

# THE DESERET NEWS.

Truth and Liberty.

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## DESERET NEWS:

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## HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

AUGUST, 1841.

Sunday, August 1.—All the quorum of the Twelve Apostles who were expected here this season, with the exception of Elders Willard Richards and Wilford Woodruff, have arrived. We have listened to the accounts which they give of their success and the prosperity of the work of the Lord in Great Britain with pleasure. They certainly have been the instruments in the hands of God, of accomplishing much, and must have the satisfaction of knowing that they have done their duty. Perhaps no men ever undertook such an important mission under such peculiarly distressing, forbidding, and unpropitious circumstances. Most of them when they left this place, nearly two years ago, were worn down with sickness and disease, or were taken sick on the road. Several of their families were also afflicted and needed their aid and support. But knowing that they had been called by the God of Heaven to preach the gospel to other nations, they conferred not with flesh and blood; but obedient to the heavenly mandate, without purse or scrip commenced a journey of five thousand miles entirely dependent on the providence of that God who had called them to such a holy calling. While journeying to the sea board, they were brought into many trying circumstances; after a short recovery from severe sickness, they would be taken with a relapse, and have to stop among strangers, without money and without friends. Their lives were several times despaired of, and they have taken each other by the hand, expecting it would be the last time they should behold one another in the flesh. However, notwithstanding their afflictions and trials, the Lord always interposed in their behalf, and did not suffer them to sink in the arms of death. Some way or other was made for their escape—friends rose up when they most needed them, and relieved their necessities; and thus they were enabled to pursue their journey and rejoice in the Holy One of Israel. They, truly, "went forth weeping, bearing precious seed," but have "returned with rejoicing, bearing their sheaves with them." The minds of thousands are all ready prepared to hear of the sacking of cities—the march and countermarching of armies—the burning of towns and villages—the flight of citizens—the rising of the Indians—the commotion in Illinois—the distress in Iowa—the consternation and flight of the Missourians, the exploits of mighty chieftains, &c.—on account of the fooleries and lies which have been trumpeting forth from the different presses in the United States.

Thursday, 5.—Letters from London, state that there are more or less baptized every week; there was a general election of members of Parliament last month; and serious riots in different parts of the Kingdom between the Whigs and Tories.

(Chester Co., Pennsylvania.)  
Aug. 5, 1841.

BROTHER JOSEPH.—I expect to leave here for the Jersey Country next week. Doctor Galland left for Nauvoo last week. In the Hotchkiss business, Hyrum requested me to do all I could. Brother James Ivis has received orders on you from Doctor Galland to the amount of twenty-five hundred dollars. The property that he has given these orders for, is well worth the money. I expect Mr. Hotchkiss in New Jersey in a few days to receive this property, which is Cook's Mills Tavern stand, attached to six acres of ground with all the appurtenances. Some of the Jersey people think it worth three thousand dollars. Now the question is, shall I let Mr. Hotchkiss have this property for less than twenty-five hundred, since that is the price you will have to pay at Nauvoo. Why I ask this question is; I have understood that Hotchkiss has said that he would not allow over twenty-two hundred dollars. I got hold of another small piece of land, worth five hundred; and if Hotchkiss will take all at a fair price, I shall be enabled to settle the amount of three thousand dollars soon. Please write me an answer to the above question. The cause in these eastern lands is flourishing, and we want more laborers; fifty doors opened for preaching where there is but one laborer. I wish you would send us help.

Yours in the bonds of the covenant.

WILLIAM SMITH.

Saturday, 7.—My youngest brother Don Carlos Smith died at his residence in Nauvoo this morning at 20 minutes past two o'clock, in the 25th year of his age. He was born 25th March, 1816, was one of the first to receive my testimony, and was ordained to the Priesthood when

only 14 years of age. The evening after the plates of the Book of Mormon were shewn to the eight witnesses, a meeting was held, when all the witnesses, as also Don Carlos bore testimony to the truth of the latter day dispensation. He accompanied father to visit grandfather and relatives in St. Lawrence County, New York, in August, 1830. During that mission he convinced Solomon Humphrey, a licentiate of the Baptist order, of the truth of the work. He was one of the 24 elders who laid the corner stones of the Kirtland Temple. In the fall of 1833 he entered the office of Oliver Cowdery, to learn the art of printing. On the 30th July, 1835, he married Agnes Coolbrith in Kirtland, Ohio. On the 15th January, 1836, he was ordained President of the High Priest's quorum. He took a mission with Wilber Denton in the spring and summer of 1836, in Pennsylvania and New York. On the commencement of the publication of the Elders' Journal in Kirtland, he took the control of the establishment until the office was destroyed by fire in December, 1837, when in consequence of persecution he moved his family to New Portage. Early in the spring of 1838 he took a mission through the States of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and raised means to assist his father; and immediately after his return he started to Missouri with his family, in company with father and family, and purchased a farm in Daviess County. On the 26th September he started on a mission to the States of Tennessee and Kentucky to collect means to buy out the claims and property of the mobbers in Daviess County, Missouri. During his absence his wife and two little children were driven by the mob from his habitation, and she was compelled to carry her children three miles through snow three inches deep, and wading through Grand River, which was waist deep, during the inclement weather. He returned about the 25th of December, after a very tedious mission, having traveled 1500 miles, 650 of which were on foot.

I extract the following from his journal. "On the 30th day of September, 1838, I in company with George A. Smith, Lorenzo Barnes, and Harrison Sagers went on board the 'Kansas' (which had one wheel broke); the Missouri river was very low, and full of snags and sand bars. Generals Samuel Lucas and Moses Wilson, of Jackson County, Colonel Thompson from Platte purchase, and many others of the active mobbers were on board, as also General David R. Atchison. On touching at De Witt on 1st October for wood, we found about 70 of the brethren with their families, surrounded by an armed mob of upwards of 200. The women and children there were much frightened, expecting it was a boat loaded with mobbers. We would have stopped and assisted them, but being unarmed, we thought it best to fulfil our mission. From this onward 'the Mormons' were the only subject of conversation, and nothing was heard but the most bitter imprecations against them. Gen. Wilson related many of his deeds of noble daring in the Jackson mob, one of which was the following: 'I went, in company with forty others, to the house of Hiram Page, a Mormon, in Jackson County. We got logs and broke in every door and window at the same instant; and pointing our rifles at the family, we told them, we would be God d—d if we didn't shoot every one of them, if Page did not come out. At that, a tall woman made her appearance, with a child in her arms. I told the boys, she was too d—d tall. In a moment the boys stripped her, and found it was Page. I told them to give him a d—d good one. We gave him sixty or seventy blows with hickory withes which we had prepared. Then after pulling the roof off the house, we went to the next d—d Mormon's house, and whipped him in like manner. We continued until we whipped ten or fifteen of the God d—d Mormons, and demolished their houses that night. If the Carroll boys would do that way they might conquer; but it is no use to think of driving them without four or five to one. I wish I could stay, I would help drive the d—d Mormons to hell, Old Joe, and all the rest.' At this I looked the General sternly in the face, and told him, that he was neither a republican nor a gentleman, but a SAVAGE, without a single principle of honor, or humanity. 'If,' said I, 'the Mormons have broken the law, let it be strictly executed against them; but such anti-republican and unconstitutional acts as these related by you, are beneath the brutes.' We were upon the hurricane deck, and a large company present were listening to the conversation. While I was speaking, Wilson placed his hand upon his pistol, which was belted under the skirt of his coat; but cousin George stood by his side, watching every move of his hand, and would have knocked him into the river instantly, had he attempted to draw a deadly weapon. But General Atchison saw him the trouble, by saying, 'I'll be God d—d to hell if Smith ain't right.' At this, Wilson left the company, crest-fallen. In the course of the conversation Wilson said, that the best plan was to rush into the Mormon settlements, murder the men, make slaves of the children, take possession of the property, and use the women as they pleased.

A gentleman present from Baltimore, Maryland, said he never was among such a pack of d—d savages before; he had passed through Far West, and saw nothing among the "Mormons" but good

order. Then drawing his pistols, he discharged them, and reloading, said, "if God spares my life till I get out of Upper Missouri, I will never be found associating with such devils again."

Shortly after this we were invited to preach on board. Elder Barnes and I preached. The rest of the way we were treated more civilly; but being deck passengers, and having very little money, we suffered much for food.

We continued our journey together through every species of hardship and fatigue until the eleventh of October, when Elders Barnes and H. Sagers left us at Paducah, after our giving them all the money we had, they starting up the Ohio River, and we, to visit the churches in West Tennessee and Kentucky. Soon after this, Julian Moses gave us a five franc piece, and bade us farewell.

We soon found that the mob spirit was in Kentucky, as well as in Missouri; we preached in a small branch of the Church in Calloway County, and staid at the house of Sister Selah Parker, which was surrounded in the night by about twenty armed men, led by John Mc Cartney, a Campbellite priest, who had sworn to kill the first Mormon elder who should dare to preach in that place. The family were very much terrified. After trying the doors, the mobbers finally went away. We visited a number of small branches in Tennessee; the brethren generally arranged to be on hand with their money, or lands for exchange in the spring. Bro. Samuel West gave us twenty-eight dollars to help defray our travelling expenses. We also received acts of kindness from others, which will never be forgotten.

About this time our minds were seized with an awful foreboding—horror seemed to have laid his grasp upon us—we lay awake night after night, for we could not sleep. Our forebodings increased, and we felt sure that all was not right; yet we continued preaching until the Lord showed us that the Saints would be driven from Missouri. We then started home, and on arriving at Wyatt's Mills, we were told, that if we preached there it would cost us our lives. We had given out an appointment at the house of Mrs. Foster, a wealthy widow. She also advised us to give it up; but, as she had no fears for herself, her property or family, we concluded to fulfil our appointment. The hour of meeting came, and many attended. George A. preached about an hour; during which time Captain Fitch came in at the head of twelve other mobbers, who had large hickory clubs, and they sat down with their hats on. When George A. took his seat, I arose and addressed them for an hour and a half, during which time, I told them that I was a patriot—that I was free—that I loved my country—that I loved liberty—that I despised both mobs and mobbers—that no gentleman, or Christian at heart would ever be guilty of such things, or countenance them. Whereupon the mob pulled off their hats, laid down their clubs, and listened with almost breathless attention.

After meeting Mr. Fitch came to us and said that he was ashamed of his conduct, and would never do the like again; that he had been misinformed about us by some religious bigots, and begged of us to forgive him, which we did.

We continued our journey to Columbus, Hickman County, Kentucky, and put up with Captain Robinson, formerly an officer in the army, who treated us very kindly, assuring us that we were welcome to stay at his house until a boat should come, if it were three months. We staid nine days, during which a company of thirteen hundred Cherokee Indians ferried over the river.

We went on board the steamer Louisville, and had to pay all our money for a deck passage. About ninety miles from St. Louis our boat got aground, where it lay three days. We had nothing to eat but a little parched corn. We then went on board of a little boat, "the Return," which landed us in St. Louis the next morning. Here we found Elder Orson Pratt, and learned that Joseph was a prisoner with many others, and that David Patten was killed, and of the sufferings of the Saints, which filled our hearts with sorrow.

The next morning we started on foot for home, at Huntsville about 200 miles, we stopped at the house of George Lyman to rest. George A.'s feet had now become very sore with walking.

We had not been long in Huntsville before the mob made a rally to use us up, as they said, with the rest of the Smiths; and, at the earnest request of our friends, we thought best to push on, and started about ten at night. The wind was in our faces, the ground slippery, and the night very dark; nevertheless we proceeded on our journey. Travelling twenty-two miles, we came to the Chariton River, which we found frozen over, but the ice too weak to bear us, and the boat on the west side of the river. We went to the next ferry, but finding there was no boat, and knowing that in the next neighborhood a man's brains were beat out, for being a 'Mormon,' we returned to the first ferry, and tried by hallooing to raise the ferryman on the opposite side of the river, but were not able to awake him. We were almost benumbed with the cold, and to warm ourselves we commenced scuffling and jumping; we then beat our feet upon the logs and stumps, in order to start a circulation of blood; but at last George A. became so cold and sleepy that he

could not stand it any longer, and lay down. I told him he was freezing to death; I rolled him on the ground, pounding and thumping him; I then cut a stick and said I would thrash him. At this he got up, and undertook to thrash me; this stirred his blood a little, but he soon lay down again. By this time the ferryman came over, and set us across the river, where we warmed ourselves a little, and pursued our journey until about breakfast time, when we stopped at the house of a man, who, we afterwards learned was a leader of the mob at Hann's Mill massacre; and started the next morning without breakfast. Our route lay through a wild prairie, where there was but very little track, and only one house in forty miles. The north-west wind blew fiercely in our faces, and the ground was so slippery that we could scarcely keep our feet, and when the night came on, to add to our perplexity we lost our way; soon after which, I became so cold that it was with great difficulty I could keep from freezing. We also became extremely thirsty; however, we found a remedy for this by cutting through ice three inches thick with a penknife. While we were drinking, we heard a cow-bell; this caused our hearts to leap for joy, and we arose and steered our course towards the sound. We soon entered Tenney's Grove, which sheltered us from the wind, and we felt more comfortable. In a short time we came to the house of Whitford G. Wilson, where we were made welcome and kindly entertained. We laid down to rest about two o'clock in the morning, after having travelled one hundred and ten miles in two days and two nights. After breakfast I set out for Far West, leaving George A. sick, with our hospitable friends. When I arrived on the evening of December 25th, I was fortunate enough to find my family alive, and in tolerable health, which was more than I could have expected, considering the scenes of persecution through which they had passed."

Don Carlos visited us several times while we were in Liberty Jail, and brought our wives to see us, and some money and articles to relieve our necessities. He took charge of father's family in his flight from Missouri, and saw them removed to Quincy, Illinois, for safety.

In June, 1839, he commenced making preparations for printing the Times and Seasons. The press and type had been resurrected by Elias Smith, Hyrum Clark, and others, from its grave in Dawson's yard, Far West, where it was buried for safety the night that General Lucas surrounded the city with the mob militia. The form for a number of the Elder's Journal was buried with the ink on it. They were considerably injured by the damp; it was therefore necessary to get them into use as soon as possible, and in order to do this, Don Carlos was under the necessity of cleaning out a cellar through which a spring was constantly flowing, as the only place where he could put up the press. Ebenezer Robinson and wife being sick, threw the entire burden on him.

As a great number of brethren lay sick in the town, on Tuesday, 23rd July, 1839. I told Carlos and George A. to go and visit all the sick, exercise mighty faith, and administer to them in the name of Jesus Christ, commanding the destroyer to depart, and the people to arise and walk; and not leave a single person on the bed between my house and Ebenezer Robinson's, two miles distant; they administered to over 60 persons, many of whom thought they would never sit up again; but they were healed, arose from their beds, and gave glory to God; some of them assisted in visiting and administering to others who were sick.

Working in the damp cellar, and administering to the sick impaired his health so that the first number of the Times and Seasons was not issued until November. He edited thirty-one numbers.

He was elected major in the Hancock County Militia, and on the death of Seymour Brunson, lieutenant-colonel.

He was elected on 1st February, 1841, a member of the City Council of Nauvoo, and took the necessary oath on 3rd February, and on the 4th he was elected brigadier-general of the first cohort of the Nauvoo Legion.

He was six feet four inches high, was very straight and well made, had light hair, and was very strong and active. His usual weight when in health was 200lbs. He was universally beloved by the Saints.

He left three daughters, namely, Agnes C., Sophronia C., and Josephine D.

President John Smith was unanimously acknowledged as the President of the Stake in Iowa, David Pettigrew, M. C. Nickerson, counselors. Elias Smith was sustained as bishop, also Joseph B. Noble and Joseph Mechem his counselors.

A Conference of the Church was held at Zarahemla, and the branches in Iowa, so far as represented, consisted of 750 members.

Shocks of an earthquake felt at several places in Spain.

Sunday, 8.—A water-spout destroyed twenty houses at Portpatrick, Scotland.

A CONVINCING PROOF.—A person who resided for some time on the Coast of Africa, was asked if he thought it possible to civilize the natives.

"As a proof of the possibility of it," said he, "I have known some negroes that thought as little of a lie or an oath as an European."