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HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

MARCH, 1843.

Monday, 27.—I dictated the following letter to Sidney Rigdon, Esq.:

"Dear Sir:—It is with sensations of deep regret, and poignant grief, that I sit down to dictate a few lines to you this morning, to let you know what my feelings are in relation to yourself, as it is against my principles to act the part of a hypocrite, or to dissimble in any wise whatever with any man. I have tried for a long time to smother my feelings, and not let you know that I thought that you were secretly and underhandedly doing all you could to take the advantage and injure me; but, whether my feelings are right or wrong, remains for eternity to reveal.

I cannot any longer forbear throwing off the mask, and let you know of the secret wranglings of my heart, that you may not be deceived in relation to them, and that you may be prepared, sir, to take whatever course you see proper in the premises.

I am, sir, honest, when I say that I believe, and am laboring under the fullest convictions, that you are actually practicing deception and wickedness against me, and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints; and that you are in connection with John C. Bennett and Geo. W. Robinson in the whole of their abominable practices, in seeking to destroy me and this people; and that Jared Carter is as deep in the mud as you, sir, are in the mire, in your conspiracies, and that you are in the exercise of a traitorous spirit against our lives and interest, by combining with our enemies and the murderous Missourians; MY feelings, sir, have been wrought upon to a very great extent, in relation to yourself, ever since soon after the first appearance of John C. Bennett in this place; there has been something dark and mysterious hovering over our business concerns, that are not only palpable, but altogether unaccountable, in relation to the Post Office; and, sir, from the very first of the pretensions of John C. Bennett to secure to me the Post Office (which, by the bye, I have never desired, if I could have justice done me in that department, without my occupancy), I have known, sir, that it was a fraud practised upon me, and of the secret plottings and connivings between him and yourself in relation to the matter the whole time, as well as many other things which I have kept locked up in my own bosom; but I am constrained, at this time, to make known my feelings to you.

I do not write this with the intention of insulting you, or of bearing down upon you, or with a desire to take any advantage of you, or with the intention of even laying one straw in your way, detrimental to your character or influence, or to suffer anything whatever that has taken place, which is within my observation, or that has come to my knowledge to go abroad, betraying any confidence that has ever been placed in me; but I do assure you most sincerely, that what I have said, I verily believe; and this is the reason why I have said it, that you may know the real convictions of my heart, not because I have any malice or hatred, neither would I injure one hair of your head; and I will assure you, that these convictions are attended with the deepest sorrow.

I wish to God it were not so; and that I could get rid of the aching of my heart on that subject; and I now notify you, that unless something should take place to restore my mind to its former confidence in you, by some acknowledgments on your part, or some explanations that shall do away my jealousies, I must, as a conscientious man, publish my withdrawal of my fellowship from you to the church, through the medium of the Times and Seasons, and demand of the Conference a hearing concerning your case; that on conviction of justifiable grounds, they will demand your license. I could say much more, but let the above suffice for the present.

Yours in haste,

JOSEPH SMITH."

And sent it to him by Dr. W. Richards: to which I received the following reply:

"Prest. J. Smith: Dear Sir:—I received your letter by the hand of Dr. Richards a few min-

utes since, the contents of which are surprising to me, though I am glad that you have let me know your feelings, so as to give me a chance to reply to them.

Why it is that you have the feelings which you seem to entertain, I know not; and what caused you to think that I had any connection with J. C. Bennett, at any time, is not within my power to say.

As to the Post Office, I never asked Bennett one word about it when I made application for it. If he ever wrote to the department at Washington anything about it, it was, and is, without my knowledge; for surely I know of no such thing being done at any time, neither did I know, at the time I applied for the office, that you intended to apply for it, nor did I know of it for some time afterwards: as far as the Post Office is concerned, these are the facts. I wrote, myself, to the department, offering myself as an applicant, and referred the department to several members of Congress to ascertain my character. This is all I ever did on the subject. I never wrote but one letter to the department on the subject, neither had I at the time any acquaintance, of any amount, with Bennett, nor for a very considerable time afterwards. He never was at our house but very little, and then always on business, and always in a hurry, did his business and went off immediately. I know not that Bennett ever knew that I had applied for the office; and I am quite satisfied he did not till some time after I had written to the department on the subject, and if he ever did anything about it, it was, and is to this day without my having any knowledge of it.

As to the difficulties here: I never at any time gave Bennett any countenance in relation to it, and he knows it as well as I do, and feels it keenly: he has threatened me severely, that he could do with me as he pleased, and if I did not cease to aid you, and quit trying to save "my prophet," as he calls you, from the punishment of law, he would turn against me; and while at St. Louis, on his way to Upper Missouri, he, in one of his speeches, made a violent attack on myself, all predicated on the fact that I would not aid him. Such are his feelings on the subject, and his threatenings.

As to Jared Carter: if there is anything in his mind unfavorably disposed to you, he has, as far as I know, kept it to himself, for he never said any thing to me, nor in my hearing, from which I could draw even an inference of that kind. He was here yesterday, when you came, much dejected in spirit in relation to his temporal affairs, and commenced telling of the great injuries he had received by his son-in-law, and the great losses he had sustained by him, and seemed greatly dejected on account of it; but he never mentioned any other subject.

When I went to La Harpe on Friday, it was purely in relation to temporal matters; making arrangements for provisions for the ensuing season, and to regulate some matters in relation to property only. While there, I heard the report of the new indictments, and Mr. Higbee told me, the day before I went out, that I was among the number of those who were to be demanded: in relation to this, I made such inquiry as I thought would enable me to determine the fact, but failed in the attempt. I confess I felt some considerable interest in determining this fact, and felt anxious to know, if I could find out how it was.

Now, on the broad scale I can assert in truth, that with myself and any other person on this globe there never was, nor is there now existing anything privately or publicly to injure your character in any respect whatever, neither has any person spoken to me on any such subject. All that has ever been said by me, has been said to your face; all of which you know as well as I.

As to your rights in the Post Office; you have just the same as any other man. In the new case which occurred yesterday, I have examined all the laws and rules in this office, and find but one section in relation to it, and that indirectly, but gives the Post master no right to abate the postage, nor make any disposition of the letter or letters, but address the department, and they will give such instruction in the case as they may deem correct. I have written on the subject to the department.

I can conclude by only saying that I had hoped that all former difficulties had ceased forever: on my part they were never mentioned to any person, nor a subject of discourse at any time nor in any place; I was tired hearing of them, and was in hopes that they slumbered forever. While at La Harpe the subject was never once mentioned; the only thing was the inquiry I made myself to find out, as far as I could, whether the report made to me by Mr. Higbee was correct or no, and this in relation to myself only. If, being entirely silent on the subject at all times, and in all places, is an error, then I am guilty. If evading the subject at all times, whenever introduced by others, be a crime, then I am guilty, for such is my uniform custom.

If this letter is not satisfactory, let me know wherein, for it is peace I want. I have been interrupted a great many times since I began to write, by people calling at the office.

Respectfully,

SIDNEY RIGDON.

P.S.—I do consider it a matter of just offence to me to hear about Bennett's assisting me to

office. I shall have a lower opinion of myself than I now have, when I think I need his assistance.

S. R."

Opened court to try Field for drunkenness and abusing his wife. I fined him \$10 and costs, and required him to find bail of \$50 to keep the peace for six months.

A conference held at Hartland, Niagara county, New York. Three elders and one priest were ordained, and five added to the church.

It is estimated that the Chinese loss, in their recent war with England, was 15,000 men, 1,500 pieces of cannon, and a great portion of their navy.

Tuesday, 28.—I removed my office from the smoke house (which I have been obliged to occupy for some months) to the small upper room in the new brick store.

Josiah Butterfield came to my house, and insulted me so outrageously that I kicked him out of the house, across the yard, and into the street.

Elder B. Young visited Geo. A. Smith, who was very sick.

Wednesday, 29.—Sat with Orson Spencer on a case of debt, and gave judgment against Dr. Foster, the defendant.

Thursday, 30.—In the office, in relation to a new bond presented to me by Dr. Brink, which I rejected as informal; and told Charles Ivins he might improve my share of the ferry one year; and cautioned him, that if he did not consider Brink good for heavy damages, he would be foolish to be his bondsman.

Brink afterwards took an appeal to the municipal court, to be tried on the 10th of April.

Elder Hyde returned from Quincy, having delivered ten lectures and baptized three persons.

At 1½ p.m., I was called to sit as justice of the peace, with Alderman G. W. Harris, on the case of Webb v. Rigby, for forcible entry and detainer. During the trial the court fined Esq. O. C. Skinner twenty dollars for insulting a witness, and would have fined him ten dollars more for his contempt of court, but let him off on his submissive acknowledgments. The trial closed about one o'clock on Friday morning.

Friday, 31.—At 10 a.m., I opened court for trial of Amos Lower for assaulting John H. Burghardt: after hearing testimony, fined Lower, \$10.

Spent the afternoon at Mr. Lucian Woodworth's, in company with my brother Hyrum, H. C. Kimball, O. Hyde, W. Woodruff, and bro. Chase, with our wives,—had a good time, and were feasted on a fat turkey.

NATIONALITY.

Address by E. R. SNOW, Feb. 27th, 1855, before an assembly of the "Polysophical Institution," in L. Snow's Hall.

Most courteously, this evening I'll present

Before this audience, a sentiment—

At least, a hint, on Nationality,

A love, or rather partiality

For birth-place—country, and the people where

Our lungs at first inhale the vital air.

One might as well my thoughts exterminate—

My place in pedigree annihilate;

Or the warm pulse of life eradicate,

As to efface or to remove from me

The sentiment of Nationality.

It of my nature constitutes a part—

Unites with all the life-blood of my heart,

And if no trait or portion of my spirit,

'Tis something I eternally inherit.

Not all the charms surrounding scenes impart

Can chase the high-toned feelings from my heart;

For oft—full oft, so tenderly they yearn,

A kindling impulse prompts a fond return

Unto the land of my nativity—

My native home—my native scenery.

But where—O where the land so choice—so dear?

Which is the nation I so much revere?

I do not languish for the lakes and hills—

The rugged heights of Europe's Alpine hills—

The verdant vales which beautifully repose

'Neath their bold summits of eternal snows.

Nor would I boast a proud nativity

On the luxuriant plains of Italy,

With glowing, sunny landscapes, rich and fair—

Tall city spires and grand cathedrals there,

Where the sultry heat of a genial heat

Gives to the pulse, a soft and ardent beat;

Where nature with accelerated force,

With less of time, completes her wondrous course.

Nor yet in Germany, where laws are made

To fit like tenons of the workman's trade—

Where every code of civil policy

Mocks the precision of geometry—

Where ease and luxury are smiling round,

And merry glee and cheerfulness abound;

Where fragrant meadows and the harvest field

To man and beast a joyous plenty yield.

Not Britain with her mountains, hills and dale,

Including England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales;

With inland products and ship-crested coast—

Comprising much that wealth and honor boast:

With far-famed cities, towns and villas too,

Where genius flourished and where valor grew,

With all varieties of grade and sphere

Of home—sweet home, most lovely and most dear—

The honored home of noble thousands, where

Are executed with judicious care

Those legal pow'rs created to bestow

Protection's banner to the high and low;

And where religious toleration now,

Above all elsewhere, lifts its manly brow.

Not Sweden, Denmark, Norway—not in France

Where revolution's onward strides advance

And then recede, as tides that ebb and flow—

As moons that waxing, waning onward go:

While soft refinement with its graceful air

Displays a master-stroke of polish there—

Where vinous foliage—native fruits and flow'rs

Vie with exotics in luxuriant bow'rs.

Neither America's much favored land,
Where Lehi, guided by Jehovah's hand,
Obtained a place for him and his to be
Three generations of posterity.
Where those choice records—where the truth was found
As said Isaiah, "speaking from the ground."

Not coasts or capes nor islands of the sea;
For none I cherish a partiality.

I say, with brother Eddington: I'm not
Italian, Hindoo, English, German, Scot;
Neither American, Swiss, Welsh or Dane,
Nor any I-lander from ocean's main,
Nor Spanish, French, Norwegian, nor Swede—
I claim no country, nation, kingdom, creed
Excepting Zion; this I proudly name—
This is the home I fondly love to claim:
Were I to boast of nationality,
I'd go beyond this frail mortality.

The noblest spirits scatter'd o'er the earth,
By truth's eternal influence gather'd forth
From Babylon to earthly Zion, here,
Are on their way to heaven's celestial sphere:
Our Inns—our stopping-places, which or where,
Don't matter when we've paid our bills of fare.

One God—one faith—one baptism: we are now
All in one kingdom—at one altar bow:
The union of the Father and the Son
Is heaven's high pattern—we must all be one—
All local feeling should be laid aside,
And former differences no more divide.

The time approaches—soon will Zion be
The pride of earthly nationality—
It will the history of those adorn
Of whom 'tis said, they were in Zion born.

The Holy Spirit, every saint receives
Is on sense added to what nature gives;
It is a howl'd spiritual telescope, whereby
We look beyond the stretch of mortal eye.
Its keen perceptive vision takes a view
Of origin and destination too.

Instructed by this spirit-sense, we learn
More than corporeal senses can discern.
It sees we are not natives of this earth—
We've liv'd before—we had an earlier birth—
A clime and habitation highly pure
Beyond what these gross senses can endure.

That is the charm—the nationality—
The spring of his else actuating me—
That is the point to which I would attain—
The country—home I fondly would regain:
From whence, for noble purposes, we all
To gain experience thro' our Parents' fall—
To gain the zenith of perfected worth,
Have come on pilgrimage, thro' mortal birth.

As foreign travelers, each a camping ground
On different portions of the earth have found:
The force of habit gives to each, a grace—
Peculiar charms to each and every place:
And yet, with all the adoration felt
As at their shrines devotedly we kneel
Not one—not all possess sufficient worth
To make us feel quite na'tivized to earth.

Our hearts beat upward and our spirits move
In homeward currents, towards those we love,
Where uncorrupted nature's beauties glow—
Where life's pure streams from endless fountains flow;
And there the sixth, the spirit-sense will lead
If to its dictates we give constant heed;
And its refining process will prepare
Us for a full and free reception there,
And there we'll talk of Nationality
With the celestial of Eternity.

Shutting Doors.

"Don't look so cross, Edward, when I call you back to shut the door; grandmother feels the cold wintry wind; and, besides, you have got to spend all your life shutting doors, and might as well begin now."

"Do forgive, grandmother! I ought to be ashamed to cross you. But what do you mean? I am going to college, and then I am going to be a lawyer."

"Well, admitting all that; I imagine Squire Edward C— will have a good many doors to shut, if ever he makes much of a man."

"What kind of doors? Do tell me, grandmother."

"Sit down a minute, and I will give you a list."

"In the first place, the door of your ears must be closed against bad language and evil counsel of the boys and young men you will meet with at school and college, or you will be undone. Let them once get possession of that door, and I would not give much for Edward C—'s future prospects."

"The door of your eyes, too, must be shut against bad books, idle novels, and low, wicked newspapers, or your studies will be neglected, and you will grow up a useless, ignorant man; you will have to close them sometimes against the fine things exposed for sale in the shop windows, or you will never learn to save your money, or have any left to give away."

"The door of your lips will need especial care, for they guard an unruly member, which makes great use of the bad company let in at the doors of the eyes and ears. That door is very apt to blow open; and if not constantly watched, will let out angry, trifling or vulgar words. It will backbite, sometimes worse than the winter's wind if it is left open too long. I would advise you to keep it shut much of the time till you have laid up a store of knowledge, or at least till you have something valuable to say."

"The inner door of your heart must be well shut against temptation, for conscience, the doorkeeper grows very indifferent if you disregard his call; and sometimes drops asleep at his post, and when you may think you are doing very well, you are fast going down to ruin."

"If you carefully guard the outside doors of the eyes, ears and lips, you will keep out many cold blasts of sin, which get in before you think."

"This shutting doors, you see, Eddy, will be a serious business; one on which your well-doing, in this life and the next depends."—[Ex.

Do not fail to read "Nationality."