The martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother, the Patriarch Hyrum Smith, is one of the world's great tragedies. The members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints faced a great crisis. There were some who claimed that they were the successors in the leadership of the Church and took a stand in direct opposition to the Quorum of the Twelve, which quorum was the presiding authority in the Church. No sooner had this condition been quieted when the non-Mormon element commenced to increase their opposition toward the Church. This opposition reached its highest pitch in the year 1845. A trial of those who were in the mob which had perpetrated the cruel killing of the Prophet and Patriarch was held, and through a gross miscarriage of justice these men were found not guilty. Emboldened by the outcome of this trial, greater opposition arose. The Nauvoo chartered was repealed, the plotters trumped up charges, notably against President Brigham Young of the Twelve, and supplemented these vexatious acts with deliberate pilging, burning of houses, and destruction of property.

While these depredations were being enacted, President Brigham Young and his brethren were trying with all of their knowledge and strength to find a peaceable settlement with their opposers. Letters were written to the governors of the several states of the United States, except Missouri, asking if an afflicted and outraged people might receive a place within their boundaries where the Saints might dwell in peace. Only Governor Thomas S. Drew of Arkansas answered this appeal. He felt that inasmuch as the legislature of his state had adjourned he could not call them together again. The final ultimatum was that the Saints must leave their city and homes.

Finding no peace, the brethren notified the opposition that they would leave Nauvoo the next spring and pleaded with them to "cease your hostile operations so as to give us the short but necessary time for our journey." In the proclamation of President Brigham Young dated Oct. 31, 1845 are these words: "It has become necessary in the providence of our Heavenly Father that the Saints en masse who are located in Nauvoo should immigrate to a distant country West, in order to fulfill his will and live by his ordinances and commands as soon as possible."

At this time there were many Saints in the eastern part of the United States. That the brethren were greatly concerned about them and where they would settle is shown by this excerpt from a letter of President Young to Samuel Brannan:

City of Joseph [Nauvoo]  
Sept. 15th, 1845.

Dear Brother Samuel Brannan, . . . I wish you together with your press, paper, and ten thousand of the brethren
were now in California at the Bay of St. Francisco, and if you can clear yourself and go there, do so. . . .

A communication from the Quorum of the Twelve was sent to Orson Pratt, who was the presiding officer of the Church in the Eastern States, informing him of their desire that the Saints there might also join in this western movement.

At a conference of the eastern branches of the Church held November 12, 1845 in the American Hall, New York City, Elder Orson Pratt announced the decision of the leaders of the Church that the Saints were to move West. Samuel Brannan then laid before the conference his instructions from the Authorities of the Church, directing him to go by water, and called upon all who wanted to accompany him to come forward at the close of the meeting and put down their names.

Elder Orson Pratt in his Farewell Message to the Saints wrote as follows:

Elder Samuel Brannan is hereby appointed to preside over, and take charge of the company that go by sea; and all who wanted to accompany him to come forward at the close of the meeting and put down their names.

The following copy of a letter written by Charles A. Lovell from Ipswich, Massachusetts, gives a very interesting insight to such advice:

Ipswich, October 20th, 1845.

To Brigham Young, Esq.

Sir, Though I think the Mormon doctrines are erroneous, yet I have much sympathy with them in their sufferings, and in the cruel treatment they have experienced, and I would administer such treatment that I would permit you to remove with your friends from Nauvoo, and having lately had some information from a traveller, as to the peculiar excellences of the region around the bay and river St. Francisco in California, I thought it might not be amiss to state that you might take them into consideration in deciding as to the place you might select for your city of refuge. I have no interest in it any way, except a desire that you might be delivered from persecution. I never expect to leave this part of the country. First, the bay of St. Francisco is the best, strongest, and safest harbor on the western coast of North America, you might defend yourselves from all your enemies, and have a good market for all you might raise, in supplying the whaling ships which would come in for provisions. Plenty of fish could be procured for your own people. A few miles up the St. Francisco river are waterfalls which would afford you with all the mill privileges which you would want. I need not tell you how cheap cattle may be bought in the neighborhood of Monterey. José Castro is now Commandant General & Pio Pico is Governor of California. A few thousand dollars would obtain for you from them 2 or 300,000 acres of land, as they make grants of many square leagues for a mere trifle. If you should lease your Temple to the Catholics, some of the Catholic bishops would doubtless throw all the Catholic influence in California in your favor. One of your number might get appointed United States consul for St. Francisco, and thus have that influence which consular power would give. You ought by all means to have ship carpenters and boat builders there, so that your community might engage in fishing and commerce. You would be near the whaling grounds & some of your active young men might engage in that business. Then the Sandwich Island trade opens a fine field for enterprise. If you have any among you who could engage in the building of steamboats, they might rapidly acquire a fortune. If your numbers should increase so that you could plant a colony on the Gulf of California, you would then have the entire mastery of the country and might bid defiance to your persecutors. The route that has been taken by many of the emigrants to Oregon would probably be your route for the greater part of the way. With a sufficient stock of cattle, there would be no lack of provisions. And I doubt not but that there is wisdom enough in your councils to guide a large community to their destined territory. Wherever you are I doubt not your rallying cry will ever be Liberty to all. Would that cry could be raised in Missouri, and that those who are there suffering from oppression might go with your band where they too might be free from tyranny. That you may be guided in the way of truth, and have light from on high to direct you is the earnest desire of a friend to humanity and to the oppressed.

Charles A. Lovell.
Brigham Young, Esq.
President of the Community at Nauvoo.

In the latter part of January and the first days of February 1846 the Saints from several of the branches of the Church in the Eastern States gathered in New York awaiting the departure of the ship Brooklyn for California. Finally the full number were entered; their baggage transferred to the ship; and the passengers left the busy city and crowded into their staterooms ready for sailing.

The Brooklyn sailed from New York City on February 4, 1846, which was the same day that the exodus from Nauvoo commenced for the West. The voyagers started their journey joyfully. They took with them besides farming tools, fixtures for two gristmills, a printing press, type, and paper.

The following story of the journey is taken from an account given by John Eager and supplemented by excerpts taken from the account of Augusta Joyce Crocheron:

"The ship Brooklyn, 450 tons burthen, was commanded by Captain Richardson, and left New York Feb. 4, 1846, having on board 236 passengers, all of whom were Mormons except Frank Ward; the company were well supplied with implements of husbandry and necessary tools for establishing a new settlement.

The second day out the Brooklyn encountered a heavy sea, and on the following Tuesday laid to all day, in a heavy gale of wind, which occasioned a great deal of seasickness. While crossing the equator they experienced a calm for two or three days.

"As for the pleasure of the trip, we met disappointment, for we once long lay becalmed in the tropics, and at another time we were..."
of western New York of the first decade of the nineteenth century, as distorted by an adolescent mind, and as recorded by that mind in an autistic state."

More and more an effort is being made to trace the contents of the Book of Mormon to the social and religious environment in which Joseph Smith lived. Confusion is apparent among the writers. It becomes more and more difficult to declare Joseph Smith an ignorant, deluded person, or assert he was a base deceiver. An unbiased writer in 1951 asserts: 'No Vermont schoolboy wrote this, [the Book of Mormon], and no Presbyterian preacher tinkered with these pages.' He permits the believers in the divine origin of the book to make their own explanation, and leaves their claims to the truth-seeker.

The Book of Mormon, because of its divine origin, is the greatest challenge of evidence of divine providence that the writer has ever come across. The evidence of divine power since the death and resurrection of Christ. In a troubled and frightened world that recognizes the need of faith in God and a return in human life to the teachings of the Master, the Book of Mormon more and more challenges the sincere investigation of all people everywhere.

This investigation will include the evidence of divine power in the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, also the many changing attempts since its publication to prove it man-made.

**THE SHIP “BROOKLYN”**

But this is the worst gale I have known since I was master of a ship. One woman, full of confidence and zeal, answered him: 'Captain Richardson, we left for California and we shall get there.' Another looked with a calm smile on her face and said: 'Captain, I have no more fear than though we were on the solid land.' The captain gazed upon them in mute surprise and left them. As he went upstairs he exclaimed: 'These people have a faith that I have not,' and added to a gentleman, 'They are either fools and fear nothing, or they know more than I do.'

**Australia—A Virgin Field**

(Continued from page 719) dead, with over two million interments at Rockwood, New South Wales, has been the center of activity. Organized groups have been allotted certain sections, and they spend many Sunday afternoons and many holidays in this manner.

It is a huge undertaking. All who have the opportunity should cooperate and thus speed the work which is being eagerly awaited by the society in Utah. I can personally vouch for the soul satisfaction derived from this activity. There is no greater project upon the earth and none more fascinating and engrossing. Those who have not assisted in cemetery work have missed the most inspiring and satisfying work of all.

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THE SHIP "BROOKLYN"

access, about two rods from the beach; also plenty of wood. Goats, hares and pigs abound; likewise, figs and peaches.

"At Juan Fernandez we went ashore to bury Mrs. Goodwin. Although the occasion was so sorrowful, the presence of the six little children sobbing in their uncontrollable grief and the father in his loneliness trying to comfort them, still, such was our weariness of the voyage that the sight of and tred upon terra firma once more was such a relief from the ship life that we gratefully realized and enjoyed it. The passengers bathed and washed their clothing in the fresh water, gathered fruit and potatoes, caught fish, some eels, great spotted creatures that looked so much like snakes that some members of the company could not eat them when cooked. We rambled about the island, visited the caves, one of which was pointed out to us as the veritable 'Robinson Crusoe's' cave, and it was my good fortune to take a sound nap there one pleasant afternoon.

"May 9th.—The company left Juan Fernandez and reached the Sandwich Islands June 25, anchored in the harbor of Honolulu; the island of Oahu, the residence of King Kamehama, where the company remained eight days, to discharge cargo and receive wood and water. Bro. Winmer on going ashore was asked by a native if he was a missionary to which he answered in the affirmative.

"July 3. On leaving Honolulu, Commodore Stockton went aboard and inspected the 'Brooklyn,' and advised the passengers to procure arms on account of the unsettled state of California; the ship's company accordingly bought condemned muskets at $3 and $4 each.

"The company celebrated the 4th of July, were inspected and discharged their arms. There were fifty Allen's revolvers and each man had a military cap and suit of clothes. The company were drilled.

"July 31st.—They reached the harbor of San Francisco and landed at Yerba Buena (which signifies a good herb used by the Spaniards as a tea), found twelve or fifteen Spanish houses. Yerba Buena was sub-

sequently named San Francisco. The Brooklyn proved a better ship than was represented. Capt. Richardson and his first mate were good and kind to the ship's company; every book in the library was read.

"A boom—and its echo filled the air; it was a salute from the cannon of the fort, ordered by the U. S. commander. The Brooklyn responded, and all hearts felt more cheerful and secure. Look! in the dim distance a dark body gliding on the water towards us while the familiar strokes of the oars brought it swiftly and steadily to our ship's side. It was a sturdy rowboat, that seemed a familiar friend. In a few moments uniformed men trod the deck; we knew they were friends—Americans, not Mexicans. In our sweet native tongue the officer in command, with head uncovered, courteously and confidently, said in a loud tone: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to inform you that you are in the United States of America.' Three hearty cheers were given in reply from faint and weary lips, but rising from hearts strong, brave, hopeful, and loyal still.

"They crowded upon the deck, women and children, questioning husbands and fathers, and studied the picture before them—they would never see it just the same again—as the foggy curtains furled towards the azure ceiling. How it imprinted itself upon their minds! A long, sandy beach strewn with hides and skeletons of slaughtered cattle, a few scrubby oaks, farther back low sand hills rising behind each other as a background to a few old shanties that leaned away from the wind, an old adobe barracks, a few donkeys plodding dejectedly along beneath towering bundles of wood, a few loungers stretched lazily upon the beach as though nothing could astonish them; and between the picture and the emigrants still loomed up here and there, at the first sight more distinctly, the black vessels—whaling ships and sloops of war—that was all, and that was Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, the landing place for the pilgrims of faith.

"Soon came the order for unloading, and all was activity, all being glad to stand once more on solid ground. A few tents were erected, and these were soon filled. Into the old barracks sixteen families were crowded, their apartments being divided by quilts, or other accommodating partitions. The cooking was to be done out of doors. The orders were passed around that all must stay within certain limits; the war with Mexico was virtually ended, but the vindictive enemy lurked ever near, ready to wreak vengeance upon the unwary.

"With hearty good will, trying to make the best of everything, the new colony, carried and landed safely by the old ship Brooklyn

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
THE SHIP "BROOKLYN"

(Continued from page 730)

Brooklyn formed themselves into a company under the name of S. Brannan and Company. They branched out into the various mechanical and agricultural pursuits necessary for the purpose of building up a new settlement; they took up city lots and improved the same. When they landed they had three months provisions; the mechanics could get money for their labors;

Occasionally we see pictures of stars with their stand-ins. To the camera they may look remarkably alike. And no doubt they have many qualities in common. But the one is the "real thing" and the other isn't. Sometimes differences between the real thing and an imitation are obvious and unmistakable, but sometimes the differences are subtle and difficult to detect. And sometimes when we don't know the difference we don't care. But as long as there is any difference, when we pay for the "real thing" and get something else, we have cause for complaint. And this is true whether we know it or not. Perhaps this is the cue for someone to say, "What difference does it make if we don't know the difference?" One answer is that someday we will know the difference. Truth doesn't change because of our ignorance or indifference, and somewhere along the line we have to face facts. A man may enjoy a ride down the river if he doesn't know that he's riding too close to the rapids. But the fact that he is ignorant of the danger doesn't keep him from drowning when the current carries him under. The happiness of ignorance is a dangerous kind of happiness. When we don't know, we live in danger of learning too late. Let's look, for example, at the matter of money: Money that is limitlessly printed on a press looks just as good as any other money. But individuals and institutions have been wiped out financially because they forgot the difference between the real thing and something that didn't have any substance to secure it. There are some actual and intrinsic values that are important whether we know them or not. And there are times when it isn't safe to accept the appearance in place of the actual article. The "real thing" is important in things, and it is important in people. The genuine and the shoddy may look alike in many ways, but innate qualities of character show up sooner or later. It isn't enough just to look like the real thing. The substance must be there as well as the surface. There must be sound, sure, safe standards; there must be principles from which we do not depart—or there wouldn't be anything that anyone could count on.

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
eight dollars bought a beef ox. There were fifteen or twenty white inhabitants, Americans and English, who kept stores and bought the tallow and hides from the settlers. Capt. Sutter had bought out a Russian post and paid the Russians in yearly instalments of grain. If any person rode into the country and killed a fat beef all the owner wished was that such person would hang up the hide and tallow on a tree to be secure from the destruction of animals. A hide was considered a dollar bank note.

"Commodore Stockton arrived soon after and took possession of the country in the name of the United States, planting the American flag on the public square of Yerba Buena."

The Importance of Teaching

(Continued from page 718)
tangy perfume, through endless distances of mountains and flats: deer country: a brilliant sunset highlighted the jagged hills.

Again in school, we came inevitably to the Indian brandishing a tomahawk through many bloody pages of history. Why? Why was the Indian putting his small descendant to shame in that fashion?

Patsy's concern was easy to relieve in that matter. I told the class, "The Indians owned America and left it free and beautiful. It was their hunting ground. They took what they needed from animals and plants and left all the rest unspoiled. Naturally, they didn't want the white men to kill all the buffaloes, to cut down all the forests, to take and take and destroy. Naturally they made war."

A helpful concept was furnished by the story of the Indian Squanto, who taught the white settlers how to live in this wild, beautiful, dangerous new land; the Indians, unnamed and unnumbered, who helped the white man. Patsy began to glow with pride.

Further on a few weeks, a few more chapters, we came to the "simple red men" who traded Manhattan Island for a few dollars; Indians in many places who traded empires for beads and calico.

(Concluded on following page)