

## Draughts from Salt Lake.

SALT LAKE, June 1, 1873.

My Dear Era:—If I am not dreaming—and I feel bravely awake—the present greeting is sent you from this Mormon city, where in the blessed providence of God we arrived Saturday night, after a journey that has been a diamond without a flaw.

The weather is celestial. As we were hurried forward, hour after hour, across the barren desert country, under a perfectly cloudless sky, I felt to complain of the ingratitude of Earth which, receiving all this of Heaven, gave no sign in springing grass or blooming flower.

But I pass on at once to present a sketch of the city and people as they appear to my eyes.

The town, which might be called a city on a hill but for ranges of mountains towering above and around, is handsomely and regularly laid out in streets running according to the points of the compass, and ornamented with trees rapidly attaining to shady and grateful luxuriance. City Creek, whose presence stayed the feet of Brigham Young in his search across remote and arid plains and led him to "seal" this land unto himself and his people to all generations, comes galloping from the mountains like a messenger of glad tidings, and is retailed in brooks and rivulets refreshing to behold along the sides of the streets. The houses, principally of wood, are interspersed with flourishing gardens of fruit trees, vegetables and flowers, which impart to even the plainest an air of refinement and beauty. Stone and adobe, or sun-dried brick, are likewise extensively used for building materials; the Theatre, City Hall, Museum, and the new Episcopal School Building being elegant specimens, and a brilliant sequel, it must be said, to the story of poverty and privations which scores of the inhabitants still in their prime relate to you from their own experience.

Our hotel is the famed Townsend House, \* \* \* large and long upon the ground and only two stories in height, with wide piazza along the whole front. The robbin's song in the shade trees this morning was a veritable love-letter from our dear New England. The house well sustains its reputation in every respect. All its attaches—whether Mormon or Gentile I cannot say—show the guests the perfection of polite attendance.

Let any female who wishes to study the fashions of all nations come to Salt Lake and attend the Tabernacle. Never did I see anything half so heterogeneous. It is not to be supposed that this is the result of anything but the exigencies of the system; but it struck me that nothing else could proclaim so loudly that this people have come out of every nation, kindred and tribe. \* \* \* From all classes, I am sure, there was sincere and devout worship.

Could a finer landscape, displayed in a more glorious light than that which met our gaze on coming out of the Tabernacle at the close of the morning service, ever have dwelt in the imagination of even the Divine Artist? The wonderful transparency of the atmosphere serves as a telescope for bringing distant objects near; making the whole scene to the untrained eye of a stranger, one of pleasing illusion. Of all things, the snow-covered Wasatch Range, in the full splendor of a sunshine which has brought Summer to the plains, impresses me as "put upon the stage."

The second Tabernacle, for afternoon service, seats 13,000 persons, and on great occasions its capacity is by no means sufficient. The fame of its great organ has gone abroad; it was built here—excepting the metallic pipes—by an English Mormon; it is an elegant instrument to eye and ear. The choir it accompanies is large and sufficiently scientific to give a fine effect. The vast well-filled auditory and lively music gave me a kind of dissolving view of last season's Boston Jubilee; the more so that the leader of the choir, with his active baton, favoring us with only a back view, "might have been" P. Gilmore.

The house has an echo, very annoying. \* \* \* Then from time to time a baby cries in some part of the house, when the echoes multiply ridiculously, till you might fancy yourself in a monkeys' encampment. With but a single fault the Tabernacle is a grand

structure. Oval in form, its roof an unbroken, self-sustaining dome, a distant view suggests an emigrant wagon under a giant's microscope. The large area it covers, naturally detracts from the effect of its height, especially from without. The great windows are placed sidewise; the result is not, as in so many of our modern churches, a burlesque upon illumination. The stone walls are laid with massive piers, forming deep recesses without, in which are doors sufficiently numerous to permit the most crowded congregation to pass out in the fewest moments.

The three houses of worship—past, present and future—are enclosed with a high fence, by which they seem hermetically sealed. Being in contrast with the streets, which are everywhere planted with trees, I was struck by the utter absence of tree or shrub within the Tabernacle yard, which exhibits only a rather unequal struggle between grass and gravel, like the parade ground on Boston Common.

I remarked to this lady—"Your reference to polygamy just now gives me to feel a little license in speaking of the same subject, though it is a delicate one." "It is a delicate subject to you," was the answer, "but not to us. It only needs to be understood, and it is the holiest and best of institutions." If this is infatuation, it has lasted twenty-nine years, and is good for as many more.

My observation that the trials of a life of polygamy appear to fall in undue proportion on the wives, meets no favor. On the contrary I am told by the wives themselves, that any one knowing the other side, and considering what labor and judgment and tact and delicacy are necessary to the proper ordering of these extensive households, might tender the balance of sympathy to the husbands. An idea I find very consoling. If there is saintship out of heaven, I have seen it in these higher-toned Mormon women, anchored by principle amid tempests of feeling and horrors of darkness which pierce a woman's heart to know at second hand.

The idea that sensualism is the bond on the part of the men, is utterly refuted by Mormons of both sexes, and no less by your own common sense, when you have entered their households and become a little familiar with their domestic life, such as it is. No sensualist but carries in his face a stamp of character, as obvious to a woman "arrived at the years of understanding," as an auction flag over the way.

I spent a delightful day in the homes of the brothers Farr, Judge and President, at Ogden, of which I must speak at length another time. The latter especially, having five wives and (about) forty-two children, is introduced here as a representative Mormon, fairly illustrating what one may do in the way of creating himself a kingdom.

What Brigham does not know of human nature will not be known to this generation. In his dynasty the offices are multitudinous, embracing every order of talent, whether of brain or muscle. Those adapted to it are sent abroad to make converts in every quarter and corner of the earth; a great course are set to govern at home; still others are appointed to assist emigration, or as pioneers in making roads and establishing towns in the wilderness; so every subject has his ambition gratified, or else waits in hope.

SAN RAFAEL, Cal.

Well may the Mormons be proud of their beautiful city. It is doubtless the best imitation of Creation ever achieved. To the levy for troops by the United States Government during the Mexican War, they responded loyally; and their reward was some very valuable knowledge concerning irrigation, upon which the welfare of vegetation in this land of rainless Summers so entirely depends.

Salt Lake, however, is but the nucleus of existing Mormonism. Throughout Utah, as I have learned elsewhere, the arable land is mostly occupied as sites for Mormon towns, which through emigration and polygamic reduplication are filling up at the rate of cisterns in a shower. This seems like a biting frost on the predictions of the dying out of the system. The great Salt Lake also, in whose overflow some have seen the overthrow of Mormonism, is this season subsiding. A shrewd,

intelligent mountaineer recently gave me his views of a coming destruction; though such a one as the worst enemy of Mormonism, had he ever lived in the shadow of the Ten Commandments, could not regard as a consummation devoutly or otherwise to be wished.

"I put in," said my mountaineer, "that what's to break up Mormonism is the population from the mining district, that's now mixing in so thick, setting up in trade, and marrying Mormon girls. Why, if I wanted to break up anything in heaven, earth or hell, I'd let loose on it a colony of miners. They're quicklime on any sort of principles that was ever invented."

We went through the empty Tabernacle, inspecting at leisure everything, from the architecture to the organ and the President's sofa. We walked upon the length and breadth of the foundation of the Temple located beside it, now raised to a height of some twenty feet above the surface of the ground, and deeply sunk beneath. The walls are exceedingly massive, the area they enclose immense. The material is a beautiful light-colored granite, quarried from the neighboring mountains. When completed according to the design, the new Temple will be unsurpassed for beauty by any structure in the world.

We called on notable women not a few. \* \* \* Some were occupied with household duties, and all without exception bore marks of labor as unmistakable as a draft-horse after long service. Yet the "sad-eyed Mormon women," described by imaginative writers, I did not see; neither the degenerated offspring of polygamy; and I feel bound to assert that both classes are a myth. These ladies whom I saw in every-day state were neatly and tastefully dressed, while in looks and manners and conversation they prove their position to my mind at all events less unenviable than that of thousands of my countrywomen of aimless and indolent life, who never know the best meaning of the word development.

A gentleman told me there were no servants in Mr. Young's family until its numbers made them indispensable. "And now," said he, the servants are members of the family and on equality with his own children. The president is very fatherly—very fatherly." I ventured the remark that he had had a great deal of practice in that direction, at which the gentleman smiled quietly at the distant hills.

The husband of one wife is in Utah looked upon as a kind of contemptible affair, like the man who neglects to pay his tithes; Senator Hooper, whose house we passed, being a possible exception. However heretical or damnable the doctrines, the Mormons have faith in them to the extent that they rather invite than shun investigation. "Always glad to welcome eastern people," remarked the genial editor of the *Deseret Evening News*, placing a chair for me in his sanctum. "You of the outside world are apt to consider us bears or wolves, or some such savage wild beasts."

A little against my conscience, I confess, I replied that possibly this was a mistake, and if he were to come to the outside world he might find the prejudices less than he imagined.

I derived much pleasure from being shown through this establishment, which I could but think exhibits in epitome the real secret of the prosperity of this people. Everything, from the manufacture of type, composing, printing, all the processes of book-making, paper ruling in every variety—and no small amount of either—are performed within these four walls. The old type, so soon worn out on our eastern journals and sold for little, is here prepared and recast. I brought away one which came to my hand while at a temperature fitly gauging the dulcet affection overflowing from a dime novel. Such economizing and utilizing of time, labor and material are simply admirable, and should instruct the world.

At the Townsend House, on a table in the common hall, along with stereoscopes and views, lay a heavy volume purporting to be an *expose* of Mormonism. To my expressed surprise that it should be there, and confession that I should hardly be thus tolerant of a work denouncing sentiments to which I held, the careless reply was—"Oh I have heard of that book; they say it doesn't

contain lies enough to spice it."

This let me say for the Mormons:—I have never met with a people more polite, in the truest and best acceptance of the word;—a politeness not to be learned from any written code,—not Chesterfieldian; but spontaneous, gentle, Christ-like. The more I saw of them, the less capable I felt of judging them. What their portion is to be in the history of the future, who shall predict?

MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.  
—Boston Christian Era.

## DIED.

In Springville, September 18th, 1873, DELLA ADELIA, daughter of Wm. D. and Caroline L. Johnson, aged 2 years, 1 month, and 23 days.

In Grantsville, August 31, THOMAS, son of Marshall and Isabella Grover, born December 10th, 1872.

At Leeds, Yorkshire, August 10th, of consumption, WM. WANLESS, aged 16 years and 7 months. He died as he had lived, a faithful Latter-day Saint.—[Com. Mill. Star.

At her residence, Paddington, London, August 20, SARAH SIMMONS, aged 82 years, 7 months and 23 days. She died in full faith and fellowship of the gospel.—[Com. Mill. Star.

This morning, of teething and canker, GEORGE THOMAS, son of William J. and Emma Stone, aged one year and six months.—[Ogden Junction, Sept. 20th.

In the 10th Ward of this city, Sept. 20th, JAMES FREDERIC, son of J. M. and Caroline Michelson, born Sept. 5th, 1873.

In St. Louis, Sept. 17th, of general debility, MARY PERCE, at the residence of Mr. Joseph Stay, aged 94 years and 6 months. Mill. Star, please copy.

At Marriotsville, September 16th, of cholera infantum, JOSEPH SAMUEL, son of Wm. and Ruth Hodson, aged 5 years, 5 months and 15 days.—[Ogden Junction.

In Beaver City, September 19th, ZILLAH D., wife of John Halsall, aged 45 years, 2 months, and 13 days.

Deceased was baptized in Halifax, Yorkshire, England, January 1st, 1852, emigrated to Utah in 1866. Lived and died in the faith of the gospel, and leaves behind her a husband, son and daughter.—[Millennial Star, please copy.

## ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE in my possession the following animals:  
One claybank HORSE, black mane and tail, branded O and V connected on left thigh, collar and saddle marked.  
One dark bay horse MULE, branded M on left shoulder and JJ on left thigh, piece of rope on neck.  
The above, if not claimed and taken away, will be sold on Saturday, at ten o'clock a.m., Oct. 11, 1873, at the District Pound, South Cottonwood.

J. R. MILLER,  
Poundkeeper.  
ds&w tea

Sept. 24, 1873.

## NOTICE

I HAVE in my possession the following Est-ray:  
One strawberry roan MARE, branded W F (combined) on left shoulder, and W F (combined) on left thigh. H F (combined) and Spanish brand, stripe in face and four white feet.

The above animal, if not claimed and taken away before Tuesday, Sept. 30th, 1873, at one o'clock p.m., will be sold at the District Est-ray Pound, Bountiful.

NEWTON TUTTLE,  
Poundkeeper.  
ds&w tea

September 20, 1873.

## ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE in my possession one red STEER, branded G K on left hip, slit in right ear and underbit in left ear.  
If not claimed and taken away will be sold at ten a.m. on Thursday, Oct. 2nd, 1873, at the District P. and Weber City.

PETER NEILSON,  
Poundkeeper.  
ds&w tea

Weber City, Sept. 22nd, 1873.

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