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three horses, fifty-two mules, sixty-six oxen, and nineteen cows, marched in the van. Two hundred Saints trod close in their rear. They traversed the wastes of Nebraska and Wyoming, crested the Rockies, and at last looked down upon a treeless, yellow valley. "See!" cried Brigham. "There is another Dead Sea, there another Lake of Gennesaret, and betwixt them another Jordan. This is the holy Canaan. Let us enter and possess the land." Accordingly, the Mormons halted their train, and began to establish themselves for permanent abode, a thousand miles from the borders of civilization, in what was then Mexican territory.

Their first task was the redemption of the desert. Eager hands assailed the sagebrush, and brought down water in trenches from the mountains. The Mormons became the inventors of American irrigation. Lucern absorbed the alkali from the soil. Crops sprang up; crickets attacked the crops; and then, by a miracle, a vast flock of white sea gulls, never seen before on the lake, fell upon the crickets and devoured them all. The vale became fruitful, and soon turned a transcontinental halfway house, or caravansary, making possible the development of California, Nevada, and Idaho. To Utah the Saints beckoned all true believers. Some came by ship round the Horn; some dragged handcarts over the prairies and mountain passes; while immense wagon trains rumbled westward, a marvel to bison and marmot. By 1848 Brigham Young had two thousand subjects. They had named their country Deseret, "the home of the honey bee," and they styled it "a free and independent state."

Then swiftly upgrew the Mormons' intermontane principality. Farms dotted its valleys, tiny hamlets clustered amongst its gulches, roads led from village to village, and all roads led at last to the holy city where centred its theocratic government. And the capital city was

Zion in truth, builded by Brigham Young "according to the pattern shown him in the mount." It "lieth four-square." In the midst of the city, within a vast inclosure girt by stout yellow ramparts, looms the House of the Lord, — four gray walls and six gray towers, their slender spires half reminiscent of lovely Peterborough, — mysterious, repellent, yet fascinating, a Gregorian chant done in deathless granite. Forty years was the temple in building. Beside the Temple crouches the Tabernacle, — a squat brown turtle shell set hard upon countless red pillars. Near by is another inclosure, walled like the first and buttressed with cobblestones, where tithing is taken and coin counted out, and where, in the earlier day, Brigham Young made his home, and incidentally the home of his incalculable wives. There in the highway rises the tall plinth which supports the bronze statue of Brigham himself. To the four points of the compass run the stately broad streets of the Mormon capital, lined with superb shops, adobe cottages, and occasional really magnificent houses, and shaded by never ending rows of tall, shivering Lombardy poplars, "planted by rivers of water" drawn in little irrigation ditches from the melting snows of the mountains. And round about the city those naked crags leap into high heaven, — blue in the crystalline lustre of the upper atmosphere, caressed by lagging cloud drifts, crested a gleaming white by the same storms that drop rain to the valley to brighten the purple asters. Such, in a word, is Salt Lake City, — the city of uncrowned Cæsars and tiaraless popes, the Rome of a new and strange religion.

Go upon the Sabbath to the Tabernacle service. Sit beneath that crude white vault, look about you upon twelve thousand Mormon devotees, listen to the grotesque elucidation of Brighamite doctrine, and you will feel as if you were living five hundred years ago. Ah, but the music! — you think of *Il Penseroso*: