

the Endowment House, the baptismal font (their baptism is by immersion), and the "Holy of holies;" where we were told that angels were expected to be met, and where probably Christ the Saviour would be seen (this was said with the utmost seriousness and apparent belief).

While my father was Attorney-General in the Cabinet of Gen. Grant, he became acquainted with Mr. George Q. Cannon, then the delegate to Congress from Utah. Mr. Cannon was now very polite to us, and introduced us to the president and council of the church.

The next day we dined at the Amelia Palace (as it is called), the spacious residence of the president of the hierarchy, where we met Mr. Kane the present delegate to Congress, Mr. Cannon, and others of the church, besides some of the daughters of Mr. John Taylor the president. Mr. Taylor is a tall, venerable old gentleman, with white hair, courteous manners, and of quiet and cultivated demeanor: he was dressed in black, with a white cravat, and seemed altogether like a Presbyterian clergyman of the old school, with a rich congregation, a large salary, and sincere faith. The dinner was excellent, served in good style, and the currant-wine was delicious. The conversation was upon general subjects, such as would have