

THE DESERET NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

No. 21.

FILLMORE CITY, WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1858.

VOL. VIII.

TRIFLES.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

How is it, o'er the strongest mind,
That trifles hold such sway?
A word—nay, e'en a look unkind—
May darken all life's day.
Oh, in this world of daily care,
The thousands that have erred
Can any hardship better bear
Than they can bear a word!

The man who with heroic heart
Can stern misfortunes meet,
Unflinchingly perform his part
And struggle 'gainst defeat,
With faith unaltered, yet can lose
His temper e'en for aught
Which falls not as his will would choose,
Or proves not what he sought.

And woman can forgive a wrong
Which casts her on the world,
Far better than forgive the tongue
That may some sneer have hurled;
A thousand times prefer a lot
As hard as want deplores,
Than feel or think herself forgot
By one her heart adores.

Alas, the human mould's at fault;
And still by turns it claims
A nobleness which can exalt,
A littleness that shames!
Of strength and weakness still combined,
Compound of mean and grand;
And trifles will thus shake the mind
That would a tempest stand.

Give me that soul-superior power,
That conquest over fate,
Which sways the weakness of the hour,
Rules little things as great;
That lulls the human waves of strife
With words and feelings kind,
And makes the trials of our life
The triumph of our mind.

HISTORY

OF
WILFORD WOODRUFF.

(FROM HIS OWN PEN.)

[CONTINUED.]

March 8, 1839.—I attended a conference at Springfield, Illinois.

—13.—I took my family and started for Quincy, where I arrived on the 16th. I dined with Emma Smith at Judge Cleveland's. I then went on to the bank of the river near Quincy, and saw a great many of the Saints, old and young, lying in the mud and water, in a rain storm, without tent or covering, which suffering was caused by the unhallowed persecution of the State of Missouri. The sight filled my eyes with tears, while my heart was made glad at the cheerfulness of the Saints in the midst of their affliction.

—17 (Sunday).—I had an interview with President Brigham Young and John Taylor. We held a meeting with the Saints; \$50 and a number of teams were raised to bring out the remainder of the poor from Missouri. Prest. Young counseled the Twelve to locate their families for the time being in Quincy. I returned to Rochester for my effects. While at Springfield I collected \$70 for the relief of the Saints in Quincy, which I sent to them. I returned to Quincy on the 8th of April, where I left my family, and went to Far West with the Twelve and attended the conference on the Temple block on the 26th, where I was ordained one of the Twelve Apostles, on the corner stone of the Temple, under the hands of the Twelve; Elder Brigham Young being mouth. Elder G. A. Smith was also ordained at the same time. We returned to Quincy on the 2nd day of May.

On the 3rd, in company with five of the Twelve, I went to Judge Cleveland's, and had a happy interview with Prest. Joseph Smith, who had just escaped out of the hands of his persecutors in Missouri; it was the first time I had seen him for more than two years, and it was a happy meeting. I attended the conference and meetings with the Saints in Quincy until the 15th, when I moved my family to Montrose, and occupied a room in the barracks with Prest. Young and family. I spent my time in attending the meetings, councils and conferences. I wrote in my journal the teach-

ings, sayings and prophecies of Joseph from time to time, as I had opportunity.

July 22.—I was with Prest. Joseph Smith and his council and the Twelve: it was a day of God's power with the Prophet. He healed many who were sick nigh unto death, among whom were Elijah Fordham and Joseph B. Nobles; even the wicked rabble followed to see the sick healed. As Joseph was about to cross the river a man came to him and asked him if he would go about three miles and heal two of his small children, who were twins, about three months old, and were sick nigh unto death. He was a man of the world; he had never heard a sermon preached by a Latter-day Saint. Joseph said he could not go, but he would send a man. After hesitating a moment, he turned to me and said, "You go with this man and heal his children"—at the same time giving me a red silk handkerchief, and said, "After you lay hands upon them, wipe their faces with it and they shall be healed; and as long as you will keep that handkerchief it shall ever remain as a league between you and me." I went and did as I was commanded, and the children were healed.

On the 25th, I was attacked with chills and fever. I had a chill every other day and was very sick.

Aug. 8.—I laid my hands upon my wife and children, blessed them, committed them into the hands of God, and started upon my English mission, leaving my family sick, and with not more than four days' provisions. Br. Brigham Young rowed me across the Mississippi in a boat; I was sick and feeble. When I landed I laid down upon the bank of the river on a side of sole leather. The Prophet Joseph came along and looked at me and said, "You are starting on your mission." I said yes, but I look like a poor instrument for a missionary; I look more fit for a hospital or dissecting room than a mission. He replied, "What do you say that for? Go ahead in the name of the Lord, and you shall be healed and blessed on your mission." I thanked him. A brother came along with a wagon and carried me a few miles on my road. I started without purse or scrip, and passed by Parley P. Pratt, who was hewing logs for a house; he was barefooted, bare-headed, without coat or vest on. He said, "I have no money, but I have an empty purse; I will give you that." I went a few rods and found Elder H. C. Kimball building a log cabin; he said, "I have one dollar; I will give you that to put in your purse." He blessed me and I went my way, accompanied by Elder John Taylor. I had a shake of the ague every other day and lay on the bottom of the wagon while I traveled.

We staid with Samuel H. and Don Carlos Smith at Macomb, and held a meeting with the Saints, who contributed \$9 to our necessities, and George Miller gave us a horse. Father Coltrin was going east; he took us into his wagon to help up us along. We spent five days in Springfield, where Elder Taylor printed fifteen hundred copies of a pamphlet upon the Missouri persecution. We sold our horse, and left on the 21st and continued our journey. We spent the night of the 24th with Dr. Modisett, of Terrehaute.

On the 28th, while traveling, Elder Taylor fell to the ground as though he had been knocked down. We administered to him; and he revived. On the following day he fell again, and fainted several times; it seemed as though the destroyer would take his life; we traveled with him four days after he was taken sick. His sickness proved to be bilious fever. We stopped with him two days, at a German tavern, in Germantown, Wayne county, Indiana, with a kind family, with whom he was acquainted. Father Coltrin would stay no longer; I proposed to remain with br. Taylor, but as I was sick with fever and ague, and not able to take care of myself, br. Taylor advised me to continue my journey with Father Coltrin, saying, "it is easier to take care of one sick man than two." I committed him into the hands of God; and the family promised to do

all in their power to make him comfortable. I parted from him with a heavy heart.

Sept. 2.—I continued my journey with Father Coltrin to Cleveland, Ohio. I there took steamer on the 10th for Buffalo; had a severe gale, and did not reach Buffalo until the 12th. I traveled to Albany on a canal boat; had the ague daily, was very sick; had no companion except sectarian priests, who were daily lying about the Mormons. I took stage at Albany for Farmington, Connecticut, on the night of the 19th, and rode all night and the following day; suffered severely with fever and ague. I arrived at my father's house in Farmington on the 21st, quite sick. I found my father and family well.

On the 27th Sept., 1839, my maternal grandmother, Anna Thompson, died, aged 84; I was too sick to attend her funeral. It is a singular incident that my grandfather, Lot Thompson, and Anna Thompson, his wife, Samuel Thompson and Mercy Thompson, all of one family, died in their 84th year.

On the 4th October, Adner Hart, brother to my step-mother, died, aged 43. He requested me to preach his funeral sermon. I had been sick at my father's house with the ague for fifteen days, attended with a severe cough, and the hour appointed for the funeral was the time for my ague, yet I attended the funeral and preached, and I had no more ague for many days. I left on the 7th, and visited New York, Long Island, and New Jersey, in very poor health.

Nov. 1.—I assisted Elders Clark, Wright and Mulliner to set sail for England. Elder John Taylor had recovered from his sickness, and arrived in New York on the 13th December.

Dec. 19.—In company with Elders John Taylor and Theodore Turley, I went on board the packet ship *Oxford*, and sailed for Liverpool, where I landed January 11, 1840, in good health and spirits. When I left my father, he gave me some money to assist in paying my passage; also gave me five dollars which he requested me to keep until I arrived in Liverpool, saying, I would there need it. This I found to be true after landing; that money was all we had to pay our expenses to Preston, and we had twopence left.

We arrived in Preston on the 13th. Had a happy interview with br. Willard Richards; held a council, and agreed that Elder Taylor go to Liverpool, Turley to Birmingham, and I to Staffordshire Potteries.

Jan. 18.—I arrived in Manchester; met Elder Wm. Clayton, who presided over that branch, numbering 164 members. I was immediately called upon to visit a woman possessed with the devil; she was raging and foaming and had to be held by four men. The more we rebuked the devil the worse she raged. We continued to pray and administer until we cast the devil out. She arose and gave thanks to the Lord. The devil then entered into a young child, and we cast him out. I preached several times, and laid hands on twenty-eight persons. I went to Burslem on the 21st and met with Elder Alfred Cordon, president of the Burslem branch, which numbered 66. I commenced preaching in the Staffordshire Potteries. Elder Turley left for Birmingham on the 29th. I remained in the Potteries some forty days, preaching, baptizing and confirming, and blessing children.

March 1.—As I met in the evening with a large assembly in Hanley, the Lord revealed unto me that it would be the last meeting that I would hold with the Saints in the Potteries for many days; I told the people it was the last meeting I should hold with them for a season; it created much excitement. I had appointments out for a week, which I got bro. Cordon to fill. I went before the Lord in prayer, and asked him where I should go; the Spirit said, "Go to the south." According to the directions of the Spirit, on the 3rd, I went to Herefordshire, and called upon John Benbow at Castlefroom; I found a people prepared for the gospel. I preached twice at his house. On the 6th, I baptized six persons, including

John Benbow and wife. I here found a society called "United Brethren," numbering about six hundred members, and about fifty preachers; Thos. Kington was the presiding elder. They came from all quarters to hear me preach, and believed my testimony; and I preached and baptized daily. The ministers of the Church of England sent three church clerks to see what I was doing, and I baptized them. One constable came to arrest me for preaching, and I baptized him. In about thirty days I baptized 160, forty eight of whom were preachers of the United Brethren, including their presiding elder, Thomas Kington.

I established forty two preaching places, licensed according to law.

On the 9th April, I had an appointment at Haw Cross. As I was going into the meeting, letters were put into my hands from Elder Brigham Young and others, informing me of his arrival with five of the Twelve, and requesting me to come to Preston, and attend a general conference. A vast assembly had gathered to attend my meeting; the house, yard, and street were crowded; a mob had also gathered. I preached to the people; five came forward to be baptized. The mob surrounded the pool, armed with stones. I dismissed the meeting, and went away; but the congregation and mob remained on the ground till midnight; and as there was no prospect of their dispersing, and the candidates were anxious to be baptized, I went down into the water and baptized five in the midst of a shower of stones. The water was all in a foam for a rod around me. None that I baptized were hit, and I was only hit twice, once on my hip and once on my head; the blow on my head raised a large bump, which went away while I was confirming; subsequently I baptized many of the mob.

I left next morning for Preston, and attended the conference with the Twelve, and returned to Herefordshire, accompanied by Elder Brigham Young, on the 22nd April, and was soon joined by Elder Willard Richards. Elder Young remained twenty seven days, preaching, baptizing, confirming and counseling. Numbers were added daily to the church; he then returned to Manchester.

I spent about seven months in Herefordshire, Gloucestershire and Worcestershire. We baptized over eighteen hundred, including all of the United Brethren save one. We baptized over two hundred preachers of various denominations in that part of the vineyard. A synod of church ministers became so alarmed for their flocks in that part of the vineyard, they petitioned Parliament to adopt measures to stop our preaching. They received for an answer, that if they were as well acquainted with the Bible as their hunting grounds, and were as much interested in the welfare of the souls of men, as the chasing of the stags and foxes, they would not lose so many of their congregations.

Aug. 18.—I visited London in company with Elders H. C. Kimball and G. A. Smith. I labored with them in establishing a church, spending over five months in that populous city.

We visited nearly every part of the city, and all the notable places that we could have access to.

I attended all the general conferences in England, and set sail with my brethren of the Twelve on the ship *Rochester*, April 20, 1841; arrived in New York May 20.

I went to Scarborough, Maine, after my wife, and also my son, Wilford, who was born March 22, 1840. My daughter, Sarah Emma, had died July 17, 1840.

I returned to New York, and started for Nauvoo, via the Lakes; was wrecked on Lake Michigan in the steamer *Chesapeake*, but arrived in Nauvoo in safety Oct. 6, 1841, when I had the happy privilege of meeting with the Prophets Joseph and Hyrum, and my brethren of the Twelve.

I bought a log house of brother Tracy, on lot No. 1, block 106, on Hotchkiss and Durfee Streets. Prest. Joseph Smith afterwards gave me the lot.