TO THE READER.

In presenting this little volume to the public, I trust I may be excused if I give utterance to a few words by way of preface. This I think especially needful, as very probably what I have written will fall into the hands of many who are but imperfectly acquainted with Mormon doctrines and Mormon practice, and who would thus be at a loss to understand much of my story. It is only right that I should explain, among other things—that is, the poverty and privations which we endured for so many years. It must be fully understood that this poverty was entirely voluntary. My husband and myself were both zealously devoted to the faith, and when called to missionary labour, we obeyed. We were not only willing to sacrifice cheerfully all the pleasures and comforts of life for the sake of our religion, but we did so, and rejoiced that we were counted worthy to suffer.

Again, I must here state that, although I am necessarily compelled to speak of many circumstances of a personal nature, I have studiously avoided all mention of names or details which might reasonably give the least pain to any of my former friends and acquaintances. Even in the case of Brigham Young and his family, with whom I have been on terms of the most intimate acquaintance, although I felt myself at liberty to speak more freely of him as a public man, I have in no instance betrayed the confidence which any of his wives or members of his household have placed in me. This statement I am assured they will willingly confirm.

The following pages are simply what they pretend to be: “What I know about Polygamy;” and in order to set the whole matter plainly before the reader, I have given a brief account of my personal experience—what I myself felt, what I saw and knew. Every statement which I make, I can prove to be strictly correct; and if I have erred in any thing, it has been in not giving my subjects so high a colouring, or so sensational a character, as perhaps they had in their reality. The women of Utah will bear me witness that every word which I have written is true, although perhaps only a weak picture of the facts as they occurred.

I do not wish to apologize for any imperfections in what I have written, although perhaps I might, as a woman, claim a little consideration.
This is the first time that I have appeared in print, and probably it will be the last. It had been frequently suggested to me that I should write a short history of my own life as a Mormon, but I never seriously entertained the idea. Only two or three weeks ago, not a single word was written, or a plan even outlined for a work of any kind. Very recent and unforeseen circumstances, although they found me, in every literary sense, unprepared for such an effort, led to a resolution that I would give to the world, and especially to my sisters in Utah, whose sympathy I feel assured I possess, an account of my own trials, which have been, and in many instances still are, their own.

At the end of the volume I give an exact copy of the “Revelation,” that any curiosity felt respecting it may be satisfied, and that my readers may see for themselves what the Mormon women are expected to believe and obey. The few “choice” extracts which follow it are taken from the writings and discourses of eminent modern Apostles. They will amply corroborate every statement which I have made, and prove to the impartial mind that in no instance have I exaggerated or deviated from the truth—but rather the reverse. I have told a plain story of facts, and have endeavoured to present a faithful picture of the terrible realities of Mormon Polygamy. Whether I have succeeded or not, let the reader determine.

FANNY STENHOUSE.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.