

that this represents human progress? I have lived in such conditions in New York City, in a small cave in a gigantic mountain. I don't like "cliff-dwelling" living. Thus I find disturbing the editors' claims that the United States and other regions of the world can support much higher population densities. The editors quote from Otto Fredrich on page eight: "England and Germany prosper even though they have a population density greater than that of India. And the Japanese are demonstrating that the world's most thickly populated nation may also become its richest." This was obviously written before the current energy crisis. Japan could be an ecological disaster. England has serious economic problems. Germany admittedly progresses, though less easily than before. But a good many people, including myself, do not wish to live in conditions of high population density as found in many regions of the world. We practice what we believe by keeping our procreation levels low, and we rightfully feel put upon under the present institutional arrangements by those who wish to procreate to a higher level. I had two children and reared another child. This is a sufficient number to maintain a tolerable level of population growth. Why should I bear any of the social costs for those couples who wish to procreate beyond this number at home or abroad?

Nevertheless, the present institutional and social systems discriminate against me and other who share the same opinion. We do not like this but can do little about it. This is a political reality that probably will not change in my lifetime. I can only try to escape such an environment, which in a way is what I did by coming to Alaska. Alaska is the United States' last frontier and I believe its last hope. The state's frontier is not to be found in its vast exploitable resources but rather in its chance of developing a unique set of social institutions and living style. I warmly embrace the state's "sourdough" socio-economic-political philosophy: Keep the "outsiders" out and the population small. Let no man see the smoke stack of another person's house. Live in harmony with God's creation and beauty; all life is sacred and has its place. It is a wonderful sight to look across a broad, virgin valley and watch the bull moose graze, the furtive wolf amble across the river bottom, and the golden eagle soar high in the heavens. Four hundred thousand people have a playground one-fifth the size of the south forty-eight, and the air is sweet and pure. I hope that it stays this way and does not become "people-polluted."

But Alaska will probably get caught up in the same maelstrom as the south forty-eight, as the entire world. My only solace then will be, "Well, I did have a good life for a brief span of time." My feelings nevertheless will be pretty much the same as those of Sam in Vardis Fisher's *Mountain Man*. But this time there will be no opportunity to witness the stream of immigrants and then turn and head "straight north, back into the valleys and mountains." Those days will have vanished, and in my opinion the world will be much poorer.

Come, Come, Ye Saints

P.A.M. TAYLOR

Manchester Mormons: The Journal of William Clayton, 1840 to 1842. Edited by James B. Allen and Thomas G. Alexander. Santa Barbara and Salt Lake City: Peregrine Smith Inc. 1974. 248 pp. \$8.95.

Personal narratives of religious history and emigration have always been too few, commonly because ordinary people seldom undertake systematic writing. Mormons, however, were enjoined to record their experiences and great numbers of

them did so; and it is gratifying to learn that Clayton's is the first of a series of such journals to be printed.

William Clayton was never one of the Mormon Church's high command. Nor was he, like Parley P. Pratt, a writer of consistent originality and force. His *Latter-day Saints' Emigrants' Guide* demonstrates his capacity to be useful; his well-known journal of the Pioneer Company shows him writing clearly and straightforwardly; only rarely, as in a hymn, or his description of Brigham Young's rebuke to the Pioneers for conduct unworthy of Saints, does he show power, even eloquence. He was a very early English convert, a man of above-average though not commanding intelligence, who presided over one of the Church's earliest English branches. He took part in the first year's migration of Mormon converts. The route he took to Nauvoo differed in several respects from those commonly followed, and differed even more markedly from those followed towards Utah in later years. All this makes the present journal valuable, for it supplements the descriptions of the British Mission given by Young, Pratt, Kimball and Woodruff, and the more or less official reports in *Millennial Star*.

Rather more than two-thirds of the journal treats eight months of Clayton's work in Manchester. It becomes clear how missionaries were supported: Clayton received lodging from members, and meals, drink, fruit, clothing, and money in sixpences and shillings, in lieu of any regular stipend. He was endlessly busy, travelling, preaching, baptising, arguing with Methodists and socialists, deliberating on members' marriage problems, raising funds for the sick and praying over and anointing them, writing letters for the illiterate. Members could be quarrelsome and obstinate; some of them buttressed their attitudes with appeals to scripture or claims to personal revelation; and in the face of all this, Clayton strove to maintain Church authority and unity. He writes a long report of a difficult council meeting, gives the titles of his sermons, often mentions members' speaking in tongues, describes interruptions of services by hostile elements. He received a formal blessing from Wilford Woodruff, who with other members of the Twelve reached England in this year. He helped Heber C. Kimball with his journal (did he not do the same during the pioneer journey?). He kept the minutes of a conference at Preston. In the final third of the journal we see Clayton's preparations for emigration, his journey to Liverpool, and his five-week Atlantic crossing. He testifies to the severity of seasickness, the filthy habits of the converts, the readiness of the master to take offence and to speak of mutiny and irons, the willingness of certain women to "make very free" with sailors and cabin passengers. He records services held on board, the deaths of children, and arrival at New York. Thence he and his party travelled by steamboat up the Hudson, then by boat more than a week on the Erie Canal, then by steam again from Buffalo to Chicago through the Great Lakes. From Chicago the journey involved a hundred miles by wagon, and finally five days by improvised sailing-boat to Nauvoo. A few pages follow on Clayton's early life in Iowa, down to his appointment, in February 1842, as secretary to Joseph Smith.

The summary may serve to convince readers of the journal's worth. Since, however, it is to be the first of a series, it is important for a reviewer to comment at some length on editorial methods and standards.

The book's format is small, and the placing of notes, in smaller type, after each journal entry makes for a crowded page; yet it may be defended as making possible the very modest price. There is a satisfactory index. An appendix lists people men-

tioned in the journal, ordinary Manchester Mormons as well as Church leaders. Three editorial practices call for praise: scriptural references are identified; English places are described, by the use of a multi-volume topographical dictionary published in the middle of the nineteenth century and containing population figures from the census of 1841; journal entries for several episodes are supplemented by quotations from Clayton's letters to his superiors. The Introduction is workmanlike, on the origin of the British Mission, the condition of Manchester's population in a period of industrial depression, Clayton's family and some of the people around him. Little can be discovered, however, about the precise occupations or living-standards of Manchester's Mormons; and the editors, after using Faucher's descriptions of the city, quote, rather rashly, the occupations I long ago worked out for Mormon *emigrants* over a long period of time. Total membership consisted also of people who later deserted the Church, or were excommunicated, or were too poor to move to America; so the economic balance may have been different. Inevitably there is a degree of repetition between Introduction, notes and Appendix. A few points are laboured excessively: the casual attitude in 1840 towards the Word of Wisdom, in Clayton's numerous glasses of beer; the filling of the lower priesthood ranks with adults, which of course was inevitable at a time when all members were converts and not born into Mormon families; and small differences of practice in anointing the sick. Two identifications are missed, Altrincham and Runcorn on p. 151; Salford would not commonly be called a suburb of Manchester (note 65) though it is a town immediately contiguous; in note 84 "Buty" is surely a misprint for "Bury"; and the index misspells "Dukinfield." The entry of 10 October 1840 should have the word "foremast"; and all notes in the book misspell "millennium." I am sure that there was no continuity through two centuries down to the Ranters discussed in note 106. The term was commonly applied to the Primitive Methodists, then, at the end of the nineteenth century, became merely a colloquial expression for any sect distasteful to the speaker and melodramatic in evangelical style. One identification, in note 185, I am sure is wrong. The journal's text, with its reference to the arrival of a doctor, anchoring between two islands, and then an hour's sail to New York Harbor, points to a stop at the Narrows, with the buildings observed the quarantine station on Staten Island. The map at the end is inaccurate in two respects. Although the rivers in New York State are marked, the emigrants' route appears to go across country rather than by the Hudson and the Erie Canal. From Chicago, their route follows a river which must represent a confused combination of two separate streams.

Three other points are worth making. The editors lean rather far in putting the most favorable construction upon Clayton's relations with Alice Hardman and Sarah Crooks: the remark at the top of p. 119 is indeed ambiguous; but editors of the more famous diaries of Pepys and Byrd would have made a very different assumption, and fairly similar words are used on pp. 179-80 about the erring women on board ship. The quotations from Clayton's letters to Church leaders, involving as they do several references to collections of papers in Utah, point to the need for some description of such sources, their place in the archives, and their accessibility to scholars. The final note, however, must be one of warm approval. In a single small book we now have one more excellent description of an Atlantic crossing under sail. We have a detailed record of the narrow world of early English converts, with all its poverty, enthusiasm, loyalty and contentiousness. Above all we have the story, even if unclear at a few points, of one man's attempt, in that problem-filled

society and separated from his own family, to do his duty as the local leader of his Church.

Nightfall at Far West

SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

Other Drums. By Ruth Louise Partridge. Provo, Utah: Privately Published, 1974 (195 E. 4th North, Provo, Utah 84601). 377 pp., \$7.00.

As first written, this was an "I've got a secret" manuscript, of the type which causes my blood pressure to rise alarmingly. The secret was that while it was a novel about Edward Partridge, first bishop of the Church, the author had changed the family name. Thus, while the author knew that this actually was important regional literature—something so scarce in our literary wasteland—who else could know, and who, not knowing, could care?

I don't know how many manuscripts based on Mormon people I've seen by authors who have destroyed the validity of their work by concealing identities of the characters. When I point out the necessity of using actual names, the authors cry, "But I *couldn't* use the names of *real people!*" And so their manuscripts, and their private secrets, end up in trunks.

Other Drums had sufficient merit to win the first prize of \$1000 awarded by the Utah Institute of Fine Arts for best novel manuscript of 1967, despite the "secret" handicap and the additional drawback of a slow beginning. (Here, incidentally, is another characteristic of too many unpublished manuscripts—the author doesn't really tell, as quickly as possible, what the story is *about*; but until the reader knows this, he has no interest in events.) Then began the discouraging task of trying to find a publisher who would risk offering the book to the public, who wouldn't know the secret.

Now at last the novel, in revised form, is in print. It is clearly about Edward Partridge, and it begins in the first chapter and carries right on to the end. I am personally rather high on *Other Drums*, both for its merits and because regional novels of the Mormon genre are scarce as hen's teeth, and I wish we had a thousand more.

Some of the best parts of the book are in the early chapters, concerning Edward Partridge's conversion and ensuing travail. A prosperous hat manufacturer, he sacrificed business, wealth, and home to be temporal leader of the Saints in Missouri—a position for which he felt entirely inadequate and unprepared, despite Joseph Smith's complete confidence in him. Then there is the story of the wife, Lydia, taking her flock of five small daughters through frontier country hundreds of eventful miles to join her husband. The episode of being marooned in a Negro hovel enroute is unforgettable.

The strain of persecution undermined Edward's health, causing an untimely death. The widowed Lydia and her brood went through the hardships of expulsion from Missouri. Then later, at Nauvoo, Lydia saw two of her daughters become plural wives of the prophet. The book ends with the martyrdom at Carthage Jail.

If *Other Drums* has flaws, they spring from the tendency to accept historical stereotypes: devout Saints are without flaw; apostates have no redeeming qualities,