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For the Deseret News.

TITHING.

Sung at a meeting of the 37th Quorum.

TUNE—“The King of the Cannibal Islands.”

Come, Mormons all, attention pay,
Whilst I attempt to sing my say:
I've chosen for my text to-day,
“Come forward, and pay up your Tithing!”
These may not be the very words,
Which ancient holy writ records,
But Malachi, I think, affords
A verse with which the sense accords.
It seems that he had cause to scold
The Saints, or Israelites of old,
In fact they needed to be told,
“Come forward and pay up your Tithing!”

CHORUS.

Then if to prosper you desire,
And wish to keep out of the fire,
Nay, if you to be Saints aspire,
“Come forward and pay up your Tithing!”

Just as it was, in olden times,
With ancient saints in other climes,
The call is now, “Bring out your tithes.”
“Come forward and pay up your Tithing!”
Our Prophet says, “When elders preach
The law of Tithing, they should teach
Pay up themselves, and then b-seech
All those who come within their reach.”
This makes me now entreat of you
To follow counsels, right pursue,
And whilst all evil you eschew,
“Come forward and pay up your Tithing!”
Then if, &c.

Now, male and female, rich and poor,
Who wish to keep your standing sure,
That you salvation may secure,
“Come forward and pay up your Tithing!”
A tenth that is, and nothing less,
Of all you do, or may possess
In flocks, and herds, and their increase,
With pigs, and poultry, ducks, and geese;
A tenth, indeed, of all your toil,
Likewise the produce of your soil,
And if you've any wine, or oil,
“Come forward and pay up your Tithing!”
Then if, &c.

G. S. L. CITY, 1855. HENRY MAIBEN.

To Father John Smith, late Patriarch.

[FROM THE SONGS OF JOEL.]

Yes, gone from us, Father, to mansions of light,
While Zion is weeping for thee;
To bless Zion's children was once thy delight,
That they might be happy and free.

Their love for their Patriarch no one can tell,
Yea, thousands who by thee were blest,
In sorrow are crying, “Dear Father, farewell,
Until we shall come to thy rest.”

Thy spirit in triumph hath fled from the earth,
Released from its sorrow and care,
Retracing its way to the home of its birth,
To join with its kindred ones there.

Then rest from thy sorrow, thy good works pursue,
Till Michael shall bid thee come forth,
That thou in thy glory and strength may renew
And forward thy work on the earth.

O! then may we meet thee on that peaceful shore,
Encircled in love's golden chain,
Enrobed, with our loved ones, in garments all pure,
O'er kingdoms of glory to reign.

ICELAND.—In Iceland there is not a plow, a carriage road, a wheeled vehicle, a steam engine, a post office, a custom-house, a prison, an almshouse, or a fort; nor a police officer, a soldier, or a lawyer, in the whole country; and it is very seldom a crime is perpetrated. The inhabitants rank among the better educated, and their books, and literary and scientific works, are of the first class.—[Philly Miles' Rambles.]

On Sunday when the minister of Udney entered the Kirk, he was no less surprised than indignant to find that daff Jamie Leming had taken possession of the pulpit. “Come down, Jamie,” said his reverence. “Come ye up, sir,” answered Jamie; “they're a stiff neckit and rebellious generation, sir, an' it'll tak' us baith to manage them.”

A firm in Boston has taken out a patent for producing likenesses on glass. A second piece is glued over the picture to protect it, and the picture is viewed through the first piece, looking at its back, thus preventing the reversion which is inevitable on a common plate.

HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

JULY, 1841.

Thursday, July 1.—Elders Young, Kimball, and Taylor arrived at Nauvoo, after an interesting mission to England. The accounts of their mission are highly satisfactory.

During a heavy thunderstorm at Derby, England, hundreds of small fish and frogs descended, and were picked up alive by the people.

Saturday, 3.—The following is an extract from the Legion Minutes.

“The second regiment, first cohort, consisting of four companies, was organized, and Captain George Coulson was elected colonel, Josiah Ellis lieutenant-colonel, and Hyrum Kimball major. On the same day, the third regiment, second cohort, consisting of four companies, was organized; Samuel Bent was elected colonel, George Morey lieutenant-colonel, and William Niswanger major; and the Legion was called out to celebrate our National Independence (the 4th being Sunday), and was reviewed by Lieutenant-general Joseph Smith, who made an eloquent and patriotic speech to the troops, and strongly testified of his regard for our national welfare, and his willingness to lay down his life in defence of his country, and closed with these remarkable words, “I would ask no greater boon, than to lay down my life for my country.”

An extensive dinner was got up in the grove, of which I partook, in company with the officers of the Legion, President Rigdon, and many others, with their ladies.

Elder Willard Richards left his family with his sisters at Richmond, Massachusetts, and started for Nauvoo.

Elder Orson Pratt has published in New York an edition of his history of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, first printed in Edinburgh.

Friday, 9.—“Revelation given to Joseph Smith in the house of Brigham Young, in Nauvoo City, July 9, 1841. Dear and well-beloved brother Brigham Young, verily thus saith the Lord unto you, my servant Brigham, it is no more required at your hand to leave your family as in times past, for your offering is acceptable to me; I have seen your labor and toil in journeyings for my name. I therefore command you to send my word abroad, and take special care of your family from this time, henceforth, and forever. Amen.”

Monday, 12.—Elder William Clayton was appointed clerk of the High Council of Iowa, and John Patten recorder of baptisms for the dead in Iowa.

At the urgent solicitations of the brethren at Zarahemla, I had consented, at a previous date, that they might baptize for the dead on the Iowa side of the river.

I was in the city council, and moved that any person in the city of Nauvoo be at liberty to sell vinous liquors in any quantity, subject to the city ordinances.

Tuesday, 13.—Elder Geo. A. Smith returned from his mission in England.

A treaty was signed between Turkey, Russia, England, France, Austria, and Prussia, whereby the Dardanelles are closed to all foreign ships of war, as long as the Ottoman Porte enjoys peace.

Wednesday, 14.—The following is translated from the Arabic, in the “Malta Times.”—“Aleppo, 3rd May. A great famine has happened in Aleppo, Malitia, and Karbat, inasmuch that many people died with hunger, and others sold their sons and daughters to get bread to eat. But the Almighty God rained upon them seed (manna), and fed them withal.” “Of the veracity of these words,” adds the Malta Times, “extracted from an Arabic letter, we are perfectly satisfied. The seed alluded to is known in Malta, being nearly like ‘hab’ or ‘Jazz’ and which being kept a little while becomes white, like ‘semola’ (very fine wheat flour).”

Immense quantities of locusts have appeared in Spain this year, devouring everything in their way; and a shower of flesh and blood is reported in the southern part of the United States.

Thursday, 15.—Many of the newspapers are publishing lies about me by the wholesale; should I attempt to enumerate them, I could write nothing else; suffice it to say, every falsehood wicked men can invent, assisted by their father the devil, is trumpeted to the world as sound doctrine, which proves the words of Jesus, “they have persecuted me, they will persecute you also.”

I spent considerable part of the day with several of the Twelve Apostles.

Saturday, 17.—“Ratisbon on the Danube, July 17, 1841.

Dear Brother Joseph, and all whom it may concern:—With pleasure I take my pen to write to you at this time, hoping this communication may find you as it leaves me, in good health and enjoying a comfortable measure of the Holy Spirit.

On the 20th of June last, I left London for Rotterdam in Holland, after writing a lengthy epistle to you, and also the copy of a letter addressed to the Rev. Dr. S. Hirschell, President Rabbi of the Hebrews in London; which I hope you have received ere this. The work of the Lord is steadily advancing in London, under the efficient and zealous labors of our worthy brother Elder Lorenzo Snow

The fine steamer “Batavier” brought me safely over the billows of a tremendous rough sea in about 30 hours. Never did I suffer more from sea sickness than during this short voyage; but it was soon over, and we landed safely in Rotterdam. I took my lodgings at the London Hotel, at two florins per diem, about three shillings and five pence sterling, or seventy five cents. Here I called on the Hebrew Rabbi, and proposed certain questions to him; but as he did not understand a word of English, it was hard for me to enter into particulars with him; I asked him, however, whether he expected his Messiah to come directly from heaven, or whether he expected him to be born of a woman on earth? He replied that he expected him to be born of a woman of the seed and lineage of David. At what period do you look for this event? Answer. We have been looking a long time, and are now living in constant expectation of his coming. Do you believe in the restitution of your nation to the land of your fathers, called the land of promise? “We hope it will be so” was the reply. He then added, “We believe that many Jews will return to Jerusalem, and rebuild the city—re-erect a temple to the name of the Most High, and restore our ancient worship; Jerusalem shall be the capital of our nation—the centre of our union, and the standard and ensign of our national existence. But we do not believe that all the Jews will go there, for the place is not large enough to contain them. They are now gathering there,” continued he, “almost continually.” I told him that I had written an address to the Hebrews, and was about procuring its publication in his own language (Dutch), and when completed I would leave him a copy. He thanked me for this token of respect, and I bade him adieu. I soon obtained the publication of five hundred copies of the address, and left one at the house of the Rabbi—he being absent from home, I did not see him.

After remaining here about one week, I took the coach for Amsterdam, distance 7 hours, or about 30 English miles. Rotterdam is a fine town of about eighty thousand inhabitants. The cleanliness of its streets, the antique order of its architecture, the extreme height of its buildings, the numerous shade trees with which it is beautified, and the great number of canals through almost every part of the town, filled with ships of various sizes from different parts of the world; all these, with many other things not mentioned, contributed to give this place a peculiarity resembling no where else in the course of my travels except in Amsterdam. Most of the business men here speak a little English—some speak it very well.

In ascending the waters of the Rhine from the sea to Rotterdam, the numerous windmills which I beheld in constant operation, led me to think, almost, that all Europe came here for their grinding. But I ascertained that they were grinding for distilleries, where the floods of gin are made, which not only deluge our beloved country with fatal consequences, but many others. Gin is one of the principal articles of exportation from this country.

In going to Amsterdam I passed through a very beautiful town called “The Hague,” the residence of the King of Holland. I saw his palace, which was guarded by soldiers both horse and foot. For grandeur it bore but a faint resemblance to Buckingham Palace in London. But the beautiful parks and picturesque scenery in and about the Hague, I have never seen equalled in any country.

I remained in Amsterdam only one night and a part of two days. I called on the President Rabbi here, but he was gone from home. I left at his house a large number of the addresses for himself and his people, and took coach for Arnhem on the Rhine. Took boat the same evening for Mazyntz. Travelling by coach and steam is rather cheaper in this country than in the United States. We were three days in going up the river to Mazyntz.

Holland and the lower part of Prussia are very low, flat countries. The French and German languages are spoken all along the Rhine; but little or no English. The Rhine is about like the Ohio for size, near its mouth where it empties into the Mississippi. Its waters resemble the Missouri waters, dark, and muddy. The scenery and landscapes along this river have been endowed with art and nature's choicest gifts.

I have been made acquainted with Europe, in America, by books, to a certain extent; yet now my eyes behold! It is impossible for a written description of a stranger's beauty to leave the same impression upon the mind, as it made by an ocular view of the lovely object. This is the difference between reading of, and seeing the countries of Europe. From Mazyntz I came to Frankfort on the Rhine, by railroad—distance 7 hours. From Frankfort I came to this place—distance about 30 hours, where Napoleon gained a celebrated victory over the Prussians and Austrians. The very ground on which I now write this letter, was covered by about sixty thousand slain in that battle. It is called the battle of Aekynaal.

It was my intention to have gone directly down the Danube to Constantinople; but having neglected to get my passport vised by the Austrian Ambassador at Frankfort, I had to forward it to the Austrian Ambassador at Munich and procure his permission, signature, and seal before I could

enter the Austrian dominions. This detained me five days, during which time I conceived the idea of sitting down and learning the German language scientifically. I became acquainted with a lady here, who speaks French and German to admiration, and she was very anxious to speak the English—she proposed giving me instruction in the German, if I would instruct her in English. I accepted her proposal. I have been engaged eight days, in this task. I have read one book through and part of another, and translated and written considerably. I can speak and write the German considerable already, and the lady tells me that I make astonishing progress. From the past experience, I know that the keen edge of any work translated by a stranger, in whose heart the spirit of the matter does not dwell, is lost—the life and animation thereof, die away into a cold monotony, and it becomes almost entirely another thing. This step is according to the best light I can get, and hope and trust that it is according to the mind of the Lord. The people will hardly believe but that I have spoken German before; but I tell them, *nein* (no). The German is spoken in Prussia, Bavaria, and in all the States of Germany, Austria, the south of Russia, and in fine more or less all over Europe. It appears to me, therefore, that some person of some little experience ought to know this language so as to translate himself, without being dependent on strangers. If I am wrong in my movement, pray that the Spirit of the Lord may direct me aright. If I am right, pray that Heaven may speedily give me this language.

It is very sickly in Constantinople, Syria, and Alexandria at present. I would rather, therefore, wait until cool weather before I go there. I might have written most of this letter in German; but as you would more readily understand it in English, I have written it in English.

With pleasure I leave the historical part of my letter, to touch a softer note, and give vent to the feelings of my heart. I hope and trust that the cause which you so fearlessly advocate, is rolling forth in America, with that firm and steady motion which characterizes the work of Jehovah. The enemies which we are forced to encounter are numerous, strong, shrewd, and cunning. Their leader transfuses into them his own spirit, and brings them into close alliance with the numerous hosts of precious immortals who have been earlier taken captives by the haughty tyrant, and sacrificed upon the altar of iniquity, transgression, and sin. May it please our Father in Heaven to throw around thee his protecting arms, to place beneath thee Almighty strength, ever buoy thy head above the raging waves of tribulation through which the chart of destiny has evidently marked thy course. Happy in the enjoyment of the distinguished consideration with which Heaven's favor, alone, has endowed me, of bearing with you, some humble part in laying the foundation of the glorious kingdom of Messiah, which is destined, in its onward course, to break in pieces and destroy all others, and stand for ever. The friendship and good will which are breathed towards thee through all your letters, are received as the legacy which noble minds and generous hearts are ever anxious to bequeath. They soften the hard and rugged path in which heaven has directed my course. They are buoyancy in depression, joy in sorrow; and when the dark clouds of depending hope are gathering thick around the mental horizon, like a kind angel from the fountain of mercy they dispel the gloom, dry the tear of sorrow, and pour humanity's healing balm into my grieved and sorrowful heart. Be assured, therefore, brother Joseph, that effusions from the altar of a grateful heart are smoking to heaven daily in thy behalf; and not only in thine, but in behalf of all Zion's suffering sons and daughters whose generous magnanimity will ever environ and adorn the brow of the object of their compassion. Though now far separated from you, and also from her, who, with me, has suffered the chilling blasts of adversity, yet hope lingers in this bosom, brightened almost into certainty by the implicit confidence reposed in the virtue of that call which was borne on the gentle breeze of the Spirit of God, through the dark shades of midnight gloom, till it found a mansion in my anxious and enquiring heart, that my feet shall once more press the American soil; and under the shade of her streaming banner, embrace again the friends I love.

I never knew that I was, in reality an American, until I walked out one fine morning in Rotterdam along the wharf, where many ships lay in the waters of the Rhine. Suddenly my eye caught a broad pendant floating in a gentle breeze over the stern of a fine ship at half mizzen mast; and when I saw the wide spread eagle perched on her banner, with the stripes and stars under which our fathers were led to conquest and victory, my heart leaped into my mouth, a flood of tears burst from my eyes, and before reflection could mature a sentence, my mouth involuntarily gave birth to these words, “I am an American.” To see the flag of one's country in a strange land, and floating upon strange waters, produces feelings which none can know except those who experience them. I can now say that I am an American. While at home, the warmth and fire of the American spirit lay in silent slumber in my bosom; but the winds of foreign climes have fanned it into a flame.

I have seen some of the finest specimens of