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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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AN ADDRESS

Delivered by President Geo. A. Smith, in the New Tabernacle, October 8th and 9th, 1868.

(Continued from yesterday.)

This correspondence shows us the necessity of our being united in sustaining the Latter-day Saints, that we may not build up, by our own acts, a power to renew persecution again in our midst.

EXPULSION FROM ILLINOIS.

In September, 1845, the mob commenced burning the houses of the Saints in the southern part of the county of Hancock and continued until stopped by the sheriff who summoned a posse comitatus, while few but Latter-day Saints would serve under him. The Governor sent troops and disbanded the posse. The murderers of Joseph and Hyrum had a sham trial and were acquitted. A convention of nine counties notified us that we must leave the State. The Governor informed us through General Jno. J. Harding and Hon. Stephen A. Douglas that we could not be protected in Illinois. We commenced our emigration west on the 6th of February, 1846. During that month some 1200 wagons crossed the Mississippi many of them on the ice. Everybody that was able to leave continued to do so until late in the summer, and the outfit with which they left were insufficient, while the winter and spring weather was inclement, which caused a great deal of suffering.

While the strength of Israel had gone westward, the Illinois mob commenced their hostilities with redoubled fury. They whipped, plundered, and murdered men, abused women and children, and drove all the scattering ones into Nauvoo, then laid siege to the place and bombarded it for three days, killing several persons and wounding others, and peremptorily expelled the remainder across the river into Iowa, after robbing them of the remainder of the property they possessed and leaving them on the shore to perish.

Their encampment was probably one of the most miserable and distressed that ever existed. All who were able by any possible means had got away; those left were the poor and the helpless. Great numbers were sick, and they were without tents or conveniences of any kind to make them comfortable. Encamped on the foggy bottoms of the Mississippi river they were scorched with fevers, without medicine or proper food.

In this helpless condition a merciful Providence smiled on them by sending quails, so tame that many caught them with their hands; yet many perished within sight of hundreds of houses belonging to them and their friends, which were under the dominion of the Rev. Thos. L. Brockman and his mob legions, who viciously trampled the constitution and laws of Illinois, and the laws of humanity under their feet.

The victims continued to suffer until the camps in the west sent them relief. For a more full description of these scenes, I copy from the historical address of Colonel (now General) Thomas L. Kane, who was an eye witness.

"A few years ago," said Colonel Kane, "ascending the Upper Mississippi, in the autumn, when its waters were low, I was compelled to travel by land past the region of the Rapids. My road lay through the Half-Breed Tract, a fine section of Iowa, which the unsettled state of its land-titles had appropriated as a sanctuary for cowboys, horse thieves, and other outlaws. I had left my steamer at Keokuk, at the foot of the Lower Falls, to hire a carriage, and to contend for some fragments of a dirty meal with the swarming flies, the only scavengers of the locality.

"From this place to where the deep water of the river returns, my eye was weary to see every where sordid, vagabond and idle settlers; and a country marred, without being improved, by their careless hands. I was descending the last hill-side upon my journey, when a landscape in delightful contrast broke upon my view. Half encircled by a bend of the river, a beautiful city lay glittering in the fresh morning sun; its bright new dwellings, set in cool green grass, ranging up around a stately dome-shaped hill, which was crowned by a noble edifice, whose high tapering spire was radiant with white and gold. The city appeared to cover several miles; and beyond it, in the background, there rolled off a fair country, chequered by the careful lines of fruitful husbandry. The unmistakable marks of industry, enterprise, and educated wealth everywhere, made the scene one of singular and most striking beauty. It was a natural impulse to visit this inviting region. I procured a skiff, and rowing across the river, landed at the chief wharf of the city. No one met me there. I looked, and saw none. I could hear no noise; and the quiet everywhere was such that I heard the flies buzz, and the water-ripples break against the shallow of the beach. I walked through the solitary streets. The town lay as a dream, under some deadening spell of loneliness, from which I almost feared to wake it; for plainly it had not slept long. There was no grass growing up in the paved ways; rains had not entirely washed away the prints of dusty footsteps.

"Yet I went about unchecked. I went into empty workshops, rope-walks, and smithies. The spinner's wheel was idle; the carpenter had gone from his work-bench and shavings, his unfinished sash and casing. Fresh bark was in the tanner's vat, and the fresh-thumped lightwood stood piled against the baker's oven. The blacksmith's shop was cold; but his coal heap, and lading pool, and crooked water horn, were all there, as if he had just gone off for a holiday. No work-people anywhere looked to know my errand.

"If I went into the gardens, clinking the wicket-latch loudly after me, to pull the margolyds, heartsease, and lady-slippers, and draw a drink with the water-sudden well-bucket and its noisy chain; or knocking off with my stick the tall, heavy-headed dahlias and sunflowers, hunted over the beds for cucumbers and love-apples—no one called out to me from any open window, or dog sprang forward to bark an alarm.

"I could have supposed the people hidden in the houses, but the doors were unfastened; and when at last I timidly entered them, I found dead ashes white upon the hearths, and had to tread a-tiptoe, as if walking down the aisle of a country church, to avoid rousing irreverent echoes from the naked floors. On the outskirts of the town was the city graveyard; but there was no record of plague there, nor did it in any wise differ much from other Protestant American countries. Some of the mounds were not long soddied; some of the stones were newly set, and their date recent, and their black inscriptions glossy in the sun's hardly dried lettering ink. Beyond the graveyard, out into the fields, I saw, in one spot hard by where the fruited boughs of a young orchard had been roughly torn down, the still smouldering remains of a barbecue fire, that had been constructed of rails from the fencing round it. It was the latest sign of life there. Fields upon fields of heavy-headed yellow grain lay rotting ungathered upon the ground. No one was there to take in their rich harvest.

"As far as the eye could reach, they stretched away, like sleeping toads in the hazy air of autumn. Only two portions of the city seemed to suggest the import of this mysterious solitude. On the southern suburb, the houses looking out upon the country showed, by their splintered woodwork and walls battered to the foundation, that they had lately been the mark of a destructive cannonade. And in and around the splendid Temple, which had been the chief object of my admiration, armed men were barracked, surrounded by their stacks of musketry and pieces of heavy ordnance. These challenged me to render an account of myself and why I had had the temerity to cross the water without written permit from a leader of their band.

"Though these men were generally more or less under the influence of ardent spirits, after I had explained myself as a passing stranger, they seemed anxious to gain my good opinion. They told the story of the Dead City; that it had been a notable manufacturing and commercial mart, sheltering over 20,000 persons; that they had waged war with its inhabitants for several years, and had been finally successful only a few days before my visit, in an action fought in front of the ruined suburb; after which, they had driven them forth at the point of the sword. The defence, they said, had been obstinate, but gave way on the third day's bombardment. They boasted greatly of their prowess, especially in this battle, as they called it; but I discovered they were not of one mind as to certain points. One of which, as I remember, was, that they had slain a father and his son, a boy of fifteen, not long residents of the faded city, whom they admitted to have borne a character without reproach.

"They also conducted me inside the massive sculptured walls of the curious Temple, in which they said the banished inhabitants were accustomed to celebrate the mystic rites of an unhallowed worship. They particularly pointed out to me certain features of the building, which, having been the peculiar objects of a former superstitious regard, they had, as a matter of duty, sedulously defiled and defaced. The reputed sites of certain shrines they had thus particularly noticed; and various sheltered chambers, in one of which was a deep well, constructed, they believed, with a dreadful design. Beside these, they led me to see a large and deep chiseled marble vase or basin, supported upon twelve oxen, also of marble, and of the size of life, of which they told some romantic stories. They said the deluded persons, most of whom were emigrants from a great distance, believed their deity countenanced their reception here of a baptism of regeneration, as proxies for whomsoever they held in warm affection in the countries from which they had come. That here parents 'went into the water' for their lost children, children for their parents, widows for their spouses, and young persons for their lovers; that thus the Great Vase came to be for them associated with all dear and distant memories; and was therefore the object of all others in the building, to which they attached the greatest degree of idolatrous affection. On this account, the victors had so diligently desecrated it, as to render the apartment in which it was contained too noisome to abide in.

"They permitted me also to ascend into the steeple, to see where it had been lightning-struck the Sabbath before; and to look out, east and south, on wasted farms like those I had seen near the city, extending till they were lost in the distance. Here, in the face of the pure day, close to the scar of the divine wrath left by the thunderbolt, were fragments of food, cruises of liquor, and broken drinking vessels, with a brass drum and a steamboat signal bell, of which I afterwards learned the use with pain.

"It was after nightfall, when I was ready to cross the river on my return. The wind had freshened since the sunset, and the water beating roughly into my little boat, I edged higher up the stream than the point I had left in the morning, and landed where a faint glimmering light invited me to steer.

"Here, among the dock and rushes, sheltered only by the darkness without roof between them and the sky, I came upon a crowd of several hundred human beings, whom my movements roused from uneasy slumber on the ground.

"Passing these on my way to the light, I found it came from a tallow candle in a paper funnel shade, such as is used by street vendors of apples and peanuts, and which, flaming and guttering away in the bleak air off the water, shone flickeringly on the faded features of a man in the last stage of a billious remittent fever. They had done their best for him. Over his head was something like a tent, made of a sheet or two, and he rested on a partially ripped open old straw mattress, with a hair sofa cushion under his head for a pillow. His gaping jaw and glazing eye told how short a time he would monopolize these luxuries; though a seemingly bewildered and excited person, who might have been his wife, seemed to find hope in occasionally forcing him to swallow, awkwardly, sips of the tepid river water, from a burned and battered bottle, smelling the coffee-pot. Those who knew better had furnished the apothecary he needed; a toothless old bald-head, whose manner had the repulsive dulness of a man familiar with death scenes. He, so long as I remained, mumbled in his patient's ear a monotonous and melancholy prayer, between the pauses of which I heard the cough and sobbing of two little girls, who were sitting up on a piece of drift wood outside, and were suffering

"Dreadful, indeed, was the suffering

of these forsaken beings; bowed and cramped with cold and sunburn; alternating as each weary day and night dragged on, they were, almost all of them, the crippled victims of disease. They were there because they had no homes, nor hospital, nor poor-house, nor friends to offer them any. They could not satisfy the feeble cravings of their sick; they had not bread to quiet the fractious hunger-cries of their children. Mothers and babes, daughter and grand-parents, all of them alike, were bivouacked in tents, wanting even covering to comfort those whom the sick shiver of fever were searching to the marrow.

"These were Mormons, in Lee county, Iowa, in the fourth week of the month of September, in the year of our Lord 1846. The city—it was Nauvoo, Ill. The Mormons were the owners of that city, and the smiling country around. And those who had stopped their ploughs, who had silenced their hammers, their axes, their shuttles, and their workshop wheels; those who had put out their fires, who had eaten their food, spoiled their orchards, and trampled under foot their thousands of acres of unharvested bread; these were the keepers of their dwelling, the carousers in their temple, whose drunken riot insulted the ears of the dying.

"I think it was as I turned from the wretched night watch of which I have spoken, that I first listened to the sounds of revel of a party of the guard within the city. Above the distant hum of the voices of many, occasionally rose distinct the loud oath-tainted exclamation, and the falsely intoned scrap of vulgar song; but lest this requiem should go unheeded, every now and then, when their boisterous orgies strove to attain a sort of ecstatic climax, a cruel spirit of insulting frolic carried some of them up into the high belfry of the Temple steeple, and there, with the wicked childishness of inebriates, they whooped and shrieked, and beat the drum that I had seen, and rang in charivari unison their loud-tongued steam-boast bell.

"They were, all told, not more than six hundred and forty persons who were thus lying on the river flats. But the Mormons in Nauvoo and its dependencies had been numbered the year before at over twenty thousand. Where were they? They had last been seen, carrying in mournful train their sick and wounded, halt and blind, to disappear behind the western horizon, pursuing the phantom of another home. Hardly anything else was known of them; and people asked with curiosity, 'What had been their fate—what their fortunes?'"

OCTOBER 9TH.

The rear of the camp of the Saints that were driven out of Nauvoo, as we left them last evening, lying on the banks of the Mississippi,—a very uncomfortable and distressing situation,—were frequently annoyed by the firing of cannon from the opposite side of the river, many of the shot landing in the river, but occasionally some would pass over into the camp. One of them, picked up in the camp, was sent as a present to the Governor of Iowa.

The Reverend Thomas S. Brockman, leader of the mob who expelled the Saints from Nauvoo, said when he entered the city that he considered he had gained a tremendous triumph; but there is no language sufficient to describe the ignominy and disgrace that must attach, in all time to come, to him and his associates in the accomplishment of so brutal a work on an innocent and unoffending people on account of their religious opinions.

The settlements of Iowa on the west side of the Mississippi river, were scattering, extending back about seventy miles. We passed through these settlements on our journey westward, that is President Young and the party that left Nauvoo in the winter. We diverged a little from the regular route in order to be in the vicinity of the settlements of Missouri. Our brethren scattered wherever there was an opportunity to take jobs that the people were making rails, building log houses, and doing a variety of work, by which they obtained grain for their animals and breadstuff for themselves. We were enabled to do this while moving slowly. In fact the Spring rains soon rendered the ground so muddy that it was impossible to travel but a very short distance at a time. Soon after, when the grass grew, this divergence from the road southerly was discontinued, by pursuing a direction further north, until we reached a point on the east fork of Grand River, where the President's company commenced a settlement called Garden Grove, then another called Pisgah was commenced on the west fork of the same river. These streams and number of others had to be bridged at a heavy expense, which was done by the advanced parties. Our travel west of the settlements, before we reached the Missouri river, was about 300 miles. The country was in the possession of Potawatamie Indians. They, however, had sold their lands to the United States and were to give possession the following year. We were delayed building ferry boats and crossing the Missouri river. A large portion of our people crossed at a point now known as Omaha city; some crossed a little below, at Bellevue; or what we sometimes termed Whiskey Point, there being some missionaries and Indian traders there, who occupied their time principally in selling whisky to, and swindling the Indians.

We were met there by Captain James J. Allen, of United States dragoons, with an order from the War Department to enrol five hundred volunteers for the war in Mexico. The volunteers were enrolled in a very few days. A portion of our wagons had crossed the Missouri at this time, and the residue of our people, from whom the volunteers were drawn, were scattered on the way two hundred miles towards Nauvoo. The men however volunteered, leaving their families and teams on the prairies without protectors, and very materially weakened the camp, because they were the flower of the people. They marched direct for California, and there received the arms of infantry, and they were subsequently placed under the command of Lieutenant Colonel P. Saint George Cooke. They made a march of 2050 miles, to San Diego. History may be searched in vain for a parallel to this march of infantry. During a portion of this route they were on three-quarter rations, a portion on half rations, and a large portion of it on quarter rations of bread, their only meat being such draught animals as were unable to proceed further. They were, at one

time temporarily relieved from this pressure through an encounter with a herd of wild bulls. These men were discharged on the coast of California; but the government, finding it necessary to maintain some show of force in the southern part of California, requested a company of them to re-enlist, which they did, and served for a term of six months.

The departure of all these men from our party, left a great burden on the shoulders of those who remained. President Young gathered them together to a place now called Florence, which we denominated Winter Quarters. While there we built seven hundred log houses, one water-power, and several horse mills for grinding grain, and some hundred and fifty dug-outs, being a kind of cave dug in the earth, or houses half underground.

We gathered up the families of the battalion the best we could, but a great many were sick. Our exposures through the season, being deprived of vegetable food, and the overwork through so much bridge and road making brought on sickness; and all who were in Winter Quarters, remember it as being a place where a great many persons were afflicted, and many died.

Our brethren who were on the other side of the river established camps in various localities. There were probably two thousand wagons scattered about on the east side of the river in different parts of the Potawatamie country, each grove or camping ground taking the name of its leader. Many of those names are still retained, the various camping grounds being known as Miller's, Perken's, Miller's, &c.

Elders Orson Hyde, P. P. Pratt and John Taylor left the camp and went on a mission to England. Brother Benson, accompanied by other brethren, went to the east to solicit donations from our eastern friends. I am not aware of the exact amount that was donated, but it was only a trifle. There were a few old clothes also contributed, which I believe were scarcely worth the freight. Christian sympathy was not very strong for the Latter-day Saints. But we feel very thankful to those who did contribute, and shall ever remember with kindness their generosity towards the Saints.

We were here visited by Col. Thos. L. Kane, of Philadelphia, an extract from whose historical address was read yesterday. He visited our camp and saw our condition, and was the only man, I believe, who by words and deeds manifested that he felt to sympathize with the outraged and plundered people called Latter-day Saints. It may be that he was not the only man, but he was the only man who made himself conspicuous by his sympathy towards us. It is true that we have had men come here, as merchants, and officers who have expressed to us that they did have great sympathy with us at that time. It does us a great deal of good now to hear them say so, we did not know anything about it then.

In the Spring of 1843 President Young with one hundred and forty-three pioneers started in search of a place of settlement. We started early before there was a particle of grass in the Platte valley. We carried our food with us, and fed our animals on the cottonwood bark, until the grass grew, and managed to get along, making the road for 650 miles, and followed the trappers' trail about 400 miles more until we arrived in this valley. The whole company arrived here on the 24th of July 1847. There was a few bushes along the streams of City Creek, and other creeks south. The land was barren; it was covered with large black crickets, which seemed to be devouring everything that had outlived the drouth and desolation. Here we commenced our work by making an irrigation ditch, and planting potatoes, which we had brought from the States; and late as it was in the season, with all the disadvantages with which we had to contend, we raised enough to preserve the seed, though very few were as large as chestnuts. For the next three years we were reduced to considerable straits for food. Fast-meetings were held and contributions constantly made for those who had no provisions. Every head of a family issued rations to those dependant upon him for fear his supply of provisions should fall short. Rawhide, wolves, rabbits, thistle roots, segos and everything that could be thought of that would preserve life was resorted to; there was a few deaths by eating poisonous roots. A great deal of the grain planted here the first year grew only a few inches high; it was so short it could not be cut. The people had to pull it. A great many got discouraged and wanted to leave the country; some did leave. The discovery of gold mines in California by the brethren of the battalion caused many of the discouraged to go to that paradise of gold.

During all these trials President Young was firm and decided, he put on a smile when among the people, and said this was the place God had pointed out for the gathering place of the Saints, and it would be blessed and become one of the most productive places in the world. In this way he encouraged the people, and he was sustained by men who felt that God had inspired him to lead us here.

President Young went back to Winter Quarters the first season, and in 1848 returned with his family. John Smith, my honored father, who was subsequently patriarch of the whole Church, and who had been President of the Stake in Nauvoo, presided during the absence of President Young. I think that, for a man of his age and health, it was, in many respects, a very unpleasant position to be placed in, for all the murmuring, complaining, fault-finding, distress, hunger, annoyances, fears and doubts of the whole people were poured into his ear. But God inspired him, although feeble man, to keep up their spirits, and to sustain the work that was entrusted to him until the arrival of the President next season.

In three years—1850, the idea of a man issuing rations to his family to keep them from starving had passed away; but the grasshopper war of 1856 inflicted upon us so great a scarcity that issuing rations had to be resorted to again. Through all these circumstances no one was permitted to suffer, though all had to be pinched. I shall not attempt to give a detailed account of all the circumstances connected with our position in those trying times. But when our brethren arrive here by railroad and see a country smiling with plenty, I think they can hardly appreciate how it looked when we came.

When first I came down on this ground, in 1847, I was dressed in buckskin, having torn most of my clothes to pieces. I had rawhide soles on my feet, and had a piece of hard bread and a piece of dried

antelope meat to eat. I lay down, took my pistol in my hand and held on to my horse by a lariet while eating my meat and biscuit, for fear the Indians might take a notion to my hair, of which I was always very choice. I took that meal near where our City Hall now stands. There has been quite an improvement since then.

The first year of our settlement here the crops were greatly injured by crickets, and many of the people gave up all hope, and it seemed as if actual starvation was inevitable for the whole colony. God sent gulls from the Lake, and they came and devoured the crickets. It seemed as if they were heavenly messengers sent to stay the famine. They would eat until they were filled and would then disgorge; and so they continued eating and vomiting until the fields were cleared, and the colony saved. Praise the Lord! During the time of scarcity when there was a short allowance of bread, the people were remarkably healthy, more so than they were afterwards when food became more plentiful.

In 1847 it was the counsel for every person leaving the Missouri river to be provided with 365 pounds of bread stuff; many, however, came with less. The next season they were to bring 800 pounds, the season after 250 pounds; but in 1850 the people came with just enough to serve them during their journey across the Plains. In 1849 President Young founded the P. E. Fund. We had covenanted while in Conference in the Temple at Nauvoo, that we would never quit our exertions to the extent of our influence and property, until every man, woman and child of the Latter-day Saints that wanted to come to the mountains, had been gathered. In 1849, notwithstanding all our poverty, a large sum in gold was contributed by the brethren for emigration purposes, and Bishop Edward Hunter went back and commenced the work of missions, which for a short time had been partially suspended. Missionaries were sent to Denmark, Sweden, Norway, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany and the islands of the Pacific.

The first commercial house established here by strangers was Livingston & Kinkead's. Mr. Livingston had about eight thousand dollars, which was all the money the firm had to invest. Kinkead was taken in as a partner, and they obtained credit in the east for twenty thousand dollars' worth of goods, freighted them here and opened their store. They reported to their creditors that on the first day of opening they received ten thousand dollars in gold. They remained here until they made themselves fortunes, and carried gold from this Territory, perhaps to the amount of millions, and established themselves elsewhere. They were an honorable business house, but I have often reflected upon the bad policy that we, as servants of God, adopted at that time in sustaining strangers. If the ten thousand dollars which was paid into that house the first day, had been handed by some of our experienced merchants in a cooperative institution, it would have been just as easy to have furnished our own merchandise as to have bought theirs. Bishop N. K. Whitney, who was then living, or Bishop Woolley, and numbers of others were well acquainted with mercantile business; but they had been robbed of all they had and had no capital. It only wanted unity and willingness on the part of the people to sustain their brethren in their business relations to have laid the foundation to supply all that was ever supplied by Livingston & Kinkead.

I would like every one to inquire for himself, What would have been the result if instead of sustaining Livingston & Kinkead and other merchants our people had sustained Latter-day Saints? The result would have been that large sums of money would have remained here and been used for building up the country; and when a dark cloud had lowered over us, our brethren with this means in their possession would have been on hand to aid the Saints in defending and preserving their lives and liberties; while as it was, the influence of the men we had enriched was turned against us, they believing they could make more money out of the government and get richer quicker through war than they could by continuing their honest, legitimate business with the people here. This firm is but one of several other firms mentioned who pursued a similar course.

As soon as it was known in Christendom that the Latter-day Saints were not dead, but that they were alive and flourishing, and were gathering their people to the mountains at the rate of from two to five thousand a year, and that they had succeeded in reclaiming the desert and in making grain and grass grow where nothing would grow before, it seemed as though all hell was aroused again. Federal officers were sent here, and they thought it policy to join in the general hue and cry, or at least some of them; there were a few honorable exceptions. But the majority of them raised a hue and cry against us, and it was thought so much of, that one of the rotten planks in the platform of the great rising party which contested the elevation of James Buchanan to the Presidency, was the destruction of polygamy. This brought to our country numerous armies, more concerned in the matter than in some of the principal battles of the revolution, or even in the war of 1812. Some 6,000 regulars were marched in this direction, while teamsters and hangers-on increased this number to about 17,000. There were also several thousand freight wagons, and everything on the face of the earth seemingly that could be done to hurl into this country destruction and vengeance, was done. But God over-ruled it. When they got here they found that they really had been deceived. They went and established themselves at Camp Floyd, and spent their time in destroying arms and ammunition, and breaking up the property of the United States, until forty million dollars, the reported cost of the expedition, had been wasted. The armies then scattered to the four winds of the heaven. This expenditure of the government money laid the foundation of these outside mercantile establishments which have been nursed by us to so great an extent from that time to this.

It has been believed that great benefit financially accrued to the Saints through this expedition; but I think that as a whole it has been a hindrance to our real progress. Very little of the money came into the hands of the Saints, but some merchandise at high prices, which might have been a temporary convenience. But it caused our people to relax their energies in producing from the

elements what they needed, such as flax, cotton, and wool; and also turned their attention from the manufacture of iron. The burning of the wagons, the burning of shell, and the destruction of arms, furnishing much of the latter at comparatively nominal prices; hence a present benefit worked a permanent injury. The speculators who made vast fortunes at the expense of the nation soon squandered their gains, and part of this army, and even its commander, and many of the officers were soon found arrayed against the flag of our country, and taking an active part in the terrible war between the North and South, the results of which are being so severely felt at the present time.

Scandalous sheets have been issued here for years, and, as far as possible, sent to all parts of the world, filled with lies, defamation and abuse, and everything that would tend to rouse the indignation of the Christian world against us, and to get up an excuse for our annihilation. These sheets have been sustained by men in the mercantile business whom we have sustained by our trade, and consequently have been supported indirectly by our money. I have been horrified at such a use of our means, and have felt that it was our duty, as Saints, to stop supporting these slanders, lest, peradventure, should they continue until the produced the designated effect, our blood should be upon our own heads.

What did we cross the Plains for? To get where we could enjoy peace and religious liberty. Why did we drag hand-carts across the Plains? That we might have the privilege of dwelling and associating with Saints, and not build up a hostile influence in our midst, and place wealth in the hands of our enemies, who use it to spread abroad defamation and falsehood and to light a flame that will again have the direct result, unless over-ruled by the almighty power of God, of bringing upon the Latter-day Saints here the same sorrow, distress and desolation that have followed them elsewhere. For my part I do not follow ship Latter-day Saints who thus use their money. I advise the Saints to form co-operative societies and associations all over the Territory, and to import everything they need that they cannot manufacture, and not to pay their money to men who use it to buy boyonets to slay them with, and to stir up the indignation of our fellow-men against us. Our outside friends should feel contented with the privilege of paying us the money for the products of our labor, and we should exact it at their hands, as a due reward for our exertions in producing the necessities of life in this desert.

Some may say "We are afraid the brethren are making money too fast;" or "We do not like to trade with them, they charge us too high." Suppose they do, you need not buy of them; but do not go and buy of men who would use that money to cut your throats, or to publish lies about you, and endeavor to induce all men to come here and dispossess you of your homes. Do not be so mad as that. "Well," says one, "I really want some little article that I cannot buy elsewhere." Man's wants are very numerous, but his necessities are really very few, and we should abridge our wants, and go to work and manufacture everything we can within ourselves; and what we cannot manufacture we can import and save ourselves the 40, 120, 400 or 1,000 per cent, that we are now paying for our merchandise, and so stop building up those who are laying a foundation, openly and above board, for our destruction. And furthermore, cease to fellowship every man that will not build up Zion. Amen.

THEATRE!

Lescees & Managers.....H. B. Clawson & J. T. Cairne

SPLENDID VARIETY BILL!

SATURDAY EVENING,
OCTOBER 21, 1868.

Will be presented, the exciting, romantic and sensational Scottish Drama, in 2 Acts, entitled,

WANDERING STEELIE!

OR,
The Rose of Ettrick Vale.

Wandering Steelie.....Mr D McKenzie
Bard Ronald.....Mr J S Lindsay
Old Adam.....Mr E Evans
Albert.....Mr J A Thompson
Guy o' the Gap.....Mr F Macgregor
Blenbrack.....Mr J H Hyde
Brand o' the Brae.....Mr J H Hyde
Black Wylie.....Mr A Merril
Laurel.....Mr E D Crowler
Fergus.....Mr J B Kelly
Laurel.....Miss Adams
Jessie.....Mrs M A Romney
Amy.....Miss Platt
Moss Troopers, Soldiers, Peasants, etc.

DANCE. MISS CLIVE.

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