

**TWELVE MORMON HOMES  
VISITED IN SUCCESSION  
ON A JOURNEY THROUGH  
UTAH TO ARIZONA**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649030149

Twelve Mormon Homes Visited in Succession on a Journey Through Utah to Arizona by  
Elizabeth Wood Kane

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**ELIZABETH WOOD KANE**

**TWELVE MORMON HOMES  
VISITED IN SUCCESSION  
ON A JOURNEY THROUGH  
UTAH TO ARIZONA**



12  
TWELVE

MORMON HOMES //

VISITED IN SUCCESSION ON A JOURNEY

THROUGH

UTAH TO ARIZONA.

12

---

PHILADELPHIA:

1874.

THE following pages are printed for private circulation, but not anonymously. My daughter, during a recent visit to Utah, wrote for my perusal the Journal and Letters, from which they have been copied. I take upon myself the responsibility of publishing them, with the design of commanding sympathy for the MORMONS, who are at this time threatened with hostile legislation by Congress.

From my daughter's conversation and other writings of hers on the same subject, I am convinced that any renewal of the persecution to which these unfortunate people have been subjected will confirm them in their most objectionable practices and opinions, and contribute directly to augment their numbers and influence as a sect.

WILLIAM WOOD.

4 WEST EIGHTEENTH ST., NEW YORK.

THE  
MORMON  
CHURCH

## PANDEMONIUM OR ARCADIA: WHICH?

---

"As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den."

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, "President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints," makes an annual journey of inspection south, visiting the settlements of his people from the Great Salt Lake to the Arizona border.

My husband was invited to join his party last winter, and I accompanied him with my two children, boys of eight and ten.

We left Salt Lake City early one December morning, while the stars were still shining in the frosty dawn. At the depot a crowd of Mormons were assembled to see their leader off, and a committee of them filled the special car, on the Utah Southern Railroad, in which we made the first stage of our journey. We ran down Salt Lake Valley while the mountains on our left were still in shadow, but the golden sunrise was resting on the tops of those on our right, and

gradually slanting down towards the plain. The snow had melted from all but the highest summits, and some of these were only veined with it in their ravines.

Stepping to the rear of the car to look at a trestle-work that was very long and very high for timberless Utah, we had a beautiful view of the city we had left, nestling at the foot of the mountain; the blue Salt Lake, and Antelope Island in the distance. The dreamy tranquillity of the scene was succeeded by a busy one at SANDY STATION. We stopped to visit the newly-established smelting works of an English company, managed by Germans. Outside, lay heaps of ore, stacks of ingots of silver, and pigs of lead. Entering, we found ourselves just in time to see a stream of boiling metal run from one caldron to another. It looked transparent, having a black clearness like alcohol, and as I stood looking down into it I could scarcely believe that it was lead. The works had only been in operation a fortnight, but the foreman was in great delight over the results obtained by a new process, for the patent-right of which, he said, his company had paid \$100,000.

"It is as pure as the Swansea Works, and purer than we can obtain it in Germany," he exclaimed. "Only two pennyweights of silver to the ton of lead!" To my ignorance it seemed



that the more silver there was, the better; but I found that he meant to express the complete separation of the metals effected by the new process. He wished to prove this on the spot by an interesting test, but our engine was hooting its impatience, and we were forced to resume our seats in the train. Mine was beside a sweet-looking elderly lady who, with her widowed sister, was to leave us at the next station to attend the meeting of a FEMALE RELIEF SOCIETY. She introduced the subject of polygamy abruptly, telling me, among other things, that to her it had been long known as revelation,\* "Brother Joseph" having revealed it to her thirty-six years ago. She had proved its wisdom since! I learned that this woman had been one of Smith's own wives; the first "plural wife" of the sect! Since his death she had espoused another saintly personage.

A few minutes' ride from Sandy Station brought us opposite the gorge of the "Little Cottonwood." It was hard to realize that thousands of men were busy in the recesses of that wild and desolate-looking ravine. Yet the famous, or infamous, Emma Mine is there; and opposite, across the sunny Jordan Valley, some

---

\* Yet the Mormon publications denied polygamy as late as 1852.

twelve or fifteen miles off—though seeming scarcely three miles distant in the clear atmosphere—we saw Bingham Cañon, another noted mining locality. A little distance down the line, clouds of smoke were pouring from the tall chimneys of another smelting establishment.

So far we were still in "Gentile" country. The Mormon president discourages mining among his people, but I suspect that a great many of his richer followers are interested in mining speculations.

We left the train at LEHI. It was not an attractive-looking place, and I went no farther than the depot, where a crowd of staves, baggage-wagons, and hurrying men intercepted the view. As I sat warming myself at the ticket-office stove, a young lady, chief telegrapher from the Salt Lake office, with her dress neatly looped over her balmoral skirt, tripped up to the table where sat the Lehi telegraph clerk, a woman, too; and, after an effusive greeting, the pair subsided into business. The Lehi office was thoroughly inspected; satisfactorily, as it appeared from the tones of both ladies; the curt, dry, question and answer of the catechism ending in a pleasant chat, seasoned with adjectives and girlish interjections. It was an example of one of the contradictions of Mormonism. Thousands of years behind us in some of their cus-

toms; in others, you would think these people the most forward children of the age. They close no career on a woman in Utah by which she can earn a living.

I strolled out on the platform afterwards, to find President Young preparing for our journey—as he did every morning afterwards—by a personal inspection of the condition of every wheel, axle, horse and mule, and suit of harness belonging to the party. He was peering like a well-intentioned wizard into every nook and cranny, pointing out a defect here and there with his odd, six-sided staff engraved with the hieroglyphs of many measures; more useful, though less romantic, than a Runic wand. He wore a great surtout, reaching almost to his feet, of dark-green cloth (Mahomet color?) lined with fur, a fur collar, cap, and pair of sealskin boots with the undyed fur outward. I was amused at his odd appearance; but as he turned to address me, he removed a hideous pair of green goggles, and his keen, blue-gray eyes met mine with their characteristic look of shrewd and cunning insight. I felt no further inclination to laugh. His photographs, accurate enough in other respects, altogether fail to give the expression of his eyes.

There were six baggage-wagons to accompany us. They had left Salt Lake City the day