

played here. The superintendent of schools, who I find by the report of the commission can be appointed by the governor of the Territory, who is not a Mormon, is to be appointed by whom? By the court. I deny, in the first place, the power of this Congress to constitute a judicial tribunal the appointing power in that Territory; but if they had the power, is it wise and proper to exercise it when it is known by everybody that the great hatred of the whole community is focused upon this court? I do not say rightfully, I do not say the court deserve it, but nevertheless that is a fact which no man will deny. Why select a tribunal that is the most odious of all to these people and say this tribunal may make this appointment. Why not confer it upon the governor? Why not confer it upon the President? I do not say that intentionally, but I do say that, unfortunately, throughout this bill there is a look as if it were as much for vengeance as for anything else.

I said yesterday, with the little poetic license that a man speaking will sometimes use, that the Government should put its strong hand upon these people with a velvet touch. The honorable Senator from Vermont took me up and said in substance that it would not do to have a velvet touch. I meant by that that all punishment should be for reformation; that punishment should not be for vengeance, but for reform. I believe it to be the truest principle ever enunciated that all legislation looking to the punishment of crime should be with reference to the reformation of the criminal and not to punish him in the strictest sense of the term, not for vengeance but for reform; and so I say that all those people living in that Territory have their prejudices, and we, step by step, are undoing what the commission has been so valiantly and, I believe, so effectively doing. This commission reported that in the year 1884 four hundred and some odd plural marriages were solemnized in the Territory, and that last year practically none were. This commission has undoubtedly done an effective work. They have met with much opposition, with much hostility, not only from Mormons, but, I am sorry to say, from people who differed with them as to the means of executing the law and the ability of this commission under the law to eradicate the evil. We are all seeking the same purpose, and that is ridding this fair Territory of the evil of polygamy. It is not a part of the Mormon religion; it is an excrescence that has been put upon it by its false prophets and leaders.

The honorable Senator from Illinois says these people have never been persecuted. I do not say that there is any legislation on the statute-book now that I would not have voted for had I been a member of this body. I do not say that the Government in its governmental capacity has ever made a movement against these people that was unfair or unjust; but I say just what he said. He said he thought the Government had been careless in the selection of its agents. I say the Government has been unwise in the selection in former times of its agents, and persons have been sent there to hold high official positions who have done nothing toward enforcing our law and, in my judgment, did not want to enforce it, because if they did their stock in trade would be gone.

Mr. Cullom—What does the Senator think of the present chief justice of that Territory?

Mr. Teller—I do not know who the chief justice is. I have not made an accusation against any judge or any member of that court, and I did not refer to them yesterday at all in any terms but those of approval. I do not now. I think that perhaps they are all right. I do not know anything about it. I have heard no complaint about that court at all.

Mr. Cullom. Is it not true that the laws have been, to some extent at least, executed there within the last year?

Mr. Teller. I understand to-day under the law now is existence that by the aid of the court and the commission twenty-three prominent officials of the Mormon Church have been convicted, and I do not know how many subordinates; that to-day the principal leaders of that church are either in the penitentiary or hiding. That is what I approve of, and that is what I say is legislation in the right direction, and that is what will ultimately accomplish the destruction of the objectionable system.

The honorable Senator from Illinois seems to think that I am an especial advocate of the Mormon people, and the honorable Senator from Vermont yesterday referred to me as being tender-hearted. Why, Mr. President, I believe that my ear has always listened to the cry of the oppressed and distressed. I believe that I may have a weakness, when people complain of oppression, no matter from whence it comes, and a desire to look into it. I ought to have. I come of a race that has had it, and I glory in it. It is not that I propose to wink at the infraction of law; it is not that I want these men to go unpunished if they continue to violate the statutes of the United States, but I want it done in such a manner that the enemies, the neighbors of the men in Mormonism who are anxious to submit themselves to the law, can not say, "Why, this is not a proper execution of the law; this is oppression, this is persecution, and you must resist it." This is what I meant when I complained yesterday that we were driving this minority, that

a few years ago could be heard everywhere denouncing polygamy, into silence and death.

Mr. Cullom. Will the Senator allow me a word?

Mr. Teller. Certainly.

Mr. Cullom. I believe the Senator has announced that he was not in favor of the bill now before the Senate.

Mr. Teller. I have, most emphatically.

Mr. Cullom. I will inquire whether he would favor a substitute providing for a legislative commission to take the place of the Territorial Legislature?

Mr. Teller. When that question comes before the Senate I will examine it. I will state what I favor. I favor taking away from the Mormons the entire legislative authority and vesting it in Congress. That is what I think ought to have been done years ago. I think we ought to take the initiative, and when any legislation is wanted for that Territory give it to them. That is my judgment about it. It will depend on how the commission is formed whether I will favor a commission. I am in favor, as the Senator is, of taking from these people the right of legislation, because it is an unquestioned right of Congress to legislate for them if it sees fit, and it is no denial of the right of citizenship and freedom to do that in the Territories, as has been repeatedly held both by this body and by the other.

I believe, Mr. President, that I have had some, perhaps a little more, opportunity to know personally some of these people than any other member of this body. I do not believe that all these Mormons are simply knaves. I believe the great mass of the Mormon Church are fanatics, steeped in fanaticism, believing in that religion of theirs as the true religion. I can not account for it; I can not understand it; but yet I know that more than two hundred millions of people are believers in Mohammedanism. I know that an obscure individual put upon the world a religion that has dominated a third of the surface of the earth; and I know that history records the fact that the Mohammedans have gone to the stake, they have gone to battle and died in defense of their religion. They have been aggressive fanatics. Who says they did not believe it?

The Mormons have been bad men, says the Senator, and they got up strife in Kirtland, they got it up in Nauvoo. Who has written their record? Their enemies. False religion ought to and must necessarily beget false conduct in its devotees. It is only pure religion that makes men better. When I have admitted that their religion was false, the premises are established and the conclusion must be drawn that they can not be the best of men under it. I do not defend them; but I do say to the Senator that he can go back to the history of Kirtland, or he can take their history in Missouri, or he can take their history in Illinois, and there are many phases of it that neither he nor I ought to read without blushing for our own people. I will not take their testimony; but let some man read from the work before me, the testimony of Governor Ford, of Illinois. The Senator knows him, or knows of him at least. He is dead now. The Senator knows that he made probably a truthful statement, surrounded as he was by an excited populace who hated the Mormons and who hunted them to the death; and what does he say? He lays the blame of what occurred at Nauvoo upon his own constituents and not upon the Mormons. Fifteen thousand people, with all the arts and sciences, with commerce and trade, were attacked in open daylight and driven to the death across the river and into a foreign land, taking their household goods and their families and going into the wilderness; and do you tell me that they went that they might practice polygamy? They went for a sentiment, false it may have been. They went as they supposed that they might worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience and as they believed they ought to do. They went up to what is now the city of Council Bluffs. There was nobody there except the red man to welcome them. There was no one for them to come in contact with. They sat down there and they waited. They gave to the Government that had failed to protect them in Nauvoo, that had failed to protect them in Missouri, five hundred of their stalwart men to go out and battle for the flag, and then they began their weary march for 1,200 miles across the desert. Do you believe they went there to practice polygamy? They could have practiced it in any of the great cities of this country with as little fear as men now practice another vice, which is the same thing save and except that in the one instance the man gives to the woman the character of wife.

They went out there and they came in July, 1847, into the valley of the Salt Lake. They endured hunger and thirst and were in danger of savage hordes.

No man can read that history without feeling for them some little sympathy, not that he need necessarily approve of their false ideas, but he can at least recognize the fact that they are men, and he can recognize the fact that they possess the noblest of human aspirations, the determination to exercise free and uncontrolled their religious belief. It is a virtue of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is a virtue we ought all to be proud of, though sometimes it may be debased in a wicked cause.

They built up that country as I said. I hold in my hand a letter written by Mr. Bowles, whom you all recollect as the able editor of the Springfield *Republican*, who visited Salt Lake City in 1875. He says: "My visit has increased my admiration for these people, and it has also increased my detestation of the barbarous system of polygamy." My observation there has had the same effect on me. Coming in contact with them you find them possessed of many virtues, not that all their virtues should overcome this one vice, but they have some virtues.

Mr. President, I know it has been said to me here to-day "you ought not to have defended those people; you ought not to put yourself in the position of being an advocate for a people of this character." Why, Mr. President, I will bear testimony to their virtues and I will condemn their vice. I am not to be deterred because somebody says "you must be a Jack Mormon." I will not vote contrary to my conscience and judgment for anything although it may accomplish, even if I believe it would accomplish the purpose for which it was intended, if it was contrary to law. I hold my allegiance to the law, to the fundamental principle that pervades all civilized governments now, that there shall be no interference with men's religious belief. The honorable Senator from Alabama says he does not call it religion. It is immaterial whether it is religion or not; we can reach the evil, the excrescence attached to it, without violating any of the fundamental principles which I have mentioned; we can disestablish this church, we can wipe out this organization. That I am in favor of, whether the Mormons like it or whether they do not. I am in favor of abolishing it because I find that to do so is consistent with law. I believe myself we have a right to dissolve every corporation within the jurisdiction of the National Government if in our judgment it is not subservient to the good of the people.

I hope nobody will understand me as finding fault either with the act of 1862 or the act of 1882, twenty years later. I hope nobody will understand me and suppose because I have stood here and said these people had some virtues, that I am ignorant of the fact that they have a system which is destructive of the marriage relation, and I believe is the outgrowth of barbarism and not of civilization. I trust that I shall have accorded to me in this body at least the idea that I am honest when I say I do not believe in polygamy. I think that at least I may have the credit of speaking in defense of a people who are without friends, and I think I ought to have at least the credit of being considered sincere when I take up so forlorn a hope as this with the absolute certainty that the great power of the Senator from Vermont with his great committee will put through this bill substantially as it now is before the Senate.

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A TRIP TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

INCIDENTS OF THE JOURNEY AND DESCRIPTIONS OF SCENES BY THE WAY.

LAIE OAHU, Dec. 1st, 1885.

Editor *Deseret News*:

On the 28th of October last, a mournful little company of missionaries and their families, said goodby to dear Utah and started across the Western half of this great continent, their final destination being, as you will perhaps remember, the Sandwich Islands. The first day's travelling was not only lonely and sad, but dreary as to scenery and incident. Friday morning we found ourselves in

SACRAMENTO VALLEY,

all the magnificent scenery of the Sierras having been passed in the night.

The fine city of Sacramento was left behind in the morning, and many expressions of admiration were made by our little party at the pretty rural farms and occasional green and white towns which flitted past our car windows.

The wonderful steam ferry-boat was also a source of great interest. Whizzing past the bay, its curling waves crowned by sails of all shapes and sizes, some of us for the first time feasted our eyes on the shipping and sails of the great deep.

A little consultation was held as to where we would stop. The American Exchange was known by some of us to be a dirty, uncomfortable hotel. And much was said in favor of the Brooklyn. Meeting with an old gentleman, who knew San Francisco by heart, we referred the matter to him, and were confirmed in our determination to choose the Brooklyn. We were very glad we did so, for we paid no more than we should have done at the Exchange, and were much quieter and more comfortable every way. A little statement of the prices we paid may be of service perhaps to future travelers.

We engaged our rooms, and only paid for the meals which we took in the house. This is called

THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

Rooms on first floor \$1.25 (for two persons) a day. On upper floor \$1.00 (for double room) a day. Meals were 50 cents apiece, and the three little children were not charged up at all.

Most of our little party spent the three days left to us in seeing all the beautiful places and scenes of interest

possible to crowd into so short a space of time.

Monday at 3 o'clock, we were

ON BOARD THE "MARIPOSA,"

waving our hands in grateful farewell to the friends on shore, who had done so much to make our stay in San Francisco pleasant and agreeable, God bless them!

The ride on the rippling waters of the broad, beautiful bay, was a delight. Our party renewed their protestations of feeling "excellent," and "never better," etc., *ad lib.*, with increasing firmness and boldness. As we swung round to go out of Golden Gate, however, we noticed the singing of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and that kind of thing, grew somewhat attenuated, finally losing itself in the swash of the rough waves that now began to toss our boat from side to side, as well as up and down. Oh that awful, "now she is up, and now she is down," motion! Who that has ever felt his head and stomach rise in quick obedience to the call, can ever persuade himself that he wants to be "recked in the cradle of the deep." One by one, we speechlessly sank out of sight in our tiny cabins, with no company but spittoons and cups, in which to pour our woes, and thus darkness overtook us.

We had a very

ROUGH PASSAGE

the first three days especially. At the end of the fourth day, we were once more upon deck together, but a few of us could not overcome the miserable dizziness and nausea, during the whole of the voyage. In fact, I don't think any of us particularly enjoyed our sea-voyage.

On Sunday, Episcopalian services were held in the social hall, and a very excellent little sermon was preached by Rev. M. Miller. The next day, we sighted land, with very grateful hearts.

The island of Oahu, like all the rest of the Hawaiian Islands, is of volcanic formation. The rough, irregular masses of mountains rise in the center, from which slope down to the sea shore the lands which are cultivated. As we near Cocoa Head, we see groves of cocoanut and palm-trees. Little villas appear now and then; and we pass one round huge mound, which has evidently been an old volcano.

Turning round (port, a point, the Captain called out), we came to Diamond Head, and began to see the square roofs of

HONOLULU

rising but little above the surrounding masses of green. Everything looks very lovely and tropical, and we are inclined to be somewhat sentimental as the hoary pilot comes aboard, and takes command. We pass the coral reef (dangerous pass), in safety and begin to move smoothly up to the landing.

Hundreds of dusky faces peer up into ours as the boat is being drawn swiftly in by its ropes.

Occasional European faces could be seen among the crowd, and at last President Farr was discerned standing on a cart awaiting our arrival.

We were, after much and tiresome waiting, driven up to the mission house, and the remainder of the afternoon was spent by our little crowd in seeking rest and refreshment, as we were obliged to be ready to set out next morning for a ride of 32 miles to reach Laie.

We accordingly saw little or nothing of Honolulu. The next morning, by the kindness of Brother Naan (a native brother,) I had the extra comfort of riding to the top of the hill or *pali* in a two-wheeled cart. The rest all rode horseback. The drive up

NUUANU VALLEY

is lovely beyond description. Villas and cottages, embedded in tropical greens, with dripping fountains, and flowers of brilliant hues in riotous profusion, line the roadside. To the right and left rise abrupt mountain sides clothed with trees and shrubs from base to top.

Leaving the suburbs of Honolulu, the road ascends through a deep flower-strewn meadow, until at last we all dismount at the summit, and prepare to descend the *pali*.

People living in peaceful ignorance at home in Utah fancy they have "experienced"

WINDS.

Vain fancy! They have only known breezes and zephyrs. One trip down this famous *pali* will convince them of this undying fact.

There is a story told of the final conquering of the natives of Oahu by an ancient chief many years ago. The poor Oahuans were pressed up and up Nuuanu Valley by their brother enemies until at last they reached the top of this *pali* (precipice in English). The narrow path was held with desperate strength, until at last a great rush from the besiegers, and over went thousands of human beings, hundreds of feet down, down, crushing and mangling against the huge rocks that compose this mighty precipice. At this particular point an iron railing has been erected, as the wind sweeps around this corner with sufficient force to blow a person over.

We took off our hats or fastened veils and scarfs over them and around our necks. Every flying end was fastened up, and with one hand clasped firmly around the arm of our little children (they were divided up) we announced ourselves ready. A few steps, and—Jehew! Phew! Let me catch my breath! Off tears my hat, and escaped from its moorings it banes helplessly round my shoulders, unable

to quite get away from its conning safety-pin clasp. Mother's bonnet crushes down over her left eyebrow, and the corner of her scarf persistently remains in her right eye. It is a precious blessing the men are unable to take their attention from their own hats and satchels, for skirts and pelerines frisk merrily with the roaring winds, unmindful of the modest uses for which they were made, and determined for once to have their own wild way.

Some one shouts out a wish to wait and take one look at the loveliest of lovely scenes spread out below. But the word is to

HURRY, HURRY.

As you stand at the top of this steep precipice, you can see almost at your feet the road we must get down to; the rough passage down has been dug out of the rocks zigzag fashion in order to get down at all. Few have the temerity to ride down this steep, rocky pass, although one of our party is heard to remark that he has driven a two-wheeled buggy both up and down this same *pali*, on a former mission to these islands.

To return to the scene! On the left rises a wall of rocks, fern-strewn and wild; down below us yawns the awful looking gorge, over which the human bodies were once thrown in confusion. It is now covered with a forgetful crown of moss and ferns. To the left the rice and sugar fields wave in undulating lines to the blue waters of the ocean, that sometimes caresses the shore with foamy ripples, and anon beats out the thunder of its wrath in huge, swift-flying waves. Miles along the eastern coast of this island lay outstretched before us, with white cottages and the grass huts of the natives here and there among the fields. Little villages nestle here and there, and away off to the right a huge rock rises in the sea, surf-dashed and sombre. But all this while we have been descending the rocks, our limbs braced till our very knees ache as we hurry down the mile long steep, rocky, slimy road.

At its foot we were met by two or three of our party who had gone on to Kaneohe for the light wagon left there the night before. And now ensued

A GRAVE CONSULTATION.

Who were the least able to ride horseback the other 23 miles. Two or three of the ladies bravely maintained their ability to do so, and the two or three young Elders who had had their first sad trial at horseback riding that morning, wisely and manfully restrained their doubts as to their ability, and patiently waited.

Two of the feeblest women folks of our party with the three children, and a good driver who was charged with the care of the "dished" wheel, were seated in the wagon, the rest mounted their plying steeds, and off we went.

All went along pretty well for the first ten or fifteen miles, everybody enjoying the beautiful scenery through which we traveled.

One of our young Elders created a deal of fun for us by the way in which he handled his unaccustomed reins. Now lagging behind, poking and weary, he could give his animal a cut and away they went with fierce energy. One hand on his hat, the other either holding on the pommel or resting behind him, the beast unrestrained dashed up hill and down dale, till tired out, when, with startling suddenness down on the walk he came again. I don't think I was ever so forcibly reminded of John Philip's ride before. The saddles grew very hard presently, but the feminine portion, as usual, endured their sufferings without much fuss. As there was only one side saddle and three ladies, you will know they had their share.

We did not stop for any lunch, but on and on we went. Past Kahana, we came at last to Hauula and found the little schooner on which we had sent our luggage, already arrived. We stopped a few moments to see the trunks unloaded and then away we went again.

Laie Maloo was entered and passed, and at last we saw the cluster of white houses on the brow of hill that belong to the white inhabitants of

LAIE.

I shall not now attempt any description of Laie. We arrived about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, having been nine hours on the thirty-two mile road, without stopping for rest or lunch.

We were a tired, sore, sick lot of people, when we at last walked into the mission house at Laie, and of our subsequent home-sickness and loneliness I forbear to speak. Suffice it to say, in spite of all, we felt to raise our hearts in humble gratitude to God that He had mercifully preserved us all on our long journey and permitted us to arrive at the place where God's servant had called us to go, to assist in the upbuilding of Zion.

In conclusion let me add we are

ALL PRETTY WELL,

and feel much better in our spirits since we have got shaken down into our various places. I want to add the address of everyone who receives mail on this mission, is box 410 Honolulu, Oahu, Sandwich Islands, so that our friends may cut out the address and keep it. Be sure and don't forget to add the number of the box, as it brings our mail to us three or four days sooner—a big item here. Also let me say that we have had as yet no mail from home; the steamers having changed time, and I have no idea when this, with our other mail will go from this island.

Yours very truly,

HOMESPUN.