

tiny—are all crowded into a potent name; when this name is mentioned it conveys the sum of the whole to the bearer. Nor is this fact detrimental to the Mormon Commonwealth, but rather gives it a massive consolidation and conservative power. Nor has it been prejudicial to the individual interest, since out of the poor of the working classes, gathered from many lands, it has founded a hundred cities in twenty-one years.

Brigham Young was born early in June, 1801. He was not one of the very first who "received the Mormon work," though he embraced the faith in the early period of the church. It was Joseph Smith who was the Prophet of the "Latter-day Church," and the revelator of the scheme of Mormon empire-founding, toward which, to this day, Brigham, Joseph Smith's disciple, works with full confidence of success.

The "Book of Mormon" somewhat accidentally—at least indirectly—fell into Brigham Young's hands. He read it several times, investigated it, weighed it, and was convinced of its truth; and thenceforth the Mormon mission was scarcely more Joseph Smith's than Brigham Young's. He forthwith went not to Joseph Smith, but into Canada, where his favorite brother, Joseph Young, was preaching Methodism, to bid that brother follow him "into the new light." Together they then travelled to the headquarters of the Mormon Prophet. There is a wide-spread tradition among the Mormons that—after their first interview with the man who was important enough in his lifetime to be known through the United States and Europe as the "American Mahommed"—Joseph declared that Brigham Young would yet lead the Church.

Brigham was a carpenter by trade. The practical executive capacity of his guild he may be said to have carried through all his life and presidential career, marvelously manifesting it in due time in his own proper character of statesman and empire-founder. His mission is not so much to build up a church of abstract faith as to found a State of the American Union. No man could be born more equal to this work. Whatever be the opinion of society, or the judgment of the future concerning his career as a religionist, mankind must, I think, agree that no statesman of the age is the match of Brigham Young in empire-founding traits of character.

Brigham was chosen by the Mormon Prophet as one of the first Twelve Apostles, of whom there are now left but four. He was not the first "President of his quorum," since that fell by seniority to Thomas B. Marsh. But so simple a matter as the quarrel of Marsh's wife over a little milk threw her husband, the then President, out of the church, and the mantle fell on Brigham. Leaving out of view the Providence of our mission, this simple "quart of milk" gave us Brigham Young.

The world at this day knows Brigham Young, as it knows Oliver Cromwell, as a religious enthusiast who plays a mighty part in the destiny of the world. But we know the man in his simple character of Mormon Elder. He is our chief, of whom we other Mormon Elders are prouder, as being our own great representative, than as the President of the Church. We see him in ourselves, and there is a self-glorification that we see ourselves in him. We partake of his qualities; his genius and work are in us. He, too, left home and family, without purse or scrip, traveling with blood in his shoes, as many of us have done, to preach the Mormon Gospel—that Gospel which I am free to confess we all fanatically believe, as, indeed, without this earnest faith we should have done nothing. Brigham was one of the first Apostles in England, though his chief compeer, Heber C. Kimball, opened the work in foreign lands. But Brigham was mightier there as a counsellor and director of his brethren—the "Twelve"—than as a great preacher or proselyter. He it was who provided money for printing the first edition of the "Book of Mormon" in England. He was ever a great financier, and at that early date this quality of his was of great import to us. I believe it is from our church history that I have picked up the following anecdote: Passing, one day, the chapel in London where the divine John Wesley preached, Brigham stopped and reverently uncovered his head. The greatest potentate that ever lived could not have provoked the reverent homage thus paid to a

Wesley, whom we Mormons love. This incident shows, too, the religious instincts of the man, and explains the powerful influence of Joseph Smith over a character which, as far as happens to humanity, is omnipotent in its individualism.

In the early periods of our Church, Brigham Young, though an apostle, was by no means one of our most showy men, nor, indeed, is he to this day. As he is not of the type of genius which exhibits splendid impulses and inspirations, so he is not, on the other hand, of the "smart" and clever type of men. The latter he has always despised, and ranks them lower than the gardener who prunes his fruit trees. He is that other half of genius which we call *character*. Cromwell, William of Orange, Frederick, Peter the Great possessed what I mean in a higher degree than the first Napoleon, whose endowment was rather splendid genius than character. In Mormondom, Brigham Young was at first what Cromwell was in Parliament. The *smart* men of our people (who were vastly less in weight and individual force), such as Sidney Rigdon, lifted a higher head than Brigham Young, but the profound judge of character would, even then, have pronounced him "the coming man," should Joseph pass away.

And this event was coming upon the disciples faster than they dreamt. They, however, and much less those who took the Mormon prophet's life, did not yet know the man upon whom the mantle of Joseph would fall. But he was close at hand; and the world to-day is more impressed with the name of Brigham Young than it ever was with the exaggerated one of the "American Mohammed."

Joseph Smith became a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, doubtless, with no expectation of being elected, but as a manifesto of his mission. He set forth his views and policy of Government. The Twelve and many others of the elders were called to take a political mission through the States, to present Joseph to the nation as a fitting man to represent it as Chief Magistrate. All the Twelve started, except Willard Richards and John Taylor, both of whom were in prison with Joseph at his assassination. During this political mission of the Twelve, the assassination came, and the brothers, Joseph and Hyrum, were killed by a painted mob, who broke into their jail at Carthage, while John Taylor received four balls, his life being saved by his watch which shielded his heart from the bullet which would have reached it. The private journals of Wilford Woodruff—upon which the writer worked for eighteen months—illustrate at once a great epoch in Brigham's life, and his quality of heart and attachment to his chief.

"Brigham" and "Wilford" (for we affectionately call our leading men by their Christian names) were together at a railway station, if I remember rightly, about to start for the City of Boston, when the news of the assassination of Joseph reached them. They said nothing to each other of the tragic event which touched them so deeply—too deeply for speech. Silently they performed their journey. Silently they walked together to their abode, at an elderly sister's house, and with one accord sought their chamber. Then, at length they found speech—nature's deepest speech, when she spoke in strong-souled men. Brigham took the arm-chair, Wilford the bed, and both sobbed like children in the convulsive agony of their bereavement.

Brigham Young lost no time in despair and indecision. Much less did he and his brethren of the Twelve confess the Mormon problem solved in the end of the Acts of the Latter-day Apostles. He forthwith called a council of the Twelve and elders at Boston, and it was resolved that the Twelve return immediately to Nauvoo, to the stricken church, now ready to be scattered as sheep without a shepherd, or drawn astray by aspirants for the leadership.

On their return, the Twelve found the famous Sidney Rigdon laying himself out to take the "guardianship." But the master spirit was now at home. The great day to choose the "guardian" was set, and Sidney was allowed to proceed with his little drama for power. There was one, however, who felt the might of Mormondom in himself, and was content to let Sidney's child's play go on to its denouement. The day having come, Rigdon was invited to lay his claims before the assembled church

and its apostles. Sidney made his grand charge upon the people for his "guardianship," and then Brigham Young leaped into the field. All felt the master spirit then, and saw that the mantle of Joseph had fallen on the man before them. A strange phenomenon was manifested on that day, often spoken of by us at home and abroad. "It was not Brigham that was before them on the stand, but Joseph himself; it was Joseph's voice, Joseph's gesture, Joseph's power, Joseph's very person, towering above that of Brigham." Their martyred prophet was not dead, but living in Brigham Young. How could that vast multitude be carried away by "psychological delusion," as most of my readers will consider it? To this day it has all the substance of reality to the thousands of witnesses who cannot be brought to admit that it was a mental fancy proceeding from the excited state of the people at that time. The Mormons will ever consider it as a divine manifestation that the mantle of Joseph had fallen on Brigham, and that Joseph was there in him.

Soon after, came the great exodus of the Mormons from Nauvoo to the Rocky Mountains. Early in the spring of 1846, the saints took up their line of march under Brigham Young, to follow him wheresoever he led, and a remnant was left to bring up the rear next Spring, according to the terms of the forced treaty, which their exterminators unlawfully exacted from them. The Mormons submitted to be driven from their homes. Yet they were chiefly American-born citizens; for the community had not in Nauvoo been swelled, as new in Utah, with floods of emigration. The modern Israel, who left under their Moses, were sons and daughters of America, whose sires had fought in the Revolution, and some, as, for instance, Apostles Parley and Orson Pratt, could trace their parentage to the Pilgrim Fathers. It was these men who consented, by a regular treaty (in which Douglas and others had a hand), to be driven from the country their sires had settled and the national family their Revolutionary ancestors had formed.

Nothing in history since the exodus of Israel from Egypt equals this Mormon exodus. The Mormons had fifteen hundred miles to travel across a waving ocean of prairie land, and the rugged Rocky Mountains, before they reached the Great Basin. They had to make roads and bridges as they journeyed along. Had not the people been heroic and devoted beyond measure to their religion, like the disciples of old, they would have gone back. But Brigham, Heber, and the Apostles sustained the exiles, and led them boldly into the wilderness. The main body of pilgrims traveled as far as Council Bluffs, and went into "Winter Quarters," while branches were scattered on the route. They all set to work building forts for the Winter, and preparing to continue their journey in the Spring of 1847.

A Grand council was held between the Mormon and Indian chiefs, and formal articles of convention signed; and then the renowned chief Pied Riche, surnamed Le Clerc on account of his scholarship, arose and said:

MY MORMON BROTHERS:—The Potawatomi came sad and tired into this unhealthy Missouri bottom not many years back, when he was taken from his beautiful country beyond the Mississippi, which had abundant game, and timber, and clear water everywhere. Now you are driven away the same, from your lodges and lands there and the graves of your people. So we have both suffered. We must help one another, and the Great Spirit will help us both. You are now free to cut and use all the wood you may wish. You can make all your improvements, and live on any part of our actual land not occupied by us. Because one suffers and does not deserve it, it is no reason he should suffer always, I say. We may live to see all right yet. However, if we do not, our children will.

In reverse of this picture of humanity, of savages welcoming their Mormon brethren, was the scene at Nauvoo, between the civilized exterminators and the exiles. The remnant according to the terms of the treaty, were to remain till the following Spring; but the exterminators broke faith with them, and, after a siege of the city of Nauvoo, and a three days' battle, they were driven out at the point of the bayonet, in the month of September, to be overtaken by Winter and to perish by the way. The city of Nauvoo, which means the "beautiful," was left a city of desolation. Well do I remember Wilford Woodruff's description of the last mournful look upon Nauvoo and the beloved Temple, as they receded in the distance, and were lost to the aching sight. Since I last wrote in *The Galaxy*, I have visited the spot where that temple stood,

BRIGHAM YOUNG AND MORMONISM.

BY A MORMON ELDER.

(From the *Galaxy*.)

In their tours—commercial, professional and ministerial—through the United States or Europe, the Mormon Elders have only to mention the name of Brigham Young in the hearing of ladies and gentlemen at the principal hotels or on the Atlantic steamers to draw at once public attention. The whole import and force of Mormondom—its present existence and future des-

and found not only not one stone left upon another, but the very foundations rooted up. Aye! but if they have pulled down the stones, we have rebuilt, ourselves, with marble.

Ere the peeled remnant had reached the main body of the Church at "Winter Quarters," the Government of the United States called upon the afflicted exiles for five hundred men to go into the Mexican war to fight the battles of the nation—that nation which had cast them out. It was, in fact, a scheme to effectually break up the community, recommended to President Polk by certain politicians, who designed our annihilation, among whom Thomas H. Benton was chief. We have the proof of this in our records. It was expected that we should resist, and designed that we should rebel. What greater proof of loyalty and undying love of country could we give than we then gave?

When the news was brought that military messengers from the Government were in pursuit of us there was great excitement in camp. They arrived, went into council with our leaders, and explained their business. There was no protest, no hesitation. "You shall have five hundred of our best men, even if it takes five hundred of our leading elders," was the prompt reply of Brigham Young. At a word from our chief, the men were enlisted, messengers sent to the other camps of the saints on the route, to supply their quota of men for the Mexican service, and, in the brief space of three days, the famous Mormon Battalion was organized, and their line of march taken up. That battalion was in fact made up of our elders—the very picked men of those capable of service; and their devoted families were left by the way on the hands of their brethren. Thus Brigham checkmated our enemies by his wisdom and energetic policy, backed by the devotion to religion and country of that heroic band. This Mormon Battalion it was that afterwards discovered the gold in California.

Early in the Spring (1847) the pioneers were organized into two grand divisions, the right division under the immediate leadership of Brigham Young, and the left under Heber C. Kimball, consisting in all of some three hundred souls. [The writer here confounds the organization of the Saints at Winter Quarters with that of the pioneers; the latter numbered 143 men; in all 147 souls.—ED. NEWS.] The pioneer camp started for the great basin where now stands the city of the saints. Of course the pioneer three hundred were chosen men whose wives and children, like those of the battalion, were left with the main body at Winter quarters. That journey is itself a romance in its adventures. The crossings of the Platte to find fitting fording-places were fraught with many a day's excitement and danger; the erecting of bridges by the way; establishing of fords for the rear companies; pioneering the new route; the buffalo hunts; the innumerable armies of those beasts which took sometimes whole days to pass; Indian alarms; charges of the red men upon the camp; the arrival of the pioneers in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake; all these would make a volume abounding with dramatic interest. A full account of this wonderful pioneer journey has never yet been published; but it is recorded very graphically in the private journals of Apostle Woodruff.

The pioneers arrived in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, July 24, 1847. A few had entered the day before, under Apostle Orson Pratt, but the main body, under Brigham, who had been hindered by sickness, arrived on the 24th, which is the day annually celebrated by us. The council of the leaders met, and the Valley of the Great Basin was chosen as the new home of the saints, as, until then it was not clearly known where the final resting-place would be found. They immediately went to work, laying out farms and planting for the next harvest, though they had scarcely food for consumption till that time, much less seed grain to spare. The planting, too, was almost a hopeless experiment. Bridger offered them a thousand dollars for the first ear of corn raised in Salt Lake Valley—that valley which has since been made to blossom as the rose, by our untiring industry, aided by irrigation from the melting snow of the surrounding mountains. The seed-time past, they patiently waited the harvest, and the Pioneers meanwhile went into the cañons to cut wood for the Winter's fuel

and for building. A fort was soon erected, and the num of civilized life was heard where scarcely till then the foot of the white man had trod. Providentially, that year there was scarcely any Winter.

Brigham, Heber and the Twelve now made a return trip to Winter quarters, and met with the advancing companies, bound for what was now called Great Salt Lake City. There were many stirring incidents by the way. Arriving at Winter quarters, the Twelve, in grand council, resolved upon filling up the quorum of the "First Presidency;" and Brigham Young was thus made the President of the church. This action was afterwards confirmed in general conference, at Great Salt Lake City, by the unanimous voice of the church.

Brigham and the leaders returned from Winter quarters the same year, bringing along the body of the church to the Great Basin, and then commenced with rapidity the growth of the Territory of Utah. The city of Great Salt Lake was laid out in the beautiful order which it shows to-day—blocks divided off to the Pioneers as their first right, on which they in turn settled their friends and relations, each having a lot of an acre and a quarter. Thus the city systematically grew into wards, over which bishops were placed.

But the growth of a city did not complete the Mormon problem. In Brigham's great programme was the design of building up a new State in the Union, and that design he unfolded with masterly policy, drawing into it the energy, religious faith and natural ambition of the entire people. Thus, from the very entrance of the Pioneers into Great Salt Lake, the object of every member of the community, male and female, was—not the mere building of a house or the planting of a family orchard—but the building up of a great State of the Union. It was not the individual interest that was fostered, but the greatness of the people.

The Mormons have migrated to Mexican possessions; they have been cast out from the Nation; but they had the instinct of Americans, and clung to their national allegiance. On Ensign Peak the Pioneers planted the American flag, and in the name of the United States, they wrested from Mexico a vast territory, which they defined and organized into a provisional State, with a duly elected provisional State Government, with Brigham Young as Governor. The name given to the State was Deseret. It is maintained to this day, and the people are constantly knocking for its admission into the Union. The name of Deseret like that of Nauvoo was taken from the "Book of Mormon." The latter means the "beautiful," the former the "honey-bee." The bee-hive is our State emblem. Its language is, "we build ourselves upon industry and virtue; for industry is social virtue." The historian of the future and the social philosopher will be forced to acknowledge—what a Colfax and a Richardson was forced to confess—these people abound with virtues in spite of their polygamy. No better coat of arms could the Mormons have chosen than their significant bee-hive. It is their history in an emblem.

Our State Constitution was drawn up, a delegate sent to Congress to present it, and in due time the people were admitted into the Union as a Territory under the name of Utah, and Brigham Young became Governor and Indian Agent [ex-officio Superintendent of Indian Affairs]. To grapple with Indian affairs was no child's play, but Brigham's masterly and pacific policy was more efficient than troops have since been; yet the strong, high stone walls which our leader caused vigorously to be reared around the young forts in the country, and an Indian war or two, admonished the red men that they must not be hostile. The success of Brigham's Indian policy became so manifest that our enemies made this one of our crimes. The Mormons had too much influence over the Indians.

From the beginning, our State-founding programme was rapidly unfolding, under the wise and potent direction of our chief, and ever and anon pioneers were chosen, from the first settlers of the city, to sell out and go into the country to form new settlements. These were from time to time called as missionaries, who forthwith started on their religious State-founding enterprise, or, in Mormon phraseology, to build up the "Kingdom of God." These persons become the Bishops and High Councils of the new "Stakes of Zion;"

and as our emigrations poured in from the States and Europe, they were systematically directed by the President to re-enforce the settlements. As the European mechanics and manufacturers had to resort from necessity to farming and stock-raising, Brigham's policy was furthered by nature's wants. It was only such as were needed who remained in Great Salt Lake City.

Our latest statistics show that we number one hundred and five cities and settlements in Utah; and everybody who has visited it views Great Salt Lake City, under the future era of the Pacific Railroad, as the New Jerusalem of America. Who have more right than the "saints" to pursue their laudable ambition of building up a State of the Union, upon the possessions which they took from a foreign power in the country's name, by their wonderful industry, giving it to the nation, not the desert they found it, but the fruitful field they have made it? Who have more right than they to choose their own Governor, and whom should they choose but the man who, under Providence, has made them what they are?

This republican right, in Buchanan's reign, was our crime; for polygamy was not the plea of the famous Utah expedition. Brigham says he will "be Governor until the Lord says, 'Brigham, I don't want you to be Governor any longer.'" Upon this, and the groundless charge of burning some law books, an army was sent against us, before an appointed Governor had been rejected or commissioners sent to inquire into the matter. We were ready to receive fifty governors, since no one in fact would govern us but Brigham. Albert Sidney Johnson, and most of the officers of the Utah expedition, soon took up arms against their country, so as to secede from the Union; but the Mormons have constantly been knocking for admission into that Union. Thus the very rulers who were preparing for rebellion were over-anxious to quell the rebel Mormons; and they did it through an officer who became one of the chief rebels himself in American history. But Brigham was equal to the occasion, and during that exciting period of our history was perfectly calm. Confident ever is the man in his mission and the destiny of the Mormons. We were ready to make another exodus, and to follow our President again wherever he should lead. That second exodus was a conquest. A "territory put upon wheels" at a word from one man, and the people's resolution to make Utah ashes, showed the world what Brigham Young and Mormondon meant. Brigham now had the issue in his own hand. Be assured he will preserve his people in the future, as in the past, and carry us and our work along.

Wherein is Brigham's power over us? In our love and not our fear. The power of despotism could not rule an Anglo-Saxon people from the dominant nations of America and England. We Mormon Elders love our chief, and dare say to his face we do not fear his power, though most of us would give life for his smile. He is our people's father, and as such we look upon him.

Two hundred thousand souls daily pray for Brigham Young that Heaven may spare him to us many a year to come, and when their lips utter it not, their hearts utter it. Brigham realizes that his people's prayers daily ascend in his behalf. Were his own heart not right, this consciousness would be as coals of fire heaped upon his head. But as it is it makes him strong and satisfied with life. He has no desire to die, and we are grateful that heaven spares him still to lead us.

E. W. TULLIDGE.