

MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for this Paper.
A MODERN MOSES.

SALT LAKE CITY, Nov. 23, 1893.

The rising generation know but little of that great man, Brigham Young, of his wonderful work and traveling, in bringing the people to these valleys; making settlement after settlement, until all the valleys of Utah were filled with cities and villages; say nothing of the fine farms that are everywhere present. From Utah came the people that first settled Nevada, Montana, Wyoming; besides thousands and thousands that settled California.

That Brigham Young was the Moses of the nineteenth century there is no doubt. That he was even greater than Moses must be granted. Moses started with the Children of Israel from the valley of Goshen in Egypt to the promised land. He had only traveled in the wilderness fifteen days when his people rebelled, found fault with him; they murmured and said, "Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in Egypt, or that we were back in Egypt around the fleshpots of the Egyptians again." Moses had to appeal to the Lord, and the Lord had to send down quail for them to eat at night for meat. He caused manna to rain in the night for bread in the morning. He had continually to threaten them with death as the Lord's vengeance, to make them do anything. He threatened them with death to get them to wash their clothing.

The Israelites were forty years in the wilderness. It was less than three hundred miles from the land of Goshen to the promised land. Think of it! An overland coach would have driven it in thirty-six hours; or a good walker have walked it in ten days; while Brigham Young started from the great river with 140 white men, three women, two children and three negroes in his party, traveled 1500 miles through the wilderness, or across the plains, to his promised land, where he arrived in a few months and in time to put in a good garden, and raise vegetables the same year. There was no rebellion or wishing themselves back. Though surrounded by the savages on all sides, the unknown land ahead of them, all went on merrily, singing songs to the Most High; and all felt glad that they had left the mob of Christians behind them.

Just imagine what a staunch heart it must have taken to bid farewell to civilization, to all their friends, to houses, lands, to all luxuries; farewell to all that had become dear to them in this life, and start out on an unknown journey, not knowing if ever they would behold anything, or anybody that had been dear to them, again on earth; crossing the then bleak hills of Iowa, across the Missouri river; across the then trackless plains, making roads, building bridges—for the distance of 1500 miles to these now peaceful valleys. Bringing a year's supply with them, beside their seeds, barrows, plows, chickens, pigs and a few cows! One can imagine that after the necessities were loaded in the wagons there was but little room for luxuries; hence they did without them.

You that have crossed the plains in

Pullman cars with all the conveniences of a palace, come, let us camp with them and see how you would like it! First night out—camp—everything crowded in the wagon, nobody knows where things are; had rather go to bed hungry than attempt to cook. In the night the wolves howl. It is a lonesome and an ominous howl; it may be Indians for all you know; they do howl like wolves when bent on mischief. In the morning you are hungry and tired, for you have slept but little; the bed, being on the ground, was hard; but you hunt up something to make a fire with. There is no wood, so you gather some buffalo chips, make a little coffee, eat crackers with a little fried bacon; that makes the meal. Hitch up, hurry the things in the wagon, and drive until noon. Turn out the stock to grass; stop an hour; hitch up, drive on until night—and camp; corral the wagons—that is done by driving the wagons around in a circle one behind the other. You camp outside. The stock is sent out to grass, with some one to guard it until bed time, when it is brought in and put into the corral, and a guard is put outside to watch for Indians. A rain storm comes on, but no matter, the guard must go on. You take your turn; when it is time to change you turn in wet, with your clothing on; the others have to turn out into the cold—raining as though another flood was coming on. Still raining in the morning. There is no wood. You hunt around and succeed in getting a fire started with some buffalo chips (if you want to know what that is, ask your parents); biscuits are baked in a bake-oven, or flap-jacks baked in the frying pan; the bacon is fried, a little flour is stirred in the grease for gravy; coffee is made—and the meal is ready. Hitch up, go on. You soon come to a creek which now has swollen to a river. A ferry has to be improvised out of one of the wagon beds. Everything is ferried over in that. The stock is swam over. Night is coming on. A camp has to be made. All are tired, but guard has to be stood, rain or shine. These storms rage on the Platte river often from three to four days. When the sun does come out everything is dried. By this time everything that you have on is dirty. Sunday comes. By this time the Platte river is struck, where there is a little wood. You hurry up and wash a few things out, but a few at that. It is hurry all the time—night and day. It is lonesome—nobody to meet, nobody to see except those you are with.

Under all these circumstances Brigham Young was always serene, affable and kind to those around him and with him. If any one was sick, he was by his side with a kind and cheerful word. When the cattle were to be yoked he was there to see it was well done. When a wagon was stuck in the mud he was there to give them a lift out. When any one was morose and downcast, he had a good word of cheer. At night around the camp-fire he could tell his story to cause the laugh as well as the best one in camp. He was fond of music, and would sing with the rest. He possessed a happy and a contented mind.

The credit must be given to his indomitable will for the great success of

building up a half-way house for the gold seekers to replenish their exhausted supplies. After he had found the promised land, Brigham Young took all the spare teams and a few trusty men and returned to the Missouri river after the balance of the Saints. In all this labor Brigham had many brothers Aaron, in the persons of Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards, John Taylor, Orson Hyde, Orson and Parley P. Pratt, Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow, Erastus Snow, Franklin D. Richards, Charles C. Rich, George A. Smith, George Q. Cannon, with a host of other good men to assist him in the great labor in the transmigration. The trains were organized into large companies, with captains of fifties, and captains of tens; these captains assisted their companies in time of trouble—as in a wagon getting stuck in the mud, crossing streams, or getting up a steep hill.

On the 24th of July, 1847, the first company emerged from what is now called Emigration canyon and gazed and feasted their eyes on these valleys. Who can feel as they felt! Who can describe their feelings! What joyful hearts this handful of people must have had. Joy indescribable! Joy unspeakable! A haven of rest from the toils of so long and weary a journey. The next thought was that of sadness. O, if fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters were only here! Where are they? I wonder if I ever will see them again? Alas! many did they never see again! Others that came afterwards perished from fatigue, cholera and other diseases.

That evening they camped near where the Temple block now is. In the morning President Young, Orson Pratt with a few others went where the Temple now stands. After President Young looked to the west, then to the south, north and east, he put his cane down, at the same time remarking: "Brethren, here we will build a Temple to the Lord, finer than Solomon ever dreamed of."

It must be remembered that these people were very poor; they had been despoiled of almost all they had possessed by the relentless mobs of Missouri and Illinois—driven out to go—it did not matter to the mob where. In the face of poverty that prediction has come so very true, as all that have seen inside of the Temple will testify.

Brigham was great and good, and his name will live as long as the world stands. His door was always open to his friends—to the stranger as well. He was unlike our President Cleveland, who crawls into his hole and pulls the hole after him, to get away from his friends. He interested himself in anything that was going on around him. He built a theater for the amusement of himself and the people. He believed in the elevation of the stage; so much so, that he allowed his own daughters to act there. He was fond of dancing and mingling with the people in parties. He was a kind father to his children, and a friend to the human family. I wish there were more Brigham Youngs on earth. He possessed power over mankind. Every one that came into his presence knew and felt that he was in the presence of the great without being told. He looked a commander—he was a leader. The people believed him, because he told them the truth. He hated deception. He was a good judge of hu-