

CHAPTER VIII.

TROUBLES UNDER THE NEW SYSTEM.

The Sorrows of My Uncle — “It’s a Hopeless Fix.” — A Woman’s Argument about Polygamy. — My Mother “labors” with a First Wife. — Wife No. 2 “Walks Off.” — Marrying a Widow and her Two Daughters. — Mrs. Webb becomes a Wife No. 2. — Wife No. 1 throws Brickbats into the Nuptial Chamber. — She clears the Field of Extra Wives. — “Building up the Kingdom.” — The Atrocious Villainies of Orson Pratt. — How he has Seduced Innocent Girls. — Brigham’s Nephew Rebels. — Trouble in the Prophet’s Family. — Forgetting a Wife’s Face. — A Woman who liked Polygamy.

THERE was literally no end to the muddles in which the Mormon people found themselves while trying to adjust their polygamous affairs.

In our own family it was very smooth sailing, as there were no superfluous members to be accounted for, and the two wives made the best of their unfortunate situation. But the same peace did not prevail in all families. I remember one family quite well where affairs were strangely mixed, and in which the wife exhibited a most



amusing inconsistency.

A brother of my father, Milo Webb, had married a very pretty and agreeable woman in Illinois, who was perfectly

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devoted to him, and he returned her love ardently. They were both members of the Mormon Church, and had lived in the greatest harmony, with not the slightest shadow of

discord, until 1846, when the “Endowments” were given in Nauvoo Temple.

To those men who were considered worthy to be called to that holy edifice to receive the sacred rite of the Endowments, polygamy was quietly taught as one of the requirements of religion, and these faithful brethren were counseled not to appear with but one wife; and of course after this many felt ashamed to present themselves with only the wife of their first and unbiased choice, the mother of their children, the sharer of their fortunes, the consoler in trouble, the faithful, loving soul who had made her husband’s people her people, his home her home, his God her God; who had considered no sacrifice too great to bear for his sake, no suffering too intense to be endured; who had literally taken him “for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer;” had clung to him in sickness and health, in poverty and distress, as well as in plenty and comfort, and who fondly believed that only death should part them.

If a man dared be true to his better nature, and present himself for his Endowments with this wife alone, he was ridiculed by the authorities for being so poorly provided for, especially by Brigham and Herber C. Kimball—who seemed always to supply the buffoonery for the occasions—and warned that he need never expect to be received into the celestial kingdom until he had entered polygamy, as it was quite impossible for him to do so.

My uncle was a conscientious man and a devoted Mormon, and, like my father, believing the command to be from God, dared not disregard it. He made proposals of marriage to a young girl named Jane Matthews, and she, being taught by the leaders of the church, whom she consulted in the matter, that, except as a polygamous wife, she could not attain to exaltation in the future state, accepted

144 A FAMILY MIXTURE.

the proposal as the only means within her power of securing salvation; and the two, together with the wife, received their Endowments, and were united in the “indissoluble” bonds of “Celestial Marriage.”

The wife had given only a reluctant consent to the arrangement, impelled to this solely by a sense of religious duty, and not because she approved of or liked it. It was the first bitter experience of her married life, and she did not accept it with the slightest spirit of resignation, but as something inevitable. Neither she nor her husband realized, in any degree, the magnitude of the undertaking, and the young girl was still more ignorant of the situation. Had they known how utterly wretched the future was to be, I believe they would have hesitated a long time before they assumed such relations with each other, even if they thought they were periling their salvation by the delay.

The new wife was brought to the home where so

entire happiness had reigned, and lived there until the church left Nauvoo; but what a changed home it was! The spirits of Peace and Love that had brooded over it so long, folded their white wings and fled, leaving the demons of Discord and Hate in their places.

It was not long before the first wife discovered that polygamy was a much more serious matter even than she had supposed it to be, and that it grew constantly worse and more unendurable, instead of better and more easily to be borne, as she had been taught it would become. She grew to cordially hate the young wife, and although they were compelled to live under one roof, she could not even make herself feel like speaking to her; so they lived without addressing one word to each other. She grew nearly insane under this trouble, and was wrought up to such a frenzy by jealousy and despair that she committed the most flagrant acts of violence.

The poor husband found himself in a dilemma from which he saw no way of extricating himself. He could not under-

145 HOW DO YOU MANAGE AFFAIRS?

stand how such really good women could behave so much like fiends. Neither of them had bad dispositions naturally, yet both were perfect termagants under the new family system. The house was in inextricable confusion, and he saw no way of setting matters right; so he applied to my father for advice, he having taken second but a short time before. I do not know what advice he gave, but I think he must have referred him to my mother, for he came to her, begging her to assist him in bringing order out of the domestic chaos.

“How do you manage these polygamous affairs?” he asked, anxiously: “you do not appear to be very unhappy.”

“I cannot tell you how I manage,” was my mother’s reply. “I am a riddle to myself; but I do assure you that it is no easy matter to live in polygamy. Its ways are not ‘ways of pleasantness,’ nor are its paths ‘peace.’ Trials of every description grow constantly more numerous.”

“Yet you manage to preserve an outward appearance of serenity, which is more than we do. I wish you would see my wife and reason with her; I believe she would listen to you. Affairs are horrible with us: my wife hates Jane, and it seems impossible to keep them together, since she will not even try to conceal her aversion towards her. I don’t see how I am to keep them together, and yet I cannot afford to build another house. It is a most hopeless fix, and I don’t see a way out.”

My mother promised him that she would see his wife, and try to induce her to bear her cross more patiently. But what a hypocritical task it seemed to her! While her

own heart was breaking with the weight of sorrow and care, she had to counsel patience and resignation to another woman who was suffering from precisely the same cause. It seemed heartless and awry, but it was placed upon her as a duty, and she could not shirk it. She upbraided herself for her reluctance, and prayed for more of the “Spirit.” It

146 SHE WOULDN’T ENDURE IT ANY LONGER.

never occurred to her that the system was false and horrible in the extreme; she only felt that she was lacking in grace and the true spirit of the Lord.

Very shortly after my uncle’s appeal to her, she visited his wife, and found her weeping as though her heart would break. Her first impulse was to put her arms about her and weep with her. She felt every throb of that poor lacerated heart, for her own was torn with the same anguish; and for a little while she forgot her mission, and her woman’s instinct predominated, while she indulged in a passionate burst of tears.

But horrified at what she feared was a rebellion against her God, she soon quieted herself, although her heart still ached with a pain which she could not banish or control, and as delicately and tenderly as possible introduced the object of her call. This brought for the a wild outburst of indignant protest from my aunt; and my mother listened, not daring to show her sympathy with the passionate utterances. There was quiet between them for a while after this; then my mother, having regained control of her voice, said—

“But can you not see that it is your duty to submit to the “Order” and be patient. You know very well that when we cannot cure an ill, the only thing that remains to be done is to endure it; and we must not revel against any doctrine taught by our leaders, no matter how hard it may be to live it.”

“I *don’t* believe! I *can’t* believe! I *won’t* believe! That it is my duty to submit to anything of the kind,” was the quick answer, made through stormy gusts of weeping. “I cannot live with that woman in the house; I had rather die at once. O, I wish I could! I wish I could! Do you know,” continued she, turning round with such suddenness that my mother was fairly startled, “I shall take measures to rid myself of that nuisance if somebody doesn’t take her away! I can’t endure it! I *won’t* endure it any longer!”

147 I WILL NOT LIVE IN POLYGAMY.

Mother tried to reason with her, but she interrupted her:

“If any woman pretends that she is satisfied with polygamy, she is a hypocrite. I don’t believe her; and she knows she is not speaking the truth.”

My mother knew that she designed this remark for her, and that she resented her interference; but she did not let her see that she understood her, and determined to make one more effort, though she felt that it was absolutely hopeless.

“We none of us love the doctrine now,” she replied; “but yet we must submit to it as a part of our religion—a duty which that religion lays upon us; and we may grow to like it better by and by.”

“Well,” was the sharp retort, “it will be soon enough for me to comply with its requirements when I know it to be a duty. But at present I do not believe it to be such, and I cannot, nor will not, live in polygamy; on that point I am determined, and there is no use arguing with me, for I shall not change my mind, I am sure, and I will not consent to live in a state against which both conscience and common sense rebel.”

This ended my mother’s only attempt as missionary in the interests of polygamy. She had not been at all successful, and she was only too glad to drop the subject; for her heart was not in it, and it must be confessed that in this case was a very unskillful special pleader.

There was no help for it; the young wife could not hold out against all the opposition that was shown her, even though her husband made some pretense of standing by her, and she was finally compelled to leave the house. She saw no prospect of ever being able to live with her husband again, and she concluded that the best thing for her to do was to put as great a distance as possible between herself and him; so she went to Salt Lake with the first body of Saints.

As Brigham had taught the women, if they could not live happily with a man, to “walk off,” and leave him without a

148 SAVAGE AFFAIRS!

divorce, she, of course, felt freed from her former marriage, and after a year or more she married Mr. Levi Savage, a single man, with whom she lived very happily for about two years, when she died, leaving one child, who is now grown to manhood. Soon after Mrs. Savage’s death, Mr. Webb and his wife left the Missouri for Salt Lake. The husband died on the way, and his wife came on into the valley with her children.

Mr. Savage was at that time feeling very much grieved over the death of his wife, and was exceedingly pained because she had never been sealed to him by the proper authorities. He said, “I know she ought to belong to me, and I will contend for her throughout eternity.” He applied to the priesthood to have the sealing in the Temple to my uncle revoked, that she might be sealed to himself. He was told by the man who “holds the keys of life and

death,” that he must wait until the Temple in Salt Lake was completed.

Mrs. Webb, however, with wonderful inconsistency, considering her former feeling, opposed Mr. Savage’s wish by every means in her power, and contended that this woman, whom she could not and would not live with, ought, now she was dead, to belong to her husband; and she said it was very wrong indeed for Mr. Savage to try and rob her dead husband of his rights and privileges. She evidently felt that there was not the slightest doubt of her ability to endure polygamy in a future state, although it was impossible to do so in this life.

After a few years Mr. Savage married a widow and her two daughters, and is still living with them, waiting, meanwhile, for the Temple to be built, when he hopes to have this “spiritual controversy” decided in his favor; for he has not given up his first wife, though he has taken three others to solace him temporarily until she can be given to him spiritually. Judging from present appearances, he will have to wait some time, as there seems no prospect of the Temple being finished during this generation.

149 WIFE NO. 1. THROWS BRICKBATS!

Mrs. Webb found it a most difficult task to provide for herself and her children, and becoming discouraged in her attempts, listened with more patience to the doctrines of polygamy than she had done in Illinois. She was instructed that it was her duty to marry someone for time, that she might raise up more children to her dead husband, to swell his “kingdom.” She took the instruction with a properly meek spirit, and very shortly accepted the proposal of Bishop McRae, a distinguished and prominent Mormon, and became Mrs. McRae number two.

As may be imagined, Mrs. McRae number one did not take kindly to the interloper, and, having a decided objection to polygamy, emphasized her objection by throwing bricks into Mrs. McRae number two’s window when their mutual husband was her guest. She varied her expressions of opposition and protest by occasionally sending a pistol shot, instead of a brickbat, through the window.

It may not be out of the way to mention, just here, that the heroine of the brickbat and pistol was, and still is, the President of the Female Relief Society in her ward, and that one of her chief duties is to instruct the young sisters in polygamy. I have never heard whether she had a shooting gallery attached to the society rooms.

Her plan of action was quite successful, and she soon had the field again to herself; for Mrs. McRae number two, after adding two children to her husband’s kingdom, declined any longer to act as a target for Mrs. McRae number one, and left her husband voluntarily, and has since lived in a state of widowhood. I have often wondered whether

she had any sympathy for Jane Matthews while she was herself the object of persecution.

I have known all the actors in this polygamic drama, except the two who died. I was too young to have any but the most indistinct recollection of my uncle, and Mrs. Savage, I, of course, could not remember at all. But the rest I knew very well, all being intimate visitors at my father's house.

150 "BUILD UP THE KINGDOM!"

"Build up the kingdom, build up the kingdom," has always been the watchword of polygamy. At Nauvoo it was whispered into the ears of those who were considered

strong enough in the faith to receive it unquestioningly, but in Utah it is hurled indiscriminately at all alike. "Build up the kingdom, whether you can support it or not," is the almost literal teaching. The pecuniary condition of a man is never taken into consideration. He is expected to take

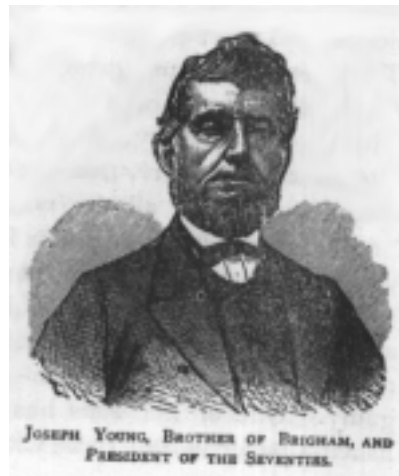


as many wives as he can support, then take a few more to support themselves and their children.

The Apostle Orson Pratt is one of the most persistent polygamists in Utah, and he has nothing to give his wives for their maintenance. They struggle on as best as they may, striving in every way to earn a scanty substance for themselves and their children. Some of them live in the most wretched squalor and degrading poverty. He, in the mean while, goes on foreign and home missions, and gathers thousands of unsuspecting victims to "Zion." Polygamy is his favorite subject, and he grows very eloquent while discoursing upon it, quoting Scripture freely in support of the glorious system—which, by the way, is the only support he does give it, or that he feels it his duty to afford. After he has once converted and married a girl, she is left to shift for herself, or to starve and die of neglect. Two, at least, have met this fate one a pretty English girl, who starved, body and heart, and who, with her little children, died from exposure, while her husband was at Salt Lake, being "entertained" by some of his rich brothers in the church.

151 THE LITTLE "KINGDOM" OF THE PROPHET'S BROTHER.

He is still the recognized defender of the gospel of polygamy, and is quoted by every one as an authority; his numerous and more pressing duties prevent his caring for his family, and nowhere in Utah are the wives more wretched or neglected, or children more ignorant and uncared for, than the wives and children of Orson Pratt, the eloquent expounder of the beauties and glories of a polygamous life, and the best educated and most able man, intellectually, in Utah.



Another polygamist of the same stamp is Joseph Young, brother to Brigham, and President of the Seventies. He has busied himself in "building up the kingdom" ever since Joseph Smith gave him that precious piece of counsel in Nauvoo. When he was a young man, he married a girl, and lived very happily with her until he learned from the Prophet Joseph that it was not only his privilege, but his duty, to enlarge his kingdom more speedily by marrying more wives.

His first acquisition was a young widow, who listened assentingly to his proposals of a "celestial marriage," and soon after entered his family as a second wife. However, the marriage with her did not avail him much, as she could only be his for time. Her former husband died a Mormon, and she and her children would belong to him in eternity.

He was past the prime of life, feeble in health, and compelled to accept the support of his brethren; yet all this did not deter him from doing what was required of him by his Prophet. About the time that he married the widow, he took a young girl for his third wife, who was supposed to be his, and his

152 BRIGHAM'S APOSTATE NEPHEW.

only, with no former husband "behind the veil" to come up "in the morning of resurrection" and lay claim to herself and her children. All his wives lived in one house, which had been built for him by the "Seventies," in return for his spiritual ministrations in their behalf.

His first wife did not like the new family arrangement any better than other Mormon women who were first

wives; but as a matter of course, her liking or disliking was not of the least consequence. She fretted herself ill over it, however, and was prostrated for months. She had toiled and suffered with her husband for many long years, while they were journeying about with the Mormons, and she could not bear to have the dark shadow of polygamy cast over the hitherto unclouded happiness of their domestic life. It seemed a terrible injustice. Yet, knowing her husband's devotion to the faith, she would not openly rebel, although she complied with his demands, that she should receive his other wives, with a feeling of intense bitterness, and lived in this unnatural relationship with her husband and his other wives.

It is impossible to depict her sufferings; they can never be known or realized outside of Mormonism. It is the very refinement of cruelty, this polygamy, and its hurts are deeper and more poisonous than any other wounds can be. They never heal, but grow constantly more painful, until it makes life unendurable. She was prostrated for months with nervous debility, seeing all the time her family needing her constant care, the care that only a mother can give, and her husband all the while devoting his energies to "building up his kingdom." It is only just to say that he was as kind to her as the circumstances would permit.

After a few years the invalid wife recovered her health, and has been permitted to assist in rearing her children to respectable men and women who do not believe in polygamy. One of her sons has apostatized, and once published a paper in Salt Lake City, called "*The Daily Press*."

153 BROTHER BRIGHAM WAXES WROTH.

This paper was of course offensive to Brigham, contain-



ing, as it did, some unpleasant truths regarding himself and other authorities in the church, and he determined to put a stop to its publication. Accordingly he sent for his brother Joseph, and said, on his arrival—

"I want that '*Daily Press*' suppressed."

Joseph "did not know how it was to be done."

"I want you to use your influence with your son to accomplish my wish," demanded Brigham.

"I cannot do it," said his brother; "my son will do as he likes."

Brother Brigham grew angry. "You must put a stop to the printing of that paper; I will not endure the annoyance from it any longer."

Joseph's spirit rose to the occasion. If Brigham was his superior in the church, he was also a younger brother, and he didn't like his peremptoriness of manner; so he quietly answered—

"I shall do nothing more about it than I have done. I have said all to my son that is necessary, and if he does not wish to follow my advice, he can go his own way, and act according to his own judgment; I most certainly shall not interfere."

154 A YOUNG BRIDEGROOM OF EIGHTY!

Brigham was terribly angry, and he raved and stormed, while Joseph listened quietly, and then walked out, making no answer to his threats and railings. The Prophet evidently did not succeed in influencing or terrifying either brother or nephew, as the "*Press*" was still published, and continued to win popularity. I was glad of its success, for the sake of the brave young editor, and the mother who reared him. She, at least, should find comfort and support in her children, although everything else in life has failed her, even her religion proving false and fatal to her happiness.

During his first wife's illness, Joseph added another widow to his establishment. Her husband having been killed at Nauvoo, she wished to assist him to build up a kingdom, and so married Joseph for time. Shortly after another woman applied for "salvation" at his hands, and "conscience" would not allow him to reject her. When he was about seventy years of age he added still another to his family, being united to her the same day that I was married to his brother Brigham, and is still, although over eighty years of age, considered in the matrimonial market.

Joseph had a real romance in his youth, which connects him, in memory and feeling at least, somewhat with my mother's family. His first love, when he was very young, was an aunt of my mother, for whom I was named. He was passionately attached to her, but something occurred to part them, and she died. Her memory has always remained with him, and he has always loved her, in spite of his extensive matrimonial experience. He told my mother that he had Jane, his first wife, baptized for her, and sealed to him for her; so she is to be his in eternity.

This venerable polygamist has nothing to support his wives upon, or himself, for that matter, except what is

given him by the "Seventies." In most respects he is a very good man, much more conscientious and honest than his brother Brigham, of whose conduct towards the people he does not approve; but he has gone mad in his desire to

155 "I MARRIED YOU TEN YEARS AGO!"

"build up his kingdom," and he considers it a duty to continue to raise up a young family, who must necessarily have to "shift for themselves," both in childhood and later life. They can have no father's care or attention, no matter how much they may need it, and he evidently does not consider how much misery he is entailing on these children.

Besides the wives I have mentioned, I don't know how many he has been sealed to, whom he does not pretend to look after in the flesh, but whom he expects to "resurrect," to swell his heavenly kingdom.

It is possible that, like Herber C. Kimball, he may have "fifty or more scattered over the earth," whom he has not seen for years, and whom he hopes he never may see again in this world.

A very amusing story was told me of Brigham, by a lady who vouches for its truth; and although I cannot, of course, corroborate it, I am quite ready to give it credence enough to publish it. Brigham met a lady in the streets of Salt Lake City, several years since, who recognized him, and addressed him as Brother Young, greeting him quite cordially.

He scrutinized her closely, with a puzzled expression. "I know I have seen you somewhere," he said; "your face is very familiar, but I cannot recall you."

"You are right," replied she; "you have most certainly seen me before; I was married to you ten years ago. I have never seen you since," she continued, "but my memory is more retentive than yours, for I knew you the moment I saw you."

Very few, even of the most enthusiastic Mormon women, were ready to listen with any degree of patience to the first teachings of the doctrine of polygamy. They rebelled against it in their hearts, even if they dared say nothing of their dislike and disgust of the system. Still less were they willing to advise or urge their husbands to introduce it; and never was a woman, with one exception, heard to say she

156 A WOMAN WHO LIKED POLYGAMY.

was happy in it, even if they endured it with any degree of patience.

The one exception of which I have spoken was an old neighbor of ours, and quite a friend of my mother's, Mrs. Delia Dorr Curtis. Both she and her husband were

faithful Mormons, but he had, for some time after polygamy was taught, continued living "beneath his privileges." He was constantly reminded of his remissness by the priesthood, until at length he felt obliged to yield to their teachings, and "obey counsel." When he mentioned the matter to his wife, she made no objections, but, on the contrary, she encouraged him in his decision, and proposed their niece, Miss Van Orden, for his consideration.

Her husband was exceedingly pleased with her suggestion. "She is the very one I should have chosen," he said in reply. He instantly made proposals for his niece, and she, being quite willing to marry her uncle, accepted the proposals, and was sealed to him at once, Mrs. Curtis giving the bride to her husband with an alacrity and willingness which were rarely seen in similar circumstances.

About three months after the celebration of the nuptials, the first wife of this good elder came to visit my mother, and, as is always the case when two Mormon women meet, and are together for any length of time, the talk turned on to polygamy, and during the conversation Mrs. Curtis remarked—

"Well, as far as I am concerned, I never have felt any of the stings of polygamy."

"Do you wish me to believe," questioned my mother, in surprise, "that you have seen your husband going through a courtship and marriage with a young wife, have seen him lavish attentions on her that have heretofore belonged alone to you, and have never felt the pangs of jealousy?"

"Yes; I wish you to believe all that."

"Well," said my mother, somewhat incredulously, "I cannot comprehend it, and if I did not know you to be a

157 SHE DEFENDS THE SYSTEM.

most truthful women, I should certainly say I did not believe you."

Mrs. Curtis grew quite eloquent on the subject; she and the other wife lived in one house, not a large one either, and the relation between them was amicable in the extreme. She had always been fond of Sarah; and was fonder than ever of her now.

"Why should there be so much trouble in it?" continued she, waxing earnest; "the Revelation on Celestial-Marriage is from the Lord; I know it, and every person might have a testimony for themselves if they would cultivate the Spirit; it is wrong and absurd in us to rebel."

"Yes, to be sure it is," returned my mother, "if one knows it to be true. I do not know it; I merely believe it, and I am not sure that I do that even. I try to believe it, and try to practice it, but I must confess to many anxious days and sleepless nights on account of it."

Mrs. Curtis was horrified at my mother's lack of

belief. "Why," said she, "if I did not have a perfect knowledge of the truth of polygamy, I should lose all faith in the other principles of Mormonism, I fear."

"Not necessarily so," replied mother. "I still cling to the faith; I must not relinquish that; but polygamy is a hard cross to bear."

"Not at all! Not at all!" asseverated Mrs. Curtis; "if you only have the Spirit of the Lord to enlighten your mind, you will find no difficulty."

"Well, you certainly are an exception to the general rule," said mother, "and you are far in advance of me, though I have struggled hard to inure myself to the system."

"Now let me tell you how we manage," persisted the enthusiastic defender of plurality. "When my husband intends going to Sarah's apartment, we first kneel down and have prayers; then he takes me in his arms and blesses me, and after our usual good-night kiss we part, happy in each other's love; and why should there be any trouble?"

158 "KEEP YOUR EYES SHUT!"

"The story you are telling me seems incredible," said my mother; "if it is true, you are really enjoying a very pleasant dream, from which I pray you may never awaken."

"O, no fear of that," was the quick reply. "I love Sarah too well to ever regret giving her to my husband; and you might be just as happy, if you would take the right view of the subject. I am sure, if Sarah had children I should love them as well as my own, and I really cannot see what there is in polygamy to cause so much annoyance."

"Well," said my mother, as the conversation ended, "let me give you this bit of advice—keep your eyes shut."

My mother did not see friend again, or even hear from her, for a very long time; but she used often to refer to her, and wonder whether "the stings of polygamy" had reached her in all that time, or whether she was still as enthusiastic a devotee to the system as she was at the time of her memorable visit.

Some years after Mrs. Curtis's visit, the mother of the young wife became our guest. My mother, of course, made instant and interested inquiries regarding the welfare of the family. She was quite surprised when, in answer to them, the lady replied—

"I do not know what to say or think about Delia. She behaves in the most peculiar manner; we all think she may be insane, and I am very certain she is, for no woman in her right mind would conduct herself in the way she does."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"You know what a disciple of polygamy she professed to be, and how earnest she was that Sarah should join the family. She has turned completely about; you would

not recognize in her the same person she was before we went south to live. She raves wildly about polygamy, and says as many things against it as she used to say for it. I never heard anyone more bitter in my life. She abuses Sarah in every possible way—you know how fond she used to be of her—and whips her children shamefully. She has become

159 SHE YIELDED AT LAST TO NATURE.

so violent that Sarah cannot live with her any longer, even if she dared to, and she does not, for Delia absolutely terrifies her in some of her rages; so she is going to move away. I never saw a person so entirely changed in my life. It is terrible.

"What has happened to cause such a change?" asked my mother.

"I do not know, I am sure," was the sad reply; "we none of us know; it is a perfect mystery to us; but one thing I am quite assured: if she goes on in the way she is going now, she cannot live long; she will literally wear herself out."

It was less than a year from this time that we heard of her death. It was evident she had not been so strong as she imagined, or else the "Spirit" deserted her. The end of this "happy" woman's life was not so different, after all, from that of hundreds of her "unhappy" sisters. She was another victim to polygamy, that horrible system which crushes women's hearts, kills their bodies, and destroys their souls.