

PLAIN ENOUGH.

I am looking up and down,
Up and down, through the town,
For a little house to dwell in,
A shelter and a rest;
But though the buds are swelling,
And the springs from earth are welling,
I cannot find a place for my rest.

[Rose Terry Cooke.]

If you had paid the rent,
Up and down, every cent,
For the little house you dwell in
Week by week,
Though buds might swell and swell,
And the springs from earth up well,
You'd quickly gain the little place you seek.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

LIFE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG; OR,
UTAH AND HER FOUNDERS.

Extracts from Mr. E. W. Tullidge's
New Work.

CHAPTER I.

It was thought that when Joseph Smith was killed the Mormon work would die out. Not unlikely this expectation helped much to bring about the tragedy of his end. And so, according to ordinary probabilities, it would have died out, or been crushed out, and the Mormon church scattered to the four winds, had not a man arisen fully the equal of Joseph Smith; not like him in type, but his other half,—the fulfiller of the prophet. It is evident that the man required to execute such a mission and work as the Mormon prophet had laid down, was one having the real empire-founding genius, and that, too, of an extraordinary cast. It was not remarkable that, on the martyrdom of the Prophet, his chief apostle should take the leadership of the church; but that he should have been equal to the task of holding the community together, conducting them through their exodus to the Rocky Mountains, consolidating the impetuous forces and agencies that his predecessor had thrown into the work, building up a powerful territory of the Union, founding two hundred and fifty cities, and preserving his people through a strange and eventful history, is quite in keeping with the idea of a Western Mohammed in the nineteenth century.

CHAPTER II.

THE MORMON EXODUS. BRIGHAM AS THE MODERN MOSES.

The period of his life that seems the most proper in which to introduce Brigham Young in action to the reader, is when he succeeded the Mormon prophet and led his people in the famous exodus from Nauvoo. Here we have him at once in the character of the modern Moses. It is no fanciful conceit of the author to thus style him to-day, after he and his people have built up a State fabric, with three hundred cities and settlements, networked with railroads and the electric telegraph; for at that very period his name rang throughout America, and reverberated in Europe, as the Moses of the "latter days," and the Mormons were likened to the children of Israel in the wilderness.

Finding before his death that the issue had come—that he and his people could no longer remain in the land of the "Gentile,"—the Prophet planned the removal of the Mormons to the Pacific slope; but, closing his career in martyrdom, the execution of the design fell upon Brigham Young.

Towards the close of the year 1845, the leaders, in council, resolved to remove at once and seek a second Zion in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains. It was too clear that they could no longer dwell among so-called civilized men. They knew that they must soon seek refuge with the children of the forest; and as for humanity, they must seek it in the breasts of savages, for there was scarcely a smouldering spark of it left for them, either in Missouri or Illinois, nor indeed anywhere within the borders of the United States. That this was exactly the case appears from the fact that before the Mormons undertook their exodus, they appealed, but appealed in vain, not only to the President of the United States, but to the Governors of all the States, excepting Missouri and Illinois, addressing to each a personal prayer, asking of them their influence to prevent the ruthless extermination of twenty thousand native-born American citizens, or, at least, their favor in peacefully

removing them to Oregon or California. Moreover, they had, during the lifetime of the Prophet, sent a delegation to Washington,—Joseph Smith himself going to ask redress of the wrongs of his people. It was then that President Van Buren made his famous reply: "Gentlemen, your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you!"

The appeal thereafter made to President Polk, and to the Governors, will be found in another chapter; suffice it here to say, that it availed the Mormons nothing. They had now no destiny but in the West. If they tarried longer their blood would fertilize the lands which they had tillied, and their wives and daughters would be ravished within the sanctuary of the homes which their industrious hands had built. Their people were by a thousand ancestral links joined to the pilgrim fathers who founded this nation, and with the heroes who won for it independence, and it was as the breaking of their heartstrings to rend them from their fatherland, and send them as exiles into the territory of a foreign power. But there was no alternative between a Mormon exodus or a Mormon massacre.

Sorrowfully, but resolutely, the Saints prepared to leave; trusting in the providence which had thus far taken them through their darkest days, and multiplied upon their head compensation for their sorrows. But the anti-Mormons seemed eager for the questionable honor of exterminating them. In September of the year 1845, delegates from nine counties met in convention, at Carthage, over the Mormon troubles, and sent four commissioners: General Hardin, Commander of the State militia; Senator Douglass; W. B. Warren, and J. A. McDougal, to demand the removal of the Mormons to the Rocky Mountains. The commissioners held a council with the twelve apostles at Nauvoo, and the Mormon leaders promptly agreed to remove their people at once, a movement, as observed, which they had been considering for several years. Now they were brought face to face with the issue. Brigham Young sought not to evade it; but, with his characteristic method, resolved to grapple with the tremendous undertaking of the exodus of a people. Knowing well, as every body to-day knows, that this extraordinary man is no fanatic, nor even a religious enthusiast, but a cool-headed strong-willed leader, who undertakes nothing but what he feels that he can execute, if faithfully supported by his brethren, this act will be perpetuated in history as one of the marvels in the lives of the world's great characters; for on that exodus hung, not only the future of Brigham Young, but the very destiny of the Mormon people. Probably it was a sensible comprehension of this fact that prompted General Hardin to ask of the twelve apostles, at the council in question, what guarantee they would give that the Mormons would fulfil their part of the covenant? To this Brigham replied, with a strong touch of common-sense severity, "You have our all as the guarantee; what more can we give beyond the guarantee of our name?" Senator Douglass observed, "Mr. Young is right." But Gen. Hardin knew that the people of Illinois, and especially the anti-Mormons, would look to him more than to Douglass, who had been styled the Mormon-made Senator; so the commissioners asked for a written covenant, of a nature to relieve themselves of much of the responsibility, and addressed the following:

"NAUVOO, Oct. 1, 1845.

"To the President and Council of the Church at Nauvoo:

"Having had a free and full conversation with you this day, in reference to your proposed removal from this country, together with the members of your church, we have to request you to submit the facts and intentions stated to us in the said conversations to writing, in order that we may lay them before the Governor and people of the State. We hope that by so doing it will have a tendency to allay the excitement at present existing in the public mind.

"We have the honor to subscribe ourselves,

"Respectfully yours,

"JOHN J. HARDIN,

"W. B. WARREN,

"S. A. DOUGLASS,

"J. A. McDOUGAL."

The covenant itself is too precious to be lost to history; here it is:

"Nauvoo, Ills., Oct. 1st, 1845.

"To Gen. J. Hardin, W. B. Warren, S. A. Douglass and J. A. McDougal:

"Messrs.—In reply to your letter of this date, requesting us 'to submit the facts and intentions stated by us in writing, in order that you may lay them before the governor and people of the State,' we would refer you to our communication of the 24th ult. to the 'Quincy committee,' &c., a copy of which is herewith enclosed.

"In addition to this we would say that we had commenced making arrangements to remove from the country previous to the recent disturbances; that we have four companies, of one hundred families each, and six more companies now organizing, of the same number each, preparatory to a removal.

"That one thousand families, including the Twelve, the High Council, the trustees and general authorities of the Church, are fully determined to remove in the Spring, independent of the contingencies of selling our property; and that this company will comprise from five to six thousand souls.

"That the Church, as a body, desire to remove with us, and will, if sales can be effected so as to raise the necessary means.

"That the organization of the Church represent is such that there never can exist but one head or presidency at any one time. And all good members wish to be with the organization; and all are determined to remove to some distant point where we shall neither infringe nor be infringed upon, so soon as time and means will permit.

"That we have some hundreds of farms and some two thousand houses for sale in this city and county, and we request all good citizens to assist in the disposal of our property.

"That we do not expect to find purchasers for our temple and other public buildings; but we are willing to rent them to a respectable community who may inhabit the city.

"That we wish it distinctly understood, that although we may not find purchasers for our property, we will not sacrifice it, nor give it away or suffer it illegally to be wrested from us.

"That we do not intend to sow any wheat this Fall, and should we all sell, we shall not put in any more crops of any description.

"That as soon as practicable, we will appoint committees for this city, La Harpe, Macedonia, Bear Creek, and all necessary places in the county, to give information to purchasers.

"That if these testimonials are not sufficient to satisfy any people that we are in earnest, we will soon give them a sign that cannot be mistaken—WE WILL LEAVE THEM.

"In behalf of the council, respectfully yours, &c.,

"BRIGHAM YOUNG, President.
WILLARD RICHARDS, Clerk."

"The covenant satisfied the commissioners, and for a time satisfied also the anti-Mormons.

But their enemies were in patient for the Mormons to be gone. They would not keep their own conditions of the covenant, much less were they disposed to lend a helping hand to lighten the burden of this thrice-afflicted people in their exodus, that their mutual bond might be fulfilled—a bond already sealed with the blood of their prophet, and of his brother their patriarch. So the high council issued a circular to the Church, Jan. 20, 1846, in which they stated the intention of their community to locate "in some good valley in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains, where they will infringe on no one, and not be likely to be infringed upon." "Here we will make a resting place," they said, "until we can determine a place for a permanent location. * * * We also further declare, for the satisfaction of some who have concluded that our grievances have alienated us from our country, that our patriotism has not been overcome by fire, by sword, by daylight nor midnight assassination which we have endured, neither have they alienated us from the institutions of our country."

Then came the subject of service on the side of their country, should war break out between it and a foreign country, as was indicated at that time by our growing difficulties with Mexico. The anti-Mormons took advantage of this war prospect, and, not satisfied with their act of expulsion, they raised the cry, "The Mormons intend to join the enemy!" This was as cruel as the seething of the kid in its mother's milk, but the high council answered it with the homely anecdote of the Quaker's characteristic action against the pirates in defence of the ship on which he was a passenger, when he cut away the rope in the hands of the boarder, observing, "If thee wants that piece of rope I will help thee to it." "The pirate fell," said the circular, "and a watery grave was his resting place." Their country had been anything but a kind protecting parent to the Saints, but at least, in its hour of need, they would do as much as the conscientious Quaker did in the defence of the ship. There was, too, a grim humor and a quiet pathos in the telling, that was more touchingly reproachful than would have been a storm of denunciations. In the same spirit the high council climaxed their circular thus:

"We agreed to leave the country for the sake of peace, upon the condition that no more persecutions be instituted against us. In good faith we have labored to fulfil this agreement. Governor Ford has

also done his duty to further our wishes in this respect, but there are some who are unwilling that we should have an existence anywhere; but our destinies are in the hands of God, and so are also theirs."

Early in February, 1846, the Saints began to cross the Mississippi in flat boats, old lighters, and a number of skiffs, forming, says the President's Journal, "quite a fleet," which was at work night and day under the direction of the police, commanded by their captain, Hosea Stout.

On the 15th of the same month, Brigham Young with his family, accompanied by Willard Richards and family, and George A. Smith, also crossed the Mississippi from Nauvoo, and proceeded to the "camps of Israel," as they were styled by the Saints, which waited on the west side of the river, a few miles on the way, for the coming of their leader. These were to form the vanguard of the migrating Saints, who were to follow from the various States where they were located, or had organized themselves into flourishing branches and conferences; and soon after this period also began to pour across the Atlantic that tide of emigration from Europe, which has since swelled to the number of about one hundred thousand souls.

As yet the "Camps of Israel" were unorganized, awaiting the coming of the President, on Sugar Creek, which he and his companions reached at dusk. The next day he was busy organizing the company, "acting the part of a father to everybody," and on the following, which was February 17th, at 9.50 A. M., the brethren of the camp had assembled near the bridge, to receive their initiatory instructions, and take the word of command from their chosen leader.

In Nauvoo the Saints had heard the magic cry, "To your tents, O Israel!" And in sublime faith and trust, such as history scarcely gives an example of, they had obeyed, ready to follow their leader, whithersoever he might direct their pilgrim feet. True, they possessed unbounded confidence in him, and, if possible, still greater confidence in their destiny as a people, but the task before him was almost superhuman, and a friendly look-on might have well been pardoned had he paused ere he pronounced the man Brigham equal to the task, for that would have declared him to be fully the equal of Moses in a strictly Mosiac work.

Brigham leaped into a wagon and sent his clarion voice ringing its first note of command. The dullest ear in the camp was awakened with the cry, "Attention, the whole camp of Israel." There was no prosaic prelude of wrongs—no harangue on their perilous journey, such as a demagogue might have made; nor was it merely the inspiring method of a great man, who, trusting in himself, sought to carry his people to a triumphant issue by the magic of his own genius. It was more than that. It was the man of destiny with the spirit of his mission in him; a man greater at that moment than he himself knew or aimed to be; a man greater than even to-day, after all his successes, he sees himself, at that supreme moment of his life.

Here, from the leader's private journal, is the simple telling of the epic of that day: "On the 17th, at 9.50 A. M., all the brethren of the camp assembled near the bridge, when I arose in a wagon, and cried with a loud voice, 'Attention, the whole camp of Israel!'"

This is truly Napoleonic in its commanding grip; but this homely telling! It is treating an exodus, which writers of every age have confessed to be the grandest of epic subjects, as an ordinary every-day affair.

The Mormons were setting out, under their leader, from the borders of civilization, with their wives and their children, in broad daylight, before the very eyes of ten thousand of their enemies, who would have preferred their utter destruction to their "flight," notwithstanding they had enforced it by treatises outrageous beyond description, inasmuch as the exiles were nearly all American born, many of them tracing their ancestors to the very founders of the nation. They had to make a journey of fifteen hundred miles over trackless prairies, sandy deserts and rocky mountains, through bands of warlike Indians, who had been driven, exasperated, towards the West; and at last, to seek out and build up their Zion in valleys then unfruitful, in a solitary region where the foot of the white man had scarcely trod. These, too, were to be followed by the aged, the halt, the sick and the blind, the poor, who were to be helped by their little less destitute brethren, and the delicate young mother with her new-born babe at her breast, and still worse, for they were not only threatened with the extermination of the poor remnant at Nauvoo, but news had arrived that the parent government designed to pursue their pioneers with troops, take from them their arms, and scatter them, that they might perish by the way, and leave their bones bleaching in the wilderness.

Yet did Brigham Young deal with the exodus of his people as simply in its opening as he did in his daily journal record of it. So, indeed, did the entire Mormon community. They all seemed as oblivious of the stupendous meaning of an exodus, as did the first workers on railroads of the vast meaning to civilization of that wonder of the age. A people trusting in their God, the Mormons were, in their mission, superior to the greatest human trials, and in their childlike faith equal to almost superhuman undertakings. To-day, however, with the astonishing change which has come over the spirit of the scene on the whole Pacific slope since the Mormons pioneered our nation towards the setting sun, the picture of a modern Israel in their exodus has almost faded from the popular mind; but, in the centuries hence, when the passing events of this age shall have each taken their proper place, the historian will point back to that exodus in the New World of the West, as one quite worthy to rank with the immortal exodus of the children of Israel.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH IN THE COUNTRY.

WELLSVILLE.

WELLSVILLE, July 26, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

Languid and weary the 24th has left us, after spending a good time. At "sunup," on the morning of "Pioneers" day, the stars and stripes were unfurled to the morning breeze, and the citizens transported by the strains of the brass band, from the realms of dream-land to the stern realities of every day life. Our procession was not a success, but the elements were to blame, not our lack of enthusiasm.

At the appointed time, 10 a.m., our meeting house was crowded to excess, to listen to the proceedings. After prayer by the chaplain, Bro. Robert Baxter, and music by the band and choir, the orator of the day, Father Timothy Parkinson, recited the trials and persecutions of the Saints in entering these valleys. The time was pleasantly spent by the people with short speeches, songs, toasts, &c. We were very much pleased to have the pleasure of listening to a short speech from Bishop Wm. H. Maughan, who has just arrived home after fourteen months mission in the "old country."

The afternoon proved a source of pleasure to old and young, all congregating on the public square and joining in the rustic sports, till pleasant laughter re-echoed again and again.

In the evening Terpsichore was patronized extensively, until it was proved that the "flesh was weak, but the spirit willing," and, weary and fatigued with the pleasure and toil of the day, all retired to toll in the arms of recruiting "Morpheus," the revivifying king of sleep, well pleased with the advent and departure of another 24th of July.

The crops look well in this region of country, although some of the heavy grain has suffered considerably through wind and rain storms, but, everything taken into consideration, a splendid harvest is prognosticated.

A Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association has been inaugurated in this place by Bro's Morris Young and M. H. Hardy. Steps are being taken to put it in working order, by the officers appointed.

Yours respectfully,
W. K. R.

MANTI.

MANTI CITY, Sanpete Co.,
July 25th, 1876.

The twenty-ninth anniversary of the entrance of the pioneers into Salt Lake Valley, was celebrated at Manti in a very happy and appropriate manner.

Early in the morning the people were awakened from their slumber by the sweet strains of music by the brass and martial bands as they were serenading through the principal streets of the city. As we looked towards the public square, we noticed the stars and stripes unfurled to the gentle breeze from the top of the liberty people. At nine a.m. the people commenced to gather at the bowerly, which under the direction of our lively and untiring Bishop, John B. Maiben, assisted by J. C. R. Weibye and others, had been very neatly and tastefully decorated for the occasion. On account of the somewhat unfavorable prospect of the weather the procession was dispensed with.

At 10 a.m. the meeting was called to order by Geo. E. Bench, Esq., marshal of the day. Eleven young ladies, with suitable mottoes, represented the State of Deseret and surrounding territories. The pioneers to Salt Lake Valley, the pioneers to Manti, the Mormon Battalion, the Relief Society, the Young Ladies Retrenchment Association, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, the Sunday school teachers and children of Manti, were all well and appropriately represented and seated in order by the marshal. After music by the bands, singing by the Manti and Sunday school choirs, and prayer by the chaplain, a very impressive and eloquent address was delivered by Wm. T. Reid, orator of the day, followed by appropriate and instructive remarks, toasts, and sentiments by Messrs. Castoe, Geo. P. Billings, Albert Smith, and others, interspersed with music and singing. One thing deserving mention was an original poem, which certainly did