. Men representing the ancient prophets entered, and gave instructions to the people to prepare themselves for the coming of our Saviour upon earth. Then we were taught certain passwords and grips; and then we were arranged in a circle. The women covered their faces with their veils, and we all kneeled down, and, with our right hands uplifted towards heaven, we took the solemn oath of obedience and secrecy. We swore that by every means in our power we would seek to avenge the death of Joseph Smith, the prophet, upon the gentiles who had caused

his murder, and that we would teach our children to do so; we swore that, without murmur or questioning, we would implicitly obey the commands of the priesthood in everything; we swore that we would not commit adultery — which, with reference to the men, was explained to mean the taking of wives without the permission of the holy priesthood; and we swore that we would never, under any circumstances, reveal what transpired in the Endowment House.

“The penalty for breaking this oath, which was worded in the most startling and impressive way, was then explained to us. His bowels were — while he was yet living — to be torn from him, his throat was to be cut from ear to ear, and his heart and tongue were to be cut out. In the world to come, everlasting damnation would be his portion.

“Let not the reader think that this was merely an imaginary penalty, or that it was expressed merely for the purpose of frightening the weak-minded; for, as will be shown, punishments quite as horrible as that have been deliberately meted out to the apostate, the gentile, and the suspected saint, by the Mormon Priesthood. The innocent blood which cries for vengeance against Brigham Young and some of the leaders of the Church is sufficient to weigh the purest spirit which stands before the throne of God down to the nethermost abysses of hell. After these fearful oaths had

been taken with due solemnity, we were instructed in the various signs representing those dreadful penalties, and we were also given a 'grip' peculiar to this degree.

"We were next entertained by a long address from the Apostle Heber C. Kimball. Never in my life — except from Brigham Young — have I listened to such disgusting language, and I trust I shall never be compelled to listen to anything like it again. Brother Kimball always used to pride himself upon using 'plain' language, but that day I think he surpassed himself; he seemed to take quite a pleasure in saying anything which could make us blush. The subject of which he discoursed was the married life in the 'Celestial Order'; he also laid great stress upon the necessity of our keeping silence concerning all that we had witnessed in the Endowment House — even husbands to their wives, and wives to their husbands, were not to utter a single word. With the sermon ended our 'Second Degree.'

"We were now taken to another room for the purpose of passing through the 'Third Degree' of the Order of the Melchisedec Priesthood. When we were all arranged on one side against the wall, a number of individuals entered who were supposed to represent the ministers of every denomination and religion upon the face of the earth. The devil also made his appearance again. The

ministers set forth the various claims of their respective creeds — each one striving to show that his was the purest and the best — but the devil sowed division and hatred among them, and a good deal of confusion ensued.

“Then came in personages representing Peter, James, and John, the Apostles; and they commanded ministers, devil, and all to depart. They then appeared to organize a new Church, in which the true principles of the Gospel were to be taught; our Temple robes were also changed from the right shoulder to the left, indicating that we were now in the true Church, and that we were to be absolutely and in every way dependent upon the priesthood. Another grip was then given to us, and thus we received the ‘Third Degree’ of the order of Melchisedec Priesthood. In that room was a division made of bleached muslin; in the division a door, and in the door a hole, with a lap of muslin over it, through which to pass the hand. Whoever was on the other side could see us, but we could not see them. The men first approached this door. A person representing the Apostle Peter appeared at the opening and demanded who was there. He was told that some one desired to enter. Hands came through the opening in the muslin curtain, and mysterious fingers cut a mark on the left breast of the men’s shirts — one mark also over the abdomen, and one over the right

knee — which mark the women religiously imitated upon their own garments when they got home. The applicant was then told to put his hand through the opening, and give the last grip belonging to the 'Third Degree,' and mention his new name. He was then permitted to enter. This was called 'going behind the veil.' When the men were all admitted, the women were suffered to approach, and were passed through by their own husbands. When a woman has no husband she is passed through by one of the brethren; and to those who are not going to be married or sealed for eternity here the ceremonies end.

"Now, as I before stated, according to Mormon ideas we had never before been legally married. It was therefore necessary that we should now pass through that ceremony. We accordingly were conducted to a desk, where our names were entered, and we were then passed into another room. In that room was a long, low altar, covered with red velvet, and an arm-chair placed at one end of it, in which sat Brigham Young. My husband knelt at one side of the altar and I at the other, with our hands clasped above it in the last grip which had been given to us. Then the ordinary formula of marriage was gone through with, and we were informed that we were sealed for time and for eternity.

"Thus we passed through the mysteries of the

Endowment House, and at three o'clock in the afternoon we found ourselves at liberty to return home. The various ceremonies had occupied eight hours."

CHAPTER XVI.

OVER THE PLAINS.

“Let them marry according to the holy order of God, and begin to lay the foundation of a little family kingdom which shall no more be scattered upon the face of the earth, but dwell in one country, keeping their genealogies from generation to generation, until each man’s house shall be multiplied as the stars of heaven.”— *Mormon Doctrine*.

“Little Ruth,” as she was familiarly called, was an only child of an early widowed mother. The bond of affection uniting these two was singularly strong; and often did Little Ruth, as she grew from trusting childhood to devoted young womanhood, repeat in her quaint fashion to her mother the words of that Jewish Ruth, which, to her mind, were beautiful indeed: “Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.”

Doubtless the repetition on the part of Little Ruth of these verses expressive of the loyalty of the Moabitish daughter-in-law to Naomi, helped

to mold in a strange fashion the destiny of both Little Ruth and her "Little Mother," for both were small as to stature, though in other respects there was a harmonizing difference of personality.

Accordingly, when the Little Mother met at the nearest neighbor's a zealous, proselyting Mormon missionary, and decided to accept his invitation to attend a more general meeting, where he would set forth the duties of mothers and daughters, she found no difficulty in persuading her daughter to accompany her thither.

The meeting was held in an ill-ventilated, shabby hall at Liverpool, and conducted, for the most part, by American missionaries, of whom Jedediah was one. He was not himself the principal speaker of the evening, but he rather gave earnest heed to the words of the apostle as he discoursed upon the pitfalls attendant upon the marriage of Mormon women with gentile men. Not only, he urged, would these misled women "perish themselves in the general destruction coming upon "Babylon" — the gentile world — but their children "must forever be cut off from the presence of God and the glory of the Celestial Kingdom."

Upon the conclusion of the apostle's pathetic appeal the Little Mother's heart was torn by conflicting emotions. She was almost persuaded that

these *were* the last days, and that they ought no longer to hesitate, but to gather immediately to Zion. In her perplexity she turned to Jedediah and anxiously questioned him about all these things, which now appeared to be of such vital importance to her.

Presently, however, she bethought herself to introduce her young daughter to this stranger, who had been already regarded by the daughter with timid looks of admiration. Ruth wondered if it was common for the new world to produce such fine specimens of well-built men as this American elder presented. She began to be curious to see for herself this new world and new people, and to experience this latter-day religion, which was now engrossing her mother. It was in the midst of these cogitations that the Little Mother said abruptly :

“Elder West, this is my daughter, Ruth Ransom, or ‘Little Ruth,’ as she is usually called. Everybody loves Little Ruth, and I hope you will learn to do so.”

Although Ruth Ransom was not at all pretty, there was something very loyal and sweet in her glance ; and as she turned it upon Jedediah, when he spoke her name and bowed in his grave, deferential way, he felt a strangely sweet sensation thrill his being. Immediately the glance was withdrawn, and he went on talking with the

mother for a time, when he asked and obtained permission to accompany them to their home.

What had given him such a feeling of delight? he questioned himself as he sought his rooms that night. Was it a leading from the Lord to cause him to obey those "special instructions" of Brigham's to "lay the foundation of a family kingdom without delay," which had given him the keenest anguish he had ever known? He did not know; he was only aware that his long hesitation to "obey counsel" had thrown him into disfavor with his brother missionaries, and called down upon his head the terrible suspicion of God's own anointed, Brigham Young.

Or was this sweet sensation of delight simply the pleasurable feeling experienced when one loyal, loving soul suddenly recognizes another of the same kind?

Jedediah could not tell; and since Brigham was too far away to direct him as to who were the proper persons to select in this matter of helping to uprear the foundations of his family kingdom, why, he would appeal to Apostle Richards for counsel. Left to himself he would have preferred going on his way without any kingdom to rule over; simply contenting himself with being a helpful citizen, a loving disciple of the Lord, and sharing Deborah's faithful love and pretty home.

Yet, as it was the divine will that the Mormon

men should build these family kingdoms and rule over them, he must perforce submit. He would go at once for counsel to Apostle Richards, the time being short for embarkation to Zion that season. The apostle was equally prompt in assuring him that these were the women who were appointed of the Lord to help him begin to lay the foundation of his family kingdom. Since Brigham Young had said that Deborah would land Jedediah in hell, to put it in Brigham's mild phraseology, if Jedediah continued to regard her in the light of wife, she had been quite ignored by the priesthood as holding that position toward Elder West.

Previous to that eventful year a safe method of emigration had been adopted, the overland journey being made at a suitable season and in connection with teams sufficient to haul old people, feeble women, and little children, when they could no longer walk. But the time in which to gather to Zion appearing short to Brigham, he hit upon a scheme to expedite matters; and, attributing it to the Lord, it came to be known as the "Divine Hand-Cart Scheme" — doubtless as divine as many another "scheme" by which men think to hasten the coming of the millennium, or to save their souls from what they call "everlasting hell."

This scheme met with general favor at the hands of the Mormons, and the result was that a greater number of the saints left Liverpool that

year (1856) than ever before or since. Among this large company of saints were Jedediah, Little Ruth, and Little Mother, this trio having embarked at Liverpool full of health and eager hope for Zion.

On the arrival at Zion of these "tried people of the Lord," among them were not exactly three people, but three skeletons, of which two still retained life, while in that of the other, the Little Mother, life was quite extinct. Perhaps it had been foolish to bring to Zion the bones of Ruth's mother, but Jedediah found it impossible to get Ruth's permission to leave them by the wayside in the bleak cañon where so many others were buried. She protested that if he did so, she too would yield up the ghost, and be buried in that fearful wilderness, for where her mother was buried, there would she be buried.

From this cañon Jedediah sent the following epistle to Deborah :

"My long-lost Love : Listen, dearest wife, for so you will ever be to me, while I pour into your ear a tale of such woe as few ever experience and live to tell.

"You know I thought the Mexican trip, with its long, wasting marches over dreary deserts, trackless mountains, and fearful gorges ; its treacherous encounters with savagery of every kind —

beasts, men, scourging elements of nature, gnawing hunger, long-protracted thirst, torturing wounds, banishment from my other self — I thought this a bitter enough experience.

“But it was as nothing compared to this new experience with the hand-carts over the plains — anything but plains some of the way — starvation staring you in the face in the midst of stinging cold and blinding blizzards of snow, with innocent babes, toddling children, pretty youths, sweet maidens, and gaunt, despairing parents, as the victims.

“By some misunderstanding the hand-carts were not ready for us until the middle of August, and then one cart was made to answer for five persons. Being hurriedly prepared from unseasoned lumber, they were anything but reliable conveyances for our allowance of one hundred pounds of bedding, clothing, cooking utensils, etc., over hundreds of miles of rough country, with fall and winter facing us instead of spring and summer.

“Only two or three of us had made the trip before, and though Levi Savage, when he saw how late we were in getting started, and how inadequate our food and transportation were, urged that we wait where we were until spring, the elders thought him weak in the faith, and one of them assured him he would eat all the snow

that fell between Florence and Salt Lake City before our arrival at the latter place. Brother Savage was disappointed that the elders decided to go on in spite of his earnest protest, but said humbly, 'I will go with you; I will work and rest and suffer with you; and, if God wills it so, I will also die with you.' I need not tell you that he kept his word, and that no man was more faithful and self-denying when we were being decimated with fearful rapidity by cold, hunger, weariness, and disease, than this same honest Levi Savage. Of course we were not long in finding out that we had better have taken his advice and remained where we were — that is, the old and feeble, together with the heads of families and their young children. Unless counseled to remain, *I* should certainly have pushed on with other able-bodied men, for I was beside myself to see you once more.

"Now, as if we were not yet sufficiently handicapped, at Wood River there bore down upon us an immense herd of buffaloes, which caused our cattle to stampede, and left us in a still worse plight. For though we searched three days for them we were only able to recover a sufficient number to furnish one pair of oxen to a wagon. As these wagons were each loaded with three thousand pounds of flour, the single pair of oxen to a load could not budge them. All that re-

mained for us to do was to yoke up the beef cattle, cows, and heifers; but this did not work. Then a sack of flour was added to each overloaded hand-cart, when the teams, being thus lightened, were gotten off. This was, however, the real beginning of the fearful end, for hitherto we had been full of faith and courage. Now, having to do without the needed milk and beef, the companies began to show signs of discouragement and to feel strong apprehensions of approaching disaster.

“Just at this point came up a fine array of carriages and light wagons drawn by strong horses, four to a vehicle, and having in them among others, Apostle Richards, Elders Webb, Felt, Dunbar, Kimball, and Grant, and a son of the prophet, Joseph A. Young.

“A meeting was called, and poor Savage was publicly rebuked. We were told by Apostle Richards to work and pray, and to obey counsel. He then solemnly prophesied in the name of the Lord God of Israel that a way would be made for us to Zion, and that though the snow might fall and the storm rage, not a hair of our heads should be hurt. Well, the storms did come and the snow did fall, and the elements raged like wild beasts, and whether a hair of our heads was hurt or not I cannot testify; but I do know it looked for one time as if not a hair of these same heads would

ever reach Zion. Oh, Debby ! to think how near I came to never seeing you again with these eyes ! I am almost afraid to try any others, spiritual or otherwise, for these have given me such complete satisfaction where you are concerned.

“Early in September another public meeting was called. We all knew we were in a tight place, but when we came to face actual facts in the shape of figures the situation was more startling than any of us dreamed. Even if we went on at our present rate of travel and low allowance of food, we should find ourselves utterly without anything to eat when still three hundred and fifty miles from Zion. We did what we could, made another cut in the daily allowance of food and urged incredible exertions on the part of every distressed soul, for we were rapidly becoming a company of souls rather than bodies.

“Settled gloom, disease, death, were now become our familiars. But there was a rift in the clouds when we discovered a scrap of paper tied to a stone by the wayside. It had been left for us by the party in the carriages, and was to the effect that we should receive supplies at South Pass. But how reach South Pass alive ? This was the anxious query. There was no other way but to make another cut as to rations, and put the men to pulling the carts on twelve ounces of flour per day ; aged men and women were allowed

nine, and the younger members from four to eight, according to size.

“Do you wonder that our ranks began to thin pretty rapidly from this on, especially as so many came down with dysentery, and added their weight to overload men and animals, though already some, without having done any hauling at all, dropped dead in their tracks?

“One man — I knew him well — drew his cart with two of his little ones in it, day after day, looking completely done out, and utterly unfit to put one foot before the other. He was plucky though, and up and on he went, his wife walking behind him carrying their six-months-old baby. At last one night I missed him. I turned back a little to see what had become of him. I presently discovered him sitting down with his head on his knees. He was dying. His wife survived him a few days, when we found her frozen to death, with her child hugged close to her bosom, still alive.

“I can bear testimony to the fact that the strongest of us now began to find it difficult to command strength enough to pitch the tents at night, to dig the graves required, which we did in the speediest way possible, making one do for many corpses; and then attempting to go on hauling our heavy loads by day. I tell you, dearest Debby, it began to look awfully as though

our 'latter days' were really come, though not as we had anticipated. The snow fell literally in clouds — six inches to the half hour for one spell. The wind blew the keenest blasts imaginable, as if it meant to finish us then and there. The dying went off so easy at this stage of our misery that I began almost to envy them. It was the horribly crippled which won what little sympathy I was capable of feeling, those hopelessly bereft of toes, feet, fingers, hands, whole limbs, eyes. The death of some of our number was pitiable indeed. Of one old woman who had lagged behind we found only a lot of hair, the remains of a dress, a skull gnawed by the wolves, and a spot of crimsoned snow.

"At last we could make no more headway, the snow being so deep and our strength unequal to exertion of that kind. God alone knows the bitterness of those hearts still sufficiently alive to be aware of our situation. I thought of *you*, Deborah, and prayed, oh, so earnestly, that I might be permitted to feel once more the touch of your hand on my brow.

"For three days and nights, in fetid tents, with the sick and dying with us, and starvation staring us in the face, we waited, waited we knew not for which — death or relief. Oh, those terrible days! I saw men but lately eager with ambition and hope begging piteously for scraps of food

saved for little children. I saw broken-hearted mothers freezing and in the very jaws of cruel death clasping to their cold breasts scarcely living children. I saw many miserable wretches dying in the arms of others almost as miserable.

“As the sun sank to rest on the third of those fearful days of gloom, suddenly a shout was raised. We were saved. Help had reached us. Food and conveyances had been sent us from Salt Lake.

“Arriving at Zion we found that one out of every five of the large company who had left the Iowa frontier, so full of life and eager hope, was no more. In the hand-cart company just behind us, which had got off still later in the season, one out of every four had fallen victims.

“I am come to the most painful part of my letter. Dear Debby, you must be aware that special instructions were sent me to Liverpool to lay immediately the foundations of my family kingdom. I hesitated long about obeying counsel in this respect, but finally yielded. I took for plural wives two women who were devoted to each other, hoping they could form a household by themselves, and leave us to ourselves. Alas! one of them died miserably, as did so many others of the hand-cart companies. The one left is a sweet child-woman, whom you would love could you but see her. She is now quite ill, and in a condition

which requires your loving sympathy and wise tendance. Let me learn from your own lips our fate.

“I will send this letter and give you time to think the matter over, then will follow myself; and for God’s sake don’t turn me away !

“As of old, your own

“JEDDY.”

CHAPTER XVII.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

“ The bravest battle that ever was fought !
Shall I tell you where and when ?
On the maps of the world you will find it not ;
’Twas fought by the mothers of men !

“ Nay, not with the cannon or battle shot,
With sword, or nobler pen ;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men ;

“ But deep in a walled-up woman’s heart —
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part —
Lo ! there is that battle-field ! ” — *Joaquin Miller.*

Deborah read Jedediah’s letter with the hurried eagerness of a drowning person catching at a straw. He had come back, she knew. She had also heard a rumor of the plural wife brought from Liverpool. Still, why did he write if quite satisfied ? Well did he know her mind as to what she regarded the fitness of polygamic life for the new times of peace and fraternity. Often had he heard her say, “ I will gracefully yield my claim as wife to you, Jeddy, when you accept counsel as to the Celestial Order of Marriage.” He ought to know her well enough by this time to realize that she had meant what she said and would make good her word.

Hence the eagerness with which she had read his letter, like a condemned person who thinks he may hold in his hands a reprieve from the execution of the death penalty. Hence, too, the terrible disappointment as she finished, and the sudden deadly illness.

Jedediah did not follow his letter for three days, doubtless because Little Ruth was so ill that he could not easily leave her bedside.

When he reached the pretty home, once his own, Deborah had just succeeded in making her toilet for the first time since receiving the fatal letter. Not a mouthful of food had passed her lips all that time, not a soul had she seen or spoken with during three days of desperate soul-travail, which had yielded her a more complete victory than any yet won — not the usual one of the average Mormon woman, the collapse of the little individuality left to woman from gentile traditions. That was no victory in Deborah's eyes, but signal defeat, signal distrust in God as the friend of Woman, the same as of Man. Her victory was the triumph of the erect soul that can, if need be, walk alone with God.

Jedediah came up the walk to the front door, hoping every moment to see Deborah appear and greet him with that whole-hearted sincerity which had been his since he could remember.

Evidently it was not to be, since he reached the

door without seeing any manifestations of life about the house. All was silent as the grave, though everything gave token of careful oversight and attention. Perhaps she had not received his letter — but, yes, the trusty person who had delivered it had placed it in Deborah's own hand.

Jedediah knocked with the feeling of one who has dug his own grave. It would be some satisfaction, though, to see the long-loved form once more, even if she looked upon him with the eyes of a stranger.

In reply to his knock he heard a voice say faintly, "Come in." He opened the door as bidden, when Deborah rose from the sofa where she had been resting, and, tottering forward a few steps, would have fallen had Jedediah not caught her in his arms. It was a moment of exquisite joy, yet at the same time of keenest anguish. They were together once more, but it was the last time. Silently Deborah lay her head on Jedediah's shoulder and wept; while he clasped her to his heart as if he would never release her.

When they had found their way to the little lounge, and were seated side by side, looking tenderly into one another's countenances and noting what busy Time had been doing during their three years of separation, Jeddy said, with his old impulsiveness:

"You are more beautiful than ever, Debby,

only not so robust-looking. And I, how thin, and worn, and haggard I must appear!"

"You — you look like — Jeddy! Could I say more?" she replied.

A silence followed. Finally Jeddy broke it by saying:

"Everything looks as trim as if I'd never been away. Nothing seems to have missed me."

Both smiled, though with visible effort.

"Speak, Debby, speak! Tell me you hate me — that you wish I had never crossed your path — that you mean to kill me, as I perhaps have killed you."

Jedediah was beginning to realize how impossible it was for him, at least, to play the part of husband to two women, let alone a dozen or more, as other ambitious Mormons were doing.

"How could I hate *you*? How could I do other than love, Jeddy, having learned the sweet habit so long ago? But let us talk of something else now, — of this terrible blood-atonement doctrine which is causing so much alarm and distress. Have you come into serious collision with it yet?"

"I don't understand it! My mind has been full of other things — of you!"

He looked at her in a helpless, discouraged way.

"That is wrong now, Jeddy," said Deborah, gently, as she removed her hand from his eager clasp.

“What do you mean by saying it is wrong for me to think of you now, and by taking your hand out of mine?”

“Why, Jeddy, have you forgotten? Do you not recall what I thought was perfectly understood between us?”

Instead of replying, Jedediah got up, then stooped down in a sort of dazed way for his hat. It seemed to him that he was going mad. Then he sat down, quite helpless, muttering:

“Yes, I believe in blood-atonement — what I understand of the doctrine. It’s high time the Mormons cut one another’s throats, as they seem getting ready to do. In fact, a good beginning has already been made, many secret murders having taken place. I wish I could be sure of being the next victim and of having every drop of blood in my body spilled. I suppose you have heard how Leah’s husband has served her, out of love for her soul?”

“No,” said Deborah, growing white with apprehension. She well knew what a fanatic Leah’s husband was, and that he had but lately returned from a missionary trip, which had consumed a couple of years.

“You remember how her father used to talk proxy-husband doctrine to you. You must be aware also that Leah actually put his queer ideas into practise, a course of conduct which did not

please her husband, when he discovered how things had been going on during his absence. He accused her of being untrue to him, then took counsel of the authorities, and was told that the shedding of Leah's blood could alone save her. At evening, when he returned, he took her on his knee and cut her throat from ear to ear. Now, tell me — you have been here right along — what this terrible state of affairs means. I came back expecting to find the saints living in a harmonious union approaching heaven. I knew we were where the wicked gentile could no longer trouble us. The latter-day glory was at last our portion, I felt confident. Instead, I find a veritable reign of terror. Indecent questioning, backbiting, intrusive spying, beatings, even murder, seem to be the order of the day. How is it that you have escaped vengeance, for it must be known that you are weak in the faith? I suppose it is your sweet, wholesome womanliness that has saved you from vulgar intrusion and outrage?"

"Oh, no; not altogether. There have been several intrusive calls and forewarnings of evil to come if I did not repent, and believe straightway. Indeed, a good bishop told me but a short time ago that he would think no more of killing me than of killing a cat. All he was waiting for was Brigham's order, when he would proceed to carry it out with the greatest of pleasure."

Jeddy was astounded. How anyone could think of harming his Debby, the whitest-souled creature he had ever known, he could not imagine. He started up in anger and alarm. It was Deborah who hastily interposed:

“Wait, Jeddy. If you rush out, feeling as you do now, you will do something to bring still greater suspicion upon me, and also undermine your own standing among the Mormon leaders; they think highly of you now that you have taken plural wives. If we could be killed in a clean, straightforward manner, I would not mind, for, doubtless, we shall succumb to the Indians sooner or later, if the Mormon priesthood do not deal with us during this fearful time. But when you know what unnamable outrages are perpetrated upon heretics, apostates, and those not sound in the faith, you will know the need of caution.”

“Have you any idea what has brought us to our present insane condition? Why, even the priesthood, from Brigham down, seem perfectly beside themselves with base suspicions, fanatical rage, and the desire for blood. Little Ruth has been asked questions that she was ashamed to repeat to me. Since the last visit of Apostle Grant, who seems to be the ringleader in this blood-atonement craze, she has seemed greatly depressed, and I find her often in tears. What *can* have brought about such a sickening state of affairs?”

“I do not know, unless it be that the Mormon priesthood have been busy sowing the wind, and are now reaping the whirlwind. You know what vindictive feelings they have cultivated towards the gentiles, our government, and those who differ from them in religion and domestic life. The attempt to resuscitate a past servile mode of living is against nature, and can bring forth only monstrous births.”

“I believe you are right, Debby,” replied Jedediah. “Do you know, they are after me to take more wives.”

“I don’t doubt it. The polygamic part of the craze is the most unwholesome, and portends the most mischief. Every man and woman — yes, and almost every child, even — is being driven into polygamy, like sheep to the slaughter. I can’t tell you how I have been wrestled with before it was certain that you would return.”

“Again?”

“Again.”

“Ah! Debby, heaven grant that your faithfulness be richly rewarded!”

So saying, Jedediah took one of Debby’s hands, pressed it to his lips a moment, and strode swiftly out of the little cottage.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DANITES.

“ *Blood* is what the student of religious fanaticism always looks to hear of at a certain stage; ‘redeeming blood,’ ‘sanctifying blood,’ or ‘imputed blood’; but always *blood* ! ”
— *J. H. Beadle.*

When Jedediah left Deborah he was in a state of perplexity bordering upon distraction. Being a Danite, he was bound by the most horrid oaths to do the bidding of the Mormon leaders. Should it be suspected that he was becoming weak in the faith, he was liable to be secretly murdered at any unguarded moment.

As he walked along, scarcely knowing whither he went, he was overtaken by Apostle Grant, the real originator of this latter-day blood-atonement doctrine. For as early as 1854 he had begun to preach the following exhortations:

“ Then there was another odd commandment. The Lord God commanded them not to pity the person whom they killed, but to execute the law of God upon persons worthy of death. This should be done by the entire congregation showing no pity. I have thought there would be quite a revolution among the Mormons before such a commandment could be obeyed completely by

them. For instance, if they can get a man before the tribunal administering the law of the land, and succeed in getting a rope around his neck, and having him hung up like a dead dog, it is all right. But if the church and kingdom of God should step forth and execute the law of God, oh, what a burst of Mormon sympathy it would cause! I wish we were in a situation favorable to our doing that which is justifiable before God, without any contaminating influence of gentile amalgamation, laws, and traditions, that the people of God might lay the axe to the root of the tree, and every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit might be hewn down.

“What! do you believe that people would do right and keep the law of God by actually putting to death the transgressors? Putting to death the transgressors would exhibit the law of God, no matter by whom it was done. That is my opinion.”

It took, however, some two years for Apostle Grant to make a convert of Brigham Young and thus obtain the needed backing to make the latter-day blood-atonement doctrine an assured success. That this feat was accomplished in the most complete manner may be inferred from this extract from a sermon delivered by him in the tabernacle, Feb. 8, 1857:

“When will we love our neighbors as our-

selves? In the first place, Jesus said that no man hateth his own flesh. It is admitted by all that every person loves himself. Now, if we rightly love ourselves we want to be saved and continue to exist, we want to go into the kingdom where we can enjoy eternity and see no more sorrow nor death. This is the desire of every person who believes in God. Now, take a person in this congregation who has knowledge with regard to being saved in the kingdom of our God and our Father, and being exalted, one who knows and understands the principles of eternal life and sees the beauties and excellency of the eternities before him, compared with the vain and foolish things of the world, and suppose that he is overtaken in a gross fault, that he has committed a sin that he knows will deprive him of that exaltation which he desires, and that he cannot attain to it without the shedding of his blood, and knows also that by having his blood shed he will atone for that sin and be saved and exalted with the gods, is there a man or woman in this house but would say, 'Shed my blood that I might be saved and exalted with the gods?'

"All mankind love themselves; and let those principles be known by an individual, and he would be glad to have his blood shed. This would be loving ourselves even unto an eternal exaltation. Will you love your brothers or sisters

likewise when they have a sin that cannot be atoned for without the shedding of their blood? Will you love that man or woman well enough to shed their blood? That is what Jesus Christ meant. He never told a man or a woman to love their enemies in their wickedness; never. He never meant any such a thing; His language is left as it is for those who can discern the things of God. Jesus Christ never meant that we should love a wicked man in his wickedness.

“I could refer you to plenty of instances where men have been righteously slain in order to atone for their sins. I have seen scores and hundreds of people for whom there would have been a chance (in the last resurrection there will be) if their lives had been taken and their blood spilled on the ground as a smoking incense to the Almighty, but who are now angels to the devil, until our elder brother, Jesus Christ, raises them up, conquers death, the hell, and grave.

“I have known a great many men who have left this Church for whom there is no chance whatever for exaltation, but if their blood had been spilled it would have been better for them.

“The wickedness and ignorance of the nations forbid this principle being put in full force, but the time will come when the law of God will be in full force. This is loving our neighbor as ourselves; if he needs help, help him; if he

wants salvation, and it is necessary to spill his blood on the earth in order that he may be saved, spill it.

“Any of you who understand the principles of eternity, if you have sinned a sin requiring the shedding of blood, except the sin unto death, should not be satisfied or rest until your blood should be spilled, that you might gain your salvation. That is the way to love mankind. Light and darkness cannot dwell together, and so it is with the kingdom of God.

“Now, brethren and sisters, will you live your religion? How many hundreds of times have I asked that question? Will the latter-day saints live their religion?”

As the blood-shedding excitement was now at its height, Apostle Grant, in speaking to Jeddy, did not lose any time or waste any words, but at once began to urge:

“Be ready to take hold, be ready to take hold! Be ready when the call comes to go up and down the streets of Zion and cry out, ‘Are you for Christ? If not, you will be cut down!’ I say, are you ready for the work that lies at your door?”

Immediately there flashed across Jedediah’s mind the caution given to him by Deborah, to be circumspect at this terrible time. He accordingly answered in a prompt, pleasant way:

“Why, yes, I trust I’m ready to live my relig-

ion. I have already taken plural wives, two of whom are living."

"That's not enough! That's not enough! I know where you can get one or two more, unless they've been taken since morning. They are young girls as yet, twelve and fourteen years of age, but they ought to make sure of being saved. But there's more work, of another kind. Arms as strong as yours ought to be shedding blood in order to save and exalt souls in the celestial kingdom. I say, up and to work! That little wife of yours don't need you half as bad as the Lord."

"I want to do the Lord's work," replied Jedediah, feeling his way carefully.

"That's right! That's right! Come round to Brigham's office this afternoon and we'll set you to work."

As the work proved to be what has with truth been called "dirty work," that is, the taking part in ducking those becoming weak in the faith in the river Jordan, rolling those still weaker in snow, or beating them, daubing their houses with filth, or, in some instances, perpetrating outrage and secret murder, Jedediah did not "take hold" with the zealous spirit manifested by other Danites present.

"What!" began Apostle Grant in surprise. "I want to know if you want the Lord to come down and do your dirty work for you?"

"No — I — don't want the Lord to do my dirty work," ventured Jedediah.

"Well, then, get out with the rest of the brethren, and bear in mind that, when called upon to execute the law of God upon persons worthy, you do it showing no pity."

"I — don't — understand this blood-atonement doctrine," said Jeddy, hesitatingly.

"That's not your business," replied Apostle Grant peremptorily. "It's for you to obey counsel, and when we send you out, to go as bidden, asking no questions. You are a Danite."

"Yes, an old-fashioned one, I suspect. You know I have been off on a mission for several years and am a new hand now. I have always obeyed counsel, have taken plural wives, came right along with the hand-cart companies, gave every dollar I had to help others come too, and nearly all of us lost our lives getting here. One of my wives did perish most miserably. Little Ruth is still very ill, while I am not far on the road to recovery yet. I must have time to get some strength before taking up my old occupation as Danite."

Without waiting to hear what the apostle or Brigham might have to say to his last speech, Jedediah bowed and somewhat abruptly departed.

Originally, the body of men subsequently known as "Danites" were set aside to winnow

the wheat from the chaff, and were called "Big Fan." This name came to be regarded as not sufficiently dignified for so holy a body, hence it was changed to "Brother Gideon." Again dissatisfaction arose as to the name, and it was changed to that of "Daughter of Zion." But presently this appellation seemed incongruous when applied to stalwart men whose mission speedily became that of secret murder and swift destruction to the "enemies of the Lord." Accordingly, once more was the name changed, this time to "Danites," for the origin of which read Judges XVII and XVIII, also chapter IV of Micah.

This society of winnowing souls was first organized in Missouri, and while it was called the Daughter of Zion, had the following constitution :

"Whereas, in all bodies laws are necessary for the permanency, safety, and well-being of society, we, the members of the society of the Daughter of Zion, do agree to regulate ourselves under such laws as, in righteousness, shall be deemed necessary for the preservation of our holy religion, and of our most sacred rights, and of the rights of our wives and children. But to be explicit on the subject, it is especially our object to support and defend the rights conferred on us by our venerable sires, who purchased them with the pledge of their lives, their fortunes, and their

sacred honors. And now, to prove ourselves worthy of the liberty conferred on us by them, in the providence of God, we do agree to be governed by such laws as shall perpetuate these high privileges, of which we know ourselves to be the rightful possessors, and of which privileges wicked and designing men have tried to deprive us, by all manner of evil, and that purely in consequence of the tenacity we have manifested in the discharge of our duty towards our God, who had given us those rights and privileges, and a right in common with others allowed us, have determined, like our fathers, to resist tyranny, whether it be in kings or in people. It is all alike unto us. Our rights we must have, and our rights we shall have, in the name of Israel's God.

“Article 1. All power belongs originally and legitimately to the people, and they have a right to dispose of it as they shall deem fit; but, as it is inconvenient and impossible to convene the people in all cases, the legislative powers have been given by them, from time to time, into the hands of a representation composed of delegates from the people themselves. This is and has been the law, both in civil and religious bodies, and is the true principle.

“Art. 2. The executive power shall be vested in the President of the whole Church, and his Councillors.

“Art. 3. The legislative powers shall reside in the President and his Councillors together, and with the Generals and Colonels of the society. By them all laws shall be made regulating the society.

“Art. 4. All offices shall be during life and good behavior, or to be regulated by the law of God.

“Art. 5. The society reserves the power of electing its own officers, with the exception of the Aids and Clerks which the officers may need in their various stations ; the nomination to go from the Presidency to his second, and from the second to the third in rank, and so on through all the various grades. Each branch or department retains the power of electing its own particular officers.

“Art. 6. Punishment shall be administered to the guilty according to the offense ; and no member shall be punished without law, or by any others than those appointed by law regulating punishments, as, in their judgment, shall be wisdom and righteousness.

“Art. 7. There shall be a Secretary, whose business it shall be to keep all the legislative records of the society ; also to keep a register of the names of every member of the society ; also the rank of the officers. He shall also communicate the laws to the Generals as directed by laws made for the regulation of such business by the legislature.

“Art. 8. All officers shall be subject to the commands of the Captain-General, given through the Secretary of War; and so all officers shall be subject to their superiors in rank, according to laws made for that purpose.”

The oath administered at that time was mild in comparison with the one prepared later on by a secret council at Nauvoo, as can be determined by comparing the two, the first given being the Missouri oath:

“In the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, I do solemnly obligate myself ever to conceal, and never to reveal, the secret purposes of this society, called the Daughter of Zion. Should I ever do the same, I hold my life as the forfeiture.”

Thus reads the second:

“In the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, I do solemnly obligate myself ever to regard the Prophet, and First President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, as the Supreme Head of the Church on Earth, and to obey them in all things the same as the Supreme God; that I will stand by my brethren in danger or difficulty, and will uphold the Presidency, right or wrong; and that I will ever conceal, and never

reveal, the secret purposes of this society, called the Daughter of Zion. Should I ever do the same, I hold my life in forfeiture, in a caldron of burning oil."

Jedediah joined this society in Nauvoo, while still a boy in years, the oath being administered by the prophet Joseph Smith. While the candidates were still kneeling before the altar the "holy prophet" stepped forward and said:

"In the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and by the authority of the Holy Priesthood, we, the First President, Patriarch, and High Priest of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, representing the First, Second, and Third Gods in Heaven,—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,—do now anoint you with holy consecrated oil, and by the imposition of our hands, do ordain, consecrate, and set you apart, for the holy calling whereunto you are called; that you may consecrate the riches of the gentiles to the House of Israel, bring swift destruction upon apostate sinners, and execute the decrees of heaven without fear of what man can do unto you. So mote it be. Amen."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ATONEMENT OF BLOOD.

Jedediah went back to Little Ruth sorely troubled. They were in want for the common necessities of life, and he knew not which way to turn to procure them.

It was a time of great scarcity throughout the territory. The ward teachers visited every family in their jurisdictions, making a thorough examination of flour barrels and meat chests, taking away any surplus to divide among the indigent.

It was likely now, since he had shown himself a bad saint—the requirements of a good one being strict obedience to counsel, asking no questions for conscience' sake—that they might actually starve to death, even if overtaken by no act of blood-shedding.

This gloomy outlook he did not so much mind on his own account, for he had arrived at that pass where he did not care what happened to him; but Little Ruth was in a state of health that required careful nursing and nourishing food.

Before looking for work he would just step in and see that she was comfortable. He did hope to find the house clear of spying Mormons, with

their indecent questions and everlasting blood-atonement talk.

On opening the door, however, he found that it was as he had feared, rather than dared hope, for the small room was well filled with fanatics, one of whom was repeating such portions of last Sunday's tabernacle discourses as came to mind. Jedediah heard, as he paused: "Brigham said, 'There are sins that can be atoned for by an offering upon an altar, as in ancient times; and there are sins that the blood of a lamb, of a calf, or of turtle-doves cannot remit; they must be atoned for by the blood of the guilty person.'"

Since it was taking more chances of endangering Ruth's life to expostulate with these disturbers of the peace of his household than to quietly retire, Jedediah chose the latter course, remarking as he bowed and took leave:

"I simply looked in a moment to see that Ruth was all right."

Where he went he scarcely knew; but he did manage to find a bit of work in exchange for bread for his sick wife.

It was doubtless on account of the depressing bloody atmosphere that Ruth regained strength very slowly after giving birth to a little boy.

Deborah made her several short calls when she had no fear of meeting Jedediah. She felt that

to meet him with this new wife would be more than her composure could bear. Indeed, she knew she could not act in a manner pleasing to both, for ordinary civility would not have pleased Jedediah, and her usual affectionate manner to Jedediah would naturally give pain to Little Ruth. Jedediah would likewise have found the situation difficult. Some one has said that in polygamous life it is impossible for a husband to be equally loving to all wives, but not impossible to be equally indifferent.

It was easy, however, for Deborah to treat this child-wife, with her innocent babe, in the most loving way. There was some sadness in Deborah's manner that had become habitual, perhaps because her health was gradually being undermined under the severe ordeals which had been hers since she could remember. Even Little Ruth noted her look of sadness, and finally asked:

"Deborah, do you mind telling me what makes you look so sad sometimes?"

"Do I look sad?" returned Deborah, not knowing exactly what to reply on the spur of the moment. She wished not to give the little mother pain, especially in her weak condition.

"Yes; even when you smile I seem to see tears in your eyes."

"Ah! you must not seem to see tears, but think about getting well for the baby's sake."

Ruth said nothing more, only lay on her bed with closed eyes. When the time approached for Jeddy's return, Deborah rose and laid the babe, which she had hushed to sleep, beside its mother. Then kissing both tenderly, as they lay together, forming such a pretty domestic picture, she took her leave.

Scarcely had her footsteps died away than Little Ruth, with a strong look of determination on her countenance, rose from the bed, and, seating herself, wrote, with a sort of frenzied eagerness, a long letter.

This done, she went to a certain drawer, containing keepsakes which had belonged to the Little Mother. From these she took an old-fashioned razor, which she proceeded to sharpen. Satisfying herself, by running her finger along its edge, that it was in good order, her next act was to seat herself before a tiny glass, which reflected back a tensely set, pale face. This took no more than the smallest part of a moment, when she applied the razor to her throat with the force of a maniac. She did not succeed in making a very deep incision, but the blood flowed freely, and in a few moments she lost consciousness and lay on the chamber floor like one dead.

Meanwhile Jedediah had been set to work at something which could hardly be designated as "dirty work." Whether it was "of the Lord"

or a shrewd method of escape from a bloody predicament in which Brigham and other Mormon leaders found themselves after the inculcation of so much sanguinary teaching may be a matter of doubt.

Certain it is that, after Apostles Grant and Hyde had ranged the territory promulgating the peculiar Latter-Day Blood-Atonement Doctrine, and thundering threats against those weak in the faith, ably assisted by their prophet, Brigham Young, not only in public but in private, by the use of a specially prepared catechism, so indecent in character that every copy has since been collected and destroyed, the body of the saints had become so thoroughly bewildered that they were beside themselves and becoming every day less accountable for their actions. The Mormon missionaries, too, were active, and, according to Mrs. Stenhouse, would visit the houses "of respectable saints, without the slightest ceremony, examine them out of the abominable catechism, and question husbands and wives in the presence of their children about their very thoughts, in a manner, and upon subjects, which would amply have justified their being hung up to the nearest tree; lynch law was in fact too good for such atrocities. Wicked ideas, the utterance of which would have called forth a blush, even if heard from the lips of a drunken rowdy in a pothouse, were suggested

and explained to young children; while it would have been literally at the risk of life for their parents to have expostulated; to do so would have shown want of faith, and want of faith would have justified some fanatical scoundrel in using his knife or his pistol for the loving purpose of cutting off his brother's soul from earth in order to save it in heaven !”

It was natural, under the circumstances, that a way of escape should be provided, not solely for the half-crazed people, but also for the leaders, who had become alarmed at the frenzy their bloody fanaticism had created, society itself appearing to be falling to pieces.

It was at this critical juncture that Brigham, ever shrewd, came forward with his method of escape — that of baptism.

“Repent of your sins,” he urged, “and be baptized for the remission of sins; and as they are washed away by the ordinance of baptism, you can say truly that you are *not* guilty of the sins inquired of by the catechism, though you may have committed them.”

It was to help baptize the multitudes who rushed to the baptismal waters, so as not to be found guilty of the sins inquired about, that Jedediah had been appointed by Brigham, thus securing for himself clean work.

On the night of the day in which Little Ruth

had made the ugly cut in her throat, Jedediah returned very late. As he opened the door he found all wrapped in Stygian darkness. In his endeavor to make a light he stumbled over some object, nearly losing his balance. Having regained it, he felt about the small chamber, and presently succeeded in finding a candle and matches. Having lit the candle, his glance fell on the bed, where he saw only his sleeping babe. At the next glance every drop of blood in his body seemed congealed with horror, for there on the floor, very near his feet, lay Little Ruth in a pool of her own blood, and with a hideous gash in her throat! The floor was covered with his own bloody tracks.

Hoping that she was not yet dead, he called aloud, frantically, "Little Ruth! Little Ruth!"

At the same time he knelt, careless that his knees grew wet with her blood, and examined her carefully to see if life still remained. Alas, no! she had been dead many hours.

As he rose from the floor his babe set up a feeble, hoarse wail. In hunger it had cried itself to sleep but a short time before Jedediah's return. He walked to the bedside, but hesitated to take the little one up, he was so bloody. Glancing helplessly about the room, his eye fell on the letter left him by Little Ruth. He eagerly clutched it, and, having in a way mastered its

contents, rushed out into the night, leaving his door wide open, with the candle shedding its sickly light over the bloody scene. Yes! he would bring the leaders of this infernal Mormon system to his house and let them see for themselves the fruit it bore.

.
Jedediah could never distinctly recall what further took place on that dreadful night or during the weeks that followed. He only knew that God, more merciful than man, interposed a thick veil of delirium, which shut out the bloody present and bore him in this unconscious state to a diviner future.

While he was oblivious to all about him Jedediah had the wise care of Deborah, who watched him day and night with the sleepless eyes of love. But when she began to note returning gleams of consciousness in the fevered glance, she went back to her little home, leaving Jedediah in charge of Rachel Brown, on whose fidelity to so grave a trust she could perfectly rely.

At such a time it required resolution for the wife to leave Jedediah alone with his trouble; yet it seemed best so, for might he not still cling to his belief in the Celestial Order of Marriage, still be determined to take unto himself more wives?

Some three months dragged their slow length

with complete silence between these two. Suddenly one morning a messenger arrived at Deborah's little home, bearing in his hand two letters, which he handed to her. They read as follows :

"My dear Wife: The enclosed letter explains all. I have done with this accursed Mormon monster, called religion, and this accursed place, called Zion. *It is hell.* Look for baby and Jeddy home an hour hence. We will watch our chances and flee from this vile spot as did Lot and his family from Sodom and Gomorrah. I have no fear that *you* will look back.

"As ever, your devoted

"JEDDY."

Little Ruth's letter was sweet, like herself :

"Dear Papa: I call you papa, because you think that name the prettiest since baby came.

"Oh! how it wrings my heart to leave you and baby! You are so good, and baby is so sweet. But I feel that I am Deborah's murderer just the same as if I had shed her blood. She has lost you through me, and I cannot rest thinking of her sad looks and desolate life. I want to be out of the way, so that you can go back to her. Besides, they tell me that I can never be exalted unless my blood is shed, since I do not like Mormonism.

I mean to shed it as soon as I finish this letter to you.

“Do not worry about me, for when you read this I shall be happy with my mother in the real Zion, not made with hands.

“Dear papa, don’t ever quite forget

“LITTLE RUTH.”

Rachel helped prepare the baby for his journey to the sweet home of Deborah. He was for the first time put into short clothes, which had been made for him by Deborah while nursing his sick father. When he was ready Jeddy took him in his arms, and the pair proceeded on their way through the gardens that the industry of the saints had caused to spring up everywhere out of the desert.

The morning was one of autumn’s best, resplendent in chastened glory of sunlight. Jedediah, however, was too much absorbed in his own thoughts to note the morning’s sweet breath, or the majesty of the mountains, or the tinkling of the water that rippled along by his side. His mind was bent on reaching as speedily as possible the little home where he knew Debby awaited him with a heart ever tender and true.

.

Ah, yes — yes! It was as he thought. Deborah saw them coming while yet a long way off,

and this time a fair form did fly out of the little cottage to meet him, and a voice full of the old charm cried, as her arms were wound tight about both baby and papa :

“ Welcome home, Jeddy ! ”

THE END.

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