

DESERET NEWS:

WEEKLY.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

WEDNESDAY, - June 16, 1875.

PRESIDENT GEO. A. SMITH.

Forty years ago to-day President Geo. A. Smith started from Kirtland, Ohio, on his first mission to preach the Gospel. He was born at Potsdam, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., June 26, 1817, consequently was twenty-one days less than eighteen years old when he started on that mission. He was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Elder Joseph H. Wakefield, and confirmed by Elders Solomon Humphrey and J. H. Wakefield, September 10, 1832. He removed from Potsdam to Kirtland, Ohio, in May, 1833, where his father purchased a new farm. He labored most of the year of 1833 on the Kirtland Temple, and in 1834 accompanied the Prophet Joseph Smith on the Zion's Camp journey to Missouri.

At the time of being sent from Kirtland on the mission named, he was the junior member of the First Quorum of Seventies, and one of the first of the Seventies sent out to preach the Gospel. He was accompanied on the mission by Elder Lyman Smith.

They travelled together, on foot, without purse or scrip, 1850 miles, in the States of Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York, preached seventy-five public discourses, baptized eight persons and opened doors for preaching in many places, returning to Kirtland, Nov. 2nd, of the same year, and were welcomed home by President Joseph Smith.

The following is from the journal of President Geo. A. Smith of that time—

May 30, Sunday.—I was appointed on a mission to preach the Gospel in the East. My circumstances were so reduced that I could not procure clothes to go in. Joseph and Hyrum Smith gave me some grey cloth to make me a coat, also a snuff-colored vest and pantaloons. Brother Charles Thompson cut them out, and Sister Eliza Brown made them for me. Elder Brigham Young gave me a pair of shoes. As I had no valise, I took a small tin trunk and put in it a couple of extra shirts. My father gave me a pocket Bible. Elder Lyman Smith, one of the First Quorum of Seventies, of which I was the junior member, and aged about twenty years, my second cousin, the same who was wounded by the discharge of a horse pistol at Fishing River, in June, 1834, was appointed to travel with me. As my trunk was not full, and he had no valise, he put his extra linen, etc., into it, and we carried it alternately by a wooden handle attached to the top of the trunk.

I called on my uncle, Father Joseph Smith, patriarch, and asked him if he had any advice to give me. He replied, "Yes, always go in at the little end of the horn, and you are sure to come out at the big; but, if you go in at the big end of the horn, you will be obliged to come out at the little."

I called to see Cousin Joseph; he gave me a Book of Mormon, shook hands with me and said, "Preach short sermons, make short prayers, and deliver your sermons with a prayerful heart." This advice I have always denominated my collegiate education.

June 5, Saturday.—We traveled twenty miles on foot, and put up with Daniel Allen, for the Sabbath, as we had sent an appointment to preach at his house in Montville, Geauga County, Ohio. I was not able to write sufficiently well to keep a journal, and my traveling companion, Lyman Smith, kept a very brief one, which was lost. He died in full faith, in 1838, near Chicago, Ill. I write from memory most of the dates, names and distances being forgotten, but the principles and facts are still in my mind.

June 6, Sunday.—We retired early to the woods and asked the Lord to give us something to say, and enable us to preach by the power of his Spirit, for we certainly felt our weakness. A small congregation was assembled, filling Brother Daniel Allen's house. As Brother Ly-

man was the elder, he agreed to preach first. He was a handsome young man, six feet high and well proportioned, with beautiful dark hair. He read the 33rd chapter of Jeremiah, prayed and gave out a hymn, which he sang and then preached five minutes. Now came my turn; it was an awful moment. Suffice it to say, I talked about fifteen minutes. It seemed to me that I told everything I had ever heard taught by the Elders, and much that I never thought of before, at least I hinted at almost every principle which I understood, and bore a strong testimony of the truth of the work, and sat down confused. The people, however, seemed very well satisfied, and said that we had done first-rate for boys.

June 7, Monday.—We resumed our journey, traveling nearly ten miles through a forest. The timber was very thick, and we had some trouble to keep our course, having to follow a line of marked trees most of the way, which had been run eighteen years. At noon we called at a small log house, being the first we came to after leaving the woods, and got some bread and milk, for which we thanked the Lord and blessed the people who gave it to us. We pursued our journey, endeavoring at every place to open a door for preaching. Some laughed at, and others cursed us. At night we called on a wealthy farmer in the town of Morgan, Ashtabula county, for entertainment. He made us welcome, but his wife, who was a Presbyterian, was very cross. We took supper, and went to bed much fatigued with our day's travel.

June 8, Tuesday.—Our hostess told us she would give us leave to go and welcome with our supper, but she would not cook us a morsel of breakfast, neither should we have any with her consent. Her husband said we were welcome to stay as long as we pleased. He liked the company of the "Mormons" as well as anybody else, but his wife was a little too religious. We thought there was too much division, so we took our leave. After walking a few miles, we called at a house and told our business, and they gave us our breakfast. We then walked to Denmark Centre, and called on a poor man named Joseph Smith, who gave us dinner and said he would like to have us preach in the school-house. We went to the trustees, one of whom was a Baptist minister, and got the promise of the house. We then visited the people for a mile each way, and asked them to come to hear us preach that evening at five o'clock. The Baptist preacher went around, after us, and told the people to stay away. When the hour of meeting arrived, only four persons came, who were Mr. Smith and his son, the priest, and an old religious blackguard. Mr. Smith and his little son, who came with him, treated us well; but our other two hearers abused and derided them for it, they being poor and of course unpopular. They also abused us most outrageously, challenged us to work miracles, and called upon us to raise the dead, bring fire down from heaven, etc. We bore testimony to the truth of the fulness of the everlasting gospel which God had revealed through his servant Joseph. They, in return, called us many hard names. The priest said such teachers were not wanted among his people. Bro. Lyman Smith told them, in the name of Jesus Christ, they should be brought into judgment in the great day for their conduct and they should know that the curse of God followed them unless they repented. We then left them. After walking about three miles we called at the house of a physician and asked him to keep us, as ministers of the gospel, for the night. He made fun of us, but told us where to find a family of Latter-day Saints, a mile and a half off. We were happy to find them, for we were kindly received and comfortably entertained for the night.

June 9, Wednesday.—We traveled on. We called on a brother at Pierpoint, Ashtabula county, Ohio, at about twelve o'clock, and got some dinner. We crossed the State line into Crawford county, Pennsylvania, walked about seven miles and began to inquire for a place to stop at, but in vain. For three miles all treated us with contempt and turned us away. We found we were in a strange country and without friends. We went into the woods, and on our knees asked the Lord to open somebody's heart to keep us. At one house we were told that a

Methodist priest lived in the next. We went there and told him that we were preachers of the Gospel, sent by revelation to warn the people, that we travelled without purse or scrip, that we belonged to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, by our enemies called "Mormons," and that having heard that he was a man of God, who preached the word to the people, we wanted to stay with him over night. He said we were welcome, but he did not know us as preachers. He treated us kindly and he talked with us until late.

June 10, Thursday.—Our host said he had learned many new things, and asked us to visit him again on our return. We walked to the village of Sadsbury, and called on Mr. Scott, who kept an inn; told him our business, that we travelled without purse or scrip, and if the people would like to hear us preach we would like the privilege. He gave out an appointment at the Presbyterian meeting house and invited us to stop with him. We took dinner and went to meeting. It being Brother Lyman's turn, I could not get him to go into the pulpit. We preached to the people from the pulpit stairs and dismissed them. We were much embarrassed, it being our first effort before so large a congregation. We pursued our way for about a mile, when, upon looking back, we perceived Mr. Scott and a constable. We halted. They came up and demanded pay for our dinner. We told him he had made us welcome, and it was unjust to demand pay. Mr. Scott said, "I work for my living, and if you do not pay my demand, the constable shall arrest you and take you back." We gave him all the money we had and he let us go on. It soon began to rain. We called at a number of houses for entertainment, but were refused. It grew dark and the rain came down in torrents. On calling at a large log house, and asking permission to stay under its roof, we were answered, if we were "Mormon" preachers, the rain would not hurt us. It was nine o'clock and very dark, and a mile to the next house. The woods being thick and the mud and water very deep, it was difficult to find our way. When we came near the house, the dogs rushed upon us. Brother Lyman Smith walked over them and knocked at the door. We were welcomed and asked if we would not have some dry coats. We could hardly refrain from tears. We were shown to an excellent bed, and, after returning thanks to our Heavenly Father, we went to rest.

THEY HAVE GONE AND DONE IT.

WRITING is apt to stir up hornets' nests. Job, of patient memory, wished that his adversary had written a book. Sherman has done that very thing, and he finds adversaries springing up all around him. Grant has not written a book, but he has done the next unlucky thing—he has written a letter, and while his friends admire it, his adversaries think it gives them another good chance to attack him, and reason for the attack. It is said that in thus writing, both Sherman and Grant have done a fatal thing, so far as their chances for the next presidential election are concerned. If they have, Grant will be enabled to retire to his St. Louis farm and the quiet and virtues of rural life, and Sherman will be likely to retain his position as General of the Army.

Sheridan has gone and got married. But that may not hinder his presidential prospects, if he has any. His New Orleans banditti dispatch would be likely to hurt him a great deal more politically.

Bristow is thought by some to be trying to make political capital out of his attacks on the whiskey rings and other corruptionists, while those who know him well impute these attacks to the outcroppings of his naturally honest nature. Of course his raids in the direction named will secure him the deadly opposition of many of the corruptionists, and it is perhaps a matter of doubt whether a man can be elected to the presidential chair in the face of their determined opposition. The better portion of the people would be pleased to show that Mr. Bristow was entitled to their thanks and respectful con-

sideration. It was stated, at the time that Mr. Gladstone gave up the Premiership of England, that the great beer interest, which he had irritated by the local option and other legislative business, went against him, and largely conducted to the Liberal losses and Conservative gains in the last parliamentary election.

THE GOVERNORSHIP OF UTAH.

THE members of the unscrupulous ring in this City and Territory, who profess to monopolize all the loyalty and patriotism and things of that sort generally, have made it their business, through their mendacious and slanderous organ and otherwise, to attack Governor Axtell in every conceivable manner that is not fair and honorable. They have misrepresented him without stint, lied about him shamefully and persistently, and announced from the first their intention of effecting his removal, if possible. The sole reason for all this vicious and brutal opposition was that he did not rush eagerly into their open arms, be hail fellows well met with them, at once and with gusto swallow all their lies about the "Mormons," and adopt the violent, bitter, and baseless prejudices of the ring against them.

Utah has not seen a quieter time for many years than since the advent of Governor Axtell, and the richly deserved removal of the late Chief Justice. The purposely gotten up sensations from Salt Lake have died out, and a reign of comparative peace and quiet, if not of good will, has been inaugurated, which has manifestly ill suited the brawling mischief makers of the ring, for, because Salt Lake has not furnished a first class sensation every day or two, these bad denizens have found their occupation gone, and they have been anxious to impress upon everybody who would regard them, and especially upon the authorities at Washington, the idea that this Territory and the country generally were rapidly going to the dogs, and would so continue unless some violent, confiscatory, and exterminative proceedings were recommenced against the "Mormon" portion of the citizens, to accomplish which a prejudiced, unscrupulous, and vindictive governor, and other federal officials of like character, were absolutely necessary.

In last night's dispatches came the news that "the Secretary of the Interior" had removed Governor Axtell and appointed his successor in the person of one George W. Emory. We have always understood that it was the province of the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make appointments. Has it ever otherwise been provided by law in the case of the principal federal officers for the Territories, or for this Territory?

If it be true that Governor Axtell has been removed, the removal is without justifiable cause, so far as we know. Since his assumption of the governorship of Utah we sincerely believe he has endeavored to act without prejudice or censurable partiality, and as governor of the whole people in a liberal and comprehensive sense, the incessant and malignant abuse of him by his enemies to the contrary notwithstanding.

If Mr. Emory has been appointed to the governorship of Utah, and should accept the appointment and enter upon the duties of the same, we trust he will prove himself a manly man, a fair and unprejudiced official, anxious only to discharge his gubernatorial duties in the true spirit of American liberty. But we may forewarn him that in such case he will make some ferocious enemies, who will spare neither him nor the truth about him. If he wishes to make friends with that class, he will have to become one with them and second all their proscriptive intrigues, their felonious machinations, and their persecutive prosecutions of the "Mormons."

We do not know that the "Mormons," or the citizens of this Territory generally, desire any special favors of federal officials, but they do like fair, impartial, honorable

dealing in all public officers, and are not inclined to ask for anything further. On the contrary the ring, in the bitterness of its malignity and the fierceness of its unscrupulosity, asks and demands nothing but favors and prejudiced partizanship and the natural results thereof.

If Governor Axtell should accept the governorship of New Mexico, said to be tendered to him, we hope he will have a longer tenure and a better time than he has had here.

KIRTLAND AND THE TEMPLE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, of June 2, writes of a visit to Kirtland and the Temple there. We must protest against the correctness of his observations concerning the "Mormons" being a nation unto themselves and successfully, or unsuccessfully, defying the United States government, also that the present dwellers in Kirtland have a more ancient faith than the "Mormons" have.

The correspondent says—

"Here, too, in 1835, the zealous and fiery Grandison Newell organized his platoon of kindred spirits, and upon the threshold of a Christian church stoned Orson Pratt, the disciple of the prophet of Mormon and priest of the Church of Latter-day Saints, of Kirtland. Here Joseph, whose surname was Smith, and Hiram [Hyrum], his brother, were wont to be seen."

"We spoke with at least two elderly gentlemen who were present, and, perhaps, who held the garments of those who stoned the prophets of Mormon with second hand eggs. But ideas, faith—wise or foolish—will not down at stones or eggs. Pharaoh's chariot lies in the Red Sea. The dens of the wild beasts are choked up and the arches of the Coliseum have crumbled, but the church still lives. The platoon of Mentor egg sharpshooters are mostly in their graves, but the Mormons are a nation unto themselves, and successfully defy the government and laws of the United States."

"Being only four miles from the first temple of the Latter-day Saints, I could not forego the convenient opportunity to visit the Kirtland temple. So about four o'clock Sunday the handsome bays were harnessed and in half an hour we had glided over the smooth hill roads to one of the most romantic villages I have even seen in Ohio. If I do not accept the philosophy or cherish the faith of the Latter-day Saints, I certainly admire the good taste in the selection of the site of their first temple. The building itself is very large, but by no means handsome. It seems to be an architectural cross between an old Connecticut Presbyterian meeting house and a Rhode Island cotton factory. It stands upon a high bluff on the west bank of a branch of the Chagrin river, facing the rising sun. It overlooks other lesser mounts and deep valleys, like those around Jerusalem. The principal one, lying to the east, is as delightful as the vale of Avoca, where the bright waters meet. It is the valley of Jehosaphat to the modern temple builders, and the beautiful stream that meanders through its fine meadows is to this valley what the sweet gliding Kedron is in the legends of the dark-eyed and scattered children of Judah."

"The shades of a lovely evening were approaching, the lowing herd were winding o'er the lea, and drowsy tinklings lulled the distant fold; and we took our departure from this serene and quiet place."

"The good people of Kirtland, whose hearts are cheered and gladdened by a dearer and more ancient faith should, nevertheless, cherish this old temple as a landmark in the processions of the generations. Preserve it. Utilize it as a town house, and three thousand years hence when the English language shall be laid beside the Latin, Greek and Sanscrit as dead, learned professors and enthusiastic students will come to the ruins of the temple of Mormon to try to divine something of the old faith and to decipher and translate the legend and inscription upon the tablet above its portals."

The Montana New North-West rejoices in the possession of a Baxter steam engine.