

THE DESERT NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

NUMBER 26.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1856.

VOLUME VI.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE 201.—Parson Thacher's Day—The Truth—History of Joseph Smith.
PAGE 202.—Fac Similes of the Six Plates.
PAGE 203.—Discourse by Pres. J. M. Grant, Bowery, Aug. 3, 1856—Physical Morality—The Young Man's Leisure—Words—To Pickle Cucumbers—To make new and stiff cloth sew easily.
PAGE 204.—The Admission of Kansas—Kansas Investigating Committee.
PAGE 205.—Kansas, continued—An Old Prophecy—A Dissolution—Earthquake.—Editorial: Proclamation by the Governor—Small Pox—Fall Ploughing—Eastern Mail—Cal. Mail—Congress—Arrivals—Fire—Summary.—Nevada destroyed by Fire.
PAGE 206.—Kansas—To the Girls—A Tale of Horror—Woman and Porpoises—Singing—An Elephant Swimming Thirty Miles.
PAGE 207.—Advertisements.
PAGE 208.—Grammar in Rhyme—Committee Solree—Inundations in France—Loss of the Ocean Queen—Steamboat Losses—Bringing up Children—Education of Children—Difference of Opinion—Emphasis—Rum Traffic—Cure—Married—Meteorological Table for August—New Advertisements.

Parson Thacher's Day.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

I was once at a great old farm house, one of the real old New England style, of which few specimens now remain. Here in the first cold weather of autumn, the family congregated about the kitchen fire, so as not to disturb the flower-pots, which still ornamented the hearth of the keeping-room. The young student from Boston was accommodated on one side of the fire, and a little stand, on which was placed a tall iron candlestick, bearing a dipt-candle with the wick an inch long, for the furtherance of his studies. Not being much inspired by the book under those circumstances, he was wont to listen to the talk of an ancient dame who sat with a high perennial fountain of knitting work in a high back chair on the opposite side of the fire, bestowing various hints and cautions upon a young clergyman lately ordained, and hoping he would be 'carried through' all the work that was before him in the ministry of that parish.

The young clergyman, city bred, and only a guest at the farm-house, listened with deference and replied very satisfactorily to most of the old lady's remarks; but he could not be made to understand very clearly in what particulars he was likely to find his position more than usually difficult. He did not seem to doubt that he should be 'carried through,' though he said so very modestly.

'Humph!' said the old lady, taking a spare knitting-needle from her work and passing it gently under her cap with a reflective air, 'Did you ever hear about Parson Thacher's day, Mr. Z? My mother could remember the Parson, though he died in 1727. He was a man that had been sent to school and then to college in this country (it was the custom in them days) yes, to Leyden, where he studied for the ministry, and not only that, but learned medicine and surgery, and not content with that, studied law besides.'

Mr. Z—began to open his eyes at this enumeration of his predecessor's accomplishments.

'Yes,' continued the good lady, 'and besides, he was a good mechanic, so that he could use almost any tool. Well, he come back, settled in this town, and married Theodosia F. and she made him a good wife, and they lived very comfortably in their plain way.'

'But,' said the young clergyman, who, being fresh from college, was the least in the world priggish, 'I can scarcely see how Mr. Thacher's European attainments were necessary to fit him for such a position.'

'Humph,' said the old lady again, 'stay till I tell you my story. One Monday morning parson Thacher said to his wife, 'I've engaged to go to D—to preach an ordination sermon on Wednesday and I must set out to-morrow; so this day I must have entirely for my study, and you must not allow me to be interrupted for any thing short of a case of life and death. So Mrs. Thacher promised, and the good parson went thoughtfully up stairs to prepare his sermon.'

He was scarcely seated when a woman in the neighborhood came in, almost breathless, anxiously enquiring for Mr. Thacher.

'He is in his study, and cannot be disturbed on any account.'

'Oh dear!' says the poor woman, 'I don't know what I shall do, for our best cow's very sick, and nobody can't do nothing to help her.—We've had Loren, the cow doctor, and he can't tell what's the matter with her. What will become of us if we lose her?'

Now Mrs. Thacher felt so bad to think the woman must lose her cow, that she even ventured up stairs and knocked at her husband's door.

'Wife, you know I told you I couldn't—'

'Yes, but poor Mrs. Trimbley—' and then she told all about the cow and tried to persuade the parson to go at once. This he said was out of the question; but he would certainly call after dinner, as he was obliged to pass by Mrs. Trimbley's to go to a raising, where he had promised to make a prayer. So the poor woman went home much comforted to think that parson Thacher would come at all, so great was her opinion of his skill. She had hardly shut the gate, when another neighbor came in as flurried and out of breath as Mrs. Trimbley; and hardly remembering to say 'how d'ye do?' before she cried out,

'Where is Mr. Thacher?'

'My husband is in his study, and cannot be—'

'Oh, run up, do, Mrs. Thacher, and tell him

that Mr. Vose and Mr. Hunt have had another awful quarrel again, and Mr. Vose says he'll go right off to Boston and employ Lawyer Gridley,'—a pretty awful threat in those days—'for he won't put up with ill usage any longer.'

This frightened Mrs. Thacher dreadfully, to think a quarrel should get to such a length in that neighborhood. So, knowing her husband's powers as peacemaker, she went to his study door once more.

'What's the matter now, wife?' said Parson Thacher.

'Oh, a dreadful quarrel,' and so forth, repeating all the threats and hard speeches, and begging her husband to interfere without delay.

'Well, I can't possibly go now, but send word to Mr. Vose not to go to Boston till he has seen me. I will call after dinner, as I go to the raising.'

This pacified the messenger, and the parson went on with about the 'fourthly' of his ordination sermon.

Presently a violent rapping with the heavy end of a whip was heard at the door, and a farmer, from some distance off, inquired for Mr. Thacher. Mrs. Thacher repeated the old excuse, but the farmer was not to be put off so easily. He insisted on the minister's wife going up and telling her husband that a man was below who must see him, being in great trouble and wanting immediate help. Upon this, with many groans, the parson at length came down and learned that the man's axletrees had been broken under a load of potash kettles, and he could do nothing without help.

'The only thing to be done,' said parson Thacher, 'is to make another axletree just like that. Go into my shed; there you will find a box of tools. Cut down a young hickory, make your axletree, and when it is ready I'll come and help you put it in.'

And then the parson turned to go up stairs again: but Mrs. Thacher told him the dinner was ready to take up, and would be on the table in a minute. So he sat down to dinner, and when that was finished it was quite time to go to the raising. On the way he remembered the sick cow. He found the poor cow in great pain, and several of the neighbors standing round, looking at her.

'Have you tried this, and this, and such another thing?'

'Yes, but nothing does any good.'

And then parson Thacher, with all his Leyden learning, went close up to the cow, and examined her all over.

'Make beef of her while you can, Mrs. Trimbley,' said he, for her leg is broken, and there is nothing else to be done.'

And so he jogged on to the scene of the quarrel. There he found Mr. Vose in a towering passion, declaring he would go yet to Boston for squire Gridley, although he had waited out of respect to the pastor.

'What is the difficulty this time?' said parson Thacher.

'Oh, the old thing over again. His cows have been in my corn, and I know they were turned in on purpose, and I'm determined, if it cost me every—'

'Send for Mr. Hunt,' said parson Thacher; and Mr. Hunt came. After some parley, and some hard things said on both sides, the parson asked—

'What may be the damage in money?'

'About two pistareens,' said Mr. Vose.

'Well, you won't object to paying that, neighbor Hunt?' said the pastor.

'Why—no,' said Mr. Hunt; and after a friendly exhortation, the parson went on his way at a brisk trot, fearing to be too late at the raising.

Here he found all in commotion, and as soon as he appeared his name was called out by a dozen at once. A man had fallen off the timbers, and was taken up for dead. 'But here is parson Thacher,' said they. And the parson felt of the man's pulse, said he was not dead, called for bandages, drew out a lancet, bled him, and in a short time signs of life appeared. All was soon over, and the man recovered. The raising went on; the minister made his prayer, and then set off for home, knowing he had the ordination sermon yet to finish. As he came past Hunt's he found that man waiting at the gate for him.

'Mr. Thacher,' said he, 'you've saved me from an ugly quarrel, and I thank you for it. My wife wants you to accept of a leg of bacon of her own curing; and if you'll wait a minute, I'll step in and get it, and put it in your saddle-bag.'

So the bacon was brought, and it took some little time to get it into the saddle-bag; but, sermon or no sermon, such a present must not be refused. And parson Thacher trotted on, hoping supper would be ready when he got home. He had to pass Vose's door, too, and Vose, who was busy with something in the yard, looked up and saw the minister, and stopped him, that he might thank him for his friendly office in the quarrel. While they were talking, Mr. Thacher said:

'Mr. Vose, may I trouble you to hand me up a good big stone, to put in the other side of my saddle-bags—for Mrs. Hunt has given me a leg of bacon that weighs them down unequally, and causes them to slip.'

'Not I, indeed, parson Thacher,' said Vose; 'I'll give you no stone; but my wife has some good nice cheeses, and if you'll wait just one minute, I'll step in and get one to balance your saddle-bags.'

The cheese was forthcoming in a moment, and stowed away, and parson Thacher chattered on his horse and soon saw home. But at the gate he was met by his wife with a troubled countenance.

'Here are Mr. Mitchel and Mr. Wales come to stay all night, to go with you to-morrow to the ordination, and I've nothing in the world for supper but some eggs.'

'Don't be troubled, my dear,' said the parson, and with that he pulled the ham and the cheese out of the saddle-bags, and was about to step in and welcome his friends, when the man of the axletree boarded him, seemingly a great deal out of patience.

'Why, parson Thacher, you've staid so long, that it's too late for me to go on to-night. There was nobody else here to help me, and so here I am.'

'Well, never mind, neighbor, you can sleep here, and go on in the morning.'

'Ay, but I must be ready to start before day,' said the farmer, 'and the axletree has got to be mended to-night.'

Mr. Thacher saw there was nothing for it but to help the poor man after his own fashion; so he called for the lantern, put up his horse, helped the man in with the axletree, ate his supper, performed the family devotions, saw all his guests safely stowed away for the night, and then sat down and finished his ordination sermon. And so ended parson Thacher's Day.

The old lady looked at the young clergyman, but he did not speak. He wore a very sad countenance, and very soon taking up his tall iron candlestick, went musingly to bed.

[From the Boston Cultivator.]

The Truth.

You watch your neighbor's actions,

More than you do your own;

You cannot or you will not,

Let his affairs alone!

In short, your neighbor's business,

Which none concerneth you,

You meddle with till yours

Is clearly out of view.

It is the ungarlished truth—

You know it is the truth!

You see your neighbor's failings,

But do not see your own;

And think that you are worthy

To cast at him the stone,

When, if you'd wipe your mirror,

Till you yourself could see,

You'd find you're just as erring,

And full of faults as he!

It is the ungarlished truth—

You know it is the truth!

The way you judge a person,

Is by the cloth he wears,

You do not stop to notice

The inward heart he bears;

If his dress is growing seedy,

Or ragged, old and torn,

You pass him by unnoticed,

Or look at him in scorn!

It is the ungarlished truth—

You know it is the truth!

You feel yourself above those

Not quite so rich as you,

Too proud and vain to speak with

The man whose dimes are few!

Well, do so, if you wish to—

But in Heaven, beyond the sky,

Ye proud ones shall be humbled,

And the lowly ones made high!

It is the ungarlished truth—

I've told you but the truth! SYDNEY.

[Copyright Secured.]

HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

APRIL, 1843.

Thursday, 20.—I went out with bro. Manhard to shew him some lots, and settled with him, and afterwards heard read a proof sheet of the elders' conference.

Elder Rigdon received a letter last Sunday, informing him that the Nauvoo Post Office was abolished. He foolishly supposed it genuine, neglected his duty, and started for Cathage to learn more about it, but was met by Mr. Hamilton, an old mail contractor, who satisfied him it was a hoax, and he returned home and the mail arrived as usual to-day.

Friday, 21.—I rode out in the city; and in the afternoon went to my farm.

There was an officer drill of the Nauvoo Legion.

Saturday, 22.—The cohorts of the Legion were in exercise this day. My staff came out with me, and spent the day in riding, exercising and organizing, and sitting in court martial, to ascertain to what staff Robert D. Foster, surgeon general; Hugh Mc Fall, adjutant general; and Daniel H. Wells, commissary general, belonged.

Sunday, 23.—Nine to ten a.m. at home, heard read Truthiana No. 6; also the minutes of special conference, which I revised.

Eleven a.m., meeting at the Temple stand; B. Young, P. P. Pratt, O. Pratt, O. Hyde, Geo. A. Smith, W. Richards, present.

O. Hyde prayed.

Pres. B. Young preached on the subject of salvation, and the Twelve commenced their mission to build the Nauvoo House; for the salvation of the church, it was necessary that the public buildings should be erected, &c.

P. P. Pratt preached in the afternoon, showing the rapid increase of Nauvoo during the past three years.

Peter Haws called for twenty five hands to go with him to the pine country, to get lumber for the Nauvoo House.

Pres. Young instructed the laborers on the Nauvoo House to commence next morning, even if they had to beg food of their neighbors to commence with, and requested families to board hands till means could be procured.

Monday, 24.—In the morning I took my children a pleasure ride in the carriage.

At 1 p.m., Pres. B. Young, H. C. Kimball, O. Hyde, J. Taylor, Geo. A. Smith, W. Woodruff and W. Richards met in council in my office, and agreed to go to Augusta, Iowa; spend the next Sabbath, and devise means to secure the property which has been purchased of Moffat, by the Nauvoo House Trustees, and voted John Carnes go on a mission to England; Peter Haws and James Brown to Tuscaloosa, Alabama; that Elder Murray Seaman be instructed to return home immediately, and that Mr. Lucien Woodworth be respectfully requested, immediately, to furnish the Twelve with a draft of the exterior and interior of the Nauvoo House.

Prince Louis Napoleon, claimant of the imperial throne of France, writes from his prison at Ham, to the Parisian journals, 'I would prefer captivity on the French soil, to freedom in exile.'

Tuesday, 25.—In the office in the morning, and heard read the proceedings of the Twelve Apostles yesterday.

Lucius N. Scovill and other Masons came to see me concerning H. G. Sherwood, when I was told that Grand Master G. M. Nye was dead, which caused the following remark:—When Nye was here trying to pull me by the nose and trample on me, I inquired of the Lord, if I was to be led by the nose and cuffed about by such a man? I received for answer, 'wait a minute.' Nye is dead; and any man or Mason who attempts to ride me down and oppress me, will run against the boss of Jehovah's buckler, and will be quickly moved out of the way. Nye was a hypocritical Presbyterian preacher, and was known to have committed adultery in this city, and violated his oath as a Master Mason. He started an opposition lodge on the hill, called the Nye Lodge; on which subject I said, 'They will do us all the injury they can, but let them go ahead, although it will result in a division of the lodge. Nye, fearing the penalty of the city ordinances on adultery, speedily fled from Nauvoo, and soon after died suddenly in Iowa.'

At 3 1/2 p.m., rain fell in torrents, and wind blew strong from N. W.—several barns were blown down; so dark for fifteen minutes could not see to write—considerable hail fell. The creeks rose very high, the land covered with water.

Wednesday, 26.—At home. Squally and cold weather.

Received of Wilford Woodruff, a deed of N. 1/4 of lot 4, block 12, on Kimball's second addition, valued at \$50 on titling.

Thursday, 27.—At 11 a.m., sat in mayor's court; when Jonathan Ford proved a stolen horse.

Visited at bro. H. C. Kimball's with William Clayton.

The Nye Lodge was installed on the hill.

English state documents show an annual loss of £3,000,000, and 1000 lives on the coast of Portsmouth, for want of harbors of refuge.

Friday, 28.—At home.

Saturday, 29.—Rode out to the prairie with my brothers William and Samuel, and John Topham, and apportioned a lot between sister Mollah and John Scott.

Elders B. Young, H. C. Kimball, W. Woodruff, Geo. A. Smith, Joseph Young, and Peter Haws rode to Augusta, Iowa.

Sunday, 30.—The brethren held a meeting at Augusta, and had a good time, about 200 Saints were present. Augusta is a flourishing little town; there are three saw-mills, and two flour mills, having excellent water privileges.

At 10 a.m., a trial commenced before the First Presidency, Graham Coltrin vs. Anson Matthews, being an appeal from the High Council on complaint: 'First, for a failure in refusing to perform according to contract respecting the sale of a piece of land by him sold to me. Second, for transferring his property in a way to enable him to bid defiance to the result and force of law, and to evade the afore-said contracts; thereby wronging me out of my just claim to the same; and also for lying,' &c., &c.

Witnesses for plaintiff—H. G. Sherwood, N. G. Blodgett, Zebedee Coltrin, Father Coltrin.

Witnesses for defence—Two affidavits of George Reads, Mrs. Matthews, bro. Browett, Samuel Thompson, Richard Slater.

Decision of the council is, that the charges are not sustained.

Monday, May 1.—I rode out with Lucien Woodworth, and paid him £20 for the Nauvoo House, which I borrowed of William Allen.

I insert fac similes of the six brass plates found near Kinderhook, in Pike county, Illinois, on April 23, by Mr. R. Wiley and others, while excavating a large mound. They found a skeleton about six feet from the surface of the earth, which must have stood nine feet high. The plates were found on the breast of the skeleton, and were covered on both sides with ancient characters.