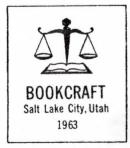
BY HUGH NIBLEY

Informal studies of the lucrative art of telling stories about Brigham Young and the Mormons.

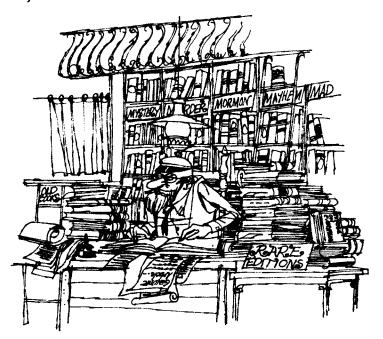


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Introduction

A generation ago the older and dingier parts of our big cities contained, along with Chinese laundries, Greek restaurants, flop-houses, pawn-shops, and fifteen-cent movie barns, a fair sprinkling - sometimes a solid row of huge, dirty, dusky, wonderful second-hand book-stores where the bemused and besmudged investigator with a week's allowance in his pocket, prowling in dark cellars and rickety galleries, would not be surprised to run across a little library in Burmese or Tagalog or a fair collection of well-marked Classics, or a shelf of Icelandic or Persian sold for a song by the wives and spinster daughters of defunct missionaries and professors. In those days this little globe of Earth seemed as vast and mysterious as outer space does today, and here in these grimy literary douanes lay unclaimed baggage from distant times and places, to be had for little more than the pains of carrying it away.







In most of these gloomy suqs a large and conspicuous area of wall-space on the main floor was set aside and designated as the MORMON reservation — meaning, of course, anti-Mormon. These books are all gone today — they are now collectors' items fetching ridiculous prices. But in their day they made up a formidable corpus and unique genre of American letters. The pretentious bindings, screaming double titles, lurid engravings, hysterical italics, and rampant exclamation points invited the reader into a world of horror, mystery, and human perversity that put the imaginations of Jules Verne and Sir Rider Haggard to shame. The literary style was as stilted, artificial, and extravagant as the illustrations, both being produced by and for a naive and uncritical generation.

Read today, these books seem as dated as gas-lighting. But don't be fooled — they are still being produced! The same books which a hundred years ago were nothing but rehashes of earlier rehashes are being warmed over at this very hour. Nothing new has been added to the Mormological library (Mormo being Greek for monster); all the long years of zealous research have failed to produce a single significant item to add to the wild tales of the busy gossips of Palmyra and Montrose; nothing has been found to confirm, but a great deal to discredit their stories and those of their imaginative successors. For over a hundred years specialists in Mormon atrocities have done nothing but borrow from each other.

As the three mirrors of a kaleidoscope by reflecting only a few bits of broken glass or scraps of paper can produce endless but strangely monotonous and tiring varieties of design, so the producers of anti-Mormon epics (to say nothing of American literature in general) seem incapable of anything but endlessly repeating each other. "A" picks up a story from "B" and hands it on to "C," from whom it progresses through the hands of D, E, F, etc., whose combined authority ultimately convines I, J, and K that they must be telling the truth. So one of these last

becomes assigned reading for the students or even the congregation of Drs. O and P, and so on. Thus Mr. Irving Wallace will take some grizzly tale from the pages of Mrs. Ann Eliza Webb Dee Young Denning, who has got the story from her friend Mrs. Stenhouse, who got it from the terrible Bill Hickman, whose book was written by a rather sordid hack-writer named Beadle, who confirms his frightful charges by appealing to Judge Harding, who got his best Mormon stories from his cousin Pomeroy Tucker, who is beholden to J. C. Bennett for his insights. And every one of these people steps before the public as a first-hand authority on the Mormons, bandying the old thread-bare tales about with the skill and assurance of one who really knows.

In such a Sea of Story the thing the student misses most is a genuine original source. Where are the pristine and primary documents that will liberate us from the old vicious cycle of repetition and speculation? Mrs. Brodie and her cohorts thought they had discovered such, but their Tuttles, "A.W.B.'s", the Purples will not stand investigation. And now comes Mr. Irving Wallace who thinks he has a first-hand informant in Ann Eliza Young. In this he has been beguiled apparently by the recent work of Mrs. Woodward, through whose efforts it would seem Ann Eliza has achieved new fame and glory as one of the Representative Women of the West on the pages of Life magazine. That such a person should at this late date be brought from fields Elysian and groomed for the witnessstand is a good indication of how desperately bankrupt the anti-Mormon fraternity really is. It is our intention to examine the case of Ann Eliza Young as a guide to what really goes on in the half-world of anti-Mormon studies. Our attention will accordingly be confined to that lady and her intimate circle of supporters. A full-scale study of the whole field is indicated, but such a quantification of the obvious is properly the function of computing machines and not of human beings. Mr. Wallace is as rep-

resentative of a writer of our times as Mrs. Young was of hers. "The harm Ann Eliza did to the cause of Mormonism is beyond calculation," the editors of Life assure us,* and since Mr. Wallace is determined that the work of this remarkable woman" shall not go unrecognized in this generation, we cannot do better than to select the works of this scholarly pair as a sampling of the more dignified and sophisticated school of Mormology.

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^{*}See bibliography at the back of this book.

"In My Mind's Eye,
Horatio . . . "

Part I

"In My Mind's Eye, Horatio"

Personalized History:-

"The story I propose to tell in these pages is a plain, unexaggerated record of facts which have come immediately under my own notice, or which I myself have personally experienced. Much that to the reader may seem altogether incredible would to a Mormon mind appear simply a matter of ordinary everyday occurrence." (S. 31).

Thus Mrs. Stenhouse begins a book whose title, Tell It All, the Story of a Life's Experiences in Mormonism, promises everything. But the student who searches through it in hopes of discovering a single episode of her personal experience which could be called "altogether incredible" or even improbable is doomed to disappointment. Whatever is strange and marvelous in the Stenhouse Story is always taken from the stories of other people. How can she claim it all for her own? Very easily on the principle that whatever I am aware of comes "immediately under my own notice"—who else's? and how else but "immediately?" Now let us notice how Ann Eliza Young paraphrases Stenhouse: "All the events I shall relate will be some of my own personal experiences or the experiences of those so closely connected with me that they have fallen directly (immediately) under my observation (notice) and for whose truth I can vouch without hesitation." (A. 33). Plainly the reader is in for a feast of gossip. If both ladies are prepared to chalk up as personal experience whatever is brought to their personal attention, to what limits may they not go? Both devote considerable space to atrocity stories that took place long before their time, and Ann Eliza can give verbatim reports of highly secret conversations between Joseph Smith and Brigham Young and "vouch with14

out hesitation for their truth" because forsooth it is all part of her own simple story - it is "closely connected" with her because she actually was a Mormon.

"I spoke truths of which I was a living witness truths which had been burned into my soul through suffering that words can never tell." Thus Ann Eliza begins her second (1908) book as "a living witness": but to what? Not to events but to "truths," not necessarily to things seen and heard but "suffered," or, better still, "burned into my soul through suffering" - her experience consists in what she has suffered: "I am not imagining situations. There is not a pang, not a throb of anguish which I have depicted that I have not felt myself." (A. 401).

Here the lady defines a "situation" as anything she has felt, and since only she is the judge of her feelings she feels free to tell other women's stories as her own - for all their pangs and throbs of anguish are hers: "I speak with the voice of 20,000 women. . . . I knew every pang which she was suffering, for I have passed through it all myself." (A. 576). Nothing could be more convenient to the author of a book of atrocity stories than to have his own feelings pass as evidence in the case, allowing him to substitute other people's exciting experiences for his own very drab ones as long as he feels morally certain that both he and they have suffered the same "pangs."

Excuse it, please:-

Writers of anti-Mormon studies have a pretty way of excusing themselves first for the awful things they are about to tell, then for the awful things they cannot tell. Mrs. Stenhouse assures us that "much that to the reader may seem altogether incredible," is simply routine "to a Mormon mind," (S. 31) and Mr. Wallace opens his book by disclaiming responsibility for whatever absurdities he may perpetrate in words that apply to Richard Burton but certainly not to him: "I am conscious that my narrative savours of incredibility; the fault is in the

subject, not in the narrator." But Burton was reporting his own experience, Wallace is simply parroting Mrs. Ann Eliza Webb Dee Young Denning. Now Mrs. Young in her first book promised "A FULL Expose of Mormonism." When it was shown her that it was her duty to expose the Mormon Monster, she "hesitated no longer" but pulled out all the stops. (A. 567-8.) Yet she insists that what she has told is nothing compared with what she could tell: "I am compelled to silence on points that would make what I have already said seem tame in comparison. . . . Another volume as large as this, would not contain all I could write on this subject." (A. 591, 601). The stuff sold well, but the sensation-hungry public must have novelty, and when "it became a matter of life and death that this commodity be kept marketable and attractive" (W. 278) one might expect Ann Eliza to dip into her vast reserve of untold stories. Yet though in her second book - written after thirty-three years of thinking it over - she promises to "exhibit still more fully the whole career of Brigham Young," the best she can come up with is "a handful of anecdotes" - the same anecdotes she told in her first book, only fewer - "far too little of life with the Prophet, and too few facts of her own physical existence," says the exasperated Mr. Wallace. (W. 431, 358, 420).

What is wrong? What makes the lady so strangely reticent? Out of thousands of personal experiences "whose horror is beyond belief," isn't it odd that she has not a single one to add to her first story, especially since the avowed purpose of the 1908 opus is "to expose that accursed system . . . to arouse the people of America (A. 08, 1)... above all, to awaken an interest . . . that shall at length deepen into indignation." (A. 08, 385). The way to do that is not to hold back on unpleasant details, as none knew better than Eliza Young. "For almost half a century," Mr. Wallace assures us," . . . she paraded publicly, over and over again, every itimate detail of the old existence." (W. 278). The "unremitting hysteria" of her language is

more savage than ever in her last book, and she is perfectly willing to tell more horror-stories — but they are all the stories of other women; she has nothing to add to her own. Why not? If we examine the actual events of her life as she describes them they all turn out to be quite humdrum and ordinary; ah, but the pangs, the anguish — that is another thing! Here again we meet a peculiar situation, for every time Ann Eliza suffers Promethean pangs she is careful to conceal her sufferings from all the world even her dear mother to whom, as Mrs. Woodward observes, she was "almost morbidly attached," is never allowed for a moment to suspect what is going on in little Ann Eliza's seething interior. The fact that nobody at the time is ever aware of the sufferings of this "imaginative, excitable child" as she calls herself, (A. 230) is pretty good indication that those sufferings were invented in retrospect. There is not a scrap of external evidence for any of the horror that surrounds our informant; the outrage never lies in what actually happens, but only in Ann Eliza's very private and very secret reaction to it.

Such is the stuff of her-and Mr. Wallace's-dramatic history. With Stenhouse it is the same. Take one moving instance: "What a shock it was to me; for that sum ... was gone at a sweep! 'Can it be possible,' I said, 'that he (Brigham Young) can be so mean as that? Where can his conscience be? or has he any; to deprive me of my hard earnings in this way. He shall not do it - I will make him pay me." (S.351). Here, plainly, the lady is reporting a harrowing experience - first-hand. Brigham Young, it is clear to all, has done something monstrous, something particularly cruel and evil and greedy. What is the event that triggers this agonized reaction? Simply this; that Mrs. Stenhouse's husband (Mr. Stenhouse) had suggested that the family make a try at paying tithing, receiving tithing credit in return for work done for the Church, like other Mormon families — this is the full extent of the atrocity Mrs. S. so vividly describes. No tithing was paid, but the emotional damage was done and the world has another atrocity to chalk up against Brother Brigham. But it is Ann Eliza we are going to tell about. Here is her story.

The Two or Three Lives of Ann Eliza Webb Dee Young Denning:—

First, behold Ann Eliza the infant, "consecrated to sorrow by the baptism of my mother's tears upon my baby brow. . . . Many a time she has knelt with me clasped fast in her arms, the tears falling on my wondering face, and prayed frantically that we both might die." (A. 99, 106). Of course she was too young to remember any of this, but what a production she makes of it! Actually it comes right out of Stenhouse: "My only comfort was in my children; no revelation, I felt, could ever change their relationship to me. But over my little daughter Clara [Ann Eliza's friend] I mourned, for I thought . . . she would some day be called upon to suffer as I did . . ." (S. 143). Both ladies put full blame for this infant damnation on Brigham Young. From the age of two Ann Eliza has "distinct recollections" of a very happy time at Winter Quarters (A. 111). At the age of three as the "little dancin' missy" she was "petted by everybody" and thoroughly enjoyed herself. (A. 112-3). Then the Great Trek, with Ann Eliza, "a little blue-eyed girl, dancing merrily under the trees," or "running along by the side of a covered emigrant-wagon ..." (A. 118). "I was petted almost as much by my fellowtravelers as I had been . . . in Missouri. It is a wonder that I was not completely spoiled; I dare say I should have been, had it not been for my mother's sensible and judicious training. I was her idol, the one object she cared for most in the world . . . " (A. 114). To idolize Ann Eliza is the one "sensible and judicious" course for anyone to take: anything less than that she considers persecution.

At last an element of real horror: at the usual age of eight she is baptized — a pleasant and edifying experience to which most Mormon children eagerly look forward. But

not Ann Eliza! "... so great was the nervous shock that I could not think of it without a shudder for years after." (A. 104). Little did the witnesses of this perfectly ordinary, familiar and interesting ordinance realize that they were actually beholding a grisly episode right out of Edgar Allen Poe. To show that there is no mistake let us here interrupt our chronological sequence to mention Ann Eliza's third baptism, in her thirtieth year. By her own free will and choice she had elected to have herself baptized again — by now she should have known what she was up against; but again she was thoroughly brutalized: "I was led into the water by a great strapping fellow, and emerged gasping for breath, some words were spoken over me . . . and the farce was ended." (A. 545).

Of growing up in a polygamous household, she reports, "In our family it was very smooth sailing . . ." (A. 142), and so must resort to seeking her harrowing tales in other people's houses. But then comes the indescribable horror of the "Reformation," during which people had to answer "a list of singular questions, many of which I distinctly remember." This is out of Stenhouse, who says that all trace of such a catechism had completely disappeared. (S. 314). Fortunately Ann Eliza remembers it, but discreetly clams up: "I dare only mention a few (she mentions none) ... Many were grossly indelicate, others laughably absurd." (A. 186). How does it happen that this sheltered child comprehended and remembered both the obscenity and the absurdity of these forbidden questions, none of which she cares to repeat as an adult? She remembers how one man confessed to stealing a sheep, and sure enough, right there in the meeting little Ann Eliza saw some sheep's wool clinging to the lapel of his Sunday suit, in which no doubt he did his sheep-stealing. (A. 183). Well no, she won't go that far, but she is absolutely sure of one thing: "I know I wondered if that was from the sheep he had stolen." And that is good enough for evidence. But no, she promises more: "I tell the incidents from actual knowledge and not

from mere hearsay." (A. 190). So what follows? A long letter written by the wife of "a merchant of Salt Lake City," telling of events that had nothing to do with Ann Eliza's little world; none of the characters in the story is named, "at the special request of the writer of the letter." Even so it wasn't a very good atrocity, "somewhat remarkable, because it was unattended by bloodshed," (A. 194); then why does our author bother with a mild atrocity which does not concern her? Because, she explains, it is "the best description" of many "similar scenes" she might report. (l.c.). She retells the same story, incidentally, in 1908, not in the form of a letter but as a personal experience.

"I wants to make their flesh creep":-

But now comes a genuine atrocity, eagerly exploited by Mr. Wallace as Ann Eliza's first-hand experience of Mormon brutality at its worst. It was, she says, "more vividly stamped upon my memory than any other of the horrible occurrences." It seems that when Ann Eliza was a small child the daughter of her uncle married a Gentile named Hatten, who shortly after was killed by Indians on the way to California. It is significant that in Mr. Wallace's book nobody is ever killed by Indians, even in the wild 1850's - but always by "Indians" - alias you-knowwho. Only little Ann Eliza knew who the real murderers were, - namely, Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball. who wanted to marry Hatten's bride. She can give us the very words that passed between the two in planning the murder and the very words in which Brigham Young ordered it. Ann Eliza should have told the bride what she knew, for though Mrs. Hatten dearly loved her late husband she "became Mrs. Kimball without a protest" (A. 195); she should at least have told her own parents years later, for then they would not have insisted on her marrying the murderer, Brigham Young. It was only "after many years," she says, that Mrs. Kimball "learned the bitter truth" - the bride herself never suspected anything. In

that case, how could it have been such a harrowing experience for her little cousin — an atrocity "more vividly stamped upon my memory than any other."? What she actually experienced was hearing that a man she hardly knew, a distant relative by marriage, had been killed by Indians: and this she and Mr. Wallace parlay into her one personal experience of "a victim of Blood-Atonement," though what the death of a Gentile can have to do with Blood Atonement remains a mystery.

Next comes Ann Eliza's prize exhibit, "the murder of a woman named Jones and her son, because "they were suspected of falling away in the faith." (A. 197). It was in Payson where she was living, at the age of ten, with her mother: "I did not actually see the bodies, nor did my



This is a faithful representation, from Mrs. A. E. Young's book (1875) of the Payson murders. Unlottunately most of the people in Payson, according to Mrs. Young, missed the parade and neuer heard about it. Payson must have been a very large cit.

mother, although they were driven past our door; we both shunned the fearful sight." But the rest of the town was whooping it up, including "plenty of women . . . who gloried in their death as a deed of service to the Lord."

The bodies, "shockingly mutilated, were placed in a wagon, and exposed to the crowd by being driven through the streets attended by a jeering, taunting mob, who could not cease their insults though their victims were still in death."

The impressive engraving of the vast crowd lining the streets as the wagon moves through the town is enough to justify Mr. Wallace's enthusiastic retelling of the tale. Only he overlooks one significant detail: "Concerning the murders," says Mrs. Young, "the majority of the people knew nothing, and supposed that the Indians were the assassins, as they were always told." (A. 198). The huge ticker-tape parade, the taunting, howling mob, the bodies on public display in the small village of Payson not only failed to make an object-lesson of the widow Jones and her son, but never even came to the attention of "the majority of the people." Where could they all have been before, during, and after the monster celebration to have heard nothing of it? This is simply another example of the two worlds of Ann Eliza — a well-known public event, a typical Indian atrocity, is veiled by a shadow-world of easily-imagined horror.

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Hardly less intimate is Ann Eliza's experience of the Mountain Meadows massacre. "I was but a child at the time, but I recollect, perfectly, hearing that an emigranttrain had been attacked by Indians, and all members killed; and I remember, also seeing these children, who ... were to be cared for by the Mormon people." She puts seeing in italics to establish herself as a witness. But to what? The report of another Indian massacre in the worst year of Indian depredations, that was all. But that will never do: "Young as I was. I felt the mystery ... and knew instinctively ... that something was being hidden from the mass of the people by the leaders." (A. 229). Is that the way the child Eliza had been taught to think about "the leaders?" "The very mystery which veiled it made it more awful to me, an imaginative excitable child; and though I followed the example of my elders, and

never spoke of the subject, even to my mother, it haunted me, and I grew absolutely terrified at the constantly recurring fancies which I drew of it." (A. 230). This is a revealing illustration of how Wallace's informant operates: the outward experience was hearing of another Indian massacre and seeing the survivors, but that is merely incidental to her story, which is that she experienced the real thing inwardly, secretly, "instinctively," so that even her mother never suspected that she knew a thing, which is not surprising, since nobody else suspected anything either. Yet at that time the child Eliza not only suspected but knew exactly what had happened and who was behind the whole thing - John D. Lee! "I had never seen the man; but knowing the record of his crimes, and always hearing of him in connection with some deed of bloody brutality, my horror and fear of him never diminished, and he remained, what he had always been, the ogre of my childish fancies." (A. 321). Now this is interesting. How well known was Lee before the Mountain Meadows tragedy? Who but



Ann Eliza knew "the record of his crimes"? Scouting and settling distant places had been his calling, and we shall examine his career later on. What bothers us now is how a sheltered child in "the strictest of Mormon households" could have heard all about the unnamed crimes of an obscure minor offical 300 miles away, and not only that but immediately surmise that he had been the author of the Mountain Meadows atrocity. Here we have an excellent indication of the reliability of Mrs. Ann Eliza Young as a historian. Yet it is her version of Mountain Meadows that Mr. Wallace follows meticulously.

Even more than baptism, the rite of the "Endowment," as they call it, is, as Ann Eliza points out, the most cherished experience of all good Mormons. But for her it was just more cruel abuse, and we find her suffocated, strangled, nauseated, on the point of collapse and hysterics before it is over, and along with that "quite dissatisfied . . . as hopeless and apathetic as I had before been eager and buoyant." (A. 122). She had been expecting a show, and when it failed to come up to expectations her vaunted religious fervor collapsed at a touch ". . . so different from what I expected that I was saddened and disappointed by it all." But whose fault is that?

Private and Confidential:-

A chapter entitled "Troubles in Our Own Family" promises at long last something specific involving Ann Eliza, but alas, that chapter begins: "I know a first wife who was driven to such desperation. . . ." And so on and on until the lady catches herself: "I could cite hundreds of such cases . . . but I will, instead, tell a little what the 'Reformation,' and subsequent 'Celestial Ordinance' fever, did for our own family." (A. 296). Why only a little when she knows so much? What follows is little enough, to be sure — the amusing story of how one of the "Handcart Girls" snagged her father. Here Ann Eliza, the doughty champion of suppressed Morman womanhood actually de-

scribes one of these victims of tyranny as a shameless huzzy on the make. How can that be? Well, in this case the the husband happens to be her own father — all other Mormon men are brutes below the level of beasts; he alone is the victim of a wily female.

But all the time Ann Eliza is not suffering at all, she is a gay carefree girl, laughing and joking with her friends about polygamy, as they sympathize with her and resent Brigham Young's jealous interference with her boy-friends. "and a more rebellious set of mortals was never seen." Unaware that even the slightest hint of criticism of the priesthood can mean only quick and certain death, and that Brigham Young "holds them so completely, body and soul, that they shrink before his displeasure in absolute terror," (A. 374), the foolish girls go right on with their suicidal talk: "We indulged in the most incendiary talk, and turned the torrent of our wrath especially against polygamy." (l.c.). Next, undamaged, she is sponsored by Brigham Young in her stage carrer, working in highly edifying surroundings: "It was almost like a family; I do not believe there was ever a theatre where there was less of envyings, and jealousies, and strifes. than there were mong us." But where Ann Eliza herself has no inner anguish to report Mr. Wallace comes to the rescue: Brigham Young cracks the whip and commands her to become an actress, for he secretly lusts after her. (W. 128, 133, 296).

This is apparent from the episode of the buggy, in which Woodward and Wallace take understandable delight, it being the only indication that Brigham Young thought of marrying A. E. as early as she thought of marrying him. Her girl friends, she says, suggested that President Young might be after her, and sure enough, a few days later he picked her up in his buggy and gave her a lecture on marriage. In spite of her girl friends' insistence and Young's bluntness and clumsiness, our heroine completely missed his drift, and insisted forever after that

he was not in love with her but just wanted to cut her down to size. Yet in telling her story she does her best to help the willing reader to the opposite conclusion. Why this wild ambivalence? Because it must be her story that Brigham Young desires her though she insists that such a thing never occurred to her during any of her talks with Young.

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Against the united protests of parents and friends. Ann Eliza married the dashing and handsome Dee, whom all the girls were after. He did his best to come up to her romantic expectations — "There is something touching and beautiful about a woman's love!" is her comment on this - but within a month she was completely disillusioned and suffering beyond all imagination. (A. 386). He even knocked her out once "in his fury at what he termed my stubbornness," but "I very quickly forgave him: it was so sweet to feel the old tenderness again." (A. 402). Nevertheless this typical family spat with the very monogamous Dee (why does she omit the episode from her expanded autobiography of 1908?) serves as the text for one of Mrs. Young's most impassioned discourses on the evils of polygamy. They had two children and Dee "with rough good humor" used to play with them. But what a reaction! "He used to either take no notice of them at all, which I infinitely preferred, or he would handle them so roughly that the little things would shriek with pain and terror, and I would be almost frantic with fear lest he should kill them in his mad frolics." (A. 405). Such is the Mormon father, either contemptuously indifferent or madly sadistic, threatening the lives of his babes as he gloats over their pain and terror. Is it any wonder that he finally attacked Ann Eliza herself? "... seized me by the throat, and threw me back into the chair. The screams of the terrified child brought my mother in the room at once. She snatched the baby from my arms, called my father, and he came and rescued me from the infuriated man who held me." (A. 406). Again it was the reaction that made the drama: "I was dizzy with

pain, and almost suffocated from the grip; but my maternal instinct was stronger than the pain, and I never relaxed my hold upon my child." Ann Eliza's stock demonstration of nobility and anguish was brief, however, since mama and papa came "at once" from the next room. Dee never got a chance to tell his side and didn't even appear in court when Ann Eliza got her divorce with the greatest of ease. "Two days later," she said, she celebrated the merriest Christmas she had known in years." she was, as she put it "supremely, selfishly happy." (A. 411). Which may suggest to some that the whole thing was staged. Indeed, in the 1908 version she omits the whole dramatic episode and confines herself to stating, "At last my parents were eyewitnesses of my husband's brutal violence towards myself. Until that time they had known nothing of the treatment which I received from my husband. . . ." They had all been living in the same house for two years, with papa and mama watching Dee like a hawk, yet with all this "brutal violence" going on under their noses the doting parents detected no marks or bruises, no suspicious noises. no betraying tears - "they had known nothing" of Ann Eliza's sufferings. Again, only she is the witness to what she had gone through—Dee always denied it and nobody else ever noticed a thing.

After the divorce Ann Eliza moved to Cottonwood, "where I was royally happy,—happier than I ever was in my life before," with mama babying her darling as ever and waiting on her hand and foot. "Here, I think, I was happier than I had ever been before in my life. My health was much improved." (A. 412). It is hard to believe after that that her life had been ruined forever, yet "for the rest of her days Ann Eliza would always refer to James Dee as the man who 'blighted' her life." She describes herself as a real beauty and "very fond of gay society," though of course "I had suffered too much" ever to be as she was "in the old frolicsome days." (A. 423). Yet she frolicked merrily with her children, until one summer evening as she

sat cradled in her mother's arms thinking (so she says) how little the goings and comings of one Brigham Young concerned her, the man himself set out for Cottonwood to get her! The very next day he proposed marriage to Ann Eliza through her parents. The courtship we have treated under a separate head, as its supreme significance deserves; let us skip now to the married life with Brigham.

It is precisely here, where she promises so much, that Ann Eliza Young, to Mr. Wallace's annoyance, serves history so poorly with her measly "handful of anecdotes." The first is how Clara Decker, "sadly in need of some furs," gave Brigham Young a lecture on his own viciousness and the depravity of the Mormon religion - and promptly got the furs. Next Ann Eliza "preferred a similar request, and was met by a similar torrent of abuse," whereupon she "burst into tears . . . puzzled and astonished at this new revelation of my Prophet-husband's meanness and coarseness. The next time he came to see me he brought me my furs." (A. 133). If this is indeed one of her few authentic revelations of domestic life with Brigham, why does Ann Eliza omit it in her expanded life story of 1908? Why does Woodward completely distort it by reporting that the lady did NOT get the furs? Is it because it makes Brigham Young look rather good and her not so good?

Next she asks for some silk to reline the muff — and gets it. This is worked into an epic battle of wills: "When he finished cutting off a quarter of a yard of narrow silk from an entire piece, he gave it to me with as many airs and as much flourish as though he were presenting me with a whole dress pattern. It is needless to say that my muff was not lined with that piece of silk." (A. 134). Needless to say, that is, if you know our Ann Eliza. Brigham once denounced the foolish and unhygienic fashion of long trains on ladies' dresses and announced. "The very next time I see one of my wives with a dress on sweeping the ground. I will take the scissors and cut it off.

The very next day," A.E. reports, "I was passing through a door in front of him, when he accidentally stepped on my train, which was a very long one . . . to my great surprise, he not only refrained from the threatened application of the scissors, but from any comment, even so much as an apology for his awkwardness." (A. 134).

This little act, staged by Ann Eliza herself, failed to get a rise out of her husband: he neither assailed her with scissors nor with the usual "torrent of abuse." Deliberately challenged, he displayed perfect self-control — or indifference. Her reaction? Disgust with the brute who didn't offer "even so much as an apology for his awkwardness." (A. 134). Ann Eliza is again the victim. Then she had to endure the humiliation of being driven to the polls and instructed "how to vote" (not for whom, but how) by of all things her husband's coachman! (The italics and the howl are hers. (W. 388). The "outrageous absurdity" of receiving instructions from a mere coachman was more than she could stand, and never again did she soil her lovely hands with a Utah ballot. (A. 94-95).

Next we read how Amelia Folsom banged a garden gate in Ann Eliza's girlish face (the girlish face is her own ouch) and shouted at her: "There, madame, I would like see you get in now!" Since all A.E. had to do was pen the gate and walk in, one would fail to see the point of this story, did not A.E. entitle it "Amelia Tries to Shut Me Out." The second encounter with Amelia was even more intimate and harrowing: "... during the dessert she reached the cake-basket to me, and with as freezing a tone and manner as she could assume, asked, - Will you have some cake?' I declined, and that ended our conversation - the last, and indeed the only one I ever had with her." (A. 462). The passage is worth the italics we have given it, for Ann Eliza claims to be the intimate. personal, first-hand authority on the most personal details of the life of Amelia Folsom Young. This may all be interesting, but is it really "a tale of horror such as no words can describe"? That comes next in the Episode on the Farm.

The Work Farm:-

Ann Eliza "dreaded the ceaseless hours of manual labor that awaited her" at the Farm, says Wallace, and yet to all appearances she had no objections. How do you explain that? Since the lady has overlooked the slip. Mr. Wallace shows that he knows the formula by coming to the rescue with his own insight into the secret mind of his subject: "Her first instinct was to protest . . ." but she didn't because "she wanted no fight." (W. 224). That is not the way she tells it: "As it was my husband's will, I went, without a word of protest." (A. 532). She could wail like a banshee for a muff and fight like a tigress for the silk to line it with — but not one word of protest about going to the Farm. Why not? Because the farmhouse was a very grand place, "... had a lovely appearance . . . one of the pleasantest places that one could care to see." (A. 533), and "I knew I should be obliged to perform as mistress of the farmhouse . . . " (l.c.) There was a lot of work to be done: "There were butter and cheese to make from forty cows, all the other dairy work to attend to, besides cooking for twenty-five or thirty men." Besides "I... took care of the house, did the washing and ironing, and was allowed the extreme pleasure of carrying the farm supplies to the other wives every week." (A. 534).

With all that to do on a 5-day week — and she definitely implies, and Wallace apparently believes, that she did do it — one is surprised to learn what her real grievances were at the Farm. One was that in order to reach her bedroom she had "to pass through a dining-room thirty feet, and parlor forty feet in length" — which gives you an idea of the layout: but even worse was that "hired men, family and visitors had to use the same staircase." (A. 533). What humiliation — the same staircase as the hired help! Most of all she suffered from boredom "... long uneventful years, — and how I hated my life ... Even the love I bore my children was changed." (A. 536). The picture of the fastidious lady pining away the uneventful

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years hardly suits with the moving engraving in the book that shows Ann Eliza toiling heroically over enormous washtubs. Where must the correction be made? In the washtubs. When one starts to figure out the minimum staff required to perform the tasks enumerated above, it quickly becomes apparent that A.E. did not do it all herself. (1) She actually mentions hired help - a lot of it, e.g. cooking for 25 or 30 men; only (2) she didn't do the cooking: "My mother . . . took charge of the cooking. I assisted in the latter . . ." (A. 534). (3) And what does she mean by "take charge?" Not doing the actual work. certainly. She was "mistress of the farmhouse," with absolutely nobody over her to make her do anything. John W. Young was right when he said: "She did not have to raise her hand" at the farm (W. 229). For Brigham Young rarely visited the farm and never went into the house. In view of her quick and efficient reaction to whatever she considered abuse, the fact that she stuck it out three-and-a half years and left it in high spirits (A. 537, W. 229-230) shows how little she suffered: when shortly after she tried to run a small boarding-house the project collapsed almost immediately—which shows plainly enough that she had neither the strength nor the skill to carry on as she says she did at the Farm.

Sounding Brass

Here is how Mrs. Young itemized her sufferings at the Farm in a neat deposition for the Court: "In 1869 he sent me (1) against my wishes, to a farm . . . where I (2) was compelled to (3) labor until I was (4) completely broken down in health. (5) My only companion was my mother . . . (6) except the limited fare which the defendant allowed me. (7) appropriated all the proceeds of the farm ... (8) On the few occasions when he visited the farm he (9) treated me with studied contempt . . . (10) objected even to my aged mother remaining with me, (11) after her health was destroyed by overwork on his farm." (A. 554).

Questions on the above points:

- (1) Didn't you say you went, "without a word of protest?" How was anyone to know it was against your wishes?
- (2) Who compelled you to labor? You were "mistress of the farmhouse" and Brigham Young, you say, never bothered you there. Oh, but "he was addicted to faultfinding, and was so easily displeased, that we took no pleasure in his visits . . . I dreaded them and grew ill and nervous and apprehensive every time he came to us." (A. 534).
- (3) From that it is clear that you managed things badly. It is also clear that you had recourse to your usual "out" of becoming, as you put it "ill and nervous . . . every time he came." Now how could one so delicate be forced. as Mr. Wallace so movingly puts it, to "ceaseless hours of manual labor?" You had only to dislike a thing to "grow ill and nervous" and take to your bed and your novels.
- (4) Mr. Wallace notes that you were happy and gay, your "satisfaction was complete" as you returned from the Farm to your new home in Salt Lake. (W. 230). Granted some of your pleasure sprang from feelings of relief. how could any "completely broken down" person be as blithe as you were?
- (5) The Farm was, as you say "within pleasant driving distance" of the city (A. 532), where you were free to go any time; it was in the midst of a thriving rural community where you had many near neighbors, while the farm itself was a bustling hive of activity; then there were all sorts of church and family activities; you had your doting mother and your children with you, and you often insisted that your whole life was completely wrapped up in them: how then can you or Mr. Wallace say that you were starved for companionship? Whose fault was it? You would not associate with hired help — even to use the

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same stairs was an indignity; there was old Mrs. Lewis the housekeeper, a pitiful victim of Brigham Young's rapacity as you report it; and yet you say there was not room enough for you and her even in that enormous house. A. W. 228). Wallace insists that you yearned for Brigham Young's stimulating companionship, and you complain that (8) he visited you rarely and (9) then treated you "with studied contempt." But you also say that you 'took no pleasure in his visits and dreaded them." Under those circumstances how can you complain of his leaving you alone?

Sounding Brass

(6) Now as to that "limited fare;" your own mother, you say, "took charge of the cooking." and in one stirring episode you tell how she forced Brigham Young to allow her to set the kind of ample table she felt the farmhands should have (A. 535); you also say you "assisted" in the cooking, and yet you want us to believe that you were "allowed" only "limited fare" - that your mother let her daughter starve while she fed the field-hands sumptuously?



(7) Since the farm was Brigham Young's, who else should "appropriate all the proceeds" of it?

(10-11) "After her health was destroyed by overwork on his farm," Brigham Young tried to get your mother to return to her own home at Cottonwood. Wasn't that the humane thing to do when he saw she was working herself to death? Brigham hardly ever visited the farm; it was you who saw your mother slaving away day after day; it was you who insisted on her coming to the Farm and staying there for years-carried on hysterically and said you couldn't live without her. Who made her work so? Who was in charge? Who kept her from returning to her own home and family at happy Cottonwood, wildly protesting against her retirement from the Farm even after her health was ruined? Who but Ann Eliza?

But the clue to the whole story of the Farm is Ann Eliza's summary of her life there:

"I lived here for three years and a half,—long, uneventful years,—and how I hated my life! It was dull, joyless, oppressed, and I looked longingly back to the dear old days at Cottonwood, the restful days that never could come again. Even the love I bore my children was changed." (A. 536).

Three and a half years is more than half of her life with Brigham Young! And of all that time she remembers only two brief anecdotes — not about herself, but about how her mother rebuked Brigham Young for his meanness towards the farm-hands. Of her 600-page book devoted to a "Complete Expose" of Life in Mormonism, this woman of the flawless memory who never overlooks a chance to get in a dig at Brigham Young, devotes less than two pages (A. 534, 536) to her three and one-half years of heroic suffering and Herculean labors at the Farm! Ann Eliza is not the one to overlook any afront to her rank, (see below, p.) or minimize any privation. The fact that she has nothing to say about life at the Farm aside from the above generalities is conclusive evidence that her life there was indeed dull and uneventful—because she had nothing to do.

The Exodus:-

During her last days at the Farm we find Ann Eliza merry again, for soon she would be back in town "performing once more as a genteel lady. She was happy." (W. 229, A. 537). Brigham Young was building her a house strictly to her specifications. Again the shock: as she stepped through the front door of her "exceedingly pretty cottage" (A. 537) her world collapsed: "... nothing seemed attractive," she was stunned, shocked, hurt; ignoring all the good features of the house, which were substantial and expensive, she could only see that it was "very inconvenient and badly arranged." She soon converted it into a boarding house to make some extra money, which she expected Brigham Young to supply: "My family had increased," as she puts it, and it was her husband's duty to support her "family". She depicts herself not as taking in boarders but "obliged to rely upon the charity of friends." (A. 555). Wallace paraphrases this grimly to read, "She survived only through the good offices of her boarders and neighbors," (W. 19) which is true of most people who run hotels for a living.

Mrs. Woodward here slips in a particularly effective touch: "It was her Gentile boarders who nursed her." (p. 325). Ann Eliza says nothing about being nursed. What W. and W. generously fail to mention is that the boarders who "nursed" her so touchingly — for almost three weeks! — were at that very time planning to collect a vast sum of money (\$100,000!) from her; she was their gold-mine.

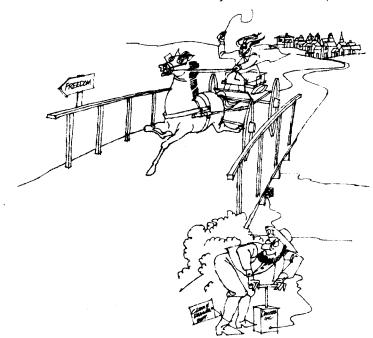
Next Brigham Young cruelly withholds medical supplies from Ann Eliza — until he learns that she needs them, whereupon they are promptly supplied. Again it is the reaction that counts: "No medical supplies on earth," sobs Mr. Wallace, "could repair the emotional damage done to her." (W. 237). Then we come to the climax of the story, Ann Eliza's point of no return: the episode of the stove: "Damn

him! Damn him!" shrieks Mrs. Woodward, he would learn "how much that stove he would not buy for Ann Eliza was going to cost him." (H.W. 326). Wallace eagerly takes up the cry: this refusal to get his wife a larger stove was his crowning act of selfishness and cruelty. (W. 22, 238). After such heroics it is an anticlimax to learn from a letter she wrote just two weeks after the event that Ann Eliza did "get a stove out of him" without any fuss. (S. 288). Badly needing some real act of villainy to make their stories plausible, our biographers have not hesitated to ignore Ann Eliza's own original version.

Though even the Rev. Stratton protests that her husband has provided a comfortable home for her which she would be foolish to give up (where would he get that idea if the woman was actually starving?), Ann Eliza hearkens to the voices of her Gentile boarders and resolves to leave Brigham Young and sue him for \$200,000. "The three blackguard lawyers" (W. 244) insisted on 50% of the take, but the lady stuck by her guns and the seasoned and unscrupulous conspirators "bent to her will." (l.c.). Then she retired to the Walker House, "a poor, defenseless, outraged woman," the victim of Brigham Young's brutality. But first, acting with such great speed "that no one had time even to suspect my intentions." she whisked all her furniture to a public auction where her enthusiastic friends converted it to cash "at large prices." (A. 546). The reason for such speed was not, as implied, to elude Brigham's spies — the auction was a public one, and even they might wonder why the furniture vans? — but to pull a fast one, as the neglected Stenhouse letter makes clear: "I instructed an auctioneer two weeks ago to take away the furniture and sell it, as part of it was my own, and I thought I was entitled to the rest." (S. 288). She had to work fast because the stuff she was selling wasn't hers. She pulled the same sort of trick on her next husband.

Fleeing to the Walker House she is "fairly bewildered ... to find that my name had gone the length and breadth

of the country. It had never occurred to me that it would be made a public matter, and I shrank from the very thought." How was she going to help all those other women by her example (that, she insists, was her sole aim in asking for \$200,000 instead of taking the \$15,000 that was offered) if the thing was never to be made public? At the hotel, "Ladies and gentlemen called on me with offers of sympathy. All the persons connected with the hotel were kindness itself." Her father came and stayed with her constantly. (A. 550-1). Brigham Young's daughter and the Ward Teachers visited her. Surrounded by eager reporters, she told her stories. And what is the reaction? "She treated her rooms as a fortress and spoke constantly of being kidnapped or murdered." When reporters asked embarrassing questions she quickly changed the subject, 'glanced nervously at the windows and doors," and whispered, "Would you think that they could abduct me from here? Ah, you don't know them . . . I dare not let my little boy leave the room, and I eat all my meals here." (W. 256).



She was putting on an act. To stay with friends, she says, would be to "endanger their lives and their home," (A. 548). Yet on the night of her "perilous escape" from Salt Lake she went to the house of those friends, and they all came out of the house together, "and started, ostensibly to walk home." (A. 569). Showing that she was perfectly free not only to visit her friends "ostensibly," but to leave her hotel. Another check: "I could not leave my room, nor did I dare to do so, nor to allow my children out of my sight for nearly two months." (A. 549). Well, she did leave her room during that time, to give an anti-Mormon lecture in the lobby (A. 567). But more important is her report that just before going to the hotel " I had sent the elder of my boys to his grandparents," in Cottonwood (A. 547). It is simply not true that she dared not allow her children out of her sight: the one was living in Cottonwood in perfect safety, where the other soon joined him - but it is a necessary fiction if her story of imminent danger is to hold up. So far was the lady from hiding out from the Mormons that she "complained bitterly" that her Mormon friends did not visit her, as indeed some of them did including the Ward Teachers! (W. 247).

After the Great Siege Episode comes the Great Escape. Leaving the Walker House by the back door (a way undiscovered by the Danites), Ann Eliza openly parades on the street, visits her friends the Strattons, with whom she is seen "ostensibly" going back to her hotel. (A. 569). Suddenly she mounts a carriage and dashes off to catch a train at a distant and unspecified place in the mountains — it would never do to let the reader know that the place was really Ogden, what could be tamer? The excitement of her "providential escape" lies entirely in what she *imagines* during the ride; there is not the slightest indication of any attempt to stop or overtake her, which would have been the easiest thing in the world if anybody had wanted to do it. She got to the station with only two minutes to spare: if *that* is not a hairbreadth escape from

Mormonism what is? This remained forever after the melodramatic climax of her life story. "Ahead lay Wyoming and freedom," writes Mr. Wallace, unable to resist such a perfect Hollywood cliche. (W. 277). Freedom had been hers any time she wanted it: she had been publicly offered \$15,000 cash and safe conduct out of the territory.

Out in the World:-

After her "providential escape" Mrs. Young travelled around the country giving "racy" lectures on life with Brigham, accompanied by her manager, a dashing handsome fellow who knew his way around. Now it happens that Sex sells newspapers as well as lecture tickets, and the evercynical gentlemen of the press were not slow in making inevitable comments about Mrs. Young and her interesting partner. Again the reaction is everything. "After reading the scurrilous piece," writes the sympathetic Mr. Wallace. "Ann Eliza sat stunned. Her first words, when she could find words, to Major Pond were 'Brigham Young's money is at the bottom of this." (W. 311). Of course they were, Mr. Young is at the bottom of all her sufferings. What gives it away is the reaction of the gallant Major; though a man of the world and professional purveyor of scandal, he too is shocked and wounded, his chaste mind simply can't conceive of such a thing: "I cannot imagine its object," he wrote, lost and bemused. "unless its course comes through Mormon influence." That, of course is the answer: "I have long been looking for a stab in the back from Brigham." (W. 317). What treachery - a stab in the back, after all he had done for Brigham! For Mr. Wallace this was Brigham Young's fiendish way of attacking Ann Eliza "through her friends," though throughout the history any specific friends strangely fail to materialize.

Finally "Ann Eliza had attained every goal," celebrating "the victory of national monogamy toward which she had contributed so great a part." (W. 333, 409). Again

the reaction: she had no "peace of mind." While "her public face, except for the past suffering she exploited professionally . . . was the face of success and contentment, her second face, the one behind the lyceum mask, remained disturbed and distraught." (W. 333). Free from the horrors of Mormon bondage, she still suffers, and as always the suffering is of her own making.

In the quiet Michigan town of Manistee the Moses E. Dennings, hailed as the town's model couple, had just celebrated 25 years of happily married life. Woodward says it was their Golden Wedding anniversary, and that Denning "had children older than Ann Eliza." According to Wallace (411f) he was at most 55 years old. Ann Eliza, in town to lecture on "Utah's Curse and the Nation's Shame," was staying at the home of the wealthy and hospitable Dennings. Time passes, but not very much. We return within a year to find the model marriage broken up and the elderly Mr. Denning married to the charming house-quest. What is A.E's reaction to that? Total silence. In her complete autobiography of 1908 she makes no mention of Denning. But what a production she could have made of it if she had been in the first Mrs. Denning's shoes! Even Mrs. Woodward raises an eyebrow, for Ann Eliza can hardly have been madly in love with the "rich old logger with one arm." (H.W., 330). In no time at all A.E. was playing her accustomed role of the abused and neglected wife. Like Dee and Young, Denning was a brute, "so that living with him, the health of your oratrix became weak and impaired and broken." (W. 410). But though she "refused to sustain the relation of wife to him any longer," she stubbornly refused to divorce him-which Wallace finds most noble of her. Denning begged her to leave him, "offered to give me all he had if I would leave Manistee, which I refused to do." (W. 414). Why? Because. Wallace explains, "she was not ready to separate herself from the advantages of a permanent marriage in monogamy." (99) But what are the advantages of living with a monogamous husband who "called his wife 'bitch'

and 'whore' and accused her of wanton behavior with half the male population of Manistee?" (W. 411f.). What could she see in the loathsome Denning, who hated the sight of her? The answer to that question (as if you didn't already know the answer) is simple—Denning was loaded. Now it is worthy of note that from the moment A.E. became the rich Mrs. Denning she ceased entirely from her great Mormon crusade. "Does anyone think" she had cried, "that, for the sake of enolument, I could thus open my heart? Never. My womanhood revolts at the idea. As a means of support I would never have undertaken it." (A. 568). Yet when she finally had the means and the time to carry on her great crusade in style she suddenly lost all interest in it: the lecture she gave the week she married Denning was the last one she ever gave. Which is strange indeed if she never lectured for money. "Driven by the demons of duty and money," (W. 278) she strangely forgot about the duty as soon as she got the money.

As soon as Denning left her for the last time, Ann Eliza went on a Great Spending Spree, buying up the town and charging everything to Denning "on the advice of her attorney . . . She bought about a thousand dollars worth of groceries and provisions, dry goods, shoes, slippers, furniture and hardware, in a couple of days." The reader may recall how on the advice of her lawyers, moving with great speed "so as to escape detection," she auctioned off Brigham Young's furniture just before leaving him, converting everything to cash at a handsome rate. Again, however, she is the frail martyr, noble to the end: "Nothing shall be set down in malice," she tells the reporters as she sets about to portray the monster Denning, who in the end tried to starve her—just like Brigham! (W. 413-4).

Wallace has gone to no end of trouble to search out the Last Days of this "remarkable woman." We find her happy at last with her son Edward, whose marriage with a Southern Socialite had broken up, leaving him free to devote his full time to mama as they settled down in a bungalow in Denver. But then "perhaps from lack of money," Wallace explains, she "sold her Denver property and was forced to dispossess her son." (W. 415). Still disdaining money, she next turns up in Utah to claim a \$2,000 legacy left her by the generous and forgiving Dee. It was pretty decent of him since "she never had one generous thing to say about Dee," whom for fifty years she had been describing as the blight of her life. Then she moved in on her brother Gilbert in El Paso, where she "occupied four different residences in five years." (W. 416). "During these years." says Wallace, "Ann Eliza's neighbors knew her only as "Mrs. Anna E. Denning, widow of Moses R.", though Moses R. was still "very much alive." Here is the same old Ann Eliza, passing herself off in her last days as something fine and noble, a sweet retiring widow, instead of the much-divorced wife of a man who had done everything he could to get rid of

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In 1908, painting a heroic picture of herself, as a lone warrior against the "powerful hierarchy," who "have found huge enjoyment in their own guile and cunning in evading punishment for their crimes" (A. 08, 4), she can speak with the same intimate inside knowledge of Utah and the Mormon leaders that she had displayed in 1875, though she has been away from Utah for 35 years. She shows us here what she has been doing all along, i.e., converting old atrocity stories into first-hand experience by merely tagging her name to them.

The last we hear of the living Ann Eliza is a statement attributed to her older grandson in 1930: "I hope to hell I never see her again." (W. 427).

Such briefly but without major omissions is the heart-rending story of Ann Eliza Young, the story which she has parlayed into a 600-page book of suffering and horror such as no words can describe. But we should not pass by in silence one particularly harrowing experience that occurred to Ann Eliza in the East some time after she had escaped from Mormon Bondage:

"... when once, in a car, I saw a manly little fellow, about twelve or thirteen years of age, rise with a rare grace, and give his seat to an old lady, the tears sprang to my eyes, such an unaccustomed sight was it. I contrasted that boy with the youth of Utah, and I felt with a new indignation flashing through all my veins, and a new sorrow tugging at my heart, the curse that polygamy was to the young men, as well as to the young girls, who are growing up under the teachings of that baneful system. It is horrible! It fouls and poisons the stream at its very source (and it adds mud and filth as it crawls along its slimy way), sending up its noxious vapors, etc., etc.," (A. 400f).

Even if all this comes by way of comment on her marriage with the exceedingly monogamous James Dee, it just gives you an idea of how the woman suffered.

Part II The Two-Faced Monster

PART II

The Two-Faced Monster

If the double image of Ann Eliza is disturbing, her two Brigham Youngs are nothing short of eerie. For the most part of her life Ann Eliza's mother, a woman given to secret fantasies and morbid brooding, carried about with her (according to her daughter) a perfectly false image of her hero, Brigham Young, "a creature of her imagination, and utterly unlike his real self. . . ." (A. 39). Along with that Mrs. Webb had another idol, her adored and pampered daughter. And the dream of her life was to bring her two idols together in marriage. The daughter, who describes herself as a neurotic and over-imaginative child, shared and surpassed her mother's talent for cloud-piling, revelling in the vision of wonderful things to come and weeping bitterly when reality failed to match her expectations, as it always did.

But if one can dream of heroes such as never were, cannot one also imagine a corresponding breed of villain? The girl was sure she had heaven on a platter when she got James Dee; but when he failed to deliver he forthwith became no melted Chocolate Soldier but a walking horror, a swashbuckling hetman, a gloating sadist - "henceforth she always spoke of Dee as the man who blighted her life." Since she admits that the pre-marital Dee was the simon-pure native product of her own wishful thinking, are we to accept the picture as sober reality when she turns the image neatly inside out? Ann Eliza's third husband was, according to all reports, before she met him just such a model father and mate as Dee became after she left him; but the moment she married Denning he underwent a hideous transmogrification into an elemental brute. That Ann Eliza certainly did things to men.

Well, between the two D's comes Mr. Big himself, the man from whom mama expected everything - and mama did have a way of letting Ann Eliza in on her little secrets. For him to let our Annie down was to invite a denunciation commensurate with his stature and his crime; only a full-scale epic could do justice to the theme, and that epic, the studied after-thoughts of a woman whose rage and frustration knew no bounds, is the subject of Mr. Wallace's great American novel. But just as Wallace is hard put to it to keep the real face of Ann Eliza from peeping out at us through his carefully censored pages, so all his piety and wit fail to make his portrait of Brigham Young come to life. The trouble is not that the Prophet is falsely portrayed, but that he is not portrayed at all. This is no living thing; such a creature never moved upon this earth nor in the waters or under the earth. This golem who does Mr. Wallace's bidding, trembling with rage or staring with fascination as he is told to, has nothing in common with the man whose life is as fully documented as that of any figure in our history; to his self-revealing letters, sermons, and deeds, Mr. Wallace prefers the Ann Eliza-Stenhouse image every time. And what is that image?

First, Brigham the Cad, either fawning or bullying, "arrogant to his inferiors, and unpleasantly familiar to the very few whom he desires for any reason to conciliate." (A. 526). Mean and ignoble he was: "I do not believe there is anywhere a man so suspicious of his workmen... so anxious to cut their wages..." (A. 526). "It don't make any difference whether they are satisfied or not," was the policy. (A. 636). If his assistants slipped up "he cursed them in the name of Israel's God; he ridiculed them in public.... Their sole fault was, they had been too faithful to him." (A. 226). He cannot give the most casual instructions without being "sharp and abusive" about it. (A. 345). The only reason his closest friends put up with him is that "their interest and associations bind them to the church..."

(A. 588). Heartless is the word for Brigham: "I believe that, if every friend he had in the world lay before him, cold and still and with frozen pulse, he would look on unmoved and indifferent, and never shed a tear, so utterly heartless is he." (A. 516). Through the years the "faithful friendship" of Ann Eliza's mother was "met as a matter of course, by unkindness and treachery on his side." (A. 39). His children "know nothing of fatherly affection . . . they feel, personally, only a dread and fear of him. He never invites their confidences, nor shows himself interested in their affairs:" And why not? Because "all this would be quite incompatible with his ideas of prophetic dignity." (A. 520). That means he can't be decent to any of his children. "When his little granddaughter was poisoned, Brigham rudely turned the doctor out of doors . . . the agonized parents dared not interfere, and in a few moments their child died before their very eyes . . . an innocent victim of the Prophet's egotism and bigotry." (A. 350). Of course it was a different story when he took sick: "...a doctor is summoned at once ... he employed at least half a dozen . . . so great was his terror, and so absolute his horror of fatal consequences." (A. 350). For like all bullies he is a great coward, who "cringes . . . as a whipped cur at any adverse criticism." (A. 212).

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His specialty was mistreating the gentle sex, for "he had . . . no conception of femine delicacy or sensitiveness." (A. 441). He was especially "fond of sneering" at his more "sickly wives," and the fact that one is an invalid "is sufficient to preclude her from receiving care or sympathy from her husband." A. 491). Many a bride, "unused to toil and hardship, nurtured in luxury, reared in tenderness and love," had wakened up one morning to find herself "ruled over by a grasping, lecherous, heartless tyrant, who laughed at a woman's sorrows and flouted her wrongs." (A. 222). When wives are discontented "he whines . . . and mimics them, until they are fairly outraged by his heartless treatment, and their indignation or grief gets

the supremacy over their other troubles," and so tranquility reigns again in the household. (A. 392). Only by the spectacle of his own discomfiture did the brute supply his afflicted family with a few moments of emotional release: "As deeply hurt as Emmeline was by his rudeness and boorishness of manners . . . she could not help being pleased at seeing the punishment he was receiving at the hands of his outraged favorite." (A. 328).

With the image of Brigham the Cad in mind we are prepared for Brigham the Criminal, nothing less, in fact, that "the greatest criminal of the 19th century," (A. 08, 197). "... in crafty cunning and malicious shrewdness he is far in advance of any of his associates" (A. 519), and this has made it possible for him to "'manage' a great many murders, of which he would probably avow himself entirely quiltless, since his hand did not perform the deed." (A. 269). Mr. Wallace is willing to buy this (30), though evidence for "the thousand murders of the plains," comes from Hickman, who "claims he did them all at Young's instigation." (A. 270). What do you suppose I care for the law?" cries the crafty cunning Brigham, "My word is law here. I wish you distinctly to understand that!" (A. 176). In Ann Eliza's book this arch-criminal sinks to the lowest depths when he even refuses to pay his hired assassins. (A. 279).

For we must not forget Brigham the Miser. As his first counsellor and dearest friends said, "Brigham's God is gold. He has become a selfish, cold-hearted tyrant." (A. 519). More than one aged crone "supports herself entirely, independently of the man who has swindled her out of her home and her property," (A. 386) for "he will do anything for money, or to have his wives get it for him," (A. 307) — a bizarre way of acquiring wealth for an empire-builder, it must be admitted; but that just goes to show. "His avarice is so inordinate that no amount of suffering stands in the way of his self-enrichment..." (A. 514); Indian wars were simply an opportunity "in some

mysterious manner to make large sums of money" (A. 162); the Mormon Battalion was really Brigham's scheme for getting rich by pocketing every penny of the soldier's pay, "and if a soldier's wife ventured to ask him for anything, no matter how trifling it might be, she was rudely repulsed." (A. 164). "... men who have been in his employ for years . . . have never received the least remuneration," (A. 526); the Hand-Cart scheme was another "heartless and mercenary experiment . . . merely to help fill the purses of the false prophet and his corrupt followers," (A. 218), "... indeed the entire hand-cart expedition was a good speculation for the President, and helped replenish the prophetic pocketbook." (A. 225). No wonder he "rubbed his hands and smiled with overflowing complacency" as he thought about it. (A. 214). When missionaries asked for travel money from the huge missionary fund "they were coolly told by Brother Brigham that there was no money for them-not one cent!," on the contrary, the Presiding Bishop took forty dollars from each of them for travel, and promptly trotted over to Brigham with the loot. (A. 168). When unscrupulous missionaries were able to pick up a sizeable bundle in the mission field, that was all right with Brigham as long as he got half the take. "Brother Caulkins not only visited him, but divided the spoil with him, his own share amounting to several thousand dollars." (A. 596). Another source of income was the theater: "... built by money extorted from the people for the avowed purpose of erecting a Temple of God, it, of course, was no expense to him.' (A. 381). But the big bonanza was "the church fund." which virtually means 'Brigham's private purse' . . . none of it has ever been appropriated to the cause for which it was supposed to be intended." (A. 521). While his wives toil at various menial tasks to support him, "he has seven million in the Bank of England," owns a third of all the property in Utah ,and has an income of "probably much more" than \$40,000 per month. (A. 307-8). "The story of his sordid avarice and his contemptible meanness in the

accumulation of money would fill a volume," writes Mrs. Stenhouse (S. 272) and though she gives no specific information, you get the sketch: "... to covet his neighbor's goods is to possess them in some way or other, either honestly or otherwise [go on—finish the sentence!] generally otherwise." (S. 234). Many were sent on missions and "thus heartlessly ruined and unjustly exiled . . . to gratify the covetousness and grasping of an avaricious tyrant." (S. 174). Three men who "absolutely refused to give up their stock" for one of his projects were chained together in a schoolhouse in Parowan, while Brigham Young took the herd "and sold every one of them to pay a large debt which he owed." (A. 163-4). He enjoyed this sort of thing, since "he could not endure to see a dollar go into another man's pocket. I believe the sight was a positive pain to him." (A. 344). "The Prophet," writes Mrs. S., "has a most decided objection to seeing any of his followers becoming independent . . . he always finds some way to put a stop to their growing prosperity." (S. 174). Thus instead of being a great leader and colonizer when he had a chance to, "one of the benefactors of the human race, he has set the worst example which despot or false prophet ever presented to the world." (S. 274)

He was able to get away with all this only because he was Brigham the Tyrant. The forms of democracy are meaningless "in polygamous Utah, ruled over by a treacherous tyrant." (A. 93). "There is no despotic monarchy in the world where the word of the sovereign is so absolute as in Utah." (A. 308). "... the right of sufferage had not been granted, but commanded ... every person of the female sex, from the babe in arms to the oldest, bedridden crone, has the right of elective franchise, and is compelled to use it." (A. 94). While babes in arms and aged crones were being driven to the polls, "young men, and even boys, were forced not only into marriage, but even polygamy, and none dared resist ... everyone must marry." (A. 321). The slightest show of independence brought an

instant charge of apostacy or excommunication, "the way in which persons are served even now who venture to disagree with Brigham Young," (A. 92, 307), and such a charge could mean only one thing — quick and certain death. (Below, p. 277)



But we must not let the enormity of his crimes blind us to the more endearing qualities of Brigham Young as the plain garden variety of *Ignoramus and Boor*. "Brigham Young is an uneducated man," Stenhouse reports, "... his opposition to education in others and to all that is intellectual and elevating does him little credit." (S. 269). Like all Mormon leaders, he "discouraged every attempt at self-improvement" in his followers." (S. 270). The ladies put Young in his place intellectually with a charge so crushing that we hesitate to repeat it: "He was, by trade, a painter and glazier, and has frequently said *in public* that in those times he was glad to work for 'six bits' a day . . ." (S. 265). Of course his manners are atrocious and his vanity ridiculous ". . . more finical than an old beau, and vainer and

more anxious than a young belle, concerning his personnel." (A. 520). Having no taste or self-control, "he indulges in the coarsest witticism, and is not above positive vulgarity and profanity, both in language and manner." (A. 135). He was disgustingly pompous, and "Royalty itself could assume no more the manner of receiving what it is entitled to than this ex-glazier, who used to work for 'six bits' a day." (A. 428). His gross ignorance and appalling boorishness were not redeemed by any practical good sense, for in his affairs Young was no less than "The Prince of Blunderers." (A. 221). Along with that he was the laziest man alive; indeed, Ann Eliza's only recollection of her grandparents is that her grandfather "used to assert that Brigham was the laziest man that ever lived," (A. 469), and believe, me, friends, that is something.

But what we are all waiting to hear about is Brigham Young the Sex Fiend. Here the ladies let us down badly -but not Mr. Wallace! True, Ann Eliza can testify that her husband, "the monstrous polygamist (477) . . . is filled with moral rottenness to the very core," (385) and Mrs. Stenhouse cries out, "What decent person could refrain from loathing such a man!" (S. 281), but for specific details we must go to Wallace. "Fifty-two wives," he screams in italics. (W. 356). During the last-minute crisis of the exodus from Nauvoo, Wallace's Brigham chose to retire like Paris to the harem and spend his days and nights in abandoned orgies. Wallace ticks off the list of women with a zest and relish rivaling that which he attributes to Brigham Young himself. In one day, in the final climactic crisis of Nauvoo, Brigham married four women. Why, we ask, since Mr. W. reports that he never had any progeny by any of the four? Plainly to take them under his protection in the dreadful time ahead -Wallace admits this 200 pages later, but this is not the time to spoil the fun. On the very next day, he reports wittily, the man married again "almost as an afterthought," and then after just eleven days of "recuperating

from his marathon of celestial marriages, he vigorously returned to the altar." Those loaded words "recuperating" and vigorously" should bring the reader to his senses in case he begins to suspect that this marathon of marriages was dictated by something more than lust.

So we have, summarizing all too briefly, even flippantly, what impassioned writers have devoted whole books to: Brigham Young the beast without a spark of honor, decency, humanity or charity, — mean, unspeakably cruel, resentful, suspicious of all, without a friend in the world; the miser, the murderer, the thief, the absolute tyrant, the oaf, the fop, the Prince of Bunglers, and the laziest man alive: and of course the lecherous degenerate. Wallace labors to make Brigham Young not less a villain but only a more plausible one: his man is just as tricky, greedy, tyrannical, cruel and bloody and far more lecherous than the earlier and more spectacular Brigham. Yet without seeking beyond these same lurid pages we can discover a Brigham Young totally at variance with the one they have so dramaticaly described.

Brigham, the Good Guy:-

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First of all it appears between the lines that this Brigham Young was a man of considerable achievement. Wallace minimizes this for all he is worth, passing by in silence Young's own valuable and revealing commentary on events as they occured, and discreetly omitting mention of what the man was really up against and how brilliantly he overcame incredible obstacles. His B.Y. is simply a heavy-handed, oversexed, rather pompous robber-baron. By admitting that Young did achieve something, the ladies, on the other hand, are hard put to explain how he did it. It was simply by giving the appearance of being busy, if we would believe Ann Eliza, (p. 285) that "the laziest man that ever lived," parlayed his "six-bits a day" into "enormous riches" (S. 274). That was possible only because he was lucky, says Stenhouse: the man "whose narrow soul

could never look beyond the little circle in which he lived: whose selfishness and heartlessness have been only equalled by his cruelty and degrading avarice, has, by force of circumstance alone, obtained a place in the recognition of the world, to which by nature or by grace he had not the shadow of a claim." (S. 266). It was just the purest luck that he found himself in one nightmare circumstance after another: that marauding bands burned the farms and villages in Illinois and Missouri; that Nauvoo was destroyed in mid-winter; that fevers and epidemics swept the camp; that there was a desperate food shortage and totally inadequate supply of animals and vehicles; that the government drafted the 500 most able-bodied men at the crucial moment for a march to Mexico: that the saints arrived in the valley completely out of food and supplies in late July of one of the hottest and driest years on record; that mountain fever became general: that restless Indians threatened depredations on all sides; that there were plaques of crickets and grasshoppers; that a swarm of hostile and crooked spies and officals were followed up by the might of the U.S. Army; that calls for extermination of the Mormons in Congress and from the pulpit grew steadily louder. with Ann Eliza's shriek rising above the din.

Even if these were just lucky breaks for Brigham, shouldn't he be given some credit for knowing how to use them? Not a bit of it; it was all forced on him: "Experience, and a careful study of his life and doings, have convinced me that he is certainly not a great man or a man of genius in any sense of the word." (S. 266). It is not surprising that Mr. Wallace, faced with the thesis that B.Y. did what he did accidentally and quite in spite of himself, chooses to look the other way and forget that the fellow achieved anything at all.

Then there is a little matter of appearances. "To look at the man, rosy, and smiling, comfortable in every particular, you would never take him to be the hard, cruel despot he is. He looks clean enough outwardly, but within he

is filled with moral rottenness to the very core." (A. 358). We grant that appearances are not everything, but when after a long life of "moral rottenness" a man at the age of seventy-three appears "rosy, smiling, comfortable in every particular," we begin to wonder. "I was much pleased with the manner and appearance of Brigham Young," writes Stenhouse, "and felt greatly assured; for he did not seem to me like a man who would preach and practice such things . . . the Prophet made himself very affable . . . His wives, too . . . I found, as far as I could judge from such a casual acquaintance, to be amiable and kindhearted ladies. . . ." (S. 262-3). But that will never do: "I, of course, regarded him from a woman's stand-point; but there were others who were accustomed to study physiognomy, and they detected - or thought they detected in the cold expression of his eyes and the stern, hard lines of his lips, evidences of cruelty, selfishness, and dogged determination, which, it is only fair to say, I myself never saw." (S. 264).

But none of those expert physiognomists were in a class with the great Richard Burton, a world traveler and linguist, a master in the art of dealing with pious rogues and religious impostors, who himself had played dangerous masquerades in the East and knew every trick in the book: "I had expected to see a venerable-looking old man," he wrote, "Scarcely a grey thread appears in his hair. . . . The Prophet's dress was neat and plain as a quaker's. . . . Altogether the Prophet's appearance was that of a gentleman farmer in New England —

in fact, as such he is . . . He is a well-reserved man, a fact which some attribute to his habit of sleeping . . . in solitude. His manner is at once affable and impressive, simple and courteous: his want of pretention contrasts favorably with certain pseudo-prophets that I have seen. . . . He assumes no air of extra sanctimoniousness, and had the plain, simple manners of honesty. . . . He has been called hypocrite, swindler, forger, murder. No one looks less." (W. 92).

Another and very different man of the world was Horace Greeley, who earlier found B.Y. "... very plainly dressed," with "no air of sanctity or fanaticism . . . portly. frank, good-natured, rather thick-set man of fifty-five, seeming to enjoy life . . ." (W. 88). Now we can understand why the ladies were so generous in their description of the outer man: because others could see Brigham Young too — here there is a check on their creative powers, which only come into play in situations where they are the only witnesses. The exterior fooled everybody but Ann Eliza. Greeley describes Brigham at fifty-five, Burton at fiftyseven, Stenhouse at seventy-three, Ann Eliza at seventyfour, and to all he is the same placid, cheerful, "frank, good-natured" man. Is that the triumph of hair-dye, pancake make-up or lighting? What human system could survive the "marital sprees" that Wallace knows all about and, while "filled with moral rottenness to the very core," present for decade after decade an appearance "comfortable in every particular?" That just proves to Ann Eliza what a total hypocrite he is: "The cunning of his device is shown in the religious mask which he puts upon its frightful face, and the Christian robes with which he hides its horrible deformity." (A. 329). So perfect is the disguise, fooling even a Richard Burton, that the only way one can detect it is to know the man's motives. Mrs. Brodie's classic libel of Joseph Smith is based entirely on her intuitive capacity to interpret his motives. According to Trevelyan (Clio, 170), Macaulay "had a disastrous habit of attributing motives: he was never content to say that a man did this or that and leave his motives to conjecture; he must always analyze what has passed through the mind of his dramatis personae, as if he were the God who created them." Deny this privilege to your Ann Elizas. Brodies and Wallaces and what becomes of their stories? Thus Mr. Wallace can assure us that "Brigham instinctively understood what most military leaders learn from experience," (W. 191), when at the time he is describing Brig-

ham had had more experience in leadership than any ten generals since Washington.

In order to bring their double images of Brigham Young into focus mesdames Stenhouse and Young want us to think that the two different men were the same Brigham at different periods. "When I first knew him," writes Stenhouse, "he dressed in plain homespun . . . every article about his person and his houses. was as plain and unostentatious as could possibly be." (S. 291). Was that perhaps in Vermont? New York? Kirtland? Nauvoo? No, that was in the 1860's, when Brigham, the total fop, as Woodward describes him, first tried to woo Ann Eliza. For the times when he was a good guy, Ann Eliza herself must go back much farther: "I look back almost to my very babyhood and contrast B.Y. as he then was with the Brigham Young of today . . . nothing of the assumption and intolerance which characterizes him now. Indeed there was, at that time, a semblance of humility." (A. 517). The lady seems to forget that it is this earlier tolerant Brigham who is the real monster of her story — it is to him she must go for all her atrocity stories up to the horrors of the "Reformation time," it is only the later Brigham who must watch his step and pine for the days long-passed when the simple drawing of his bowie knife from its sheath meant the immediate demise of a recalcitrant. (A. 520). Well, which was the devil, the young Brigham or the old one? What makes the problem more difficult is that both men seemed to have enjoyed enormous popularity. Which brings us to the problem of -

The Beloved Bogey:-

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Without a single redeeming feature, hard, cruel, vicious, cowardly, treacherous, uncomprising, Brigham Young was still greatly loved and revered by the people. Stranger still, the nearer people were to him the more they loved him. "Most of his daughters worshipped him," (W. 265), and "strange, as it may seem,"

the wives he treated most savagely revered him as much as any. (A. 125, 572). Ann Eliza has an explanation for that — the women were simply crazy: "What a lapse of memory . . . Oh, what folly, what inconsistency, what madness!" (A. 572). No one ever catches her in such lapses of memory. "... new indignation thrilled me as I told my story of bondage, such as my hearers never dreamed of." (A. 129). But even in her account the monster looks suspiciously like a papier-mache dragon. The man who kept everyone in abject and terrified submission still "never dared to do anything which should advance 'Joe' (his darling son) in the church, for he knew very well that the people would not tolerate this for an instant." (A. 471). He ruled in the most "absolute sovereignty" on the face of the earth (A. 308) "... whatever he may say or do, no one dared resent his interference," -now turn the page and read along with Annie: "He does not seem to make a very decided impression on his listeners, however; even his wives and daughters follow their own



inclinations rather than his teachings." (A. 128-9). If another wife feels disaffected as Ann Eliza does. Brigham "lets her abuse religion and him as much as she pleases behind his back," exactly as Ann Eliza herself did, while her son "openly expresses his disgust at his hypocrisy and meanness, which he sees through very clearly." (A. 488).

But if B.Y. is a lax and inefficient tyrant, his suffering victims are even more oblivious to the role they should be playing. They always seem to enjoy their anguish. For two long years the Mormon Battalion "sent all their pay to their families, to the care of Brigham Young," who pocketed every penny of it and "rudely repulsed," any soldier's wife "who ventured to ask him for anything. . . . " (A. 164). One would expect some sort of complaint or investigation, or at least that some sly corporal would send his federal pay directly to his wife instead of to John D. Lee (wouldn't you know it?) who, according to Ann Eliza, was the party who always got the money and took it to Brigham. It is all so delightfully frank and brutal - that John D. Lee is the crowning touch — that one wonders what need President Young had for his infinite powers of dissemblance. He doesn't even have to try to fool people: "Ignorant as he is, coarse and vulgar as he is, he has at least succeeded in winning women of refinement, of delicate sensibilities, as wives; and in many cases it has been done without the slightest attempt at coercion on his part." (A. 464). When a reporter asked Ann Eliza "Has Brigham ever used profane language to you?" she replied, "I can't say that he has, but he has used shockingly insulting and grossly vulgar language to me. Oh, sir, he is a vile old creature. I have heard him swear in the pulpit when talking of the Gentiles." (W. 257). The only knowledge she has of his vice is what she hears in public meetings — a significant admission indeed from the woman who is supposed to have known the man, oh so intimately.

While the people groaned under "the coldblooded, scheming, blasphemous policy of Young," they rejoiced

in his leadership, for "their faith was sublime in its exaltation . . ." (A. 204). "He is met outside of every settlement he visits" by a full-scale parade, marching under banners and cheering like mad, (A. 427), and none cheered louder than Eliza's own family, though Brigham had kept the family impoverished, separated, discouraged, and toiling in his interests ever since Nauvoo. Through the years Mr. Webb "had no time, of course, to devote to his family, or to labor for its support; he must give his strength and his time, and his labor to Brigham Young." (A. 336). At the same time Mrs. Webb's "faithful friendship" for Brigham was "met, as a matter of course, by unkindness and treachon his side.' (A. 39). Yet these were the parents to were determined that their daughter, the apple of ar eye, should marry Brigham Young. From the first. wever, they made it clear that the girl would not have to marry the man if she really didn't want to, and here is a strange thing. For two years, she says, she fought "by every means in her power' to avoid having to marry Brigham Young; with what weapons did she fight? She could only think of one argument - the President was too old for her.

If Ann Eliza had known just one really bad thing about Brigham Young, her parents would never have pressed her to marry him, or even permitted it. Along with that we have her own emphatic and repeated assurance that she knew of nothing wrong with Mr. Young until after she married him .(A. 441). True, he was a monstrous polygamist," but as wife No. 19 she should at least have suspected that. Polygamous yes, monster, no: on the day he proposed (not to her but to her parents) Brigham Young talked long and earnestly with her on the subject of marriage, she says, yet even then she could not even remotely conceive of his having any but a fatherly interest in her. She had lived at the Lion House and knew all about the home life of Brigham Young, whom she and her family had known intimately all her life, and yet

nothing was farther from her mind, she says, than the idea that Pres. Young should lust after her — she simply couldn't believe it. And that gives you an idea of the high opinion she had of B.Y. at the time: she was pleased and delighted, she says, to walk with him; she knew nothing bad about him whatever. Yet by this time his great crimes, including those against her own family, those crimes for which Ann Eliza is our chief informant, were already behind him. Something is badly out of focus.

It must have been two other people:-

But if our portrait of Brigham Young is all awry we can always blame him for it. The man is so inconsistent. "In the business matters," for example, "his word is as good as his bond, but in the accumulation of wealth he has evinced an amount of dishonesty which can scarcely be credited." (S. 271). It is indeed hard to accept the total dishonesty of a man whose word is the soul of honor. He "always meets his obligations, and pays his debts," according to Stenhouse, "... but the way in which he has obtained his wealth would put to the blush the most dishonest member of any 'ring' in New York, or elsewhere." (S. 271). This is the more remarkable since Ann Eliza insists that the man never meets his obligations or pays his debts, but is always legally correct in his acquisition of wealth. The two ladies tell diametrically opposed stories. Another inconsistency was the way the ignorant Brigham would appear "a simple, easy-talking, courteous gentleman before strangers, but harsh and uncouth with those who are dependent on him . . ."-a real Jekyll and Hyde, since nothing short of a miracle could make an uncouth man polished and urbane simply by stepping into the next room.

If Brigham Young the avowed foe of education insists on having his children study hard, that for Mrs. S. is simply another example of "his usual inconsistency," (not hers but his) (S. 270). Ann Eliza in her paraphrase of the Stenhouse passage tries to remove the inconsistency without success: "Unlettered and uncultured as he is, he recognized

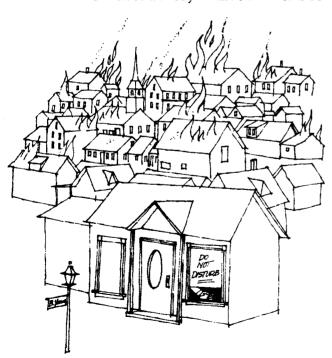
the power of education, and that is why he is such a bitter opponent to general culture, and why, at the same time, he takes special care that his own children shall lack no advantages." (A. 527). Bearing in mind, of course, that he took no interest whatever in his children, even though he took time off from his busy schedule to come to Ann Eliza's fourth birthday party. His children, inheriting this wild inconsistency, adored their father who, too proud to notice them, nevertheless gave them earnest lectures and wrote them long letters. With equal consistency this man who "detested secrecy in general" (W. 80), chose to operate all his days through a secret society — the mysterious Danites; and though "ill-cast for the role of model polygamist," he played that role with "surprising or understandable zest." (W. 83). Of course the useful word "understandable" makes everything perfectly clear. To show you just how contrary the man can be, "he is . . . as sensitive to public opinion as though he were not constantly defying it." (A.520). That is, he pays no attention to that public opinion to which he is so keenly sensitive. In short, he was a "turbulent, passionate, shrewd, illiterate, strangely powerful man," (A. 456), who was at the same time cold. self-possessed, clumsy, bungling, remarkably well-informed, but withal weak and cowardly ("he cringes and crouches in as servile a manner as a whipped cur, when any adverse criticism is passed . . . " (A. 212), fawning, fickle, mean, vain and vulgar, "the great deceiver . . . a remarkable union of compelling power over men and women and repulsive fraud and meanness." (A. 371). Seeing him in action, 'you would never take him to be the hard, cruel despot he is." (A. 358). Neither would you take Pavlova to be a clumsy ox or Niehls Bohr to be feeble-minded. Brigham Young is like the fruit that grows on the apple tree, looks like an apple, tastes like an apple, bears authentic apples seeds—and yet is a lemon. It is no wonder everybody thinks it is an apple, since it passes all known tests for applesbut for those who really know it is a lemon, that only makes its apple-like qualities the more repulsive and fraud-

ulent. Ann Eliza Young tells how seasoned journalists come from the East "brimming with loathing and disgust," eager to learn the worst about Brigham Young, and how the better they get to know him the more they come to admire him, until soon they are writing the most glowing reports about the man and his work; how Brigham does this Ann Eliza does not know — "I suppose his manner of influencing them differs, but I think it will be readily understood." (A. 394). Will it? Why must she be so evasive if it is so obvious? At any rate they call Brigham an apple, and to that she has only one reply: "It is not true, not one word of it!" (A. 394).

The most remarkable treatise on the ambivalence of Brigham Young is Mr. Wallace's account of his marriages. The scene is, to use Mr. Wallace's favorite word, Fabulous. It is the picture of Brigham Young whiling away the hours in Byzantine dalliance while directing almost single-handedly the exodus from Nauvoo. Mr. Wallace never bothers to inform himself or his readers as to just what "sealing" and "celestial marriage" are; later on in the book he casually notes that "almost half the women mentioned were Brigham's spouses in name only," (W. 357), that in some cases "it is doubtful if their marriage was more than platonic;" he tells of one "widow salvaged by Brigham Young," and another woman who married him only for the duration of the trek, who at the end of it "had not yet cohabited with Brigham, asked him for an annulment, and it was granted." Even a professor of History might find it a little bit odd that all the marrying was done just before the departure from Nauvoo, and that "once established in Salt Lake City, Brigham refrained from further marital acquisitions and temporarily concentrated his energies on organizing a secure and civilized community;" (W. 87) or as Mrs. Woodward puts it. he was too busy to think about petticoats. But not half so busy as he had been in Nauvoo! At last safe from his enemies, Brigham is free to indulge his lusts and appetites

in Lucullan leisure — but prefers city-building instead. It was only during the Nauvoo crisis that the man chose to go on a sex binge without parallel in the History of the World —trust us to know all about the History of the World.

Here the Mormons are being driven from Illinois in the dead of winter; those mounted marauding mobs that were to become infamous in later years were already at work in cahoots with military and civil officials inflicting maximum damage; the danger was increasing hourly, and on the shoulders of one man rested the responsibility for making and carrying out life-and-death decisions. So this man, who proved himself the ablest of leaders in this as in a hundred other dire emergencies, chose this time of all times for his "marital sprees." In Nauvoo as at Winter Quarters, "amid chaos Brigham maintained iron discipline and organization," (W. 65) while he himself was sunk in riotous bouts of debauchery? Even Wallace should



wonder just a little bit when he reports that "in the twentythree days preceding the exodus ... Brigham married eleven women ranging in age from 17 to 42." actually marrying seven in seven days running and another four on four successive days. Is that the way of libertines? Must they give their name to the women they carouse with? Must they be equally impartial to young and old? Those acquainted with the arcana of erotic literature tell me that such planned and imaginative debauchery requires before all else time, luxury, relaxation, and privacy—a few things that Brigham Young had less of at this juncture than any man in America. Yet this was the time and place he chose for his great "marital spree," "recuperating" from one bout to "return vigorously" to the next. This is the satyr who is to lust after the fair Ann Eliza a generation later to make a plot for Mr. Wallace.

Part III

How to Write an Anti-Mormon Book

A Handbook for Beginners



PART III

How to Write an Anti-Mormon Book (A Handbook for Beginners)

Having read thus far, the student is now prepared to give serious thought to a few GENERAL RULES observed by all successful writers in this fascinating and lucrative field. The rules are best exemplified in the works we have been studying. They are as follows.

RULE 1: Don't be modest! Your first concern should be to make it clear that YOU ARE THE MAN FOR THE JOB, that amidst a "mass of lies and contradictions" you are uniquely fitted to pass judgment: "I emerged from my researches . . . with objectivity unblurred," writes Mr. Wallace, "... if I enjoyed or suffered any deviations from neutral observer, they were slight. During close to three years of intensive research on Ann Eliza and on her Church, I became neither anti-Mormon nor pro-Mormon." (W. 429). The ingenuous reader might suppose that the only way to avoid either accepting or rejecting the claim to modern-day revelation is to leave it strictly alone, not to write a book about it. That is all the more reason for you to get in there and stake your claim; make it clear that here at last is one capable of preserving perfect objectivity where all others have failed. That is high tribute indeed to be paying to one's self, but don't hesitate to bestow it; to leave it to others to judge of your qualification is sheer suicide. No successful anti-Mormon writer could be guilty of such negligence.

RULE 2: A benign criticism of your predecessors will go far towards confirming your own pre-eminence in the field. Refer gently but firmly to the bias, prejudice and inadequate research, however unconscious or understand-



able, of other books on the subject. The student would do well to study Mr. Wallace's technique here; how skillfully he reprimands Ann Eliza Young without jeopardizing wer value as a source when he chides: "The prose was marred by unremitting hysteria"! (W. 358). The ordinary reader might get the impression that a work of unremitting hysteria is hardly to be recommended as an unimpeachable historical source, but since Mr. Wallace depends on Ann Eliza for nearly all of his history, he sagely limits the damage of her unremitting hysteria to its effect on the lady's prose — a secondary consideration by all counts.

RULE 3: Curtsies and bouquets to everyone can be delivered in a profuse and unctuous Appendix or Introduction, and go a long way toward establishing the image of the writer as a really good fellow who admires and respects everybody; and is therefore the last man in the world to distort or exaggerate. What could be more magnanimous and disarming than Mr. Wallace's master-stroke,

a favorite device of anti-Mormon writers: "I want to acknowledge, also, my thanks to a number of high-ranking Mormon Church officials whose objective cooperation might be misunderstood and whose names I am not at present at liberty to reveal." (W. 433). A master-stroke because it has the manifold advantage of resting the author's case on the highest possible authority while insuring him against the risk of ever having to produce evidence: at the same time it makes him appear not only conscientious and well-informed, but a very noble fellow to the bargain. If he is challenged to give specific information, the writer merely enhances his prestige by refusing to name anybody.

A Word of Caution! Don't overdo your own buildup! The worst mistake J. C. Bennett ever made was to preface his book against Joseph Smith (an invaluable goldmine of information for all anti-Mormon writers) with a large number of character references and a portrait of himself in the attitude of Napoleon. Does an honest man need fifteen pages of testimonial to his honesty? One might well wonder if Mr. Wallace's Appendix with its fervid protestations of goodness, truth, and nobility might not raise a few eyebrows. or whether the portrait of the Great-Man-In-Repose on the back dust-cover of his book, surpassing even that of Bennett for sheer grandeur, might not inspire more wonder than awe in irreverent breasts.

RULE 4: Proclaim the purity of your motives, especially your freedom from mercenary considerations. But again, don't overdo it! Mrs. Ann Eliza Webb Dee Young Denning has only shocked incredulity for those who could even hint that she should write for money (A. 574, 567; W. 307, 278, etc.). But is it a crime to write for money? Does Mr. Wallace need to go so far as to assure us that he gave three years of his life and a sizeable outlay of cash in the disinterested cause of "preserving a remarkable woman for history"? It is hard to keep a dry eye as we read of how a large staff "gave selflessly of

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their time and energies to collaborate with me" in the cause of truth. Granted that Wallace was "fascinated by the woman herself," the captious reader might nonetheless ask: Was the woman really that remarkable? Is there anything in her book that is not in Mrs. Stenhouse's book? Does she ever display the slightest sign of originality or the feeblest spark of humor? And as for heroism, did she ever take a step or say a word without having first assured herself of perfect immunity? Is there a sentence in her whole book that is not trite, hackneyed, and stereotyped? True, the lady is not without an element of interest: a more gaudy case for the psychiatrist would be hard to imagine but Wallace will not touch that part of the story. Is he really so very interested in the woman? The student should avoid such a Simon-pure posture; the merchant who keeps reminding us what a wonderful bargain we are getting can arouse our suspicions.

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SOUNDING BRASS

Still, within bounds a gracious and appealing protestation of Pure Goodness can be effective. "I... have tried to adhere to the two-sided facts as I found them. I have tried to interpret these facts and recount her story, with all its contradictions, as truly as I could tell it." (W. 430). Doesn't that sound good? What does it mean? one may ask. Read it again. It means nothing. What is a twosided fact? What fact cannot be interpreted two ways? This simple, open-hearted avowal of integrity would be equally valid if applied to the writer's rendering of a Sogdian text: "I have tried," he could write with perfect truth, "to interpret this text, with all its obscurity and mystery, as well as I possibly could." What more could any reader ask? Mr. W. will now entertain us with a 'cello solo, and no laughs, please, in case he has never handled a 'cello in his life, -after all, he is doing the best he honestly can under the circumstances. Where is the evidence that Joseph Smith "swore, drank, and whored"? Never mind; Mr. Wallace, detached and impartial, is doing his best for all of us.

RULE 5: Proclaim your love for the Mormon people. Even Ann Eliza does this touchingly and often: "I feel that I must pay this tribute to the Mormon people. Naturally, they were a law-abiding, peace-loving, intensely religious people . . . (A. 58) . . . humble, spiritual-minded. God-fearing, law-abiding . . . (A. 34) . . . their faith was sublime in its exaltation" (204), etc. All this is very well, but even the beginner should see the impasse into which this can lead us, as when Mrs. Young says that Joseph Smith "never ceased his injunctions" to these good people to commit rape and rapine - and that they always obeyed him without hesitation! (A. 75, 58). On the same page on which she declares her undying love for the Mormon people, Mrs. Y. issues the call: "Mormonism is entitled to no mercy; it invites fire and the sword. The American people must therefore continue their holy crusade against this antichrist system." But who could possibly be the victims of the fire and sword if not her beloved Mormon people? Mr. Wallace avoids this glaring inconsistency by dimming the glare; his praises and damnings are both fainter: on the bad side he makes the Mormons appear more ridiculous than monstrous, and on the good side he sees far less to admire in them than even Ann Eliza or Stenhouse do. The student will recognize here the touch of Life-Time-Fortune journalism, enhancing the writer's own superiority at the expense of all he describes. If you can't love the Mormons, at least (and this is our next rule):

RULE 6: Allow the Mormons a few normal human failings. That will make your story more plausible, establish you as a fair-minded and tolerant reporter, and so render your verdict all the more damning when you choose to lower the beam. Observe how candid Mr. Wallace can be when he writes, "I am certain that polygamy had its good points, too - but then I am a male." (W. 430). That is both cute and disarming, and at the same time a very effective bit of slander, branding polygamy as nothing but a form of sexual indulgence.

The image of yourself as a person of boundless charity and perfect integrity will be wasted however, unless you also establish your scholarly qualifications.

RULE 8: Furnish documents! "Nowadays," writes H. R. Trevor-Roper, "to carry conviction a historian must document, or appear to document, his formal narrative . . . " (TR. 116) In former times documentation was largely the work of imaginative engravings: thus in Mrs. Young's book we behold serried ranks of finely uniformed dragoons in flawless drill formation, their banners proudly flying, advancing on the huddled victims of Mountain Meadows massacre; or we see the huge victory parade celebrating the murder of the widow Jones in Payson; Mrs. Stenhouse shows us actual drawings of "Hickman killing Yates, by order of Brigham Young - Hosea Stout holding the lantern," of "Hickman delivering the murdered man Yate's money to Brigham Young" etc. These drawings are, however, no longer acceptable as evidence. In fact, viewed with a critical eye, they tend rather to discredit than corraborate the tales they illlustrate. Therefore Modern Scholars like Wallace, while telling the identical stories. consciously or otherwise omit illustrations that show only oo plainly how little the original tellers bothered themselves about the truth.

In their place photographs are a must. An actual photograph of Brigham Young, of the Lion House, of the Beehive House, "A Reproduction of the title page of Ann Eliza's sensational expose of polygamy"—Wallace has them all, and what could get nearer to the source than that? It makes no difference that the librarian in any public library could come up with a number of such photographs in ten minutes — nobody is going to ask where you got them as long as they are the real thing. The subject of your reproductions is not important: cartoons lampooning Brigham Young, portraits of anybody connected in any way with the history or even with the place or time of its occurrence, scenic views, locomotives, patented ma-

chines, famous catastrophes, theater placards, menus, photographs of buildings — anything will do to show that you, so to speak, were there. Anti-Mormon writers long ago discovered the wisdom of inserting neutral, stuffy little items amid all the lurid engravings — dull picture-postcard views of the Great Salt Lake, of the Tabernacle, Main Street, Salt Lake City, View of the Wasatch Mountains, etc., reassure the reader that all this is very sober and correct, giving substance to what would otherwise appear much too imaginative. The student will notice that nearly all of Mr. Wallace's illustrations are of this dull, factual sort — showing that Mr. W. is leaning over backwards to be plain, matter-of-fact, and unsensational. No one can accuse him of embellishing a story!

RULE 9: Avoid footnotes! This is not only the easiest but also the safest rule to follow. The student who compares Mrs. Brodie's footnotes with the actual sources indicated by them will quickly appreciate the Wisdom of Wallace in simply lumping his sources together in an appendix. Seeing them in that form the reader assumes that the author has read all the books and articles named with equal care and made proper and proportionate use of each, never suspecting that in reality roughly ninety percent of Mr. W's information comes right from Ann Eliza herself. So remember — an appendix instead of footnotes! And here is the primary rule for that:

Name everybody and everything: Mr. Wallace speaks his gratitude to people who are quite unaware of having been accessory to his performance and by no means pleased at finding themselves among his valued informants. Never mind: nobody is going to protest having nice things said about him — who but a heel would protest? Thank one and all for valuable assistance and express regrets at having to pass hundreds more by in silense. Name every library at which you or your assistants have thumbed through a card catalogue or inquired at the desk as having rendered

eager and invaluable assistance. Make it appear that your project was something of a national crusade in which not only your assistants "gave so selflessly of their time and energies to collaborate with me," but even "several hundred organizations of every description co-operated in answering inquiries." (W. 432). Who would not accept such a book at face value if only to show a decent respect for those hundreds of high-minded organizations?

RULE 11: Be a name-dropper! The average reviewer is the last person in the world to be seriously critical of sources (why should he seek for trouble?) and will be · only too glad to go along with a writer who is good enough to include real names from time to time among the usual harvest of "it is said," "it was reported," "it was be-* lieved." etc., handy devices which are employed as eagerly and as effectively by Mr. Wallace (usually to conceal the fact that his source is just more Ann Eliza) as by the ladies he follows. Note how impressively Mr. W. refers to "the magnificent Ann Eliza, Major Pond, and James Redpath correspondence" - without ever bothering to quote from it. When he tells us that he learned about Ann Eliza's elder brother from a living witness, "Joe T. Place, of Duncan, Arizona, who had known Gilbert well," what reader is going to ask how well Mr. Place would have known the middle-aged Gilbert seventy years before? When he assures us that he has learned about Ann Eliza's . world from "old settlers" in Salt Lake (W. 432), who is going to stop and ask how well they could have known the lady who had left town eighty-five years before? As A. E. Housman reminds us, the public is only too eager not to ask such questions if a writer will only follow its rules.

RULE 12: Control your sources! When, for example, Ann Eliza brings a particularly damning and patently false charge of murder against Brigham Young, Mr. Wallace dismisses it with a good-natured chuckle: "But it must be remembered that at this time Ann Eliza was an

angry wife." With even greater skill he brushes off a very serious matter of ghost-writers. After parading Bill Hickman as his star-witness against the Danites, he casually mentions, 200 pages later, that Hickman's story was ghost-written by J. R. Beadle, "a frequently impoverished editor and hack," (W. 360), and of course makes no mention of Beadle's statement that he was given a free hand to "fix up" the Hickman story - well, did anybody ask? Even more gingerly does he mention in a single sentence the extremely significant fact that Beadle was Ann Eliza's own ghost writer. Just how far does this go? Mr. Wallace spares us such irksome details. What does it mean when he tells us. "Almost all of the material supporting Ann Eliza's point of view against Brigham Young or the church was obtained from non-church sources." (W. 433)? Examine that statement. Until the day she fled the Mormons, Ann Eliza (so she emphatically insists) knew nothing whatever about Gentiles, and they knew even less about her - what "non-church sources" then could there possibly be for her history? Ah, that is just the point! Look again. It is not her history, but her "point of view" that Mr. Wallace is able to document, and come to think of it - any anti-Mormon book ever written will "support" Ann Eliza's point of view "against the church."

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RULE 13: Wave your credentials! Remind the reader from time to time of your "years of intensive research." If you need high authorities you can always promote your helpers to meet the demand. Note with what easy dominion Mr. Wallace not only bestows the doctorate on one Wilford Poulsen, M.A., for his welcome gossip, but with it the title of "Foremost living authority on Mormonism," heading the parade of the "host of scholars" (unnamed) who instructed Mr. W. "on various aspects of the Mormon past." Only a cavilling pedant and relative of Mr. Poulsen, such as the writer, would ask how one who had never contributed a page to the immense scholarly

and pseudoscholarly literature of Mormonism could be classed as the foremost authority in the field.

RULE 14: Establish immediate intellectual ascendancy by opening your book, as is the fashion, with a tremendous blast of meticulous erudition to intimidate the reader and discourage any smart-alec questions. Set the scene by telling about the century in which your characters lived: "This was the time when stout, stuffy little Victoria might be seen bustling with fifty trunks (have assistant look up exact number - it was usually reported in the newspapers) between Balmoral (be sure to spell it right!) and wherever it was . . . when the lights would be burning are in whatever street it was on which Pasteur had his poratory don't mention Paris-flatter the reader's erudition) ... when Daniel Home the wizard was electrifying whatever crowned heads he was electrifying with his magic feats. . . . When Walter Pater with a white rose was discoursing to . . . " etc., etc. There is no end to this sort of thing; you can look up all the details or have somebody else do it; and when you have gathered a fat handful of notecards, throw them smartly in the reader's face before he gets to page twenty: that will cut him down to size if he is the kind who asks questions. Beat the critical reader to the punch, show him that you are up to his tricks and will thank him to trust your scholarship from here out. Mr. Wallace informs us by page 2 that "almost all Americans knew" that "a similar polygamy" to that of the Court of Siam was practiced in Utah, and "that the Vermont-born leader of this colony had twenty-seven wives and fifty-six children." Dear me, did "almost all Americans" really know that? But before we can even ask Mr. Wallace in the next sentence has changed the subject: "Modern Mohammedanism, Francis E. Willard, the temperance crusader would write in Chicago, 'has its Mecca at Salt Lake." When "would" he write it? Why Willard? What has Chicago to do with it? Never mind, the next sentence changes the subject as we are swept along breathless, exhilarated, and somewhat abashed by the man's sheer erudition.

RULE 15: Have something new to sell. Every anti-Mormon writer is selling what has already been sold again and again, like Mr. Wallace, peddling old clothes in a shiny new pushcart. See to it that your pushcart looks shiny and new! To do this you must add some ingredient



of your own. Mr. Wallace begins his book by noting that, "It is a curious fact of history," that in the year 1873 Ann Eliza Young divorced Brigham Young and in the same year Mrs. Anna H. Leonowens published her book on life in a Siamese harem. It is true that Mr. Wallace having pointed out this amazing coincidence never refers to it again, but it has served its purpose — his book can now be recommended as an original contribution and he can proceed to sell Wife No. 19 all over again with a free conscience.

RULE 16: Get an inside track! Aside from your personal qualifications and zeal, you must enjoy the position of a privileged observer. No one, but no one, according to Mrs. Stenhouse, has any business writing on Mormonism except "a woman who really was a Mormon and lived in Polygamy," i.e. Mrs. Stenhouse. Mrs. A.E.W.D.Y. Denning agrees. But where does that leave us? All the other anti-Mormon books, according to Stenhouse, "with but one exception," were books whose fraudulence could "in a moment be detected by any intelligent Saint who took the trouble to peruse them." (S. 618). But how can one become intimate with the Mormons and still avoid the dangerous proximity of any intelligent saint? The answer is simple and obvious: follow Mr. Wallace's example and take as your informant one "who had once been an orthodox Mormon and had then become a bitter anti-Mormon!" The whole corpus of anti-Mormon literature rests four-square on the testimony of people who claim they were once good Mormons. To get an inside track you have simply to latch on to one of these, and they are not hard to find. The fact that any intelligent Saint would recognize in a moment that Ann Eliza Young was never anything remotely resemblying an orthodox Mormon (see below, p. 143 ff) should be a warning to keep one's distance from informants who are still Mormons.

RULE 17: Don't answer questions! Remember the useful phrase, "But as this comes from a Mormon source it must be discounted . . ." When skilled and experienced newspaper men put some of Ann Eliza's claims to the test and found Brigham Young and the Mormons very different from the way she described them, she simply replied, "It is not true, not one word of it!" (A. 394). If the Mormons "deny all Bennett's statements," made before she was born, the lady can still counter directly: "They knew perfectly well that the greater portion of them was true." (A. 74). Which portion? How does she know? Well, Mr. Smarty, if you must know, she was born a

Mormon. Being a Lutheran or Catholic or Episcopalian has never been held to mark one an authority on those religions, but from the days of Nancy Towle to those of Irving Wallace, merely to have talked to a Mormon face to face somehow qualifies one as an expert on the subject.

Actually nothing is easier than to avoid questions. Remember the words of A. E. Houseman:

"... the average reader knows hardly anything about textual criticism, and therefore cannot exercise vigilant control over the writer: the addle-pate is at liberty to maunder and the impostor is at liberty to lie. And, what is worse, the reader often shares the writer's prejudices and is far too well pleased with the conclusions to examine either his premises or his reasoning." (AEH. 136).

Bear in mind that you are in complete control: that the Mormons can say only what you choose to let them say. Who would guess from a perusal of Mr. Wallace's or Mrs. Brodie's pages that Joseph Smith or Brigham Young ever had anything significant to say for themselves, let alone that they were the most articulate and lucid of men?

RULE 18: In place of evidence use Rhetoric! When one is making grave criminal charges, either directly or by broad implication as all anti-Mormon writers do, questions of evidence can be very bothersome unless one has the wisdom and foresight to avoid all such questions. Surprisingly enough, this can be done rather easily. As Housman has just reminded us, the writer who is telling the public what it wants to hear will never have to answer embarrassing questions about evidence. The ancients discovered that any public prefers Rhetoric to evidence, and the modern historian will soon learn the truth of the time-tested and time-worn maxim of the Doctors of old, that Rhetoric and not truth is the key to success in this world. The basic principles of the Classical Rhetorical method are two: (1) eikos, that is the building up of a case not on facts but on probabilities, and (2) the use of loci communes. standard responses to standard situations (hence our word

"common-place"), the appeal to familiar stock phrases to avoid thought and the use of emotive words of tested reliability to avoid evidence. We can illustrate how these two principles work together in a situation which we shall call The House That Jack Built:

- 1. It is common knowledge that Jack built a house. It is that house which we are now discussing.
- 2. There are rumors that a good deal of malt—very probably stolen—was stored in the house. What lends plausibility to the report is the building of the house itself by Jack. Why a house, if not to store the stolen malt?
- 3. It is said that the malt was eaten by rats, and in view of the high nutriment content of malt (See Appendix A for references to scholarly and scientific studies proving beyond a doubt that malt is nutritious), there is no good reason for doubting this report.
- 4. The rats may very possibly have been killed by a cat, as some believe, and there is certainly nothing intrinsically improbable in the event. On the contrary, studies made at the Rodent Institute of the U. of So and So, etc. . . . The report that only *ONE* rat ate the malt is of course erroneous, since the consumption of such a large quantity of malt would require many years and probably a large number of rats.
- 5. That the cat was chased by a dog is only to be expected. Only a fanatic would question it.
- 6. The same applies to the dog's being tossed by a cow, though that is admittedly a less common event.
- 7. "AT ANY RATE" (a very useful expression) we can be reasonably certain that the cow was milked by a milk-maid what other kind of maid could it have been? and also (since there is no good reason to doubt it) that the milkmaid, whose name may have been Bertha, was wooed by a man all tattered and torn. There are unmistakable references



in the newspapers of the time (or at most a generation later) to poorly-dressed men known as "tramps" roaming parts of the country. There can therefore be little doubt that Bertha was engaged in a passionate public wooing.

- 8. The exact date of Bertha's marriage to her tatterdemallion lover is not known, though it *may* have been some time late in January 1858. Certainly the court records of the time are silent on any earlier or later marriage.
- 9. Though there is no direct evidence that Bertha was mistreated by the man who wooed her so passionately, there is every evidence of cruel neglect both in the proven fact that Bertha apparently had no house to live in (at least there is no record of her having a house in the County archives) and in the character of the man who married and abused her.

It will hardly be necessary to point out to the student the solid advantage of such little touches as "the exact date . . ." in No. 8. Since no date at all is known, it is perfectly true to say that the exact date is not known, implying that an approximate date is known: "it may have been in January 1858" - true again, perfectly true - it may also have been in September 1902 or May 1320. Again, if there is no evidence whatever that Bertha was mistreated (or even that she existed), it is both shrewd and correct to say that there is no direct evidence, implying while not saying, that there is plenty of indirect evidence. Let the student check the above ten points for evidence. There is none! We have given the world a suffering Bertha and her brutal spouse without having to prove a thing; it is all eikos — we have created a little world of our own. and got the reader so emotionally involved that he is ready to lynch the Man-All-Tattered-and-Torn or any of his followers without bothering to ask whether he even existed or not.

This brings up another important point: if one can only show that the Man did exist, that he was a real flesh-and-blood person, then everything we have said about him is somehow proven true. Joseph Smith and Brigham Young really lived — who then can doubt the truth of Mrs. A.E.D.Y. Denning's history or of Mr. Wallace's repetition of it? Let us see how Mr. Wallace reconstructs the sex-lives of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young to make the cornerstone of his whole history. First Smith:

... the Prophet had been intrigued by the polygamic practices of Abraham, Jacob, Solomon, and David. There is little doubt that he believed that the plural-wife system ... was the Godfavored system of marriage. Beyond this there may have been decisive personal factors that influenced him. Quite possibly his juiceless and forbidding wife. ... Evidently Smith had a roving eye ... Yet his stern puritanical upbringing did not give him the easy conscience of a rake. He could now allow himself a mistress. And so, possibly, to have his cake and eat it, too, he allowed himself a plurality of wives. However ... Smith realized that he could only make it acceptable for himself, if he made it acceptable to his wide following ... Or perhaps.

as the Mormons insist, none of his elaborate intrigue was necessary, for Smith did receive an order from on high. At any rate... Smith began to devote himself to premature ploygamy. (W. 52).

Note that every sentence here is speculative, every word which we have put into italics is an escape hatch in case one should ask Mr. Wallace for evidence: notice how the artist constantly shifts his ground, appearing by the use of the right transition word to be adding evidence when he is really changing the subject: thus his final "however" turns a whopping contradiction into an apparent confirmation, and his closing "at any rate," which simply admits that none of the above is proven, seems to be summing up a rigorous presentation of evidence. But the master-stroke is the sentence in which Wallace himself employs the italics: "Or perhaps, as the Mormons insist . . . Smith did receive an order from on high." This is the well-known rhetorical trick of generously presenting one's hearers with an alternative, but an alternative so ridiculous and fantastic that they have no choice but to accept one's own explanation and stop asking questions: "So what if there isn't any evidence? Just look at the alternative!"

Mr. Wallace employs the same technique on Brigham Young:

"Because Chauncey (Ann Eliza's father) had risen in the community, Brigham Young considered him a valuable Mormon. As such, Chauncey was ordered to serve a tour of duty as a missionary. Tied closer to the Church than ever by polygamy . . . Chauncey was forced to comply." On his mission he "decided (without too much pain, it may be assumed)" that an English wife "might be more decorative than the home-grown product." (W. 98)).

The whole story is built up on the simple fact that Webb went on a mission: all the motives and the mind-reading are supplied by Wallace himself with his busy word shuffling — "Because . . . considered . . . as such . . . ordered . . . tied closer . . . forced to comply . . . decided . . . it may be assumed . . ." It is all the purest House-that-Jack-built.

RULE 19: Use lack of evidence as evidence! No knack is more useful than that of turning one's lack of information into a definite asset in dealing with the Mormons. For example, the involvement of the Church in the Mountain Meadows massacre raises a number of quite unanswerable questions; note, then, how cleverly Mrs. Stenhouse admits fact while turning it to a new incrimination against the Mormons: "No answer can be returned to these questions without disclosing secret scenes of sin and shameful iniquity at the mention of which even the soul of the fiend might stand aghast." (S. 329). Does that answer your question? Remember, the worst crimes are those for which there is no evidence even that a crime was committed: "There were crimes then perpetrated in secret which will never be known until the Day of Doom" (S. 327) . . . "I say nothing of those of whose fate nothing - not even a whisper - was ever heard . . . " (S. 318). Two nothings make a wonderful story. What can be safer or more convenient than to rest one's case on charges of which one admittedly knows nothing and is determined to say nothing? The argument of silence is useful, as when Ann Eliza demonstrates Brigham Young's culpability in one crime by the "significant fact that no one has preserved more utter silence on the subject than the 'Revelator' Brigham Young." (A. 227). The argument of absence is even more significant: So-and-so must have been murdered by Brigham Young, "All sorts of rumors were afloat respecting his disappearance. At all events, he has never appeared to interfere . . ." (A. 485) Baptiste the grave-robber belongs to the floating riff-raff of the frontier: "Some said he was put on a little island in the lake and left to perish. Others that Porter Rockwell looked after his interest. But certain it is that he 'disappeared,' and was never seen again." (A. 372). Baptiste didn't just disappear, he "disappeared." just as nobody is killed by Indians but only by "Indians" in Mr Wallace's book. We should point out that Mr. W. himself spent a good deal of time and money trying to find out whatever became of his heroine Ann

Eliza, a figure of national importance — well, if you must know, she disappeared. People sometimes do, but when they disappear from the Mormon scene it is silly to waste such valuable and incriminating evidence.

Take the case of the missing \$3,000 a year. Brigham Young, "a year before her marriage" verbally and privately promised Ann Eliza an allowance of three thousand a year, "but at no time," says Wallace, "did she see a penny of this money." Let us pass by the fact that there were no witnesses to the offer and that Ann Eliza flatly turned it down and (according to her) continued fiercely repelling the man's advances for another year - i.e., that there was no contract or agreement whatever — to consider a parallel case. I dreamed that Mr. Wallace promised to give me \$100,000 but look how the man has tricked me: I can prove that "at no time have I seen so much as a penny of this money!" Of what money? Why, the money Wallace has failed to pay me - this money! Thus Mr. Wallace accepts the mythical contract so that the unscrupulous Brigham can break it, and the money he offered and she indignantly refused becomes "this money" which he basely denies her. (W. 179).

RULE 20: Use the unfulfilled condition to make out a case against the Mormons where there is neither evidence nor absence of evidence, i.e., where nothing at all has happened. "The spirit of assassination still remains," writes Ann Eliza, "and were it unchecked hundreds would be . . . sent to eternity without a moment's warning, for no crime at all except daring to differ, if ever so slightly, from those in authority." (A. 263). A parallel statement will reveal the anatomy of this argument to the student: "Were it not that something restrained him, Mr. W. would by now have murdered thousands of people by stabbing them in the back with a long silver, velvet-handled ice pick for no crime at all except chewing gum in public." That sentence, with all its embroidery, is strictly true—and it does Mr. W. no good at all. Mr. Wallace employs

this device with skill and experience: "Her enemies might abuse her in print, curse her in the Tabernacle, consign her to hell, but they would not dare murder her." Another illustrative parallel: "Mr. W. might kick and abuse his wife at home, but he would not dare strangle her at a cocktail party." Again the statement is quite true and quite damning. "... if he had not been afraid of final vengeance," says Judge Brocchus of Brigham Young, "he would have pointed his finger at me, and I should in an instant have been a dead man." (W. 79). In the next sentence we read that B.Y. did point his finger at the Judge who did not become a dead man; which proves, of course, that Young was afraid of final vengeance. When official investigation fails to bear out Ann Eliza's charges against Brigham Young she has only to say, "there is little doubt that the confession would have . . . implicated the whole of the First Presidency" if the same had not "worked upon Lee's feelings to such an extent that they evidently induced him to withdraw his original statement ... I am certain that this is the case." (A. 257). With such license to interpret the student can pretty well write his own ticket.

RULE 21: Be generous with hints; they are very effective and you never have to prove anything. When Ann Eliza writes, "It is no wonder that suicides have been so common among the Mormon women," (A. 310), who is going to stop the train to ask for an explanation: are suicides common? They must be because it is no wonder. Be virtuous about your hinting as you announce the things you refuse to talk about: "There are events of daily occurrenc which decency and womanly modesty forbid my even hinting at." (A. 591). Isn't that a clever bit of hinting? Isn't that nicer than trying to tell a story which cannot possibly be as bad as the story you don't have to tell, running the risk of disappointing your reader and getting yourself involved in that nasty business of evidence? When Mrs. Stenhouse annouces, "I have nothing to say

of those of whose fate nothing — not even a whisper was ever heard . . ." (S. 318), she has already said plenty. whereas if she had tried to be specific instead of dropping hints, she could, by her own confession, have said nothing. "If such things were spoken in the pulpit and published by the Church, what may we not suspect to have been said and done in secret?" (B. 15); this is Mr. Beadle's blank check on the Mormons - and he is Ann Eliza's ghost writer: if we know one thing really bad about the Mormons, that leaves us free to suspect, and publish anything else we please. Mr. Wallace has his own blank check and does not hesitate to cash it; here is his proof for the existence of Ann Eliza's "Danites" in the hotel: "... nothing was utterly impossible on that still rough and paranoiac frontier." (W. 28). If nothing was impossible, that leaves Mr. W. in the clear. But let us be charitable; let us say nothing. not one word, of those crimes of Mr. Wallace of which. great as they may be, we know nothing; suffice it to say that but for certain restraining influences those crimes would be even greater, for nothing is impossible in paranoiac New York.

The most effective hinting device and the most popular with anti-Mormon writers is the use of quotation marks without sources. 'From an ignorant, superstitious farmer's boy, he became 'Prophet, Seer, and Revelator,' founder of a new religion . . . made by 'Divine appointment' 'God's Viceregent upon the earth, and Religious Dictator to the whole world." (A. 64). Having put the familiar title "Prophet, Seer, and Revelator' in quotes, Mrs. A. E. Young follows it up with purely fictitious titles, and the two quotations appearing in conjunction look equally valid. "The stern old Mosiac law . . . is insisted upon by them. Indeed, they have added to its severity, until now it stands, 'A life for an offense, real or suspected, of any kind.'" (A. 46). From what source can the woman possibly be quoting? Herself, but the uninformed reader has no means of knowing that, and if taken to task the lady can look wide-eyed innocence and exclaim with perfect truth, "But I never said that was a Mormon quotation!" The implication of these sourceless tags, which all anti-Mormon writers favor, is that they are either such well-known Mormon expressions as to need no documentation or so intimately a part of the writer's vocabulary as to come out quite spontaneously.

RULE 22 Discuss motives: read minds! This is a must in dealing with Mormon history. Here we have people claiming divine revelation and as a result doing all sorts of unusual things; since there is no such thing as divine revelation, how do we explain the unusual doings? Only by reading the minds of the actors. The anti-Mormon writer cannot afford to share D. S. Freeman's "contempt for the popular novelized biography full of glib insights into the inner man." (Time Magazine, 52 (1948), 108) Without such insights where would Brodie and Wallace be? They both know just why Smith changed the name of Commerce, Ill., to Nauvoo. Mrs. Brodie says "the name sprang fresh out of his fancy," and "had the melancholy music of a mourning dove's call . . . " (FMB. 256); while Wallace, faithfully following Ann Eliza, tells us that "the appelation of Commerce had distressed the Mormon leader . . . " (W. 46). Both our philologists take delight in announcing that there is no such Hebrew word as Nauvoo; but Eduard Meyer thought there was (EM, 142), and in M. Jastrow's new Dictionary, p. 884, we learn that the root means both "pleasing, handsome," and "marked-off place . . . dwelling," and that in the one instance in which it is used as a place-name it is spelled with a double waf, with the sound of aw or oo.

When Ann Eliza's brother was acquitted by an Arizona court on a charge of highway robbery but excommunicated by the Church, Mr. Wallace can assure us that the acquittal came because "the jury was predominantly Mor-

mon," and the excommunication because the accused gave financial assistance to Ann Eliza. (W. 481) - in both cases a dirty Mormon trick. What a convenient tool this is! All the apparently wise and generous things Brigham Young ever did are nothing but cheap villainy once you know the man's motives for doing them as Ann Eliza does. If he displayed miraculous skill and energy in the rescue of the stranded handcart company it was only because "he was nearly beside himself with fear of the consequence . . . when this crowning act of selfish cupidity and egotistical vanity and presumption should be known." (A. 211). We have seen how Wallace's penetration into the mind of Joseph Smith discovered the motive for introducing the disastrous practice of polygamy - "perhaps he had a roving eye," explains everything; but well might he ask "What on earth had impelled Brigham Young to make the sensational announcement?" (W. 77). Four solid pages of mind-reading follow, without one reference to Brigham Young's own full explicit statements on the subject. Wallace bestows his clairvoyant talent on all, attributing motives right and left as he tells us of "Male reformers, perhaps jealous of the 'sexual variation afforded' by polygamy, and of "Clergymen (who) saw the appeal of the practice as a threat to the older, established religion." (W. 14). Did they? Did they really think polygamy would prove popular instead of being the perfect club to beat the Mormons with? Even the devious and illusive mind of Richard Burton is Wallace's oyster: "He believed in polygamy, perhaps because it was bizarre and exotic." (W. 91). Observe however the cautious authentication of statements by noncommittal quotation marks and that very useful little "perhaps." That permits you to say anything you please without being responsible for it.

RULE 23: Be cute! Lytton Strachey has amusingly described the quixotic General Gordon with "his fatalism,

his brandy-bottle, and his Bible." The brandy-bottle, Trevor-Roper informs us, is Strachey's own invention: "The real object had not been a brandy-bottle but a prayerbook. Unfortunately, 'brandy-bottle' is funnier than 'prayer book,' Strachey could not resist that final touch of absurdity." (T.R. p. 283). In the same spirit Wallace has Joseph Smith"squinting through the Urim and Thumin," and the Nauvoo Legion "parading in comic-opera uniforms." Morally obligated to justify the title of his book, he evades the responsibility with appealing cuteness: "Actually Ann Eliza was Brigham Young's twenty-seventh wife, give or take a few." (W. 240); and a hundred pages later, still unable to come up with an accurate count he proceeds to "support the elusiveness of a correct count" by telling one of many versions of the old story of how Brigham Young (a man with a fabulous memory for names and faces) failed to recognize a member of his family. (W. 356). Wallace does not maintain that the story is true, but it settles the vexing problem once for all with a merry laugh,

Anti-Mormon humor is especially effective when it is the gentle irony of a man of the world. Of a full and detailed account of a top secret affair in the family of Joseph Smith of which Ann Eliza could know nothing but for which she is our only informant, Mr. Wallace shrewdly observes, "The forest of exclamation marks did not hide the trees," (W. 52). What does that mean? Quotation marks are not meant to hide anything, but to call attention to "the trees;" still Wallace's gently ironic comment sounds both significant and sinister. What in all the eloquence of Stenhouse and Young is half so devastating as the copydesk urbanity of Wallace's remark: "Leaving the Meadows, the Mormons enjoyed a hearty breakfast, then returned to the scene of the crime,"? Heber C. Kimball in th eyes of "a young visiting author," we are told ressembled "an Italian mountebank-physician of the seventeenth century." We are not told the name of the young author or how well he knew either mountebank; it is just one

of those things that are too good to leave out - like General Gordon's whiskey-bottle. Wallace's account of Joseph Smith can teach the pupil how a superior and detached amusement can take the place of no end of research: It was "on a summer's day" (actually it was in May) that Smith "wandered out into the grove" (he didn't wander but went with a purpose); there "perhaps he was not surprised when a brilliant light appeared before him. . . . With remarkable aplomb, young Smith asked which religious sect he might best join. He was advised firmly and at length, to join none, since none were worthy of him." There is only one source for all this, Joseph Smith's own story, which has been available to the public free of charge in pamphlet form for many years. But to this day no anti-Mormon writer has let Smith tell the story his way; there is always the gentle irony, the knowing wink, the nudge in the ribs: "... perhaps he was not surprised ... with remarkable aplomb ... firmly and at length ... none were worthy of him," those are Mr. Wallace's original contributions, to which he adds as he continues to tell how Smith "began to recount his adventure to one and all." This is a direct refutation of Mrs. Brodie's momentous thesis that nobody heard a peep about the vision for at least 18 years; and yet Mr. Wallace has just pronounced "Fawn M. Brodie, his (Smith's) best biographer." Which illustrates the literary rule that all things, including evidence, must give way to a good story.

RULE 24. Make atmosphere your objective. "Nowadays," writes Trevor-Roper, "to carry conviction, a historian must document, or appear to document, his formal narrative, but his background, his generalizations, allusions, comparisons remain happily free from this inconvenience. This freedom is very useful: against an imaginary background even correctly stated facts can be wonderfully transformed." (T.R., 116). It is this all-important background to which we would now call the student's attention. Once we can establish in a reader's mind the suspicion that Lincoln or Columbus was a mountebank, anything

we say about him will weigh against him. The whole life history of one merely accused of being subversive takes on sinister colors — and nothing is easier than to plant such a suspicion: all you have to do is mention it! So get in there and fix that first impression — after that everything will be smooth sailing. Study how Mr. Wallace goes about it.

First the paper cover of the book, on which an artist has painted an imaginary scene that fairly throbs with a mood of evil brooding. Then inside the cover the first words that catch the eye in sharp italics: "Whenever I see a pretty woman I have to pray for grace." Never mind who invented that one, the accusing finger points thout pause to 'Joseph Smith, first Prophet and founder the Mormon Church." Then the inner covers of the ok proper, in deep ochre, displaying solemn and dingy photographs of 21 wives with a particularly sour portrait of B.Y. himself; then a quotation from Mrs. Leonowen's book describing the harem of the King of Siam; then a quotation from Richard Burton: "I am conscious that my narrative savours of incredibility; the fault is in the subject, not in the narrator;" then a shotgun blast of promiscuous erudition: "It is a curious fact of history (is it?) that 1873 - the year during which Ulysses S. Grant began his second term as President of the United States, financial panic bankrupted 5,000 businesses, yellow fever decimated the South, William 'Boss' Tweed was convicted of fraud. and the cable car was introduced to San Francisco . . . ": then a scholarly discourse on Anna and the King of Siam, an epochal historical parallel which is never referred to again. It is all atmosphere. Note how the engravings in the older books run to moonlight scenes: "Brigham 'Takes Care' of the People's Cattle!" (moonlight cattle-raid), "The First Plural Marriage" (moonlight rites), "Scene after the Massacre" (moonlight). Since Ann Eliza, who lived in the Lion House, has nothing to report of mysterious hidden passages beneath the building one wonders why Wallace should bother to discuss the "lurid rumor,"

as he calls it. Well, to prove there is something to it he pointedly notes that the rumor was "being denied as late as 1940." That brings it up to date and somehow confirms it — another of those hints that go far toward building up an atmosphere. Feel free to admit that dirty stories about your subject are baseless, but be sure to tell them! Remember, what you are doing is not proving anything —you are simply establishing an atmosphere that will be all the proof you ever need against the Mormons. Mr. Wallace is frank to admit that John Hyde's picture of Temple ordinances is quite false, but he is careful to report it just the same, and to designate his informant as "Elder John Hyde;" though Hyde when he told his lies was anything but an Elder.

RULE 25: Attack not the thing but the Image! For your readers Mormonism is what you say it is: it is to establish that thesis that you have been at such pains with your personal buildup. Once entrenched as an official guide, you can take your readers where you please; it



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is not the thing you are showing them from then on, but your interpretation of the thing. It has been the practice of religious polemic in every age to attack not what the opposition practice and preach but our impression of what they practice and preach. "Blasphemy!" was the heading of the first published report on the Book of Mormon, and Alexander Campbell sincerely believed it was blasphemy. The early anti-Christian writers were just as sincere: Blasphemy had been from the beginning the stock charge against Jesus and the Apostles, just as it is the favorite word of anti-Mormon writers. Didn't Jesus recommend publicly that those who 'offended' should be glad to have a mill-stone hung about their necks and be cast into the sea? Blood Atonement! Didn't he instruct his followers to hate - yet, hate! - their own mothers and fathers and children? Horrible, horrible! To hate even their own lives? A cult of suicide. no less! And then to have innocent babes and venerable ancients damned eternally for no other sin than not having had the ridiculous dunking that so shocked Ann Eliza; and to proclaim that an offender should cut off his own hand or pluck out his own eye a cult of self-mutilation! And didn't the founder spend his time in private 'conversations' with women, including women of ill-repute? And weren't his followers the dregs of society, who admitted that respectable people avoided them? Didn't they preach the shocking doctrine of a physical resurrection? - even Doctors of the Church like Origen and Jerome squirm uncomfortably. Their notorious "love-feasts" - too indecent to write about - show that they meant it literally when they called each other "brother" and "sister" and then proceeded to intermarry in a cult of incest.

Just as our ladies can react volcanically to whatever the Mormons do, no matter how tame and ordinary, there is no limit to the interpretations they can put on what they teach. Never mind the externals: "Joseph Smith, whatever he said and did in private, always denied it in public, and after his death the leaders of the Church followed his example." (S. 103). Hence anything you might learn about the Mormons from the record must be discounted - the record means nothing. Joseph Smith, for Ann Eliza. who never saw him, "either must have been a polygamist or something infinitely worse," (A. 140), so that it doesn't make any difference what you say about him, just so it is bad. For Mr. Wallace and the rest of the world Ann Eliza's zany ideas about Mormon doctrine of deity, atonement, marriage and the rest are the real thing. Brigham Young the zealous throat-cutter preached "a 'blood-atonement' - in other words, the duty of assassination . . ." (S. 273), as he "openly and emphatically urged from the stand . . . the cutting of every Gentile and Apostate throat" as "a public expression of the mysteries of the Endowment House." (A. 368). That's how it looks to the ladies, and Mr. Wallace is more than willing to have us believe that Brigham had a real, not a figurative broadsword for the "cutting-off of members" - not the Church's member but theirs!

The key to Mrs. Stenhouse's atrocity story above is the useful phrase, "in other words;" i.e., that is how she chooses to interpret it. When Brigham Young says, "Five minutes of revelation would teach me more than all . . . that I should have packed in my unlucky brains from books," he is simply making a statement of fact to which any Christian scholar will enthusiastically agree, yet there are many professors of our acquaintance who would interpret the passage exactly as Ann Eliza and Fanny Stenouse do, as a slashing attack on all education, and sure proof that Brigham Young loathed learning. (S. 387). Again, in the days before every church and synagogue had its Social Hall attached, the Mormon association of recreation and religion was uniformly and sincerely held up as evidence of total depravity. (A. 586). By putting one's own interpretation on Brigham Young's concept of revelation, one can point to every failure, every exploration, every experiment of this practical man as proof of fraud: "Most of Brigham's 'revelations' such as the wild scheme of producing sugar from beet-roots, were gigantic failures, although he will not acknowledge it." (A. 586). Real prophets don't need to explore or experiment — and they never fail. Why didn't he simply make bread from stones? Why didn't Jesus?

RULE 26: Enjoy the prerogatives of "unequal Scholarship," i.e., "the scrupulous straining at small historical gnats which diverts attention from the silent digestion of large and inconvenient camels. How choosily," Trevor-Roper continues, the historians of unequal scholarship "nibble when the matter is of no great significance (thus winning tributes to their scholarship from lay reviewers), and yet what enormous gulps they take when no one they think — is looking!" (TR. 117). Note with what exquisite accuracy Mr. Wallace reminds his readers more than once that the train on which Ann Eliza made her thrilling escape went at a top speed of exactly twenty-two - not twenty-three or twenty-one, but twenty-two miles an hour. (W. 279). In the face of such meticulous and exhaustive attention to detail, who would not overlook the fact that Mr. W. has here mistaken the average speed of the train for its top speed (in 1830 trains were doing better than that!), or excuse the long chain of absurdities that make up the rest of the story of the Great Escape?

The nice thing about the principle of unequal scholarship is that it allows you when you have no evidence for your main theme to talk about something else for which you do have evidence. Such a dodge needs no apology, for as any writer knows, it takes very little skill to establish some sort of connection between any two subjects on earth. When Mr. Wallace says of his heroine that "the life path she trod lay trackless, almost untouched by other literary spades," he is simply reporting that she is his only source; this he calls a "challenge" which he meets easily enough — by writing about something else, specializing in those "non-Church sources" which "support Ann Eliza's point of view against Brigham Young or the Church . . ." (W. 433). So he proceeds to fill whole pages with

stuff that Artemus Ward has already sold at top prices, and which Ward never expected to be taken as anything but the broadest ribbing of the Mormons, and he converts it to sound evidence by the scholarly observation that "Artemus Ward was only partially accurate." (W. 131-8). Which is no help at all unless we know which part is accurate and which is not; but who cares? The impression is what counts, and that is what you get from Artemus Ward. Unable to produce any good inside information on polygamy, after promising a lot of it, Mr. Irving Wallace pacifies us with a rather obscene remark by the Bey of Morocco, which, though it has nothing whatever to do with the Mormons, becomes significant by the impressive assurance that the story comes from "Dr. Edward Westermarck, a scholar on marital evolution." Let the student note in passing that Wallace is at pains to name his eminent informants when his material is safely irrelevant. but omits mentioning sources to the atrocity stories and the murder charges.

A stunning example of unequal scholarship is the way in which Mr. Wallace shifts his "nearly three years of intensive research" from his subject, Ann Eliza Young, to far more imposing and enigmatic fields and figures of study. As the man who knows just how fast Ann Eliza's train went he is surely qualified to toss off an authoritative study of Joseph Smith without leaving his typewriter. Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, the Mormons, "the great globe itself, and all that it inherit", are but appendages to the epic history of Ann Eliza. Merely by knowing a few facts about that little lady we place ourselves in the unfathomable mines of recondite research. For it should be obvious to anybody that the scholar who can tell us about even the most trivial things must be the master of great ones.

RULE 27: Be literary! As a creative writer you should feel free to say whatever you please without having to answer to anybody. No one can call you to account

for what it put down as pure fiction. Consider the opening words of Mr. Richard Wormser's prefatory note to his recent book *Battalion of Saints*:

Battalion of Saints follows history fairly closely, but it is a novel.

What could be neater? Mr. Wormser is now in the clear — he can write what he jolly well pleases about the Mormons, and forget about the evidence. And the beauty of it all is that whatever he may say about his *imaginary* Mormons is going to stick, more or less, to the real ones. For where can you draw the line between them? How close is "fairly closely"? By designating make-believe Mormons and real Mormons with the same labels the literary gentry have always managed not so much to confuse as to identify the two species of being in their own and their readers' minds. The Mormon image is very largely a literary production.

Here is one of Zane Grey's great works, revived in paperback as of 1961; on the front cover in bold yellow letters the publisher promises a tale of "How a determined tenderfoot risks his life to save a woman from a Mormon village of 'sealed' wives!"; and on the back in bright red capitals the caption, "I won't be a Mormon's extra wife any longer!" The book first came out in 1915, and is as phony as any western Mr. Grey ever spawned; but today it is available in drugstores and bus depots as an authentic contribution to American letters — and a nice dig at the Mormons, who have no comeback, of course, since this is only fiction after all.

The Saturday Review hit the nail on the head when it praised Mrs. Brodie's now classic libel of Joseph Smith for the "originality of its research" and the "suppleness of its prose" (the review is quoted in a blurb on the jacket of the present edition of Mrs. B's book). Originality and suppleness, highly desirable in a work of literature, can make a travesty of history: Mrs. Brodie is nothing if not supple: she always has the adroit phrase or loaded word

to implicate the Mormons and extricate herself, interweaving fact and fancy, insinuation and documentation, until her pages squirm like a nest of gartersnakes. But it is Mr. Bernard De Voto's verdict, appearing on the same cover, that is most revealing. Ecstatically he hails the author as "a detached, modern intelligence, gounded in naturalism, rejecting the supernatural", and hence peculiarly fitted to write "the best book about the Mormons so far published."

Had Mr. De Voto been Mrs. Brodie's worst enemy he could not have proclaimed more clearly or succinctly that lady's total incapacity for dealing with her subject. What he is telling us is that she is supremely qualified to write about a religion becaue she rejects all religion! By the same token a "practical, modern mechanic, grounded in the solid realities of running a garage, rejecting everything artistic", would be preeminently suited to write a detached and impartial book on music or art. Mr. De Voto tells us in no uncertain terms that we have here a woman whose mind is made up, whose viewpoint is settled, and whose opinions are fixed for all time so far as religion is concerned. Before she ever touches a key of her typewriter Mrs. Brodie has rejected out of hand the whole premise on which the words and actions of Smith and his followers are predicated. For a "modern intelligence, gounded in naturalism, rejecting the supernatural" even to consider the proposition that Joseph Smith might have been telling the truth is simply unthinkable; to take such a position would be to abidicate the throne of reason, betray the foundations of mind itself, renounce the faith, stamp on the altar, and wreck one's own career. Mrs. B. knows that. How, then, can her critics applaud her rock-like and unflinching dedication to the Party Line and in the same breath hail her objectivity and detachment? For the literary mind this presents no problem at all. All things are possible for those who know how to use the right cliches.

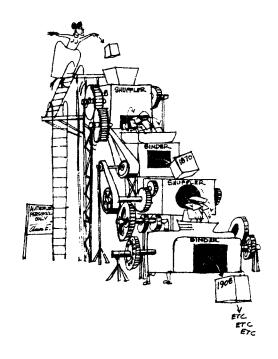
Actually, for anyone who is not a Mormon the question of whether the "Mormon version" of things is to be

taken seriously never arises, and Mr. Wallace's unctuous assurance that he "emerged from his researches neither pro-Mormon nor anti-Mormon" would be exquisite nonsense were it not just another cliche. There is no neutral ground between Smith and Young as impostors and Smith and Young as honest men. That is why we must refer to the whole corpus of writings about the Mormons as either Mormon or anti-Mormon. The proposition that Mormonism is fraudulent is the cornerstone of all anti-Mormon studies, and the question of Joseph Smith's veracity never becomes an issue at all. Hence, your business as a writer is not to consider whether or not Smith and Young deceived, but only to show the world how they did it. If you can give any explanation except the Mormon explanation, even if it be as feeble as Mrs. Brodie's "plastic" and "magnetic" Joseph, the world will hail you as a detached modern intelligence and a light to the Gentiles.

It is your prerogative as a creative writer to claim your poetic license. Literature should be superior to the mean quibbling and meticulous hairsplitting of philology or history — does a great painting have to have the accuracy of a photograph? Anti-Mormon literature is the creation of a society of scalds who share a common material and a common goal, who freely borrow from each other and freely refashion what they borrow. The facts of the Mormon story are as well known to these bards as the corpus of classic mythology once was to the poets - since the main tales and images are never in doubt, the individual artist is free to do with any one of them pretty much what he will. If Mrs. Brodie wishes to deflate a supernatural experience by inserting a roguish earthy detail of her own - "somewhere a bird chirped . . ." - who is going to object? They were in the woods, and birds do chirp. Who is going to take Mr. Wallace to task for having Moroni announce himself as "a messenger from the Maker," or having the gold plates engraved in "Egyptian hieroglyphic," containing a history of migrants "from Babylon and

Jerusalem to America"? What if it is all incorrect? — you get the general idea.

Let us illustrate how an artistic brotherhood can create and cherish its own values. Mrs. Brodie had written: "Many in the church shared the attitude of Brigham Young who had a healthy understanding of human frailty." Then she quotes Young as saying: "If he (Jos. Smith) acts like a devil, he has brought forth doctrine that will save us, if we abide by it. He may get drunk every day of his life, sleep with his neighbor's wife every night, run horses and gamble. . . . But the doctrine he has produced will save you and me and the whole world." This passage, quoted by Time Magazine (Wouldn't you know it?) was quoted neatly out of context by Mrs. B. who in the process converted a hypothetical condition into a damning statement of fact. (MRH, 227). Actually the charges were made against Joseph Smith not by Brigham Young but by a sectarian minister; Young at the time had never met Smith, but replied that even if Smith was as bad as you could



imagine him his doctrine was still wonderful. But Wallace takes up Brodie's chorus and improves on it: "Mormon colleagues did not deny Smith's prophetless habits and manners. In fact, Brigham Young was once said to have remarked, 'That the Prophet was of mean birth, that he was wild, intemperate, even dishonest and tricky in his youth, is nothing against his mission . . . " (W.39). Vaguer and nastier, you will notice; Brodie has been paraphrased as Wallace's contribution to original research, and the rest is what Young was once said to have remarked. Such a charge screams for complete and accurate documentation, and the student will readily appreciate Mr. Wallace's wisdom in avoiding footnotes. In their place he has cunningly inserted that telling little "in fact." Go back and read it again. What is the fact reported? That somebody is said to have said at some time that Brigham Young once said . . . Never mind that, the point is that Mr. Wallace is speaking facts!

RULE 28: Develop a special vocabulary of loaded and emotive words. As a literary artist this is your prerogative. Mrs. Brodie does wonders with such sure-fire psychic terms as plastic, intuitive, and magnetic which sound important enough but can't be pinned down. Mr. Wallace favors a more popular jargon: Brigham Young never asks - he commands; his family is always the "harem," even though Mr. W. admits that nothing less like an Oriental harem could be imagined (W. 181); instead of being told how the Church is organized or operates, we are referred darkly and vaguely to a mysterious "hierarchy," whose officers are of course "Brigham's underlings." Wallace does not even bother to paraphrase Ann Eliza's description of Amelia "forcing the out-oftown wives . . . to serve her." (A. 186, W. 207). Forcing them — how? To serve her — how? It turns out that these ladies helped serve their guests when they gave dinner parties - as hostesses usually do - instead of letting the guests prepare the meal. But doesn't it sound simply too

thrilling the way Annie and Wallace put it? When we read that Brigham Young "painted a picture of a Mormon heaven as brilliant as the Mohammedan heaven," we are not supposed to reflect that Dante did the same, that all people who believe in heaven think of it as a brilliant place. and that the Moslem and sectarian ideas of heaven and hell are far closer to each other than either is to the Mormon concept; Mr. W.'s phrase was not designed to promote theological speculation but merely to bring those two loaded words "Mormon" and "Mohammedan" together in the same context. When he says, "Smith made himself the Lieutenant General of his legion . . ." who would not assume that Smith bestowed the rank on himself? He did not; Congress did. When he says, "As Nauvoo grew, Joseph Smith looked for foreign conquests," who would not think of a little Caesar or Alexander, instead of a church sending out missionaries to new fields of labor?

RULE 29: Study the techniques of gossip. To the discerning reader of the Sisterhood of Mormon Bondage the word that comes most often to mind is bound to be 'gossip." For that very reason the student should follow Mr. Wallace's example and scrupulously avoid ever using the word, which would be sure to let the cat out of the bag. Let us admit that our anti-Mormon classics are clearing-houses of gossip. What else are those swarming quotations without sources, or the constantly recurring "it is said," "it was reported," "I know one woman who ... "? Take the story about Brigham Young failing to recognize this or that member of his family: "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 . . ." (A. 155). Mr. Wallace tells the same story in his own modest way. A related story is told of Joseph Smith: "Some of these women have since said they did not know who was the father of their children: this is not to be wondered at, for after Joseph's declaration annulling

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all Gentile marriages, the greatest promiscuity was practiced." (A. 71). Note in this last instance how the first proposition leans on the second for support, while the second receives all its corroboration from the first. Take another example: "I have been informed that Joseph taught his followers that it was right . . . to take anything they could find which belonged to their enemies . . . I can the more easily believe this to be true, because the true spirit of the Mormon Church has always been that of retaliation. The stern old Mosaic law . . . stands, 'A life for an offence, real or suspected, of any kind." (A. 46).

Note also in these examples how careful the gossip has been to protect herself: she won't vouch for anything, but she will tell it. Mr. Wallace displays unequalled skill and caution in this direction; his unfailing "perhaps," and "possibly" and "it may be assumed" are models for the student who wants to have his cake and eat it: "If my narrative savours of incredibility; the fault is in the subject, not the narrator." How clever of Mr. Wallace! He cannot even be held responsible for the remark that frees him of all other responsibility, for it is Richard Burton speaking; and he is really not a narrator narrating a narrative at all, but a gossip purveying gossip. According to his informant, it "is always the case when two Mormon women meet, and are together for any length of time, that talk turns on polygamy," (A. 156) . . . when any two women meet, it is the chief topic of their conversation.' (A. 413). Always? Any two women? Well, if one of them is Ann Eliza - and away she goes, with little Mr. Wallace tightly clutching her skirts: "At Nauvoo Joseph Smith had a "'revelation' giving the most unbridled license to all the worst passions of their nature." (A. 62). That should be some revelation, if we only knew where to find it. Then "when the Church was located in Utah ... every man was compelled to enter it (polygamy), under pain of Brigham's displeasure," (A. 138) i.e., swift and certain death. "It soon became very unpopular for a man to have but one wife, and he (Everyman) quickly found himself looking out for another." (A. 136). Of course "the pecuniary condition of a man is never taken into consideration," (A. 150), and so "if a man attended a party with only one wife, he felt ashamed and humiliated, and would instantly select some unappropriated young woman, and . . . talk matrimony." (A. 136). And so on. Ann Eliza's real talent is gossip, the one art that requires no originality, no creativity, no imagination, no discipline, no restraint, no integrity. This eager communication of minds demands of the hearer as of the speaker, only the pleasant surrender of the critical faculty, which is a killjoy anyway.

How To Write an Anti-Mormon Book

Conscience is satisfied in this sordid business by that air of modest reserve which every practiced gossip assumes with unpremeditated art: "Modesty and decency forbid my throwing too strong a light," on Mormon domestic life, that is - and so the lady writes a book about it. (A. 137). "I feel myself utterly inadequate to tell the story of the Mountain Meadows Massacre," says Mrs. Stenhouse, " - it is so shocking, so fiendish. And yet [sigh] it must be told." (S. 324). Mrs. Ann Eliza Young goes her one better; she too hates to tell it, "but it cannot be told too often." (A. 232). Brigham Young is responsible for "such disgusting atrocities and such impure statements that for the sake of decency and propriety I dare not even mention them." (S. 620).

Inspired by the example of these Victorian ladies who protest themselves much too proper to mention the things they mention, Mr. Wallace with downcast eyes and maidenly reserve excuses himself for something Brigham Young once said "in almost unprintable language," and then proceeds to print it - the only lengthy quotation from Brigham Young in his whole book. (W. 156). In the same spirit Horace Greeley protests: "I deeply regret the necessity of believing this; but the facts are incontestable." It turns out that the "facts" he reports have no substantiation

whatever (See below p. 265 f), but Mr. Greeley's becoming hesitation almost convinces us. The history of Emmeline Young "I cannot give again to the world. I think the dead eyes would haunt me forever . . . " (A. 500), says Ann Eliza who, of course, proceeds to tell the story of Emmeline. "There was also one wife who . . . was said to have 'run away to California' . . . but it was whispered among the wicked Gentiles that she had really paid the full penalty of the Endowment-Oaths. . . . I simply give it in common with much else for what it is worth." (A. 515). What is it worth? — the whispering, the quotation marks. the sarcasm, the disavowal? Cold cash to a publisher, but Ann Eliza will not be responsible for it. "I simply mention these facts without any comment of my own. Let the eader form his own conclusion." (S. 339). Isn't that disming? Actually the lady instead of supplying facts withcomment has done just the opposite. What are we to think when she tells us that every man, woman and child in the Tabernacle knew that Brigham Young was lying when he said that soldiers or gamblers had killed Dr. Robinson: ". . . which statements, however, were known by everyone present to be utterly false." (l.c.) That's the fact, and now you can draw your own conchisions — I wouldn't influence you for the world!

The child survivors of Mt. Meadows, "Mrs. Cooke ... used often, in their childish prattle, to tell events the massacre, which showed that they knew perfectly well what part Lee and his confederates had in the affair." One of these babes "said one day, very quietly, but very determinedly . . . I will kill Lee myself. I saw him shoot my sister, and I shall not die happy unless I kill him." (A. 183, 251). Never mind how the kids recognized Lee in disguise or knew him by sight and name — their ghoulish prattle makes wonderful gossip. But just listen to Ann Eliza: "To this day (1876), jewelry is worn in Salt Lake, and teams are seen in the streets, that are known to have belonged to the fatal immigrant train." (A. 250). It was

the very jewelry "torn from the mangled bodies." Doesn't that do things to you? Only a schlemiel would ask who would recognize the jewelry or why the women would be wearing it during a three-day Indian battle, or stoop so low as to point out that 15 years is an unusually long working life for a horse and ask how come that teams that were fully grown, had traveled thousands of miles, and were so exhausted at the time of the massacre that (according to Mrs. Stenhouse) they could barely make ten miles a day, could escape a three-day hail of bullets and artillery to turn up parading about the streets of Salt Lake twenty years later.

Memory plays strange tricks with gossips. Ann Eliza reports that one of the bright spots in my childhood, to which I am especially fond of looking back," was her home life of the winter of 1846-47, which she describes in intimate detail — though at the time she had just turned two. (A. 66, W. 113). Or take a sampling of a conversation which the lady overheard at the age of four:



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"O, I don't know,' said Eliza Churchill miserably, but I can't endure this life.'

'And yet you entered it voluntarily,' said Chauncey relentlessly. 'I don't understand you. You are strangely inconsistent. . . . '"

If that sort of thing sounds a bit steep it is only fair to point out that the "relentlessly" and "miserably" were supplied by Mr. Wallace. And why not? He has just as much right to report how it must have been as Ann Eliza herself does, and once a gossip has this basic premise the rest is easy. *Imagined conversations* such as the above are a specialty with anti-Mormon writers; Ann Eliza can report verbatim conversations that took place between Joseph . Smith and his wife in their most secret sessions (A. 68); between Smith and Brigham Young; between Young and Kimball, cooking up a murder; Young and his son Joseph (secret) (A. 153-4), Young and Hyde (super-secret) (A. 326); she can tell us the very words with which Smith proposed to various young ladies (A. 153-4, 68), and with which Young proposed to Amelia Folsom or wheedled a future wife out of her property. She even reports that many of Smith's fair victims "made affidavits . . . and their statements were published in many of the leading newspapers all over the country." (A. 70). True, no such affidavits have been found in any newspaper, but we must remember that the public of 1875 had not been educated by the modern crime novel, and never thought of questioning such obvious and forthright statements. Mr. Wallace wisely forbears to repeat the lady's indiscretions, while unhesitatingly accepting her picture of Mormon shenanigans. Because of Ann Eliza, according to him, the Lion House was shaken to its foundations, all its members seized by a panic of insecurity. The evidence for that? Mr. Wallace's knowledge of human nature. Again, Brigham Young meets daughter Alice on the street: "Good heavens, Alice! What are you rigged out in that style for? You look like a prostitute.' She faced him with

an expression so like his own that it was absolutely startling, and, with terrible intensity, replied, - 'Well, what else am I? And whose teachings have made me so?'" (A. 482). Absolutely startling to whom? The graphic illustration in the book shows that the two met alone - no other person present. Did Alice know how startling her expression was, or was it Brigham Young himself who told the story? We also fail to see how B.Y.'s fanatical insistence that everybody get married and have children would make his daughter a prostitute, or cause her to dress like one. On the fly leaf of Mr. Wallace's book we find it: "Whenever I see a pretty woman I have to pray for grace." What reader would ever guess that that quotation can be traced back no further than one W. Wyl, published in 1886 in a rabidly anti-Mormon newspaper? And where did Wyl get it? From a woman; at least he said that "someone had told him that someone had said that Ioseph Smith had made that remark to an unnamed friend." (MRH, 227) That is enough for Mrs. Brodie, Time Magazine, and Irving Wallace. But let the student take note of how Mr. Wallace turns fiasco into triumph by placing beneath the fradulent squibb the full title of "Joseph Smith, first Prophet and founder of the Mormon Church." In the same way Ann Eliza tells a tale of fiendish murder about Bishop Wells, admits it is apocryphal, but makes it stick by appending a full and lengthy list of all the man's titles and offices. And when Wallace brings equally terrible charges against Porter Rockwell he is always careful to refer to the man by the full name of Orrin Porter Rockwell to show that even if Hickman and Beadle were thundering liars our scholar has done his homework.

RULE 30: Preserve a Gap between your readers and the Mormons. At a passage where even the most obtuse reader might boggle at the sheer excess and enormity of your tale, do not hesitate to remind him that he is in no position to know about things happening in the far away Tibet of the Rockies. "No one outside of Utah and

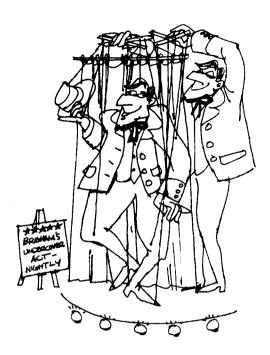
Mormonism can understand it in the least," says Ann Eliza, "because nowhere else is there a possibility of such wretchedness to exist." (A. 308). The Rev. Henry Caswall by publishing only in England was able to build a career on the single fact that he had actually been in Nauvoo; even the most rabid anti-Mormon reviewers in America were disgusted by the absurdities of his account, but he was on safe ground, speaking to a public thousands of miles removed from the scene he described.

When the Mormons moved to Utah they obligingly widened the Gap between themselves and the nation — at the present time there are still unexplored areas in the state. An almost complete geographical gap between the Mormons and the World has made possible a booming traffic in atrocity stories of the Zane Grey variety. Whenever the Gap has been closed the atrocity stories have disappeared, so that we can follow the retreat of the pulps from Salt Lake to San Pete to the Four Corners to Short Creek. A number of recent magazine articles on the Short Creek "Mormons" are careful to describe with the mystery and drama of a science fiction thriller the utter inaccessibility of that community in its desert fastness, which happens to be just six miles by a good road (I have walked it) from the Salt Lake-Los Angeles highway.

Ann Eliza herself led the retreat into the wilderness to preserve that all-important Gap; when increasing numbers of Gentiles visited Salt Lake and liked what they saw she fell back on the hinterland, explaining that since "the Gentiles do not go into our country places much, only Salt Lake City," they are of course not aware of what the Mormons are really up to. (A. 325). Today when the curious can follow six-lane freeways from the Gate of the Angels right into the Mormon lair, it is necessary to look for other gaps — the Social Gap and the Time Gap.

Recall Mrs. Young's statement that "No one outside of Utah and Mormonism can understand it in the least

..." (A. 308). Mrs. Stenhouse is furiously insistent that being in Utah is not enough, one must also be or have been a Mormon - but even that is not enough - one must know the inner circle. Remember, "whatever . . . the Mormon leaders said and did privately they denied publicly." (S. 103), so that only an Ann Eliza or a Stenhouse can possibly have the remotest inkling of the real thing, and they, of course are beyond question or criticism. "Newspaper correspondents visit Salt Lake City. and when they arrive they are brimming with disgust," writes Ann Eliza Young, ". . . but, by-and-by a change comes over them ..." and they send back glowing reports to their papers. It is Brigham who closes the gap; he "manages to get hold of them . . . (and) they soon see things as he intends they shall see them. I suppose his manner of influencing them differs, but I think it will be readily understood." (A. 394). This passage deserves repetition if only because it is a foundation stone of Mr. Wallace's book that Brigham Young attacked Ann Eliza through the Gentile press, and she is his authority for saying so; here we can see just how much she knows about it - she is "supposing" everything, and as to Young's methods being "readily understod," it would be hard to imagine anything less readily understandable than how tough, seasoned correspondents brimming with disgust and on their guard from the first should be so easily taken in by a cheap trickster. But the Gap must be preserved at any cost: "The truth is simply this: the Mormon people are absolutely afraid to have the outside world come too close to them; they let them see just so much, but not one bit more." Hence even a Richard Burton is completely fooled: "... the mass of the people are but a cunningly manipulated lot of marionettes, who perform certain antics for a curious public, while the shrewd wire-puller sits behind, and orders every movement, and makes every speech." (A. 394). If you think the little lady's pen might be running away with her to describe the man who is always up front, stealing the show and making every speech, as the mysterious plotter



who "sits behind," shrewdly and cunningly concealing his operations, you have failed to reckon with the public's unlimited vulnerability to dramatic cliches and the thrill of unknown evil.

As the geographical gap between the Mormons and the World has narrowed, the time-gap has been steadily widening to take its place. If a trip to Utah in the early days could change one's mind about everything, few enough people were ever in a position to take such a trip; and if today a brief journey into the records of a hundred years ago will convince anyone how flimsy are the charges against Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, who is going to take the trouble to make such a tedious time-journey? The Wallaces and Brodies are on as safe grounds as the Ann Eliza Youngs and Fanny Stenhouses—they know there is a broad and safe gap between them and the vast inertia of the public. But the time-gap is not new; Ann Eliza herself must always go back to a vague

and distant time for her atrocity tales: "It was a terrible time, indeed, and one fairly shudders to recall the bloodcurdling atrocities that were committed at that period." (A. 267). But though she tells us that "'Altars of sacrifice' were loudly recommended," and that whenever victims "would not become willing sacrifices . . . 'Somebody' took the matter in hand," she remains splendidly impersonal and lets those sinister quotation marks carry the whole burden of proof. Though at one place she narrows the time-gap to ten years, it is always there: "... even ten years ago, an Apostate's or Gentile's life was worth absolutely nothing . . . it was enough that he should be merely suspected, and his fate was just as certain, coming swift and sure." (A. 264). This reaching back into the bad old times of the Reformation and beyond (". . . the time is forever past when the 'unsheathing of his bowieknife,' or the 'crooking of his little finger,' pronounced sentence upon offenders . . . "), (A. 520) entails a minor contradiction which the student should avoid, since both Stenhouse and Ann Eliza insist that back in those old times the Mormons "were then simply an earnest religious people," (S. 47, A. 34), and that (as we have seen) Brigham Young was honest and upright, and even Joseph Smith "a simple and honest if deluded preacher" (A. 08, 5).

The greater the distance in time (as in space) from his subject, the freer the anti-Mormon writer is to invent. Thus the story of the Jarviss family, told in 1875 by simply quoting a letter written by a woman Mrs. Young had never seen, is re-told 35 years later as a personal experience of Ann Eliza, without any mention of the letter. (A. 190 ff, 08., 149ff). The Mormons were charged, as a matter of course, with the murders of Governor Boggs and President Garfield, and though there is no evidence whatever for either charge. Mr. Wallace can only dismiss the Garfield libel as "significant" (whatever that means, it's bad for the Mormons), while he makes a stab at making the Boggs accusation stick (though even Ann Eliza denies it) because it is fifty years older.

RULE 31: Learn when to be silent. Nothing you say about the Mormons can be more damning than what you fail to say. The really competent anti-Mormon writer does not only exploit gaps — he creates them, by omitting relevant information. Note how daintily Mr. Wallace picks his way through the evidence: Joseph Smith and Brigham Young are never invited to take the witness stand while J. C. Bennet, J. H. Beadle, the Police Gazette, the mysterious Fanny Brewer, the writer of an anonymous letter to a newspaper, to say nothing of Ann Eliza and Mary Burton, etc., are given close and sympathetic hearing; the Book of Mormon is brushed aside with a glib Menckensim of the youthful Bernard DeVoto about "the cheap story of the golden plates"—why should Mr. Wallace jeopardize such chaste economy by bothering to mention that the mature DeVoto recanted and admitted that he was "brash and irresponsible" when he wrote those things? (BDV, p. 154). Having quoted Josiah Quincy as reporting that Joseph Smith was wearing a "linen jacket, which had not lately seen the washtub," when he met him, Wallace shrewdly leaves it at that, discreetly omitting Quincy's glowing tribute to the prophet. (W. 38-39). It is also wisdom in Mr. Wallace to omit from his heavily padded bibliography the name of Mr. Sam Taylor, the one writer who really knows something about Mormon polygamy. Following Ann Eliza's example, Wallace tells of the Three Witnesses to the Book of Mormon leaving the Church, but omits the really remarkable ending of the story - how two of them came back: why should he spoil the effect? In the same spirit Ann Eliza glories to report that her father and mother have at last seen the light and left the Mormons (A. 8, 453) - without, of course, bothering to mention that her father returned to the Church and her mother threw the Bible into the stove along with her Mormon faith and declared Gentile marriage to be as bad as polygamy.

It is not only by skillful addition but no less discreet subtraction that Mr. Wallace is able to improve on some of Ann Eliza's own stories. When she reports the rumored implication of the Mormons in the murder of Boggs, she is honest or careless enough to report also that Porter Rockwell was proven to be elsewhere at the time of the crime, and Joseph Smith "escaped by a legal technicality" (i.e., no evidence), but even this grudging concession of innocence is too much for Wallace, who is content to mention the Mormons and the crime together, clinch the implication by casually referring to Orrin Porter Rockwell (what precision!) as "a paid assassin," and let it go at that. He takes pains to mention Brigham Young's private opinion of the character of the defunct Zacharv Taylor as proof of treason (W. 78)—though there are plenty of good Americans who have identical opinions of other ex-Presidents, living and dead-but nowhere in his book does he mention the great patriotic sacrifice of the Mormon Battalion, even though Ann Eliza counts it among her personal experiences. Nothing could be more trivial than the Zachary Taylor story or more fundamental than the history of the Battalion, but by going out of his way to dramatize the one and suppress the other Mr. Wallace is making history. On the other hand he does mention that Parley P. Pratt was acquitted by a hostile and reluctant court in Arkansas, a point that Stenhouse and Young omit: for them Pratt is simply "the guilty wretch" and that settles it. (A. 236). But having made this dangerous concession Wallace snatches victory from defeat by a simple House-that-Jack-built manoeuvre: "Stung by this lechery, Hector McClean once pulled a pistol in court (W. 112)...." What lechery? Why, the lechery that Mc-Clean imagined, the lechery that the court packed with "an unruly Arkansas mob," could not prove, - "this lechery -Pratt's, of course. He "was honorably discharged" by the reluctant court, (A. 236) but not by Mr. Wallace. Admittedly that was a close call, the student is not advised to take such chances; a safe rule to follow is simply to

overlook anything that might give aid or comfort to the Mormons or discredit their enemies. The student who compares Mrs. Ann Eliza's 1875 book with her 1903 rewrite will readily recognize that every good thing said about the Mormons in the early work is carefully deleted in the later one. Thus while the part about Brigham Young once being a good and honest man (A. 166f) is deleted in 1908 so that Brigham can be all bad (A. 8, 132), the part about Van Buren's being a stuffed shirt with his "impressiveness which expressed so much and meant so little . . ." (A. 55) is politely omitted in 1908 (A. 8. 49). to make him a Christian Hero.

But the most effective use of the discreet omission is that by which Wallace builds up his story of what he calls The Handcart Fiasco. The mere title as he puts it effectively screens the fact that there were eleven handcart crossings, all but one highly successful - Wallace never mentions that fact or even hints that there were other handcart expeditions; for him and for us it is simply The Handcart Fiasco. He begins by telescoping a helpfully explanatory letter from Brigham Young into a short, cynical, and brutal note, omitting the little dots which indicate that one is making deletions in a quotation, so that the reader assumes that he has B.Y.'s own statement before his eyes. (W. 104, Cf. GOL, 7-8). This, we should warn the student, is a bit drastic; it is in fact libellious—but what are the chances of its being discovered? Never does Wallace indicate that Ann Eliza's supposed intimate first-hand knowledge of the Handcart Fiasco comes right out of Stenhouse, who in turn gets it all from Mary Burton's letter. Didn't Ann Eliza's father actually help to make the carts? Yes, and he thought the company had a good chance of getting through, as he passed them by on the road "with the older elders intending to return, if they found it necessary." (A. 209). Just one thing made trouble - an early "more than ordinary winter" that caught everyone by surprise: "In fact," writes Mary Burton, "it came on

earlier and more severely last year than at any time before." (S. 221). So what if there was a freak storm - doesn't that show that Brigham Young was a false prophet? As a prophet he should have known, according to Mary B. (l.c.). Well, he did give emphatic orders against traveling that late in the year, but his orders were not heeded. And right here is where our principle of silence proves so useful - our Wallaces, Stenhouses, and Ann Elizas simply leave such disturbing details out. But having proven Brigham a false prophet through his drastic lack of foresight, Mrs. Stenhouse is free to turn right around and prove him a criminal because he knew all along what would happen! The Church leaders, she says. must have fully known the dangers and difficulties of the way . . . " (S. 212). Therefore the whole thing was deliberately set up, a criminal conspiracy, with John Taylor promoting himself in New York even "if all the poor Saints . . . should die of starvation or exposure," (S. 206), which Ann Eliza converts into Daniel Spencer having fun at the expense of untold sufferings: "What were a thousand or more human lives in comparison with his enjoyment? Less than nothing, it would seem, in his estimation." (A. 203). Thus Ann Eliza picks up the story from Stenhouse, and substituting her own father for Levi Savage, the one man who "dared tell the truth" (S. 212), lights into Brigham, who planned the whole "heartless and mercenary scheme" just to make money. It was he who after the arrival of the second company walked about among the miserable wrecks of humanity, ruined for life, gleefully rubbing his hands "with overflowing complacency." (A. 216).

Even Ann Eliza has some admiration for the phenomenal speed and efficiency with which Young got relief to the stranded party, and though she explains it as an act of cowardice, Brigham being "beside himself with fear" lest his crime be discovered, still it may have been better to have passed that impressive episode by in silence, as Wallace does. For remember, if you say anything good about Brigham Young you place yourself in the awkward

position of having to explain it away. For example, Captain Hunt, overtaking the ill-fated company with his wagon-train, "had been expressly forbidden to pass the handcarts," thereby being on hand with needed assistance - a wise precaution to say the least. Ann Eliza is able to convert this into evidence of criminality, it is true, but not without straining a point: ". . . which shows conclusively enough that those very persons who sent the immigrants off at that unfavorable season feared for the results." (A. 219). Do parents who pack their children off to summer camp with first-aid kits "show conclusively" thereby that they know what the little nippers are in for? Now if Hunt had been ordered to drive on, that would really be something to pin on the leaders. Either way the Mormons can't win if you know your business; but it is better to avoid too elaborate sophistries by omitting such details altogether, as Mr. Wallace does. See how he builds up his Handcart Fiasco by a series of skillful omissions: he makes no mention of the success or even the existence of the other handcart companies; of Brigham Young's warnings and orders; of the insistence of the party itself on starting out against orders; of the unprecedented nature of the storm; of the unparalleled skill and speed with which the party was rescued, of the general confidence, well justified by all previous experience, that the party could get through. It is only by omitting such far from minor details that the Handcart Fiasco becomes what Mr. W. makes it, a clumsy, foolish, ill-advised, criminal, and tragic and thoroughly typical example of Mormon insanity.

RULE 32: Be bloody, bold and resolute! What the public wants in an atrocity story is straight horror, not namby-pamby explanations: the propaganda artists of World War I proved that once for all. As the murder mystery demonstrates so often, the emotionally involved reader is a functionally blind reader who will not see the evidence that is staring him in the face. Wallace's most vivid, factual, and convincing atrocity story is Ann Eliza's

first-hand account of the Payson murders; yet even as she tells it the evidence screams the absurdity of her interpretation. Wallace's solution, of course, is to ignore the evidence.

Wherever you can, paint your picture in black and white. Ann Eliza does not shilly-shally: During the "Reformation" time "bloodshed and murder were the order of the day. If any person or family were supposed to be lacking in faith . . . the person or family was sure to be visited by some disaster." (A. 189). All Mormons "have been taught that the Lord commanded them to hate all persons not of their belief, and that it was an act pleasing to Him whenever a Gentile was put out of the way. Without being murderers at heart, they have been taught that murder is a part of their religion, a vital portion of their worship." (A. 59). "Its leaders always have been . . . disloyal to the government under which they live, treacherous to their friends . . . believing nothing which they teach, and tyrannical and grasping in the extreme. . . . ' (1. c.) ". . . the Saints were taught openly that it was their duty to 'destroy in the flesh' all upon whom the leaders of the church frowned." (A. 81). For the leaders 'believe most implicitly in vicarious suffering, and it is with them always the innocent and helpless who are punished." (A. 75). D. Wells "has ever been B. Y.'s right-hand-man in iniquity, fearlessly disposing of life and property in the name of the Lord, counselling his superior to deeds of blood without number." (A. 578). 'A strict surveillance was kept over the movements of any stranger in the city, and if his words or actions displeased the Mormon spies, he never got far beyond the city limits." (A. 264). Among the Mormons themselves "if no other charge could be brought against a person, he was called a 'spy,' and this, of course, gave sufficient reason for putting him out of the way summarily." (A. 278). "Everything, even the most trifling, that a person did, that was at all offensive to any member of the priesthood was accounted apostasy, and punishment administered as speedily as possible . . . some of the most revolting and heartsickening crimes were committed . . . and so common were they that . . . nothing was thought of them." (A. 279. ". . . if anyone became tired of Mormonism, or impatient of the increasing despotism of the leader, and returned to the East, or started to do so, he inevitably was met by the Indians and killed before he had gone very far. The effect was to discourage apostasy." (A. 161).

Is it necessary for us to go on and on like this? Yes, it is, to show the student that the more incredible an atrocity story is the less proof it requires: all this is but a tiny sampling of the writing of Ann Eliza Young which Mr. Irving Wallace in 1961 embraced as the most reliable single handbook on Mormonism. If a scholar like Wallace doesn't boggle at these outrageous absurdities, why should anyone else?

But if a good atrocity story paralyzes the critical faculties, it would certainly be a waste of talent were it not spiced by a delicious sense of possibility. As a mere novel the wildest anti-Mormon classics would fall flat; what sold A Study in Scarlet was the grizzly awareness that there actually were people called Mormons and a place called Utah. Therefore instead of talking sense or supplying evidence, let the writer satisfy the public by an occasional reminder that the reality is infinitely worse than anything he might describe: "... exaggeration ... is simply impossible, I could not exaggerate. . . . Not a word of all my story is exaggerated or embellished. The difficulty has been rather to suppress and tone down . . . language is inadequate to even half unveil the horrors. . . . " (A. 591, 359). So Wallace: "I am conscious that my narrative savours of incredibility . . ." etc. Once we have firmly established the principle that one cannot exaggerate, then it becomes a mere quibble whether what we say is true or not — it is all sober understatement: Smith "either must have been a polygamist or something infinitely worse." (A. 140).

RULE 33: Uphold the Tradition! Correct and improve the legends! By the time Joseph Smith was 25 years old everything bad that could be said about a man had been said about him, publicly, loudly, and often. This left his critics with no new heights to scale in the art of vituperation and small room for advancement in the invention of new atrocitities. From Bennett to Brodie a century of pawing over the old trash pile produced astonishingly little that was new: the anti-Mormon researcher must be content to retell and resell the old horrors all over again.

The problem is not therefore to find out what really happened but to devise ways of making the old stories believable; progress in anti-Mormon studies is necessarily in the fields of technique - the very techniques we have been discussing. It is the business of each new generation to improve upon the stories of the preceding one while retelling them - plugging up old loop-holes, correcting or expunging disastrous boo-boos, deleting absurdities that can no longer stand examination, touching up the stories where they are weak, toning them down where they are overdone, quietly removing contradictory statements. and above all casting about for anything that might be taken for new evidence. The discovery of one new document, or even a new slant given to an old familiar document, is enough to justify the reprinting of 600 pages of old stuff. Let us view a few examples of progressive cooperation among practitioners in this vital field.

Mrs. Stenhouse sees in Joseph Smith "a man of ten times the intellect" of B.Y. "a man ignorant and deluded, it is true, but at the same time, a man in whom was the material for one of those natural giants. . . ." (S. 265). Mrs. Young, however dependent on Stenhouse for everything else, can correct her astigmatism to present Smith as nothing but a "singular combination of pretentious demagogue and lecherous hypocrite, persistent violator of the laws of God and man," whose "wicked, blasphemous spirit abides in the community he organized . . . and threatens

... to destroy the peace and prosperity of the American people." (A. 56). In her turn she has gone too far over on the other side, so it is Mr. Wallace's prerogative to salvage not Joseph Smith's reputation but Mrs. Young's credibility by toning down her overdrawn portrait to the more believable dimensions of J. Smith the frontier bully-boy who "wrestled, gambled, swore, drank, and whored." (W. 38). Not proven, indeed, but plausible.

The Mountain Meadows story has been subject to constant revision. Take this, for example:

"There is legal proof (Mrs. Stenhouse talks a lot about legal proof and 'conclusive evidence' without ever supplying any) that the clothing . . . was placed in the cellar of the tithing office, where it sat about three weeks, when it was privately sold. The cellar is said to have smelt of it for years. Long after this time, jewelry torn from the mangled bodies of the unfortunate women was publicly worn in Salt Lake City, and every one knew whence it came." (S. 337).

Now see what Ann Eliza does with this:

"It is told by a man, who then was a mere boy, that . . . the cellars were filled with everything that had been taken from the emigrants, and the bloody garments, stripped from the dead bodies, were thrown down on the floor . . . suddenly . . . the cellar . . . resounded with cries, groans, sobs, and the most piercing, agonized shrieks. . . . It is not the first time, by any means, nor the last, that a Mormon public building has been haunted. The property of the emigrants was sold at public auction. . . . To this day, jewelry is worn in Salt Lake City, and teams are seen in the streets, that are known to have belonged to the fatal emigrant train. A lady in Salt Lake City was one day showing a silk dress and some jewelry to some friends, in the presence of one of the children who had been saved from the massacre. The little one, on catching sight of the dress, burst out into a frantic fit of weeping, and between the sobs cried out, 'O, my dear mama! That is her dress; she used to wear it. . . ." It is said that other children identified clothing and trinkets which they had seen worn by members of the party." (A. 250f).

Observe that Ann Eliza treats the items in the same order as Mrs. S., but what a production! The lingering odor

(for years?) becomes a more romantic haunting by spirits; the private sale becomes a public auction; the statement that everyone in Salt Lake recognized the jewelry "torn from the mangled bodies" being patently absurd (did the women wear their jewelry during the trek across the plains and a three-day Indian battle? Had everyone in Salt Lake seen the jewels worn?), it is changed to recognition by the children of the slain, with a fine touch of melodrama. As usual, however, Ann Eliza goes overboard in having the teams of the victims parading the streets of Salt Lake twenty years after. Yet she introduces that item less as a touch of drama than a piece of evidence — the horses can be seen to this very day, if you must know! And how does Mr. Wallace treat this? While accepting Ann Eliza's story of Mountain Meadows implicitly, he gallantly forebears making an issue of these irrelevant details, especially when they show his informant to be a free-wheeling liar.

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Concerning the child survivors of Mt. Meadows, Mrs. Stenhouse reports that "two of them are said to have uttered some words from which it was presumed that their intelligence was in advance of their years. They were taken quietly and - buried!" (S. 337). That is grizzly enough, but Ann Eliza cannot leave it there: "It is said on how good authority I do not know - that Daniel Wells, mayor of Salt Lake City, one of the First Presidency, Second Counsellor to Brigham, Lieutenant General of the Nauvoo Legion, killed one of these babes with his own official hand. As I said before, I cannot vouch for the authenticity of this rumor, but I can the more readily believe it since Wells is certainly capable of an act like this." (A. 248). It is a question which is the more remarkable in this statement, the gossipy virtue with which the accuser clears herself of any responsibility for the ghastly indictment or the crushing weight of official protocol with which she tries to make it stick. Just so Wallace on the cover of his book appends to a banal and disgusting quotation for whose authenticity he cannot vouch, the resounding and accusing words, "Joseph Smith, first Prophet and Founder of the Mormon Church." Mrs. Young does not repeat the charge against Wells in her 1908 book, nor does Wallace mention it.

But if the 1908 opus, out for Mormon blood as never before, contains far less specific information than the earlier work. it makes up for the defect by an impressive wealth of text and editorial comment.

For example, in 1875 A.E. tells of a case in which sisters married the same man and concludes: "All this is sanctioned by the President." (A. 311). In 1908 the passage is improved to read: "All this incest and consanguinious intermarriage was sanctioned by President Young." (A. '08. 242). Of course the marriage of sisters to one man is not consanguinious marriage nor incest, but Mr. Wallace is good enough to take Ann Eliza's word for it and even touch it up a little, leaving his readers properly stunned: Brigham Young "believed that incests was not a crime." (W. 218). To the name Utah in her 1875 text (p. 23), she appends the 1908 comment, "... or Deseret as it was then called by the Mormons. The word 'Deseret' was said to mean 'the Land of the honey-bee.' Yet strange to say, there were no native bees in that desert region." (A. 8. 102). Though the Mormons never said there were native bees in the valley, or gave that definition to the word, it does make them look rather ridiculous. Plain Devil's Gate in the early book (A. 227), becomes "Devil's Gate (ominous name!)" in 1908. (A. '08, 173), and "The Apostle Orson Pratt' (A. 150) becomes "The Apostle Crson Pratt, grim-bearded monster," (A. '08, 120). In 1875 we read, "The Indians have become convenient scapegoats. . . . " (A. 161) but in 1908 the same passage has become, "The Indians were always convenient scapegoats," (A. 8, 129), a proposition to which verdict Mr. Wallace loyally adheres. The "hand-cart fiasco" was bad enough in 1875, but in 1908 we are told, "Never in the history of any civilized people has there been a recorded case of such gross mismanagement." (A. 08. 154).

And this is the emotional padding by which Mrs. Y. keeps her promise to tell us more and worse than ever. Many of her best stories are missing from the later work. and no new ones are added, so that Mr. Wallace is obliged to draw almost exclusively on the earlier, discredited volume. Discredited? Of course. Would she have omitted her best stories including almost all of her personal life with Brigham Young, if there was not something wrong with them? Wallace does his best to make her look good: "... now," he cries "she was able to tell the whole story of the Mountain Meadows massacre and of Lee's eventual execution." (W. 419). Because anybody could tell it in 1908; but what has that to do with her story? Actually she simply repeats the old 1875 version with her own priceless personal touches of intuition and anguish deleted; she makes no mention of the childish instincts on which her whole original story is based; the masked batteries of the original version (A. 240) have disappeared (A. 08. 182); the crucial letter that tells the whole story has vanished (Cf. A. 243, A. '08. 184); the homey and convincing but utterly preposterous story of how Lee "like the Ancient Mariner, (he) went up and down compelling every person whom he met to listen to his story" is of course deleted in 1908; the assurance that "the value of their wagons, horses, and stock alone was said to be \$300,000" (A. 234) is discreetly cut down to \$30,000 in 1908 (A. '08. 176), etc. In 1875 Brigham Young's evil plot against the emigrants is proven by his absolute ban on the sale of any food to them - it was death to sell them a loaf of bread (A. 233-4); in 1908 the sure proof of Mormon guilt is their sale of grain to the emigrants, showing only too clearly that they knew they would get it all back again. (A. '08. 176).

On the positive side, Ann Eliza by 1908 has become quite an authority on strategy and tactics and knows all about Brigham Young's military policies and operations (Cf. A. 341 with A. '08. 261-4, 267); she can now even explain the great mystery of Mountain Meadows as part

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of a Mormon War against the States. In 1908 she can tell us all about the Bank of Kirtland (A. '08. 42), or exactly what went on between Brigham Young and John D. Lee (A. '08. 189), because by then anybody could buy Lee's book. In her big autobiography of 1875 the Mormon Battalion is mentioned only as "another illustration" of Brigham Young's "cruelty and greed"; but in 1908, after the Battalion had a secure place in American history its departure is numbered among Ann Eliza's personal reminiscenses of Winter Quarters. (A. 113, '08. 164); Wallace, as we have seen, never mentions it at all.

As Ann Eliza improves first on Stenhouse and then on herself, so Wallace improves on both. When Mrs. Mary Young quietly drops a discredited story, Wallace, at the safe distance of time, can revive it. She has her reasons and they are good ones for dropping the stories of Amelia at the ball (A. 326, '08. 251f), the "very amusing story" of how Brigham failed to recognize his own child (A. 155, '08. 124), the Badley and Moon Story (A. 174f. '08. 136f), the tales of Baptiste the grave robber, (A. 372). etc., etc. But Wallace has equally good reason for resurrecting them, for without them his image of Brigham and the Mormons would bear no conviction. The Baptiste story, for all its grizzly atmosphere, is irrelevant, but Wallace salvages it boldly by converting the clothing and jewels which the grave-robber understandably coveted into Mormon Temple clothing, which nobody could possibly want. Note how neatly he converts the well-known Gentile superstitution that Mormons have horns into a Mormon superstitution that Gentiles have horns: ". . . at a social gathering . . . she met an infidel named Howard Sawyer, and she was pleasantly surprised to find that he did not have horns." (W. 18). Thus he preserves Gentile nonsense by transmuting it with disarming tolerance and good humor into Mormon nonsense. On those rare occasions on which Ann Eliza corrects and tones down Stenhouse. Wallace defers to the older and more lurid version. Thus where Ann Eliza admits with reluctance that she has never heard Brigham Young use profanity (a thing he abhorred above all else) Mr. Wallace calls upon Stenhouse to correct her: he did swear, and in the Tabernacle. Ann Eliza hedges on Stenhouses' story of "one terrible meeting" at which four-fifths of the congregation confessed to adultery - an inconceivable oversight if the story had any foundation whatever - so Wallace must tell it as the fruit of his own valuable researches (W. 387), though it comes right out of Stenhouse (S. 315). Ann Eliza describes the crossing of the plains as a jolly adventure (and so my own grandfather always described it); but that is *not* the proper atmosphere for an anti-Mormon book: Stenhouse quotes Mary Burton: "What weary days we spent!" (S. 208), and this, apparently is enough to authorize Mr. Wallace to describe not Burton's but Ann Eliza's own journey as "a nightmare of monotony." (W 68). Ann Eliza is content to report that the Tobin party were ambushed at the Santa Clara River, a favorite ground for Indian attacks: but Wallace cannot let it go at that: "It may have been a coincidence . . . ' is his biting editorial comment. (A. 481, W. 249).

An easy and pleasant way of contributing to the anti-Mormon corpus is to supply the gestures where others have supplied the conversation. As we have seen, Mrs. Young's history is full of imagined, stilted, and artificial conversations; by a few deft touches Wallace makes them come to life. Ann Eliza herself shows how this is done e.g., in her own retelling of a conversation in which Brigham Young secretly instructs an aged wife not to blab about his dirty business deals: "They would not understand, you know,' murmured he in his most drivellingly sweet accents." (A. 283). Since it is hard to believe that Mrs. Lewis, who loved Brigham Young and hated Ann Eliza, actually told her about those drivellingly sweet accents, it is safe to attribute them to Ann Eliza herself. But how they bring the story to life! Thus speaks Joseph Smith: "It is your privilege to have all the wives you want," he said coolly." It is inconceivable that he ever said anything of the sort, but if he had it would have been cool,

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all right, and so we have caught him red-handed. Again, "Smith smiled wanly..." Who said he smiled? Who said wanly? Mr. Wallace both times (W. 54), with telling effect. "Brigham did not blink," (W. 89), he stared with fascination at Ann Eliza, "Brigham stared hard," "... he trembled with rage..." — it is little touches like this that make a story real and convincing, and if you, like Mr. Wallace, are convinced of the story — well, go ahead and make them!

But in so doing seek not to scale the heights that Wallace ascends in his story of the cow! Here surely is a rewriting feat of heroic proportions. In 1875 Ann Eliza told how Mary Angell, Brigham Young's first wife "lives in the old school-house . . . not nearly so good as the house she has left." (A. 470). Using the commonest of all expressions to describe big houses, the fastidious Ann Eliza continues, "It is indeed, little better than a barn, and is furnished very scantily." (A. 470). With those key words, barn and old school-house, Wallace performs a minor miracle:

Mary Ann Angell . . . had the right to claim one-third of his enormous estate under the law. . . . Instead, a constant invalid, she kept to the privacy of her own quarters, the abandoned school-house behind the Lion House, which she shared with a cow who lived in a partitioned stall. On June 27, 1882, at the age of seventy-nine, she died. (W. 372).

Could anything be more withering than that ominous procession of loaded words — right, enormous estate, law, invalid, abandoned school-house, cow, stall, died? Is there a word in the grim passage that is not loaded? It is all there, the dirt, the cold (for cowstalls were unheated in those days), the smells, the loneliness, and the sad patient animal, old age, cruel poverty, sickness and pain, rights meanly denied by a cynical libertine, property basely stolen, and then finally death and merciful deliverance! And all that, apparently, out of Ann Eliza's gossipy "school-house" and "big-as-a-barn." Who is going to remember amidst choking indignation at such injustice that



How To Write an Anti-Mormon Book

on page 189 Mr. Wallace has noted that "Actually Mary Ann Angell, widely respected in Utah, had become a recluse in The White House on the hill."

And what was The White House on the hill? One of the finest mansions in the Territory, which Brigham Young had built just for Mary Ann Angell. It served many years as a headquarters of the Elks Lodge, and was not torn down (for the inevitable parking-lot) until 1958. While it was being built, Mrs. Young shared the even more magnificent Gardo House with Amelia. Actually there was a large barn right behind the Lion House. It was never used as a school, Preston Nibley informs me, and nobody ever lived in it. Directly across the street to the east of the Lion House and the barn was Brigham Young's schoolhouse, now immortalized by a bronze plaque, an elegant little building which never served as anything but a schoolhouse. A block further east stood the splendid "White House on the Hill," where Mrs. Young spent the last years of her life, known to all "as 'Mother Young' and . . . much

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esteemed as the 'Mother' of the family." (RSM, XI, 52), and there she died. (DN, June 28, 1882, p. 369). Members of the First Presidency "had visited the deceased during her illness," and spoke at her funeral, which was attended by all the General Authorities. (ib. p. 380). Her two eldest sons were Joseph A. and Brigham Jr., the very Brigham Jr. who according to Wallace took his father to task more than once for his neglect of Ann Eliza. (W. 237). And these, Brigham Young's most influential offspring, would allow their adored mother to suffer the refined tortures of Brigham's criminal neglect?

Slips and oversights are inevitable in any historical writing, and cannot be held as major crimes. But since Mr. Wallace has found in the last years of Mrs. Young a demonstration of the depths of depravity to which Brigham Young descends, one wonders if he has not gone a bit too far.

RULE 34: Be patriotic. Anti-Mormon classics tend to be of a strong patriotic tone. Ann Eliza's 1908 volume is a perfect demonstration of how patriotism can be exploited to make Mormon-baiting pay. In her earlier writing she had expressed a fastidious and ladylike disdain for voting and all that goes with it; but she had learned in the meantime that to be a champion of the downtrodden womanhood she would have to wrap herself in the flag. Her message of 1908 is that the Government is criminally soft on Mormonism: "When it was showed me that I might . . . open people's eyes to the enormity of the religious system which was tolerated by the Government. I hesitated no longer." (A. 8. 567). "People of America," she shouts, "are these incarnate fiends . . . still to be objects of worship and reverence to thousands of our countrymen? I warn my fellow-countrymen against their false pretenses. their adulterous practices, their murderous oaths, their uncharitable animosity towards the American Government and People." (A. 08. 5). The desire of Utah for statehood

certainly proved treasonable intent: "The Mormons . . . sought to be freed from Federal restrictions by securing the full rights of Statehood, so that they could make their own laws without interference. After years of wily political manoeuvering they gained their objective in 1896. . . . Calmly and carelessly Congress conferred independent Statehood upon an unorganized band of unscrupulous traitors." (A. '08. 2). Whatever the Mormons were they could hardly be accused of being unorganized; but traitors? Well, didn't Brigham Young say Zachary Taylor was in hell? If you don't think that is treason, just ask Mr. Wallace. (W. 78f). Ann Eliza has even better proof: "The foundation of Americanism is absolute security for the life and honor of women. . . . That man is a traitor to his country who makes light of the honor of women. Mormonism is . . . horrible treason to the fundamental ideal of American institutions." (A. 510). Why does the Constitution allow it? Only because "the Founding Fathers could not conceive of a deranged, visionary mountebank, calling himself a prophet, seer and revelator, and counseling his followers to debauch women under the pretense of religion." (l.c.). Such fervid syllogisms spring as readily to the mind as the big resounding adjectives do to the mouth of the practicing Patriot. The reader will readily appreciate the advantage of placing himself in the position where to question him is to be against the America he stands for. It is an old and favorite trick of professional patriots.

RULE 35: Join the ladies. Any anti-Mormon writer does well to follow Mr. Wallace's example and take his stand with the ladies or behind their skirts. All the most effective anti-Mormon books have been written by women — Nancy Towle, Orvilla Belisle, Ettie V. Smith, Maria Ward, Fanny Stenhouse, Eliza Ann Dee Young Denning, Mrs. Dr. Horace Eaton, Emily Austin, Ellen Dickinson, Lily Dougal, Winifred Graham. Faun M. Brodie, — to name a few because we can think of no others just now. Women have always worked with the clergy, who through

the years have been the principal promoters of anti-Mormon literature; women are the fragile and helpless victims of male brutality, commanding sympathy and and attention; women cannot be questioned too closely in delicate matters; the natural modesty of the sex exonerates them from the task of telling shocking stories or giving any proof for them while at the same time the humanity and idealism of the same sex requires them to be sure to mention the stories and tell about them; to be emotional rather than explicit is woman's prerogative which no one with a spark of chivalry would question. Small wonder, then, that the feminine touch is the hallmark of anti-Mormon creativity. Naturally any of the above authoresses can supply us with abundant illustrations, but we remain true as ever to Ann Eliza (especially since that saves us a lot of work) and glory in her femininity.

Being a woman enables her, in the first place, to speak for all other women. It is like being a Jew — "Does he know Hebrew?" cried my friend with passion, "Does he know Hebrew!? Man, he IS a Jew!" The wives of B.Y. don't need to speak for themselves, Ann Eliza can speak for them:

I have no hesitation in saying, from my own experience with and knowledge of them, that more unhappy wretched women do not exist in the world, than the more cultured and delicate wives of Brigham Young. (A. 646).

If one of them should venture a word of protest, Ann Eliza can slap her down as no man would dare: "... what blindness, what madness, what folly!" "There is nothing for any Mormon woman to do but to submit, and let her heart break the while ... (A. 505) ... in her heart of hearts, no woman of them all believes it to be right." (A. 597). "What Mormon mother ever gets the tender care ... that other happier mothers get?" 404). "I often wonder if there is a child in Mormondom, born under the blight of polygamy, who knows what it is to have a happy, joyous childhood. ..." (A. 98). "You are mine, body and soul, but you have no right to claim anything from me more than

what I choose to give you,' is the attitude of every man in polygamy to his wives." (A. 393).

And what men! "Their . . . spiritual natures deadened; their animal natures quickened; they lose manliness and descend to the level of brutes; and these dull-witted, intellectually-dwarfed corpses, the women are told, are their only saviors," (A. 591), so they "discuss women, with reference to their 'points,' as jockeys would talk of horses, or importers of fine stock." (A. 400). "Happiness and contentment are utterly unknown to Mormon women. . . . Who wonders at the immovable mouths, expressionless eyes, and gray, hopeless faces, which tourists mark always as the characteristics of the Mormon women?" (A. 591-2). Mormonism had "made their faces grow repulsive and grim, and taken from them all the softness, and the tenderness, and grace which glorify a happy woman's face . . . It is no wonder that the women of Utah are not beautiful ..." (A. 395). Worst of all, the hymn-singing bigoted women of Utah had no children: childlessness was the universal curse, and when a child was born "maternity brings no such joy, and added love, and tender care" as it does to women outside of Utah. (W. 236) It is almost more than a reader can stand: "I have felt my heart throb and ache with jealous anguish for the little ones in Utah, and above all for their weary-hearted mothers . . ." Those not born in polygamy are born "under the blight of polygamy," and long after leaving Utah Ann Eliza would shed hot tears and palpitate with explosive rage at the thought of how her own two little ones had been denied a father's love "by a fiendish system," in which their father never had any part. So don't think that Ann Eliza didn't suffer.

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As a brave little woman Ann Eliza doesn't have to put up with any nonsense from great strapping men who question her story. When the official findings of the Mountain Meadows failed to match her own she had only to declare them "a sarcasm upon justice, a gross, hideous burlesque from beginning to end," which merely showed

"the utter futility of expecting anything like justice in a court were this man's followers are allowed to sit on a jury." (A. 253). She has no patience with a Government and a Constitution that allows religious liberty to such people; isn't the first object of government "absolute security for the life and honor of woman"? If a President of the United Stated failed to respond as U. S. Grant did (he was a pushover) to her heroics, she roundly berates him in public press and reminds him of his duty. (W. 385ff).

Well instructed, Mr. Wallace gives "the final word on polygamy" to a woman, "a daughter-in-law of Brigham Young . . ." (W. 15). Why the last word? the reader may wonder. Does being a daughter-in-law of a man with many daughters-in-law make one an authority on anything? Well, "as Edith Young Booth, a granddaughter of Brigham Young, informed this writer: Men had a wonderful name under polygamy." (W. 124). What particularly qualifies this woman to speak for the other sex of a generation she never knew is that she said it directly to Wallace. What more could you want in the way of proof. Would you question a lady?

RULE 36: Your target is Mormonism! Anti-Mormon books are not written to describe or discuss the human foibles of any group or individual but to discredit a docrine. Every episode, however trivial, irrelevant, or fictitious must be made to serve as the text for a single sermon —the monstrousness of believing in revelation. The bad thing about the "heartless and mercenary" handcart fiasco is "that all this should be done in the name of the Lord," . . . Take this home to yourself, and you will be able to appreciate as never before the horrors of Mormonism." Therein resides the horror: "A better people - aside from their religion . . . it would be difficult to find. Their fault was in their faith." (S. 274). "To have deceived a credulous people by wanton misrepresentation is wicked enough, but to do it in the name of the Lord is a sin that can never be atoned for to God or man. It is the

height of blasphemy, and I fairly shudder as I endeavor to comprehend, in some light degree, the magnitude of such an offence." (A. 203). Every anti-Mormon book is a sermon, and the most effective of sermons is the one, as St. Augustine long ago observed, that excites to action by running away with the emotions and leaving reason and judgment far behind. Here is how Ann Eliza sums up her Thousand and One Nights: "Yet all these incredible distortions of reckless fancy have become veritable facts. They have been crystallized into a monstrous system of wickedness, guarded by a band of loathsome ogres, who feast upon the spoils of their victims and . . . take delight in their misery . . . The American people therefore must continue their holy crusade against this antichrist system." (A. 08. 190, 311f).

Mr. Wallace is not so direct and forthright, but he is just as determined and dedicated; for old-fashioned editorial rhetoric he substitutes modern sophisticated techniques of news-slanting. Particularly effective is the insertion of numerous little asides, mendacious tid-bits too trivial to challenge, fleeting subliminal impressions that build up the same cumulative force as the repetitious old breast-thumping. It is not true that the passing of the 15th Amendment "still did not open the Mormon Church to Negroes" (W. 198), or that the Archives Room of the Genealogical Society is "open only to Mormons," (W. 356), but who is going to quibble about it? But whether you choose the hysterical or the suave treatment it all adds up to the same thing — the miasmic atmosphere of Mormonism, stifling, foul, and always at least a little bit disgusting. The real villain of every anti-Mormon book is Mormonism. And this is as true today as in 1830. Not human greed and viciousness but Mormonism was responsible for Mountain Meadows: Smith, Young, Kimball, "the hierarchy" and "the underlings" go through their grotesque paces for Mr. Wallace not as human beings but as Mormons; nobody ever commits a crime in spite of being a Mormon, but always because of it — that should have a familiar ring to any perceptive Jew.

The concluding sentence of Ann Eliza's first book proclaims. "It is my life-mission . . . to see the foul curse removed, and Utah - my beloved Utah - free from the unholy rule of the religious tyrant, — Brigham Young." (A. 605). But when Young was dead and gone she easily transferred all her loathing to his successor, "a tall, benevolent-looking man . . . a smooth tongued hypocrite . . . a cold, heartless, unfeeling master and reckless falsifier of facts . . . " (A. 08, 479f and then to his successor, "the hoary criminal, Lorenzo Snow," (A. 08. 491), and then to his - Joseph F. Smith, "a thorough-paced despotic Mormon . . . glorying in his shame. He lives in regal splendor ... a monarch among his subjects ... an autocrat equal in power . . . to Brigham Young in his palmiest days. . . . His rapacity is felt in the manufacturing and other industries of Utah, which are all compelled to pay tithes to his store-house . . . " (A. 08. 493-5). Obviously, the Mormons can't win.

It is helpful to remember that the Mormons have only themselves to thank for this sort of treatment, which they invite when they accept the supernatural. How can a "detached, modern intelligence, grounded in naturalism, rejecting the supernatural" make any compromise with gold plates and angels? What C. S. Lewis says about Jesus Christ applies to any prophet: you cannot simply write him off as a well-meaning oaf; he was not just a goodhearted ignoramous who went about claiming to be the Son of God - good-hearted ignoramuses do not go about making such claims. That is why Mr. Wallace has no choice but to damn Brigham Young, and why his claim to be neither for nor against the Mormon position is patently absurd. To say "I became neither anti-Mormon nor pro-Mormon" (W. 428) is to say that one neither accepts nor rejects modern-day revelation, the impossibility of which proposition "would (to quote Stenhouse) in a moment be detected by any intelligent Saint . . . " (S. 618). SPECIAL BULLETIN: They were all such good Mormons:

It is understandable that nearly all the standard exposes of Mormonism have been written by women. The Mormon woman, quietly standing on the sidelines or moving inconspicuously through the community on her round of simple duties, is in a uniquely advantageous position to see and hear all. But only if she is a good Mormon. Until Mrs. Stenhouse came along, according to Mrs. Stenhouse, "with but one exception — that of a lady who . . . so mixed up fiction with what was true, that it was difficult to determine where the one ended and the other began - no woman who was really a Mormon . . . ever wrote the history of her own personal experiences." (S. 618). It is she who underlines that really, recognizing it as the key to the whole problem. Though the extensive literature "purporting to be written by Mormon wives," Mrs. S. continues, ... may be imposed upon the Gentile world as genuine, that they were written by persons outside the Mormon faith would in a moment be detected by any intelligent Saint who took the trouble to peruse them." (l.c.)

It is to establish their unique ascendency in a competitive market that our female mormonologists must insist that they were not only Mormons but very good Mormons, and through family ties directly or indirectly connected with the highest authorities. Granted that such connections are a misleading standard, since it is no great thing in such a small community to be related to everybody, and since the higher brackets in the Church have always furnished the highest percentage of apostates, still it goes over with the general public and many Mormons. The only ones who are not fooled are, as Mrs. Stenhouse rightly observes, any intelligent Saints if such there be.

And the first thing any intelligent Saint notices about our tale-tellers is that one and all they never were the good Mormons they claim to have been. As Milton R. Hunter points out, any ten-year-old Mormon who went to Sunday School could correct Mrs. Brodie on a number of things (MRH, 228). No one who had been a good Mormon could possibly make the slips she does, barring, of course, the feeble-minded. It is the reviewers in the journals who give Mrs. B. her authority — but what do they know about Joseph Smith? Only what she tells them. So they hail her as their licensed guide while she proudly waves their reviews as her license, and everybody is happy.

What justifies Mr. Wallace in placing his hand trustingly in Ann Eliza's and bidding her lead the way is the profession that his quide "had once been an orthodox Mormon and had then become a bitter anti-Mormon." Her greatest affliction was the "trauma of having abandoned, within herself, her lifelong faith . . . " (W. 22). "I dared not question," she tells us, "The system must be right, and my doubts, when doubts arose, must be wrong." (A. 323). She begins her book by telling how people always ask one question before all others-"Why I ever became a Mormon?" How did a lady of her lofty moral standards ever come to marry Brigham Young? The answer and to be good. A.E. herself has no sympathy for "an is astern born and educated girl," who "entered polygamy with her eyes open," but only for "those poor girls who are educated in Mormonism, and know nothing else" - including, of course, herself. (A. 476). It was, she insisted, her deep religious convictions that drove her to it:

I did not know but that I was fighting the will of the Lord as well as the will of the Prophet. . . . The thought struck me, in a sudden terror, 'What if God should take my children, to punish my rebellious spirit?' It was agony. 'Not my will, but thine,' was my heart-broken cry . . . I would become the wife of Brigham Young! (A. 454).

Bible? What Bible?:-

at is her story, and "any intelligent Saint" can see that is a fraud. If only her absurd protestations of extreme ignorance and naivete are considered they are enough to discredit it. At thirty she still believes that Gentiles have

horns, if we trust Mr. Wallace; or if we believe her, at that same age she "could not understand this religion (non-Mormon) which regarded woman as an independent soul, with a free will, and capability of judgment." (A. 540). Yet years before this she had been scandalized and amused at the Mormon idea of letting women vote. When after leaving Utah she saw an aged couple walking side by side, "I could scarcely believe my own senses . . . I could only wonder and weep." (A. 323). With Mrs. Stenhouse she bleeds for the women of Utah, those hymnsinging, devotional women, who childless and husbandless, here, dream of the glories of the world to come, while they never knew the duties, the obligations, the sweet and hallowed sympathies of the world in which they live." (W. 236). We submit that the picture of the women of Utah in general doomed to a state of childlessness is overdoing it a bit. Ann Eliza was amazed to learn from a minister's wife that "her husband's God was her God as well." (A. 590).

Some time after leaving the Mormons Mrs. Young confessed to a preacher as follows, quote: "No, I never read a Gospel in my life . . . I know nothing of Jesus Christ: I am a perfect child." (A. 334). That is quite enough to show what kind of a Mormon she had been, and what kind of an upbringing she had received. No minister ever quoted the Bible more frequently or more aptly than Brigham Young or urged the reading of it more importunately on one and all. The Bible was his book. If Ann Eliza had even so much as peeked into the Book of Mormon she should know that its whole substance is the mission of Jesus Christ. She continues her confession to the reverend: "... nor have I heard more than two sermons since my escape from that false religion." A professional lecturer on the evils of false religion, making "blasphemy" her stock in trade, this little lady evinces not the slightest interest in any other religion. Her religious interest stops with Mormonism, and her program is simple: "I expect to loathe it more and more while I live." (W. 324).

But since the ministry are her agents and the churches her auditoriums, Mrs. Y. cannot well continue as an infidel: "I had drifted blindly on, with no belief in anything, no faith in any system; sometimes, even doubting the existence of God." (A. 575). And is this the reaction to her "providential escape" from torture and enslavement? (A. 334). She duly joins the largest and most respectable and most reliable of her customers, and her "conversion to the Methodist Episcopal faith was printed far and wide." (W. 335). "Tossed all my life on a stormy sea of superstition," she announced, "I was at last anchored in the sheltered haven of Christian belief." (A. 576). Which sheltered haven she presently deserted, true to form, to find another in Christian Science.

It is only her indifference to religion in general that explains Ann Eliza's remarkable ignorance of Mormonism. When did the Mormons ever teach that confirmation places one "beyond the possibility of falling from grace or missing the celestial gate"? (A. 354). When had Joseph Smith ever "announced himself as another Messiah"? (A. 33). Since when were marriages "performed in the Gentile form . . . not binding"? (A. 103). When did any Mormon ever preach that "The 'First Presidency,' . . . is supposed to be the earthly representative of the Trinity, "the Eternal Godhead, Three in One"? (A. 577). To this last she adds, "It is needless to say, which rank Brigham assigns himself." (laughter). For such obvious things proof is needless. Since practicing physicians were among the first leaders of the Church, it is enlightening to read the "... no Mormon in good standing would ever entertain the suggestion for a moment," of consulting a doctor. (A. 350). When did B.Y. declare in the Tabernacle "that they (doctors) would never enter heaven, but that he himself would close the door against them"? (A. 350).

According to A.E. "the God of the Mormon belief was . . . a jealous God, a cruel, avenging Spirit, who demanded blood offerings to appease his awakening wrath

... Retribution, and justice untempered by mercy, were all He had for His subjects, not children." (A. 101). Yet it was to that God that Ann Eliza's own good, Christian parents became converts? In the Endowment House, she says, "We swore also to entertain an everlasting enmity to the United States Government, and to disregard its laws so far as possible, and to teach our children this spirit of revenge also." That explains why "the cutting of every Gentile and apostate throat . . . so openly and emphatically urged from the stand by Brigham Young and others, is only a public expression of the mysteries of the Endowment oaths," (A. 368). "We swore" to all that? Ann Eliza and her "strictest of Mormon households" went along with it all though they knew that "the whole system of Mormon religion was a mass of revolting crime and wickedness. The very thought of it brings a shudder. The most horrible things were taught from the pulpit, and decency was outraged every time a Mormon leader opened his mouth to speak." (A. 306). Sunday after Sunday the intelligent and independently-minded Webb family sat drinking in the words of the leaders (nay, if we believe Mr. Wallace, Ann Eliza knew many of them by heart!): "There was not a pure character in all the Bible history which their dirty hands did not besmear, and their foul tongues blacken." (A. 306). What sermons! And the good Familie Webb were converts, remember, who knew very well what was preached in good Christian churches: she cannot claim for her parents as she does for herself, the innocence of never having known any better. So to save their reputation she develops the thesis that mama and papa, like herself, never really believed in Mormonsim, but had certain reservations.

The Skeptical Fanatics:—

But in that case, what happens to her fervid claims of orthodoxy? Here Mrs. A.E.W.D.Y.D. has to walk a tightrope; she must have us believe that she was the most devout and unquestioning of believers, but at the same time

was much too smart and noble to be taken in by all that nonsense. Thus she brands as either liars or fools those women who speak well of the Endowment ceremony, and assures us that "such absurdities may have weight with some women, but they did not affect my mother." (A. 304). Then she goes on to tell how that same mother "was overjoyed" at the prospect of her daughter's Endowments, while "as a matter of course, I shared her feelings most fully." (A. 351). And when we read of Mrs. Webb's cool appraisal and damning endictment of the whole "ridiculous farce," it is something of a surprise to learn that "it never occurred to her that the system was false and horrible in the extreme: she only felt that she was lacking in grace. . . . " (A. 146, lifted from Stenhouse). Mrs. Stenhouse shows what we are up against when she reports: "To face opposition or to give all for my religion, I was willing indeed; but to depend on others for my daily bread was utterly repugnant to my feelings, although, of course . . . it was only right that the members of the Church should undertake their responsibility," i.e., to support her while her husband was away on a mission. (S. 101). So having professed her willingness to suffer and give all for the Church, she bitterly complains that the Church is not giving her enough. To "any intelligent Saint," to quote the same lady, this is a dead give-away; it means that she can never have been the good Mormon she says she was. Always she wants to have it both ways, she is both a Mormon and not a Mormon: "Let us remember that, although my faith was shaken, it was not wholly destroyed." (S. 159). Like her friend Mary Burton, she criticized everything right from the first, eagerly grasping at anything that looked like a contradiction in doctrine or inconsistency in practice, always alert for any gossip that might discredit the authorities, ever nursing a sense of personal offence. As for Ann Eliza, it was during those deliriously happy days at South Cottonwood in the bosom of her devoted mother that she was "getting all these peeps into the inside experiences of polygamy." (A. 422). She may never have looked into the Bible or the Book of Mormon, but these stories she learned literally at her mother's knee.

As a child Ann Eliza saw through the Mormon fraud and suspected the worst when even her elders did not. At the age of twelve she knew the story of Pratt not in the "Mormon version" but "as the anti-Mormon press featured it." (W. 111). She knew all about the crimes of John D. Lee long before Mountain Meadows, and she 'sensed" long before anybody else in the family that he was the real instigator of the atrocity. Before her marriage to Brigham Young she knew of all his crimes, including those against her own family, and "had lost," as she puts it, "at that time, much of my faith in my religion." (A. 405). And then just after marrying Brigham Young she roundly seconds a speech of Emmeline: "Well, I've lost faith in the whole thing. I consider Mormonism a stupendous humbug, and all the people who have been made to believe it terrible dupes," etc. etc. (A. 507). Though Emmeline was long dead when A.E. reported this stirring peroration. she can say of herself at the time, "... I had begun to think things out for myself, and I had arrived at very much the same conclusion that Emmeline had."

This is the lady whose separation from her "lifelong faith" was to inflict such a spiritual trauma. As a child, "though I was duly advised by teachers and catechists to marry into polygamy . . . I gave very little heed to the advice and set about making my own romance . . . in my imagination." (A. 323). This is our good, obedient, trusting Eliza, giving "very little heed" to her Mormon teachers and full rein to her romantic imagination. For her, baptism meant only "so great a nervous shock that I could not think of it without a shudder for years after," (A. 180). Her girlhood was spent eagerly gossiping about the horrid old man. The Endowments brutalized her as cruelly as baptism. (A. 359). She was "saddened and disappointed" when the ordinances did not come up to her expectations

of "something solemn and awful." A. 355). Her sublime faith collapses at a touch, just as her hopes and dreams do every time she opens the box: Nothing is ever good enough for our Eliza.

Towards all the teachings of the Church she is heedless, resentful, openly contemptuous; everything nauseates. hurts, offends, abuses, disappoints, frightens, sickens, and shocks her and Mr. Wallace. All she ever got from the teachings of Brigham Young was a headache; she reports "with exaggerated disgust," as Mr. W. puts it: "... the only good counsel I ever received from him was to practice the strictest economy." (W. 288). When the President tells her that it is her duty to marry she replies: "It can't be, I should not recognize a duty of that kind. I consider myself old enough . . . to judge of my duties without any assistance." (A. 436). Yet it was nothing less than her religious sense of duty, she insists, that later drove her to marry that same much-married man! We have seen how she behaved toward him, wearing the longest possible train because he spoke his strong disapproval of the silly fashion. Brigham Young laid great stress upon the basic Mormon institution of family prayer, but Ann Eliza "used to go whenever I felt inclined, which was very seldom: and the longer I was a member of the family, the more infrequent became my attendance." (A. 529). Talking with the wives who would listen to her, she never tired of railing against polygamy, and "expressed myself strongly and bitterly against it." (A. 503). Nobody forced her to go to prayers or to suppress her opinions; while still married to Brigham Young she intrigued busily against him with his enemies, with whom she "spoke very freely on the subject of Mormonism." (A. 539), nay "I talked to them unreservedly, . . . I told them . . . all the occurences of my marriage to Brigham Young." (A. 540).

But what gives Ann Eliza away most completely to any intelligent or unintelligent Saint is the very obvious fact that she was never active in the Church in any capacity.

Now this is a singular circumstance not only because the Mormons have always called upon all to do their share, and in those days were terribly short-handed, but because the lady herself insists that she is a born slave to duty, the quiding-star of her life. (A. 272). Why then during her thirty years of iron orthodoxy, were the Mormons at no time able to appeal to that exquisite sense of duty? Why is she with her energy and her crusading spirit completely passive during those great years on the frontier? Is it for the same reason that her Great Crusade in the East came to an abrupt end the moment she married the rich Mr. Denning? But we are being unfair. Ann Eliza did carry on her own little crusade from her first childish denunciations of the priesthood - against the Church. This can be best understood if we consider the wonderful ways of her devoted mother.

The Burning Faith of Mrs. Webb:-

It is mother who carries the family along by her faith and her strength. It is also mother who supplies A. E. with her arsenal of anti-Mormon atrocity stories during the long happy days at Cottonwood. It is through Mama's eyes that Ann Eliza views the horrors of polygamy. And there was that mission call for her son. While other mothers rejoiced in such an event, "an added sorrow to my mother came, when . . . my eldest brother was sent on a mission to the Sandwich Islands. She mourned his departure deeply, and even I could not comfort her." (A. 337). What kind of a Mormon mother was that? On the subject of polygamy she pulled out all the stops: "My mother often said that the 'Revelation' was the most hateful thing in the world to her, and she dreaded and abhorred it." (A. 101). She would "protest with unutterable anguish against the life that she felt was false and in direct contradiction to every law of moral right." (A. 106). As to arguments in its favor, religious or not, 'such absurdities may have some weight with other women, but they did not affect my mother . . ." Why did she accept it then?

Because "she was afraid to oppose it, lest she should be found 'fighting against the Lord.'" (1.c.). This false and hateful thing, opposed to "every law of moral right," nevertheless came from God. She knew that Brigham Young was a criminal, "... my mother and other Mormons, who would have disapproved of the proceedings, and even called them dishonest, had they dared." (A. 162). Why didn't she dare? Didn't she roundly denounce him as a crook in her own kitchen? Well, she wasn't afraid of him, it was her conscience that kept her in line: "It never occurred to her that the system was false and horrbile in the extreme: she only felt that she was lacking in grace . . ." (A. 146). "Conscience . . . made her cling to her religion long after reason taught her that it was a delusion, and made her accept as a sole means of salvation a practice which her whole soul revolted against." (A. 395). Read that over again: While her whole soul revolted, the conscience part of her soul told her it was the only means of salvation. And this even though "her religion . . . brought her not one ray of comfort, but in after years blighted her domestic life." (A. 41). So we have mama sticking to a religion that offered not one ray of comfort, and which she knew was false and untterly immoral, because her conscience told her - what?

In a pioneer community where everyone did his share, Mrs. Webb, "considered a person of superior attainments by the Saints," was naturally asked to help out as a teacher, her sons being grown and her husband away on a mission. As her daughter puts it, "... in Utah she had often been solicited to resume her profession. She had always hitherto refused," but finally "she decided to accept the situation, which was fairly thrust upon her." (A. 181). When under Ann Eliza's constant prodding, both her parents left the Church, her mother, now married to a good non-Mormon, promptly divorced him. Not a word of this in A.E., who reports that mama is now "happy in a home safe from the intrusion of polygamy, every shade of bigotry blotted

out, her reason unfettered, her will free, I am happier than I ever can say." (A. 345). At the same time Mrs. Webb says of her daughter: "I do not see much of Ann Eliza; she comes about once in six weeks and stays not more than two days . . ." Then she lowers the beam: "There is quite as much bigotry, superstition, and fanaticism in the east as in the west, and more trouble in monogamic marriage than I had supposed . . ." (W. 345). Well, well, "every shade of bigotry blotted out"! Now she was free to read the Bible without Brigham Young looking over her shoulder, and when someone recommends the Old Testament and the New to her, "I told him I was in favor of both going into the stove together." (1.c.) Such was her burning faith.

Mrs. Webb holds the key to Ann Eliza's story. Through the years mother and daughter were as close together as two human beings could be. Nothing escaped Mama's keen eye, an eye single to the glory of her idolized



daughter, who could not have experienced and suffered what she did without her mother's awareness of it. Yet her mother was unaware of the true history of Ann Eliza! Not until it was all over did our heroine let her mother know of her childhood insights into the true nature of Mormon atrocities; not until she had suffered the brutal assaults of Dee for two years did Mama suspect anything was wrong - and she living right in the same house with them all that time! The titanic two-year struggle against the crude and unfeeling advances of Brigham Young was carefully concealed from her mother - who had no reason to guess that all was not well; and then finally all those years of married life, with Mama never suspecting a thing, but crushed and bereaved only when she learned to her immense surprise that Ann Eliza had left her husband - and she had been living right with her daughter all those years. Why was Mama never let in on any of Ann Eliza's real life? It was because, we are told, the considerate daughter kept her devoted mother in the dark in order to spare her religious sensibilities.

Even to save herself from "the contaminating clutches of Brigham Young" she would not point out the falseness of his position to her mother; "I dared not enter into religious discussion with her, for I felt so bitterly that I should be sure to say something to shock her." (A. 443). After all she had heard from Mama about Brigham! And then as the wife of Young, "I could not tell my feelings to my mother, for . . . she could never separate him from her religion." (A. 3536). Even after the old lady had worked herself to death on the farm, "although she was losing confidence in Brigham Young, she still clung to her religion." (A. 544). Thus Mrs. Webb's religious fanaticism is a conveniently flexible covering for the glaring inconsistencies in Ann Eliza's history. Which makes one more inconsistency, since Mrs. Webb was anything but a fanatical Mormon. Fanatic she was, on that one theme which

rival religion alone as the commonest object of fanaticism — the quest for position and status. And if she had religious feelings, they were certainly divided between her Church and that other object of her worship, Ann Eliza.

Papa was a good Mormon too. From the earliest days of the Church, according to his daughter, he had 'almost completely distrusted Joseph Smith'; (A. 210) "... my father distrusted him almost entirely." (A. 42). And after Brigham Young took over, and especially since 1857, he "had no faith at all" in Mormonism. (A. 1908, 211). The only reason he joined the Church was to satisfy Mrs. Webb, and he firmly believed that Joseph Smith was responsible for all the misfortune of his family and of the Church in general "by his, to say the least, unwise teachings." (A. 52). When Ann Eliza convinced the old man that Brigham Young was to blame for all the newspaper gossip about her and her handsome agent, he denounced Young publicly as "a corrupt leader," and was cut off from the Church - a cruel blow, as Ann Eliza describes it. But why a cruel blow? He had always known Brigham for what he was, and yet insisted on making his darling daughter marry the monster. Ann Eliza's brothers and sons likewise ended up as apostates, and none of the family ever seems to have held any office in the Church. Since it is virtually impossible to be an "orthodox Mormon" for long, let alone a Mormon in intimate contact with the leaders of the Church as the Webbs were, without being called to some position of responsibility, Ann Eliza's claim to have been raised in "the strictest of Mormon households" calls for drastic amendment.

In nothing are the marks of distortion, conscious or unconscious more apparent than in the study of the time-scale of anti-Mormon works. Mr. Wallace labors idealistically to construct a scheme by which his heroine in a long series of agonized and convulsive fits tears herself away by degrees from a deeply-rooted faith. There was, as we have seen, no such faith — it is a necessary fiction

to explain her playing the game with Brigham Young for all those years. She may have detested the man, but if she really believed in his religion, as she perpetually protests, her behavior would have been totally different: at the very least she would have gone to prayers, kept the Word of Wisdom, and paid tithing — none of which she did.

Likewise, the dramatic series of crises - unknown even to her mother - is another invention in retrospect. Consider, at seventeen she puts the horrid old man in his place; at twenty-one she gives him a lecture on authority, telling him that she can do very nicely without any of his brand, thank you; at twenty-two she seconds Emmeline in denouncing her husband and his religion as total frauds; on the Farm she says, "I had not one spark of faith remaining." (A. 544). Soon after she told the Strattons "that she had not been a Mormon in heart for a number of years." (A. 252). Yet at the end of her life of total disillusionment as the wife of Brigham Young, she (and Wallace) can announce with full tremolo, "In addition to the dread and dislike which had grown up (!) in my heart toward my husband, I was beginning (!) to lose faith in the religion he represented." (A. 538). So what does she do? She has herself baptized again, though she assures us that the whole thing was a "farce", that her attempts to take it seriously were "you may be sure" entirely unavailing, and that she "was thoroughly disgusted, and made no further effort to believe in Mormonism . . ." (A. 545). This episode is an enlightening one; she describes the business as the last effort on her part to believe, and is at great pains to assure us that of course she had not the slightest intention of believing. To such a clumsy device she must resort by way of explaining why she got herself baptized again - obviously in a last desperate bid for Brigham's favor. She says she didn't believe and couldn't - and then makes great parade of her religious motivation, while Mr. Wallace is inspired by this

to turn out some of his finest cliche-work: "... a time of doubt and vacillation, of struggle and agony, and finally of triumph." (W. 323). It was four and a half years after Brigham Young had perpetrated his last and cruellest swindle of the Webb family that Ann Eliza decided that she "could no longer look upon him as a spiritual guide and director." (A. 538). Yet six years before she had given him that stirring lecture in which she told him that she was quite able to do her own spiritual guiding. Spiritual director, indeed!

But enough of this. By now the reader should have a pretty fair idea of the quality of Ann Eliza's personal belief. We have her word for it that her own romantic imaginings took precedence over the teachings of the prophets. Well, that's her business. Even in the Lion House she didn't have to go to prayers if she didn't want to, and we are not going to make her. Her literary sisters have been as free as she was, and in some cases we know just as rebellious against the Church, just as spoiled by their mamas, just as invincibly snobbish as she was. It is an old Mormon heritage, and one against which Brigham Young fought almost single-handedly and in vain. The Mormons have paid a heavy price for indulging in that acquisitivenes and snobbery which so appalled Brigham Young. It is still with them, and one of its results is to make rebels of some who feel robbed of their full meed of glory.

Part IV

It Fairly Sears the Screen-A Romance You Will Never Forget!!

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It Fairly Sears The Screen — A Romance You Will Never Forget!!

Here We Go Again:-

The commonest objection to this writer's mystery thriller, The Myth Makers, is that the book is a waste of paper - less in a literary sense than as a laboring of the over-obvious, the beating of a dead horse. Would that were so! When friends and enemies protest that the charges against Joseph Smith are brought by witnesses so obviously prejudiced and unprincipled that only a Mongolian idiot would make an issue of their accusations, it is the writer's painful duty to point out that those accusations are to this day the soul and substance of a large and flourishing school of anti-Mormon literature, most of it going under the banner of serious scholarship. If the investigator really wants to know how far supposedly intelligent and serious-minded people can go in their myth-making we would recommend a calm appraisal of Mr. Wallace's story of Ann Eliza's wondrous romance with Brigham Young. As a piece of sheer effrontery it is unsurpassed in the annals of literature, or at least in the literature that this writer has got through in forty years of grimly systematic reading.

Let it be clearly understood, then, that but for one peculiar circumstance the discussion that follows is a total waste of time and paper. The peculiar circumstance is that the drivel we are to survey is taken seriously by large numbers of our fellow citizens and were it to go unchallenged would pass in time as a correct and accurate history, a true portrait of Brigham Young and a true measure of his religion. It already passes for that today with a large

portion of the population, and Mr. W. is seeing to it that the numbers of such believers shall increase.

The Ann Eliza Version:-

There are, Mr. Wallace admits, two versions of the Great Romance of Ann Eliza and Brigham Young — hers and his ("the Mormon version"). According to the first he chased her: "I did not seek the position of wife to him; it was forced upon me . . ." (A. 543) "I never loved him and never said to him that I loved him. I looked upon him as a heartless despot." (S. 278). According to the second she chased him. (See below). In most romances both parties do some of the chasing, but Ann Eliza's position is uncomprising. "Whose version can one believe?" asks the sapient Wallace, and after the inevitable pompous cliche — "Probably the truth lies somewhere in between" — he goes all out for his Ann Eliza: ". . . there is no reason to doubt Ann Eliza's account of the Prophet's love and pursuit of her." (W. 168).

The evidence for the Ann Eliza version rests on three stirring conversations — all fictitious. The first was between her and Brigham Young when she was seventeen, the second ditto when she was twenty-two, and the third was a brisk altercation with the Webb family just before the marriage.

The pursuit motif runs through Ann Eliza's story from beginning to end. It starts out with B.Y. lusting after the three-year-old Annie — not in so many words but unmistakeably: "I attracted a great deal of his attention," which was indeed significant, "since he is not noted for fondness for children, even his own." (A. 115). "... he had watched me from my infancy," B.Y. is supposed to have told A.E.'s father. "... had always loved me and intended to marry me." (S. 286). Then when she was sixteen "he seemed suddenly to realize that I had grown to a young lady, and the first intimation he gave of it was by interfering with my beaux." (A. 373). This he did

"out of some inexplicable impulse," according to Wallace, who proceeds to explain the inexplicable by reporting Ann Eliza's reaction: ... the very thought was outrageous to Ann Eliza. 'I wouldn't have him if he asked me a thousand times - hateful old thing." (W. 122). Do vou still not know what this is all about? Well, "Inevitably," Mr. W. assures us in his best House-that-Jack-Built style "a report of AE's declaration got back to the prophet. Perhaps he was annoyed." A.E. herself is more emphatic: when her spirited speech was reported to Brigham "his vanity was sorely hurt," and the great duel was on between the Empire Builder and the 16-year-old Ann Eliza. He soon contrived to pick her up in "the presidential carriage" of which he was "the sole occupant" (for there is never a witness to any of A.E.'s crucial meetings with Brigham). and with infinite subtlety played his opening card: "I heard you said you wouldn't marry me if I wanted it ever so much." (A. 376). But only a short while after Pres. Young presided at A.E.'s marriage to James Dee - with a breaking heart, to be sure, for he "always hoped that the time would come when he would have me." (S. 286; A. 445).

When she was again free, he accordingly laid Homeric siege to her heart. First "he tried in every way to win me, a willing bride . . ." (A. 444), but she "shrank with aversion" from "a man older than my father . . . the father of children older, by many years, than myself." (A. 443). She did more than shrink, however: "Thus began a year of anguish and torture. I fought against my fate in every possible way." With him trying "in every way" to catch her, and she trying "in every possible way" to escape, it was indeed a battle of the giants. "For almost two years," as Wallace puts it, "Brigham wooed Ann Eliza, and for two years she resisted him." Only after the great man's infinite resource and experience were exhausted in vain attempts "to win me, a willing bride," did he "attempt to coerce me." (A. 444). His hot campaign of "ardent" wooing (W. 220) based on intimidation, bribery and trickery (A. 445), culminated in a Machiavellian business manoeuvre of imperial proportions, designed to force the lady to yield in order to save her brother's position in the Church. Gilbert's embarrassment gave Young the whip-handle he needed — "... with his departure the black threat hung over the household," (W. 172) and so they were married — "... my doom was fixed. My religion, my parents — everything was urging me on to my unhappy fate ..." (A. 453). But lo, from the wedding day Young treated the apple of his eye with "studied contempt and cruel neglect," while she on her part was always the model wife, by B.Y.'s own admission (according to her) "the est wife he ever had," until, alas, his selfishness and cruelty finally forced her to abandon him.

Such briefly is the Ann Eliza-Wallace version of the Great Romance. What evidence is there to support it? We know that Ann Eliza married Brigham Young but was that how it happened? Mr. Wallace says it was. The proof? That Ann Eliza actually married Brigham Young! For a generation and more, Ann Eliza herself held that lone fact up as full and sufficient evidence for whatever she chose to say about Brigham Young and the Mormons. The powerful clincher to this argument for Mr. Wallace the undeniable fact that he was a man and she was a - oman - need one look farther? "... there is no reason to doubt Ann Eliza's account of the Prophet's love and pursuit of her," is his thesis, and the proof is that she was "young, pretty, and available," while "neither his potency nor his fecundity was impaired by his great age." (W. 22).

Brigham's lust for Eliza, that is Wallace's menin aeide Thea, the gradiose theme trumpeted forth on the very cover of his book. Yet he must establish his thesis by laborious indirection and devious sophistry, prodding the reader by degree along a path that never once offers him the firm foothold of solid evidence. He begins with a subtle inuendo: "Sometimes, it was said, Brigham's interest in young

actresses—as in the case of Ann Eliza Webb—was less fatherly." (W. 134). Of course "it was said", but by whom? Wallace gives satisfaction by following up with a report of how Heber C. Kimball once remarked during family prayers, ". . . the greater the strumpet the more Brother Brigham is after her." A more utterly impossible story could not be imagined, but Mr. W. assures us that it has the high authority of "Dr. Wilhelm Wyle, the German researcher." All the world possesses of this great scholar is a thin volume of unauthenticated and lurid stories published in Salt Lake in 1886 "by Dr. W. Wyl, A German Author." What he was a Doctor of nobody knows, but by turning him into Dr. Wilhelm Wyle, the German Researcher Wallace calls the impressive credentials of 19th century Teutonic Wissenschaft to his aid, and though conceding in the next sentence that "the story, from an anti-Mormon source, is likely apocryphal", he has left us properly impressed - for who has not heard of the famous Dr. Wyle?

Before we can pause to wonder about this, Mr. W. rushes us on with an admonition that the story may be true since "as a matter of recorded fact, Brigham Young did have one protracted and public love affair with an actress." (l.c.) Who can challenge a recorded fact? And where is the record? Well, in 1905 an anti-Mormon by the name of J. S. Lindsey recollected that back in those days, some half-century before, "speculation was rife, and wonder excited in certain quarters" about Young's interest in a certain actress visiting the city. Since there was never any shortage of speculation about Brigham Young in many quarters, we need something better than this, and so Wallace hurries us on: "... there seems every evidence that Brigham at sixty-four, had a deeply romantic involvement." Every evidence is pretty strong, and it is too bad to have to spoil it with that poor little "seems"; let us have the evidence. Well, Brigham Young gave two receptions for the actress and actually sent his own sleigh to bring the guest of honor to the party! Some unimaginative and

uncooperative readers might think that this was simply the normal way an ardent patron of the theater would pay his respects to a great actress and ask impatiently for the proof of anything like a red-hot love affair. Here it is at last: "It is said that Brigham tried to convert the actress to the Mormon faith and even proposed marriage. But Julia Dean Hayne would have her patron neither as a Prophet nor as a polygamist." (W. 1336). It would sort of spoil things to let the deliciously mystified reader know that the provocative "it is said" here refers to our good friend A-- E---- W--- D-- Y---- and to \check{M}_{rs} . S-----, and that neither of them will vouch for the story. But it is a known fact that Julia Dean Hayne (always give the full name in case like this, to show you've got the goods) never did marry Brigham Young. Which gives Mr. W. full authority for saying that she would have him neither as a Propet nor as a polygamist.

So far where are we? We have learned that people gossipped about Brigham Young. But that is hardly news; it is time for Wallace's bombshell: Ann Eliza heard a rumor that Pres. Young had Miss Hayne's "Temple work" done for her after she was dead; Wallace followed up the lead and struck pay dirt-"long forgotten records" show that the lady was "sealed" to Brigham Young. So were many, many others. It is as characteristic of any good Latter-day Saint to want Temple work done for a dead Gentile friend as it is for him to try to convert a living one. Marrying here and sealing beyond are by no means the same thing-after all, the party concerned was dead, and the sealing, however sentimental may have been the motive behind it, was an extremely common, almost routine affair, albeit confidential. The point is that this is Mr. Wallaces' prize evidence for "a protracted and public love affair with an actress." What was protracted and public was the speculation, and that is all our authority has to go on. We need something better than a leer and a snicker when so much is being claimed. One does not have to go

to very private records to prove the reality of a protracted *public* event.

Wallace labors heroically on the youth-and-beauty angle - his Ann Eliza is, as she depicts herself, always very young and very beautiful. Only others did not see it that way: To the reporters who studied her she "was 'no spring chicken," (W. 367), and at the time she left Brigham Young they guessed her age at 35 rather than thirty; experienced newspaper reporters, willing enough to play up the lady's glamor, would go no further than to concede that "her face is attractive rather than handsome" (W. 282). Wallace and Ann Eliza on the other hand have given us an image of youth and beauty that Brigham Young "must have found irresistible." Yet at the time of the marriage Ann Eliza was by no means the prize package that she and Wallace present for our inspection; she was a 24-year-old divorcee with two kids, still unmarried after four years of living at home. On the face of it, her case was desperate - by the standards of her society she was far beyond the ideal age for marriage. To cover this up she insists on describing herself as a veritable babe: "I was a child with my children, and it would be difficult to tell which of us got the most scoldings and pettings from the fond grandmamma." (A. 423). As to Mr. Young lurking and slavering in the wings, ... what was that to me? How did it affect me when he came or went? . . . So I thought as I lay cradled in my mother's arms that summer evening, (A. 424). But the very next day the man proposed - to Ann Eliza's parents: "Had I known it, I should have by no means have ... frolicked so gaily with my children." (A. 438). Brigham at the time "looked upon my assertions as a girlish affectation that a good offer would speedily overcome." (A. 441). And so on and on - A.E. is the perpetual ingenue, the frolicking girl-child, a contemporary not of Brigham Young's other wives of whom she was not the youngest) but of his younger children. The wives

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"I had known from my childhood, and they were old and intimate friends of my mother's," (A. 465), while "I enjoyed myself very much with some of the younger members of the family." (A. 507).

Flaws in the Diamond:—

Even if Ann Eliza's youth and beauty were not desperately exaggerated they prove nothing. Actually her story collapses at a touch; a fabric of moonshine. The Great Proposal scene is a phony. It takes place on the way home from a meeting at which B.Y. had never taken his eyes from her; "I am sure he saw my discomfort; but he was pitiless." Also he was apparently unaware that everbody's gaze was on him. (A. 433). Yet nobody - not even all-perceptive mama, suspected a thing. When A.E. gave her a verbatim account of the President's clumsy proposal of marriage immediately after the meeting the good woman "seemed amused by it, but did not give it any more serious thought than I had done." (A. 438). And this was the woman who, according to A.E. herself, desired nothing in the world so much as to see her daughter married to Brigham Young. Is any further evidence necessary to show that Eliza is making this all up? Here she tells mama that B.Y. has within the hour told her that now I was free, and he was at liberty to tell me, what he had wanted to tell me long before, that he loved me." (A. 445). Yet neither she nor her mother suspected for a moment what the man had in mind, so that later in the day when Young proposed to her parents the girl was absolutely thunderstruck, stunned, incredulous - she thought it was a joke, she says, for during that long and amorous conversion "I had no idea at all of Brigham's real object in thus sounding me out. It never occurred to me that he could want me for himself."

There can be only one explanation for such obtuseness: the conversation never took place. Indeed it is a very different story she tells in the Stenhouse letter

as we shall see. The long romantic conversation of the book is a free composition, a sumptuous afterthought. Go back to the meeting. All the time he was totally absorbed in starting tactlessly at Ann Eliza while everybody else stared at him, President Young was engaged in a lively exchange of vituperation with members of the congregation, who openly accused him of sculduggery. The key to the situation is one Van Etten who, according to Ann Eliza, endeared himself to the Prophet on the occasion by tossing his tormentor, Howard, out of the meeting. After that Brigham endorsed Van Etten so enthusiastically that the latter could take to a life of crime with complete immunity to prosecution. He began by stealing a hundred sheep from Ann Eliza's own brother Gilbert, and then disappeared with "several thousand" stolen beasties into parts unknown. (A. 432-3). Meanwhile Howard, the man who attacked the President, according to A.E. voluntarily went off on a mission for the Church to England.

Here we have rich scandal in the very bosom of Ann Eliza's family, with Brigham Young at the center of it. Why not a word of all this in Mr. Wallace's book? Why does he never mention Van Etten? Is it because Ann Eliza, nee Webb, is lying? But Van Etten is the key to her whole story of the meeting. To make up for the vivid and dramatic story he passes by in such peculiar silence, Mr. W. on his own authority reports how Young stares with tactless fascination at Ann Eliza from the stand, how he trembles with rage when a member of the congregation hurls charges against him, and how he takes off like an alley cat after the meeting in pursuit of our heroine, while the Church dignitaries stand about "exchanging knowing looks." All this is pure invention, and what Wallace calls "their long walk and secret conversation" on the way home (W. 162) is no less so.

For it was a short walk and a very unsecret conversation. Ann Eliza reports the latter in half-a-dozen lines in

her Stenhouse letter, where Brigham Young gives her exactly the same advice that he gave all young ladies. "I thanked him for his counsel," she concludes, "and as my home was so near to the place of meeting, the conversation abruptly terminated." (S. 285-6). So much for the long walk, and the conversation which in her later book is developed into a four-page melodrama. In the latter the protagonists exchange in stilted and artificial language remarks that are both absurd and impossible. Brigham explains that it "was a great shock to him" when she married Dee, but "now I was free, and he was at liberty to tell me . . . that he loved me." (A. 445). Since Young himself had performed the ceremony, to which Ann Eliza's family (his close personal friends) strenuously objected "as a duty" (A. 399), why hadn't Brigham protested too? The answer is a killer: "I knew you was doing the wrong thing when I saw the man. I would have told you so, but you didn't ask my advice." Both as the general authority performing the ceremony and as a personal friend, Brigham Young would be obliged and expected to give counsel and advice in a routine interview. Brigham, like everybody else, says Ann Eliza, deplored the move she was taking; yet though his heart was breaking, and he saw his beloved Eliza going to ruin he uttered not a word of protest -"you didn't ask my advice." Since when did Brigham Young, of all people, wait to be asked before giving advice to 16-year-olds? And then when she got her divorce who granted it? Brigham Young did: so at last she was free. And so two years later he proposes.

In the four-page conversation which is the cornerstone of the Great Romance Ann Eliza is as exquisitely noble and literate as Young is clumsy and boorish. To the Prophet's discourse on marriage and his "tenacious inquiries into her love life," (W. 159) she replies that she is a mature woman of hard and bitter experience who had put all thought of marriage from her mind forever. If not marriage, what then? She tells us: "I pictured myself growing

old in this quiet spot, with my strong, brave boys with me." (A. 153). She describes herself on the same page as a real beauty, healthy, vivacious, and "fond of gay society" — yet her only thought is to look forward to "a quiet old age" in Cottonwod. Actually this is exactly what she did have to look forward to — but do you really believe she relished the prospect? She has Brigham protest: "Women of your age and your looks, don't stay single all their lives; not a bit of it," while she pointedly refers to the army of suitors that constantly besiege her.

Again the buzzer and the red light: Who were these suitors? They are necessary to make it appear that A.E. was eminently desirable, but why is none of them ever named? Why is no episode of her many Mormon wooings ever mentioned by a woman who gives us verbatim accounts of so many other women's wooings? For two years, she says, she employed every possible means of avoiding a mating with Young. Yet if she is telling the truth the door of escape was wide and beckoning. For on the evening of the Great Walk she instructed her father to convey to Brigham the answer she gave "to all my other suitors," (W. 164), and reminded her mother of her "aversion to another union, above all, to him." (W. 165). B.Y., then, was but one suitor among many, and by far the least desirable. Among "every possible means" of avoiding him the most obvious and convenient would certainly be that of marrying any of the other men "who with each other vie to do her menial duty." Her parents left the decision entirely up to her (S. 286); why didn't she simply chose somebody else? Is it for the same reason that she never names anybody else? Because there was nobody else?

Ann Eliza says her parents though they wished her to marry Mr. Young, would not force her to (S. 286) yet in two years she cannot think of a single good reason for not marrying him except his age. Which means that all the brutal mistreatment and cynical plundering of the Webb

family is also Ann Eliza's invention. And what about that two-year "ardent wooing" that is the theme of Mr. Wallace's book? The woman who can recall every syllable of her long private conversation on the way home from meeting remembers nothing of the long and ardent wooing that followed. She recalls not a single epsiode, revealing or otherwise, of that hectic campaign by a master wooer what a book she could have made of THAT, if it had only occurred! She trims and hedges, telling how after Brigham was unable to move her by kindness he "tried another tack. He asked my father if a house and a thousand dollars a year would make me comfortable." (A. 445). But in her letter to Stenhouse this proposal is made on the very day he walked her home from church, that is, there was no romantic preliminary whatever; even the famous conversation is ruled out by the Stenhouse account.

And how did the master-wooer woo? By visiting the family from time to time, when "he manifested all the growling propensities of an old 'cur' . . . " (A. 451). When her father reported her reluctance to the Great Lover (who never bothered to propose to her) "he only laughed," and told the family that he expected them to get results. "The iast remark was made with a peculiar emphasis and a sinister smile, which every Saint who had dealings with him knew very well, and whose meaning they also knew." (A. 444). This too took place on the day of the walk from the church - Brigham starts out putting on the pressure in the nastiest way - which makes it perfectly clear that there was no romantic approach: it was business from the first. To get Ann Eliza into his power, Brigham threatens the family with ruin - why? The family were already enthusiastically on his side - why ruin them? . . . with his departure the black threat hung over the household," says Mr. W., surpassing even the Police Gazette for sheer banality. But the household continued to love Brigham. What was the threat, incidentally? Not anything so trite as financial ruin - Ann Eliza insists that

money plays no part in all this — no, the threat is "the Prophet's curse!" (A. 452, W. 172)

Then, when he finally won her consent, "He was triumphant, although he did not show it . . ." (A. 455); while she "still fought against it, but the conflict was now all internal." (l.c.). The family of course was elated "and everything went merrily as a marriage-bell" (l.c.). At the moment of decision she was successful in concealing her sorrow from the world — "I did not dare admit anyone to my confidence, not even my mother," (A. 455) — while he was just as successful in concealing his joy. This is a preposterous situation, but it is necessary to explain why there were never any witnesses to the Ann Eliza version.

The second secon

But how about that passionate soul-baring on the way home from church? That is a fabrication: in the Stenhouse letter it is made not to Ann Eliza at all, but to her father, and when in the book it is shifted to her it is freely adorned and expanded. It is quite inconceivable that she and her mother should have missed the point of such a speech, if it had been given. The lady herself insists that she never had the remotest suspicion that Young was being romantic, in any of those dramatic conversations before the marriage.

And after the marriage? From the hour the ceremony was performed, he overwhelmed her with abuse and treated her with studied contempt — that is her story. So where does that leave the great Romance? Can you blame those who accept the "Mormon version" in view of Ann Eliza's own admission that there was no overt evidence whatever either for Brigham Young's pursuit of her or of her avoidance of him? "He was triumphant although he did not show it," while no one — not even her mother — was aware of Ann Eliza's reluctance. The truth is not that "there is no reason for doubting Ann Eliza's version of Brigham's pursuit of her," but that by her own confession there is no reason for believing it beyond the ready rhetoric of her Secret History.

The Real Ann Eliza?:-

If the Ann Eliza-Wallace version leaks like a sieve, what about "the Mormon version" i.e., that it was Mrs. Webb and her daughter who sought the marriage - while B. Y. "protested that he was an old man" (which he was) and wanted no more wives."? His First Counselor told how the ladies used to come to Brigham Young's office where mama would plead, "let her have the joy of being called by your name — she will be satisfied with that . . . while the daughter sat weeping into her carefully arranged pocket handkerchief." (W. 167). And indeed A. E. herself tells how she studied before her marriage to move the great man with her tears and actually sat cooling her heels in the waiting room of his office only as she puts it, she was intended to plead not for herself but for Gilbert. So, unwittingly, she supplies us with all the elements of the "Mormon version"; it is only the motives that need adjusting. If B.Y. was chasing her why did she have to wait - in vain -



for an interview at the office? Again, that belongs to her secret history, never revealed even to her mother - the public history is that she sat in the waiting room. There was nothing highly irregular in being married in name only: Brigham Young, as we have seen, had already given his name and protection to many women; "... very many more," says A.E., ". . . have been married to him for eternity.' I should be sorry even to guess their numbers." (A. 515). Sorriest of all, is that she is among that number, for she insisted publicly and often that she had never had marital relations with Brigham Young. (W. 219). Mr. Wallace cannot accept that mortal blow to his whole thesis. Though Ann Eliza solemnly makes that claim in an official biographical register, he dismisses it out of hand: "Undoubtedly it was false." (W. 220). Having called his informant a liar in a crucial matter to which she is the only possible witness, our guide then gallantly explains that she is merely trying to "disassociate herself from the Mormons." Yet in the same lectures in which she confesses, "I never could interest him in any way," she tells how very, very hard she tried to gain his attention and affection, making it only too clear that the disassociation was all on his side, not on hers.

Kimball Young says "the mother of Ann Eliza engineered the match with Brigham — for the sake of prestige and money"; and according to Dee's descendants Mrs. Webb "was aggressive and wanted her daughter in society." A wicked Mormon fiction? Then why does Mr. Wallace admit that "Ann Eliza's mother . . . desperately wanted the marriage for the standing it would give her daughter and the entire family"? (W. 165); and why does Ann Eliza herself report: "My mother and father both favored the suit, and labored with me . . . to view it in the same light." (A. 455)? Before we consider B.Y.'s deep-freeze treatment of A.E. there is one item that cannot be overlooked in evaluating her story, and that is her own character.

Even to the casual reader it is apparent that we have to do with a spoiled and pampered creature. "It is a wonder I was not completely spoiled"; she reports with evident pleasure. "I dare say I should have been, had it not been for my mother's sensible and judicious training. I was her idol, the one object for which she cared most in the world." (A. 71). To idolize Ann Eliza is merely being sensible and judicious. "A spoiled child, eh," says the Squire, "staring hard" (the stare is Mr. Wallace's contribution to history), and the damsel replies, "My will seems to be everybody's way at home." (A. 346). Is it her fault if everyone is insanely jealous of her? In the spirit of "sweet humility," albeit against the advice of parents and friends, she stole Dee from all the other girls, and immediately began to compete with him for the affections of a girl friend: "In order to win me from her," she says, and to break up our friendship, he pretended a very great interest in her." (A. 391). When she discovered that her friend was quite innocent of competing for her husband's attention, i.e., that the sordid triangle was of her own making, she still would never forgive her: "... to this day I cannot see my old friend that a feeling of the most intense bitterness does not rise up in my heart against her." Ann Tiza never forgives anyone and why should she, since y are to blame? "But some persons never forget, and husband was one of those. . . . He was revenging him-If for the opposition shown him by my friends." (A. 399). Then when she has a child Dee is insanely jealous of it: "He did not care for my baby, seeming to consider it a rival, and my love for it seemed to anger him." (A. 403). So she proceeded to rub it in: "All the tide of my affection, that had been so rudely repelled, turned towards it (the baby) . . . I should live in and for my child." (1.c) Then she has another child and the two infants become rivals for her love: "I had been jealous at first, jealous of the little newcomer for the other baby's sake. . . . The measure of my love seemed to be the measure of their father's indifference, and even hate He used either take no notice

of them at all, which I infinitely preferred, or would handle them so roughtly that the little things would shriek with pain and terror, and I would be almost frantic with fear lest he should kill them in his mad frolics." (A. 405).

Can you imagine trying to live with that woman? The poor kids were in for it: "I can have no room for other love while I have them to care for," she told Brigham Young, "They fill my heart exclusively . . . I should be jealous if I saw the least hint of regard for anyone creeping in. I couldn't love anybody else: I wouldn't. I am a woman with hard, bitter experience . . . a mother, too, who will not give her children a rival." (A. 435). Is it too much to call such a woman possessive? When Pres. Young suggested, she says, that she "might give them a protector," she answered (she says), "They don't need it; my love is sufficient protection. Besides, they . . . will be my protectors in a few years." (A. 435). "... no one would dispute with me for their affection," she cries - as if anybody wanted to - "no one claim their love. I was supremely, selfishly happy . . . I dreamed for them, I planned for them, lived for them . . ." (410) ". . . my romance had died; my idol with its feet of clay was broken ... but the little souls ... were more beautiful than any idol, . . . I dreaded the days . . . when my clinging arms could no longer infold them, when my love alone would cease to satisfy." (A. 536). And so forth. It is not surprising to learn that when A.E.'s sole surviving son's marriage with a Southern socialite (non-Mormon) was broken up he moved into a cottage with mama, only to have her 'sell the house over his head" when she needed money.

Naturally one expects all of Young's wives to be insanely jealous of Ann Eliza, and Wallace tells us that her "youth and beauty" were actually a threat to "the economic comfort and security of the other wives." (W. 180). But it won't wash. Aside from the fact, noted even by Stenhouse, that she was his least loved and worst-treated wife, we have her own unguarded admis-

sion: "Others were cared for, and it was more than a woman's nature could stand to see them thus petted." (W. 234). Where is our noble Ann E., who thinks only of the happiness of other women? Where is the darling of the harem, the dread and envy of them all?

In Ann Eliza's code of chivalry there is no half-way: either a man makes stars in a woman's eyes or he is an utter cad. "I made an ideal; then I set myself to find some living person to invest with all the virtues and graces. mental, moral, and physical, of my imaginary hero. I found the person, and straightway set myself to worship. . . . There is such sweet humility about a woman's love"! (A. 385). And she never forgave James Dee for falling short of her ideal - he "blighted her life" forever: "... within a month . . . I learned that I had made a fatal mistake in my marriage" as Dee's "desire to torment me made life almost unbearable." (A. 399). He wanted to hurt her. The same fatal flaw was discovered with the same promptness in her next two husbands, guilty like Dee, of "treating me in the indifferent, matter-of-fact manner . . . which most Mormon men assume towards their helpless wives," (A. 390); woe to the man who treats Ann Eliza in a matter-of-fact manner! All her husbands are cads. B.Y. "refused to care for me when it was his duty to do so," (A. 552); and Denning sent her "messages entirely unbecoming a man, such as, 'Now she can starve, and see how she likes that'." (W. 414). Yet all three men were model husbands with their other wives.

The program she had planned for her sons, "to help my faltering footsteps over the stony places..." precluded any happy married life for them (A. 423); she repeatedly puts her male relatives on the spot — they must rescue her from Dee (who never got a word in edgewise) (A. 408); poor little Edward Milo must interfere with the President's private affairs and get bounced from his office because Ann Eliza put him up to it with the news "that his sister was being ill-treated by the Prophet," (W. 423);

her father, she told the reporters, would take care of the terrible Danites if they laid a hand on her — we wonder how father felt about that? When B.Y. asked for her in marriage she again put papa on the spot: "Why, I belong to you, father. Tell them so, and that you can't give me away to anybody." (A. 443). But father was on Brigham's side. Even Presidents of the United States are disowned and denounced by Mrs. Young for their lack of chivalry in failing to comply with all her instructions. (W. 381, 385-9).

Ann Eliza is always having to be rescued - beauty in distress is her specialty, frail loveliness brutally assulted - the infant drenched with the frantic tears of a mother who prayed for merciful death - "every hour of her life her heart was torn with some new anguish" (A. 105); the babe innocently unaware of the lurking Squire, the child shocked and brutalized simply by being baptized - a sacrificial lamb "dedicated to the church" (A. 105), the sensitive innocent terrified by the image of J.D. Lee leaning over her bed; when she was 12 had her father not prevented "making his little girl a victim" she would have been snapped up by one of the competing "church dignitaries" (A. 323); the girl all but swooning from the brutality of the endowment rites, the adolescent pursued by the panting Squire. At 16 she paints a picture of herself as "quite a martyr to the Mormon priestly rule." (A. 374). Wallace, titillated by the idea of Mormon men discussing women "with reference to their 'points' as jockeys would talk of horses or importers of fine stock," - it gives you an idea of how Dee treated A.E. Then the dazzling beauty helpless beneath Young's basilisk stare: "I am sure he saw my discomfort; but was pitiless." (A. 433). And then the way her own family dragooned her into marrying B.Y. only Mr. W. can decribe the scene with lovely Eliza at bay, tortured by her own parents. And then she enters B.Y.'s home and finds there one of the wives who "had been a servant (ugh!) of my mother's family. She used to

take care of me when I was a baby, and wished with all her heart that she had choked me when she had a good chance." (A. 461). Not a very pretty picture - but that is how people treated our Eliza. Of course she must be rescued from "the contaminating clutches of Brigham Young" under the most harrowing and breath-taking cirsumstances - all of her own invention. But when she had made good her "escape," she turned to Mrs. Cooke, and when she spoke her voice was weak and helpless. 'What shall I do'? she asked." (W. 277). She is always getting herself into these situations and then appealing to the chivalry of bystanders to rescue her. After her liberation from the Mormons "her own bouts with nervous illness and fatigue were more frequent . . . she feared the loneliness and obscurity of retirement." (W. 395). People just aren't nice enough to Ann Eliza.

Incidentally, part of Mr. Wallace's A.E. image is the host of loyal friends she has, friends through whom B.Y. is able to hurt her after she leaves him. Who were they? If Mr. Wallace in his vast researches ever ran across the trace of any real friend of Mrs. Young, he has failed to mention it. The gallant Major, the Judge, the Gentile Boarders who magnanimously paid their rent for three weeks, the Clergy, the people at the Hotel — all were kindness itself, as they carefully calculated just how much they were going to get out of Mrs. Young. Even the devoted Mrs. Cooke who was paid to go with her presently left her and returned to Salt Lake. Correction, "courage-ously returned" says Mr. Wallace, since just to go back there would obviously be suicide if Ann Eliza's story of the Danites is true.

Ann Eliza is not a little proud of her skill at weeping. Of her first husband she says, "I presume I annoyed him greatly by my tears and reproaches. A woman in Mormonism has need enough for tears, but it is little use for her to shed them." (A. 391). But she went on shedding them just the same and notes as a remarkable phenomenon that

when she had her first baby "I even forgot to cry under the sweet influence." (A. 404). But she didn't forget when Brigham proposed: "Oh! the horrible hours that I spent in crying and moaning, no tongue can picture." (S. 286). And as the gentlest and quietest of all B.Y.'s wives, she always got what she wanted by crying. At the Farm, she says, she never ceased weeping. When Young wanted to relieve Mrs. Webb of the drudgery of the Farm which, according to A.E. was ruining her health, her daughter's reaction was prompt and effective: "I cried bitterly . . . I could not live without her. I leaned on her in piteous dependence . . ." ". . . the child from whom she had never been separated." (A. 538). And this in her thirtieth year: still the weeping. piteous child.

Of Ann Ehra as the "gimme girl" little needs to be said - she has told that story herself. One passage will suffice: "I could not get anything else out of him, except by the hardest labor (Now we know what she means by the "hard, unceasing labor" to which she was forced). and the little that I got was given so grudgingly that I hated myself for accepting it; and many a time I would have thrown the pitiful amount back in his face, but stern necessity would compel me to accept the money and overlook the insult . . . The hot blood tingles to the very ends of my fingers as I recall the insults I received from that man while I was his wife." (A. 459). Insult consists in not giving Ann Eliza all she wants: "I was not to be bought," she says of her refusal of a generous cash settlement of \$15,000, "by the man who refused to support me when it was his duty to do so." The trouble was that the cash settlement was not enough. She asked for double rations and got them. Her reaction? Scathing sarcasm: "Unheardof liberality! - I was allowed to draw sugar twice a month." "I never learned to hate anything in my life as I did the word 'economy,' while I was Brigham Young's wife." (A. 465). Not polygamy, but economy is the naughty word. In marrying B.Y. "she undoubtedly expected to be rewarded with the luxuries of regal living.

Her disenchantment was immediate and enduring." (W. 179)). Thus Mr. Wallace; well, at least we know now that she had a very good motive for marrying Brigham—the luxuries of regal living, which she confidently expected.

And which she demanded - for she was a terrible snob. The Webb house, she says, was "regarded with admiration, and ourselves with envy. since no one else had so fine a place." (A. 124). What makes B.Y.'s clutches "contaminating clutches" (A. 08. 454) is that "this glazier ... once worked for two-bits a day." In A.E.'s code a lady does not work; hence any wife who helps around the house is really supporting herself, and hence her husband - Brigham Young's wives toiled all the day to support him. Lucy Bigelow's charge of the fine house at St. George means for A.E. that her "position as housekeeper" is "that of servitor entirely," (A. 489); Lucy Decker in managing the Beehive House "was not only obliged to cook for them but wait on them at the table, in the capacity of a servant." (A. 486)). Her family and friends objected to Dee because "they saw that he was in no way my equal," (A. 384), and indeed when she gave him "the truest love a woman can give a man . . . he repaid it as men of his class ... usually repay it - in neglect and abuse once I was in his power." (A. 386).

The Amelia Story:-

A useful clue to the motives of Ann Eliza is her obsession with Amelia Folsom. She can't get Amelia out of her system; Amelia is all the things that A.E. wants to be. Both Wallace and Ann Eliza work hard to make it appear that Amelia and Ann Eliza were rivals, as they must have been if A.E.'s story is true. Amelia was A.E.'s "main competition" (W. 204). Wallace assures us, "Ann Eliza's principal rival," (W. 205), the only other woman "so difficult to conquer" (206) in all of Young's vast experience. No wonder Amelia must hate her with a "deadly hatred." (A. 461). With Emmeline safely dead, Ann

Eliza uses her as her foil in the great dual with Amelia; it is Emmeline, not Ann Eliza who cries out, "Can I never go anywhere without having her thrust in my face"? (A. 500). "Seems to me you're taking Emmeline's part pretty strong — ain't you'? says the Squire, to which Ann Eliza, gallant as ever, replies, "Yes, I am, for I think you've treated her badly." "I guess a little of the mad is on your own account — isn't it''? says the Squire, correcting his grammar; but A.E. is equal to him: "Not a particle of it. Amelia doesn't interfere with me." (A. 510). Ann Eliza jealous? Ha!

It is Ann Eliza who furnishes Mr. W. with the intimate portrait of her closest rival, her own inverted mirror-image. But how well did she know Amelia? She tells us in a most revealing sentence, which has been the object of some of Wallace's deft and drastic surgery. We have already quoted the sentence: ". . . during the dessert she reached the cake-basket to me, and with as freezing a tone and manner as she could assume asked,— 'Will you have some cake?' I declined, and that ended our conversation—the last, and indeed the only one I ever had with her. . . ." (A. 462). And now the Codex Wallace: "Suddenly, said Ann Eliza (did she?), Amelia shoved the cake basket at her 'and with as freezing a tone and manner as she could assume, asked, Will you have some cake?' I declined, and that ended our conversation" (W. 211). Period. Does the reader perhaps wonder why our emendator cut off Ann Eliza's sentence in the middile? Let him not feel cheated, for in return for what he has removed from the text Mr. Wallace has adorned it with a generous addition, telling us on the word of Ann Eliza-who said nothing of the sort-how Amelia "suddenly . . . shoved the cake basket at" her. It is only fair to point out that if Mr. Wallace often omits essential material, he just as often supplies it out of his own magnanimous mind.

Though Amelia never spoke to Ann Eliza, she chose to act out her most disgraceful private scenes with her

husband in that lady's presence: "I was once present when she wanted her husband to do something for her: he objected, and she repeated the demand, threatening to 'thrash him,' if he did not comply," - that was the one sure way to control Brigham Young - "It is perhaps unnecessary to say [see? we told you so!] that she was not obliged to ask him again." (A. 499). Because Brigham Young was a meticulous tidy housekeeper, Amelia loved to eat peanuts and throw the shells all over the house; because he abhorred bad language above all else she made it a point to use the vilest. Screaming, bullying, smashing furniture, splitting the ears of all and sundry with the voice of a banshee and the language of a stevedore, a singularly repulsive combination of a pig, monkey and water-buffalo. Amelia had her way in everything. When Mary Van Cott had a child Amelia "forbade Brigham Young ever to see the mother again," and "for several months Brigham sheepshly obeyed." That is Wallace speaking - where does ne get such stuff? Well,"apparently Mary told Ann Eliza what happened, and Ann Eliza repeated it." (W. 210, A. 500). The alternative, that Ann Eliza is making it up, never occurrs to our scholar — his only source for all this is Ann Eliza, and "apparently" is good enough evidence for W., when a story is as nasty as this one.

And speaking of nasty stories, the worst of all is the harrowing tale told by Mrs. Lewis, for which A.E. is our only informant. Mrs. Lewis' son had walked home with a girl who had caught the eye of a Mormon bishop:

"Lewis's doom was sealed at once: the bewitched Bishop was mad with jealous rage, and he had only to give a hint of his feelings . . . and the sequel was sure . . . and injury so brutal and barbarous that no women's pen may write the words that describe it. Whether this victim of priestly rule is dead or living must forever remain a mystery. (Why forever?) . . . Yet during the whole of this affair the Bishop was sustained by Brigham Young, who knew all about it." (A. 279).

Ann Eliza finds it a "great marvel," which by 1908 has become "the almost incredible marvel" (A. 08. 213), that

the victim's poor distracted mother, who nursed him with a breaking heart . . . still retains her faith in Mormonism, and since . . . has been sealed to Brigham Young as one of his wives."

What was Young's object in marrying the old lady? To get her property, for when she held out "the agents . . . rushed in breathless haste to the Prophet and told him of Mrs. Lewis' rebellion. He instantly formed a plan of inducing her to surrender." (A. 282). The plan was simple: since according to the Mormons "no woman can enter heaven except some man go through the ordinances with her," he had the widow where he wanted her she would have to marry him to be saved. There are two things wrong with this: 1) there is no such Mormon doctrine, and 2) A.E. forgets that Mrs. Lewis, "an old lady with children all grown" had long since "gone through the ordinances" with her husband Mr. Lewis. Anyway, he told her to keep things to herself: "They would not understand, you know' murmered he in his most drivellingly sweet accents." (l.c.). And that is how it came about that she told only Ann Eliza, whom she hated. We leave it to the reader to detect the flaws in the story, which Mr. Wallace now gives to the world as a public service.

As a widow Amelia lived a long busy public life but Wallace discounts the testimony of those who saw her every day to give priority to one lone anonymous telegram to a New York newspaper saying she married a railroad man (W. 375) to which dubious report, innocuous enough even if it were true, Mr. W. manages to impart a flavor of scandal. (W. 375). In her lectures Ann Eliza made it clear that in Amelia she had met her equal: "Almost everyone agreed that she possessed enough 'spirit' to have been Amelia Folsom's match," said the review (W. 295). And what on earth could all those Gentiles have known about Amelia Folsom? Only what A.E. chose to tell them about her, of course; it was she who went around the country tell-

ing of the rivalry between the two beauties—she wanted to be thought of as "Amelia Folsom's match." Ann Eliza can repeat the very speech with which Brigham Young proposed to Amelia and announce, "This is the same argument he used to win me . . ." (A. 498). Isn't it odd that she tells the story of Brigham's proposal to Amelia, but except for this casual reference, tells no story of any proposal made to her? Plainly Amelia is another of those dream-creations in which A.E. specialized, the grand lady in whom she saw the wish-image — the deadly rival — of herself.

In Amelia we have an interesting control for our speculations. Ann Eliza and Wallace want us very much to think that she was Amelia's match and counterpart. The conjunction is unfortunate, for the contrast speaks volumes. If Brigham had felt towards A.E. as he did toward Amelia and as Wallace assures us he did (W. 206). why does Amelia live in a palace while Ann Eliza lives in a "tiny ancient house"? (190). If it was passion for Eliza that finally overpowered passion for Amelia, why did he desert Ann Eliza on her wedding night "for fear of Amelia" who knew nothing about the marriage? (A. 456). If Ann Eliza was his engrossing love, why was he "paying his addresses while he was wooing me" to Mary Van Cott, whom Amelia considered a more serious rival? (A. 456).

While A.E. is the best and sweetest wife B.Y. ever had, Amelia wears ever "a querulous, discontented expression . . . (A. 479) hates Brigham," and "uses the vilest language in her common conversation." (A. 211). "She is a perfect virago and carries everything by storm," which she is able to do because the President lives in mortal dread "that she might expose his personal business," (S. 211), even though he "never discussed Church or personal business with his mates." (W. 198). Now A.E. through her family knew more about Young's personal business in a minute than Amelia did in a month — why didn't he lick her boots? The point is that Amelia, the worst wife,

has everything that Ann Eliza wants, including influence with the great man, while Ann Eliza, the best wife, "never could influence him in the slightest." (A. 537).

Wallace assures us that it was the "love and physical attraction" of Ann Eliza that broke "Amelia's power over him." (W. 208). Amelia too had resisted Brigham's wooing but he was "a most arduous and enthusiastic lover, and during all the time that his suit was in progress, his carriage might be seen standing before the door . . . several hours at a time every day. . . . He promised her anything that she might desire . . ." (W. 498). What a contrast to the "old cur" who molested the Webb family! At least we know that B.Y. knew how to go about winning a difficult ladv - why didn't he employ these techniques on Ann Eliza? She is not one to leave it unrecorded if the Presidential carriage had stood daily in front of her house. Far from promising her everything, the man drove a hard bargain with her parents — and got what he wanted. The picture of Ann Eliza, the super-beauty, the dread and envy of them all, having to beg "two bit's worth of meat" while the other wives get mansions and carriages is to say the least incongruous. Amelia is a useful control to show us how Brigham Young would have treated Ann Eliza before and after marriage had he felt toward her as she and Mr. Wallace insist that he did.

If Amelia gives us a pretty good idea of the grand lady that Ann Eliza would like to have been, Louise gives an even better one of the woman she was. As Ann Eliza tells it, Louise married Mr. Webb on the recommendation of the authorities, but "received her proposition somewhat coolly and cautiously, for, to tell the truth, he would much have preferred to make his own selection." (A. 297). Yet Mr. Webb had to go through with it because "he would have been . . . held up to derision in the Tabernacle had he ventured to refuse." We search the Journal of Discourses in vain for any such sort of derision, but Ann Eliza must clear her father and put all the blame on this defenseless girl.

Well, immediately there was trouble. Louise "did not love to work, and would not do it. She said she was a milliner and had once been an actress, and declined 'to soil her hands with menial labor." (A. 298). So "the new wife was unhappy, and . . . all the rest were disgusted with her selfishness and indolence." She insisted "that she was my father's wife and her rights in the house were equal to any other person's." Accordingly, Mr. Webb treated Louise "with such marked coolness that she demanded the cause . . ." and when he told her that she showed "lack of respect for herself, him, or his family. . . . she was very penitent, and promised all sorts of things if he would only allow her to remain in his family; she went about the house the very personification of grief and humility . . ." (A. 299). Next "she determined to create a sensation in the family" and took to her bed with a broken heart and "a great display of grief in the shape of a pocket handkerchief...." She resorted to the "trickery" of "trying to win Eliza (one of the other wives) over to her."

When the Thirteen-year-old Ann Eliza visited her, she was very pathetic in her conversation with me, and made me quite miserable by the recital of her wrongs." (A. 300). Then she said she was going to die: "... my husband does not love me and I cannot live: all I desire to die," and announced that she had taken poison. We had all considered before this that Louise was giving us a taste of her dramatic powers." says Ann Eliza (A. 301), and when after a touching farewell "she tried her hand at acting a kind of stupor," Mrs. Webb, "losing all patience," called her bluff, whereupon "Louise answered, her eyes flashing suddenly and a great deal of the oldfashioned spirit in her will," accusing her of spoiling everything by administering an antidote. (A. 302). When the hired men came to inquire about Louise's condition, "the men thought . . . very heartless" the answer that $M_{rs.}$ Webb gave them, but she was in a rage at the way Louise "had turned the house topsy-turvy."

When Mr. Webb arrived he recommended some cavenne tea for the sufferer, and his wife, with "a little malice in her heart "gladly fixed it; "I fancy," says Ann Eliza, "there never was a stronger decoction mixed than the one my mother prepared for the imposter." (A. 303). The drink threw Louise "into paroxysms of pain," and she was told by Mr. Webb "that she must no longer consider herself a member of his family," (A. 304) and "in spite of tears, entreaties, and protestations, she was taken to Salt Lake City, and we none of us ever saw her again. . . ." (A. 304). However, "she married again in a very short time, and in three weeks was divorced from her second husband . . . went to the southern part of the Territory, and married another man, whom she persuaded to take her to St. Louis. While there she suddenly went away one day, taking her husband's money and leaving him behind." (A. 305). He "made no attempt to follow her" or to get his money back, being only too pleased to be rid of her.

It would be hard to imagine a closer parallel in real life to Ann Eliza's own behavior. What she has told us in joyfully recounting the story of Louise, is that there really are such women; and if she has not a kind word for the lone and friendless girl, we can hardly be accused of cruelty in pointing out the resemblance of the two stories.

For Mother, Just for Mother:-

Ann Eliza was as close to her mother as paper to the wall. 'I was her idol, the one object for which she cared most in the world.' (A. 71). And "Ann Eliza's mother" (Wallace speaking) "... desperately wanted the marriage for the standing it would give her daughter and the whole family." (W. 165). Ann Eliza knew what mama wanted, all right, for mama "labored with me... to view it in the same light." (A. 445). Did she oppose her mother's plans? She did not: When he asked to walk home with her she said she would be very

pleased, "And I was pleased too, knowing the great joy this would confer upon my mother." Why joy? Wouldn't Mrs. Webb have been just as happy if Pres. Young had come to the house with any other member of the family?

From the Stenhouse letter it would appear that mama had arranged that little walk which so delighted both her and her daughter; for here we learn (it is omitted from the book) that President Young and the other dignitaries had all been invited to dinner at the Webb house which was very near the church. So it was not lust but a perfectly normal procedure for Brigham Young to accompany a member of the family to the home. But the point is, that we find Ann Eliza here playing the game right along with mother and enjoying it; and when she was heroically fighting off Young's advances she would never let mother know it: "I could not tell my feelings to my mother, for . . . she could never separate him from her religion," (A. 536) "I dared not enter into religious discussions with her, for . . . I should be sure to say something to shock her." (A. 443) This by way of explaining why Ann Eliza appears always to be accessory to the act; why she never really seemed to oppose marriage with Brigham, but always went along with mama.

Here Mrs. Woodward's thesis (HW. 320) deserves mention: she notes that Ann Eliza only married Dee when it became evident that B.Y. was not to be had, but when two years later Young married again and was therefore in the market, Ann Eliza with lightning speed divorced Dee and went after the President. Remember that her "friends did not approve of my love (Dee) at all . . ." Why not? "... they saw that he was in no way my equal." (A. 384). Who was her equal? She has B.Y. resenting the interest shown in her by even the young bluebloods — some his own relatives; who then was fit for Ann Eliza? Who but the man her mother "desperately wanted" her to marry? That the showdown with Dee was rigged and timed is apparent from a number of things. First Dee was

a very decent sort: the fact was that in two years of watching, the perceptive and resentful mama ("She had opposed my marriage as a duty . . ." (A. 538) living under the same roof with Dee (who had a perfectly good house of his own) found nothing to accuse him of, even though "her motherly eyes were too keen, her maternal instinct too unerring to be deceived by my (noble) silence." But the give-away is Ann Eliza's announcement that thanks to the divorce "my children were better off, and stood far better chances of becoming the men that both she and I wished them to become, under my guidance alone." (A. 423). Both Mrs. Webb and her daughter had plans, then, to which Dee was an obstacle.

Brigham Young's treatment of the Webb ladies is significant: he always deals with them as a team. It was not with her but with her parents that all proposals and arrangements of marriage were made. "After the ceremony was over, Brigham took me back to my mother's house," (A. 456) and the first month of the marriage she spent at home with mama, during which time, she writes, "I was happy indeed' — she was happy because she was with mama and could "almost forget that he had any claim upon me." Her alarm was groundless: "At last he came to me . . . to move into the city, and invited my mother to come and live with me." (A. 457). The same invitation was tendered when A.E. moved to the Farm and back again to a new house in the city. Brigham Young always takes it for granted that mama is going to provide companionship for Ann Eliza. All of which if practical, is anything but romantic and certainly gives strong support to the "Mormon version." It was mama who was so terribly shocked, so heart-broken, when Ann Eliza left her husband. "The idol is rudely broken that I have worshipped too long." (A. 550.) But Ann Eliza was alive and well - what was the idol? Specifically Ann Eliza married to Brigham Young: that was the idol that was broken.

Nobody else would do; indeed, Ann Eliza reports that her parents "were no more anxious for me to marry than I myself," where anyone else was concerned "... if I did not wish to marry, that was quite enough." (A. 424). But when Pres. Young was the suitor what a different story! They drove the poor girl to distraction, though she bravely concealed her emotions and gave every appearance of being as pleased as they. And then the terrible shock of the divorce: why a shock? Hadn't mama known all along just how Ann Eliza felt about the man? Of course she did, and that just shows what a wild story Eliza has cooked up: is it conceivable that her parents knowing all those awful things about Brigham Young who had perpetrated crime after crime against their own family - the father disbelieving Mormonism from the first, the mother loathing polygamy and all connected with it - would force their darling daughter to marry the monster, the superpolygamist? Is it conceivable that when the beast began from the day of the marriage treating their child with every form of abuse and contempt and kept it up without intermission for seven years, the entire family should be not only surprised but heartbroken - utterly desolated when she left him, not for the way he treated her, but for what she was doing to them? "My fault has been in loving su too well, and having too great anxiety for your welare," her mother moaned, while she "longed to fly to her, but even to make her happy I could not violate my conscience . . ." (A. 550). Has mother no conscience then? Have the family no principles whatever? Why didn't Ann Eliza appeal to their conscience before and after marrying Brigham Young? Why didn't she simply tell them that she could not marry a practicing criminal? None knew the man's evil ways better than the high-minded Webb family who had so often been his victims. Yet she can only protest lamely that he is too old for her. Why had she so carefully concealed her true feelings from everybody before and during her marriage to Young? To spare their

feelings? But she spared nobody's feelings in the terrible Denunciation Scene:

"Oh, Mother, Mother! Have you turned against me too? Am I to fight you all, singlehanded, alone? Won't you, at least, stand by me. . . . Do you think it would be wrong to stifle all natural feelings, all aversion to another union, above all, to him? . . . She glared at her mother, and then, thrusting her words at her mother like a spear, she demanded, 'Do you want to get rid of me?' (W. 165)

Here the perceptive reader can discern the crude contriving of the Great Romance. For what A.E. is objecting to is not just marriage with Brigham Young but marriage with anybody. Any other union is repugnant to her: "... I belong to you father ... you can't give me away to anybody." (A. 443. How true!) The cruelty of the family consists in wanting to "get rid" of her to B.Y. in particular, but to anybody else in general. She must insist on her "aversion to another union," Brigham or no Brigham, to explain why she does not marry someone else. But having done that she is faced with her own emphatic declarations that her parents made not the slightest effort to influence her, except where Brigham Young was concerned, and always gave her her own way. (A. 385). For the Great Denunciation Scene with which Mr. W. wrings our hearts, A.E. has created an issue which by her own accounting could not possibly have arisen.

As if to clinch the absurdity of the scene, we find no mention by A.E. of Brigham's crimes, so well known to her family. The only specific objection she can give to marying Young is that he is too old. Why no mention of his horrendous past. Because that might offend her mother's religious sensibilities or, as Mr. Wallace so carefully puts it, she was "determined not to become mired down in a religious discussion." (l.c.). But when shortly after Brigham "delivered a terrible threat to the first Mrs. Webb," promising to excommunicate her son Gilbert unless she forestalled him "by 'counselling' her daughter to become his wife." (W. 171) the religious issue could not

be avoided. Since the marriage was Mrs. Webb's dearest desire, and since she had never counselled anything else, the threat is of course as absurd as it is melodramatic. But when Mrs. Webb replies: "I know enough to know when my children are ill-used and cheated, Brigham Young, . . ." (l.c.), she has taken a moral stand and given Ann Eliza her reprieve; henceforth it was not her parents' wishes that force her to marry the monster, but only her concern for Gilbert's salvation, which of course depended on the pleasure of this holy man. But then once A.E. capitulated all "went merry as a marriage bell" (A.455). What a story!

We need not waste time analysing the silliness of all this — comparison with Ann Eliza's letter to Stenhouse shows that she is making it all up. But even without that evidence the lady's descriptions of her own emotions and reactions are sufficient to give her away completely.

Don't Touch me, but Hold me Tight:-

On the morning of the day he proposed, Brigham Young in a long and intimate conversation had inquired into Ann Eliza's love life, told her how beautiful and marriageable she was. how shocked he was when she married Dee, that he had always loved her and meant to have her himself, that now she was free he could tell her so. etc., while she told him just why she would never marry again and eloquently declared her independence in matters of the heart. As soon as she got home she recounted the whole thing to her mother - who was amused by it, but gave it no further thought; Ann Eliza who of course dismissed the whole thing from her mind, could recall it letter perfect - years later. But that very evening Brigham did an amazing thing. He proposed marriage, of all things - not to Ann Eliza herself, but to her parents. "I cannot describe my feelings; I was frightened. The thought of it was a perfect horror. I thought Father had gone crazy, and I would not believe his statement for

hours." Do you really believe she — or her mother! — was that naive? Raise your right hand. . . . At noon she told B.Y. "I am a woman of hard and bitter experience, who has lost faith in mankind, and almost lost faith in matrimony . . ." and he had spoken of nothing but marriage and his feelings towards her — and all the time she never dreamed what he was getting at.

If the lady's innocence and incredulity are awfully overdone, her protestations of disinterestedness are no less so. When a reporter asked the perfectly normal question. whether she "thought it would be better to marry the highest man in the Church, and be well cared for, than to marry some one in an inferior station?" she spilled the beans with the lofty declaration, "I had no such thoughts." Granted that wealth and position were not even important in considering a marriage, what woman on earth would fail to consider them if only as a minor factor? Only Ann Eliza apparently. Yet in protesting too much she is caught in another fib, for she must have had such thoughts if, as she says, her parents and friends and girlish associates were constantly forcing them on her; she could not have been without them either in her social-minded environment or as a human being. Had she expected and wanted nothing, as she insists, she would hardly have rent the air with her banshee wail of poverty and neglect at never getting enough. What does she object to in Brigham Young page after page? His cheapness. From the first the noble and disinterested Ann Eliza starts raising hell - she isn't getting enough.

ACT II, Scene iii. The Garden. Enter Melissa right.

Melissa: "No, as I have said to all my other suitors ... I do not even thank him for the position he intended to confer upon me, for he knew I did not want it. Does he think I have escaped one misery to wish to enter another? 'Position!' I wonder what he thinks there is particularly fine about being a plural wife even to Brigham Young?" (A. 442).

Well, the Squire took her at her word — "the position he intended to confer" on her was not very exalted after all, and so Item One in the divorce bill is that Brigham Young did not support her "in a manner commensurate with his own wealth, and her station in life." (A. 458, W. 244). Position indeed! "To support myself and children suitably," would require, she insisted, "the sum of two hundred thousand dollars" and a thousand a month pending settlement. (A. 555). Not bad for the little lady who never gave a thought to money.

But back to our thesis that it was A.E. who pursued B.Y. before the marriage, and not the other way around. Time and again she assayed to appeal to him: "I was sure that I could move him. I would make myself so humble, so pathetic, before him . . ." Only her courage failed her and she never went through with it: "Two or three times I started to call to see him, but I would only ... turn back faint and trembling." (A. 453). She saw her chance one day when she met him in the street, but again it flopped: "All my eloquence was frozen under the chilling glance of the steely blue eyes, which had not ray of sympathetic warmth in them." (l.c.) And this was the man who would give anything for a smile from Ann Eliza? All he gives her is the brushoff, so we have her word for it that even "... at the last, he was influenced entirely by pique and wilfulness," - he didn't love her at all. (A. 457). Why did he go through with it then? "Well," Ann Eliza explained to reporters, "we think it is vanity. They like to show that if they are old men, they can marry young women (W. 256, 314). She tries to prove this, as she does her claim that B.Y. threatened her father and had a special revelation for her, by elevating it to the level of an indisputable General Principle—that was the way B.Y. always operated: he always threatened, he always has revelations as a last resort, and always marries only "because he is conceited, vain, and fond of showing his power and increasing his importance in this way." (A. 27). But if number of marriages was the measure of

prestige, why did he keep the number of his marriages a secret that even Wallace could not crack?

Anyway we have A.E.'s admission that she did seek out the President and that he avoided her, which is simply the "Mormon version" so far as overt behavior is concerned. What converts the story into the Ann Eliza-Wallace version is that insight into the motives of the actors which may be derived only from Ann Eliza's telling of the story. If Brigham Young's behavior suggests anything but a man who has lost his head over a girl, and Ann Eliza's suggests anything but a woman who felt nothing but aversion for the man she was pursuing, and if the Webb family's reaction suggests anything but that of people losing their dearest treasure to the man they had most reason to hate, all these apparent absurdities can be explained if we realize that Brigham Young was simply being sadistic, Ann Eliza utterly self-sacrificing - throwing her life away just to spare the feelings of poor superstitious Gilbert, and the family deeply religious, worshipping the prophet they all despised.

Once married to the man from whom she "cringed with aversion," Ann Eliza's constant complaint was neglect. From the first he left her strictly alone while "she hungered for companionship and stimulation," and "looked forward to seeing Brigham as often as possible." (W. 226). Why? She had her doting mother, her darling boys for whose affection she would tolerate no rival, a huge and bustling household, the society of SLC "a very pleasant drive" of four miles away, a constant round of church and social activities - why did it have to be Brigham? Never mind: the fact is that she sought his society after the marriage as much as he avoided hers. She invited him to social functions and was furious when other wives came along - by his special invitation. What is more, she was as sweet as pie to him all the time. while he treated her like an old cur. On the same page where she announces, "I never loved him," she can also report: "He said

I was the best wife he had, for I had never given him a cross word or look." And while she treated him "with the utmost tenderness," he treated her "with studied contempt." (A. 245).

And then there is that little matter of rebaptism after she had fully made up her mind to leave her husband. After her final disillusionment, after weeks of plotting with Young's enemies against him, after having poured her whole story into eager Gentile ears and discussed divorce proceedures with Judge Hagen, after discovering the wonderful free outside world and the way leading to it Ann Eliza lets loose with a blast at the Ward Teachers that leaves them "stunned"; but when the Teachers begged the lady ("pleaded" is Wallace's invention) to get herself rebaptized what does she do? She consents! Mr. W.'s explanation for that is deliciously absurd: She yields because she is "wearied by evangelism." (W. 21). What a way to escape the ennui of evangelism-to follow its advice and become recommitted to its ways just as one is in the act of kissing it all goodbye! Wallace attributes this astounding gesture to Ann Eliza's lingering religious sensibilities, but she herself makes it clear enough that she had none, when at the baptism - "I was trying to feel solemn and exercise faith, - a signal failure, I assure you." Yet it would have taken a great deal of faith to induce the fugitive from bondage to place herself again in the hands of the Mormons if faith had anything to do with it. With so little faith, why would she submit to "the farce" as she calls it, at such a late date? Wallace comes up with the answer when he has the Ward Teachers suggest that Ann Eliza by getting baptized might improve her standing with Brigham and even become the Favorite Wife. To the very end she is pursuing him.

According to Wallace-Young, B.Y. lusted after A.E. longer than any other of his victims, and tried longer and harder to win her. "He would not give me up." he told

the family, confessing that he 'had intended to propose for me so soon as I was old enough." - he had been waiting for her since childhood. (A. 444). Hence "he tried in every way to win me, a willing bride. before he attempted to coerce me." (l.c.). Her conquest was the most difficult and hence the most glorious of Young's amatory attainments (W. 206). At the time of the great wooing "It is likely," Wallace reports, that "he would have found Ann Eliza irresistible." (W. 220). Here surely are the makings of a great romance. But what do we find? The strangest courtship in the history of the world. Ann Eliza is good enough to tell us by what tried and true procedures Brigham won other willing brides—lavish gifts. delightful surprise, constant attentions, a gay progress of plays and balls. Why were there no such goodies for Ann Eliza during two years of "ardent wooing?" The woman who can recall every syllable of that four-page conversation on the way from Church, reports not a single episode, revealing or otherwise, of the long and arduous wooing that followed. The woman who can recite Brigham's amorous speeches to other victims recalls none addressed to herself. Indeed she explicitly points out in recounting both of her personal conversions with Young - the one when she was seventeen and the other when she was twenty-two - that she never had the remotest inkling of a suspicion either time that B.Y. was being romantic, and in each case states her firm conviction that he did not love her either time, but was speaking purely from vanity and from a desire to show who was the stronger. (A. 376).

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It was only after the marriage was arranged that Young gave his bride "some very pretty dresses, and a small sum of money, as a wedding-gift but I never got such presents afterwards." (A. 456). That's funny; other wives of Brigham Young got such presents afterwards—lots of them. Ann Eliza quotes the speech with which Brigham Young, very privately, proposed to Amelia, and casually remarks in passing that that was the same one used on her,

and all the more difficult victims. But that is the only hint we get of any such proposal being made to her. It is perfectly clear throughout that Mr. Young settled everything not with Ann Eliza but with her family. If he actually proposed to her, why must she put amorous speeches in his mouth and at the same time specify that he did not love her and that those speeches never suggested to her the slightest hint of amorous intent? She is trying her best to make out that B.Y. made some sort of proposal, but this insinuation, denial, and fabrication is the best she can do.

So Brigham wooed the family, and in his visits to the house "he manifested all the growling propensities of an old "cur." (A. 451). And they, though they "desperately" wanted the match, barked right back at him: "After a still more spirited contest with my mother, the Prophet took his departure in a great rage." (A. 542). Curiouser and curiouser! Is that the way to get them on his side, or to get him on theirs? No, that was hardly necessary, since they were already so firmly on his side that two years of pleading by Ann Eliza could not pry them loose; while he was so wild about Ann Eliza that he was 100% with the family. Actually when he acts like an old cur it can only mean that they are wooing him and he is being difficult. Sweet Eliza's thesis, however is that e wanted to get the family into such a jam that Ann Eliza ould have to marry him to save them. But since he was and about Ann Eliza who was devoted to her family, why and she let him put the screws on the family - and do nothing to relieve them? If Brigham was really her ardent suitor, he would have done anything - or at least something - for Gilbert or papa, just to please her. But he makes no effort to please her; she has no power over him at all - this clever and heroic girl has no bargaining power whatever. His attempt "to win me a willing bride" is supposed to have preceded a later effort at bribery when all blandishment failed; yet there were no blandishments; the bribe of a house and money which Ann Eliza in her book insists came later, was made according to the

Stenhouse letter on the very night on which Brigham first proposed — to the family. Why didn't he propose to her? She had told him that morning that she was of age and quite able to make up her own mind, and that her parents gave way to her in everything — why, then, didn't Brigham ask her to marry him before appealing to them? Is this the romantic way to go about it—to play his opening gambit by accosting the father with the veiled threat and sinister smile with which he always gave orders?

In the end Ann Eliza marries Brigham Young entirely on his terms; during two years of "ardent wooing" she won not a single concession from him, received not a single gift; according to her he promised to make her a queen — but what substantial earnest did he offer? Consider the wedding and the honyemoon.

"After the ceremony was over, Brigham took me to my mother's house, where I was to remain for the present. until he should seem it prudent to let Amelia and the United States Government know I was his wife." (A. 456). Wallace gratefully — desperately — accepts this feeble effort to explain why the Great Lover stood up his greatest conquest on the wedding night: "... because he was not yet ready to face Amelia's outrage and the harem's disapproval, Brigham returned his 27th wife to her father's home outside the city and then retired alone to his bedroom in the Lion House." (W. 175). But please note -Amelia and the Govt. as yet know nothing of what our lovebirds have been up to - they will not know in fact until Brigham finds it "prudent" to let them know. What is to stop them from going on with the show? Nothing but Mr. Young's free choice. He did not hesitate to marry sweet Eliza in the first place in spite of Amelia and the government; he had made her his lawful wife, whether Amelia liked it or not - the damage was done and as yet no one the wiser, it remained only for the victor to claim the spoils. What a time to back out! Immediately after the marriage ceremony, according to the Stenhouse

letter, Pres. Young accompanied Ann Eliza to the Tabernacle in the most public meeting of the year, for the wedding day was April 6. the Day of General Conference. A less secret time could not have been chosen: everything the President did on that day would be noted. But all the time he is worried about what Amelia and the U.S. Government will think when they find out; and so he leaves his bride with her mother and for three weeks does not see her again.

This puts her in a silly position too: "I did not feel especially complimented," she says in the under-statement of the year. To rescue her from a desperate case Mr. W. quotes a letter of Ann Eliza to a personal friend (without telling us that it is simply the Stenhouse letter): "I had considerable of his attention; his visits were frequent" (W. 175) - a vague, non-committal attempt at face-saving, for we can be sure that Ann Eliza would not have told a story so shockingly unflattering to herself if she had a better one. Here was one time she could not invent a lurid tale about the lustful Squire - for April 6, her wedding day, was a day on which every move of Pres. Young could be strictly accounted for. But finally he did get her alone. Shortly after the wedding day he came to take his bride for a drive (would Amelia tolerate that?). "He did not enjoy the drive one bit, for he was in constant terror lest he should be discovered." (A. 457). Then why not go into the house - couldn't better arrangements be made than that? Must the poor man put himself into a state of "constant terror" just to be with Ann Eliza? "... he took me round all the by-ways . . . " Alone at last! And his reaction after twenty-odd years of hungering for Ann Eliza? "He was anxious and distrait; while I on the contrary, was in the highest spirits. I laughed and chatted ... was jubilant in proportion to his misery."

No wonder even the sex-starved Wallace omits these precious lines — they have it all backwards. Instead of the triumphant Squire yielding to his great passion in the

seclusion of the by-ways we have a courteous and preoccupied gentleman taking a lady for a ride because it is the decent thing to do; instead of a cowering and terrified victim we have the lady at last "jubilant," triumphant, laughing and chatting in her glory. As if to prove that this is not a mistake, "... he repeated the drive, which was no more comfortable for him than the first one had been . . . With the exception of those drives, I never went anuwhere with him alone." (A. 465). Another bad slip: Brigham was terrified of being seen with Ann Eliza, yet he made sure wherever they went that they would be seen, and never be alone together. Far from being terrified of being seen with Ann Eliza he chose the one way of making sure of it. But then who said he was terrified? That is Ann Eliza's own mind reading. The one thing that is really apparent from all this is that Brigham Young dutifully and reluctantly took his bride for drives, though he did not enjoy her company in the least — while she thoroughly enjoyed herself. Chalk up another for the "Mormon version."

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Ann Eliza confirms our suspicions when she complains of his unromantic behavior: "I didn't feel especially complimented, to be sure; but, as I did not desire his attentions, and was happier without them, I did not allow my pride to receive a very severe wound, but was exceedingly gracious to him, the more nervous and absorbed he got." (A. 457). More of the same: while she is "exceedingly gracious . . . jubilant . . . laughing and chatting" in his company, he is in "misery . . . anxious and distrait . . . nervous and absorbed," that is, paying as little attention as possible to her. What a miraculous reversal of role that strange wedding has accomplished! Or is it? When had it been otherwise? Next she invited him to a ball: "He was my husband, and whom else should I invite?" (A. 465). Well, since she preferred to have him leave her strictly alone, how about that army of warm friends, admirers, and old flames? "I was very much annoyed, and really a little hurt that he could not take me somewhere just once without someone else along." (A. 465). Again she's got it all wrong: he is supposed to be the monster from whose "contaminating clutches" she "shrank with aversion" (the expressions are hers); and she is supposed to be the one object for which he has lusted most through the years — yet he treats her to a strict hands off policy — and she resents it like mad.

The leit-motiv of Ann Eliza's life with Brigham Young is clear and unmistakable - neglect. She was "mortified" that he did not pay more attention to her. (W. 314). By a courtship in which he treated her with the most icy aloofness and threatened to ruin a family which was ardently supporting his suit, marriage "was forced upon ne and I was now compelled to endure the indignities thich he chose to heap upon me." (A. 543). How queer an you get? She had been unmoved by "the position he intended to confer upon me," (A. 442) but no sooner were they married than he "chose" to heap on indignities instead. "I never asked for the smallest necessary of life that I was not accused of extravagance and a desire to ruin my husband." (A. 466). Is that the way to treat the best wife one ever had — to deny her even the smallest recessary of life? "... the hot blood tingles to the very ds of my fingers as I recall the insults I received from at man while I was his wife." (A. 459). Insults, neglect, aignity, what next? He refused her the "companionship and stimulation" which she "desperately wanted," (W. 226), and was totally immune to her enticements: Wallace tells the story, "possibly apocryphal," of how Ann Eliza bought 13 roosters and one hen so that the hen wouldn't suffer neglect "the way your wives do!" (W. 228)

If "her disenchantment was immediate and enduring," W. 179), it is only fair to note that the same immediate and enduring disenchantment marked both her other marages. She expected moonlight and magnolias from Dee and "I began to find out, very soon, what a position a neglected wife has . . ." (A. 459); and she had hardly

married Denning when he took to staying just as far away from her as he could get, telling her how infinitely preferable the charms of other women were to hers, and finally announcing his intention to let her starve to death. Isn't it an interesting coincidence that all three of these men were model husbands to their other wives? Stenhouse, sympathetic as she is to Ann Eliza, cannot resist a couple of little digs as to her unique unenviable position among the wives of Brigham Young: she was, she pointedly writes, "his last but yet not his best-beloved" (S. 282), and observes that "she is the only wife whom Brigham has not supported" (S. 288) - an enlightening statement in view of Ann Eliza's insistence that the other wives had to work to support not only themselves but their husband, and Mr. Wallace's moving description of the savagely cruel neglect of Mary Ann Angel. It will never do to have Ann Eliza the least loved of all the wives, when Wallace's whole story rests on the thesis that she was the best-loved! Her complaint is that "others were cared for and it was more than a woman's nature could stand to see them thus petted." (W. 234). He forced her children to wear homespun, she says, "and yet I noticed that none of his own children were compelled to do so." (A. 366). The stinginess towards her the memory of which sends the hot blood tingling to her fingertips was never turned against the other wives: She insists that she was "the least expensive" of all the wives, "for he spent very little money on me." (A. 458).

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And all the time he neglects and insults her Ann Eliza is being sweetness itself to Brigham, treating him "with the utmost tenderness," in return for his "systematic course of neglect." (W. 244). What is more, he recognized and acknowledged the noble effort she was making: "He said I was the best wife he had, for I had never given him a cross word or look." (A. 551). "I was, in fact, a perfect Griselda: and my husband got used to such unquestioning obedience and submission from me that I think he was never so surprised in his life as he was when I rebelled." (A. 466) . . . "He would have looked

for rebellion from almost any other wife than from me, I had been so quiet and acquiescent during all my married life with him." (A. 551) . . . "He said, up to the very last of my living with him, that I was the least troublesome of any wife he had ever had." (A. 458). But instead of being grateful to the woman who finally consented to marry him after years of hungering for her and who went all out to be agreeable once married, he merely "took advantage of my quiet tongue, and imposed upon me fearfully." (l.c.) ... I saw I was neglected, insulted, humiliated in every way imaginable," (A. 314), or, as Wallace puts it, "deprived of material necessities and affection." So do you blame us for asking: Why did Ann Eliza, who "never loved" Brigham Young and "always looked upon him as a cruel despot" always behave towards him in the most acquiescent and ingratiating manner, while he, whose grand passion she had been lo, these many years, who had greatly loved, hotly pursued and always admired her, treat her



not with the cruelty of a Lilliom but with "studied neglect and contempt," rejoining to heap humiliation and insults on her? Others were not treated so by him. "Clara," by no means the favorite, "had everything that she could desire . . . not a wish that she expressed but was instantly granted." (A. 473). Even A. Cobb, who "for several years past has been grossly neglected by the Prophet" was "still a very stylish, elegant woman," though merely sealed to B.Y. (A. 504). Why does everybody have it so much better than Ann Eliza?

And why, treating her as he did, was Brigham so sure of her that (according to her) the greatest surprise of his life was when she rebelled? What could he expect after inflicting such abuse on the woman? Why was he so surprised when she finally turned against him? There can be only one reason: the marriage had been her idea in the first place. Her final decision to have herself re-baptized (Brigham didn't ask her to) is quite enough to show that. If he had really pursued her with passion, he had every right to expect fireworks for giving her the deep-freeze after the marriage, and she had every right to set them off - reminding him of the crooked way in which she had been forced into the marriage and the vile way he had treated her ever since. If her story is true she had plenty of bargaining power first with the great man "who so ardently wooed her" and then with the husband whose secrets she knew. Why did she never use any of that bargaining power, even to alleviate her own terrible sufferings as her husband year after year heaped studied insults and abuse upon her? Why did this fiery little lady make no gesture of self-defense? The woman deserves no sympathy who will take such vicious and unjust treatment meekly and cheerfully: "I had been so quiet and acquiescent during all my life with him . . . (A. 551). For heaven's sake, why? It is conceivable that if Brigham had made an effort even to meet her half way she might. in spite of her spoiled and jealous nature, have done the same towards him - but this total and absolute surrender

— is going all the way to please him, while he thinks up new insults and abuses, what is behind it?

The pursuit after as before the marriage is all on her side. Why can't the man make any concession to her at all? Why should he accuse his best wife of ruinous xtravagance every time she asked for the mere necessities I life? "I saw that it was impossible for me to ever interest my husband." (A. 314). Do you get that? - he simply wasn't interested in her - not even for old time's sake! "I never could influence him in the slightest. . . . Indeed. of so little importance was I, or my actions, that he never troubled himself to come near me after he had given his consent (to run a boarding house)" (A. 539). "Speaking to him concerning these matters was worse than useless, or I never could influence him in the slightest, while every aggestion I ventured to make irritated him extremely." A. 537). If she couldn't interest the man, she did irritate him extremely, but even so she couldn't get a rise out of him; he refused even to quarrel with her - which is why she says she never quarreled with him - she tried indeed to stir him up, as in the affair of the train, but he refused to give her the satisfaction. Either her technique was the worst in history, or else Brigham Young felt not only o affection for her but what is more significant, no obligan beyond supporting her and showing her common coury. She knew that the one way to influence him would to have children by him (A. 513), and her explanation for her failure to do that is as good as any - that she had never had marital relations with him. She had no hold over him at all.

Ann Eliza, whose only accomplishment was acting, aspired to play the lead opposite Brigham Young, and Mr. Wallace is now determined to give her her wish. But who will deny that the key-note of her life with Brigham is total frustration? She tells us how as a girl she lived in a world of romantic make-believe and glorious expectations, and shows how she and her mother could give substance

to their dreams through their unique talent for self damatization.

As a child the mother had known insecurity and starvation as a homeless servant girl in England. Marrying Webb had liberated her from bondage and set her up for life. His second marriage, according to Ann Eliza, took it all away again; from then on "every hour of her life was torn by some new agony," (A. 105), as she passed her days in "unutterable anguish" (A. 106). The thought of having to share anything with anybody was the one thing that drove Mrs. Webb perfectly wild. (A. 100). She spoiled Christmas dinner for her own family just to have the pleasure of keeping the other wives from getting any turkey—though those other wives were, by Ann Eliza's admission, splendid and self-sacrificing women. (A. 420-2). She would gladly have seen her husband die rather than permit another wife to assist in nursing him to health. (A. 339) And she imbued her only daughter with her own passion for absolute possession. Ann Eliza was "her idol, the one object for which she cared most in the world." (A. 114). For Ann Eliza it had to be top billing or none; for her to marry a commoner like Dee was a catastrophe; for her to desert Brigham Young was even worse, for regardless of everything else he was still top man.

No one will deny that Mrs. Webb had plans for her daughter, and that those plans all centered on marriage to Brigham Young. And only a fool would deny that Ann Eliza herself was privy to those plans, and fancied herself in the stellar role of an Amelia. But the play flopped — Brigham Young was not available for the lead opposite Eliza. He had other things to do. What next? If the show is to go on we must find a substitute for the role of Brigham and move the production back East, where nobody will know the difference. The man chosen to play Brigham Young was a palpable ham who stamped and roared and leered and snarled and glared in a way to

delight the hearts of the matinee crowd seeking escape from anything resembling real life. To this animated dummy Ann Eliza makes her stirring and gallant speeches, going through her stereotyped gestures of sweet appeal, screaming despair, and exquisite scorn. It is all her own production — she plays the lead and directs the rest, and you can be sure that everything goes off the way she wants it to.

In reviving the flimsy melodrama Mr. Wallace has sought to give it substance by playing up that religious fervor which the real Ann Eliza never felt, and by placing her stilted and impossible heroics against a pseudo-historical background which he thinks can be made plausible by well-known production gimmicks, using skillful sound and lighting-effects to evoke a grim and sombre atmosphere, as we have seen, that disarms and intimidates any who might feel inclined to snicker at that gallant little lady or to scoff at a tale of human suffering or treat lightly the most horrible crimes of the century. Whether these things are true or even distantly plausible becomes a mere quibble when our skilled producer begins to work his magic. Criticism is awed and silenced in the presence of such artistry and zeal.

To get to the heart of the Great Love Drama we present herewith some random questions for Mrs. Young or her doughty champion to answer. There are an even fifty of them, just to keep things under control.

- 1. Why would your doting parents want or even permit you to marry the man who had done so many evil things to them?
- 2. Why do you and Wallace claim not to know Young's reason for interfering in your lovelife, if he was always so blunt and tactless about it?
- 3. Why did he wait for two years after your divorce before proposing?

- 5. Since you were the object of his affections, why did he never propose to you personally, as he did to other women?
- 6. Why do you say that offers of money and grim threats were employed only as a last desperate device to win you if, as you say in the Stenhouse letter, those offers and threats were made on the very first night of the negotiations?
- 7. Why did you always fail to guess Young's real interest in you or to interpret his crude advances? Why did you never suspect anything but a fatherly interest in you?
- 8. Why did your mother, who dreamed of the match. utterly fail to see the significance of his glaringly obvious remarks to you if those remarks were actually made?
- 9. Why do you and Mr. W. suppress the fact that Young walked home with you not of his own devising but because your mother invited him to the house while you knew that by walking with him "I should be conferring the greatest happiness on my mother"? Doesn't that put you two on the offensive?
- 10. Why if B.Y. stared at you hypnotically from the stand throughout the meeting did nobody, including your mother, notice his significant behavior?
- 11. Why does Mr. Wallace never mention Van Etten, the key to the meeting story? Why did the man who assailed Young so viciously in the meeting willingly accept a missionary call soon after?
- 12. Why didn't you counter B.Y.'s attack on you by accepting any of your other and less obnoxious suitors?
- 13. Why in a book on Mormon marriage customs do you never name any of your army of suitors—including the "high church officials" that sought your hand when you were only twelve? Why do you not recount a single episode of those many courtships?

- 14. First you tell of a gigantic economic enterprise and swindle: "All this was for the purpose of influencing me..." (A. 452), and then you say it was not money but fear of "the Prophet's curse" that did the trick. Did your family really place such store on the "curse" of a Prophet they had so often denounced as a fraud?
- 15. Then you say you did it all to save Gilbert's faith and position in the Church. What faith? What position? Were you willing to throw your life away to appease what you describe as Gilbert's foolish superstitions?
- 16. Then you say "for the sake of your friends" you were willing to marry even B.Y. Then why did you resist the pleas of those same friends for two years?
- 17. Then you say it was your *children* that decided you: "What if God should take my children, to punish my rebellious spirit?" Did it take you two years to realize that you were being rebellious?
- 18. Why during the courtship did B.Y. make no concessions out of his love of you? Why if he loved you so were you "never able to influence him in the least"?
- 19. Why did he never shower you with gifts and attention as he did other ladies whom he wooed and wives whom he favored? With his vast experience, why didn't he try the Amelia approach on you?
- 20. If he "succumbed to love and physical attraction" (W. 209), why did he rebuff you coldly whenever you approached him during the courtship?
- 21. If he desired you so passionately why did he subject you to "a course of systematic neglect" during your whole married life?
- 22. Why does the knowledgeable Mrs. Stenhouse call you "his last but not his best beloved," and say that you were the only wife he did not support, if he had

really worked harder to win you than to win any other wife?

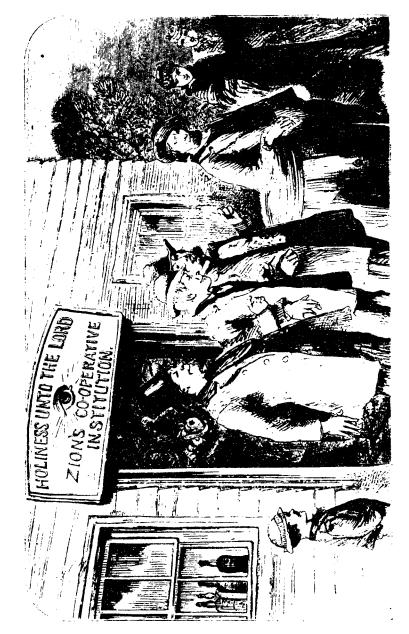
- 23. Why did he begin his suit by proposing not to you but to your father, and that "with a peculiar emphasis and sinister smile"? Is such the way of the great lover?
- 24. You say, "He tried in every way to win me, a willing bride." In what ways? You report no romantic courtship and no presents aren't those some of things he might have tried?
- 25. Why were your heartrending appeals to the parents who worshipped you completely unavailing? Why did you bother to appeal anyway, since your parents were determined *not* to make you marry against your will? You say you fought the marriage with every resource at your command: whom did you fight, since your parents would not force you, and B.Y. never proposed to you?
- 26. Why were you 'surprised' when B.Y. spoke to you after the meeting, even though he had stared at you the whole time and you knew he was supposed to walk home with you to dinner?
- 27. The *only* objections you mention to your parents is B.Y.'s age; but you were free to marry a younger man—why didn't you?
- 28. If "it is likely that he would have found (you) irresistible," why did B.Y. resist you so effectively? You say. "If a man wants to marry a woman, the woman must marry him. They dare not refuse." Where was the top man's unlimited power when, with your parents' aid, he besieged you for two years? Why with all his power did he have to resort to such an elaborate subterfuge?
- 29. Why, though you were a "grown woman of hard and bitter experience." does B.Y. make his proposals and arrangements only with you family in your absence? Doesn't that show that they were approaching him, since it would have been improper for you to do so? If he

- was the aggressor, why did he never propose to you personally?
- 30. If he did propose to you, as you imply in comparing your case with Amelia's, why do you report nothing of that dramatic event?
- 31. If B.Y. accosted you in your youth "not, I think, from any particular affection . . . but to show me that his will was stronger than mine," how can you say that he had always loved you and meant to have you?
- 32. You say that as a member of B.Y.'s household you put on a gay exterior for the sake of others: "I was very happy to see her happy, and enjoyed myself very much . ." How then was B.Y. or anyone else to know of your sufferings?
 - 33. At seventeen, you say, "I considered myself quite a martyr to the Mormon priestly rule." Why? "I expressed my opinion of the Prophet very freely," you continue, "... and fairly horrified my mother." And yet it was your religious feelings that drove you to marry the same prophet? And when the time came to save yourself from his "contaminating clutches," you did not "dare admit anyone to my confidence, not even my mother." For fear of "shocking" her, you say. After all she had told you about Brigham and polygamy?
- 34. You always got what you asked for from Young, but you say it was never enough: how much would it take to satisfy you? (Ans. \$200,000).
- 35. If you "got a stove out of him," as you wrote to Mrs. Stenhouse, why to Wallace and Woodward insist that you did not?
- 36. If you were, as you say, the least demanding and most easily pleased of the wives, how does it happen that you moved around more and had more houses than any of them?

- 37. If B.Y. alone is responsible for your sufferings, how does it happen that you suffered the same pangs with Dee and Denning? How does it happen that all three got along famously with their other wives, but only had trouble with you?
- 38. If B.Y. really said you were "the best wife he ever had," why were you treated so much worse than the others—"neglected, insulted and humiliated in every way imaginable"? (A. 314).
- 39. If you despised his offer of social standing, why was your chief complaint against him that he did not support you as his position and station in life demanded? If you spurned all the luxuries he offered, why did you complain so loudly when those luxuries were denied you?
- 40. With your sweet disposition why were you so unpopular with the other wives? Why are the wives with which you were intimate always dead ones?
- 41. How did you, a gentle and uncomplaining soul, suddenly become a master of vitriolic prose when you took up the pen? Did you really write the book, by the way? If it is your own story, why does so much of it come right out of Stenhouse, and why is it in the style of Beadle?
- 42. Since you had fought B.Y. so long and so fiercely, and since you never lived with him after the marriage, why was B.Y. so sure that you of all the wives, would be the last to leave him? Why was he so sure of you after treating you like dirt, if the marriage was not your idea?
- 43. B.Y. never hesitated to grant a divorce if a wife asked for it. Why didn't you ever ask him? Why didn't you ask for the freedom for which you yearned? Wallace says B.Y. tried to "lure" you "back into the fold." Why? If there was anything B.Y. would not do it was to lure anybody back into the fold. Why did you ask for rebaptism when you were about to leave him? He never suggested such a thing weren't you making a last bid for him?

- 44. You and Wallace say you had to escape because "death, incarceration in a madhouse, and many other terrible things had been threatened." And that at a time when B.Y. still thought you were his meekest and safest wife! Threatened by whom? When? Where? How? Why? Why should B.Y. threaten "the best wife he ever had" with such things?
- 45. Why do you make out that B.Y. wanted desperately to keep you from leaving Utah, after he had offered you \$15,000 cash to clear out? You were already free and had already told your story to the press. Why keep you in Utah? Couldn't he have stopped you any time? Isn't that an elaboration of the foolish pursuit motif? Why should B.Y. ever pursue you?
- 46. Why should the invisible Danites be a mortal threat to you in Utah, but helpless the moment you crossed an invisible line into Wyoming?
- 47. To save your life you had to barricade yourself in your hotel room for two months. But how about the next three months didn't you stay on in Salt Lake?
- 48. With Brigham's spies everywhere, how were you able to move out all your furniture and sell it at a public auction without being discovered?
- 49. If you always viewed B.Y. as "a heartless tyrant" whom you "had never loved," why do you complain so bitterly of his not loving you? And if you were "happy indeed," when you could "forget that he had any claim on (you)" (A. 457), why did you resent his absence?
- 50. Wallace says B.Y. used the press to attack you through your "best friends and family." That is your version, but what have articles in the San Francisco Chronicle to do with your friends and family? Who were the friends in question? If B.Y. controlled the press, why did no man in America ever have a worse press?

This sort of thing can go on indefinitely, but let us get to more meaty matters.



(supplied by Mrs. not smoke. There is a slight Stenhouse). One of



This is not a picture of St Peter's Square during a Jubilee Year but of an ordinary visit of Brigham Young to a tiny Mormon village. How many people can you count? Well try, stupid! Then guess! Ha, that is approximately $4^{1}/_{3}$ times the population of Utah. (From Wife No. 19.)



This remarkable reproduction of "The First Plural Marriage" is taken right from Mrs. A. E. W. D. Y Denning's own book and certainly proves what she and Mr Wallace write about all this. Note the moon. Note the people in the picture. Note the shrubbery where the artist was concealed.





A moving incident reproduced in Mrs. Youny's book. It is highly authentic and of course has no connection with a similar scene in Mrs. Stenhouse's book. Or do you think it has? That is impossible because this woman is wearing shoes.



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Is There a Danite in the House?

You Never Know

SOUNDING BRASSIV

PART V

Is There a Danite in the House? You Never Know.

The Danites a "Must":-

One cannot long explore the dark half-world of the anti-Mormon classics without finding oneself in the lair of the terrible Danites. It is more than a racy seasoning that the Danite brotherhood brings to the seething cauldron of the myth-makers — they are nothing less than the prime ingredient of the stew.

"Fear of Porter Rockwell and his Destroying Angels was the most powerful influence within the Mormon church," Messrs. Kelly and Birney solemnly assure us in their classic study of the Danites. "... but for fear of Rockwell and his Danites, Mormonism would not have survived its enforced hegira to the savage deserts of the Great Basin." (K.B. 287f). "What is now the news circulated throughout the United States?" said Brigham Young in 1857, the year of Johnson's Army, "That Captain Gunnison was killed by Brigham Young, and that Babbitt was killed on the Plains by Brigham Young and his Danite band. What more? Brigham Young killed all the men who have died between the Missouri river and California . . . such are the newspaper stories." (I.D., V. 77). In that same year, according to our Ann Eliza, 'Altars of sacrifice' were loudly recommended [the quotation marks prove that], and the victims were advised to place themselves thereon voluntarily: if they would not become willing sacrifices they became involuntary ones,

for 'somebody' took the matter in hand, and saw that 'atonement' was made. Usually this mysterious 'somebody' was one of the 'Danites,' or 'Destroying-Angels'. . . . It

is said that the band had its origin in Missouri . . . But they never became so very notorious until the 'Reformation' times, when their peculiar talents were called into play, and their services into constant requisition." (A.E., p. 268). Mr. Wallace can appreciate Ann Eliza's own terror of "fantasied strangulation at the hands of one of Brigham's fanatical Danites," for though the strangulation might be fantasied, "nothing was utterly impossible on hat paranoiac frontier." (W. 28, 238), i.e., there might have been Danites after all.

In the four passages just quoted the appeal to the Danites is neither casual nor playful - those Danites are an absolute necessity. They are necessary to supply by grence the evidence against Brigham Young and the ermons that is so sorely needed and so conspicuously sent. We have learned from our dames savantes that ordinary Mormons, like Ann Eliza's friends and neighbors, were just plain folks, the unsuspecting dupes of a depraved hierarchy; they never suspected what was really going on and were simple enough to believe that Indians killed people. On the other hand, said depraved hierarchy carefully abstained from criminal acts: "As loudly as the Mormon leaders talked to the people about doing their 'dirty work themselves, they nevertheless, shrank from soiling heir own fingers," so that even Brigham Young "would probably avow himself entirely guiltless, since his hand did not perform the deed." (A. 269). With the common people "humble, spiritual-minded, God-fearing, law-abidg'' (A., 34) and somehow managing to ignore the clarion call of their leaders to "dirty work", and with the leaders themselves fastidiously refraining from "soiling their own fingers," what evidence have we got against the Mormons? Who was carrying on the efficient and brazen system of mass murder that for years filled all the Utah valleys with altars and graves - none of which has ever been discovered? Who but the Danites, who, as Kelly and Birney observe, operated so very secretly that one can

hardly be asked to produce evidence of their activities. (KB, 23).

The Danites thus supply the anti-Mormon fraternity with a blank check backed by unlimited reserves of horror. Any unexplained death is automatically their doing; accidents don't just happen on the frontier - they are Danite manipulations; we need not bother with the extensive evidence that the Indians were numerous and deadly in the West and along the routes (N.A., 117-131), for we know that people just talk about Indians because "they dare not say boldly who they believe those 'Indians' are." (S. 169). Even when official non-Mormon investigation supported the obvious explanation of a disaster, as in the case of Capt. Gunnison, the whole thing was just a cover-up for the Danites. Well, why not? - any calamity might be a Danite doing. "Even then." says Ann Eliza of her unimpeded escape to Ogden in 1874, "the 'Danites,' those terrible ministers of Mormon vengeance, might be on our track." (A. 569). And Mr. Wallace nods vigorous assent: they might indeed, for, evidence or no evidence, "nothing was utterly impossible on that still rough and paranoiac frontier." (W. 28).

The "Mormon version" — It is significant that those who have written on the Danites, from Bennett to Brooks, have not bothered to mention that the earliest and fullest discussion of the subject is by Joseph Smith himself. Is it not odd that they will not consider this account — coming four years earlier than Bennett's lurid exposé — even as a point of departure? Where evidence is so extremely scarce one would think a word from any source would be welcome; but unfortunately the early Mormon accounts of the Danites are so perfectly plausible and consistent that the creative writer is denied the perfect liberty he enjoys where hints and whispers are his only control.

In October 1838 Joseph Smith recounted the history and background of the Danites as it had been brought to

his attention. "Doctor Sampson Avard," he says, "who had been in the church but a short time . . . was secretly aspiring to be the greatest of the great, and become the leader of the people." (JS, 458). He began by holding secret meetings, "the room (being) well guarded by some of his pupils," where he claimed "that he had the sanction of the heads of the Church . . . and proceeded to administer to the few under his control, an oath, binding them to everlasting secrecy." (JS, 458). Speaking as a true religious enthusiast, he "would often affirm to his company, that the principal men of the Church had put him forward as a spokesman, and a leader of this band, which he named Danites." (JS, 459). After daily preliminary meetings, "he held meetings to organize his men into companies of tens and fifties. . . . He then called his captains together and taught them" as basic doctrine, " '. . . the riches of the Gentiles shall be consecrated to my people, the house of Israel; and thus waste away the Gentiles by robbing and plundering them . . . and in this way we will build up the kingdom of God." This he followed up with dire threats against any who should jeopardize the secrecy of the society. "At this lecture, all of the officers revolted," and when Avard protested that a new dispensation called for a new moral code he was unanimously voted down and gave way, suggesting "that he had better drop the subject; although he had received his authority from Sidney Rigdon the evening before. The meeting then broke up; the eyes of those present were opened," and henceforth "very little confidence was placed in him, even by the warmest members of his Danite scheme." (JS, 459). "When a knowledge of Avard's rascality came to the Presidency of the Church, he was cut off from the Church, and every measure proper used to destroy his influence, at which he was highly incensed, and went about whispering his evil insinuations, but finding every effort unavailing, he again turned conspirator, and sought to make friends with the mob." (1.c.).

For a first-hand story of these events — which were only reported to Joseph Smith by others - we are beholden to Lorenzo Dow Young, whose confidential and unpublished remarks to his nephew on the evening of February 5. 1890, were made with no thought of the market or the public in mind. (LDY). They can be trusted. The old man began by remarking that he had been reading Bancroft's story of the Danites in which their foundings was erroneously attributed to David W. Patten. Even the anti-Mormon writer, T.B.H. Stenhouse, incidentally, notes that Patten was the victim of deliberately cultivated falsehoods about the Danites (TBHS, 94). As Mr. Young tells it, "he first heard of Dr. Avard" when "he was sent by the Prophet Joseph on a mission" to "the South-east corner of the State of Ohio," where Avard was presiding over a branch of the Church. In his tour of inspection Brother Young was disturbed by what he found at Avard's church: "He ... did not like the spirit or teachings of the man." Later he found "that the Dr. and Elder S. S. Rigdon were on quite intimate terms, and that the latter was considerably tinctured with the ideas and spirits of the former." When Lorenzo Young reported on his mission to the First Presidency, and came to report on Avard's doings, "Elder Rigdon manifested his displeasure," he says, "by animadverting rather sharply on my remarks;" but Joseph Smith encouraged him to go on and make a full report "without fear or favor." Whereupon he declared that Avard impressed him as being a rascal, and assured Rigdon, "Give Dr. Avard time and he will prove that he is a consummate hypocrite and a wicked man."

Later in the summer of the same year (1838), Brother Young went with other Saints to Far West, Missouri, where he learned that Dr. Avard had already arrived on the scene and was "holding secret meetings attended by a few who were especially invited. I was one of the favored few . . ." Avard had very winning ways with what Joseph Smith calls "his smooth, flattering, and winning speeches,

which he frequently made to his associates." (JS, 458). So Lorenzo Young sat in and learned that Avard's group were "a secret organization of which, so far as I know, he was the originator and over which he presided. At one of these meetings he stated that the title by which the members of the society were known, 'Danite's' interpreted meant 'Destroying Angels'. He also stated that the organization was to take vengeance on their enemies . . . The eachings and proceedings appeared to be wicked, blood-thirsty, and in direct antagonism to the principles taught by the leaders of the Church, and the Elders generally." Here then were the wicked Danites in embryo. Then came the showdown:

The culmination finally arrived. At one of the meetings Dr. Avard particularly required that all present who had been attending the meetings should at once join the society by making the required covenants, and I was especially designated. I asked the privilege of speaking which was granted. I began to state my reasons to joining the society, and was proceeding to state my reasons and in them expose its wickedness, when Dr. Avard peremptorily ordered me to be seated. I objected to sitting down until I had fully expressed my views. He threatened to put the law of the organization in force there and then. I stood directly in front of him and was well prepared for the occasion. I told him with all the emphasis of my nature, in voice and manner [i.e., he lost his temper], that I had as many friends in the house as he had, and if he made a motion to carry out his threat he should not live to get out of the house for I would instantly kill him. He did not try to put his threat in execution, but the meeting broke up. From the meeting I went directly to Brother Brigham and related the whole history of the affair. He said he had long suspicioned that something wrong was going on, but had seen no direct development. He added we will go at once to brother Joseph who has suspicioned that some secret wickedness was being carried on by Dr. Avard. Dr. Avard was at once cited before the authorities of the Church and cut off for his wickedness. He turned a bitter enemy of the saints.

The ex- and anti-Mormon T.B.H. Stenhouse, Fanny's musband, confirms the important part of the affair when he writes, "Joseph and the Church withdrew fellowship from Avard, his Danite organizations were broken up, his

teachings disavowed; he shook hands with the mob, and asserted that Danitism in the Church was a fact." (TBHS, 93). Even Ann Eliza admits that "Joseph Smith . . . repeatedly repudiated both them and their deeds of violence." (A., 48), a detail which Wallace overlooks. Faced with a complete lack of evidence to incriminate the leaders of the Church, Mr. Stenhouse falls back on the argument that "the strict surveillance which 'the authorities' exercise over the actions of individuals" makes it hard to believe "that Dr. Avard was alone in the organization of the Danite Band." (l.c.). But we have already seen from the "Mormon version" that he had the support of Rigdon; the question is whether he received official recognition. Actually the Avard situation is a familiar one to many who have lived in distant branches of the Church. To say that the "surveillance of 'the authorities' " extends to checking the actions of individuals in hundreds of widely scattered branches is simply ridiculous. Any surveillance of the members of a ward or branch must be exercised through the Bishop or President of the organization - and Avard happened to be the president of a branch in an outlying district: and many a branch president has abused his splendid isolation exactly as Avard did.

Avard's behavior from first to last is thoroughly typical. His aspirations "to be the greatest of the great, and become the leader of the people," are still to be found among a certain class of Mormon, and, as Brigham Young recalls, in the time of Jospeh Smith the Church was fairly swarming with half-baked converts and dangerous crackpots. The membership of the Church today are far more responsive to the General Authorities than they were in the days of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, when only a small minority paid any heed to such principles as tithing or the Word of Wisdom, and yet grandiose schemes and exotic doctrines still have a way of springing up almost anywhere. If Avard had, as he claimed, "the sanction of the heads of the Church," why did he hold his meetings secretly, barring Church members in good standing? The

Mormons did have a very necessary military organization—for "border ruffianism" of the Bushwhacker and Jayhawker variety was a reality, reaching its most deadly excesses in the two decades after the Mormons left the area—but they made no secret of it. If there was anything in the world that Joseph Smith would not tolerate, it was a private army, organized and led by an untried newcomer to the Church. Also it is not true that "by robbing and plundering... we will build up the kingdom of God," (Cf. W. 43f), for that is not the way anything is built up and nobody knew that better than Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, for no two men in history have given more convincing proof of knowing what does build a society.

When Ann Eliza and Mrs. Stenhouse failed to realize their personal ambitions in the Church, they went about "whispering evil insinuations," as is perfectly clear from their own writings; and when that got them nowhere they both turned against the Church and "made friends with the mob." We cite their case to show how typical Avard's behavior was. The entire corpus of anti-Mormon literature draws its substance largely from such people. The process is still going on. There are various groups in the Rocky Mountains today under the leadership of ambitious and disgruntled men and women who have turned against the Church exactly like Avard. To the outsider these groups - some of them emphasizing polygamy, others communal living, others the supremacy of self-appointed leaders - are all simply Mormons, and indeed some of them deliberately seek to give that impression. The Church in modern as in ancient times had always moved amidst a swarm of such satellites, and while nine out of ten Latterday Saints know nothing of their existence, it is easy for those on the outside to identify them with the Church. And it was an easy thing for Avard to stir up the Missourians by insisting that the Danites were a part of the Church. That is the crux of the matter. The story as the Mormons give it is strictly true to form.

The Church did organize bands of tens and fifties. as Joseph Smith points out, "but let it be distinctly understood, that these companies of tens and fifties got up by Avard were altogether separate and distinct from the companies of tens and fifties organized by the brethren for self-defense . . . one company would be engaged in drawing wood, another in cutting it, another in gathering corn, another in grinding, another in butchering, another in distributing meat, etc. etc. . . . Therefore let no one hereafter, by mistake or design, confound this organization with the organization of the Danites, of the apostate Avard. which died almost before it had existence." (IS, 460). This warning has gone unheeded by Juanita Brooks, who would prove the existence of Mormon Danites by a statement of Josiah A. Stout: "... the Church organized under captains Tens, Fifties, One Hundreds, and One Thousands . . . They (the Missourians) called our organization the Danite Band." (IB, p. 32). Of course they did, and Joseph Smith has just explained why - because the frustrated Avard had gone about telling the Missourians that the Mormon organization were the Danites.

Against her admission (ignored by Wallace) that "Joseph Smith . . . repeatedly repudiated both them and their deeds of violence," Mrs. A.E.D.Y. Denning places the testimonies of the apostates Marsh and Hyde (hailed with glee by Wallace). Yet all she can make of them is that two men swore affidavits "against Joseph and the Mormons in general, accusing them of the grossest crimes and outrages, as well as of abetting the Danites and their deeds." (A. 48). "Abetting" is pretty weak; no one claims that Joseph and the Mormons in general were Danites or even that they organized the Danites, but only that they "abetted" them and their deeds — just as anyone who is not to the Right of everybody else in politics is accused of "abetting" Communism.

Even weaker is the affidavit itself (Hyde merely confirmed Marsh's report in a single sentence: "The most

of the statements in the foregoing disclosure I know to be true; the remainder I believe to be true."), which, far from confirming Ann Eliza's charge of "grossest crimes and outrages," speaks only of the Danites' dire capabilities, with never a word about their deeds:

They have among them a company, considered true Mormon, called the Danites, who have taken an oath to support the heads of the Church in all things that they say or do, whether right or wrong. Many, however, of this band are much dissatisfied with this oath, as being against moral and religious principles. On Saturday last, I am informed by the Mormons that they had a meeting at Far West, at which they appointed a company of twelve, by the name of the 'Destruction Company,' for the purpose of burning and destroying, and that if the people of Buncombe came to do mischief upon the people of Caldwell, and committed depredations upon the Mormons, they were to burn Buncombe . . . (JS 3:167)

nis is followed by a report that Joseph Smith had earlier said that he would bear down on his enemies, Moslem fashion, with the sword. This has nothing to do with the Danites, and Marsh and Hyde both retracted their "confessions" later and returned to the Church. But even at its worst what could be more vague and hedging? "They have among them a company, considered true Mormons, called the Danites." That agrees perfectly with Joseph smith's own statement: there was such a society, they d consider themselves true Mormons, and Avard did give them the name of Danites. The trick of Marsh's testimony is to make it appear that the Latter-day Saints themselves considered the group true Mormons and called them Danites - though the affidavit is careful not to say so. Next, the resolution of the Danites to support the heads of the Church is meant to signify that the heads of the Church are supporting them - again, without saying so. Even within "this band", however, there are many who do not go along. Note that at no time is it claimed that any authority of the Church was actually a member, or even approved of the society, let alone that the Church organized it officially - a thing which Marsh,

as ex-President of the Twelve Apostles, was in a better position to know than anyone else.

Next Mr. Marsh reports: "On Saturday last, I am informed by the Mormons, that they had a meeting at Far West . . ." He has been talking about the Danites, and "I am informed by the Mormons" is inserted parenthetically: the "they" who hold the meeting must be the Danites, not the Mormons. But by bringing in the Mormons as his informants, he makes it look as if they had engineered the meeting - though again he is careful not to say so. This impression he backs up by threats of military might once breathed forth, he claims, by Joseph Smith, which, whether truly reported or not, have no demonstrable connection with the Danites. And that's the story. What Thos. B. Marsh's testimony amounts to is that there was a Danite society among the members of the Church - a proposition which Joseph Smith himself has clearly stated. The one thing we need and expect from Marsh and Hyde, and which they are singularly willing and able to supply if it exists, is irrefutable proof that this group was organized or even sanctioned by the heads of the Church. But for such a statement we look in vain. The two men had rushed off to Richmond Courthouse in high dudgeon to pour forth "all the vilest slanders, aspersions, lies and calumnies" they could think of into willing ears. (JS, 3:167). Willing to go the limit in insinuating the worst, they still had nothing specific to report. The direct association of the Danites with the Church authorities, which they merely had to mention to make it stick for all time, is conspicuously absent.

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The Other Versions. The most remarkable thing about the Danites is that though they operated openly and insolently for many years. cutting throats right and left in a prolonged orgy of bloodshed, not a single scrap of evidence for their vast and prolonged operations has ever been discovered. (JSF, Jr., p. 14). Let us see what the experts have to offer.

First of all that great classic, Holy Murder, the Story of Porter Rockwell, by Charles Kelly and Hoffman Birney. deserves our consideration if only for its suspicious resemblance to Mr. Wallace's book. From the damning quotations on the fly-leaf to the ingratiating acknowledgements at the back, these gentlemen have somehow anticipated the latter epic in every detail of organization, form, and method. First of all a high-minded dedication to the Cause of Truth; then, on the next page, three devastating quotations, one by a scholar who is supposed to have known Rockwell intimately - and who always refers to him as Peter Rockwell; the second by a certain Milo M. Quaife whose candid opinion is that "The most damning picture of Mormonism . . . is that supplied by the testimony of the , leaders of the Church themselves"; the third confirms this doctrine by coming right from Brigham Young himself: "I have many a time, on this stand, dared the world to produce as mean devils as we can. We can beat them at anything . . ." Which, taken out of context, says as plain as day that the Mormons are wicked people who glory in their wickedness.

We soon learn that Porter Rockwell is not the real subject of the book, but a convenient peg for hanging up libels of Joseph Smith and the Mormons in general. Since every direct attack on Smith leads nowhere (see *The Myth Makers*), it has been found advisable to resort to the indirect attack:

The biography of a servant is inseparably bound with that of his master, and the life story of Orrin Porter Rockwell parallels those of Joseph Smith, Jr., translator of the Book of Mormon, founder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Prophet and Martyr; and of Brigham Young, who appropriated and draped about his own paunchy figure the blood-stained mantle. . . . Filled with an holy zeal, he slew only in cold blood, and for the glory of the Mormon God and the exaltation of that God's viceregents, the Mormon Prophets."

This is the Wallace technique: the resounding titles, the sinister opening chord, the inevitable return to the Leitmotif

of the depravity of Mormon prophets. Joseph Smith is a thousand times harder to explain than any Porter Rockwell or Ann Eliza; but see how clearly our authors avoid the dangers and pitfalls that confound Smith's biographers by treating his career simply as a side-issue, throwing out all the old charges and incriminations in an easy off-handed way, while sparing the reader the trouble of considering and themselves the burden of producing the evidence. For Wallace, as for Kelly and Birney, it is enough to give us a quick look at Joseph Smith by way of leading up to the main subject, painting with quick deft strokes the portrait of the lecturer, swindler and drunkard, and then passing on to the main theme.

But don't be fooled — Joseph Smith is the main theme. The conscientious anti-Mormon writer rarely forgets to remind us after every grizzly episode that the true horror of it all is that everything can be traced back to false prophets claiming revelation from God. Kelly and Birney's Porter Rockwell is little more than a front man for "Holy Joe" - even after the Prophet had been dead for years. They begin by describing Smith in exactly the gay, carefree manner of Mr. Wallace, the knowing man-to-man lockerroom style that needs no verification: "The original Seer and Revelator was a lusty laddie. He . . . could outrun, outjump, outwrestle, and out cuss any of his contemporaries; was a judge of good liquor; and had a keen and appreciative eye for such mundane things as the points of a good horse or the curves of a feminine ankle." (KB, 7). His portrait in Kelly and Birney's book bears only the simple and austere caption: "I've got to get drunk now and then to keep the people from worshipping me." How did Mr. Wallace happen to miss that one? It is from that same Dr. Wyle who supplied him with the leading caption for his book: "Every time I see a pretty woman I have to pray for grace." Apparently while a touch of Mr. Wyl goes a long way, too much of him would give away the game.

Naturally a book with the title. Holy Murder, is going to be about the Danites, and we have every right to expect something special in the way of evidence from Messrs. Kelly and Birney. But we don't get it. Their Hauptquelle is a source that other anti-Mormon writers avoid, the anonymous "Achilles", privately printed in San Francisco in 1878. The general neglect of this heroic work is hard to understand in view of the high credentials hat Kelly and Birney discover for it, for "The unknown author states that . . . Rockwell admits every word to be true" - though every word of it damns Rockwell to hell. Now if the unknown author himself says that Rockwell himself says that every word is true, who are we to question it? When Kelly and Birney note of the long and ntastic "Danite oath" found only in "Achilles", that ertain of its features are quite obviously interpolations," aat proves to them that the Mormons have been corrupting the text, with never a suspicion of "the anonymous but fully cognizant 'Achilles.' " (KB, 24). With such a knowing informant to hand, why do other writers on the Danites refuse the helping hand which has enabled Mr. K. and Mr. B. to write a full length book about them? The swer is simple: if they accept "Achilles" they will have throw away their other sources; for "Achilles" "version such well-known horror epics as the Payson murders the son of the widow Lewis, though full and specific, ave hardly the remotest resemblance to the same stories as told by Ann Eliza and her friends. If "Achilles" knows anything, then all the others are hopelessly wrong, and since all are claiming intimate personal knowledge, well, you see what that does.

Kelly and Birney's No. 2 Informant is a Mr. Fitzhugh Ludlow, who in 1870 claimed to have had an intimate personal interview with Porter Rockwell, whom he insists on designating throughout his story as *Peter* Rockwell — which makes one wonder. Kelly and Birney have done a brilliant job of covering up by an ingenious compromise:

instead of quoting Ludlow as writing of Porter Rockwell, which he plainly did not, or of Peter Rockwell, which he did, our authors settle for Poter Rockwell, a brand-new name, but one that is bound to be passed over by the casual reader as an obvious printer's error. By such cunning devisings do Messrs. K. and B. compound their epic of Holy Murder. As, for example, when they have Sampson Avard tell his Danite story not after he left the Church but before (KB. 46) - which makes all the difference in the world, though the reader, of course, does not suspect what is going on. For them J.C. Bennett, the world's prize liar, is a fountain of truth when he speaks of the Danites because "Bennett . . . is positive on the point." (KB, 48). Liar he may be, but if he is positive that settles it. Kelly and Birney also place high value on the "carefully kept diary" of one William Swartzell which, as we shall see, was not a diary and was not carefully kept but was carefully rewritten as an anti-Mormon pamphlet. No copy of the diary is known to exist.

Such, plus Mrs. Stenhouse, are Kelly and Birney's basic sources for a whole book on the Danites. It is not surprising that they must shore up such feeble supports with a special kind of evidence, which on the first page of their book they claim to have found in "the testimony of the leaders of the Church themselves." Which testimony they find ready to hand in the Journal of Discourses: All Mormons, they assure us, are 'docile, ignorant, and blind . . . but the blindest of all were those who permitted the publication of the Journal of Discourses ' (KB, 130). Our astute author assures us that the Mormons would of course never keep any Danite records even secret ones (KB, 23)—yet it never occurs to them that the leaders of the Church, who sanctioned the publication of their speeches year after year as the Journal of Discourses, never would have done so had those speeches contained anything in the least incriminating. It is all a matter of selection and interpretation, which can, without too much effort, make the Bible itself a catalogue of depraved doctrines

and deeds. Let us run through the list of Mormon testimony, including "Brigham's acknowledgement that the Danites existed and were a weapon ever ready to his hand." (KB, 130).

First there is a long quotation from J.M. Grant, who argues that the putting to death of transgressors under certain conditions would be consistent with the practice of ancient Israel, and makes it clear that though he personally would like to see such practices in force, such a thing is out of the question under present conditions. By omitting all mention of Biblical parallels and all admission by Grant that he is speaking only for himself, one can make this sound pretty bad; but as far as historical evidence is con-·cerned, the man might just as well have been telling the story of David and Goliath. The sermon, according to Kelly and Birney, "was favorably received, and the sermons in the Tabernacle became more and more sanguinary." (KB, 133). Here is a fatal flaw that all writers on the Danites seek to hide behind a screen of rhetoric. For if there is one aspect of Danite operations that transcends and conditions all else, it is their observance of total secrecy. The simple Saints and the general public, we are constantly reminded, knew nothing of what was going on and were scrupulously kept in the dark - they really believed that Indians killed people! Yet the only evidence our authorities can produce for the doings of their Danites is in the form of remarks made by Čhurch leaders at large meetings open to the general public. What a time and place to choose for divulging the secrets of Danitism! When we are told that "the sermons in the Tabernacle became more and more sanguinary," we hold on to the . edge of our seats for what comes next.

And this is it: next that terrible Mr. Grant went to Kaysville, where he preached on kindness to animals and "flayed the Saints of that hamlet for their sins and called upon them, one and all, to renew their covenants with the Church, to confess their faults, and to present themselves

for rebaptism." (KB, 133). Except for the rebaptism (hardly a "sanguinary" rite), we detect nothing here that ten thousand ministers do not dish out to their congregations every Sunday. But now we come to the solid core of evidence "that Blood Atonement was openly advocated by the Mormon leaders during the Reformation period."

The prize quotation is another by Grant: "I say there are men and women here that I would advise to go to the President immediately and ask him to appoint a committee to attend to their case, and then let a place be selected and let that committee shed their blood." (KB, 134; JD V, 49). That sounds ghastly, but if we take the passage in its context it becomes immediately apparent that fireeating Mr. Grant is simply advocating capital punishment for capital crimes. In the sentences preceding and following the quotation (they are omitted of course by our researchers) Grant makes it perfectly clear that the parties he refers to are those who have committed capital crimes, crimes so great "they cannot be forgiven through baptism. ... They are the old hardened sinners, and are almost if not altogether - past improvement; and are full of hell." (p. 49). There were such characters on the frontier, pathological types past rehabilitation and a serious menace to society. What was to be done with them? The idealistic George Bernard Shaw earnestly recommended euthanasia for such, but Mr. Grant is more humane - he merely advises the rascals to do something which he knows perfectly well they will not do. He is not advocating bloodshed but merely trying, as he says as the beginning of his sermon, to shock the people out of their complacency by 'giving them hell."

The one peculiar aspect of the thing, that people who have done wrong should actually ask to be punished, was seriously taught by Plato: "The criminal and the dishonest man," he says, "are completely wretched, indeed, but they are even more miserable if they are not punished . . . and less miserable if they are punished and chastened

by gods and man." And so he goes on to argue that since "what is just is beautiful," a person who is being justly punished "suffers beautiful acts", while the one doing the punishing performs them. (Gorgias, 473. It follows that a wrong-doer "should hurry to the judge, as though to a physician," and ask to be punished, "so that the disease of injustice may not became chronic and make his soul ulcerous and incurable." (1b. 480). This will be readily recognized as akin to the well-known Christian teaching that it is better that the body should suffer than that the soul should be lost in hell—an undeniably Biblical eaching, whatever one may think of it. In practice it led to such outrages as Salem Witch burnings and dutos da fe, but there is no evidence that it ever led to cts of overt violence among the Mormons. The best our critics can hope to do it to show that is was "advocated by the Mormon leaders", and assume from that that one has discovered the clue to every crime and outrage committed between the Mississippi and the Pacific in the mid-nineteenth century. The next damning statement by Mormon leader is from Brigham Young.

Brigham Young had held the people rigidly in check during the affair with Johnson's Army, but on October 25, 1857, he told the Saints that if another army should ver march against them, "I shall never again say to man, Stay your rifle ball,' when our enemies assail us, but will say. Slay them where you find them." This is simply the command "Fire at will", given to an armed host: in terms of an airborne operation "Slay them where you find them," expresses the order of the day pretty well. Brigham Young is here speaking not only of a strictly military operation, and a defensive one at that (". . . when our enemies assail us . . . "), but of a hypothetical one only, an operation which he was personally convinced would never take place. But what can defense against an enemy in arms possibly have to do with "Blood Atonement", of all things? Never mind: by entitling their chapter "Slay Them

Where You Find Them", Kelly and Birney make it perfectly obvious that Brigham Young ordered all Mormons to kill everybody else whenever and wherever they could.

The next quotation, from Heber C. Kimball, is an even better example of what can be done by beginning and ending a quotation just at the right moment to destroy its context entirely, while removing from the middle of the passage whatever might still give some hint of that context. Here is the passage as Kelly and Birney give it:

When it is necessary that blood should be shed, we should be as ready to do that as to eat an apple. That is my religion, and I feel that our platter is pretty clean of some things, and we calculate to keep it clean from this time henceforth forever. . . And if men and women will not live their religion, but take a course to pervert the hearts of the righteous, we will 'lay judgment to the line and righteouness to the plummet,' and we will let you know that the earth can swallow you up as it did Koran and his hosts; as Brother Taylor says, you may dig your graves and we will slay you and you may crawl into them." (J.D., VI, 34f, wrongly given in K. and B.)

What emerges from that is the clear images of Mormons suspected of unorthodoxy being forced to dig their own graves by relentless cold-eved fanatics. Here is the Mormon horror beyond description which Ann Eliza and Mrs. Stenhouse and the rest proclaim from the housetops, and this is the authority for it. But if we restore the passage to its context we also restore the reader to a sane and humane world. It becomes immediately apparent that Kimball like Young is speaking strictly of a military operation. "Well," he says, "there are those troops yonder," speaking of Johnson's Army, ".... some of you thought they were coming here, and several ran away." He notes that "Brother Brigham has fulfilled his word" in giving safe conduct to the army camp "to any man or woman that wanted to go," including Mrs. Mago, a local Madame, to whom he wishes well. Then he expresses his satisfaction that Brother Groesbeck's company was able to evade the Army: "God gave him wisdom, and he is here, and he

escaped those troops." Next he gives a sympathetic picture of poor Mr. Johnson himself, suffering from "fever all the way", with nothing now but the dismal prospect of a long march through difficult terrain: "By the time he goes up and down Ham's Fork [on the Green River] a few times, it will take away his strength . . . I had as lieve sit on a bayonet as on a Fork."

It is all good-natured banter, and then President Kimball gets serious: "I feel the Lord designs the thing should move along and no blood be shed, because I do not consider God is so anxious that we should be bloodthirsty men as some may be. God designs that we should be pure men, holding the oracle of God in holy pure vessels; but . . ." At this very point, Kelly and Birney interrupt to begin their quotation, omitting all that has gone before, including even that small but very important but. ". . . but," says Kimball, "when it is necessary that blood should be shed, we should be as ready to do that as to eat an apple." Note that he does not want any bloodshed in this war, and is glad that it has been avoided so far; but if it does come to shooting, Kimball reminds his people, that will not be the time to be squeamish. There are few Christians who would not agree to that proposition, bearing in mind its military setting and the humane expressions that accompany it, both of which are scrupulously suppressed by our authors. From the middle and ending of their quotation the same omit the words explaining that this is simply a fair warning to particular parties, namely "all such scoundrels" as go over and join the enemy who have come to fight the Mormons; such persons as identify themselves with the enemy cannot expect immunity when the fighting begins. That is what Pres. Kimball is talking about; they are digging their own graves and can expect the worst when and if the shooting starts, though he hopes it won't. In making it perfectly clear that this refers specifically to "those corrupt scoundrels" who have become hangers-on of the enemy camp, the speaker reminds his

hearers of the need to resist military conquest and occupation: "Well, they would come from Dan to Beersheba, and from California to France, - that is, wicked and abominable spirits would have come into this valley when those troops came in, do you not see? The blacklegs, and highway-robbers, and whore-mongers, and whores would have gathered into this place, if those troops could have come into this place to have slain our leaders." This could have happened before, and it must not happen now, even if the army must be resisted with force. And what has this all to do with "Blood Atonement"? Nothing whatever. There is only one way to make Heber C. Kimball look worse than to quote his words out of context, and that is to follow Mr. Wallace's example and not read them at all, simply dismissing the man as Wallace does, without further ado, as a brutal and depraved "mountebank".

Brigham Young observes that it would have been better for many to have died than to have fallen from grace and become "angels to the devil". Jesus Christ put it even more strongly: It would have been better, he said, to have a millstone tied to one's neck and be cast into the sea: it would be better never to have been born: it would be better to cut off one's own right hand than to have it commit offense, etc. True, Jesus did not actually expect such sentences to be carried out, but then neither did Brigham Young or even J. D. Grant: they were, as they explain, simply stirring the people up. Note that all this 'evidence' is supposed to prove not that the Mormons ever practiced "Blood Atonement," for which there is no evidence, but that it was "advocated by the Mormon leaders". We know people who are convinced that anybody who accepts the XVI Amendment of the Constitutions is advocating Communism. Who advocates what is a matter of interpretation, and the minister who describes hell-fire as a vital part of God's economy is simply advocating the burning of the opposition: it's Holy Murder, that's what it is!

But so far we have had no mention of the Danites, and with only one quotation to go it must be a good one. Indeed it is, according to our guides, nothing less than "Brigham's acknowledgement that the Danites existed and were a weapon ever ready to his hand." (KB, 130). It has been exploited a good deal by anti-Mormon writers, and here it is: "If men come here and do not behave themselves, they will not only find the Danites, whom they talk so much about, biting the horse's heels, but the scoundrels will find something biting their heels. In my plain remarks I merely call things by their own name." (KB, 135). The plain remarks do not refer to heel-biting, which is a biblical figure of speech, but to calling scoundrels secoundrels. B.Y. is here referring to organized gangs of highway robbers, and is expressing his determination to make Utah safe for the Gentiles. But what about the Danites? "The Danites, whom they talk about" are the only Danites mentioned, and that with a characteristic touch of irony that only Kelly and Birney could miss. Brigham is not "acknowledging that the Danites exist." but declaring as he had a month earlier (J.D. IV, 345) that they are a Gentile myth. And what are these mythical Danites doing? "Biting the horse's heels." Ich werde dich beaurembullum! shouted the Great Elector at his son, hose studious ways enraged him: for Kelly and Birney ais could only mean that the monarch intended to goldenbull the Crown Prince.

The Danite hocum is here treated with the broad sarcasm it deserves. But if we must go along with our authorities and interpret the passage literally, then we must admit on Young's testimony that the Danites do not pursue the scoundrels in question: the Danite activities are limited to "biting the horse's heels", while "their neels" are not bitten by Danites but by "something". Whatever that something is — and it must be pretty terrible — it is not Danites.

And this, if you please, is the evidence that "the Danites were an institution". The culmination of these devastating admissions by Mormon leaders is "given by John Doyle Lee, himself a Danite, an elder, and an adopted son of Brigham Young." Of course he was none of those things at the time the statement was written, but still he is quoted as a Mormon leader. And this is what Kelly and Birney have him say:

It was at that time [1857] a common thing to see Danites going out of Cedar City and Harmony with suspected Gentiles, to send them 'over the rim of the basin,' and the Gentiles were always sent. This practice was supported by the people, and everything of that kind was done by orders from the Council, or by orders from some of the Priesthood. When a Danite or a Destroying Angel was placed on a man's track, that man died." (KB, 136).

When however we go to the source to which our authors refer us (as vaguely as possible, simply as "Lee, op.cit."), i.e. Lee's "Confessions" of 1877, this is what we read:

At that time it was a common thing for small bands of people on their way from California to pass through by way of Cedar City on their journey. Many of these people were killed simply because they were Gentiles. When a Gentile came into a town he was looked upon with suspicion, and most of the people considered every stranger a spy from the U.S. army. The killing of Gentiles was considered a means of grace." (JDL, p. 273).

That is bad enough, the second one, but no mention of Danites or Destroying Angels. If the reader wonders where they come from or finds it hard to believe that any author would take such liberties with a quotation, let him compare the 1877 edition of Mormonism Unveiled: or the Life and Confessions of the Late Mormon Bishop John D. Lee, with the 1905 printing of the same book as The Mormon Menace, being the Confession of John Doyle Lee, DANITE, Official Assassin of the Mormon Church under the Late Brigham Young. Let him turn to Chapter XVIII of the latter work, entitled "The Danite and His Duty" (pp. 277-297), and compare it with the text of the 1877

edition which it is supposed to be reproducing (pp. 269ff). The 1905 opus, under the inspired editorship of Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis, swarms with Danites on every page (mentioned 25 times in the chapter — 12 times in the first six pages), yet we seek in vain for a single occurrence of the word in the original text of 1877 — Mr. Lewis has inserted it every time! In the particular passage we have quoted above he blithely changes "brethren" to "Danites" — but even so he does not go as far as Kelly and Birney, who in the end can only bring the Danites to life by diligently rewriting their sources.

The man responsible for bringing out Lee's original "confessions" in 1877 was his attorney; William W. Bishop, whose introduction to the book is remarkable because it labors mightily to prove just one point, that Brigham Young "favored the shedding of blood as an atonement for sin," and seeks to do so only by quoting from the sermons we have just mentioned. What Christian would deny the theory, so prominent in the Old Testaments? Why is Mr. Bishop so exercised about an abstract doctrine? Why does he wave the menu before us for 20 pages instead of serving us the dinner? Because there is no dinner! Even the bitter apostate Lee makes out no case for the Danites that departs a hair's breadth from the. "Mormon version." He tells us that he was a Danite in 1838, but he never mentions being a Danite after that, let alone being the Danite Chieftain; indeed in all the rest of his book there is only one mention of Danites, a parenthetical reference that may well be an interpolation.

Mrs. Brooks (JB, 33) seems to establish an official status in the Church for the Danites by using Lee's account of the Gallatin election riot, where the Mormons responded to a Danite sign of distress by coming to the rescue of a hardpressed fellow. She supports this by citing Swartzell, who does tell of the riot but makes no mention whatever of Danites. Mrs. Brooks not only fails to mention that Swartzell is silent on the subject of Danites at Gallatin, but she

also overlooks the significant fact that according to Lee of the 30 Mormons at the polls only 8 participated in the melee, though all Danites were bound to respond when they saw "the sign". (JBL, p. 73). This shows the Danites as a small minority operating independently of the rest of the Mormons, who refused to support them even as hard-pressed Mormons; and there is nothing anywhere in Lee's book to indicate the contrary. The situation is depicted by Lee himself in his description of the two organizations.

In the same month according to Lee in which the election riot took place, August 1838, "all the males over 18 years of age, were organized into a military body, according to the law of the priesthood, and called 'the Host of Israel." (JDL, 56). He then describes the organization of tens, fifties, and hundreds under captains exactly as Joseph Smith describes it, concluding that "the entire membership of the Mormon Church was then organized in the same way . . ." At the very same time, he tells us, "another organization was perfected, or then first formed — it was called the 'Danites.' 'This organization is then described with no mention of who organized it or who comprised it. The former organization, formed "by command of God, as revealed through the Lord's Prophet, Joseph Smith," was placed completely under his control. But what of the other organization which, as Joseph Smith explains, imitated and duplicated it? (Though many preliminary meetings had been held in Ohio, it was not until this time as Lee observes, that the Danites were formally organized along the Biblical pattern). What could justify its running competition with the rest of the Church if not its super secrecy? As a secret arm of the Church it would necessarily be tied closer to the leaders, and especially to Joseph Smith than any other, and yet by all accounts it was under the direction of a new convert. an ambitious "doctor", who had performed no services for the Church and held no offices save that of branch president: he it was who called the meetings, presided

at them, and laid down the law. Even had he preached perfect loyalty to the Prophet and the authorities, such a situation would have been intolerable, nay, unthinkable, to them. The Church was nothing if not centralized, and the peculiar dominance of Avard over the Danites is enough in itself to prove that they were not sanctioned by the Church. There were indeed Danites in the Battle of Crooked River, but even Lee reports that it was "the Gentiles (who) said afterwards that Capt. Patten", gave the cry "Charge, Danites, charge!" (JDL, 73). By that time Avard had diligently spread the fiction that all Mormons in arms were Danites, and the Missourians believed it.

Then there is Lee's famous Journal. which contained, according to him, "many things not intended for the public e," including "an account of many dark deeds . . . especly very much concerning the crimes of the Mormon caders . . ." (JDL, 74). So he wrote in 1877, convinced that his journals had fallen into Mormon hands and would never come to light. "John D. Lee was an indomitable and persistent diarist." write his editors, Cleland and Brooks, "Day after day . . . he kept a faithful record of his experiences, activities, thoughts, feelings, and opinions." (C & B, p. xx). He even tells of the mysterious "Council of Fifty" "and on occasion gave more than a suggestion of its grim discussions and decisions." (ib. xxiii). "For sheer horror and repulsive detail," Lee's account of a dream "has few parallels in the macabre literature of this or any other time." (ib. xxvi). It is reassuring to know that our authorities are so thoroughly steeped in the arcane literature of all nations, but why do we go on like this? To make it perfectly clear that Lee is holding nothing back in his Diary. Because we are going to ask the reader, how does it happen that in the twenty years of his diary that have survived (1848-1867), covering the ere time when Lee is supposed to have been the King-pin of the Danite system, not a single mention of the Danites occurs? Even in his Mormonism Unveiled he never mentions the Danites after 1838. That must all be supplied by Alfred Henry Lewis, Kelly and Birney, Stenhouse, Wallace and the like.

As one of the standard anti-Mormon classics and sources. Lee's book deserves more attention than we can give it here. But some things should be noted. For one, the techniques employed are exactly those of Stenhouse and Ann Eliza, whose works had already appeared and caused a great sensation - bear in mind that this book was compiled and published by W. W. Bishop after Lee's death. There are the same basic contradictions: Lee, the perfect Mormon, animated only by a sublime faith and a perfect trust in the leaders - especially Brigham Young - is none the less entirely aware from 1847 of all the crimes and treachery of those leaders, of which he is often the victim. This by way of explaining how the author can know so much and still be so innocent. As he explains, it, he got his information about Brigham's "destroying angels" (no mention of Danites) second hand, "... they let me into the secret of all they did," though he never witnessed any of it himself, and of course never participated. But why did "they-meaning the Chief of Police of Nauvoo and his assistants - bother to confess all their crimes to the innocent Lee? Because "they looked to me to speak a good word for them with Brigham, as they were ambitious to please him and obtain his blessing." (JDL, 159). Then why didn't they report directly to President Young as was their duty? And how could they expect a good word from the idealistic Lee by reporting only their crimes to him? And such crimes! The man who could imagine and write down in his journal things which "for sheer horror and repulsive detail" appall his editors could certainly impute such things to the Mormon leaders when he suddenly decided in the last days of his life that they were a lot of "low, deceitful, treacherous, cowardly, dastardly sycophants and serfs . . . combined to fasten the rope around my neck." (JDL, p. 268). That gives an inkling of the man's state of mind when he wrote his

"confession", which, except for the Mountain Meadow episode, consists entirely of the confession of other people's sins — especially Brigham Young's. Still the work is unintentionally very self-revealing.

"I once thought," he writes, "that I never could be induced to . . . expose the wickedness and corruption of the man whom I once looked upon as my spiritual guide . . ." (JDL, 161). Just like Ann Eliza, he knows Brigham Young for the wicked and corrupt man he is, and yet accepts him for his spiritual guide. Only at the very end of his life does he turn against Young, and only then because he has been "driven to the wall . . . and have been forced to resort to the first law of nature, self-preservation." Surely an enlightening admission — this man who would, according to himself, condone any crime in Brigham Young, will do anything when he is forced to by the law of self-preservation, i.e., to save his own skin. And in such a desperate crisis will he draw the line at prevaricating — with an imagination like his? And a character like his?

A word as to character. Lee's runs true to form. As he tells it, he always was terribly put upon by Brigham Young; he never got his fair share of anything; the actual grievances as he describes them are unspeakably petty he dwells at length, for example, on the imposition of having to arrange for a dinner whenever the President visits him in Southern Utah: the dinner was a modest affair and everybody enjoyed it, but the fact that he had to provide it rankled horribly. He constantly goes to Brigham with complaints against the others and protestations of ill treatment; but when others do the same he denounces them as "Brigham's pets". He was occasionally hailed before the high Council on the charge of grabbing more than his share, and it is plain from his own writing that he was a very unpopular man. He was one of those whom Brigham sent to the most out-of-the-way places (such being the fate of habitual trouble-makers), not as a leader but as clerk and recorder.

And yet, resolved to "tell it all", Lee, the author of this last major eye-witness classic, has nothing to tell! That's right, he is just like the ladies. All he can do is report the gossip of other people, larded with his own hysterical editorial comments. Search his pages for what actually happened and his sufferings and the crimes of the Mormon leaders both turn out to be of his own making. The one atrocity he reports first hand is of course the Mountain Meadows Massacre, just the sort of debacle in which he is just the sort of man to let himself go, and then, in all sincerity, shift his guilt to others. For throughout his book he is never quilty of anything and he is never understood and never gets what is coming to him, because it all goes to Brigham Young's "pets". Lee's main concern in telling the story is "the first law of nature, selfprotection," and that meant exonerating himself by shifting the whole blame to others, particularly to Brigham Young.

In attempting to do this he falls into the usual error of overlooking the wide discrepancy between his accusations and what actually happened as he describes it. Since this discrepancy characterizes his book from its first page — as it also does Ann Eliza's — it is not surpising it gets by in the supreme episode. Here, far from discovering anything apart from Lee's editorial rantings to implicate any general authority, we find frequent indications to the contrary. Consider the conversation between the two leaders on the morning after the massacre:

Col. Dame: "I must report this matter to the authorities."

Haight: "How will you report it?"

Dame: "I will report it just as it is."

Haight: "Yes, I suppose so, and implicate yourself with the rest?"

Dame: "No, I will not implicate myself, for I had nothing to do with it . . ."

A heated discussion ensues as to who is to blame and then a general council is held; where it is agreed with "exhortations and commands to keep the whole matter secret from everyone but Brigham Young." (JDL, 246f).

There is great local concern lest the authorities learn of what has happened; Brigham Young must of course be told, but it is perfectly clear that neither he nor any other of the "authorities" knew anything about the tragedy. Since this is supposed to have been a Danite job, though see makes no mention whatever of Danites, Kelly and Birney sagely observe that though Porter Rockwell was in Salt Lake City at the time, still he could have arranged it. (KB, 152f). But if a historian is allowed to present as history anything that could have happened there is no limit to his license. There are some commonsense questions, however, which every historian should ask himself. Kelly and Birney while avoiding these questions do ask themelives one of them at the end of their book, but leave it manswered with a bewildered shaking of the head:

"When one considers Rockwell's record it is strange indeed that he was never in a gun fight . . . The friends and relatives of his victims were legion, but no man took it upon himself to exterminate the exterminator . . . It is difficult to understand why some professional badman from California or Missouri . . . did not take a pot shot at the Danite Chieftain just for luck." (KB, 246).

It is not just strange, it is preposterous, this impossible discrepancy between "Rockwell's record", as Kelly and ney see it and the facts. The real record must be sight into line with the Porter Rockwell myth at all : Does the keenly observant Jules Remy find Rockwell paragon of men, nature's nobleman in a de luxe edition? in that case "historical accuracy makes it necessary to amend that charming pen-portarit" - how? By appeal to "Achilles"! (KB, 121). Is Mr. Fitz Hugh Ludlow equally impressed? He must remind himself that this fine man cannot possibly be the real Rockwell: "No man ignorant his character would take him on sight for a man of bad sposition in any sense. . . . It seemed strange to be riding in the carriage and by the side of a man, who, if universal report among the Gentiles were correct, would not hesitate to cut my throat at the Church's orders." (KB, p. 223). So Ludlow's invaluable first-hand report turns out to be

nothing but a report on prevailing Gentile rumor. Was Rockwell shown to be in Nauvoo when somebody shot at Boggs? Well, put it this way: "In an incredibly short time Porter Rockwell was back in Nauvoo (assisted by a relay of horses provided by the Prophet) bringing glorious tidings of the death of Boggs." (KB, 49). Incredible it may be - but we've got to have a story. Was Rockwell in Salt Lake during the Mountain Meadows massacre? Well, he "could have told Ginn . . . that orders had been issued and awaited only execution by the chief of the Danites and his subordinates." (KB, 153). Couldn't he? Couldn't Ann Eliza? Where Rockwell is clearly exonerated in a shooting "one must read between the lines in order to understand the facts." (KB, 193ff). With Kelly and Birney's permission to do that we are free to accept their verdict no matter what.

Everywhere we look these damning discrepancies stare us in the face and shower us with questions. If the Danites operated with complete insolence and immunity, why is no clear case known of a Danite operation? If their activities were meant as a warning and a lesson to the people, why were the people always made to believe that there were no such activities, but only Indian atrocities? If it has always been "the fundamental conviction entertained by every Latter Day Saint that to rob or cheat a Gentile was to perform a holy deed," (KB, p. 37), why have the Mormons never been aware of this or sought to gain merit by complying with the doctrine? Why does Lee never refer to himself as a leader of the Danites if that is what he was? Why does he never mention Danite activities after 1838, if he was the arch-Danite and greatly given to telling wild stories? When Joseph Smith was being assailed by mobs, imprisoned in dungeons, and in dire risk of his life, surviving one deadly peril after another, where were the Danites? Why were Marsh and Hyde not liquidated the very day they betrayed the Danites? How could they go about unscathed for years before re-

turning to the Mormons? The Nauvoo Legion was present in a crisis - why no sign of the Danites? Why did Lee, a morbidly conscientious diary keeper and life-long clerk and recorder in the Church, not write his last intimate confession with his own hand? He prided himself on his penmanship and spent his days in prison teaching the other inmates to write. Why was it "written at his dictation and delivered to William W. Bishop, Attorney for Lee with a request that the same be published"? (IBL, 213). We are not even told to whom he dictated his confession, but we do know that additions and alterations are easily effected · in a document of unknown provenance, while an autographic document is much harder to tamper with. As it is, the lawyer is free to do pretty much what he pleases 'with a hundred-page manuscript by an unidentified hand, only one page of which is signed. Why does Lee devote so much of his "confessions" to telling other people's stories, to which he was not a witness?

The questions go on and on, but there are points at which Lee can be definitely "controlled". His own passion and prejudice cannot escape the casual reader. But then another question: If the man is so bound and determined to incriminate Brigham Young, both to save his own skin and to get even, why must he always resort to rhetoric instead of producing a single concrete instance of Young's criminality? Like all the others, he seeks to prove the President's guilt by citing his sermons, knowing that the public did not have access to the Journal of Discourses. But the teachings he attributes to Brigham Young are the exact opposite to what fills those pages. Was there ever a preacher or leader more willing to admit his fallibility or more emphatic in exhorting his followers not to follow him blindly or believe a thing was so because he said it? If there was one teaching that Brigham Young emphasized more than any others it was the importance of the individual's getting a testimony for himself independently of all human guidance, and putting his trust not in the words of

any leader but in the Holy Ghost. Lee is not merely ranting, he is lying when he says: "Brigham Young is God. To disobey the will of Brigham Young is, in his mind, a sin against the Holy Ghost, and is an unpardonable sin to be wiped out only by blood atonement. The followers of Brigham Young are serfs and slaves, and willing instruments to carry out the selfish designs of the man." (JBL, 101). Such statements as that furnish helpful indication of the man's general reliability.

We get the same sort of thing in Kelly and Birney: "Blood' was the word uppermost in every man's thought; 'Blood Atonement' was on every tongue, blood stained the hands of many. There can be found no parallel in history for the blood frenzy. . . . Such words as zealotry, fanaticism, and bigotry are meaningless in the contemplation of an entire people gone rabid with blood-lust. One reads the public addresses of the First Presidency of the Mormon Church . . . and staggers before the thought that nineteenth century America could produce men who would preach a doctrine of human sacrifice . . ." (KB, 129). And the whole evidence for this "entire people gone rabid with bloodlust" is to be found in the passages we cited above; though people gone rabid are neither cautious nor discreet, they have left not a trace of their bloodlust, of which their children and grandchildren are totally unaware.

Having hurled their monstrous charges, these scholars hasten to confirm them: "As a single example . . . there may be cited the case of the third wife of Milo Andrews." And they are off, telling with zest on the authority of Mrs. Stenhouse (!) the fate of Mrs. A.: ". . . the public was informed that she had died in childbirth," but her husband and Porter Rockwell knew better, being the only witnesses to what happened, though of course they "kept it secret". How Mrs. Stenhouse found out about it under those circumstances we will never know. But enough: "a single example" taken from a professional gossip, of an occurrence whose only witnesses never breathed a word to

anyone suffices to illustrate and attest the greatest mass bloodbath in history. Surely our authors if they had anything to go on at all would not have to fall back on such feeble stuff.

A favorite trick of the anti-Mormon teratologists, desperately casting about them for something in the way of evidence, is to appeal to general principles to support their grim particulars. How can you doubt that "throats were slit right and left" if it was "the belief of all good Mormons" that they should be when the leaders spoke? (KB, 136). Need you ask for evidence where "the fundamental conviction entertained by every Latter Day Saint" sanctifies criminal acts against Gentiles? (KB, 37). Is Rockwell a paradox? There is a simple explanation: "He as a Mormon - and any attempt to analyze the man st be predicated upon that statement. . . . He was a ermon. He was a good Mormon. That is equivalent to saying that he was ignorant, illiterate, superstitious, and as easily led as a mongrel dog." (KB, 280f). Granted the general principle, all particulars are readily explained. But how do we prove the general principles? By the grizzly particulars, of course. All Mormons are wicked; Rockwell was a Mormon, ergo, Rockwell was a wicked man. If you ask for further proof that all Mormons are wicked, a single xample will suffice, the case of the notorious Porter Rockwell - was there ever a bloodier villain? You ask the particulars? Well, "the newspapers of that day were full of complaints of Mormon thefts and raids, and Porter Rockwell's name appears early . . . Witness an item from the Burlington Hawkeye and Iowa Patriot . . ." Again the one item from the bursting archives, and it turns out to be a story in which Porter Rockwell is not mentioned, the story of how when some goods were stolen someone suggested looking for them in the skiff of a certain Mormon; the skiff was searched and the stolen goods were not there. End of story. And this is what they dish up as evidence of the early depredations of Porter Rockwell. Never mind

that Rockwell isn't in the story, and that the Mormon didn't steal the stuff — you get the idea.

Since Kelly and Birney lean heavily on Mrs. Stenhouse for their Danite revelations, as do Ann Eliza and her doughty disciple, Stenhouse is the one to call on next. To find her in top form we must call on her in London, where we find her sitting over the teacups with a young English girl. This is away back in 1855, and the young girl, who is introduced to us as Mary Burton, turns out to be Mrs. Stenhouse's informant on the Danites. Our curiousity is aroused. Who is this girl? A convert. Has she ever been in America? No. Then where did she find out about the Danites? Oh, here in London — from hearing people talk. And she is Mrs. Stenhouse's informant about the Danites? I can't believe it! Well, let us listen to them talk.

"Well," says Mary, "I hardly like to tell you, if you have heard nothing about the matter, for I'm not quite sure whether it all is true: but we have had some strange reports floating about here. . . . It is said that in the time of Joseph Smith a band of men was organized who put to death any one who was troublesome to the Church or offended the Elders. Some people say it was one or perhaps more of this band who fired at Governor Boggs of Missouri. Dr. Avard and Sidney Rigdon are said to have been mixed up in the matter, and that wretched man, John C. Bennett, tells a frightful story about it. But that is not the worst, for Elder Shrewsbury himself told me long ago that Thomas B. Marsh, the then President of the Twelve, when he apostatised, took oath that the Saints had formed a 'Destruction Company,' as he called it, for the purpose of avenging themselves, and Orson Hyde in a solemn affidavit swore that all that Marsh had said was true." (S., 169).

The little English girl rattles on like an encyclopedia, accurately ticking off all the key names with intimate familiarity in the stilted and anything but conversational manner of Stenhouse herself. This is how the lady gets it all in without taking any responsibility. On the contrary, she piously refuses to believe a word of it: "Well, dear," she says, "I've heard all that before, but no doubt it is all scandal." So Mary Burton puts her right:

"I'm afraid not, for I have heard from people who ought to know, that since the Saints have been in Salt Lake Valley the same things have been done; only now they speak of those men as 'Danites' and 'Avenging Angels.' People say that those who are dissatisfied and want to leave Zion, almost always are killed after they set out, by the Indians, and they dare not say boldly who they believe those 'Indians' are. Then, too, one lady told me that she had heard from her sister that not only were apostates killed in a mysterious way by Indians or some one else, but that many people were 'missing,' or else found murdered, who were only suspected of being very weak in the faith. These things are horrible, and sometimes I think I will never go to Zion." (S. 169f).

Still the familiar strains from Beadle, with Stenhouse still protesting that the tales are "without foundation." She has chosen a safe, non-committal, roundabout way to present her Danite material, but it is all there. Ann Eliza lifts the passage with but minor alterations, and satisfies the devoted Wallace that she knows all about Danites. Yet Stenhouse must go back twenty years to a conversation in London with a native girl who is not too sure of herself: "I'm not quite sure . . . we have had some strange reports floating about (who are we?) ... it is said ... some people say ... When Stenhouse demures Mary Burton becomes more emphatic: ", . . I have heard from people who ought to know . . . People say . . . one lady told me that she had heard from her sister ... " We are not told who the lady was, or who her sister was, or who told her sister; but little Mary Burton takes it up from there, and the others have seen to it that this priceless proof of the Danite horror shall not be lost, but be properly processed and handsomely packaged for delivery to your convenient corner drugstore.

To show that Mary Burton was right after all. Madam Stenhouse tells the story of the Aiken part, as reported by Beadle on the authority of Hickman (S. 270). Kelly and Birney have since confirmed these authorities by reproducing an actual photograph of the hotel in Salt Lake where the Aiken brothers stayed "before being murdered on the Sevier River in 1857" (it couldn't very well

have been after). This is followed in Stenhouse by the Yates murder, "taken from his (Hickman's) own account." (S. 278). Then to prove that all this is possible she quotes the "blood atonement" sermons since used by K. and B., with the specification, "It is no secret that all this was understood literally." (S. 318). If it is no secret, that clears us, of course, from having to prove any of it, though one can only wonder why if it is no secret nobody has been able to find out about it. Oh, but they have! "There is good reason to think, that Lt. Gunnison and his party were also victims, although it was said that they were shot by 'Indians.'" (S. 318). The "good reason" is Hickman again, though a thorough government investigation, which would have been willing and eager to discover Mormon villainy, found only the Goshutes to blame. And isn't that a long way to go for evidence of "blood atonement"? Were the Aiken, Yates, and Gunnison parties apostates? What, then, can "blood atonement" possibly have to do with them? Here for seven years and more murder was the order of the day, reaching the point, says Ann Eliza, where nobody thought anything of it; it was practiced constantly, insolently and openly; all the fair valleys of Utah ran with blood; the word "blood" was uppermost in everybody's thoughts as all participated in an orgy of mass bloodlust unparallelled in history or imagination. That is what they say; yet whenever the accusers are asked for evidence where must they go for it? To Indian attacks away back in the early days on non-Mormon parties in obscure and distant parts of the wilderness, where, by the way, the Indians really were dangerous right up to our own generation.

In her treatment of the Danites our Ann Eliza simply follows Stenhouse except for two valuable contributions of her own. The first of these opens her chapter on "Danites and Their Deeds"; "It is only a very few weeks since two prominent officers of the Mormon Church were overheard in the street, in Salt Lake City, angrily discussing

some person who had 'Broken his covenants.' Said one,— 'He ought to have his throat cut.' 'It wouldn't do,' replied the other; 'there are too many Gentiles about.' " (A.E., 262). One wonders who could have overheard this tactful conversation; it must have been a Mormon, but in that case one wonders even more how and why it was so fully reported to Mrs. Young, who at the time was lecturing against the Mormons in the East. She pursues her theme: "... ten years ago, an apostate's or Gentile's life was worth absolutely nothing ... The doom of either was irrevocably fixed ... it was enough that he should be merely suspected, and his fate was ... swift and sure, before he had even an opportunity of defending himself." (AE, 264).

There was a time in Utah, then, when every apostate and Gentile was assassinated without compunction or delay - and that as recently as ten years back, when our informant was a grown woman and intimately familiar with the doings of the Mormons high and low. Yet whenever she wants to report something specific, she must needs go way back to the "Reformation" time of the middle fifties, when she was a very sheltered little girl. The nearst she gets to the Danites personally is the claim, "I have en told this by a person who had heard the oaths adminered at a meeting of the band in Daviess County." (AE,). But the Mormons have never denied that there were Danites in Daviess County: why must Ann Eliza go clear back there to discover the devilish doings which she claims are going on all around her all the time? She admits that "Joseph Smith always denied that he had in any way authorized the formation of the Danite bands; and, in fact, in public he repeatedly repudiated both them and their deeds of violence." (AE, 48). "... however," she hastens to add, "Thomas B. Marsh . . . apostatized," and accused Joseph Smith "of abetting the Danites and their deeds . . ." (l.c.). That, as we have seen, is as well as she can do to tie Smith up with the Danites - and

it leaves everything to be desired in the way of evidence. Where were the Danites and their unbreakable oaths when Marsh and Hyde betrayed them?

To prove that the Mountain Meadows massacre was the work of the Danites, Ann Eliza makes much of the fact that Brigham Young's secretary, i.e., the only man who knew of his complicity in the crime "was found . . 'drowned' in three inches of water." (AE, 289). Since nobody drowns in three inches of water, this is obviously another Danite horror. According to the news report, the man was found dead at 6 a.m. with his head down-stream in the irrigation ditch on North Temple street, the face was swollen and 'the Jury failed to find any marks of violence on the body, except a slight bruise near one of the eyes." Verdict was death by drowning. (DN, 18: 128-132, Apr. 21, 1869). It does not occur to our little detective that one does not wait twelve years to erase a party from whom one is in mortal danger; that one does not put one's private secretary out of the way most secretly on a down town main street; or that people who want to make a drowning look accidental do not choose to submerge their victim in three inches of water. The Danites, those masters of super-secrecy, seem capable of concealing nothing on earth but their own existence and that's a waste of time, because everybody knows about that. It is not until 1908 that Eliza volunteers the helpful information that her husband's title was "Chief Archer of the Danites." (A. 08, 42). A strange little oversight.

Mrs. Young's one terrifying personal contribution to Danite history comes from her last hours in Utah. Though she is able to announce the gratifying news that "an apostate nowadays is compartively safe from any deeds of violence," (AE, 262), and describes Brigham Young as the helpless dragon who longs for the day, forever past, when the crook of his finger meant lights out for anybody he didn't like, still you never know: "Even then, the 'Danites,' those terrible monsters of Mormon vengeance, might

be on our track." (AE, 569). Mr. Wallace makes great capital of this, but can we seriously call it first-hand proof that the Danites were still operating? Or that they ever operated? "The outrages committed by these Danites . . . caused the expulsion of the Saints from Missouri," she writes. (AE, 48). Yet Stenhouse says they really did not get going or take the name of Danites until they got to Utah. (S. 169). Even Mrs. Brodie declares that "there is no reliable evidence that the Danite organization was continued in Illinois except among Joseph's personal bodyguard." (FMB, 315). In this, her only mention of the Danites, Mrs. Brodie, running true to form, cites only the worthless Bennett as her informant, and says just enough to incriminate Joseph Smith and no more. What the reliable evidence for the body-guard is she does not say, but tells us in a footnote: "White uniforms (not robes) were part of their military attire. John D. Lee, one of Joseph's body-guards, proudly wore his red sash in later years when he went to dances in southern Utah." No source is given for this information, and no effort is made to establish the relevance or significance of the red sash - but it all sounds beguiling, significant, and sinister.

Nothing has given as much body and substance to all the dark hints and whisperings about the Danites as the story of the Aiken party. "It was fourteen years before the truth of this affair was known," writes Ann Eliza, "... Now their fate is known beyond a doubt, and foremost in the list of the assassins stands the name of Brigham Young." (AE, 276). Nobody had been able to pin anything on the Mormons until 14 years later, when Bill Hickman came to the rescue with his thrice-welcome "confessions" (even Ann Eliza puts it in quotes), a long and lurid catalogue of blood in which every major crime committed in Utah is mechanically and unimaginatively pinned on Brigham Young. This work established once and for all the useful and simple formula of attributing to the Mormons every crime committed in the West, and leaving

it to them to prove their innocence; lack of evidence is simply proof of Mormon secrecy—for in view of their doctrine of Blood Atonement (see above), every Mormon must be considered guilty before the law until proven innocent.

Stenhouse and Ann Eliza take their Danites from Hickman. But Hickman himself had a ghost-writer, "a frequently impoverished editor and hack," as Wallace so nicely puts it. (W. 360), who was struggling to make a living and whose stock in trade was the Mormon Monster. His book, "Life in Utah, by J. H. Beadle, Editor of the Salt Lake Reporter, and Utah Correspondent of the Cincinnatti Commercial." 1870, was reprinted in 1882 under the title, "Polygamy, by the late Editor of the Salt Lake Reporter, etc., and Clerk of the Supreme Court for Utah." Here was a man who knew the value of sensationalism. And now the plot thickens. "Since Beadle was short of funds in 1874 and 1875," writes Mr. Wallace, "it is possible that he had assumed the task of serving as Ann Eliza's shade," i.e., her ghost-writer. Wallace hastens to assure us, however that Ann Eliza "undoubtedly wrote or dictated Wife No. 19," since "the tone of Ann Eliza's private letters and impromptu interviews . . . indicates" as much, "although she may have retained a professional writer to correct and polish it . . . " (W, 360). Why does Wallace concede so much, since his whole story depends on the reliability of his star witness? Is something wrong? We are asked to take Wallace's word for it that "the tone of Ann Eliza's private letters and impromptu interviews with the press," proves "undoubtedly" that she wrote her book - yet it doesn't rule out a ghost-writer. If "tone" is all we have to go on, "tone" should be amply, nay exhaustively, documented. Let the readers compare the "tone" of Beadle's long introduction to Hickman's book (by Beadle) with Wife No. 19 and he will discover a very likely source of those key tags and phrases that Stenhouse and Ann Eliza Young later claimed for their own. Here are a few characteristic Beadlisms: ". . . against the pure principles of "peace on earth and good-will to

men' (they) . . . wrest the mild precepts of the Gospel, and deduce therefrom license for themselves, and sanction for vengeance on their enemies . . ." (p. 9); "Mormonism is sanctified selfishness; a system which teaches practically that very little restraint need be put upon the baser passions . . . and on its members such doctrines must produce a terrible effect." (p. 10). "Fortunately, most of the common Mormons have not quite entered into the spirit of, or 'lived up to,' their faith . . ." (p. 12). "Slavery and polygamy — 'twin relics' — may well be put beside each other in a brief parallel." (p. 13). "Love, forgiveness, kindly charity, must wither in such an air . . ." (p. 14); this is followed by the favorite passage about Brigham Young's bowie-knife, p. 15, Etc., etc.

Here the student will recognize the characteristic sentiments and the ironic undertone of our moralizing adies, couched in the familiar jargon. If "tone" is to be our criterion, then Beadle must be given far more credit than Wallace is willing to concede. It is Beadle who first goes all the way in applying the lucrative formula "M is for Mormon and Murder" - Hickman, as we shall see. never dreamed of such a thing until Beadle put him up to it; and it is Beadle who perfects the standard tricks and clichés that Stenhouse, Young, and Wallace finds so helpful. As for the "tone" of Ann Eliza's personal letters and interviews, Mr. Wallace never lets his readers see a single one of those letters or sit through one of the interviews. Her long letter to Stenhouse is available however, in Fanny's book, and the most remarkable thing about it is the tameness of its "tone" as compared with Wife No. 19, which is definitely in the Beadle vein.

Now about this Beadle. It seems that Hickman brought his life story to Beadle for his expert advice and assistance. What was the understanding between the two? "Our conversation need not be recorded," writes Beadle, thereby arousing suspicions which are not allayed when he continues: "I then agreed to take charge of his

manuscript, and, to use his own language, 'Fix it up, so people would understand it . . .'' (JHB, vi). That is a pretty broad commission. That the spelling and punctuation were to be corrected would be taken for granted anyway — even the printer would do that; fixing the thing up went definitely beyond that — Brother Beadle had a free hand, and he used it, as we shall soon see. But first his own story of how he came into possession of the awful facts is too good to miss.

"For years," he begins, "I had heard of 'Bill Hickman, Chief of the Destroying Angels, Head Danite,' &c., ad nauseam; but like most persons unacquainted with Mormon history, I regarded such matters as the creations of fertile fancy." (JBH, v). Let us stop the film there for a moment: He and everybody else living back East always kept hearing (ad nauseam) for years and years about this Bill Hickman. But how could that be if the first knowledge the public had of Hickman and his deeds, according to Ann Eliza, came with the startling revelations of his book first edited by Beadle himself in 1870? What could those earlier stories of Hickman and his Danites possibly have been? Who gave them out? Why are they not found in his autobiography? If they are, why no reference to earlier publications? Only Hickman knew those stories, and it was to Beadle that he first told them.

And then that business about Beadle and the rest of the general public, "unacquainted with Mormon history," refusing to credit such atrocity stories. Was that really the reaction of the public to the Mormon horror tales from the beginning? Did people actually take the side of the Mormons when these tales were handed out to them from the high authority of the pulpit and the press? They did not: the public is neither prone to spurn sensationalism nor to take a cool and detached view of Mormonism. Beadle is making all this up. Disillusionment came, he says, only when he was "convinced by a longer residence in Utah that there was and had long been some kind of secret or-

ganziation dangerous to Gentiles and recusant Mormons." (l.c.). Stop the camera again: these were the very years when, according to A. Eliza, "a Gentile's life was worth absolutely nothing" in Utah. Granting that Mr. Beadle's was worth just that, still he, a snooping Gentile, lived and labored for a long time in Utah before he became "convinced... that there was some kind of secret organization" at work. It took long and intense investigation even to make him suspicious: this cannot possibly have been Ann Eliza's Utah of the bloody valleys.

But what did convince the astute Beadle that something was wrong? Not shots in the dark, knives in the door, or notes on the table - no, during all his time in Utah there was no indication that he was ever in the slightest danger. The light dawned when "I began to examine the history of the Church more carefully, and was struck by two curious and then inexplainable facts." Fact one was that the notorious Hickman, openly denounced by the leaders of the Church as a bad and dangerous man, was never prosecuted. Fact two was that said Hickman "was on terms of personal intimacy with Brigham Young." Stop the film again: He got all that out of the history of the Church? Whose history of the Church? He had read anti-Mormon histories and not believed a word of them, because they offered not a scrap of proof. So now he turns to the Mormon history, where the figure of Hickman commands his attention. But where does Hickman's name appear in the History of the Church? Where do we read of his intimacy with Brigham Young? To Beadle's mind the significant thing about Hickman was that the Mormons knew he was bad, and yet did not prosecute him. Prosecute him for what? The West was full of bad and dangerous men who couldn't be prosecuted until they were caught in a crime. Hickman's early crimes were all most secret, known only to himself, until he confessed to Beadle. Why then, when all became known, was he never prosecuted? Were the Mormons protecting him then? If Hickman's only business with Brigham Young was, as he avers, the execution of secret, black and mighnight acts, O, most damnable, the dangerous association would of course be kept scrupulously out of the history of the Church — yet that is where Beadle says he found all about it.

With such clumsy artifice Beadle sets his stage. Why, if he has a direct and authentic tale to unfold, must he protest over and over again in his introduction that the Mormons as a whole are so very, very wicked that it makes no difference what you say about them, it can't be bad enough. Why does he seek to make his history plausible by appealing lamely to "late developments in Utah," which "have poured a flood of light on many dark and bloody mysteries," (IHB, vii), and then leave us completely in the dark as to what those developments might be or to what dark and bloodly mysteries he is so darkly referring? His Hickman behaves like a moron, and his Brigham Young like an idot, as they unimaginatively and repeatedly go through the same routine: the henchmen go forth on the hour every hour to commit their monotonous murders, and return with their routine reports to receive the Prophet's routine blessing along with some such ingenious remark as "Dead Men Tell No Tales"!-inevitably paraphrased by the ladies as "Dead women tell no tales"! In order to work at all, the crude Beadle formula requires a cooperative and confiding public, but when has such ever been wanting where the Mormons are concerned? When you come right down to it, our contemporary experts, though more devious, are almost as crude.

To adorn and confirm the Hickman book, Mr. Beadle solicited the aid of Judge Stephen S. Harding, and got it. And in Harding we have just the control we need. First, a word about the good Judge. He was born in Palmyra in 1808, and because of that was able to give to the world a priceless description of the boy Joseph Smith: "He had hardly ever been known to laugh in his childhood; and would never work or labor like other boys; and was noted

as never having had a fight or quarrel with any other person . . . he was hard on birds' nests, and . . . it was a common saying in the neighborhood: 'That is as big a lie as young Joe ever told." (GPP, 336). Now it happens that the Harding family moved to Indiana in 1820, when little Stephen was only 12 years old; and when in 1827 he saw a newspaper report of the "Gold Bible" sensation in Palmyra, the name of the place caught his eye, he says, but "I had at the time no certain recollection as to who this Joe Smith was; but remembered having seen a long-legged. tow-headed boy of that name, who was generally fishing in the mill-pond at Durfee's grist-mill." (l.c.). It turned out later that that was sure enough Joe Smith, but that was all that Harding remembered of him. Then in 1829 he visited Palmyra and spent a good deal of time at the rinting office, where they made a present to him of "the first title page of the Book of Mormon that was ever printed," (GPP, 52); but in spite of his persistent efforts he failed to get any response from Joseph Smith himself. He did learn all about him, though, from his cousin, Pomeroy Tucker. (GPP, 40, 47, 53). We have shown (NMM, 59-74), how irresponsible Tucker was when it came to inventing stories about Joseph Smith, and it is interesting that Harding ends his long letter with a Tucker story, to which he adds his own contribution:

"The best part of the story, however (i.e. that J. Smith insisted on a large black sheep instead of a small white one as a sacrifice when he dug for treasure), had been forgotten by Mr. Tucker. 'The reason why it must be a black sheep,' said the young impostor, 'is because I have found the treasure by means of the black art.' This, of course, was unanswerable, and the black wether was given up.

With malice toward none, and charity for all, I subscribe myself,

Respectfully yours,

Stephen S. Harding.

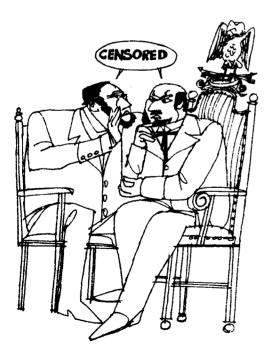
Such was a good Judge Harding, a well of truth. But he hated Brigham Young with a consuming hatred. When on July 7, 1862 he became Governor of Utah, he "joined hands with Colonel Connor in assuming for Utah a military police supervsion," cracking down on the Mormons. but withholding military aid to them "even when they were harassed by Indian raids." (NA, 222). Harding's undisguised hatred of the Mormons burst out in a furious attack on their patriotism and morals in a speech to the Utah legislature in December 1862. Within six months he was removed from office by President Lincoln and transferred to a judgeship in Colorado. He continued to work steadily against statehood for Utah. And to this man Bill Hickman confessed six years before he came to Beadle. So it was a natural thing for Beadle to write to the Judge for confirmation and more dirt for his book. But what have we here?

This is the situation: Here is Governor Harding, who has been in office less than a year and is already on his way out "on account of continuous struggles between himself and the Mormons," (NCAB, V, 515), whose career has been wrecked by Brigham Young. To his door in the middle of the night of March 3, 1863 comes one Bill Hickman, "a born killer," as Kelly and Barney put it, who "enjoyed his profession. He was cold-blooded, crafty, and heartless, . . . a huge man, as strong as a bull. . . . His eyes were steely grey, the whites were always bloodshot, and no man who looked into them ever craved a repetition of the experience . . ." (KB, 113). If any man hated Brigham Young more than Harding did, it was Hickman. On that momentous night "he stood up (I often think now of the man and his manner), and said: Governor . . . I know Brigham Young and his rabbit-tracks! Rabbit-tracks! ... Brigham Young has more reason to be afraid o' Bill Hickman than Bill Hickman has to be afraid o' Brigham Young,' I have never looked on a face with more of a scowl of defiance." (WH, 216). Well, you get the pitch: Hickman is not the man to hold anything back from timidity or modesty, and Harding is not the man to let such information go to waste. The two met often after

that; they were "confederates," as Kelly and Birney put it, the one Brigham Young's arch-Danite and chief assassin, now turned against Brigham with insane fury, and the other the frustrated Governor who would give anything to pin something on Young.

"All the army," said Brigham Young in 1860, "with its teamsters, hangers-on, and followers, with the judges and nearly all the rest of the civil officers, amounting to some 17,000 men, have been searching diligently for three years to bring one act to light that would incriminate me; but they have not been able to trace one thread or one particple of evidence that would incriminate me." (J.D. 8:143).

What a feather in Harding's cap to be able to pin something on Brigham Young! He badly needed such a feather — the one thing that would save his career. And here was Hickman right in his own office in secret session — the one man who knew all the crimes of Brigham Young inside out! Why didn't Harding bring charges against Brigham Young the very next morning, as duty, pleasure,



and desperate self-interest prescribed? There were other sessions with Hickman after this one: why didn't Harding ever bring charges? Why was Hickman, though he lived until 1883, never prosecuted? Plainly he was safe enough. As Chief Danite he would know about plenty of crimes that would not directly incriminate himself, or by the learned judge's advice he could at least turn state's witness and save his skin. Yet never a peep out of Harding! He went off to Colorado demoted, and hence to retirement in Indiana with not a word of Brigham's Danite operations. In 1890 he contributed two lengthy chapters on the Mormons to Thomas Gregg's anti-Mormon classic with not so much as a hint of his own dealings with those terrible people in Utah. Of course he asked Hickman about the Danites on their very first interview, but, would you believe it. Hickman had nothing to report!

Here they are, Young's two deadliest enemies. cheek by jowl—"thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing"—in a top secret session that had just one object in the world. Hickman is reporting to the Governor: "He gave me a short sketch of his life," the latter reports, "and did not seem very proud of his title as 'Danite Captain.' On this subject, however, he was reticent." (WH, 216). That man ashamed? Under those circumstances? He didn't have to incriminate himself, as we have said — what a time to be "reticent" on that theme!

One thing emerges clearly from this. Neither in that or in any of their subsequent sessions did Harding learn anything he could use against Brigham Young. It was only when Hickman came to Beadle six years later, that Hickman suddenly remembered and revealed for the first time all the now familiar tales of the Danites. Beadle was a professional purveyor of scandal, "a frequently impoverished hack," says Mr. Wallace, a sometime editor, court clerk (only in later years when he is safely back East, does he become clerk of the Supreme Court for Utah), Utah correspondent for a Cincinnati paper, professional anti-

Mormon, and ghost-writer for our own Ann Eliza. Hickman handed this man his story with a free hand to "fix it up . . . "

That is why we believe that those tales are Beadle's invention, for the celebrated "Confessions" that suddenly sprang to life in 1870 can in no wise have resembled Hickman's long and intimate communications to Harding — if they had, Harding would have had Brigahm trapped in no time. Harding's attempts to attribute his own lack of information on the Danites to Hickman's tender conscience and maidenly reserve is worthy of Gilbert and Sullivan.

It was not until Beadle got to work that every solved and unsolved crime of the century was traced directly and amply to Brigham Young through the helpful Hickman, who receives his orders, liquidates his Aikens, Yates, et. al., and reports to Brigham with the regularity of clockwork. If he and Beadle were singularly weak in inventive skill, must we attribute the same total lack of resource to the crafty Brigham Young? No wonder Hickman was never prosecuted. The patent absurdity of the "Confessions" becomes apparent on the most superficial investigation and grows with every monotonous episode.

Hickman raises a lot of questions: To sum them up, now could Beadle and everybody else back East know all about Hickman and his Danites for years before Hickman ever divulged his deep secrets? In what history of the Church did Beadle read about Hickman's intimacy with Brigham Young? Why did Hickman hold back his evidence against Brigham Young in his talks with Harding? Harding's explanation: because he was not "particularly proud" of his own association with the Danites, raises yet more questions. Was Hickman the squeamish type? As Top Danite couldn't he implicate Young in particular crimes of which he himself was not guilty? Was Harding so indifferent or devoid of ingenuity as to overlook an opportunity like this to throw the book at Brigham Young?

As a lawyer couldn't he have made some use of such incriminating evidence? Why did he make no use at all of the material Hickman gave him? It is Beadle who asks, Why was Hickman never prosecuted by the Mormons before he confessed to anything, if the Mormons were not condoning his crimes? But that raises much more serious questions: Why was he never prosecuted at all? Why was he, living on an isolated ranch alone for years, never liquidated by the Danites he betrayed? The questions pile up, and they all have the same answer: The Hickman stories were not true.

Only desperation could lead Mr. W. and his army of trained researchers to bring so pitiful a witness into court as Horace Greeley, to "give some credence to the continuing rumors of threat and violence." (W. 29f). "Some credence" isn't very good, but it is a far better than what Greeley gives us. He reports that "there is some basis of truth for the current Gentile conviction that the Mormons have robbed, maimed and even killed persons in this territory . . . I deeply regret the necessity of believing this; but the facts are incontestable." What begins a sentence as "some basis of truth" turns up at the end as "incontestable facts." And where does he get his incontestable facts? From "United State soldiers encamped near Salt Lake City," who told him that "no less than 75 instances of murder by Mormon because of apostasy . . . are known to the authorities here." Why didn't he consult the "authorities"? What could bored and resentful G.I.'s robbed of an easy victory and condemned to the confinement of a dusty camp, find better to do than to propagate rumors in the grand old army manner? Greeley and Wallace by locating their informants "near Salt Lake City" have them enjoying a ringside view as it were of all that went on in the Mormon community, never hinting that they were actually isolated in a camp 45 miles away and forbidden to fraternize with the Mormons. That the camp should be a hothouse of barrack-room and mess-hall rumors, and that the poor

soldiers should be pitifully grateful for a chance to show off to a famous newspaper man is understandable; but Mr. Greeley could have spared himself great mental anguish if he had only asked himself how soldiers stationed far from any Mormon settlement and objects of suspicion to the civilian population could possibly know about the inner workings of the Mormon system in dealing with "apostates."

When Richard Burton later went to the same source for enlightenment, he discovered that the soldiers could furnish no evidence whatever for the stories they told so well. Of this singular lack of confirmation Burton observes, "They attribute the phenomenon to the impossibility of obtaining testimony, and the undue white-washing of juries." (W. 30). Of course they do — thus adding Mormon rascality to Mormon criminality. But whatever the reason the proof was not forthcoming, the rumor-loving G.I.'s refer confidently and characteristically to "the authorities" and to Mormon cover-up tactics as their franchise for unlimited invention, and their eager gossip is the whole substance of Mr. Greeley's "incontestable facts."

After his appeal to Greeley, Mr. Wallace is content to quote Ann Eliza: "Brigham Young had 'managed' a great many murders, of which he would probably avow himself entirely guiltless, since his hands did not perform the deed." (W. 30). Lacking all support for this terrible charge, Wallace clinches it with a rhetorical trick, commenting with withering irony: "But of course by this time Ann Eliza was an angry wife." Of course we can't believe an angry wife, even if our whole book is nothing but the gossip of an angry wife.

The most valued witness, perhaps, for those who write about the Danites is "the diary of William Swartzell, another convert." (JB, 32). In designating it thus Mrs. Brooks fails to note that Swartzell was not a convert but an ex-convert (what Mormon was not a convert in 1838?), and that the document in question is not the man's diary,

but a careful reworking of it into an anti-Mormon pamphlet. The revamped diary of an apostate is, we insist, not the same thing as the diary of a convert. Consider the preface to Mormonism Exposed . . . by William Swartzell, sometimes Deacon in the Church of the 'Latter-Day-Saints": "The darkest page of history can furnish no parallel to the wicked and damnable deeds, the high handed impostures, the mad fanaticism, and the violent outrages against morality, decency, and regular law, etc. etc. . . . And all this under the sacred name of religion"! Here in 1840 we have the formula full-blown—the terrible indictment, the appeal to all history, the crowning horror of perverting "the sacred name of religion." And then, already true to form, the perfectly tame and innocuous story that follows - ordinary enough except when the author uses it as a frame to hang his polemic on. What makes Swartzell interesting is his frequent resort to clumsy and obvious interpolation and fabrication.

Take Swartzell's first entry, for example. Here Swartzell, brand-new in the Church, has joined the Saints just three days before; he has just met Joseph Smith who has been very kind and helpful. And to the day's entry he adds:

The most prominent and influential members of the fraternity were generally the only ones upon which the donations of land were conferred. I particularly observed that the least among the brethren were the least noticed, and got the least . . . I took note of a great many things, while I superintended the cooking department, that did not savour very strongly of piety, or honesty. The boss cook was not asleep.

Does that reminiscence of the past read like a journal entry of specific events on the day they happened? Does this little sermon of wise disillusionment, critical scorn and vague generalities, written in the past historical tense, suggest the starry-eyed youth who has been just three days with the Saints? He is already talking like Ann Eliza; he is being editorial and retrospective, displaying a frankly hostile spirit right at the time when he is supposed to be an

ardent follower of the Prophet. The next day he reports:

This day Joseph Smith says to me. 'We are getting along, brother Swartzell; be a faithful steward, and we will remember you well.' Thinks I to myself, 'So much for that.'" (June 1, 1838, p. 10)).

Wasn't it a bit early for the young enthusiast to be scoffing at the Prophet? Why had he cast his lot with the persecuted Mormons if he only came to sneer and mutter caustic asides? Ten days later he describes himself as a thorough-going enthusiast for the cause: "As the Lord has blessed and prospered the proceedings of the last week, I bless the holy name for his many tender mercies." (June 10). Can this be the same person who has been commenting on events with such withering sarcasm? No, that is the apostate Swartzell of later days.

This can be clearly demonstrated from the entry for June 27, 1839:

The God of the Mormons, I begin to perceive (he had perceived it on the first day in camp), is the god of Mammon. It seems that in order to induce many of the dupes of Mormonism to emigrate to Missouri, some of the leaders take advantage... by representing... that they have thousands of acres in wheat This bait many of the poor half-starved creatures readily swallowed, and emigrated to Missouri; but they found no wheat there, nor anything else to live upon.

Note here how our diary writer slips into the past narrative tense, and then goes on to describe developments that could only have taken place much later. For on June 27, 1838, the oldest Mormon settlement in Missouri was less than six weeks old. Which gives the saints back East and abroad less than six weeks to receive news of the settlements, be duped into believing that at that season of the year thousands of acres of wheat awaited them in Missouri, and upon hearing the report to sell out, pack up, and "emigrate to Missouri", only to find no rich harvests awaiting them. Swartzell is plainly putting this stuff into his "diary" in retrospect.

Two days after this Swartzell reports the fulfillment of a personal revelation: "... went to the place to which my vision pointed, and found it precisely as I had anticipated." (June 29). Yet scarcely a week has passed before he announces, "From this day, I concluded to make my escape from this blessed land, and as soon as possible." (July 8, 1838). Another bad slip: He is writing about something he did on a certain day in the past. He does not say "From this day on I resolve..." or the equivalent, but can already report a resolution to which he has remained firm.

Now comes the important part, the entry of July 14, 1838, quoted as the one first-hand description of a Danite meeting:

It was held in a grove, in the woods, adjoining brother White's house where a number of benches were made out of a tree split in two. Sentinels, armed with pistols, swords, and guns, were posted on the outskirts of the grove, while the Daranites, as they were called, occupied the centre.

All very damning and very specific. The trouble is that Swartzell wasn't there. All he can report is: "Some talk of a meeting — for what purpose I do not know — it is called a Daranite meeting." And then the description of the grove. After the meeting, he says, Brother Thayer said to him, "Ah! brother Swartzell, you should have been at the meeting; you should have heard all about the Daranite business, for brother Joseph preached, and brother Hiram, and brother Rigdon." And did brother Joseph preach for the "Daranites" or against them? That is important to know, since this is the only direct association of Joseph Smith with the Danites.

What Danites? Swartzell refers to them always and only as "Daranites": If everyone was going about talking about Daranites, how is that only Swartzell knows that peculiar name? The indication is that he heard the name incorrectly, which is quite possible; but in that case he could have heard it from only one person — not repeated by

many different persons in a form which occurs only in his "diary". He is extending things as usual. Why should Thayer come right from the meeting from which Swartzell had been excluded, "deprived," he says, "of being let into the secret, or being admitted to the meeting" - to report to him what happend in it? Extending, did we say? Suddenly, now that he has mentioned the "Daranites", Swartzell's diary takes on epic proportions with entries ten times the normal length. Why is that? Is it because he found the "Daranites" of particular significance? Not at all: he tells us that at the time, being a good Mormon (has he already forgotten his resolution to "escape"?), he did not realize the importance or significance of all this, which occurred to him only later. Yet suddenly his "diary" becomes minutely discursive, and accompanied by parenthetical comments and footnotes not found elsewhere in the book, to attest its working-over. If the Danites meant no more to him than any of the other Mormon activities, as he insists, why does he give them five times as much space as anything else?

The long and sensational entry of July 19, 1838, is introduced by a statement in brackets meant to anticipate obvious objections, but actually putting the critical reader on his guard:

It may not be improper here to state, that when I wished to make an entry in my Journal, while stationed among the Mormons, I was under the necessity of retiring some distance from the camp, to a large tree, under whose boughs they believed I was offering up my daily prayers; where I wrote without being disturbed, as none were aware that I kept a record of their transactions — nor did I have the most distant idea, that at some future period these notes would be laid before the public in the form of an exposition of the corruptions of a band of religious fanatics.

This raises a number of questions, such as: Since the Mormons have always encouraged the keeping of journals by their members, and since at that time, as you explain, you were a good Mormon with nothing to hide, why the elaborate subterfuge? Most of your entries are very short

and innocuous - did you have to go through a masquerade to jot them down? Where did you keep your diary during the day? You tell of a number of little expeditions you made by yourself away from the camp, and as chief cook you were obviously trusted and let alone a good deal of the time - do you expect us to believe that you could only be by yourself when you were pretending to pray? And that you chose a conspicuous spot for your prayers, where you would be observed? Were you expected to "retire" to a place where the Mormons could watch you at prayer - you and your diary? Why do you wait until the "Daranite" story to explain how you kept your secret journal, since you insist that at the time you had not "the most distant idea" of using it against the Mormons? Why should they think there was anything wrong with your journal if you didn't? If you never dreamed that your jottings might someday be used to expose the "corruptions" of the Mormons how do you explain the bitter anti-Mormon polemic that begins with your very first entry? Where is the "record of their transactions" that the Mormons never suspected you of keeping? We search the diary in vain for anything but ordinary glimpses of camp-life relieved by frequent insights into Mr. Swartzell's passionate and peevish character. If there is any record of Mormon transactions it is the account of what happened after Swartzell was actually admitted to the Danites. What does he say about that?

At the initiation "the High Priest performed the ceremonies, and commented upon the order of things with his head uncovered, and hair cut in a peculiar manner." (WS, 21f). Since we know of nothing either to corroborate this statement or to invest it with a sinister allure, we pass to the next: "I was initiated into the mysteries of Daranitism," followed by the horrible oath: "Now I solemnly swear, by the eternal Jehova, I will decree to hear and conceal, and never reveal this secret, at the peril of committing perjury (sic), and the pains of death and my body be given to be shot, and laid in the dust. Amen." The

gist of this strange wording is "cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die"; it was explained by a speaker thus: "If any should run away and betray his trust which is committed to you though he should be 5,000 miles distant, the Destroying Angels will pursue him, and take his life." To which Swartzell adds his comment after a dash "— have him shot privately, so that it may not be found out or known to men." (WS, 22). This is the only part of Swartzell's diary that is supplied with footnotes, and at the end of the entry the author adds, "I have not stated everything accurately, perhaps, as my memory does not serve me fully."

Granted all that, we are still waiting for the hair-raising disclosures, and Swartzell finally obliges with italics and exclamation point to mark the high-water mark in his tale of terror: The Daranites were told that if they ran away in battle "You will be shot down by your own officers!" This is where he gets that business about being shot if you run away; but that has always been the fate meted out by the laws of war (theoretically at least) to deserters in any army, and Swartzell insists that the Danites were a strictly military organization.

After this culmination of terror, the rest of the little book is an anticlimax, albeit a lucid commentary on the personality of the author. The very next day he has a run-in with Sidney-Rigdon, who maintains that any single man in the camp should be willing to do his own washing or buy a nigger to do it for him," since "... the fair daughters of Zion should not touch such a dirty rag." He was referring to Swartzell's shirt, but our hero replied with spirit, "For my part, I will go with a dirty shirt before I will be my own washerman."—not a very helpful addition to a camp of religious refugees. The next day he discovers that Hiram Smith is a dirty swindler (no particulars), and on July 28 attends a "Daranite meeting," where there was "a vast expenditure of breath in expounding to the dupes," but nothing worse. Of a speaker who suggested on August

5, 1838, "... it may be that we will have to flee beyond the Rocky Mountains," Swartzell comments, "He seemed to talk unreasonably, but many of the innocent dupes did not see the destruction that was coming, and I dared not give them warning." We have underlined the "was" to show that this entry was put down not on the day indicated but in retrospect, after the Missouri disaster.

On August 13 Swartzell writes, "I have got the horrors - thinking about home . . . " And then a week later. August 20: "This morning I left the Mormon camp. When I had got 4 or 5 miles from the city of Adam-on-Diammon, I shouted so loud for joy that the blood came out of my mouth." An enlightening passage. Not one word of planning for a getaway or of hair-breadth escape or pursuit - he simply walked away from the Mormon camp, as he could have done any time he felt like it, and nobody made the slightest effort to stop him. Then having relieved his feelings and revealed his state of mind in a hair-raising scream, he went on to the Clay County Courthouse, and there "I told them something about the band of warriors, and charged them never to tell on me, as every Daranite was sworn to take my life, if he could find out that I had seceded from the ranks." Would the Gentiles have to "tell on" Swartzell before it dawned on the Daranites that he was not longer with them? Would the Mormons never guess that their chief cook had seceded unless the outsiders told them so? Either Swartzell was free to go his way unmolested, as he did, or else the Mormons had no way of knowing he had left the camp, as he implies. In either case it is clear that the man is fabricating about the danger he was in. He concludes his history with an appendix taken from the writings of E. D. Howe.

T. B. H. Stenhouse, an apostate and anti-Mormon writer, has told how the confessions of Marsh and Hyde were exploited in the manufacture of rumors "to rally the people" against the Mormons, and how those false rumors resulted in the death of Patten at Crooked River. (TBHS,

94). Having recognized the extent and influence of false rumors about the Danites, Mr. Stenhouse then seeks to nullify the effect of his pronouncement by the neatly rhetorical proposition that whether "Danitism was taught . . . by the authority of Joseph Smith or without it, it matters not - the terrible dread of vengeance was all the same." (TBHS, 87, n.). Which is the equivalent of saying, "Whether John Wilkes Booth or Louisa May Alcott shot Lincoln matters not — it was a terrible crime all the same." When it is Joseph Smith who is on trial for these crimes does it make no difference whether he had anything to do with them or not? Not with Mr. Stenhouse, just so you can get them into the same sentence. He goes even farther: "The intelligent Mormon knows today that though there may be no bona fide organization called the Danites, there have been in the church fellowship, from the days of Avard up to the present, men who have done the deeds charged to the Danites." (TBHS, 93). This is the same argument in an even more brazen form: Stenhouse is doing his best to make out a case against the Mormons even though he knows there is no evidence for the Danite myth. After all, there have been in every church men who have done the very "deeds charged to the Danites," whether there were any Danites or not. And out of that Stenhouse would forge his subtle verbal link between the Mormons and the Danite image. Kelly and Birney rejoice in a further disclosure of Stenhouse, namely that there was a man who failed to deliver a message from Joseph Smith in the Carthage jail and that years later in the West "by odd coincidence, he died 'it is said of dysentery.'" (KB, 63. Italics theirs). Can you think of a single cause of death in any time or place that would not be "an odd coincidence" to these gentlemen?

What we are trying to point out is that all these writers on the Danites have no foothold after 1838 and know it. The most effective exploitation of the Danite myth has in fact been through works of pure fiction: It was Joaquin Miller's Broadway hit, The Danites, or the

Heart of the Sierra, that established the tradition that Zane Grey and some early movies ("The Mormon Maid") continued. In 1881 Miller changed the name of his play to The Danites in the Sierra. "because," as he explains, "the book treats chiefly of that once dreaded and bloody order"—in the Sierras yet. (CHH, 38). The Kauffmanns in their work of high scholarly pretense (RWK, 76) prove that "the Danites, or 'Destroying Angels,' pillaged often and sometimes slew the Argonauts," by citing as their source the novel, The Viper's Trail, by Alfred Henry Lewis, the same man who converted Lee's autobiography into a Danite epic by the simple and effective device of inserting the word "Danite" into the text every few sentences. (Above p. 238).

Well, what else can you expect? "The very nature of the Danite organization precluded the keeping of records," Kelly and Birney remind us. "The Danite oath, together with the Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and all of Joseph Smith's revelations from Yahweh, has suffered many changes, deletions, and additions from time to time." (KB, 23) That leaves our authorities free to announce, "There is no mention of Porter Rockwell in the many accounts of the dark days that preceded the great migration. We may assume with entire safety, that he was not idle." (KB, 77). Having assumed so much they take their next step with the same entire safety: "... there are indications [not given] that Porter was in Nauvoo when General J. J. Hardin . . . entered the city and searched it for evidence of the hasty burials of Danite victims." Doesn't that make your blood run cold? The General found no evidence, but A. W. Babbit practically confessed everything when he caustically pointed out to the General that it would be silly to bury victims right on the banks of the Mississippi with the river right next door. Which of course proves that Rockwell threw his victims into the river. (KB, 77f).

"Porter's first murder in Utah," is another creation ex nihilo, Kelly and Birney basing their case on two points, (1) that the victim was "supposed by the Mormons" to have been once a member of the Illinois mob at Carthage, and that "even to be suspected of such complicity was sufficient to seal any man's death warrant," and (2) to this useful General Principle is jointed the concrete evidence, that many later emigrants to Utah have actually seen the place where the murder took place! If that is not enough, Slater and Nelson (our authors' informants), claim that some of those emigrants actually told them personally of having seen the place! (KB, 101).

How can you doubt after that? The Gunnison atrocity "was charged to the Indians," and indeed proven against them, "but to this day," K. and B. remind us, "gossip in Utah alleges that Rockwell and the Danites participated in the slaughter." (KB, 109). Mormon gossip? What were Gentiles doing on the lower Sevier? To prove that the gossip is well founded, K. and B. note that the killers "carried away all the maps, instruments, and written records of the survey party — articles which were of no value to savages." But the fact that "all of the stolen material was afterwards recovered," (l.c.), fails to suggest to our sleuths that the stuff was obviously of no use to the men who took it — they made no effort to divide it up, hide it, sell it, or use it, as white men would have done.

The most revealing commentary on the art of creating Danites out of nothing is Kelly and Birney's last chapter. A few examples:

More than thirty years ago the Society of Friends spent several hundred thousand dollars on a large irrigation project on the Sevier River. Nothing remains of that endeavor but an abandoned schoolhouse . . . The gentle Quakers were taken 'over the rim' by Porter Rockwell's ghost. (KB, 289).

Just what is the charge here — that Porter Rockwell, dead for over twenty years, attacked the Quakers? That they were assassinated? That the Mormons wrecked their pro-

ject? Here the critics show their hand — this is the quality of their vaunted historical objectivity. Writing as of the year 1934 they say,

of Utah a tribe of congenital hypocrites, . . . Throats are no longer slit, but the very few who do not tremble in the Shadow of the Sword can be counted upon the fingers of a one-armed man . . . With but one notable exception no Gentile cleric dares speak of the Mormon hierarchy in any but the most cordial terms; the Shadow of the Sword lies athwart their pulpits." (KB, 209f)

Here the line of reasoning is simple and direct: If even the Gentiles will not sustain their awful charges against the Mormons, then the Gentiles one and all, "with but one notable exception", are simply liars and hypocrites.

"In the good old days," our guides assure us, "the Salt Lake daily Tribune was frankly, rabidly, courageously, and joyously anti-Mormon . . . but it received the surgical attentions of the ghost of Porter Rockwell." Next the Telegram "sold out to the ghost of the Danite chieftain . . ." (KB, 291-2). What is all this talk about ghosts? This free play between unbridled imagination and positive assertion is the trick behind every successful anti-Mormon book. It is Ann Eliza's trump card in dealing with the Danites:

Yet the spirit of assassination remains; and were it unchecked, hundreds would be sent into eternity without a moment's warning, for no crime at all except daring to differ, if ever so slightly, from those in authority. (AE, 263) . . . he longs for a return of the days when one word of his would have put a summary and permanent end to the existence of this sheet, by the utter annihilation of everything and everybody connected with it. But the time is forever past when the 'unsheathing of his bowie-knife.' or the 'crooking of his little finger,' pronounced sentence on offenders. (AE, 530).

The technique is always the same; the protasis is discreetly contrary-to-fact, but the apodosis is so vivid and horrible that the reader easily forgets that detail in his emotional involvement. The classic example of this is Ann Eliza's great Danite sermon:

the increasing despotism of the leader, and returned to the East, or started to do so, he inevitably was met by Indians and killed before he had gone very far. The effect was to discourage apostasy, and there was no one but knew that the moment he announced his intention of leaving Zion . . . he pronounced his death sentence.

There was admittedly no evidence for any of this (all italics are ours):

The faces were as friendly that he met every day, the voices just as kind; his hand was shaken at parting and there was not a touch of warning or sarcasm in the 'God speed' and bon voyage. But HE KNEW he was a lucky man if in less than twenty-four hours after leaving Salt Lake City, he was not lying face downward on the cold earth, while the stars looked sorrowfully down, etc. etc. . . . and a man rode swiftly cityward, carrying the news of the midnight murder to his master . . . 'Ah, poor fellow; killed by Indians,' said all his friends; but Brigham Young and Bill Hickman or 'Port' Rockwell KNEW better. (AE, 161).

We don't need the mention of Hickman to tell us where this comes from. Notice that the purpose of this system is 'to discourage apostasy,' while the potential apostates were all told - and believed - that it was the doing of Indians, thereby defeating the purpose of the whole operation. Notice also that the proof rests on the leading verb, which is always what somebody thought: There is no evidence whatever for the doings of the Danites except what the victim knows and what Brigham and Hickman * know. The murder she talks about is the murder that the victim knew he was lucky if it wasn't his murder if he ever became tired of Mormonism. So with the Mountain Meadows Massacre: "Young as I was, I felt the mystery that shrouded the whole transaction, I knew instinctively · ..." what even her parents did not suspect - and she 13 years old.

If "any stranger in the city" by "his words or actions displeased the Mormon spies," according to Ann Eliza, "he never got beyond the city limits." (A. 264). Her witness for this is a visiting intellectual, Mr. Langford,

who "felt sure that if one word of disparagement or criticism, of the Mormon people, or their religion had crossed his lips, he would have been a dead man." (A. 266). Again the inner voice. But what if somebody in Salt Lake was a well behaved visitor or a member in good standing, wouldn't he be safe then? Not a bit of it! "If no other charge could be brought against a person, he was called a 'spy' and this, of course, gave sufficient reason for putting him out of the way summarily." (A. 278).

As we review the charges (they are too long to repeat here, but the reader can find some of the best on pages 75. 81, 264, 266, 273, 278f, 321, of Wife No. 19), we are forced to the astonishing conclusion that according to Mr. Wallace's guide for many years in Utah (seven at the very least) if a person was a Gentile he was immediately killed; if he was an apostate he was immediately killed; if he was weak in the faith he was immediately killed; if he was merely suspected of being weak in the faith he was immediately killed; if he "dared to neglect the counsel of the Priesthood," he "was at once charged with apostasy" and immediately killed; if he "committed even the most trifling offense to any member of the priesthood (including each and every male in the church above the age of eleven) he was immediately killed; if no charge of apostasy or deviation could be brought, he would still be accused of being a spy and instantly killed; if he was a casual visitor or transient and let slip one uncomplimentary word he was immediately killed. Joseph Smith taught his people "openly that it was their duty to 'destroy in the flesh' all upon whom the leaders of the church frowned" (A. 81). Her proof of this is D. C. 132: 26, which has nothing to do with the case. Brigham Young in turn "set at nought all morality in his horrible and debasing teaching . . . the duty of assassination." (A, 273).

Insanity is no word for it. Are these people telling the truth or aren't they? Is this a likely situation? Do you find it appealing, or convincing? For people living on the narrowest margin of survival, as the Mormons were in

the 50's and 60's this doctrine seems singularly weak in survival value; what would such a policy do to any society? It seems even weaker in its human appeal. Murder the order of the day year after year? People think nothing of it? We wonder. The vast majority of these people in Utah were recent emigrants from Northern Europe, where the too frequent assassination of one's neighbors was frowned on, at least in the straight-laced Nineteenth Century. Why no protest from them? Why were the Mormons, to whom the liquidation of Gentiles and apostates was a sacred duty, never proud of their Danites? Why are none of their exploits known or praised by the Saints? Surely such a dedicated and efficient band must have at sometime performed some useful service besides murder during the years when there was so much else to be done. The fact that they never appear, either in times of crisis or in those parades of which the Mormons were so fond, is to say the least a suspicious one.

Finally our own Mr. Wallace has caught the Danite spirit and carried on the fine old tradition. If Ann Eliza is weak enough to admit that Joseph Smith always denounced the Danites or that Porter Rockwell did not shoot Boggs. Wallace charitably and quietly overlooks such slips, and if she fails to detect Danites where Danites might we been he obligingly corrects the oversight. We refer he reader to Ann Eliza's account of the vivid terror of her first night in the Walker House, where she expected very moment to be murdered in her bed by the Gentiles because she was a Mormon. (AE, 27). Since she had been running a boarding-house for Gentiles only, and been intimately closeted with some of the leading Gentiles of the territory for some time as they worked out their plots against Brigham Young, the lady's naivete is though touching preposterous - she is prevaricating. As if that were not enough, however, Mr. Wallace improves on her story. As he tells it, she starts out fearing the Gentiles, but then sometime during the night shifts her ground to "fantasied strangulation at the hands of one of Brigham's fanatical

Danites . . . Her image of death . . . shifted from the faceless Gentile to familiar Mormon. No Danite, she decided in terror, would allow her to remain alive in this hostile hotel or to escape Utah Territory." (W. 28, 238). All this is strictly Wallace's invention; the Danites become a reality and acquire familiar Mormon faces only in the mind of Ann Eliza is mirrored in the eery depths of his own.

This clever devising is promptly underpinned by another slick invention: "Ann Eliza knew by heart many of the public threats Brigham Young had thundered forth from the Tabernacle pulpit against apostates, those who had foresaken the faith." And to his erudite definition of an apostate he appends one threat which "she particularly recollected" (though how he knows that he does not tell us):

The time is coming when justice will be laid to the line and righteousness to the plummet: when we shall take the old broadsword, and ask, 'Are you for God?' and if you are not heartily on the Lord's side, you will be hewn down.

Did Brigham Young actually own a line, plummet and broadsword? Even the Destroying Angels are strictly Biblical, and that broadsword which suggests such horrendous cuttings-off to our authors is entirely figurative, like Heber C. Kimball's sieve. Christians, Jews, and Moslems have always promised a dismal fate to apostates—what religion does not? It remains for Mr. Wallace to demonstrate that Brigham Young's warnings had anything to do with threats of physical violence. The policy in dealing with apostates is stated clearly and often in Brigham Young's sermons: there were to be no hard feelings (even Ann Eliza makes that clear, p. 161), and if requested substantial assistance in getting back home or out to California was forthcoming.

But, to show that he is being fair and noble, Wallace next concedes that "it was unlikely that Brigham Young would have dared, or even desired, to send an assassin into a bedroom of the Walker House to garrote or knife

his twenty-seventh wife." Which gives the reader a pretty fair idea of how the man would operate if he had a free hand. Having made this dangerous concession, however. our author retrieves the situation by the neatest coup of all: "Yet nothing was utterly impossible on that still rough and paranoiac frontier." (W. 28). If nothing was impossible or rather, to make a double hedge, if nothing was utterly impossible, then the question of evidence becomes a mere quibble - there could be Danites after all! "Moreover," our eager informant hastens on, "there was every evidence that the Mormons had maintained, in their earlier days . . . and perhaps still in Utah . . . a special secretservice force to frighten off or even dispose of dangerous enemies of the Church." The feeble "perhaps" pulls the props out from under "every evidence", but every evidence is pretty strong; let us by all means have a look at every evidence, which is conveniently contained in the very next paragraph, taken from J. C. Bennett and John Hyde: "Certainly, in 1838 . . . the Mormons had formed a 'death society,' as Elder John Hyde labelled it." (W. 28-29). John Hyde was not an elder but a bitter apostate, and the 'death society' was indeed his invention. Nothing more clearly betrays the fraudulence of reports about Wallace's "Special service" than the bewildering variety of fantastic names attributed to it by their authors, among whom there is no agreement. Mr. Wallace, magisterially discoursing on a number of these, can tell us how they chose first one name and then another, until "the Sons of Dan, soon shortened to Danites, was permanently adopted." (W. 29). How does he know all this? Well, how do the others come by their information? Never mind, there is "every evidence . . . perhaps" for Danites in the halls of the Walker House. Is anything utterly impossible?

With the reader thus dazed and off-balance Wallace follows through with elan. How glibly he next describes Porter Rockwell as a "paid assassin, a long-haired man who was said to have shot the Governor of Missouri"!

(W. 29). He does not even have the fairness of Ann

Eliza to mention that Rockwell was proven to have been far from the scene-of the attempted assassination of an ex-governor — but mentions just enough of the affair to justify without evidence the title of paid assassin. The next step is obvious, as Wallace reports that under Rockwell and Hickman, "who published his confessions of mayhem in a paper-back book in 1870, the Danite idea seemed to survive the exodus west." The Danite idea? Seemed to survive? How conveniently vague and non-committal — and yet how shivery! Next the appeal to Horace Greely and his G.I.'s to give "some credence to the continuing rumors of threats and violence." But Greeley, as we have seen, was reporting army-camp rumors of the 1850's — does that put the Danites on the trail of Ann Eliza in 1873?

To keep the Danite image alive, Mr. W. tells how the ward teachers were admitted to Ann Eliza's hotel room. "they being properly screened, no doubt, and it being ascertained that they were not Danites." (W. 247). That canny "no doubt" pretty well takes care of the evidence. No one ever mentions the fact that while Ann Eliza Young barricaded herself in the hotel for two months, she spent more than five months in the city after moving to the Walker House — from July 15 to November 27. Where were the ever vigilant Danites during those other three months? Why were they so easily eluded on the night of th Great Escape? Well, they weren't - aren't we reminded that "even then the Danites might be on our trail"? Still no Danite materialized or any sign of a Danite - an inefficient crowd to say the least. But Mr. Wallace for all the rampant absurdities that surround him, still clings loyally and tenaciously to his precious Danites, reminding us that his heroine 'considered her peril real." and that 'possibly is may have been." (W. 274). What can one say in the face of such dedication?

But then we are puzzled by this. Why do Ann Eliza and her spiritual Eckermann, Mr. Wallace, heave such

a sigh of relief once the lady has chugged across the boundary at 22 m.p.h.? "Ahead lay Wyoming and freedom." Freedom from the Danites? Wasn't Wyoming a pretty "rough and paranoiac frontier" too? Weren't there Mormons even there? What on earth was there to hinder the Danites, those past masters in the art of "Indian" attacks and "accidents", from operating as freely beyond the Utah Territory as within it? The world had lent a willing ear when William Smith, the brother of Joseph Smith, no less, had reported,

... they are in every town and city throughout the whole of the United States, and their object is not known to the people; they are all over the world; ... there are thousands of them; and ... the life on every officer that comes here (to Utah) is in the hands of the Danites; that even the President of the United States is not safe; for, at one wink from Brigham, the Danites will be upon him and kill him." (JD IV, 345).

In all their thousands of murders, moreover, they were never caught red-handed — not once! They were that clever and efficient.

With a record like that, and granting Mr. W's useful thesis that "nothing was utterly impossible", and Mrs. Young's announcement that the Danites could be anywhere, our heroine wouldn't have had one chance in a million if things were as she and Wallace say they were. Unless the Danites were a myth Ann Eliza never could have gotten out of Utah or spent long years unguarded on the road and all over the country. When she visited Utah to lecture aganst the Mormons then of course Brigham would not dare let anything happen to her (Wallace generously concedes that); but what about the rest of the time? She was as safe as anybody else, and she knew it.

Was Brigham Young a shrewd operator, or wasn't he? If we would believe honest Judge Harding, "Brigham Young was no fanatic; it is nonsense to say that a man of his coldness, executive ability, and acuteness, can be fooled by such stuff as makes his system. When they talk to me

about a man like Brigham believing such fooleries, I can only adopt the saying of Bill Hickman, 'All rabbit-tracks! All rabbit-tracks!' (WH., 219). The ladies would agree, that Brigham Young was not the true believer but the complete opportunist. Now it takes no administrative genius to foresee, what H. H. Bancroft has pointed out (BHU, 544), that the Mormons had nothing whatever to gain and everything to lose by the Mountain Meadows Massacre, which, occurring when it did, would give the people of the United States the very thing they had been looking for so long — a real case against the Mormons. Nothing could be more obvious than that.

Nothing could be more idiotic, therefore, than the thesis that Brigham Young himself worked out the whole suicidal operation, unless it is Mr. Wallace's announcement that Brigham Young "infected his underlings with fighting fever," and by keeping his people in a state of perpetual hysteria he "made possible Mountain Meadows." (W. 117). What would be gained by such a policy? In 1857 Brigham Young was playing fearful odds and knew it: he won the game by iron self-control. It was the year of the crickets, the drought, and the worst Indian wars of all, and to top it off a full-scale invasion by the U.S. Army. And this was the time, according to Mr. Wallace, that Brigham Young chose for his senseless swashbuckling, his insane and pointless ranting, driving his over-burdened people to follow a course of crime and sure self-destruction. Such historic insight is only matched by Wallace himself in his production of the Great Nauvoo Bacchanalia.

One wonders at times if all this nonsene might not have suggested some interesting parallels to Mr. Wallace. There is far more and better evidence for the killing of the Holy Child of Laguardia by the Jews in 1428 than there is for the doings of the Danites; yet what does examination of the evidence show? That "the child of La Guardia never existed." (Rev. Etudes Juives, 15: 232). High officials of church and state accused the Jews of the Da-

mascus ritual murders of 1841 - which were completely fictitious. Volumes of impressive testimony to numerous other ritual murders carried out by the lews in various countries have been published (Ib., 25: 161-180; 18: 179-211; JQR 27: 179-187), and the belief that "Jews require the blood of human beings for ritual purposes persists to this day." (JQR 27: 179). The scandalous trial of Mendel Beilliss in 1913 should have exposed the fraudulence of charges once and for all, but the Poles and then the Nazis revived the issue, bringing out long and important-looking legal reports to prove their case. When evidence is lacking. resort is readily had to the teachings of the Jews to prove the worst. What of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion? What about the dreaded Stern gang? Didn't the Jews teach openly the "Expiation of the Polluted land"? (JQR 30: 59ff). There's blood atonement for you! Wasn't there a warning inscription in the Temple at Jerusalem threatening death to all non-Jews? (JQR 37: 387)). Haven't the Jews been known to pray openly for vengeance on their enemies? Horrible! Horrible!

And against all that—and we have not even scratched the surface — Mr. Wallace waves excitedly one dingy little paper-back of 1870, written by an impoverished hack for an old drunk who had been nursing a deadly hatred of Brigham Young for years, but hadn't enough solid information even to help out poor Governor Harding.

Such is the baseless fabric of the Danite vision which has served so long as the solid bedrock of the Mormon atrocity stories. This writer cannot claim Mr. Wallace's Olympian aloofness and majestic impartiality where Brigham Young is concerned, for he accepts the man as a prophet and his religion as divine. He feels accordingly that such stories as are being circulated abroad today should not go unchallenged, and submits that the foregoing inquiry, however inadequate and unworthy of the theme, justifies the suspicion that those stories do not always rest on a foundation of truth.





A MOUNTLY HOUR PELEN

After the honeymoon depicted in the upper picture, the family settles down to ordinary domestic life as shown below. Whose skull is on the door? How many weapons do you see?



MITING FOR THE OUR MAN

Study this picture carefully. It is a typical scene in a Mormon household. The bottles on the bed should not be misinterpreted. If you look carefully you will notice that they are used to hold candles. Mormon women do not drink.



The man in the upper picture is without his whip, but he keeps a firm grip on his knife. If the man in the lower picture dozes he may drop his whip and then what will happen?

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A FULL EXPOSURE OF ITS

SECRET PRACTICES

HIDDEN ORIMES.

This is a documentary study of Mormonism. It is illustrated by actual pictures.



Note the caption to these valuable engravings. This is Mormon Life. The man on the left is about to interrupt a private discussion. Mormon men have bad manners. How many

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