

## FROM WITHIN THE BARRIER.

The New York *Sun* of August 11, has the following editorial:

We publish today a very striking article by Mrs. Susa Young Gates a daughter of Brigham Young, in which she describes the practical workings of Mormonism and polygamy in Utah, and especially as they affect women and children.

Mrs. Gates frankly announces herself as a polygamous child of the great Mormon President, of whom she speaks in affectionate praise and admiration, recalling in particular his "grace and dignity of a king" and his "graceful pirouetting in the man, dances of her childhood. The picture she gives of life in the multitudinous and polygamous household exhibits it as delightful in its harmony and spontaneity. She puts in no dark colors and shadows of jealousy between different wives and different broods of children. They are all happy together, according to her "I adore my mother," she says, "Idolize my father, love all my father's wives, and am devotedly attached to every one of my numerous brothers and sisters."

All this runs directly contrary to our notions of a polygamous family, and the frankness with which this daughter of Brigham Young defends polygamy is fairly startling. She tells us that there is even romance in the polygamous unions; and in all respects the story which we lay before the public is the most interesting, the freshest, and the most candid statement that has ever come from inside Mormonism, and from a woman born and bred under polygamy."

This is the article referred to above and we have copied it headline and all verbatim. Our "Home-spun" has made the *Sun* to shine with more than common brilliancy:

Provo, Utah, Aug. 5.—A certain man had planted a garden upon a level hilltop. In it were many luscious fruits. On high and arching trees hung cherries ripe and sweet.

But the foxes that sometimes stole inside could not reach them, and so to all who asked about the strange garden they declared the fruit was sour and hard.

Sometimes the man would come outside the wall and call out the virtues of his fruit. None would listen; they beat him back with sticks. For had not all the foxes declared them sour?

I am a "Mormon!" I am a polygamous child and was brought up in the house with a number of wives and many children. I adore my mother, reverence and idolize my father, love all my father's wives, and am devotedly attached to every one of my numerous brothers and sisters.

Now that I am grown and see things as they really are, I can't say that our bringing up differed from any other children's.

Our meals were served regularly at 7 a. m., 12 m. and 5 p. m., without five minutes' variation winter or summer. We passed through the

various experiences of childhood, blossomed out with the measles, blushed with the scarlet fever, choked with the whooping cough, acquired double chins with the mumps, slid down the long, smooth bannister rails when mother and aunts were out of sight, bumped our heads, worried our poor school teachers bald-headed and gray, raced over the hills for the first buttercups and bluebells, dug "sigos," played "Pomp, pomp, pull away!" and "six sticks," waded the ditches, hiding our shoes and stockings under the bridge and walked on the top of the eight-foot-high stone walls in the game of "back-out." In the winter we popped corn, made molasses candy, indulged in sliding down the icy hill path behind the school house at all hours of the day (if in the schoolma'am forgot we were out), roasted apples on the big stove in school, eating them half cooked with winter appetites; had amateur fairy theatricals, while the boys blacked their faces and entertained us with negro minstrel jokes, ancient and rusty; drummed the piano instead of practicing our lessons; quarreled occasionally in the old-fashioned way, and made up in the equally good old-fashioned way.

We passed through the gymnastic fever with great *eclat*, swam in the big wooden summer-front provided for us, and rode in the huge sleigh in the winter when we got the chance.

But best of all were the family parties down at father's farm outside the city.

Whew! It's cold. But put on your woolen socks, high, tight shoes, and draw on a pair of old woolen stockings over them, wrap up in shawls, and come out to the sleighs. Here are two or three common-sized ones for the mothers and the older girls, and here, best of all, is the great big family sleigh, made on purpose, drawn by six horses, and piled high with sweet-smelling hay and buffalo robes. This is the sleigh for us, you and me, children that we are. Now, are you all tucked in? Whiz goes the long whip as it cuts through the frosty air. Jing, jing, go the tiny bells on every horse.

It is 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and you will be there in half an hour, as it is only five miles from home.

Oh, look! There are two young men in a small cutter joining our party, and at that a buzz of whispers flies around among the older children that they are Mary's and Fanny's beaux.

"What's beaux?" asks a six-year-old.

"Oh, they're beaux," answers logical ten year-old.

"And what do they do?" persists six-year-old.

"Spark and get engaged," answers ten-years.

"What's engaged?"

"Oh, don't ask so many questions. Mary and Mark are engaged. That's what's engaged.

Six-year-old, silenced, determines to pursue the subject for herself at a future day.

Here we are! The great farm house, slooping-roofed, many chimneys, spacious-roomed, and porched on every side, is alive with crackling log fires in every fireplace, and decked gayly with evergreens and berries.

Mary and Fanny are gallantly assisted out of their sleigh, but the other older girls scramble out unaided, while the mammas seek their little ones and lift them carefully over the snow into the fire-lit rooms.

Then such romping and games. Brothers and sisters join in blind-man's buff. Simon says, thumbs up, button-button, and cross-questions and crooked answers.

Meanwhile mothers and aunts have all been in the other rooms, some preparing the splendid supper which is gaily eaten at 6 o'clock, the children contentedly waiting for the second table. Such suppers! Chickens, roast meats, and all sorts of pies, puddings and cakes. Are there any cooks who can equal the genuine Yankee cook?

Now for the dancing! The fiddle is produced, some one accompanies on the organ.

"Choose your partners," calls out one of the older boys who acts as floor manager.

Then it is that father, with the grace and dignity of a king, leads out Aunt Mary Ann or "Mother Y—," as she is affectionately called by us. The lads choose mothers and sisters, and then to fill up the long floor girls merrily choose each other, flying around in couples to fill up every set.

Did you ever see such graceful pirouetting as father's? See that masterly pigeon wing as he gaily turns to balance on the corner.

Sometimes one makes a mistake. Happy the laugh that goes round. Lumping boys of ten are dragged round by mothers and elder sisters, trying to do their awkward best.

"All promenade!" Such merry, giddy glee, as Marinda tries to go around on the inside, for she is Fanny's partner. And Fanny's beau? Ah, courtesy demands that he shall dance his first dance with Fanny's mamma.

And little six-year-old watches with childish, hungry longing. She has no own brothers, and her half-brothers must necessarily dance with all their own sisters. She sits with patient face and drumming feet, only to dance one dance—just one.

The long hours wear on, and still wearily watches and longs the little one.

Toward midnight, when the merriment is at its height, she spies coming to her corner her eldest brother Johnny, the biggest, handsomest, and nicest brother of all. He is looking at her, and coming straight to her. Can it, oh, can it, be?

"Will you dance with me, little sister?"

Will she? No after-thrill of pure delight will surprise or efface that glow of happiness. She hops off her high seat with birdlike swiftness, and to still the restless, hurrying steps to match his leisurely, quiet pace.

Then, oh, the joy of movement and music. What though the tune