

to gospel belief and a decent practice. To the ends of the earth messengers of truth were dispatched, but none to these benighted thousands, resident in the midst of the Republic. This strange and culpable neglect was, no doubt, in part because their home was a *terra incognita*, remote and inaccessible across the plains and behind the mountains, and so the situation was not fully appreciated. But, besides, the theocracy was known to be omnipotent, unscrupulous, and determined to maintain itself at all hazards, and hence to make assault was to undertake a work certain to cost hardest endurance to body and spirit, if not also serious peril to life. But at length, a strange combination of favorable circumstances, such as the permanent presence of United States' troops in the suburbs of Salt Lake, the opening of mines in the mountains round about the Mormon "Zion," with the consequent influx of Gentile population, constituted a peremptory call to open a campaign against Satan's seat.

Since 1847 the hierarchy had made the most of its unmatched opportunity to strengthen and enlarge itself on every side. Hundreds of emissaries—ardent, zealous, and overflowing with the wisdom of the serpent—had been sent to Europe, Africa, India, China, and the islands of the sea, and so skillfully had they wrought that converts were crowding up the Platte and through South Pass at the rate of 5,000 and upwards a year. To receive these recruits numerous colonies were planted here and there over a space equal to nearly a tenth of the national area. Brigham Young was an autocrat then at the summit of his power, arrogating to himself authority and inspiration even greater than any possessed by Moses, Isaiah, or Paul, and with none daring or even desiring to dispute his claim, though it extended to all business and political affairs, as well as to the entire realm of religion. This "prophet's" nod was supreme law, the Federal Government to the contrary notwithstanding. To oppose him was to make social and financial ruin certain, was even to face death. Those were the days of speech in the Tabernacle incredibly foul and profane, and when atrocious crimes were countenanced and condoned, if not even commanded by the church. No deed was too barbarous or too bloody, if thought needed to punish rebels and apostates. A veritable reign of terror, no mean imitation of the Jacobin original, was just closing. It was under such conditions, and while our civil strife was at its height, that a solitary Christian minister, the pioneer, thank God, of a host, descended Emigration Cañon, and appeared upon the scene. Some slight preparation had been made for his coming, and a few expectant friends were ready to give cordial greeting. A Literary Association had been formed a few months before, the first attempt at intellectual improvement the Territory had ever seen. And it was through an urgent appeal from this source, as well as from Gen. Connor in command at Fort Douglass, an Irishman and a Catholic, and yet warmly encour-