

# Reminiscences of Early Salt Lake

Social and Business Conditions of Years Ago. 20 0





HE building marked "K. & L. Store" was occupied by Kimball & Law-rence; the McCornick block stands there today. On the opposite corner to the east, the small building was occupied by Hooper & Eldredge, who started there the bank which is the Deseret National bank of today. North of it was the City Liquor store. On the opposite corner, where Godbe-Pitts Drug company is located, a small repair shop stood.

### A Picture in Memory.

at the block across the way during the glorious summer now passed, my mind has traversed back, soliloquizing over 60 years, to the time when Presiding Bishop Newel K. Whitney came to the valley, pitched his tents and drew his wagons into a semi-circle on the northwest corner of that block. How wild and barren it was then! Brigham Young located on the southeast corner, and just a little way from there built the famous "old log row." President Heber C. Kimball made his camp just north of the block, on the other side of City creek, and soon put up rather a pretentious adobe house, the first place where we held Sunday meetings and evening prayer meetings, in what we called "Aunt Vilate's big room."

In those early days there was nothing but bare open space, no streets, scarcely foot-paths, no bridges over Cily creek—we walked over on a plank; and during all the long, cold winter of 1848 we slept in our wagons, until the wails of the Whitney house were up and some loose boards and dirt on the roof, and planks or puncheon on the floor, when we were glad to sit around the great blazing wood fires in the open fireplaces, with our bables that had been horn in the wagons or on the Journey. Although we had no hearth-stone, we were quite content, and were shut in from the howling of the coyotes, and the shrieking and moaning of the squaws, who were in camp further up City creek because their warrlors had been killed. We used to sing and pray, and Horace, the bishop's eldest son, an exceptionally gifted young man, would play the flute sometimes to while away the hours, the bishop and his wife, (who is known now throughout the Church as Mother Whitney,) sang together the old hymns and some of the old-time songs—their voices blending so harmonlously, that one might fance even angel voices gould not be more transporting. They sang not only Mormon hymns, but the old Campbellite hymns, rythmical and musical, and the tones of their sweet voices still linger in my recolection as though it were only yesterday.

All these things I s

voices still linger in my recollection as though it were only yesterday.

All these things I seemed to see and hear and live over again, in the long summer days while the men toiled on across the way, pulling down and tearing the walls and foundations that had been built in those strenuous times of hardship and scarcity, and realizing that in the building of them there seemed a part of the very life and heart of those brave men who planned and calculated and wrought with their strength of brave men who planned and calculated and wrought with their strength of brain the ways and means and methods of construction when there was lack of material and of means, and only crude substances from the earth and the few trees in the canyons to be obtained:

crude substances from the earth and the few trees in the canyons to be obtained!

Almost every day the president of the Church, his counselors and the presiding bishop would be together devising ways, and talking over these important matters. Those younger people who were there then to hear and to wonder how such great purposes could be accomplished without facilities—where are they now? Most of them gone to the other side with those same veteran pioneers, whose memory one fondly cherishes, and whose names must be ever held in the greatest reverence.

To be sure there was the Fort on Pioneer's quare, where President-Young and Kimball, and also the bishop had rooms but they preferred to leave the occupants in possession, and they wanted more room to dwell on and in. All honor to the brave pioneers of 1847, men and women, who had perhaps the hardest struggle of all.

In looking at the dear old buildings as they were being torn to pieces, I lived over again, in depth of feeling, although outwardly only in fancy on might say, many of the events that transpired when they were being erected—yes, even when the foundations were being laid.

In the year 1849, the tithing vard and a small building with a slanting roof was put up on the corner where the Council House stood afterward, and where The Descret News building stands now. It was near where Dr. Willard Richards had camped, and had built his primitive home, and just west of there, Parley P. Pratt had begun preparations for his home. All around this tithing office there were, in 1849 and 1859, stacks of hay and other commodities, Inside the office were rude desks, and clerks keeping books of accounts. Thomass Bullock was the chief clerk, I think, and Horace K. Whitney

"Remembrances That Time Cannot Efface."

AZING from the windows of my office in the Templeton building at the block across the way during the glorious summer now passed, my mind has traversed back, soliloquizing over 60 years, to the time when Presiding Bishop Newel K. Whitner can to the valley, pitched the can to the valley, pitched the can do to the valley, pitched the can do to the valley, pitched the can do to the valley, pitched the can be read to the valley, pitched the can do to the valley of the vall

for the lithing of the people, vegeta-bles, grain and other things. Almost every evening in the summer of 1859, with baby in my arms, I walked around those grounds with him and he exwith baby in my arms, I walked around those grounds with him and he explained to me the various rooms in the basement, and what they would be used for, and all the parts of the building, as it was designed; and he seemed deeply interested in seeing it finished, and ready for use. Alas, he was suddenly stricken down, with the work only fairly begun.

Afterwards, when the bishop was gone, with two little ones I wandered

and ready for use. Alas, he was suddenly stricken down, with the work only fairly begun.

Afterwards, when the bishop was gone, with two little ones I wandered around the places and over the self-same ground, and watched the building of the tithing offices, and the tithing offices, and the tithing store, as it was called at first, but afterwards the Deseret News building, and the small adobe houses in the same yard just east of The News, and the high stone wall with its massive pillars that has attracted so much attention and has been the cause of such adverse criticism. Those small houses have been the birthplaces of many—and of some great men; for instance the first governor of the State of Utah, Hon. Heber M. Wells, and several of the Wells girls and a number of the sons and daughters of Brigham Young. I fear I must not tell which of these Those were historic homes, and many marriages were solemnized there by President Young and General Wells in the early days.

In and around these old buildings and the famous stone wall, forbidding as it might seem to those not familiar with its precincts, there seemed a spirit of peace and protection and security one could not feel outside. Every stone was dear because of the association it seemed to have with those heroic men who were its builders and proprietors. To see this wall torn down and the place that, to some of us at least, seemed hallowed ground, thrown open—well, one can never tell the feeling it brought to the sensitive woman-heart. To see, as it were in vision, the spiendid men who were wont to tread those grounds, may appear, to those who know not, "uncanny," as the Scotch folks say, but very real to the writer of this memory picture.

We clasp the hands of those now long since dead.

We clasp the hands of those now long since dead. And press our lips to theirs in kisses sweet:

Deserted paths and bygone places And hand in hand familiar faces

It came to pass, after many changes, (Continued on last column.)

# "Squire" Wells' Old Homestead

Which Stood where the Templeton Building Now Stands.

HIS famous old house, which went down in 1888-89 to make room for the present Bank structure, was erected during the '50s by Ezra T. Benson, who sold it to President Daniel H. Wells about 1860 or 1861. It was for years the home of the Wells family, and it enjoyed a local renown as

for years the home of the Wells family, and it enjoyed a local renown as a center of hospitality that hundreds who still survive can bear witness to. President Wells' family, with a devotion to his memory that does them high credit, have regularly observed the anniversary of his birthday, (October 27th, 1814) by social gatherings at which literary and other exercises are always made special features. At one of these gatherings, held in 1901, Heber M. Wells read "by request" Poe's famous poem, "The Bells." It was immediately followed by Bishop O. F. Whitney, who read the following original poem now published for the first time. While it has much of a family flavor about it, so many of the names mentioned are those of people prominent in the community today, that its publication in connection with the illustration above will be of more than passing interest.

THE WELLS

(With apologies to Edgar Allen Poe.)

(With apologies to Ho the gathering of the Wells.—
Heaps of Wells.
What a world of census-takers
This family foretells!
Junius Wells,
Rulon Wells.
Heber Gubernatorial Wells.
Fruitful Joseph and his Wells,
Gershom Wells,
Victor Wells,
Louis, Bry and Charlie Wells,
Victor Wells,
Louis, Bry and Charlie Wells;
Not to mention Culmer's Wells,
And a lot of smaller Wells;
Babbling Wells,
Blabbing Wells,
Blabbing Wells,
Woungsters counted by the score,
Knee-deep on the parlor floor—
Some are Gershom's, some are Mel's—
And the most of them pell-mells:
Some of them some other fel's:
But the entire "push" are Wells,
Wells, Wells, Wells, Wells, Wells,
Wells, Wells, Wells, Wells,
Wells, Wells, Wells, Wells,
Hear the bubbling of the Wells!—

Hear the bubbling of the Wells!— Blubbering Wells. What a tale of tantrums now their Turbulency tells! Hear them prattle, prattle prattle, Hear them tattle, tattle, tattle.

Hear them tattle, tattle, tattle.

How the pandemonium swells!

How it dwells:

Hear their yells!

If the grown-up folks would speak,

They can only shrick, shrick,

They can only shrick, shrick,
Out of tune,
First to Lena, then to June,
In a clamorous appealing to the
Mercy of the host,
In a mad expostulation, as those
Juveniles they roast—
Hannah Wells,
Martha Wells,
Lydia Ann and Susan Wells,
Emmeline Exponent Wells,
Hark the laughter! Hear the yells!
E'en on Sister Grant it tells,
Keeping time, time, time,
With a patience all sublime,
To the tin-tin-Abbie Chapin that so
Numerously swells
From the Wells, Wells, Wells, Wells, Wells, Wells, Wells
Wells, Wells, Wells,
From the children's children's children of the Wells.
Hear the giggling of the Wells!—

From the children's children's children of the Wells.

Hear the gizgling of the Wells!—
Chetchie Wells,
Abbie Wells;
And the gurgling of the Wells—
Hugo Wells,
Seymour Wells;
Gizgling girls and gurgling Wells,
Dandy beaus and candy belles,
Each with half a dozen fels.
Resistless swells,
Laying all beneath their spells;
Silver belles,
Golden belles,
Anything but brazen belles,
Ringing out their wild delight.
In the calm October night.
Till the chickens all take flight;
And the people,
Ah, the people,
And Moroni on Lis steenle,
Spooks that dwell
In Castle Snell,
Ghosts that cower,
In Anderson's tower.
Scarcely knowing what to think,
Deem, it an affair of drink.
Deem, it an affair of drink.
Deem it an alarm of fire,
Kindling Zion's funeral nyre,
Calling out for aid Devine
Of the hook and ladder line.
Tis a fire.
Love's desire,
Leaning higher, higher, higher,
With a resolute endeavor.
Now, now to sit or never.
In the lap of that pale-faced loon,
The Man in the Moon.
Oh, the weddings of the Wellses!

Oh, the weddings of the Wellses!
Oh, the beans and oh, the belieses!
Bellzesis and Bellzebub
Noses aquilline and saub.
Young as in the days of yore?
Quoth the raven, "Nevernore."
Nor young nor old, but like good wine,
Are Kate and Lyde and Emmelline.
But the beau that loves the belles,
Best of all, is Victor Wells—

Victor, that all-conquering name
What Wells can quench his quenchless
flame?

+ Home Fire,
High Flyer,
Maid and matron's sole desire;
Too much occupied to marry,
He can only tarry, tarry,
Now at Logan, now Provo,
Now at Brieham, mid the Snow.
Meanwhile all the best girls go,
Picked from off the trees like cherries,
Huckleberries,
Dusenberrys.

Talk of sledges with the bells—
We have Hedges round our Wells,
Architects and artists, too,
From whom John Cannon got his Q.
And anto the lottery-flew;
Annie Wells he said would do.
Another, Harry Culmer drew—
He's good at drawing, so am I,
And still the Wells are not drawn dry.
Wells, Wells, Wells,
See their number, how it swells;
Seymour Youngs and Seymour Wells!
Wells, Wells,
Edna Wells,
Banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
Banks and Books of Tommy Sloan.

And there are Riters 'mong the Wells, And orators, or spoating Wells; Anything but shallow Wells; And there are Sears 'mong Joseph's

But Louis loves the Viking's breed, The ancient tribe of Ingamar— Inga's mar and Inga's par. "Two souls with but a single thought" They think these rhymes are "simply

And some are Cannon shots and And some are Cannon shots and shells;
And some are Grant's but not Odell's;
Beatic sis and Beatic bub,
Are also spokes in Wells's hub,
And there are Whitneys, I am told,—
Black sheep, found in every fold,
With red ones, red as burnished gold;
Wells, Wells, Ruby Wells,
Steve and Bry and Charlie Wells,
And others equally well-red;
But that's enough upon that head.

Oh, the ballot of the Wells, Oh, the ballot of the Wells,
How it swells!
How it tells!
Solid ballot of the Wells,
Ab, the politician knows,
As anto the polis he goes,
How the danger ebbs and flows—
Yes, his practised vision tells
How the danger sinks and swells
With the sinking or the swelling in the

With the sinking or the swelling in the Ballot of the Wells.
Wells, Well

be? Wells, Wells, Wells, Wells, Solid bullot of the Wells, Kates, Kats, klds, wives— They'll hold office all their lives.

Ho the gathering of the Wells! Heaps of Wells! What worlds of future fruitfulness this multitude foretells!

What worlds of future fruitumess this multitude foretels!

All in tune,
As birds in June,
14fting voice and sounding lyre,
Singing reases to their sire:
Honorime his honored name.
From whom all Utah Welless came:
Best and noblest of the breed,
hoer of the mighty deed,
Faithful, fearless, kind and wise.
Winner of the peerless prize,
Now at rest heyond the skles;
Best and noblest of the Wells,
One whose sterling worth compels
Tender tribute of a tear
From all souls assembled here,
Wells, Wells, Wells, Wells,
Wid human tongues there's none that
tells.

tells.
'Mid angel pens there's none that spells.
A nobler name than Daniel Wells.

THIS picturesque old wheel, walch furnished the power for the shops in the Lafayette school, on the corner of North Temple and State. The Church blacksmith shop and the old Kimball mill stood to the west of the picture.

## Merchandizing in Old Days.

Lake City, who happens to read the following, will sigh for the the following, will sigh for the grand old times when merchandising paid a fair profit, and Main street reuts were not \$500 per month for 20-foot frontage, one story frame building. Only a few buildings remain of that class, however, recently the Pixton, Teasdale, Gardner store, on the site of which Thomas Kearns is now erecting, what is said to be the finest office building west of Chicago.

But merchandising in pioneer times is my theme, and I will be brief.

Take for instance the price of coffee, sugar, tex, etc., in 1895, 18 years after the advent of the pioneers, by reference to an invoice of general merchandise billed by N. S. Ransohoff & Co., who built and occupied the store, now used by Z. C. M. I. drug department.

On this invoice I find billed:
98 lbs. white sugar @ 60c ... \$ 58.90
108 lbs. brown sugar @ 55c ... 59.40
110 lbs. coffee @ 75c ... 82.50

Think of this ye economical house wife, and this is the wholesale price in 1885, retail was at least 30 per cent more, and, as for tea, one chest of Young Hyson, 74 pounds, brought \$240.50, or \$3.25 per pound; guppowder tea was the same price. I have sold many pounds of Young Hyson at \$5 per pound over the counter, or 50 cents an ounce and we used Troy weights too. The osual method was to give the customer all he could scoop up on a 50 cent silver piece, for the half dollar. Other items of the grocery line were equally high; for instance, soda, 40 cents per pound; indigo, \$2 per pound; cloves and ginger, \$1 per pound; concentrated lye for laundry use, \$38 a case; white plug tobacco at \$1.50 per pound and smoking tobacco \$1.25 per pound would indicate the sum of luxuries.

pound would handle the luxuries. The hardware men were happy when they could sell: Horse shoe nails at 40, cents per

ound.
Brass kettles at \$2 per pound.
Shovels and spades at \$3.50 each.

Brass kettles at \$2 per pound.
Shovels and spades at \$3,50 each.
Axes, at \$4 to \$6 each.
Cut nalls, 8-d and 10-d \$40 per keg.
In fact the whole line was on the above range of prices.
But dry goods show perhaps as great a change, for before the advent of the Union Pacific railway, as this bill shows, by the first item, we find 43 pieces of calico, 1,850 yards at 30 cents, \$558—a fine item to start a store with, and all designed to furnish the Ogden market, where this shipment was made. This price prevailed until Z. C. M. I. opened its wholesale dry goods department in the Jennings corner, Main and First South streets, now the Utah National bank, about March 1, 1869. The wholesale price of such prints. Amoskeag, harmony, Sprague, was reduced from 35 cents to 25 cents per yard, and the people gathered in numbers to discuss the advantages of co-operation, that made a liberal reduction in the leading dress goods of the people.
Delaines were only worn by the wealthy, and they sold for 75 cents per yard retail. They, however, have long since ceased to be in the market.

bought \$72 or 53? cents per yard, while standard brands of bed tick, ranged from 78 cents to \$150-Amos-keag A C. A., now 20 cents sold for \$1.25 per yard, seamless sacks \$1.40 each.

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Lancaster ginghams brought 50
cents per yard, \$1.45 sheeting, \$1.50 per yard, blue jeans \$1.25
per yard, the universal cloth for men's
trousers.

Cotton thread in skeins, not spools,
at \$1.50 per pound, while spool thread,
then just coming in the market sold
for \$1.50 a dozen, or one spool, 15
cents This bill shows an entry of 14
ounces, (Troy) sewing and embroidery
silk for \$22.

Ladies' shakers were then in vogue,
the cheapest at 75 cents. Candle wick,
which supplied the motive power for
tallow candles in those days was 40
cents per dozen; and cotton yarn in
five pound bundles for hand weaving
brought from \$8 to \$10 per bunch and
the better quality was the home made
from Dixle at a higher price.

Freight rates via. the Butterfield allwagon-route cost 25 cents per pound
for heavy goos, and reached \$1.00 per
pound for the lighter classes, but as
the railroad approached, gradually reducing the wagon haul, prices tunmbled, not in one general slump, but
gradually and uniformly.

The ploneer merchant rarely saw
real money, it was exchange trade, the
products of the soil served as the medium of exchange, and store orders
were issued by all merchants and they
were at times restricted to the purchase of such things as the dealers
had an overstock of, flour, sugar
coffee, tobacco, etc., and sold only for
cash. Many of your readers will recall the names of,

Livingston & Kinkaid & Co,
Hooper & Eldredge,
Eldredge, & Clawson.

Gilbert & Gerrish,
Godbe & Mitchell,
Naisbitt & Hindley,
Bassett & Roberts.

Gilbert & Gerrish.
Godbe & Mitchell.
Naisbitt & Hindley.
Bassett & Roberts.
Kimball & Lawrence.
Taylor & Cutler.
Walker Bros.
N. S. Ransohoff & Co.
Staines & Needham and a number of others less prominent.
In the 60's Richard Golightly, and David Candland kept the only bakery in town, and managed the "Globe," a resaurant, where the products of his shop were sold and where Horaco Greeley was dined, but not wined, while on his celebrated trip to California, on which Hank Monk, the stage driver uttered the famous "Keep your seat Horace and we will get you through on time."

But Greeley was entertained by the local capitalists at the "Globe" and cove oysters, at \$1.25 per can. small size, now 10 cents, was the principal item on the menu card. The "Globe" stood where the Home Fire Insurance building is now, upper Main street, and such was the entertainment.
But note the change time has wrought; no more the Irrogular store fronts, and uneven board and "avel side walks; pole fences no longer give property lines, but pavements, plateglass and skyscrapers obstruct the view, and pioneer times have gone to return no more.

#### A. PICTURE IN MEMORY

(Continued from second column.) that the writer occupied one of those primitive houses behind the wall, for a few years after they had been deserted. few years after they had been deserted, as it were, and during that period of about seven years many tourists and strangers, attracted by the sign of "The about seven years many tourists and strangers, attracted by the sign of "The Woman's Exponent" over the gateway, called out of curiosity partiy, but there were others who had letters of introduction. There was no bureau of information then, and it would be quite impossible to tell the questions asked and answered during those years. Invariably those who were invited in found the simple office and old parlor in the little house behind the wall attractive, and often took away a stone or pebble from the old wall. One great artist and author wrote in my guest book: "If everyone who had been welcomed or entertained there had taken away a stone from the wall there would be none left," and much more complimentary to the editor. Men and women, especially the latter, with titles and high rank and refinement, have been entertained there, and to me the place was delightful because of its associations.

But the last vestige of those oldest, primitive beginnings on that block have during this last summer time been taken away, and now we have modern grandeur and up-to-date structures instead of early simplicity. Again, after

many years, fate seems to have recalled me back, temporarily at least, to the once familiar place, and under the protection perchance of a new and modern presiding bishop, and the president of the Church, located on the southeast corner as Brigham Young, the ploneer and first governor of Utah, was in the early days.

This is the age of progress, advancement and great achievements. When I was young it was the age of homes and gardens and hearthstones, and old fashioned fireplaces with crames and pothooks and such other paraphernalia as we brought over the plains.

"O, said the guests in speech and song,

"O, said the guests in speech and song.
As in the chimney burning bright,
We hung the iron crame tonight,
And merry was the feast and long."
—Longfellow.

—Longfellow.

We had bake kettles and Dutch ovens and ten made of roseleaves—that was romantic, surely! Nowadays we have apartment houses and skyscrapers, and all sorts and kinds of conveniences and luxuries of modern life, and art and musle—of course we love the music and art in its very highest and best; we also have innumerable places of amusement and excitement—and who can tell where indulgence and extravagance will lead to? And what about the simple life? Is it a dream, or a fallacy?

EMMELINE B. WELLAS.

EMMELINE B. WELLS.