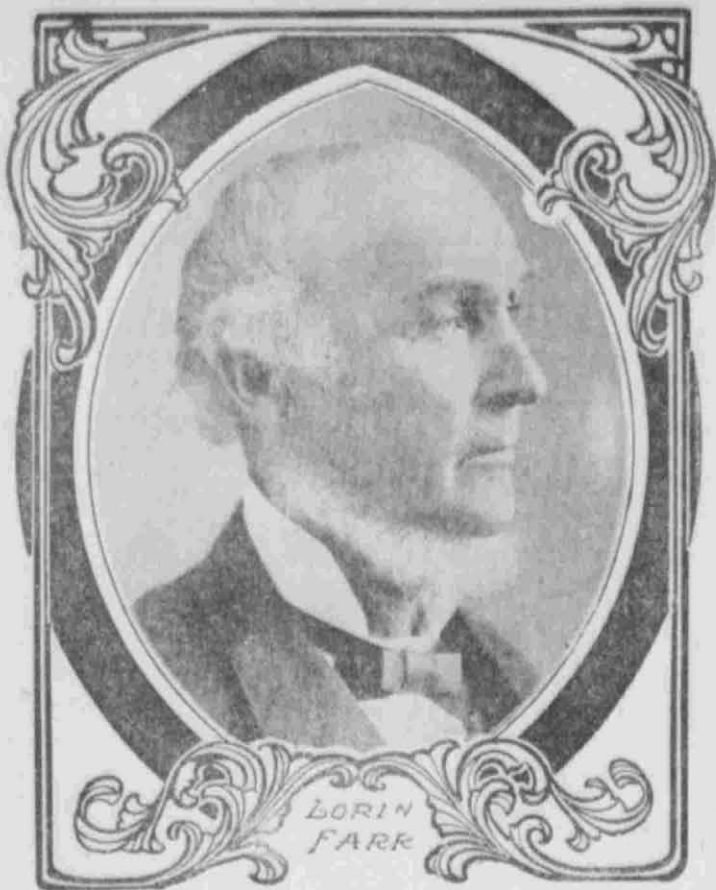


By Lorin Farr—An Intimate Friend



OF ALL the men who knew intimately the Prophet Joseph, probably none now alive knew him so well as Lorin Farr, who shares with Nathan Tanner the honor of being the oldest members of the Church, dating from the date of their joining.

Lorin Farr became a member of the Church by the spring of 1832, when he was 11 years of age. "And I want to add," he declared, in giving this information to the interviewer, "that while there is no one now alive who joined the Church so long ago as I, unless it is Nathan Tanner, there is also no one who could have held a more faithful and constant belief in the gospel. I have never for a moment doubted my first testimony, and I am proud of the way the Church has grown from the days when I stood in the churches of Far West with six bullets in my mouth, and my pockets full of powder, and long range rifle in my hands, waiting for the word of command to drop a group of officers I had picked out of those surrounding the army then approaching.

"In those days when all was uncertainty and when moderate violence threatened all our settlements, I was one of those who were. When the army came to take us out at Far West went into camp for the night in dense woods. I thought the time had come when we would have to die or fight. They were 2,000; we were 200; but I had confidence in our cause, and I watched through the night the court-martial proceedings, which the drunken soldiers carried on with much noise, while I hid in our various officers I would try to shoot first, if a break occurred.

"That court-martial had been present not really for the butchery it was planning, and one of them refused absolutely to join in the massacre, declaring that he stood ready to march his rifle firmly away, if anything so inhuman was attempted. This led to the execution of a man, and we were ordered to go to prison in Clay county, many miles distant.

"Marked by this, how the lives of our fathers. The settlement at Far West was many miles from any neighbors who could be reached. It was in a remote county, isolated and forsaken. Yet people from distant counties came to make trouble and to exterminate, when there was no possible gain in it for them, except the plundering of homes and farms, just beginning to make their appearance in a wasted community.

"I first met the prophet at Kirtland, after being converted in Vermont, where I lived only a few miles from where the prophet was born. I called on him at Kirtland as a matter of courtesy, and gave him from then on to the end my entire faith and support. At Nauvoo and at Far West we lived in the same house. I shared his meals with him, and joined in his athletic sports. It was the old game of 'rounders' we played most frequently, with a ball and bat, and the prophet enjoyed the game very much. He was six feet tall and very muscular.

"While he was not a scholar, he studied hard, and his memory was remarkable. In one reading he was able to remember Greek and Latin words, and he became proficient in reading these languages. But this was after his greater Church activities had been completed—these words stand as the offerings of God through an illiterate boy, and as God's word—not that of the prophet who delivered them to us.

"From Nauvoo the prophet sent me on a mission to Wisconsin, and later on another mission farther east. On this mission I was working when I heard of his death. It was 800 miles to Nauvoo, and the news came to me within eight days—when there was only horseflesh to carry it—a record of a hundred miles a day. Those were sorrowful days for me, but I realized that the prophet had to seal his testimony with his blood, and that his work would go on, because God Himself had so decreed."

Memories of Aged Colored Servants



CARRYING the weight of more than 90 years, "Uncle" Isaac Manning, formerly a servant in the household of the Prophet Joseph Smith, lives in complete happiness with his sister, Jane E. Manning, herself two years older than her brother. She, too, was a servant in the home of the founder of the Church. Both remember him well and declare that "there never was another such man as the prophet."

"Uncle" Isaac declares that nearly 70 years ago he was visited by missionaries traveling through Connecticut, who converted the Mannings except the father. The mother, Isaac and his wife and two sisters later left the Connecticut home and traveled into Illinois.

"Uncle" Isaac took service with the Smith family as cook, and his sister was a handmaid at the Nauvoo home. For three years they worked in this labor. Then the prophet came to Far West.

"We all would have died for that man," declares "Uncle" Isaac, "but he never was any more from Far West. He would have let his people die that such, as never could have been killed."

In their comfortable home in this city, "Aunt" Jane sits day after day in her 94 years old and strong mind. She is very infirm, she is happy, though she says she feels to leave the prophet's name and is not honored for having known him. That she worked for him gives her her life's greatest pleasure.

"There were two other men who lived in the house of the Prophet Joseph," she says. "He was kind, charitable, always loving. I never was treated as well in my whole life as after I went to his house. I was a handmaid in his home, but he never forgot that I was a sister in the Church. I have seen him tell that the blood of the prophet was still on the hard floor of the Courtland jail and

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Martyred Prophet Joseph Smith
As Veterans Recall Him.

TWO years more than one hundred ago on the 27th of the current month the halls of Sharon, Windsor county, Vermont, were ushered into this world, and now hundreds of thousands of his followers, in all parts of the world, look upon him as a man commencing with God and bringing a message to the world, akin to the messengers of Isaiah, John the Baptist and others, preparing the way for the second coming of the Savior.

His faith brought him into direct touch with Christ, and his organization he founded, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, is working in the last dispensation, with the full powers and organization of the Church as it was established in Jerusalem in the beginning of our era.

In the 36 years since Joseph, the prophet, was born, generations have passed, and with each the significance of the prophet's work has gathered increasing force.

It was 32 years ago since the prophet sealed his testimony with his blood at Carthage jail. The people who were with him in spirit then are mostly numbered with him now across the chasm. But a few remain, veteran fighters in the struggle to establish the

Temple on earth or work on proofs for the Women's Exponent. "There is one thing," she said to the interviewer, "that few people realize about the prophet. This was the gentler side of his nature, and the poetical side. He was a great lover of poetry, and on several occasions he wrote long poems. One of these has been published in the Exponent."

"Children were attracted to him, naturally, and he spent many hours at play with them, sitting on the lawn and talking to them. Several women whom I saw among them Mrs. Marilla Johnson, formerly of Provo, Mrs. Adeline Kallish, formerly of Heber, and Mrs. Koster, formerly of Provo, have been on his lap or shoulders at Kirtland."

"My first meeting with him was a thing I can never forget. We were coming to Nauvoo in the early spring of 1844 by steamer, and as we approached the wharf, I expected to be introduced to the prophet, as he was to be in the habit of coming to meet the arriving vessels, and a friend on board had promised me that she would introduce me. However, as I went aboard he shook hands with me among the number, and although I

been published under the title of "Musings and Memories."

BATHSHEBA W. SMITH.

"The prophet always called me 'Cousin George A.," said Mrs. Bathsheba W. Smith when asked to recall her reminiscences of Joseph. "He and Emma came at times to our home to dinner, and we often dined at his. My wedding dress was bought at the store which he kept in Nauvoo, and I was seated in my family in the little Mahanah lodge room over the store."

Mrs. Smith is now president of the Warren's Relief societies, and is one of the most prominent women in Church activities. She spends much of her time at the Salt Lake temple, and it was while leaving the temple that the interview was secured from her.

When asked to recall her first meeting with the prophet, Mrs. Smith said: "It was in Far West, after he had been released from jail. I had been a member of the Church for several years and had come to Far West because it was then the gathering place of the saints. I first heard the gospel preached by cousins of the prophet, George A. Smith and Elias Smith. They converted my



MODEL FOR A STATUE OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH
Designed by Mahonri M. Young.

"I have seen the ministers of justice, clothed in majestic robes, and criminals arraigned them, while life was suspended on a breath in the courts of England; I have witnessed a congress in solemn session to give laws to nations; I have tried to conceive of kings, of royal courts, of thrones, and crowns; and of emperors assembled to decide the fate of kingdoms; but dignity and majesty have I seen but once, as it stood in chains at midnight, in a dungeon in an obscure village of Missouri."

Parley P. Pratt's description of the Prophet Joseph, rebuking his guards for using obscene language, during his imprisonment at Richmond, at the time his followers were being expelled from Missouri under an order of banishment.

religious principles he advocated, and of these few a number who were available have been asked by the "News" to contribute for this page, their reminiscences of the prophet. The results of the interviews are given below. The full length statue shown herewith is a clay model just completed by Mahonri M. Young.

EMMELINE B. WELLS.

The poetical and social side of the prophet's character is what Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells wishes to emphasize among the memories she holds of the Church's first great leader.

Mrs. Wells, whose literary work has made her so well known that her name is almost a household word wherever the women of the Church are read about, was found at her office in the

did not know it was him, I was convinced of the fact by his general appearance. The handshake he gave me thrilled me as none other ever has. After that I did not want a formal introduction, and never had one. The first house I went into to stay, was one at which the prophet called regularly, and I soon came to know him much better than those who merely heard his sermons. At his last meetings with the saints I think I attended nearly all, and I was present when the final sermon in the streets was preached preceding his martyrdom."

Mrs. Wells has been in Utah since the earliest days. She founded the local branch of the Daughters of the Revolution, and was the founder and first president of the Women's Press club. A collection of her poems has

father and mother and a number of relatives at our home in West Virginia. In those days it was a rare thing for a property owner to sell out. Our farm was well stocked, and we were very well to do. A brother-in-law sold his place and I felt a keen desire to go with them to the west, but they had only one wagon, and when my sister told me I could not go it made me feel very bad.

"Prior to this I had been baptized, and when I told my girl companions that I had become a Mormon they treated me anything but in a friendly manner. I wanted to get away from them and with the saints, whom I felt would surely be more friendly."

"The night my sister started west I cried bitterly, but when I went to my Continued on Page Eleven.

Saw Prophet Joseph Leave Nauvoo



MRS. JANE RICHARDS, mother of Franklin F. Richards, and well known in Utah through her connection with the early Relief society work, is one of the very few who recall the Prophet Joseph with the certainty of minds already matured when he was martyred.

"Did I know him?" repeated Mrs. Richards when interviewed while snugly comfortably near a parlor fire in her Ogden home. "I know him and loved him well. I have listened to his advice many, many times, and have heard him preach to the people on important occasions."

"I was one of those who saw him leave Nauvoo on his last journey. In those perilous days we didn't dare announce meetings very much in advance. If one of our brethren was coming in, or going out of the city, we would simply pick up our children and run out to meet him or to bid him farewell, and with a few brief words he would tell us his greeting or his parting wishes."

"On the day that Joseph left I watched up my child—a girl baby, a sweet little child that was born never to survive those terrible days on the ship that followed, and with her little brother she was buried on the roadside extra pioneer wagons took up their westward course—but in those days we knew what was before us, although we lived each day in dread and uncertainty."

"I heard Joseph tell us when I reached the meeting place in the street that he was going like a lamb to the slaughter, and I wept, where I stood among his people. After he was gone in the carriage that was waiting for him, I followed with many others far out from the city, finally returning home with a realization that I had seen the prophet for the last time."

"Shortly before this I remember his advice to us given in a small meeting that I had been invited to—we did not dare to hold large ones—that day was short for taking comfort, and that we ought to be preparing for a time that would try our souls."

"I first saw the prophet," continued Mrs. Richards, "when I was 15 years old. I had come to a conference anxious to see him, for I had thought much of his teachings, and I was told where a meeting would be held, or said to go to speak. I went and listened. His words seemed to come as from heaven, and I was deeply moved. He spoke of the power of the presidency, and the power of the presidency was all compelling. Six months afterwards I was married, and with my husband moved down to Nauvoo, where we underwent all the hardships of the settlement and the pioneer trail to Utah."

Concerning her conversion to the Church, Mrs. Richards tells an interesting story. She declares that at the age of 15 she was so ill with fever that she felt despaired of her life. The people were gathered about her bed weeping and crying, and her brother tried to persuade her to be baptized, as the Lord was down under the waters, that she might be saved. "I was lying there, but I had no effect upon her, but finally she thought that if the Father Himself had to be baptized to be saved, why should she accept such a precious? Meanwhile her father had ridden 25 miles for a specialist, and had taken him back to care for her. In a few days the specialist gave up all hope and told her folks that she would surely die. It was then that she heard her brother go ahead, and baptize her. He did so."

In his arms he carried her down through the icy streets of Leport, led to the banks of the river. There her father had chopped a hole through the ice, and in this hole the brother stood while her father handed her down to him. She was laid beneath the icy water, and the words of prayer of a brother appeared from a physician's verdict to a higher power to save her, were spoken.

Meanwhile a crowd, probably 500 strong, had gathered, many at the preceding of the brother, and declaring it was no less than martyr. Lying was talked of. As they closed on the baptized party the girl in her father's arms, suddenly felt a returning strength, and feeling herself, she stood up, calling out in a loud voice: "I want you men to understand that I went into that water of my own free will and choice."

Mrs. Richards describes the effect on the men as wonderful. They passed and then went away. Through the neighborhood the word of her conversion was spread. Over 200 of those who came to listen her brother, joined her new religion.

He Was Baptized by the Prophet



CHARLES F. MIDDLETON, as befits one who has lived long and faithfully and followed one course honestly, is now living in a comfortable manner after a long period of activity in pioneering. Mr. Middleton is one of the early presidents of Weber stakes, and like his friend and colleague in the presidency, L. W. Shurtliff, he remembers the Prophet Joseph and came in personal contact with him on several occasions.

"I was too much of a boy during the troubles of Nauvoo," said President Middleton when asked for an interview "to fully comprehend what they meant."

"But the Prophet Joseph I knew, and I felt his interest to be one that was strong and irresistible. He preached a sermon while I was under 18 years of age on the Word of Wisdom, and this sermon made such an impression that I now give it credit for the fact that I have lived a life of total abstinence. I also heard the patriarch speak at times, and loved him too."

"But the incident that is most vivid of all to me is the occasion of my being baptized. "After my eighth birthday it was my ambition to be baptized by the Prophet Joseph, and on March 29, 1845, I learned that he was to baptize people in the Mississippi river, in front of the Nauvoo House, which was then the only in the form of a foundation. I changed my clothes in a room in the basement of the Nauvoo House, and went down to the river bank, where I had to wait a long time as the line was so long. Finally I grew so anxious that I ran into the water, outdistancing a man who was going in, and I received my baptism from the hands of Joseph."

"And I was none too soon, for within a few minutes he said that the water was chilling him too much and that he would have to retire. He came out before I had changed my wet clothes to dry ones, and another man took his place."

President Middleton lives at 421 Twenty-sixth street, Ogden, President Continued on Page Eleven.

