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for two reasons. First: br. Farnsworth is a correct man. His character is without spot or blemish; secondly: this vision corresponds with a hundred and one other sacred things written in ancient and modern times; and I may add a third reason. It has all been fulfilled to the very letter so far as time would allow.

I am fully inclined to believe that all these sayings, both ancient and modern, must mean something; and God will defend a people who trust in him—a people whose prayers are ascending up into his ears day and night for protection and redress. He will steady his own ark without the aid of voluntary service, and will signify the fact in unmistakable terms to such as volunteer a crusade against him or his cause. Did not God create the heavens and the earth? Has he no rights? Must he have no voice in the affairs of this world without being indicted, arraigned, and tried for treason?

If we cannot live by trusting in God, do we wish to live at all? What enlightened Latter Day Saint can see any charm in this world to chain or bind him here when his hope and his trust are in Christ his Savior? To talk about a religion to a Latter Day Saint that has no living prophet or apostle in it—that has no living God in it who can and will speak to his creature, man, in this day, is to talk to him of an egg without meat, a body without spirit, an eye without sight, or an ear without hearing. To make a Latter Day Saint, or even a Mormon, if his heart were ever touched with the fire of truth, into any kind of orthodox Christian, would require as much faith and skill as it ever did to turn water into wine, or to feed five thousand men, women and children with five loaves and two fishes.

After apostatizing from this church, some may join some of the sects for popularity sake, or for the sake of making money or a living, and profess to believe all about the God without body, parts or passions: but secretly, they say, you are fools—you are in the dark—you worship you know not what. Scores of apostates that have left this church and returned to it again, have confessed these very things. While they outwardly affect to believe the dogmas of the religious world, they secretly pity and despise. I mean such as are not past feeling.

Do our enemies object to some being frightened away from here by the glass of truth being held before them to enable them to see themselves as God sees them, and have become frightened at their own moral deformities and left? Will the time not come when none of the uncircumcised in heart or the unclean can enter the abodes of the Saints? If the old prophets have told us the truth, such times must come; and if they now begin to be foreshadowed, think it not strange! "Zion will be redeemed with judgment and her converts with righteousness. And the destruction of the transgressors and of the sinners shall be together; and they that forsake the Lord shall be consumed." Isaiah.

I feel and know that I am a poor, weak, unprofitable servant at best. My life is of no great value when compared with the value and importance of this kingdom; and I have lately thought that it would be about the height of my ambition to lose my life to save that of some better man. I know not what I will do: but I pray God my Heavenly Father that I may do my duty and honor his name and cause with my every and latest breath. I have tried to do right and to live my religion. I have sought the Lord day and night, and still seek him, and by his grace shall continue to seek him until I can fall upon his neck and embrace him, and say,—Thou art my Father; and he will say to me,—Thou art my son! I have no righteousness to boast of. I have no oil to spare.

But if sore trials must come, even to the laying down of our lives, I do not know that I can ask for the time to be prolonged with any hope of being much better. I mean to be about as good as the light and knowledge I have will allow me. Full of imperfections as I am, my heart, soul and spirit feel to bless the Saints with all who wish them well; and the enemies that would persecute the Saints—that would try to overthrow the kingdom of God on the earth and ensnare the feet and shed the blood of the Prophets of God, let their blessings be turned into cursings,—their prayers become sin, and the stain of innocent blood blast their hopes for ever if they repent not.

Mormonism is true. The priesthood of God is on the earth and is destined to bear rule not only in heaven, but in the earth also; and likewise in every part of God's dominions. This makes the devil and all his subjects angry at the Saints, and they wish to kill us off. Kill just as many and just as soon as God will let you. In this respect, I ask no favors of any man in this lower world: I ask God to be my friend, and to give me grace and strength to be his friend so long as I live in this world.

Ye Saints of Latter Day be humble, meek and child-like. Be fearless and resolute. God grant unto you and me hearts of iron and nerves of steel, abounding with faith, hope and charity; full of every good work, and no evil work. Pray in faith that God may guide our leaders aright, and that wise and profitable counsels may be given them for us, and we possess hearts to appreciate and obey. The Lord dictate the policy of his kingdom, and shield his faithful ministers from the snares of this world and of death until we shall have completed our earthly mission; and then may our exit shed a luster upon the cause which our lives have been devoted to sustain.

#### ACCOUNT OF HIS MISSION

By Bishop Andrew Cunningham, Bowery, Sunday Morning, Aug. 16, 1857.

[REPORTED BY J. V. LONG.]

Brethren and Sisters, I arise before you this morning for the purpose of expressing my feel-

ings and relating some things that have transpired while I have been absent from you.

Nearly two years ago I left this city on a mission to the State of Texas. When I arrived at St. Louis I was appointed by Elders Taylor and Snow to assist in that season's emigration.

According to appointment I returned to Western Iowa to seek out some camping grounds and to aid in forming some new settlements in Nebraska Territory.

After traveling the fore part of the winter, arranging for camp grounds and making ferry arrangements, I took the liberty to visit among the old 'Mormons' who live in Western Iowa. I found that it was not a very pleasant business, for there were almost all kinds of spirits amongst them but the true spirit of the gospel. They contended that the people in these valleys had so far deviated from 'ancient Mormonism' that they did not feel like emigrating to this country.

There are hundreds in Iowa anxiously waiting till the Church goes back to Jackson county; when that time comes they design to jump on board Zion's ship. They think it is the next thing to treason to call upon them to come to Utah.

When br. McGaw and myself arrived in Iowa City we found the Saints in a curious condition. The Branch was divided, there were two presidents holding separate meetings. Br. McGaw arrived there a little before I did and disorganized the Branch and they are not yet reorganized, and I pray that they never may be until they comply with the requirements of the law of God.

We preached to them and showed them the necessity of becoming united and of gathering to Utah; but it is hard to teach those old 'hang-ers on' anything about 'Mormonism,' for they think they know everything. In this however they are grandly mistaken, for almost the least child in the mountains could teach them the principles of eternal life.

Early in the spring of 1856 I began at Florence to prepare for our emigration.

This part of my mission was very agreeable, but the winter previous was to me most wearisome and tedious. I found no congenial acquaintance except br. McGaw; although there were many with whom I had been associated before I came to the valley, they had so far departed from the true spirit of the gospel that I had no pleasure in their society.

After the emigration was over br. Snow concluded to stay with us a short time and we organized a Branch of the Church and I commenced rebaptizing the Saints who were scattered round there, and we were the means of cheering up those who took our counsel.

We baptised about 75 persons in the Branch of the Church at Florence, and I have great pleasure in saying that a great portion of them are good people; they are trying to keep the commandments of the Lord; but they are generally poor, the majority of them being persons who have not gathered in consequence of not having means.

Last fall, at the October Conference in St. Louis, br. William Lewis, a Welsh brother, was appointed to take a mission among that portion of the emigration that was scattered about in Illinois, to find out how many there were in that region of country and to teach them the principles of the gospel. Although the weather was very cold, he traveled through the State of Iowa on foot and arrived at Florence on the 22d of December.

The Saints who had stopped at Newton, Fort Desmoine and several other places felt glad that the servants of the Lord had sent forth a messenger to seek after their welfare.

When the press of business was over last season, I went into Nebraska with a company of seven men to seek a place for making a settlement. We left Florence on the 15th of Nov. and pursued our course into the region of the Loup Fork and then stuck down our stakes.

I returned to Florence and shortly afterwards went on a visit among the Saints in the neighborhood of St. Louis. On my way I visited many old 'Mormons,' but found very few that had any disposition to come to the mountains. Many of them feel quite above those Saints that Pres. Young led to Utah; they do not associate with those that left Illinois, neither do they associate with those who are favorable to emigration to this country.

Many, who express great anxiety to gather with the Saints are good mechanics, men who can earn from three to five dollars per day; and they say they have been trying to gather to the mountains ever since Pres. Young and the authorities first came here, but they have not been able to accumulate the means.

I told them I did not believe a word of it, and said I, a man who has labor and cannot make an out-fit in 10 or 12 years in the Western country is not fit for the mountains.

I returned to Florence the last day of March and went immediately to work to make arrangements to go to the Loup Fork to make a farm.

On the 22d of April I got started with about 17 men, 4 wagons, some plows and seeds and made our way to Beaver River on the Loup Fork. On our arrival we laid off a town site and called it GENOA. On May 19 a company from St. Louis arrived at Genoa. The brethren felt well and enjoyed the Spirit of the Lord, and I will say to their credit that I never met with a better band of brethren than I found in that camp, as also all those who are now located at Genoa.

After we had made the location last fall I made arrangements with br. Robert Shackleton to build a saw mill, which would be in operation a few days after I left.

We found the Saints in Florence very anxious to emigrate to the mountains.

It is not very desirable for a man to take a mission to the United States, at present, at least I have found it so. I could have enjoyed myself much better at home. I have been gone nearly two years. I have not preached much in that

time, but I have been engaged working with my hands; handling freight, assisting the emigration, and making the settlement called Genoa, all which suited my natural feelings much better than preaching.

I felt to rejoice exceedingly when br. Taylor and br. Snow told me that I could come home.—It did not take long for me to get ready, I can assure you. Neither did it take me a great while to get ready when I was called to go on my mission.

I feel that the blessings of the Lord have been with me during my absence from you, and I have accomplished all things that I set my hands to do according to the grace and strength given me of God. I rejoice in the privilege of returning and of being once more in the society of the Saints.

May the Lord God bless us, strengthen us and enable us to roll forth his purposes upon the earth, is my prayer in the name of Christ our Redeemer: Amen.

#### ACCOUNT OF HIS MISSION

By Elder William Martindale, Bowery, Sunday, Afternoon, Aug. 16, 1857.

[REPORTED BY J. V. LONG.]

Brethren and Sisters, it is with feelings that are easier felt than described that I arise before you to speak for a short time.

Some of you will remember, perhaps, that about three years and three months ago I was called to go on a mission to Texas. I believe it was the eighth day of April that I was called, and on the tenth day of May I left this city in company with a few other brethren, br. Benjamin L. Clapp being appointed President of the company. [Asked a blessing on the bread.]

Since that time I have passed through very different scenes from that presented before me to-day, and when I contrast those scenes with the present, I feel that if I had not had some acquaintance with the Saints in the mountains, with their looks, their feelings and their spirits, that I should be constrained to think that I had, in my transit across the plains, by some means got on to some other planet.

When I witness the intelligence sparkling from your eyes, the unparalleled peace, love and union that dwell in your bosoms and surround your mountain homes, and the joyous expressions of your countenances, the contrast between these and the darkening, wicked and murderous eyes and countenances that I have been called, in some degree, to mingle with, in the world, is beyond my power of language to portray.

When I started on my mission I said I was going to hell, and I have found it just so. I have found a little worse rookery than I expected, but by the blessing of my heavenly Father I have performed my mission, got the privilege to return to the valleys and meet with a hearty welcome from the Prophet of God that stands at the head of the Church on the earth, and this has recompensed me for all the hell that I have been in.

I have had the privilege, since I have been gone, of baptizing quite a number of good, faithful people, who have confidence in the Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ and in your humble servant, from whom they received the gospel, and they have thanked God, the First Presidency and your humble servant for being the means of their receiving the gospel, and they are also thankful that they had honesty enough to embrace it.

Times were such in the sunny land of the South that they could not dispose of their property so as to gather up here the present season. Some of them have negroes, cattle and lands, and they could not find any market for them this season and consequently they could not come here, otherwise they would be glad to gather with the Saints of God.

The United States are being visited by the judgments of the Almighty. For three years past they have not had but half a crop. Cotton, the queen of the South, has failed for three years in succession, and while I was in Genoa I had a letter from one of the brethren who stated that it froze so on the 5th of April that it killed their corn, their cotton and their sassafra. They said they must kill that old 'Mormon' for prophesying and bringing evil upon them. Such being their circumstances in April, I cannot tell how their crop will come out this season.

In that region of country where br. Clapp traveled, a great storm arose and a whirlwind took people up in the air, and killed seventeen of them by twisting their heads round. Goods were found scattered 20 miles away from the stores and one store-keeper was found with head twisted round. The only family that escaped was that of a widow woman who saw the hurricane coming and ran into the prairie, fell flat on her face and held on to her children.

The judgments of God are falling upon that people to a great extent, and yet they continue to make long prayers and to pull long faces, for such things are popular there. For them to have frost and snow in that country, why, it quite astonishes them.

They hardly got over exulting at the news which they had received about the grasshoppers eating up the crops of the 'Mormons,' and about the general government being determined to straighten up that great Governor of Utah, till a severe, freezing winter came and killed off half their cattle. Last spring, on the 18th of May, I stood on snow 2 feet deep, and there is no grass for their animals and no wheat for themselves. There is not as much wheat in Richmond county as there is upon two lots in Grantsville where I live, and Richmond is one of the best wheat growing counties in Illinois. There were not any persons there who knew me, and therefore I could ask as many questions as I had a mind, for I was driving cattle, and of course could pass off for a frontier drover. I said to a man who talked with me, you are as bad as the 'Mormons.' I talked with him some time, and finding that he

was anticipating more troubles, I remarked, **your faith is, so may it be.**

'What is the matter?'—some inquired. They are in hell, and I can say that Pres. Young's words are true and that he is a Prophet of God, for he says that to want to do something and cannot is hell, and that is just their condition, for they want to do something to the Latter Day Saints, they wish to wipe the kingdom of God out of existence, and they cannot.

The papers boasted when Parley was killed that there was one 'Mormon' less, and that is the way they feel; they want to do something, they itch all over and they hardly know where to scratch, and if they knew where it hurt most they would bite.

There was a man came through the country where I was who professed to have been through Salt Lake City, and he told the people that Martindale was a better speaker than Pres. Young.—I thought the man a very poor judge.

They brought many charges against me while I was among them. They first said I was a horse stealer, and that I found all the good horses in the country and then set the boys to steal them.—I was then charged with being a negro stealer, and then when that would not pass any longer they said I was at the head of a party of abolitionists.

After this a man came along through the country, and I was pointed out to him as a 'Mormon.' As soon as he saw me he told me he had known me in New York, and he told the people that I was the smartest lawyer in the country and, said he, 'if he has undertaken to study 'Mormonism' you might just as well all shut up at once.'

Just so sure as they commenced upon me, the Lord put something between them and me, in so much that they became exceedingly angry and declared if I baptized any person or organized a Branch there, they would take my life. The first they knew of my operations was that I had a Branch organized. An old Baptist there said if I baptized any of his family he would kill me, but the first the old man knew I had baptized his son and daughter.

I baptized 36 in that region of country. Most of them are still good, faithful Saints; ordained some to the priesthood, and when I came away I left two Elders to preside.

I did the grubbing and the ploughing, I planted the seed, irrigated it and God Almighty gave the increase. There are those that I am as sure of, almost, as I am of my existence, my heart would rejoice to see them gathered into these valleys.

My heart rejoices in what we have heard to-day. I feel that it is first rate and just suitable to our condition, for Zion must be free.

The first thing that I had my attention called to in the sunny South was polygamy. I was asked what we believed about it. We could not preach baptism and the first principles of the gospel, for the people were determined to hear something about polygamy.

While upon this subject I have a notion of showing you what christianity will do, though perhaps you hear a great deal about it from the Elders who return from their various missions, but I will still throw in my mite.

The Christians down in the lower world have a great deal to say about the 'Mormons' having more than one wife in the mountains. One very pious, long-faced gentleman had considerable to say to me on this subject; said he,

'Do the 'Mormons' have more than one wife?'

I answered, 'yes sir.' He continued,

'What grounds have you for such a practice? Do you find grounds for it in God's holy word? It is astonishing! And many of your leading men we have reason to believe are men of talent, and some of them indeed are men of taste, and your ladies are ladies of taste; it is astonishing that you can believe in such an erroneous doctrine, such corruption. O! it is a stink! Utah will fall in its own corruption.'

How do you think I should feel by this time? [Voice: I should feel as if I should want to wipe my nose.]

'We believe the United States government are going to straighten you up there in Utah, and to make you a code of morals to live by.'

I replied to such remarks by saying, I acknowledge we are in the tops of the mountains, and we are so peculiar that we do not allow the name of God to be profaned. We are far away from civilization as known in the world, and we have not the houses of ill fame, nor licensed brothels, and not many court houses.

Then I turned round and said, I would like to know who owns these colored children here, these half-breeds, these three-fourths, one-eighths and one-sixteenths? I see them here, all grades and shades of color, and now I want to know who are the fathers of all these mulatto children.

I know men in the South who drive their own sons and daughters at the plough and sell them at public auctions, for one half the children in that country are of mixed blood.

It is profitable business there to raise 'niggers,' for those mixed breeds will fetch from an hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars more than a full-blooded 'nigger.'

It is frequently the case that a man is driving one of his daughters about as a slave, while he has another in the parlor drumming music out of a piano.

I have sometimes wanted the privilege that was given to-day by br. Brigham; if I had had that privilege when among the scoffing gentiles I should have been very much inclined to fight, for I frequently felt quite a disposition to mash in some of their wicked mouths.

See them, selling and bartering off their own flesh and blood, and then justifying themselves in it! You know five or ten cents for a moment's carnal gratification, occasionally, is not so costly as it is to board and clothe and honorably support a woman all the time; and they say, 'it is no harm to take a little, if it is black?' Such is the corruption of that part of the world where I have been.

Br. Brigham has told one of the true causes of