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would be ashamed? You know that I have always been your best friend.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.”

Walker did not live to see his people conquered and the most remote corners of his domain penetrated by the Mormons. He died at Meadow Creek, Millard County, on January 29th, 1855, and an admonition was included in the notice sent to the *Deseret News* of the passing of so prominent a citizen.

“Don’t put this obituary in a mourning border, Mr. Editor,” the correspondent wrote, “for now peace is established between the red man and the white.”

The Walker War was at its height when Hans **Dinesen**, who states that he “was one of the first company of Skandinavian Saints,” reached Salt Lake City and set out for the Sanpete Valley which was to be his home. Years later he wrote of his journey and his introduction to the strange and terrible land that the missionaries had described as the place appointed for the gathering together of Israel.

“I reached Salt Lake City on September 30th, 1853,” he wrote, “after nine months and eleven days of hard travel by sea and land. I started for Sanpete on the 14th day of October. Upon our arrival at Uintah, now Fountain Green, what a vision presented itself to us. A wagon-box was turned bottom side up and . . . four dead men lay under the box who had been terribly murdered by the Indians.”

One wonders whether **Dinesen**, before that winter was over, did not have occasion to envy those four victims of

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the Paiutes. He and his companions eventually reached Manti, on Salt Creek, where a settlement had been established for several years. The winter was already well advanced, snow in the mountains precluded the felling of trees for cabins, and the newcomers were compelled to camp in their wagons.

“We suffered severely from cold,” wrote **Dinesen** in after years. “I had only a thin covering over the wagon and snow was a foot deep on the ground and ice froze over everything. We barely kept alive. Our food was not plentiful and our bread was made of bran and smutty ground wheat mixed with our potatoes that were frozen solid like rocks and all rattled together like so many pebbles. The wheat was ground in a coffee mill and when baked the bread was as black as coal. The suffering from the cold was, if possible, worse than the hunger.”

The privations endured by those settlers at Manti, as recorded in their own simple narratives and letters, constitute a terrible indictment of Brigham Young and the leaders of the church. Groups of colonists were sent north, south, east, and west, often under incompetent guides, without proper equipment, and with no thought of what conditions might await them at the end of their journey. Regardless of individual qualifications or previous experience, newly arrived emigrants were expended with the profligate wastefulness of conscripted troops in time of war. They were moved back and forth like pawns on a chessboard, and any complaint that might reach the office adjoining the Beehive House produced

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only a stern reprimand of those who “lacked the faith that can accomplish any task to which it is assigned.”

Nor did the succeeding years bring any particular increase of comfort for the shock-troops of Mormonism, the privates whose sacrifices and losses are forgotten as honors are heaped upon the generals. Had **Dinesen** and his fellows been forced to endure only for the first difficult months in the new land, one could more readily forgive Brigham for the tyranny with which he forced the extension of his empire.

“In the Spring,” Dinesen’s narrative continues, “a little land was broken and seeds sown under much difficulty, and in the summer countless numbers of grasshoppers came in clouds, so thick as to darken the air. These deposited their eggs in the ground and in the spring of 1855, when the people sowed an abundant crop . . . the eggs hatched and the grasshoppers ate up everything. The people raised only a few squashes and potatoes and before digging time came the Indians got most of the provisions.”

Not all of the colonists submitted so supinely to the rigorous discipline imposed by the church authorities. Here and there, very rarely, one encounters evidences of a spirit of rebellion, of resentment against such institutions as the “call,” and even a challenge of the integrity of the church doctrines. Few were so outspoken as Jacob Butterfield, one of the pioneers of that same settlement of Manti of which Hans **Dinesen** writes. Jacob, “who has been opposed to counsel all the while since we came

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here," was so impolitic as to declare in January of 1850 that "neither God, angels, nor Brigham Young had anything to do with locating this place, that Hell could be no worse, and that only fools would remain here and suffer."

Jacob was not a Latter Day Saint for long after so heretical an outburst. He was tried on January 26th, found guilty, cut off from the church, sentenced to banishment, and fined twenty-five dollars.

Apparently no such punishment was visited upon George Hicks, whom the call compelled to relinquish his homestead in Cottonwood, only a few miles from the metropolitan attractions of Salt Lake City, and journey to Dixie. He settled in Washington, in the extreme southwestern corner of Utah. For years he was a particularly irritating thorn in the sides of the church authorities and his temporal superiors in the tiny absolute monarchy. He annoyed them with embarrassing questions as to church policy and doctrine, finally drawing from one sorely-tried ecclesiastic the tart retort that "you, Brother Hicks, would make a good-looking tassel on the end of a rope!"

There must have been something likable about old Hicks, however. Possibly an innate good humor tempered his near-heresies. The church authorities never carried out the implied threat to hang him and they even wrote into the history of the St. George Stake the poem which the malcontent wrote in 1864. Hicks' verses reflect, in no small degree, the resentment which others may have felt but dared not express. It is not difficult

There's only me and Betsy left,  
To hoe the cotton-tree;  
May Heaven help the Dixie-ite,  
Wherever he may be!

It took a brave man to make so outspoken a criticism of the church and its policies at that time, but old George actually had the courage to sign his animadversion, penning his name and the date, 1864, that posterity might not attribute the lines to any other poet of the mid-Victorian era.

Few among the pioneers displayed either the bitter heresy of Butterfield or the good-humored gibes of Hicks. There were backsliders, of course, from among the number of those who were weaker in the spine or less disciplined than their fellows. The early records mention instances of apostasy and recantation, of individuals quitting the colonies to join emigrant trains bound for California, of sentences of excommunication for failure to live up to the stern code of the church, but the general colonization scheme was no more affected by such truan-cies than a military campaign is hindered by the desertion of a single soldier.

The settlers remained loyal to their missions and the orders of their superiors in the face of hardships sufficient to warrant the abandonment of any project. Criticism of those superiors was an act of which only an apostate was capable, and to this day a loyal Saint regards apostasy as the lowest depth to which a human being can sink. No pioneer of Manti — that settlement of which Hans **Dinesen** has written — criticized the head of the

church because of the circumstances which determined the location of that colony. The history of the Sanpete Stake asserts that Walker, the Paiute chief, sought audience with Brigham on June 14th, 1849, and asked that settlers be sent into his country to teach the Indians to farm. “ Within six moons,” the Mormon leader is quoted as replying, “ I will send you a company.”

The pioneer could see no shrewd policy of conciliation, no remorseless shuffling of human souls, in the “ call ” which sent him and his fellows to Salt Creek Cañon. He endured the pangs of hunger and cold and the depredations of the Indians and never wavered in his loyalty to his leader. When Brigham visited Manti in May of 1852, he was not reminded that famine would stalk the streets if the harvest should prove scanty. Such unpleasant truths were not permitted to distress the head of the hierarchy of the Saints. He was welcomed to Manti with hallelujahs and song.

Brigham the Prophet he is our head,  
He is our Seer since Joseph is dead;  
The keys of the Kingdom of God now he holds,  
The gospel of Jesus to the nations he rolls.

And Andrew Siler, in a letter to the *Deseret News*, reported that “ Brother Brigham Young came like a brilliant planet and illuminated our little world nearly two days and passed on, leaving a happy influence behind him.”

Not until nearly a year later, in January of 1853, can one find anything even approaching a complaint. There

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is the tiniest ghost of criticism in the plaintive query, addressed to the authorities in Salt Lake City, "Why can we not have a mail at least once a month on this route in the winter?"

It was later in that year that **Dinesen**, the "Skandinavian Saint," arrived in Manti. He has already told of his first two years in the Salt Creek colony, so let him take up his tale of conditions after the early crops had failed in 1856.

"During the summer provisions were very scarce. On the slope of Quarry Hill, meller (mallow?) or pigweed of rank growth sprang up in great abundance. The people would go every morning and cut a sackful, take it to camp, chop it up, and with a little meat and a few moldy potatoes they lived on this kind of a diet until the Fall harvest. This weed had never grown there before nor has it ever grown there since that time."

**Dinesen** had much sickness in his family during that dark summer. He was sick himself, the insufficient food producing a dysentery that was almost epidemic at times in the settlements. In spite of weakness and racking pain, he had to work in the fields each day. His cattle had died. The poor beasts were unable to withstand the rigors of the Utah winters.

"Though it seemed like a very bad time," he wrote, "I thought of the saying of the Lord, 'I make rich and I make poor,' and was comforted."

One can understand why the cattle died when reading the reminiscences of another pioneer of Manti, William B. Ritchey. He was only nine years old, he recalls, when