GATES SUSA YOUNG

JOHN STEVENS' COURTSHIP

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Содержание

Susa Young Gates
John Stevens' Courtship / A Story of the Echo Canyon War

PREFACE

A story of love, in the rugged setting of pioneer days, is the theme of this book. The characters of the story move among the stirring incidents of the Echo Canyon War – an affair absolutely unique in the history of the land. The scenes and events depict faithfully the conditions that, according to the historians – Tullidge, Whitney and Bancroft – prevailed in and about the Territory of Utah during the period of the "War." Much information has also been gathered from Vol. II of the Contributor and from numerous pioneers who recall vividly the intensity of feeling that characterized the days of "Johnston's Army" and "the Move." The characters of the story are, of course, mainly fictitious and have had an existence only in the author's mind. John Stevens is a composite; his outer appearance was faintly suggested by an obscure character of pioneer days; many pioneers knew and will recognize Aunt Clara; Diantha was modeled after a woman yet living in the prime of her life.

Young people often think that romance and thrilling episodes, for which youth hungers, are not found within daily life; and frequently go to perilous lengths in search for that which in fact is right at home. An avowed purpose of this book is to show that there is plenty of romance and color in every-day life – if the eye be not life-colorblind. If, therefore, John Stevens, with his big, generous heart can awaken the soul of one youth to a higher courage, a more manly outlook upon the splendidly hard discipline of pioneer Western life; if Diantha's suffering and sweet Ellen's sad death help just one vacillating girl to a realization of the dangers with which the path of love and youth are always strewn, then indeed will the author be satisfied. The last two chapters were written at the solicitation of Diantha herself. She begged that the "girls" might be made to see how sweet and enthralling true, pure and sanctified married affection can be.

It is fitting that acknowledgment be here made of the careful and helpful service rendered by the many friends who have read, re-read, suggested, corrected, approved, criticized and molded "John Stevens" into a somewhat passable shape. To these friends, grateful thanks.

The pioneer days were days of beauty and rich emotions. That their memory should be perpetuated is the author's chief justification for the writing of this book.

SUSA YOUNG GATES. Salt Lake City, July 24, 1909.

I
THE PIC-NIC IN THE WASATCH

"Dianthy, how are you going up the canyon? Are you going with me and your brother?"

"No, I think not, Rachel. I promised to go with John Stevens. And the very next day Henry Boyle asked me to go with him; wasn't that a shame?"

"Wasn't what a shame? That Henry should have the impudence to ask you to go with him? I should think he'd find out after awhile that you are not in love with him and never will be."

"I'm sure I can't tell how you know so much about me and my affairs, Rachel. I haven't told any one I am or I am not in love with Henry Boyle. And I can't see how it is that you have such a prejudice against Henry. I'm sure you can't find any fault with him. He's a perfect gentleman – far more civilized and polite than a whole town full of men like – like – well – like many of our Utah boys. And he's ambitious, too; wants to make something of himself; which is more than some of our boys do. Just see how he came here from England two years ago; left his home and all his relatives, and in less than a year worked up till he got the position of clerk in Livingston and Kincaid's store."

"Exactly! And now he is a gentleman in very deed, for he wears store clothes every day in the week, and the finest worked ladies' buckskin gloves on Sunday. What more does he require to be a gentleman?"

"See here, Rachel, I want you to answer me one question. Do you, or does my brother Appleton, know anything wrong about Henry Boyle? Isn't he a 'Mormon,' in good standing and repute? Doesn't he pay his tithes and donations, and attend his meetings regularly? What more can you ask?"

"Oh, Dian, you wear me out completely. Stick to your 'Enery, if you want to; but he'll never amount to a row of pins. He's a real namby-pamby man; and that is about all he is likely to be. I should think you'd want a being with some life and spirit."

"Like John Stevens, perhaps. Well, I've never seen any evidence of this wonderful life and spirit you folks are always talking about, in John Stevens. The only fiery thing about John, that I've ever discovered, is his red beard."

With a half sarcastic smile, the girl dusted the last speck of flour from her cotton apron, went to the wash bench and calmly washed the flour and tiny bits of dough from her hands; then, drawing a clean cloth over her wooden bread trough, she set it on the kitchen table for the night.

Rachel Winthrop sighed as she watched these proceedings and hushed her baby to sleep, in the small, yet comfortable rush-bottomed rocker, which was such a luxury in early Utah days. She admired and loved her husband's youngest sister, with all the strength of her affectionate soul; and she yearned with the tenderness of a mother over that indifferent, self-centered, yet handsome and sensible young person.

"I don't wonder that men admire you, Dianthy," she said, at last. "You're a fine looking girl."

"You mean I've pretty good taste in fixing myself up. People wouldn't admire me so much if they saw me 'off parade' a few times. It's my clothes and the way I put them on that wakens admiration, Rachel. Just look at my nose!"

She stood a moment, with her arms akimbo, her face tilted as she tried to squint with half-closed eyes down at the offending organ.

"There's nothing the matter with your nose, Dianthy, only it's got a patch of flour on the side of it just now. But come, I must put baby to bed, so we can finish up, or we'll never be ready to start in the morning."

It was the evening of the 21st of July, 1857. All Salt Lake was astir with preparations for the famous outing to Big Cottonwood Canyon, where the Twenty-fourth – Pioneer day – was to be spent. Candles sputtered and burned down, were snuffed and finally replaced with new ones, as the women

of the young city worked hard yet happily the night through, baking great banks of pies and loaves upon loaves of tender, yellow cakes; cooking beef, lamb and chickens; roasting young pigs before the open fire, in the brick ovens, or in one of the few step-stoves. Serviceberry preserves, and plenty of thick amber-colored molasses were stored in all the pails and jars obtainable. Such creamy-brown loaves of yeast or "salt-rising" bread; such pots of sweet, yellow butter; such crisp doughnuts and delicate "dutch cheese," never before had been seen in such profusion during the brief ten years' history of the Great Salt Lake Valley.

As Rachel Winthrop laid the child in its cradle and prepared to finish her ironing of print dresses and blue chambrey sunbonnets, the young girl, who had pulled down her sleeves and adjusted her collar, went slowly out at the front door, as if watching for someone. Then, turning back into the sitting-room, she seated herself at the small melodeon in the corner, and began to play softly. Her touch upon the tiny ivory keys was very sympathetic and musical. Waltzes and schottisches poured out in mellow harmony upon the heated waves of the July evening. Then, as if filled to the full with the spirit of music that she had invoked, she lifted up her voice in song. "Shells of the Ocean" and "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," betrayed a quality of tenderness in the soul that the somewhat proud exterior did not warrant.

"Oh, Dian," called her sister-in-law, "why do you sing such mournful songs? You give me the creeps."

"Do I?" asked the girl. "I wasn't thinking; but someway, I feel sad tonight, just as if something were going to happen."

"Something is, Dian; we are all invited by President Young to spend the Twenty-fourth in Big Cottonwood Canyon. And there's lots to do before we go to bed."

"Just one song then, to cheer us up, Rachel, for the evening's work" and the gay voice trilled out the rollicking changes of "We All Wear Cloaks," and ended with the evening hymn, "Come, Come, Ye Saints, No Toil Nor Labor Fear." Before she had finished the first stanza of the hymn, her brother, Bishop Winthrop, had added his musical bass, and the sixteen year old Harvey was putting in a fair tenor and playing the air as well on his concertina. Rachel herself sang the alto. Then, with a quiet reverence, the Bishop said, "Let us have prayers."

The quiet of the night closed in with starry radiance upon the little family, the children asleep, while the women worked, conversing in subdued voices. Few were the hours of sleep that memorable night in Great Salt Lake City, for most of its citizens, to the number of three thousand, had been invited to spend the day at the headwaters of the Big Cottonwood stream, in the little dell far up in the tops of the mountains. All the city was astir to assist in the unusual festivity.

In the morning, the Winthrop household was boiling and bubbling in the excitement and heat of preparation.

"Dian," said the distracted Rachel, "you go out to the wagon and get the Bishop to put in all those things that I have laid at the side of the appletree."

Out in the back yard could be heard the frequent small explosions that preceded such scenes in the Winthrop household.

"What's all this trash, Diantha? Does Rachel think we are going to cross the plains again? She's got enough stuff here to feed an army and to house a regiment," this as the Bishop selected various of the bundles and bales sent for the wagon's supply. "Who on earth but Rachel would ever think of carting a heavy wooden tub, flat irons and popcorn up Big Cottonwood? Popcorn on a picnic! And she's actually got a feather bed in this pile! Humph!" and the snort of disgust ended only as he tossed the bed back into the crotch of the young apple tree.

"Now, Appleton, that bed must go, so just do be good and let's not waste time this way. Here; it can go right on top of the boxes and we'll have it handy for the children to sit on," Dian worked as she talked, for she knew how little value to attach to the warmth of her brother on such occasions. "Here, Harvey, pack that shovel into the crevice there, will you?"

"Shovels on a picnic! Does she think we are going to locate mines? And rakes! My soul, but we will never get up the canyon with this load. You'll all have to walk, I'll tell you that."

"All but the baby and Rachel, Appleton. I am going to ride in John Stevens' wagon, with Aunt Clara and Ellie Tyler."

"Is that so, Dian? Well, that's fine." And in the pleasure of this announcement, the Bishop stowed away most of the things awaiting their turn on the grass.

"Salt! Why, Dian, there's twenty pounds of salt in this sack," and the Bishop fairly shouted in astonishment. "Salt by the bushel! Does Rachel imagine we are going out to pickle meat? There's salt enough for three thousand people, to last them a week."

"Exactly, Appleton; you know well enough that other people forget things, and Rachel has to be general commissary for the crowd," calmly replied her unmoved defender.

"Upon my word! Do you mean that I am to be made a general pack-horse to carry all the forgotten things for other people?"

"Appleton," this was said skilfully, and by way of diversion, "are we to have a dancing pavilion up there?"

"Two of them, Dian. And I don't want you sky-larking off with all the young men in the company, if you are to go with John Stevens. You won't get another chance like John, let me tell you. A member of the legislature, a man without fault or blemish, and as good as God ever made a man."

"There's the rub, brother. I'm not good enough for such a paragon. And I don't like paragons."

"You're an obstinate girl, Diantha."

The girl laughed merrily, now that she had diverted the attention of her irascible brother to herself, for he had packed away even the despised salt, and was putting in the tent poles and tents on top of the other bulky but light loading, while they were talking.

"Come, Rachel, we're all done. What are you laughing about?" sang out the Bishop. "Are you ready to start?"

His wife emerged from the house, all smiles, and with a cup of cool buttermilk to refresh the weary husband, who had dealt so generously with her packing arrangements.

"Thank you, Dian," she said softly, as the girl hurried into the house to complete her own preparations.

It was in the early afternoon of that day, when a double team – the wagon fitted with bows, but the cover folded in the bottom of the wagon box – drew up to the Winthrop house with great dash and clatter. Four good spring seats rattled emptily as the driver threw on his brake and gave a loud "Hello" to the people inside.

The front door opened and Bishop Winthrop came out.

"Dian will be ready in a moment, John. I am glad she is going with you, for I know you'll take good care of her."

"Just as good as she'll let me," the young man smiled down at his friend.

"Oh, Dianthy's all right, only she's a little high-spirited. Give her plenty of time, John; you can afford to wait," said the elder man, in confidential tones.

At that moment Diantha herself came out with her two nieces, and looking at the empty seats, she asked, "Where's Ellen Tyler going to ride? I'll sit with her."

"All right," answered the young man calmly "Only you'll have to sit three in a seat, as Charlie Rose put that middle seat in for himself and Ellen."

John sat patiently waiting for the girl to make up her mind, and not offering to assist her in. Perhaps his horses were fractious. At any rate, he sat watching them, now and then flicking a fly from them, apparently indifferent as to the result of the girl's decision.

"I suppose I shall have to ride in front, then," Dian murmured, and began climbing over the wheel, "although I like to be invited to sit by young men."

"You may sit on the back seat if you want to, and let either Aunt Clara or Tom Allen or either of the two little girls, Lucy or Josephine, sit here," said John, as he smiled down into her averted face, his gray eyes flashing with suppressed amusement.

"No, thank you. I've had trouble enough to get where I am, without any help; I don't care to climb any more. Get in, girls," she added.

"Where are you going now, John?" asked Diantha, as they drove off at last.

"For the rest of the folks," and away they clattered and rattled, the horses requiring careful handling, they were so full of eager life.

John drove rapidly to the home of Aunt Clara Tyler, where he was to find the others of his party.

A moment's wait, and then Ellen Tyler came out, followed by the others. Her brown curls fell from under the white sunbonnet which surrounded her face like a ruffled halo. The delicate cream of her skin but made the glowing brown eyes and the scarlet lips the lovelier by contrast. Her pretty teeth gleamed through the curved line of parted lips as she bounded smilingly down the flower-bordered path. She had a great bunch of spice pinks and blue bachelor buttons in her hand, and as she reached the wagon she threw the blue blossoms into Dian's lap, saying gleefully, "These belong to you, Dian."

"Why?" cried out Charlie Rose, who stood waiting for his partner, at the wheel, "do you think Dian is destined to be a blue-stocking or will she marry an old bachelor?" and the young man sprang gracefully to assist Ellen to her place.

"Dian's never blue herself, and so she may have my bluest flowers," said Ellen, as she leaned over the seat to give her friend a good-morning kiss.

Fat and jolly Tom Allen had thoughtfully brought out a chair on which stout and kindly Aunt Clara could climb safely into the back seat with him. Lucy Winthrop and Josephine Tyler, as inseparable childish friends, occupied the other seat.

Soon all were seated; the plethoric baskets were disposed of; and the merry party dashed through the tree-bordered streets, John Stevens managing his double team with the skill of long practice.

Just at the edge of the town a young man galloped up on horse-back, and raised his straw hat gracefully to the ladies, reined in his horse near Diantha Winthrop, and sat on his trotting steed in true English style. Diantha greeted the young man as Brother Boyle; and at once gayly devoted her attention to him, ignoring her partner, John Stevens, with girlish obliviousness.

There was a great clattering of wheels and many gay jests, with gusts of youthful laughter floating out from that wagon-load of happy hilarity. The placid Aunt Clara Tyler looked on from her vantage point in the back seat, with sympathetic companionship. They overtook and passed scores and hundreds of teams, all traveling in the same direction. And each party was given, as they passed, the greetings of long friendships and mutual pleasures.

When they reached the rendezvous at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon, they found the narrow passageway between the hills looking like a tented field. Out in the open square of the regulated camp, the strains of "Uncle" Dimick Huntington's Martial Band saluted the ears with tingling effect, as the fifes piped out shrilly the melody of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Charlie Rose assisted Aunt Clara and Ellen to alight, while he sang in merry accompaniment the words of the song. Ellie's own dancing feet were tripping, almost before she touched the greensward; and Charlie seized her hands and together they flew and pirouetted and bowed and danced to the strains of that inspiring sound.

Henry Boyle, who was off his horse before the party halted, quickly appropriated Dian's willing fingers, and together they tripped in all the gay disorder of impromptu dancing over the open square, as the music shrilled and floated out on the cool, canyon breeze.

Even Aunt Clara's feet tingled with the sound; but she refused to accept jolly Tom Allen's invitation to join the merry throng now quickly gathering on the sward, for she was very stout; but she smiled sympathetically into John's face as he glanced quizzically at his own partner now whisking

away merrily with another, and at his associate youths who had left to him all the labor of unhitching and preparing camp for the night. But John was not a dancing man. He cared little that he was left alone. His animals were very dear to him; for his lonely domestic life had brought him in close association with the dumb beasts that carried him over trackless plains and mountain peaks.

Soon the word went forth that President Young was approaching the rendezvous, and all hastened to greet their friend and leader. As his buggy, driven rapidly through the dusty road, came in sight, the Nauvoo Band poured forth its brass blare of welcome; the boys pulled off their hats; the girls waved sunbonnets; and the whole group stood at attention, with affectionate greetings written upon their smiling faces, and waving their hands, to welcome Brigham Young – Governor, President, friend, and brother.

Thereafter followed the peaceable family of Bishop Winthrop. Comforted and rested by the soothing assurance that wife and children were well and with him, and that his precious young sister, Diantha, was for once in the care and company of the man he loved best on earth, Bishop Winthrop had driven his light spring wagon joyfully, and withal as rapidly as his farm horses would permit, in the wake of the President and his immediate family, with Rachel and babe crooning happily beside him, and the merry youngsters behind, who were too interested in the gigantic picnic before them even to indulge in a childish squabble.

At late sunset, the bugle sent forth its insistent call for silence. Rapidly the company of over three thousand souls, encamped for the night beside the brawling Big Cottonwood stream, gathered in one glowing mass of color and motion. Then youth and age knelt reverently on the sward, while devotions were offered to the kind Providence which had permitted them to begin their long-planned festivity.

An hour after the evening service was over, the pleasure seekers had retired into wagons and tents, and the silence of the peaceful hills brooded over the encampment.

II
DIANTHA FORGETS JOHN

The next morning at daybreak, the party began the long steady climb amidst crags and pine covered hills, up through the rocky windings of "The Stairs," and still up. The party laughed, sang, walked, climbed, or rested for a moment beside the churning, foaming mountain stream or beneath the shadowing pine trees which bordered the newly made road. As the long cavalcade wound in and out between the hills, the two girls in the wagon drawn by John Stevens' spirited horses, sang and laughed in gayest abandon. Aunt Clara's eyes were full of tender gratitude for such happiness, for she had known the sorrows of many mobbings and drivings. This haven of peace and joyous plenty was a foretaste of heaven to the faithful heart which had braved more than the persecution of strangers; for Aunt Clara had left home, parents, and all she held dear for the sake of that Gospel which spelled Truth and Life Everlasting to its faithful votaries.

"Oh, John," cried Diantha at last, "You must let Ellie and me walk; I just can't resist the pleading call of those gorgeous flowers. Bluebells, and red-bells – and oh, the exquisite columbines! Look, Ellie, look! Stop, John, stop! Ellie and I will walk."

John himself was walking beside his team up the heavy, seemingly never-ending grade of that twenty mile ascent, while Tom Allen and Charlie Rose placed an occasional block under the wheels or stood upon them, while the panting horses rested for a moment.

"Here you are," called Charlie, as he heard Dian's plea, "'my waiting arms will hold you,'" and he held out his arms in mock pleading.

"Aunt Clara's lips will scold you," jeered Dian as she climbed safely down on the other side. But Ellen jumped gayly into the grasp of the waiting cavalier, whose modest action in placing her gently on the hillside belied his bombastic appeal.

"Spirit of the hills, descend and greet,
The pressing of her eager feet,"

sang Charlie as he followed the flying girls, gayly improvising his boyish madrigals to meet each incident of the day.

The girls climbed from point to point, always going upward, but keeping out of the way of passing teams. Their arms were soon filled with the blooms of riotous colors and perfume which intoxicated them with the blush and glory of the color song of peak and mountain vale.

"Her spicy cheeks were red with bloom,
Her colored breath was panting;
As with a thousand flowers of June – "

Charlie paused to block the wheel, and Diantha finished his doggerel for him,

"She mocked at Charlie's ranting."

and Aunt Clara who felt faint herself from the rarified air that they were all conscious of, looked anxiously at the somewhat delicate frame of her foster-daughter.

"Tom, I believe you, too, are uncomfortable."

Tom Allen was almost speechless, for his bulky form was nearly overcome with the constant climbing; but he would not betray the fact to the scorn of Charlie Rose: for Tom dreaded to be teased

quite as much as he loved to tease others. So he quieted his panting breath to say, "Aunt Clara, I think I heard some one say you had some doughnuts in one of those baskets; where could we find a better place to eat our frugal meal than beside this purling stream."

"Just a mile or so, more," interposed John Stevens. "We are almost there; can't you exercise patience for another hour?"

At that moment, however, word was passed down the line that all would pause half an hour to rest animals and men.

The cavalcade had passed the two lower sawmills, with the roomy cabins decorated with waving flags. Now they halted beside the third and last mill, nestled in the crevice of the canyon. Its buzzing industry was stilled for this wondrous day, while the workmen and their families gathered in the grassy space to meet and welcome the company. For their pleasure they had not only made the last five miles of that difficult road into the vale of the Silver Lake, just above, but had also erected three spacious boweries with comfortable floors and seats to accommodate the gay revelers.

Everybody seemed moved with a common impulse for "doughnuts;" for the President himself, as he halted at the "saw-mill," stepped up to Aunt Clara Tyler and accepted courteously her offer of fried cakes.

The impatient girls were glad, nevertheless, when the half-hour was over, and they could once more resume their places in the wagon for the final steep climb to the place of destination. When they mounted the last summit of that low northern rim encircling the valley of their desire, both girlish throats were at once filled with excited exclamations of delight, as the fairy scene burst upon their view.

An emerald-tinted valley with a silvery lake empearled on its western rim lay before them, cupped in a circle of embracing hills and snow-covered crags. The summits of the eastern and western hills were crowned with pine, which here and there, like dusky sentinels, traced their lines down, down to the water's edge. That gleaming, brilliant, silent water! Every tree upon its brink was reproduced, and even the clouds above floated again in soft, tremulous pictures beneath the surface of this beautiful mountain mirror. Sheer above the lake on the south towered white granite cliffs, holding here and there a whiter bloom of snow in their pale embrace.

Ellen jumped excitedly from her seat to lean over and hug her friend Diantha, as the wagon rolled slowly down the smooth road to the spot which John had selected for the Winthrop and Tyler tents, close to the marquee of President Young. Dian put up a caressing hand to the soft cheek of her enthusiastic friend, Ellen, and leaned her own cheek tenderly against the one bending over her shoulder.

"Oh, Dian," breathed the happy girl, "I never thought there was so much beauty in all Utah."

"Utah is the home of beauty and goodness," said Charlie Rose gallantly, and even Dian could not answer this trite compliment saucily, for her heart was melted with rapture at sight of so much grandeur.

The camp was located on a fairy-like spot, overlooking the surrounding meadows and lake. The boweries, President Young's marquee, and President Heber C. Kimball's tent, occupied an open space amid the small copses of pine on the north side of the lake. The tents, carriages and wagons, were soon grouped about these central points. A massive granite rock, fifty-four feet in circumference by fifty-four feet high, stood at the entrance of this lovely, natural bower; from the center of this spot, and apparently without earth to sustain them, grew three pine trees, which were fringed round at the top of the rock with a thick cluster of young pines, about two feet high. A large flag was suspended from these trees, bearing the motto "Clear the Way," with an all seeing eye in the oval of the upper margin, above two clasped hands, under which, inscribed on a scroll, were the words, "Blessings Follow Sacrifices." A representation of the Pioneer company crossing the North Platte River, on rafts, occupied the central space of this great flag. Below was another legend, "The Pioneers of 1847 at the Upper Crossing of the Platte, in Pursuit of the Valleys of the Mountains."

A little farther to the right, and near the northwest corner of the great, central, hundred foot bowery, was a stately pine, from which floated the loveliest flag on earth – the Stars and Stripes – its silken folds now whipping out wide and full now curling in graceful half circles around the unique flagstaff.

Another banner near by, bore the representation of a bundle of sticks, bound together with strong cords, and the inscription, "The Constitution of the United States. Equal Rights! Woe to the Violators!"

From the front of the central bowery hung three great banners, the first having painted thereon a rock in the midst of billowing waves; from the summit of the rock floated the starry flag, and below was the inscription, "The Constitution of the United States! The 'Mormons' will Defend the Rock! Who can Prevail Against it?" The second banner had the picture of a lion, with one paw upon a rock above which was the inscription "Utah Courage," and underneath in golden letters, "The Spirit of '76 is not Dead." The third banner had a lion standing beside the docile figure of a recumbent lamb, with the inscription, "Peace Reigns Here," painted across the silken surface beneath.

On the tallest pines at the crowning point of both eastern and western summits, there floated great flags, the red, white and blue of their glory accentuated by the clear, brilliant blue of the sky, and the deep green of the wooded slopes.

Scattered here and there were massive swings for the youth, while the little ones were well provided with low swings and wide seats.

Major Robert T. Burton, of the Nauvoo and Utah Militia, with a detachment of life-guards, had charge of the swings and the rafts on the lakes, to guard against accidents. John Stevens was detailed to his own full share of this guard duty, and was therefore soon absent from the merry party he had brought so carefully to the camp.

The labor of setting up tents and arranging camp filled the remaining afternoon hours, and Dian was glad when her brother said, "You can go now, my girl; Rachel and I will finish; take this feather bed over to Aunt Clara's tent, for Rachel wants her to be comfortable."

"What a kind thought, Appleton; Aunt Clara does so much sick nursing that she needs to have a good bed. Tell Rachel I think she is pretty good to give up her own bed."

"That's all right. Rachel and I are young, and can sleep on the ground, when we need to. She says Aunt Clara was so anxious to make you young people happy that she gave up all the room she could for your spring seats and yourselves."

"Aunt Clara is good to us, and Rachel is good to her. Pretty good religion that, brother, eh? Rachel is very thoughtful, Appleton."

"Yes, she is the best woman on earth, Dolly. I appreciate her, if I am cross at times. Hark! That's the bugle call for prayers. Run along with your bed, Dian."

"Allow me to assist in this operation," and merry Charlie Rose appeared just in time to carry the bulky bed into Aunt Clara's tent.

The camp gathered in the central bowery, at the cool sunset hour, and the choir sang "Come, Come Ye Saints."

Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear,
But with joy wend your way;
Though hard to you this journey may appear,
Grace shall be as your day.
'Tis better far for us to strive,
Our useless cares from us to drive.
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell —
All is well! all is well!

Why should we mourn, or think our lot is hard?
'Tis not so; all is right!
Why should we think to earn a great reward,
If we now shun the fight?
Gird up your loins, fresh courage take,
Our God will never us forsake;
And soon we'll have this tale to tell —
All is well! all is well!

We'll find the place which God for us prepared,
Far away in the West;
Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid;
There the Saints will be blessed.
We'll make the air with music ring,
Shout praises to our God and King;
Above the rest these words we'll tell —
All is well! all is well!

And should we die before our journey's through,
Happy day! all is well!
We then are free from toil and sorrow too;
With the just we shall dwell.
But if our lives are spared again
To see the Saints, their rest obtain,
O, how we'll make this chorus swell —
All is well! all is well!

After the song, the attention of the assembly was riveted upon the dignified form of Brigham Young as he advanced to the edge of the raised platform and said:

"We unite, my friends and brothers, and sisters, in gratitude to that Father who has permitted us to enjoy this festal occasion. Tomorrow morning, at seven o'clock, the bugle will call you here to morning devotions, except those who are detained at their wagons. We wish those who have children here to see that they are in the tents, and not have the cry go forth that this, that and the other child is lost. I also wish to give a word of caution to all who may visit this lake or the ones in the hidden vales above us. I would rather have stayed at home than to have it said that a child has been lost, or any person drowned through visiting this place.

"Suppose a child was lost in the woods and could not be found; suppose you should lose a sister, a daughter, or a companion on this lake; you would always think of your visit to Big Cottonwood Canyon with bitter regret. A circumstance of this kind would mar the peace of everyone. I wish the sisters and children to keep away from these rafts, unless they have some person in their company capable of taking care of them; if they know enough to do so as they should, they will listen to this counsel.

"Here are swings and boweries prepared for your enjoyment; here are most beautiful groves, meandering streams, and lovely sheets of water, amid the towering peaks of the Wasatch mountains. Here are the stupendous works of the God of Nature, though all do not appreciate His wisdom, manifested in His works, but are tempted to recklessness through the buoyant feelings of youth and health, and without caution, are liable to run into danger.

"Some, if they had the power, would be on the other side of those loftly peaks in ten minutes, instead of calmly meditating upon the wonderful works of God, and His kind providence that has

watched over us and provided for us, more especially in the last fifteen years of our history. I could sit here for a month and reflect on the mercies of our God, and humble myself in thankfulness because of His favors to myself as an individual, and to all this great people.

"What do you think the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, the Patriarch, would have given to have seen this day in the flesh, and to have been here instead of being taken to Carthage, like lambs to their slaughter, and butchered by their enemies? We are hid up in the Lord's secret chambers, according to His promise, where none can molest us, or make us afraid."

Diantha's whole body shivered in an inner resistance as the President uttered this joyful challenge to fate. But she listened attentively as the further quiet words fell from his lips:

"Here is a good floor which we have prepared expressly for your enjoyment, there are two other boweries for the mothers and their children, and here are three bands of musicians, together with our Nauvoo Brass Band and Brother Huntington's Martial Band. The Springville band and the Ogden band will both assist Professor Ballo who has charge of the great orchestra provided for dancing. Before we have our evening prayers, Professor Ballo will favor us with one of his classical selections, – 'what do you call it, Brother Ballo?'" asked the President calmly, across the pavilion, and the musician flushed slightly as he responded from the opposite platform:

"It is the Overture to Tancreda," profusely bowing in his embarrassment.

And with that the band struck up the exquisite strains of that tuneful offering to youth and courage, while the people listened with well placed musical sympathy, to this unusual burst of melody, in the virgin solitudes of this sylvan vale. The very hills took up the theme of that lovely opera by Rosinni, and echoed and re-echoed the fine harmony with all the Silver Lake's famous echo.

As the massive form of the President's Counselor, Heber C. Kimball, stepped out to offer the evening prayer for that happy camp, sweet Ellen's soul sang and sang the words of the prayer into the straining melody of the Overture to Tancreda, but alas, Ellen's music was hidden in her soul and had not been taught to find expression on her lips, or from her finger-tips.

After prayers, the people dispersed to their tents to finish preparations for rest, or to join in dance and song around camp fires or in the great boweries.

At the Winthrop tent, Rachel was completing her camp arrangements.

"Just see 'Enry B'yle 'ang 'round Di," muttered Dian's brother Harvey to his chums as they carried bundles and boxes from the wagons to the tents, "He is too fine to chop and dig; he leaves that to John and father."

"I'm going to tell mother to set him to work, said Lucy, who at once ran to put her threat into execution.

"Miss Diantha, what can I do to help you?" asked the gallant young man, on receiving the hint from frank Rachel Willis. Thereupon he took bundles and parcels from the girl, she laughing again and again at his awkward attempts to be useful around a camp fire.

The camp-fires, now began to shoot steady flames into the darkening sky; the squeak, squeak of the fiddles was answered by the toot of the brass horns, and martial and stringed bands united their forces in loud, triumphant invitations to "dance."

And how they danced! Old and young, short and tall, fat and slim – the temporary floor groaning and shivering beneath the hundreds of merry, flying, stamping feet.

Huge camp fires, all over the valley, flung dancing flames and sparks high into the fleecy evening clouds, while at each corner of the pavilion, great pine trees, brought from the hills and set upright for the purpose, burned a spicy, fragrant glowing radiance into every crevice and corner of the bowered halls.

"Are you going to dance with me?" drawled John Stevens, through his long beard, as he suddenly appeared at Diantha's side. She stood in the brilliant light of the burning pine tree, near the bowery, her tall, graceful figure melting into divine curves under the simple, white frock she wore, her arms uncovered to the elbow and her lovely neck just bared to show the proud lines which dipped

in smooth beauty from ear-tips to shoulders. Her columned throat pulsated with bounding life under the snowy skin, as she moved her pretty head from side to side, while the crown of her yellow hair which was coronaded in heavy braids around and around the shapely head, broke into tiny curls on her temples and at the white nape of the neck, and was a glittering mass of spun gold in the dancing flames which heightened both color and quality of that mass of silken charm.

"Why, of course, I am, if you ask me to," Dian replied frankly.

She knew John was not much of a dancer, being very tall, and not very fond of gyrating around as rapidly as the swift music demanded. However, she took his arm and they walked out upon the floor; a waltz was called, and then the girl looked up in her companion's face with a dismayed glance, and he gazed at her with a quizzical response to her misgiving. Of all dances, he was least at home in a waltz.

Once, – twice, – they tried to turn around but without much success. They stumbled over other couples on the floor. In spite of Dian's heroic efforts to keep her giant upright and in time with the step, he stopped suddenly and exclaimed: "I think we shall have to call that a failure."

She looked up quickly to see if there was not a shade of disappointment on his face, and she rejoiced with a wicked joy, when dapper young Henry Boyle came up immediately and carried her off to dance, with all the grace and rhythm that was so necessary a part of a perfect waltz.

They passed John once or twice, as he stood under the blazing pine, stroking his beard and watching the dancers with an inscrutable expression.

Diantha forgot him by and by, and did not again think of him, for her time was so filled with calls for dances that she had no time to think of anybody or anything but her own excited self.

After a few hours of dancing, the girl accepted Henry Boyle's invitation to walk out around camp awhile, and together they traversed the small valley. As they passed their own camp-fire, where sat her sister-in-law, Rachel Winthrop, chatting with Aunt Clara, she suddenly wondered where John Stevens had been all the evening.

"Have you seen John, this evening?" she asked Rachel.

"Yes, he has been here, once or twice, getting some cakes and milk for himself and partner, I guess, for he took two plates."

"I thought I was his partner up here," said Diantha, in a somewhat injured tone.

"Haven't you seen him this evening?" queried Aunt Clara Tyler.

"Oh, yes, but I have been dancing so hard, I forgot all about him."

"You may find some day, Dian, that two can play at the forgetting game," said Aunt Clara, with a tenderness that robbed the speech of any bitterness.

"I wish they would," answered the girl indifferently.

Nevertheless her vanity was touched, a few moments after, when she and her companion passed a rustic bower of boughs, twined and twisted into a lovely green retreat, where there was a small camp-fire smouldering in front, and a low couch inside, covered with softest buffalo robes, whereon sat her dearest friend, Ellen Tyler; and stretched out with his long legs to the fire, his arm supporting his head, and his face turned very intently to the young girl near him, was that recreant, John Stevens, who ought just now to be suffering all the torments of a discarded lover.

It was annoying to say the least. Dian acted as if she did not see them at all, and whispered with much animation to her companion, as they passed the light of the fire.

She hurried at once to the bowery and none were more sprightly and gay until the ten o'clock bugle sounded throughout the valley, and then she allowed Henry Boyle to accompany her to the tent where the elder ones still sat chatting and enjoying themselves.

Diantha Winthrop was pre-eminently sensible. She was sometimes annoyed with the frequent compliments she received as to this trait of her character. She was rarely angry with people; she never gossiped about anybody, and if she had nothing good to say, she rarely said anything at all. She was not impulsive, nor was she unduly swayed by her emotions, deep as they sometimes were. She acted

upon mature thought, and only the few who were her intimate friends, really knew the value of her sterling character.

Henry begged his companion to stroll up the hill-side a little, just fairly out of range of the jokers by the camp-fire, and the girl was the more willing because of that other couple under the pines across the tiny valley.

"Here you are, Dian," cried out Rachel. "I was just wondering if you would not like to get that pop-corn and pop some for the crowd."

But Henry was still begging under his breath, for her to come up in the shadow of the pines, and away from the crowd.

"Can't Lucy and Josephine pop the corn, Rachel?" asked Dian, at last.

Both children protested their utter weariness.

"Ah, child," said young Boyle, patronizingly to little Lucy, "just pop the corn, like the leddy you are."

"I'm not a 'leddy'," flashed the child back, "and I don't think it's fair, so there."

"Don't cry," still teased the young fellow; "do be a good girl," then joking in his rather clumsy fashion, he added, "Come and kiss yoo papa."

"Never mind, youngsters," sang out Tom Allen, "I'll help you," while Harvey and Josephine both flew to assist Lucy Winthrop.

Lucy sprang into the tent in an angry flame, while her mother followed, herself too annoyed at the liberty the young man had taken to answer at all. But she soothed the two little girls, and they all came out and finished the corn. Rachel herself carried some up to Henry and Dian, who now sat cozily far up on the hill-side, under the dense shadow of the trees.

The younger ones slipped away from the fire, and the laughter and song there died down; but the young couple still sat under the dark shadow, far up on the hill-side.

Henry was entertaining Dian with long tales about his former home in the British Isles. He gave glowing pictures of the castle belonging to a distant relative in Staffordshire. The girl listened with increasing interest; for who could fail to sympathize with the neglected cousin, even if a third one, of a real lord and earl. The narrator's allusions to himself were a little broad and fulsome, but Dian was inexperienced, if shrewd by nature. A feeling of deeper respect for this good looking and highly connected youth was growing momentarily in her breast – he certainly was such a fine dancer, and he always picked up a handkerchief so gracefully! She could but feel flattered by these confidential revelations of superior virtues and titled relations. The sounds were hushed from tree to tree, and the canopy of silence was unfolding in all the majesty of the mid-night hour.

Suddenly there was a pounding crash and roar above them on the hill-crest, and down through the brush and trees came bounding some terrible wild animal.

Dian screamed, and Henry jumped wildly in the air, yelling at the top of his voice.

"Run, run; it's a bear."

He took his own advice so quickly that the girl was barely on her feet before he was half-way down to the camp fire, still yelling, "Run, Run!"

As the young man reached the full blaze of the fire, a quick chorus of childish voices, above them on the hill-side from which he had fled, high falsettos, trebels, and one deep bass voice, united in a blasting sing-song:

"Come and kiss yoo papa; come and kiss yoo papa."

And the children, in one derisive row of merciless tormentors, stood just in the upper shadow line, repeating the refrain with painful insistence, until Boyle himself was glad to retreat into the silence of his own tent for the night. There were sounds of laughter from every near-by tent. What Dian thought of this absurd adventure could only be conjectured from the scornful expression of her rosy lips, as she gathered the two little girls in her arms and drove the still jeering boy, Harvey, and Tom Allen in the darkened back-ground, away into the far seclusion of their own tent.

But even as she fled, she heard in the near distance another shrill cat-call, "Come and kiss yoo papa." And she joined with one smothered hysterical burst of laughter, the two girls, who were still in her arms, in laughing at their discomfited enemy.

III
"COME AND KISS YOO PAPA"

It was barely five o'clock the next morning, and long before the lazy sun would climb the high eastern hill, when Brother Duzett's drums rattled and rolled their startling reveille, echoing from peak to peak. In a moment, the quick bustle of camp life broke the stillness of dawn, and the neigh of the tethered horses, and the low of the oxen in the meadow, added a note of surprised domesticity to that wild scene. Then, before these sounds were fairly through echoing and re-echoing across the silver sheeted lake, two rounds from Uncle Dimick Huntington's cannon ware answered by two others across the vale fired from Elisha Everett's fieldpiece. The booming volleys were swept from crag to crag, and went rolling and tumbling in wild confusion down the canyon's winding glens, and were just losing themselves in silence, when the three brass bands united in one great glowing tribute to liberty, in the entrancing melody of the loved "Yankee Doodle." After this even the children could sleep no longer, but dressed as best they could with half-frozen fingers in the dim dawn of the snow-cooled air.

Out from tent and wagon-box they poured at eight o'clock, these merry, happy revellers, filled to the brim with joyous anticipations of all that the day and the years would bring to them.

As Dian and Ellen met each other, both with cheeks of rosy hue from their hastened toilet, and ready to go to the bowery for morning prayers, they heard that shrill call, now muffled by the busy morning noises —

"Come and kiss yoo papa," and Dian knew that the young avengers were again hot on the Englishman's trail.

"What's that?" asked Ellen.

Dian explained her midnight adventure, but she asked no question of Ellen as to her own whereabouts the night before, as she really was indifferent on that subject. She had known and loved Ellen a good part of her life, and she did not propose to let a silly thing like John Steven's diverted attentions come between her and her friend. Dian was much too sensible for jealousy as a pastime; it might do in real love; but jealousy in the abstract had never been a part of her character. Dian was surely sensible.

The girls were that moment joined by Charlie Rose, fresh, dapper, and full of morning "poesy."

"The stars have left the morning skies
To beam in Ellen's lovely eyes,"

he began, when Dian interrupted saucily, "Well, I'll declare!" then he finished —

The rose has left the dawn so meek,
To bloom in Dian's beauteous cheek."

"Well, Charlie, you are at least impartial with your ridiculous compliments," laughed Dian, "but I wish you wouldn't go on about my blowzy cheek."

"I said beauteous," corrected Charlie.

"Where's Tom Allen?" asked Ellen.

"Oh, he's fishing, as usual. Did you folks have plenty of fish this morning?" and then Charlie told absurd Munchhausen fish stories till the girls were convulsed with girlish laughter.

"What became of Boyle, the elegant?" asked Charlie. "Me thinks I see not his fringed pantaloons, nor his gay, red shirt. Hast seen his ludship this bright morning?"

There was a wicked echo in the back regions of the Winthrop tent as Charlie asked this, and a chorus of childish voices piped up, "Come and kiss yoo papa," and Dian and Ellen were again too overcome with successive peals of cruel, heartless merriment even to reply to Charlie.

"Dian," called Rachel, from the tent door, "come here a moment. I want you to find that flat-iron you laid away somewhere."

"Why, Rachel, the bugle has sounded for us to gather for morning exercises in the bowery. What do you want of the flat-iron?"

"I want the tub, too; Harvey, you carry that tub right down to the creek this minute, and if I catch you up to any more of your monkeyshines, I will have your father punish you. Do you hear, sir?"

"Why, Rachel, Rachel," protested Dian, "don't get angry with Harvey up here. Surely he is not up to mischief in this lovely place?"

"Do you know what he did?" exclaimed his mother, more inclined to laugh after all than to scold, "he took Henry Boyle's new red shirt out of his tent and then soused it in the creek and left it soaking there all night. He dragged it this morning through the black mud of this horrid valley until you can't tell what it is. Brother Boyle can't get up, I tell you, till I wash and iron his shirt. I am almost inclined to whip Harvey myself."

But she refrained; and the two women dragged the shirt out amid smothered peals of laughter, and sent Harvey to his duty in the crack juvenile regiment of Rifles, while Dian herself was not unwilling to be urged by Rachel to go on with Ellen to the exercises, permitting her kind-hearted sister-in-law to prepare the shirt for future service.

And still there floated at mysterious intervals that jeering cry about the tent of the fallen hero, as he lay ruminating within the inner sanctuary of his own tent on the mischances of fickle fortune.

"Come and kiss yoo papa," wailed the children, as they, too, departed for the exercises in the bowery.

The scene in the central pavilion was impressive! After prayers had been offered by Apostle Amasa Lyman, the great silken flag, taken down through the dewy shades of night, was unfurled from the tallest tree in the vicinity, by the youthful John Smith, son of the murdered patriarch, and once more the bands broke into crashing melody, and again the cannon roared across the affrighted silence, while the people shouted as the emblem of Liberty was unfurled to the morning breeze.

The regiments of the Utah militia which had been drawn up in rigid lines before the central pavilion, now saluted the Governor of the Territory, Brigham Young, and then began a series of brilliant evolutions. The marching and counter-marching of this tried and trusty band of mountaineer soldiers made a gallant display which was eminently fitting to time and scene, in its evidence of loyal devotion to freedom's rights.

"Dian," whispered Ellen, as the two sat watching the maneuvers, "don't you just love a soldier? The sight of those brass buttons is just thrilling to me."

Dian's answer was more moderate, but she would have been less than human if she had not been thrilled by the sight of the so-called "Hope of Israel," the Juvenile Rifle Company which was now led out by the handsome young son of the President himself, John W. Young; for all those youngsters were less than sixteen years old. Her nephew, Harvey Winthrop, was in that gay company, as she noted triumphantly. And their marching and counter-marching, their saluting and drilling was a sight to touch the most sluggish heart into warmth of admiration.

"Oh, Dian, isn't that the cutest thing you ever saw in your life?" again asked happy Ellen, as they watched the youthful soldiers finally trot off to the silence of the trees beyond.

"Let us go, Dian, now that the military exercises are over. I have just been longing to climb those peaks, and see the lakes above us. Come quick; let us go now," and the restless girl pulled at her friend's sleeve.

"Why, dear, you must be one of the reckless spirits the President was talking about last night. We ought to stay and listen to all the program in the Bowery. Let us go with the crowd and not sneak off alone."

But Ellen could not wait, so eager were her feet to press the forbidden slopes of the hills above. She longed to fly, so vital were her pulses. The girls compromised as usual and finally walked over to the swings on the north side of the lake, and both swung themselves into happy weariness in half an hour's time.

"Where are the boys?" asked Willie Howe, as the two girls strolled about.

"John is doing guard duty; Charlie is down the canyon with the horses; Tom declares he will bring us a whole wheelbarrow of fish for dinner, so I suppose he is somewhere on the lakes fishing."

"And where is Henry Boyle?"

At that Dian remembered his plight and her ready laughter bubbled up to eyes and lips. She told the shirt story midst peals of wicked laughter. Youth is so cruel!

IV
THE ECHO DOWN THE CANYON

The two girls now strolled outward toward Solitude. On and on they went, drawn by the beauty of the scene about them. As the upward path brought them into the over-arched seclusion of the eternal quaking-aspens, towering in highest majesty above them, their very tones were hushed to reverence by the surrounding loveliness.

"Oh, this is indeed Solitude! Such solitude as only God can make possible," exclaimed Diantha as the two emerged from the long path among the tall trees, and saw the tiny gorge below them, ending in the frowning, locked fortress above.

They lingered on the upward climb to Lake Solitude to gather bluebells and columbines, and when they at last emerged on the rim of the rock which stretched from peak to peak, enclosing that hidden, silent sheet of glassy water, both felt that they had no words left to express their pent-up feelings. It was gloriously beautiful! And so they sat down upon the brink, and cast stones into the surface of the pool. They were all alone in that retired spot. Their merry companions, and the thousands of revellers had evidently taken other paths among the many, each one of which led to other and more entrancing scenes than the last.

And in that silence and seclusion, the two girls, for the last time in this life, opened to each other the heart's secret recesses, for each to gaze upon. The sweetness of that confidence hallowed, for all time, the place and the day. The tragedy of life hovered close to both innocent souls, and above and about them hung the curtains of the uncertain future. Ellen was never before so lovable and dear to Dian, while Ellen, dear, affectionate Ellen, fairly revelled in this rare and unreserved confidence shown to her by her adored friend.

A distant "Hello" reminded them that they had promised to be back at camp in time to take the long trip up to an upper lake, and they answered with another cry of "Hello," which was caught and repeated a thousand times in the mysterious echo nestling forever under the shelter of the chalk-white peaks. And back they sped, under the giant quaking-aspens, to the edge of Lover's Lane. Just as they reached the forest, Henry Boyle met them, his handsome young face glowing with the exertions he had put forth to locate these wanderers.

"Hurry, the crowd are all waiting for you two. Aunt Clara has put up our luncheon; John Stevens has got off guard duty for two hours, and Charlie and Tom have both arranged to make the trip up to the upper lake."

The girls ran down the slope with him and found the young people all ready at the edge of the bowery.

"Are you children going?" asked Dian, not too well pleased to find a group of noisy, half-grown children as part of their equipment.

"Ah, let them go, Dian," begged Ellen; "I will look after them, and I know Harvey will be good, and the girls will stay right with me. Won't you, girls?"

And with this promise, the whole party started up the steep ascent towards the upper lake.

"In all my life," said Ellen, as the children swarmed around her, and she found that John Stevens was to be her escort, for that portion of the trip at least, "I was never so happy. I could sing if I only had Diantha's voice; or I could dance, if I had Lucy's hornpipe steps; but as it is, I must just shout aloud and cry 'Hello.'" And suiting the action to the word, she put her pretty hands to the side of her lips and cried down the valley:

"Hello! Hello!"

Ellen stood some time at this viewpoint on the southern peak, and the children gathered around her and John to admire the exquisite beauty of the scene spread out in the fairy dell below them.

"Was there ever anything more beautiful on this earth, Dian?" she asked, in triumphant tones. "There is nothing to hurt or make one afraid in all this holy mountain, is there, John?"

"Hush, Ellie," answered John. "I don't like people to fling the gauntlet in the face of fate with such careless words."

"But, John, did you hear what the President said this morning?"

"Yes, I did. And it chilled my blood to hear him speak so; I have heard him do such a thing only once before. Do you recall how he said, the first year we came here, that he wanted just ten years of quiet and peace and he would ask no odds of anybody."

"I don't remember it, John. I was only eight years old then, you know."

"True, child, I forgot. It is just ten years this very day since the pioneers entered this valley."

"Oh, John, don't be superstitious. I must not listen to you if you are going to prophesy evil. Come, the children are all going, and we will lose our dinner. But listen once more while I cry 'Hello'," and she cried again "Hello!"

Was it John's fancy, or did he hear afar off a long shuddering echo which clung with sinister repetitions to every distant crag and peak?

"Why, John, what are you listening for? You scare me! I thought you were the bravest of men."

"The bravest men take no chances with fate or men," answered John, resuming his long upward stride beside his companion.

They found the whole party already gathered on the little island which lay in the center of the second lake.

As John and Ellen reached the great rock on the south side of the lake, they heard the sound of music floating in enchanted waves through the vale of glory around them. John paused to listen.

It was Dian singing as she spread the homely viands on the smooth, white rock which was to be their table on the Island in the center of the lake. The sheen of her hair was caught by the sunbeams as they danced across the still water, for she had thrown her sunbonnet down upon the rock, as she plied her homely tasks. The boys had caught some fish, and she was stooping over the camp fire to brown them for the coming meal. Her stately beauty was never more apparent than when some task of seeming ugliness brought the color ripe and rich to cheek and neck, and thus she bent above her tasks, every detail visible in that clear atmosphere to the watchers across the little lake.

Dian sang to the accompaniment of her brother Harvey's concertina, all unconscious of the picture she made across those magic waters, so near and yet so far away from those who loved her best. The soul of her was still wrapped in dreams, and only half awakened to response by her friends or family. And as she stirred about or bent above the blazing fire, her voice swept poignantly over the distance as she sang "Kathleen Mavorneen" in the reckless abandonment of tone taught her by the little Italian music professor who loved to put his own fervid soul into the unconscious voices of these youthful, sylvan artists, whom he had so unexpectedly found in this strange country.

"The Day Dawn is Breaking," sang Dian, the concertina wailing and mildly snorting in its brave efforts at complete harmony with Dian's sweet voice, and Ellen listened, her own heart beating in her throat with an admiration that was too generous to be envy. But oh, why could she not sing?

"You people would better come over here if you want your dinner," called Charlie Rose. And as he spoke the odor of the frying trout made invitation almost needless.

"Beside the lake their tryst they kept,
And rested not, nor ate, nor slept,"

sang Charlie.

But Diantha caught his words and added,

"The fish was gone, the lovers wept;

And wished their promise they had kept!

"If you folks don't hurry, we'll have every scrap of the fish eaten up."

The prosaic appeal reminded Ellen that she had left her friend alone with the work of preparation of the dinner, and so they hastened down to the other raft and soon paddled across to the island.

The picnic dinner was scarcely over before Tom Allen was down on the narrow beach and calling for all hands to embark. The children followed him quickly, and he managed to secure both Charlie Rose and Diantha as his other passengers; just as Henry Boyle came running down the rocks, Tom called: "Get the pole and give us a push from shore."

"Wait," called the young Englishman.

Boyle seized the pole, and sprang for the raft, but in an instant he was waist deep in the icy water, and the raft was floating off beyond his reach.

"Come and kiss yoo papa," yelled out the piping chorus of children's voices, while Charlie recited dramatically, "The boy stood on the burning deck," with his own absurd modifications of the original text.

Dian was angry with the children, thus to taunt their helpless and now uncomfortable friend, but the children only cried out the refrain, again and again, and that piping treble swept over the waters, as the poor youth left behind waded up on to the shore of the island and turned his back resentfully upon his jeering tormentors.

At that moment, John himself rounded the island with his own raft and picked up the discomfited youth, whose once brilliant red shirt, freshly ironed that morning by Rachel's kind hands, was once more faded and streaked, and added to that humiliation was the awful discomfiture of those dripping, wet, and heavy leathern pantaloons, bordered with dripping fringe. Surely his punishment was very heavy.

"Hurry home," said John, kindly, as they landed, "and get on some dry clothing."

As poor Boyle plunged and swashed on his hurried homeward way, the cluck of those swishing breeches and the sluice of his brand new but water-filled shoes made it difficult for even Ellen to keep herself from joining the children in their peals of naughty merriment.

Yet, with all the sundry small mishaps, surely there had never been so happy and so blissful a day vouchsafed to the "Mormon" refugees in all their tempestuous short existence.

But the echo calls and calls from peak to peak and cries the challenge out to happiness and freedom. And who shall answer, O spirit of a nameless past, so long pent up in these hoary mountain vales!

V
"THE ARMY IS UPON US"

Oyez!!

It is a long and a difficult climb into the tops of the Wasatch mountains; and it takes hours and hours to climb; and the knees grow weak, and the breath comes hard, and the body bends to the grass.

Oyez! Oyez!

And the news of the evil day may travel so fast or travel so slow, good sir, but it travels apace, and reaches the hills by a steep and a difficult road. And long are the miles and dusty the path which stretch between the rolling river Platte and the tops of the Wasatch hills. But men must ride, good sirs, when they bear the message of evil report, for evil finds wings of wind, while good goes only by post, good sirs. And the men must ride fast, and the men must ride far, for the miles are many and the road is long that stretch between the Platte and the Wasatch hills.

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!

The people in the hills are happy today, for they see not, neither do they hear, the echo which flies in sinister message from peak to peak as the men ride fast and spare not, climbing and climbing still, to reach the tops of the Wasatch hills. And the echo is caught and stilled in its upward peal by the curling folds of that star-lit flag which flutters and flies at full-masted pride on the top of the highest tree on the top of the Wasatch hills.

Oyez! Good Sirs, Oyez!

The young people ran and danced and sang on their way down the road from the upper lake, but run as they would Ellen was ahead of them all, and she reached the spot where she and John had lingered on their upward way, at the jutting promontory, and the whole party stood breathless and silent in speechless admiration.

But it was more than the beauty of the scene which caught and riveted John's attention. He stood on the very edge of the precipice and shaded his eye with his hand, then quickly took out his field glass.

"What is it, John?" asked Charlie Rose, sober in an instant at the look upon his friend's face.

"Show me; let me help to make things attractive," said Tom, with a teasing note in his voice.

"What do you see, John? I can see three horsemen coming up the Valley trail. They are just now turning the point," said Charley.

"Oh, I see them," shouted Harvey, in a boy's excitement and with a mountaineers clear vision, he added, "And they are not our folks. They look too tired and rough for any of our folks. Say John, isn't that Porter Rockwell, with his hair braided round under his hat? Look! I thought he was out on the Platte River."

But John had caught the profile of the man afar off and he turned down the dangerous short cut and was galloping down the path with the speed of a panther. The remainder of the young men followed helter-shelter and the two older girls were left to go down the safer and slower path with the little girls, with what speed they could muster.

"I think we are silly people to run for nothing," said Dian as they flew down the path, but she was ahead of Ellen even as she spoke, and for some unknown reason, her own blood was a tingle with the electrical disturbance in the spiritual atmosphere about her.

"The United States is sending an army to destroy us."

Almost before they had left the dense woods this message had flashed into their ears.

"The United States is sending an army against the Saints."

The people whispered it, spoke it, shouted it, and hissed it as they passed group after group. The children cried it; the women moaned it; and even the trees caught the sinister echo as it drifted from peak to peak and lost itself among the chalk-white cliffs as they gazed down in silence at the sudden excitement, spreading like a pall over that happy group. But as swift as the rumor spread it was followed as swiftly by a whisper of "Peace" and again "Peace, the Lord is on the side of the innocent," and the men drove off the frown of gloom, the women smiled again in trusting hope, and even the children forgot to cry as the influence of the leader, Brigham Young, spread out like a bright cloud, and the spoken word of quiet peace was passed from camp to camp.

The men might ride, and evil tidings come, but into the very woof and web of Mormonism was woven a trust in Providence which no careless hand might sever.

"Can Aunt Clara feed these hungry travelers?" asked John Stevens, half an hour later, as he raised the flap of her tent, and introduced the three dusty travel-stained men, accompanied by Judge Elias Smith, who had been their companion from Great Salt Lake City. Abram O. Smoot, tall and eagle-visaged, his splendid limbs stiff and worn with the long ride between the Platte and these peaceful glens in the Wasatch; Porter Rockwell, his hawkeyed glance narrowed into one glittering line as he swept off his worn and ragged hat, was crowned by a wreath of burnished braids that many a woman might envy, but which no woman's hand might ever clip, for death would find him still crowned with those dark and burnished tresses. And last, Judson Stoddard, alert, resourceful and intrepid rider, soldier and friend. Aunt Clara ministered to them all, giving milk and food to refresh, while she brought ice-cool water to lave the tired hands and brows of her friends and brethren.

"The President wishes you to meet him in the council tent in one hour," said John, to the three men, as he left his mountaineer friends in Aunt Clara's tent, and strode away to join his youthful companions and to dissipate, as best he could, all the thoughts of gloom and care; for now his own troubled fears had fled, surmounted by a certain knowledge of what they had portended. He knew his leader's policy too well to go about the camp with anything but a cool and quiet front. Fear had passed; now came action.

Bishop Winthrop, with a word whispered from John, strolled leisurely away to the marquee, saying to his wife, Rachel, as he passed: "You had better go on with dinner, Rachel; I may eat with the President, I wish to speak with him a few minutes."

There was no further excitement in the Winthrop camp, for even John Stevens threw himself on the ground, and lay looking up into the bright blue sky above him, calmly waiting for that important function in every man's life, his supper.

It was rumored quickly during the afternoon, that the three men, A. O. Smoot, Porter Rockwell, and Judson Stoddard had brought other details of this startling news, but after the first shock was over the people leaned upon the sagacity and inspiration of their president, as if he were a very part of the rocky bulwarks surrounding them.

That night, the bugle called the whole camp, as usual, together for prayers, and it was then that the formal news was communicated to them: "Buchanan is sending an army to exterminate the 'Mormons.'" It was all true then.

The two girls, Diantha, and Ellen Tyler, sat together in the bowery, when this announcement was made, and they looked at each other with wide open eyes. They were both children when brought to these valleys, and the thought that the terrible scenes at Nauvoo were to be re-enacted in this far distant Territory, caused both of them to pale with fear and dread.

With a common instinct both looked around for John Stevens. Henry Boyle stood near them, and he answered their questioning look with a little pallid smile. Dian felt that the young man was as frightened as she, and again, in spite of herself, she felt contempt for him.

Away off in the lower corner of the bowery, stood placid John Stevens, stroking his long silken beard, with as much composure as if the announcement was a party to be given in the Social Hall. He did not look at Diantha, but seemed to be thinking of something very intently, which was not unpleasant, and she wondered what it was.

"Why doesn't John come over here?" asked Ellen, as she, too, discovered the tall figure of their friend.

"Little goose, do you fear that the soldiers are within a half-mile of this place?" asked Diantha, laughingly. "Hark, President Young is going to speak," and then both sat with silent, spell-bound hearts, listening to that clarion voice, which uttered the sentiments of a people, harrassed, driven and mobbed.

His reassuring words, and the strong, calm spirit of inspiration which spoke through the brief sermon, filled every heart with renewed confidence and hope. What the future held in store for them as a people or as individuals, no one could say; but one thought buoyed up every heart; God was with them and they could not feel dismayed.

The rejoicing and merry-making was not interrupted for long; for after supper the bands tuned up, the pine-trees were lighted anew, and the merry hearts and the dancing feet filled the pretty vale with rollicking pleasure.

"Where is John Stevens?" asked Dian of Henry Boyle, who came up to claim her for the first dance.

"Oh, he had to go home on some business for the President," answered Ellen Tyler, who sat near.

"Without saying one word to me?" indignantly protested Diantha.

"He asked me for my horse," said young Boyle, "and told me I might drive you home in his place."

"Well, of all odd fellows, surely John Stevens is the oddest," answered Dian, none too well pleased with this summary disposal of her valuable person. She would certainly have to take the trouble to teach that young man a lesson some day, when she had time; perhaps when all this army business was over, she would seriously take him in hand. Not that she cared a rap about him, but it was not a good thing for a young man to have such careless ways of treating her sex, fastened upon him by long continued habit. Diantha was pre-eminently given to setting people right, and she did not intend that her gentlemen friends should escape her molding hand.

There were many wakeful hours spent in that gay little tented village and long before the peep of day the next morning, men were hitching up and packing wagons. Ere long the whole cavalcade had taken up the line of march, and soon the silence of the mountain peaks chained the whispers of pine and quaking-aspens within the long vale, leaving the circling memories alone to sweep forever over the lake like shadowy wraiths of summer mist.

VI
WHO SHALL FEAR MAN?

At the time of this story (in 1857-8) there stood in Salt Lake City, in the Thirteenth Ward, a small adobe house of four rooms, with the tiny square-framed windows, set at regular intervals from a central brilliantly green door which gayly faced the street. Not only was the green door rare because of its extremely unconventional color; it was also unusual in its quick response of welcome to black or white, bond or free, in a place where welcome grew more lavishly than did the grass in the streets. There was something so aggressively bright about that loudly painted door that even the Indians grew to love its restful color and the atmosphere that it betokened for all who pushed ever so lightly at its ready portals. The green was such a happy blending of the dark shades of the cool pine with the yellowed masses of creeping mosses that one's eyes were rested just to glance at it. None who passed within could fail to recognize that some one out of the ordinary lived behind those gaudy yet pleasing door-panels. The poor, the sick, the halt, the lame and the blind, all learned the ease with which that bright door opened, and the wealth of gentle welcome which spoke in the brighter eyes of dear old widowed Aunt Clara Tyler. The Indians, too, knew where they would receive plenty of "shutcup," and if one had a bruise or a wound, only Aunt Clara's hand could soothe and dress, to the complete satisfaction, the injured member.

Dear Aunt Clara! The mind traces in golden light her lovely picture. Bright and black were her eyes, but never sharp and cruel; she had a sweet mouth and the blackest of hair. She was short and very stout; but who ever saw aught but the lovely spirit which was enshrined within her active body. People used to wonder why Aunt Clara had no enemies, and why everything animate looked to her for succor and protection. The secret could all be told in two words – womanly sympathy, such sympathy as the noblest of women and the purest of angels can bestow; a sympathy which never encouraged evil because it made a sharp distinction between sin and sinner, but which drew the whole sting from the wound before dropping in the needed tonic of wise counsel, and covering all softly with the vial of loving tenderness. That was the secret of her popularity with young and old in the whole neighborhood.

She had no children of her own, which enabled her to be mother to the whole town. But her dead sister's child, Ellen, was as dear to her as an own child, while she had a deep and abiding love and confidence in the other motherless girl, Diantha Winthrop. She had no money of her own, and being a widow, she had few old clothes or supplies to dispose of; yet, someway, she was a veritable Relief Society. These organizations were not then in working order; and dozens of mothers with big broods of children could have told how Aunt Clara's winning voice and manner drew from them all the half-worn clothes they could possibly spare; and how such a mother would laugh as she saw some podgy Lamanite squaw going down the street with her own jean skirt on, patched by Aunt Clara's thrifty fingers and clean for the last time in all its final mournful existence. It was quite natural for the Bishop to send ragged children or newly arrived emigrants to knock at Aunt Clara's friendly green door, for help, spiritual or temporal.

No wonder, then, that the night after the return from the celebration in Cottonwood Canyon, a dozen young people sat in the comfortable rush-bottomed chairs within the opened portals; and while Aunt Clara moved quietly among them, putting the finishing touches to her evening work, they talked with excited voices of the impending danger.

Aunt Clara saw that something was necessary to drive away the alarm. Going into her bedroom, she drew out six large skeins of woolen yarn.

"Here, girls, I have a chore for you to do. I want this yarn wound off for it is to be knitted up at once. Boys, you can help by holding the yarn nicely and properly, and the one who is done the soonest shall have one of the dough-nuts left over from my pic-nic."

"What's this for; to knit stockings for our soldiers?" asked Diantha, who was, as usual, the center of the group.

"It's to knit socks for the Bishop and the boys; I am sure I don't know, nor do I care, whether they go out to fight as the defenders of our country or not. It will be all right whatever they do. Didn't you hear President Young say that God would fight our battles for us? Let that be sufficient."

"Don't you think we are going to have a war, Aunt Clara?" ventured timid Millie Howe, who was one of the group.

"No, I don't. Of course I don't know all the facts of the case, but I have heard President Young say many times since we entered the Valley that we should not have to fight any more battles, for God would fight them for us. I have perfect faith in his word."

"Nevertheless, Aunt Clara," said a voice at the open window, "I want to borrow your father's old Revolutionary musket, which you keep hanging up over your bed."

Two or three girls screamed at the suddenness of the sound, and the young men started in their seats.

"Oh, John Stevens, why do you frighten us like that?" called Ellen. "Come here and give an account of yourself. Where have you been since you left us in the canyon, and what did you leave us so unceremoniously for?"

"Business, business," answered the young man, entering the room as he spoke. "What are you all doing here, winding yarn as peacefully and calmly as if there were nothing of more importance on earth."

"Well, is there anything of more importance, John?" asked Tom Allen. "Think of it, man, holding yarn for the prettiest girl in Salt Lake. I know what ails you, you have no yarn to hold. Here, Aunt Clara, give him some yarn to hold, and there is Ellen. She can wind up that slow-moving tongue of his at the same time."

"The yarn around and round she slung
To make him loose his sluggish tongue,"

cried Charlie Rose, tauntingly.

"Oh, John, do tell us the news. Don't bother with Tom and Charlie; tell us the news," Ellen persisted.

"If Aunt Clara will give me one of her dough-nuts, I will tell all the news I have to tell."

"Why don't you say that you will tell all there is to tell, John; you are so non-committal?" chimed in Diantha, who understood how much and how little might be expected in the way of telling or talking from John Stevens.

Aunt Clara went out and brought in a pan of dough-nuts and a pitcher of milk, which kept the young people too busy for a few minutes to talk anything but nonsense.

"If I could find a girl that could make as good dough-nuts as you can, Aunt Clara," said Tom Allen, with his mouth half-full of cake, "I would marry her tomorrow."

"Would you, indeed," cried Ellen Tyler. "Then you must learn that catching comes before hanging. I made those dough-nuts myself, young impudence, while Aunt Clara was fitting my dress to wear up in the canyon."

"Ellie, I shall certainly have to take you as my wife. You know that I have already been engaged several times. But you shall have the privilege of being my very last sweetheart. The last is best, you know, of all the game. You are second to none in the matter of dough-nuts. Please, Ellie, give me another fried cake."

"Another plate-full, you mean. I certainly shall not accept your offer, for if I did I should have nothing else to do the rest of my life but fry dough-nuts for you."

"Ellie, haven't you heard that the nearest way to a man's heart is – "

"Oh, don't say such horrid things. We all know where your heart lies, Tom, so don't bother to tell us," said Dian, with a disgusted air.

"What on earth is the matter with me," began Tom, rising in mock indignation from his chair, but the girls cried out in dismay, and John Stevens, who sat nearest the offending youth, pulled him down into his seat again, and growled at him in so low a voice that no one but Tom could hear him, "There is nothing the matter with you, only you make yourself a little too prominent." And John indicated his friend's adipose with a slight blow. Tom was so tickled with the joke that he determined to repeat it even if the girls should be more shocked than ever, but Aunt Clara came in and asked John to tell them the news of the army.

"Yes, there is really an army en route for Utah, but they will forever be en route, either to Utah," after a pause, he added under his breath, "or to hell."

"What are they coming here for?" asked Aunt Clara, again.

"No one knows, unless it is to rob and murder us again, as mobs have tried to do so often before."

"And will they do it?" breathlessly asked Ellen.

"Not this year," grimly answered John. "There is only one entrance into this valley, through the canyon. And forty men could hold an army at bay for a year in our canyons."

"But, John, where are they? and how many are there of them? and when will they get here? and who is going out to meet them and fight them, and – "

"Well, Ellie, we shall give you the credit of asking more questions in a minute than even President Young could answer in a day. Say, boys, where is Henry Boyle?"

"Henry Boyle, did you say, Henry Boyle?" and Tom Allen, who had thus repeated the question, began to laugh, and as he laughed he fairly tumbled off his chair in his efforts to control his merriment. The others smiled and some even laughed aloud to see fat Tom laugh, for his merriment was always as contagious as a clown's.

"Do tell us what is the matter with Henry Boyle?" snapped Diantha, at last, worn out by his long continued, mysterious laughter.

"Oh, dear, I forget all about it, this war talk drove it all out of my head. But it is too ridiculous for anything," and he went off into another peal of laughter and exhausted himself, before they could calm him down to tell his story.

"You see, early this morning, far too early, it could not have been more than half an hour after sunrise, I was just taking my last beauty sleep, when a little boy rapped at my door; and when I succeeded in tearing myself from the arms of Morpheus sufficiently to find out what he wanted, he said Brother Boyle wanted to see me. I got myself over to Henry's and on entering the room," here another burst of laughter rendered Tom speechless for a moment, "there lay Henry on his bed, his legs stretched out and covered with his hard shrunken buckskin pants. I don't know where he got those pants, but they were not half tanned, and yesterday after that fall in the lake with them, fringes and all, he slept in them, for he said he could not get them off; and he had to let Charlie Rose drive the folks down in the wagon, while he coaxed another family to let him travel down in the bottom of their wagon, for he couldn't bend his knees. He got on to his bed someway, and there he lies. He wanted me to help him out of his scrape, for he says he can not afford to lose his precious pants; they cost him too much."

"What did you tell him to do?" asked Ellen.

"Oh, I ordered him to live on fresh air and cold water for three days, so his legs would shrink, and then left him to time and fate."

"I am ashamed of you, Tom Allen, for treating anybody so, especially one who is a comparative stranger to these mountains and our customs."

"Oh, Dian, if you are going to lecture me, I shall have to have another of Aunt Clara's doughnuts."

"Come, my dears," said Aunt Clara, "sing me a hymn. Here is Harvey with his concertina, and he will help you. Sing 'O, ye mountains high'," and then, gradually quieting down, the young people joined in that thrilling hymnal of Mormon independence. Strange people they were, with strange notions of life and destiny.

"Well, I am going home," announced Diantha, at last, and she arose at once to get her hat.

John Stevens took up his own hat quietly at her words, and she was pleased that he did so, for she wanted to ask him more about the coming trouble, and she knew that he would say nothing of importance in that crowd.

"You asked me to stay all night with you, Dian, do you want me to come home with you now?" queried Ellen Tyler.

Half annoyed that Ellen had thus rendered it impossible for her to speak alone with John, Dian was yet too courteous to let her friend know of her feelings. As soon as Ellen started out Tom Allen snatched up his hat, and so Dian had to accept the double interruption of her anticipated confidential talk.

There was no such a thing as quiet or sensible talk with Tom Allen and Ellie along; but just before they reached her gate, Dian managed to ask John quietly to go down to Henry Boyle and release him from the effects of Tom Allen's cruel fun.

John parted with them all, and after a brief visit with Henry Boyle, wended his way to President Young's office, where he was soon deep in council with his leaders and the associated friends of the Nauvoo Legion.

The middle of August found John Stevens enlisted as one of a small, trusty band of Utah mountaineers under Colonel Robert T. Burton, with faces set to the east, where they were soon out of sight and sound of civilization, riding toward the coming troops.

VII
VAN ARDEN ENTERS THE VALLEY

In the early morning of the sixth of September, 1857, a solitary horseman was slowly making his way down Echo Canyon, thoughtfully observing the features of the narrow and circuitous route of the everlasting hills as he rode. The morning sun glinted and shimmered upon the gaudy gilt buttons and epaulettes of his dark blue coat. His cap bore upon its visor the arms of the U. S. He was clearly an army officer.

The bright fluttering leaves on the oak and maple brush that clothed the mountain sides in their gaudy, early autumn dress, formed a vivid contrast to the tiny groves of cedar which clung closely to the mountain tops or hung in straggling beauty to the side of some precipitous cliff. The bare, brown earth, dotted with bald white and gray boulders, showed its plain face here and there, and far from the eye, the dull brown shade was gradually melted into a pinkish purple haze, too full of wild barbaric beauty to escape the attention of the young rider who sat his fine horse with a proud military firmness.

The officer was evidently upon the alert for any surprise, for his eye glanced quickly ahead and around; his whole bearing suggested a sharp, suspicious attention to every detail of road and overhanging rock. As he turned a sudden curve in the road, he met a tall, silent horseman, who sat his restless steed, in a manner no less firm and commanding than that manifested by the gayly-clad officer of the great army of the United States.

"Good morning, sir; may I ask whither you are bound?" said the mountaineer.

"Certainly, I am traveling to Salt Lake City. Permit me to pass, if you please."

"Just one moment; do you come on an errand of peace or otherwise? You must know something of the condition of affairs in this Territory, and I assure you I have full right and authority to ask this question."

The officer glanced shrewdly into the face of his opponent, and after a few moments' careful scrutiny, which was apparently satisfactory, he leaned easily over the horn of his saddle, and answered quietly:

"I accept your declaration and as a civil answer to your somewhat unusual question, I am quite willing to tell you that my name is Van Arden, and that I am bound on an errand to Mr. Brigham Young."

"I do not ask the nature of that errand, for I don't suppose you would answer me if I did; but I shall take the liberty of accompanying you from here to the City."

"Very well, Mr – ."

"Stevens," laconically answered the other, slowly wheeling around his horse and trotting along by the other's side.

The remainder of the morning was spent in a somewhat desultory conversation, the officer doing most of the talking, as he was determined to retain a measure of friendly intercourse, no matter whether it was pleasing to his companion or not. Towards noon, they halted beside the mountain stream, and each produced a modicum of luncheon, which was partaken of in semi-silence; a few questions from the officer accompanied the meal, with exceedingly brief, although not uncivil, answers from the mountaineer. As they arose to resume their journey, a small party of horsemen appeared just in front of them, and without a word of greeting or questioning they joined the two, and silently followed closely upon the heels of the strangely associated companions.

Arriving in due time in Salt Lake City, the gallant captain was escorted by his silent guard to excellent quarters in the hotel on Main Street. As he was about to dismount, he turned to his late companion and courteously asked:

"Would you kindly convey, for me, a message to Brigham Young?"

Stevens drew himself up in his saddle, and with his eyes sternly set upon his horse's ears, he said coldly:

"If you have any messages to send to his excellency, Governor Young, I will deliver them."

"Then be so good as to convey my compliments to His Excellency, Governor Young, and inform him that Captain Van Arden is the bearer of important messages for His Excellency which, from their nature, should be delivered at once."

Without a word of reply, Stevens wheeled his horse around, and, after a brief parley with his men, who quietly accepted his orders, he rode hastily up the street. He was admitted at once to the office of the Governor, and gave a brief, yet vivid report of his three weeks' sojourn in the mountains, and then stated the nature of his errand and message.

"I am under orders from Colonel Burton to keep a strict, but civil watch over this officer, who left Fort Leavenworth, July 28th, with six mule teams, to attend upon you with some demands or requests. We have not yet been able to ascertain the nature of his mission, but feel sure it is of a peaceful nature, as he left his teams and escort at Ham's Fork, and proceeded from thence alone."

"What was his object in leaving his teams?" asked Governor Young.

"I think he feared his mission might be misunderstood, and he, perhaps be barred from entering the valley at all, if he attempted to bring them any further. He said as much to me today."

"What is your opinion of the man?" asked the Governor.

"I take him to be a gentleman. He met some of our apostates, who have, as you know, hurried out of Utah to join the army, and they have, one and all, tried to scare the life out of him, with blood and thunder yarns about our people. But he has traveled straight along, and appears to be a firm, yet a sensible and peaceable kind of man."

The President-Governor sat a moment in silent meditation. Then, with an upward glance of his piercing blue eyes, he asked:

"Did you say that he wished to see me tonight?"

"He did not mention any set time, only that his business was important and he wished to have an interview as soon as possible."

"Brother Wells, will you send a message to Brother Bernhisel, asking him to be present to accompany us in half an hour to the hotel?" said the President. Then turning to Stevens, he added:

"You will hold yourself and a small escort with you in readiness to accompany us upon this errand."

In a short time the party arrived at the hotel, and the guard were stationed at different points around the building, while the gubernatorial party entered the parlor, and sent a courteous message to Captain Van Arden.

John Stevens lingered behind the rest of the party, but General Wells came to the door and called quickly:

"Brother Stevens, the President desires you to come in with us."

John quietly accompanied his general, and as they entered the parlor, they found the captain shaking hands cordially with the Governor. Who could resist the magnetic courtesy and geniality of the "Mormon" leader when he chose to exert it!

In a very short time captain Van Arden discovered that instead of a bold pirate and trickster, he had encountered a master spirit, and if he would succeed in his appointed mission, he must treat his powerful guest as all great men are treated – with the most elegant diplomacy and subtlest deference.

Without a word of anxious curiosity or vulgar assumption of power, Governor Young allowed the captain to choose his own time for the desired interview, and ten o'clock the next day was accordingly appointed as the best hour.

The captain accompanied the governor and the rest of the party to the porch of the hotel, and as they moved off into the clear, pleasant autumn darkness, he looked up into the blue vault above him and said to his own soul:

"What cowardly fool and lying trickster has persuaded the President of the United States to send out here the flower of the American army to subdue, or perhaps destroy, this innocent, loyal, and simple people? Brigham Young is the peer of any statesman in the United States, or I cannot read human nature."

VIII
THE WINTHROPS ENTERTAIN

The next morning, the 8th of September, when Captain Van Arden went down to the breakfast table, his whilom companion, the silent Stevens, was already enjoying himself at a table in the corner of the dining room. The captain at once joined him, and found that the silent lips could open, and the reserved manner melt, when the owner so willed it. At ten o'clock the two wended their way in friendly chat to the Social Hall, the place appointed for the proposed meeting.

The captain found the room a well-lighted, large hall, with a raised dais or stage, in the east end, surmounted by an arch which evidenced a curtain, perhaps for the purpose of dramatic entertainments. As another surprise, the captain caught sight of a plaster cast of the Bard of Avon in the center of the proscenium arch, smiling down upon any Thespian devotees who might be present. The floor was mostly covered with a bright rag carpet, and the windows were tastefully draped with dark red hangings.

President Young came forward, and again the captain found himself under that magnetic charm; but he was himself a man of the world, and he was moreover exceedingly anxious to carry his point with these people, however much he might sympathize with them after learning their true character and position. He was in the employ of the United States army, and had a most important duty to perform. Accordingly, as soon as the preliminary greetings were over, he addressed himself to the "Mormon" leader, and preferred his request.

"Governor Young, I come with a letter from my superiors and with orders to purchase stores and forage and lumber with which to make our soldiers, who are on their way here, comfortable during their journey."

"May I ask, Captain, what soldiers are on their way here and what brings them out to these western wilds?"

The captain was off his guard for the moment at the unexpected questions. He was aware that everyone present knew beforehand the answer required at his hands, and he hesitated at the choice of proper terms with which to convey the unwelcome intelligence which all were already in possession of; however, the questions must be answered.

"Through some unhappy misunderstanding, Governor, the President of the United States has been informed that the records of this Territory have been burned, and that the people here are inimical to the ruling government."

"The records of the Territory are in the proper receptacle for such documents, and this people, as you can testify, if you will use your eyes and your ears, while you are with us, are as peaceful and as law-abiding citizens of the great United States as any that dwell beneath the shadow of the flag. I see no justification for thus sending down an army upon us."

"Permit me to observe, your Excellency, that the army is not sent out here to do harm or to annoy the peaceable and law-abiding citizens of this Territory, but to protect such from all out-laws and murderers, whether Indians or whites."

"We have a fully organized and properly acknowledged corps of territorial officers, and are and have always been able to protect the inhabitants of this Territory from insult or injury."

The captain proceeded as delicately as he could to convey the information that a new governor had been appointed for the Territory, who was with the main body of the troops, and would enter the Territory and assume his office as soon as circumstances would permit. He was a wise and prudent man, this new governor, by name Cumming, and he would be a friend to the people, and a support to all concerned – so the captain endeavored to assure the assembled council.

"I am the governor of this Territory," answered Brigham Young, "and as such, shall take the proper measures to insure the life and liberty of the patient, peaceful inhabitants of these valleys. You may tell your commander that we, as a people, have been robbed and murdered, our wives outraged, and our men massacred, being driven from state to state, until we came out to this desert wild, and here, by the blessings of God, we have made the desert to blossom like the rose and the wilderness to gush forth. We have asked no help from the United States save that given to any other distant territory. After we came here, we planted the flag of our country upon our Ensign Peak within twenty-four hours, thus taking formal possession of this country in the name of the United States; and from that hour we have held out our welcoming arms to the honest and peaceable of all nations and tongues. We love our country and would take up arms in her defense, as our own 'Mormon' Battalion has so well shown, but we shall never submit to being murdered and pillaged by a lot of cut-throats and outlaws, for we will die, ourselves, before we submit to such indignities again."

A low murmur of approval went round the assembled council, and it was some moments before the officer could be heard, explaining that the United States had no intention whatever of committing any depredations or offering the least violence to any person or set of persons.

"We do not want to fight the United States," said the Governor, "but if they drive us to it, we shall do the best we can; and I tell you as the Lord lives we shall come off conquerors. The United States are sending their army here simply to hold us until some mob can come and butcher us as has been done before. We are supporters of the government and love the constitution and respect the laws of the United States; but it is by the corrupt administration of those laws that we are made to suffer. Most of the government officers who have been sent here have taken no interest in us, but on the contrary have tried to destroy us. What do you think of the patience of a people who have submitted to seeing a pimp set up as our honorable judge, to seeing him bring his strumpet with him and have her sit close beside him on the judicial bench, while he delivered his unrighteous rulings? Others like him complain that there is no civilization in Utah because, forsooth, there are no gambling hells or houses of prostitution. The officers sent here are often the vilest and most wicked of men."

"Most of the men sent to the Territory," answered the diplomatic captain, "have received their office as a political reward, or as a stepping stone to some higher office; but too often, they have no interest in common with the people. The greatest hold that the government now has upon you is in the accusation that you have burned the United States records."

"I deny that any of the books of the United States have been burned. You are at liberty to examine the books as proof of this statement," said the Governor. "I have broken no law, and in the present state of affairs, I will not suffer myself to be taken by any United States officer to be killed, as they killed our own beloved Prophet Joseph Smith."

"I do not think it is the intention of the government to arrest you," said the captain, "but to install a new governor in the Territory."

"I believe that you tell the truth," returned the President, "that you believe this – but you do not know their intentions as well as I do. If they dare to force the issue, I will not hold the Indians by the wrist as I do now, for white men to shoot at; they shall go ahead and do as they please. If the issue comes, you may tell the government to stop all emigration across the continent, for the Indians will kill all who attempt it. And if any army succeeds in penetrating this valley, tell the government to see that it has provisions and forage in store, for they will find here only a charred and barren waste. We have plenty here of what you want, but we will sell you nothing. Further than this, your army shall not enter this valley until I say so."

The captain was overwhelmed with surprise; he expected to find a few fanatical fools, and found himself confronted with an assembly of shrewd, determined men. Their talk was the talk of an equal power measuring arms with the great body of the American people.

He tried to show the President that it would be useless to thwart the government in its plans to station troops in Great Salt Lake Valley. If such was the determination of the central government, a

handful of mountaineers, albeit shrewd, hardy, and fired with religious zeal, which was the bulwark of all lofty courage, would nevertheless sooner or later be compelled to submit.

"We have no fight with the United States," said Brigham Young, "but when these troops, which you say must eventually quarter in this Valley, arrive, they will find Utah a desert; every house will be burned to the ground, every tree cut down, and every field made into a barren waste. We have three years' provisions on hand, which we will cache, and then take to the mountains; and we shall receive from them the protection which we desire and which we have always deserved."

The interview was thus terminated. The captain had come to impress this set of fanatics with the might and majesty of the United States government; he was, instead, impressed with the strange, unnatural earnestness of this band of gallant men, whom he could but see were honest, pure and intelligent.

At the close of the council Captain Van Arden was invited by the governor to share the hospitality of his home for the remainder of the day. As they left the hall, the Captain found his old traveling companion standing upon the steps, and the President invited John Stevens home to dine with them, and to spend the afternoon.

As the party walked up the short hill towards the President's house they met a small group of young people, and John's eye, from under the broad hat, recognized pretty Ellen Tyler and the elegant form and handsome face of Diantha Winthrop. Some young men were with them, and momentary greetings were passed between John and his friends.

After the meeting was over, Ellie turned to Diantha and asked her eagerly:

"Did you ever see such a handsome man; oh, isn't he just superb?" And she gave herself a tiny hug in evidence of the sincere admiration she felt for the brilliant stranger they had just passed.

"He had a very fine pair of side whiskers, if that is what you mean. And his coat was very blue and his buttons were very bright also," answered Diantha, laughingly. "You can always pick out handsome men, Ellie, but we passed so quickly that I did not get a good look at his face."

"Who on earth were you looking at, then?" asked Ellen, "I can't see how it is, Dian, that you are so slow to see people. I see everyone at a glance."

"I was looking at our President and thinking what a glorious leader we have."

"I guess you also saw John Stevens," said Tom Allen, who was walking beside Ellen.

"Oh, yes, I saw John. Who could help seeing him? He is too big to escape anyone's eyes," answered Dian, indifferently. "Here comes my brother Appleton."

The days following were filled with appointments for Captain Van Arden to meet and share the hospitality of the leading men of the Valley. The gravity of the situation seemed swallowed up for the time being by a burst of genuine hospitality.

The third day the captain promised to spend with Bishop Winthrop, who proposed a ride to the Warm Springs in the afternoon, returning to the house for an early dinner when the Captain was to meet the ladies of the Bishop's household.

The expected day came all too soon for the women folks, who had much work to do to receive their guests in proper manner. The riding party was to be home for dinner at four o'clock; and at that hour, Aunt Clara Tyler, who had been invited, and the two girls, Diantha and Ellen, stood in the front room, watching for the party.

"Oh, isn't it perfectly lovely to think of seeing and talking to that splendid captain, Dian; I am just trembling with excitement," and Ellen Tyler fluttered restlessly about, going from window to window, in utter inability to control her impatience.

Aunt Clara stood looking down the street, and at the words of the impulsive girl, she turned on her those gentle yet steady black eyes, and chided:

"My child, there is nothing remarkable about this captain. He is good looking, to be sure, but that is a very small matter. He wears a uniform, but that, too, is of little account. He comes to this people in an official capacity, and as such, our brethren have thought proper to show him all courtesy.

But let me tell you, neither your father nor President Young himself would permit this man, nor any other stranger, to enter within the inner portals of his family life. You are a silly girl to waste a thought upon him."

Diantha sat rocking herself coolly in the big rush-bottomed rocker, and with whimsical contrariness, she took up Ellen's argument.

"I don't see, Aunt Clara, why one man isn't as good as another, if he behaves as well. I don't know anything about this captain, but suppose he or any other non-Mormon who is a good, honorable man, with not a shadow of sin or vice in him, should happen to take a notion to me, I can't see where the harm would be in taking a notion to him. Surely you don't mean to imply that all the good men, and all the desirable men are 'Mormons.' I think that is a very narrow view. What are your reasons?"

"There are two reasons, my dears. One is the solemn fact that a marriage ceremony solemnized by any other than by one divinely appointed and having authority from God to do so, ceases at death; a separation from a loved one after death, to continue throughout all the ages of eternity would be far more agonizing and intolerable than the mere earthly separation which is for a few flying years."

"Well," answered Ellen, flippantly, "that's not much of a reason. If you are sure of being happy here, why not let hereafter take care of itself? 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

"Ah, my child, you speak with the bitterness of the world-old scepticism and unbelief on your lips. That vain philosophy has wrecked more hearts than any other phrase ever uttered. There is also another reason; a very present and most cogent reason; one that effects our every day lives. It is this: Married people should be mated on the three planes upon which human beings meet and mingle – the physical, the mental and the spiritual. If they be mismated on either the mental or physical planes, a harmonious adjustment may be possible through the diligent exercise of the spiritual graces. But if the mismating is on the spiritual plane, such a couple will surely find their happiness shipwrecked, sooner or later. Try as you may, twist as you will, you nor none other may ever escape the bondage and sorrow that comes to those who are separated by a spiritual gulf. I have never seen happiness as the result of such unequal yoking, and I never shall. When, as sometimes happens there comes a measure of peace to such mismated couples, it is simply and only because the one has sunk, or has risen to the spiritual plane occupied by the other. Mark what I say, Ellen, my girl."

"Well, I shall marry for love, Auntie; and I shall never take a sorrow on my heart which I cannot kick off from my heels."

Aunt Clara did not turn around to face the speaker; she merely said:

"I don't think God makes mistakes; and He has said, through his former and latter-day prophets, that it is not right for the believer to mate with the unbeliever."

"Oh, here they are, Auntie; here they are!" cried Ellen.

Ellen turned and ran impulsively out on the front porch; Aunt Clara and Diantha followed her in a more leisurely manner, while Sister Rachel Winthrop, the hostess of the occasion, joined them as soon as the word reached her, and thus the four women stood waiting to receive their guests under the shaded porch.

President Young led the way up the steps with Captain Van Arden close by him. The President introduced the captain to the ladies, since Bishop Winthrop was still busy at the gate with others of the party.

The captain looked with genuine yet well-guarded interest into the faces of the two young "Mormon" girls, almost the first he had met. His interest grew into admiration, as he noted the lovely brown eyes, and the curling tresses of glossy brown hair floating around the head of sweet, fascinating Ellen Tyler. Her lips were curved and rosy with health and beauty, and her low brow and delicately-traced eyebrows were like those of a Grecian goddess. Her sparkling charm was not alone in the regular and beautiful features, nor in the well-molded yet dainty form; but in and through every glance, every word, there sparkled an indefinable attraction which no one could resist. Women loved her, men adored her. And this stranger instantly felt the force of her loveliness. He was a man of the world, too

prudent to manifest much interest in women of this peculiar and just now excited people, but he shot a glance of daring admiration into the brown depths of Ellen's eyes, which she, as daringly accepted.

Diantha was a little behind the others, and as she came forward for an introduction, the captain mentally exclaimed: "By Jove! where do they get such beauty from?" For the elegant dignity of the girl's carriage was fully warranted by the superb outlines of her face and form. Her head was crowned with its soft weight of yellow hair, braid over braid of its golden glory breaking into tiny waves on her brow; the neck curved gradually into the loveliest shoulders and bust he had ever beheld; and these lines melted into so round and pliant a waist that he felt sure she could well pose in marble for a perfect Hebe. Her face was not so beautiful as that of the brown-eyed maiden, but it was so engaging in its details of coral lips, parting over teeth like white shells, richest pink cheeks and a full, strong, pink chin, that no one could withhold the meed of admiration which this magnificent girl demanded. She had such a cool, superior way of looking at people, with steady eyes and even eyelids, that even this worldly wise captain wondered if the girl were a perfect woman of the world, supremely conscious of her own charms, or was she simply utterly ignorant and therefore unconscious of the impression she made upon every one who saw her.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.