

DESERET NEWS,

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DESERET NEWS.

Truth and Liberty.

VOL. 3. GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, U. T., THURSDAY, DEC. 1, 1853. [NO. 23.]

A Flaw in the Indictment!!

By which a Lawyer lost his own name; or  
MARKING A HAT.

About the time of the inauguration of President Pierce, a gentleman named Parker, belonging to Concord, joined in the general rush to witness the great oration. Our friend, who is an attorney of some note, has not been much of a traveler, but he takes the New Hampshire Patriot, and is well aware that there are such things as the swapping of umbrellas and hats at big hotels. To guard against the loss or exchange of his new "title," therefore, Mr. P. got a printer to strike him off a four inch square card, upon which looked out of the crown of his hat in bold two line pie,

"ASA PARKER, ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE."

There was a great rush at Willard's on Inauguration day, indeed, there was a perfect jam everywhere, and our friend Parker found some difficulty in getting down to the dinner table along with some of his townsmen. The dinner was a fine one, the champagne delicious, and after an hour's sitting, the New Englanders left the table in the merriest mood imaginable. "Now fellows," said Parker, as they emerged from the dining room, "every man look out for his hat, I've got a mark on mine that nobody can mistake."

But there was a sort of mistake somewhere, notwithstanding. It was some time before Mr. P. found his hat at all, and even then he labored under the impression that it had grown a trifle older since he went to dinner. But the placard was in the crown, all right. "Asa Parker, Attorney at Law, Concord, New Hampshire," stared him in the face as he looked in the inside.

"All right, fellows!" said Parker, raising the hat to his head. "Nothing like making sure of things when you are going into a crowd! My hat's safe anyhow." But he only put the hat on the top of his head, for it was entirely too small to go on.

"What's the matter, Parker?" inquired one of the party, as the attorney attempted to pull the hat.

"Oh, nothing," responded Parker, again looking into the hat. "Nothing—it's all right, I assure you. Asa Parker, Attorney at Law, Concord, New Hampshire." Certainly I knew it must be my hat. And again he attempted to pull the hat on.

The party around could ill suppress laughter at the comical motions of the embarrassed lawyer, but he did not appear to notice it, and industriously endeavored to make the hat fit somehow. In a state of most absolute bewilderment, at length turned to one of the party, and, presenting the hat desired him to tell what name was in it. The man read, "Asa Parker, Attorney at Law, Concord, New Hampshire."

"All right—of course," exclaimed Parker, again attempting to pull on the hat, only to his ill greater bewilderment.

"Will you have the kindness to tell me who I am?" still more perplexed.

"Certainly," said the man addressed, "you are Asa Parker, Attorney at Law, Concord, New Hampshire."

"Of course," said Parker. "Darn it, I know it. And he made one more trial at the hat. It would be very difficult to say whether Mr. Parker knew himself from a hole in the ground about this juncture. He looked again into the hat and read the inscription, and then at his friends, who still preserved straight faces, and nally caved.

"Gentlemen," said P. with intense gravity, "If I am Asa Parker, Attorney at Law, Concord, New Hampshire, and if this hat belongs to Asa Parker, Attorney at Law, Concord, New Hampshire, all I have to say is, that my head has swelled outrageously since I went to dinner!"

The Col. didn't tell us who changed Mr. Parker's card into somebody else's hat.—[N. York Spirit of the Times.

John Randolph Outdone.

Of the many amusing anecdotes of this eccentric man of Roanoke, we do not believe the following was ever in print:—

He was travelling through a part of Virginia in which he was unacquainted, and he stopped during the night at an inn near the forks of the road. The inn-keeper was a fine old gentleman, and no doubt one of the "first families" of the Old Dominion. Knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored during the evening to draw him into a conversation, but failed in all his efforts. But in the morning when Mr. Randolph was ready to start, he called for his bill, which, on being presented, was paid. The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation with him, he began as follows:—

"Which way are you travelling, Mr. Randolph?"

"Sir!" said Randolph, with a look of displeasure.

"I asked," said the landlord, "which way are you travelling?"

"Have I paid you my bill?"

"Yes."

"Do I owe you anything more?"

"No."

"Well, I'm going just where I please—do you understand?"

"Yes."

The landlord by this time got some what excited, and Randolph drove off. But to the landlord's surprise, in a few moments the servant returned to inquire for his master, which of the forks of the road to take. Randolph not being out of hearing distance, the landlord spoke at the top of his breath: "Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me one cent; just take which road you please."—[N. Y. Dutchman.

Cheap Literature.

A few months since I was applied to myself to contribute to a new journal, not exactly gratuitous, but at a very small advance upon nothing—and avowedly because the work had been planned, according to that estimate. However, I accepted the terms conditionally; that is to say, provided the principle could be properly carried out. Accordingly, I wrote to my butcher, baker, and other tradesmen, informing them that it was necessary, for the sake of cheap literature and the interest of the reading public, that they should furnish me with several commodities at a very trifling per centage above cost price. It will be sufficient to quote the answer of the butcher:—

"Sir—Respectful your note. Cheap literature be blowed. Butchers must live as well as other peaple—and if so be you or the readin' public want to have meat at prime cost, you must buy your own beastesses, and kill your selves."

Reflections on Visiting the City of Nauvoo.

BY JOHN HYDE, JUN.

Sad, silent, solitary, and alone,  
I paced the fallen streets of fair Nauvoo;  
I marked the remnant of her beauty gone,  
As tottering piles of ruins rose to view.

What mournful thoughts that solemn sight inspired;  
Ah! how with grief my beating bosom burned;  
I sought the secret of a spot retired,  
And scalding tears to weeping eyes returned.

I gazed upon thy temples sacred site,  
And thought of poverty's minifience:  
Once hallowed shrine for oft a holy rite,  
Now crumbling wreck of past magnifience.

I viewed the place where Nauvoo mansion rose,  
Unroofed, unfinished, falling to the earth;  
Sign of the guilt that stains thy bloody fies,  
Test of thy obedience of thy sons of worth.

Thy houseless streets in rank luxuriance crowned,  
Where happy homes in bygone days were placed;  
Where desolation seems to reign around,  
And fruitful plots appear a weary waste.

Why thus deserted? This was the sacred place  
For hallowed sounds of prophecy and God;  
The chosen home for best of human race,  
Whence truth and light effulgent spread abroad.

Here taught the seers, and here the faithful dwelt,  
And basked in rays intelligent, divine:  
Here round Jehovah's altars thousands knelt,  
And consecrated all upon his shrine.

Where is the busy throng?—the cheering sound  
Of happy industry's contented toil?  
Where is the crowded mart—the cultured ground—  
Robed in the harvests of a fertile soil?

Can this be Zion?—desert and forlorn,  
A forsaken city in the midst of life,  
As though a curse on every breeze were borne,  
And then with ill for human kind wert rife.

What foreign foe, with desolating brand,  
Has burned destruction on thy lovely breast?  
What dire disease, with dread malignant hand,  
Has stamped a stigma or a curse imprest?

What kings contending have combatted there?  
What fabled monsters stalked thy city through,  
And left the desolate, deserted, bare?  
A shattered fragment of once fair Nauvoo!

We read of Tyre and cities of the plain  
Sink down to hell because of helish crimes.  
Was this thy doom, or dost thou still remain  
To tell of judgments in these latter times?

Luxur, Caracae, Thebes, and Memphis lie  
As mould'ring monuments of Egypt's fame;  
Things of the past, that like all things must die,  
And only leave a vestige and a name.

Great Nineveh and Babylon in pride  
Exalted high their turrets and their towers;  
Now swept away by Time's fell torrent tide,  
Engulfed in sand their palaces and powers.

Was this thy fate Nauvoo? Have ages past  
Since lived the day that first beheld thy birth,  
That raised to heaven thou crumbled back to dust,  
And longest to join thee ancient mother earth?

Thus mused my soul, when truth to thought replied,  
'Twas not for sin, 'twas not internal jar,  
Nor foreign foe his vengeance satisfied,  
Nor kings contending there spread civil war.

No centuries have sped in haste away;  
Her fall is later—her history of to-day.  
Her butchered sons for her have ceased to feel,  
Victims to traitors and religious zeal;

Their foes compatriots, and their crime their creed,  
For this she's desolate, and for this they bleed.  
In human gore these thirsty fountains asuage  
The maddened promptings of relentless rage;

And some insatiate, yet more devilish, grown,  
Wreak's puny vengeance on thy temple's stone;  
Incited on by sacrilegious ire  
Dish purge, the desecrated spot with fire:

And charred stumps and calcined stones now tell  
Of what she must have been, and how she fell.  
But where was Joseph? Her impending doom  
Pervades his bosom with a sudden gloom;

To strive to shield her from her threatening fate,  
He's all himself prepared to imolate,  
A holy holocaust to helish hate.  
A noble patriot has he past away—

A murdered martyr is his shroud cold clay;  
His work complete shall angel's trumpets proclaim  
To other worlds, his actions and his name,  
Till crowned as God. He shall assume his sway,  
King, brother, savior of the latter day.

And Nauvoo's sons, with other leaders blest,  
Have sought and found a temporary rest—  
A shady shelter in the valley west;  
And left to future times to see their rise,  
First stake of Zion, glorious to the skies.

And homesteads, mansions, temple overthrown,  
Shall re-arise more lovely from the dust,  
While virtue claims thy children as her own,  
Repay's the wicked and rewards the just!

G. S. L. City, October, 1853.

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HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

[DECEMBER, 1838.]

Friday, 30th. About this time, those of us who had been sentenced thereto, were conveyed to Liberty jail, put in close confinement, and all communication with our friends cut off. During our trial, William E. McLeellin accompanied by Burr Riggs and others at times were busy in plundering and robbing the houses of Sidney Rigdon, George Morey, and the widow Phebe Ann Patton, and others, under pretence of color of law or an order from General Clark, as testified to by the members of the different families robbed.

Saturday, December 1st, 1838. "At a meeting of the committee on the part of the Mormons, and a like committee on the part of the citizens of Daviess county, met at Adam-on-di-Ahman, on the first of December, 1838, the following propositions by the Mormon committee were made and agreed to by the Daviess county committee:

1st. That the Mormon committee be allowed to employ, say 20 teamsters for the purpose of hauling off their property.

2d. That the Mormon committee collect whatever stock they may have in Daviess county at some point, and some 2 or 3 of the Daviess county committee be notified to attend for the purpose of examining said stock and convey or attend the Mormon committee out of the limits of the county; and it is further understood, that the Mormon committee is not to drive or take from this county any stock of any description at any other time, nor under any other circumstances than those mentioned. As witness our hands. William P. Peniston, Dr. K. Kerr, Adam Black, committee.

The above propositions were made and agreed to by the undersigned, committee on the part of the Mormons. William Huntington, B. S. Wilber, J. H. Hale, Henry Herriman, Z. Wilson.

Wednesday, 5th. The Missouri Legislature having assembled, Governor Boggs laid before the House of Representatives all the information in his possession relative to the difficulties between the mob and Mormons.

Monday, 10th. "To the Honorable Legislature of the State of Missouri, in Senate and House of Representatives convened:

We the undersigned petitioners and inhabitants of Caldwell county, Missouri, in consequence of the late calamity that has come upon us, taken in connection with former afflictions, feel it a duty we owe to ourselves and our country to lay our case before your Hon. body for consideration. It is a well known fact, that a society of our people commenced settling in Jackson county, Missouri, in the summer of 1831, where they according to their ability, purchased lands and settled upon them with the intention and expectation of becoming permanent citizens in common with others.

Soon after the settlement began, persecution began; and as the society increased, persecution also increased, until the society at last was compelled to leave the county; and although an account of these persecutions has been published to the world, yet we feel that it will not be improper to notice a few of the most prominent items in this memorial.

On the 20th July, 1833, a mob convened at Independence—a committee of which called upon a few of the men of our church there, and stated to them that the store, printing office, and indeed all other mechanic shops must be closed forthwith, and the society leave the county immediately.

These propositions were so unexpected, that a certain time was asked for to consider on the subject, before an answer should be returned, which was refused, and our men being individually interrogated, each one answered that he could not consent to comply with their propositions. One of the mob replied, that he was sorry, for the work of destruction would commence immediately.

In a short time the printing office, which was a two story building, was assailed by the mob and soon thrown down, and with it much valuable property destroyed. Next they went to the store for the same purpose; but Mr. Gilbert, one of the owners, agreeing to close it, they abandoned their design. Their next move was their dragging of Bishop Partridge from his house and family to the public square, where, surrounded by hundreds, they partially stripped him of his clothes, and tarred and feathered him from head to foot. A man by the name of Allen was also tarred at the same time. This was Saturday, and the mob agreed to meet the following Tuesday, to accomplish their purpose of driving or massacring the society.

Tuesday came, and the mob came also, bearing with them a red flag in token of blood.—Some two or three of the principal men of the society offered their lives, if that would appease the wrath of the mob, so that the rest of the society might dwell in peace upon their lands. The answer was, that unless the society would leave "on masse," every man should die for himself. Being in a defenceless situation, to save a general massacre, it was agreed that one half of the society should leave the county by the first of the next January, and the remainder by the first of the following April. A treaty was entered into and ratified, and all things went on smoothly for a while. But some time in October, the wrath of the mob began again to be kindled, inasmuch that they shot at some of our people, whipped others, and threw down their houses, and committed many other depredations; indeed the society of saints were harassed for some time both day and night; their houses were brickbatted and broken open—women and children insulted, &c. The storehouse of A. S. Gilbert & Co. was broken open, ransacked, and some of the goods strewed in the streets.

These abuses, with many others of a very aggravated nature, so stirred up the indignant feelings of our people, that when a party of them, about thirty, met a company of the mob of about double their number, a skirmish took place in which some two or three of the mob, and one of our people were killed. This raised as it were the whole county in arms;—and nothing would satisfy them, but an immediate surrender of the arms of our people, and they forthwith to leave the county. Fifty ones were given up, which have never been returned or paid for to this day. The next day, parties of the mob from 50 to 70, headed by priests, went from house to house, threatening women and children with death if they were not off before they returned. This so alarmed them, that they fled in different directions;—some took shelter in the woods, while others wandered in the prairies till their feet bled. In the meantime, the weather being very cold, their sufferings in other respects were very great.

The society made their escape to Clay county as fast as they possibly could, where the people received them kindly, and administered to their wants. After the society had left Jackson Co., their buildings amounting to about two hundred, were either burned or otherwise destroyed; and much of their crops, as well as furniture, stock, &c., which if properly estimated, would make a large sum, for which they have not as yet received any remuneration.

The society remained in Clay county nearly three years; when, at the suggestion of the people there, they removed to that section of the country known now as Caldwell county. Here the people purchased out most of the former inhabitants, and also entered much of the wild land. Many soon owned a number of eighties, while there was scarcely a man that did not secure to himself at least a forty. Here we were permitted to enjoy peace for a season; but as our society increased in numbers, and settlements were made in Daviess and Carroll counties, the mob spirit spread itself again. For months previous to our giving up our arms to General Lucas' army, we heard little else than rumors of mobs collecting in different places and threatening our people. It is well known that the people of our church who had located themselves at De Wit, had to give up to a mob and

leave the place, notwithstanding the militia were called out for their protection.

From De Wit the mob went towards Daviess county, and while on their way there they took two of our men prisoners, and made them ride upon the cannon, and told them that they would drive the Mormons from Daviess to Caldwell, and from Caldwell to hell; and that they would give them no quarter, only at the cannon's mouth. The threats of the mob induced some of our people to go to Daviess to help to protect their brethren who had settled at Diahman on Grand river. The mob soon led from Daviess county; and after they were dispersed and the cannon taken, during which time no blood was shed, the people of Caldwell returned to their homes in hopes of enjoying peace and quiet; but in this they were disappointed; for a large mob was soon found to be collecting on the Grindstone, (fork of Grand river) from ten to fifteen miles off, under the command of Cornelius Gilliam, a scouting party of which came within four miles of Far West, and drove off stock belonging to our people, in open daylight.

About this time, word came to Far West, that a party of the mob had come into Caldwell county to the south of Far West; that they were taking horses and cattle, burning houses, and ordering the inhabitants to leave their homes immediately, and that they had then actually in their possession three men prisoners. This report reached Far West in the evening, and was confirmed about midnight. A company of about sixty men went forth under the command of David W. Patten, to disperse the mob, as they supposed. A battle was the result,—in which Captain Patten and two of his men were killed, and others wounded. Bogart, it appears, had but one killed, and others wounded. Notwithstanding the unlawful acts committed by Captain Bogart's men previous to the battle, it is now asserted and claimed that he was regularly ordered out as a militia captain, to preserve the peace along the line of Ray and Caldwell counties. That battle was fought four or five days previous to the arrival of General Lucas and his army. About the time of the battle with Captain Bogart, a number of our people who were living near Haun's mills on Shovel creek, about twenty miles below Far West, together with a number of emigrants who had been stopped there in consequence of the excitement, made an agreement with the mob which was about there, that neither party should molest the other, but dwell in peace. Shortly after this agreement was made, a mob party of from two to three hundred, many of whom are supposed to be from Chariton county, some from Daviess, and also those who had agreed to dwell in peace, came upon our people there, whose number in men was about forty, at a time they little expected any such thing, and without any ceremony, notwithstanding they begged for quarter, shot them down as they would tigers or panthers. Some few made their escape by fleeing. Eighteen were killed, and a number more were severely wounded.

This tragedy was conducted in the most brutal and savage manner. An old man, after the massacre was partially over, threw himself into their hands and begged for quarter, when he was instantly shot down; that not killing him, they took an old corn-cutter and literally mangled him to pieces. A lad of ten years of age, after being shot down, also begged to be spared, where one of them placed the muzzle of his gun to his head and blew out his brains. The slaughter of these not satisfying the mob, they proceeded to rob and plunder. The scene that presented itself after the massacre, is beyond description. It was truly a time of weeping, of mourning, and of lamentation.

As yet we have not heard of any being arrested for these murders, notwithstanding there are men boasting about the county, that they did kill on that occasion more than one Mormon; whereas, all our people who were in the battle with Captain Patten against Bogart, can be found, have been arrested, and are now confined in jail to await their trial for murder.

When General Lucas arrived near Far West, and presented the Governor's order, we were greatly surprised; yet we felt willing to submit to the authorities of the State. We gave up our arms without reluctance. We were then made prisoners and confined to the limits of the town for about a week, during which time the men from the country were not permitted to go to their families, many of whom were in a suffering condition for the want of food and firewood,—the weather being very cold and stormy.

Much property was destroyed by the troops in town during their stay there, such as burning house logs, rails, cow-cribs, boards, &c.; the using of corn and hay, the plundering of houses, the killing of cattle, sheep and hogs, and also the taking of horses not their own; and all this without regard to owners, or asking leave of any one. In the meantime, men were abused, women insulted, and abused by the troops; and all this, while we were kept prisoners.

Whilst the town was guarded, we were called together by the order of General Lucas, and a guard placed close around us, and in that situation were compelled to sign a deed of trust for the purpose of making our individual property, all holden as they said, to pay all the debts of every individual belonging to the church, and also to pay for all damages the old inhabitants of Daviess may have sustained in consequence of the late difficulties in that county.

General Clark was now arrived, and the first important move made by him, was the collecting of our men together on the square, and selected out about fifty of them, whom he immediately marched into a house and confined close. This was done without the aid of the Sheriff or any legal process. The next day 46 of these were driven like a parcel of maul slaves—off to Richmond, not knowing why they were taken, or what they were taken for. After being confined in Richmond more than two weeks, about one half were liberated; the rest, after another week's confinement, were most of them required to appear at court, and have since been let to bail. Since General Clark with drew his troops from Far West, parties of armed men have gone through the county driving off horses, sheep, and cattle, and also plundering houses; the barbarity of General Lucas' troops ought not to be passed over in silence. They shot our cattle and hogs, merely for the sake of destroying them, leaving them for the ravens to eat. They took prisoners, and named by the name of Tanner, and without any reason for it, he was struck over the head with a gun, which laid his skull bare. Another man by the name of Carey was also taken prisoner by them, and without any provocation had his brains dashed out by a gun. He was laid in a wagon, and there permitted to remain for the space of 24 hours; during which time no one

was permitted to administer to him comfort or consolation; and after he was removed from that situation, he lived but a few hours.

The destruction of property at and about Far West, is very great. Many are stripped bare as it were, and others partially so; indeed, take us as a body, at this time, we are a poor and afflicted people; and if we are compelled to leave the State in the spring, many, yes, a large portion of our society will have to be removed at the expense of the State; as those who might have helped them, are now debarrated that privilege in consequence of the deed of trust we were compelled to sign; which deed so operated upon our real estate, that it will sell for but little or nothing at this time.

We have now made a brief statement of some of the most prominent features of the troubles that have befallen our people since our first settlement in this State; and we believe that these persecutions have come in consequence of our religious faith, and not for any immorality on our part. That instances have been of late, where individuals have trespassed upon the rights of others, and thereby broken the laws of the land, we will not pretend to deny; but yet we do believe, that no crime can be substantiated against any of the people who have a standing in our church of an earlier date than the difficulties in Daviess county. And when it is considered that the rights of this people have been trampled upon from time to time, with impunity, and abuses heaped upon them, almost innumerable, it ought in some degree to palliate for any infraction of the law, which may have been made, on the part of our people.

The late order of Governor Boggs to drive us from this State, or exterminate us, is a thing so novel, unlawful, tyrannical, and oppressive, that we have been induced to draw up this memorial and present this statement of our case to your honorable body, praying that a law may be passed, rescinding the order of the Governor to drive us from the State, and also giving us the sanction of the Legislature to inherit our lands in peace. We ask an expression of the Legislature, disapproving the conduct of those who compelled us to sign a deed of trust, and also disapproving of any man or set of men taking our property in consequence of that deed of trust, and appropriating it to the payment of debts not contracted by us, or for the payment of damages sustained in consequence of trespasses committed by others.

We have no common stock; our property is individual property, and we feel willing to pay our debts as other individuals do; but we are not willing to be bound for other people's debts also. The arms which were taken from us here, which we understand to be about 630, besides swords and pistols, we care not so much about, as we do the pay for them; only we are bound to do military duty, which we are willing to do, and which we think was sufficiently manifested by the raising of a volunteer company last fall at Far West, when called upon by General Parks to raise troops for the frontier.

The arms given up by us, we consider were worth between twelve and fifteen thousand dollars; but we understand they have been greatly damaged since taken, and at this time probably would not bring near their former value. And as they were both here and in Jackson county, taken by the militia, and consequently by the authority of the State; we therefore ask your honorable body to cause an appropriation to be made by law, whereby we may be paid for them, or otherwise have them returned to us and the damages made good.

The losses sustained by our people in leaving Jackson county, are so situated that it is impossible to obtain any compensation for them by law, because those who have sustained them are unable to prove those trespasses upon individuals. That the facts do exist, that the buildings, crops, stock, furniture, rails, timber, &c., of the society, have been destroyed in Jackson county, is not doubted by those who are acquainted in this upper country; and since these trespasses cannot be proven upon individuals, we ask your honorable body to consider this case, and if in your liberality, and wisdom, you can conceive it to be proper to make an appropriation by law to these sufferers,—many of whom are still pressed down with poverty in consequence of their losses, would be relieved from poverty and woe; whilst the widow's heart would be made to rejoice, and the orphan's tear measurably dried up, and the prayers of a grateful people ascend on high, with thanksgiving and praise to the Author of our existence, for that beneficent act.

In laying our case before your honorable body, we say that we are willing, and ever have been, to conform to the Constitution and laws of the United States, and of this State. We ask in common with others the protection of the laws. We ask for the privilege guaranteed to all free citizens of the United States and of this State to be extended to us, that we may be permitted to settle and live where we please, and worship God according to the dictates of our conscience without molestation. And while we ask for ourselves this privilege, we are willing all others should enjoy the same.

We now lay our case at the feet of your Legislature, and ask your honorable body to consider it, and do for us, after mature deliberation, that which your wisdom, patriotism, and philanthropy, may dictate. And we, as in duty bound will ever pray, &c.

Edward Partridge, Heber C. Kimball, John Taylor, Theodore Turley, Brigham Young, Isaac Morley, George W. Harris, John Murdoch, John M. Burk, a committee appointed by the citizens of Caldwell county, to draft this Memorial and sign it in their behalf. Far West, Caldwell county, Mo., Dec. 10, 1838."

TABERNACLE.

July 10th, 1857.

Parley P. Pratt delivered the following Discourse:—

I hope the congregation will lend us their undivided attention, and exercise their faith and prayers for those that speak, that the truth may be drawn out to the edification of all.

I always feel difficult to address the assembly of the people of God, at the seat of the government of the Church, knowing that there are many that can edify and enlighten our minds better than I can. I always feel that I would sooner hear than speak. But nevertheless I feel it my duty to impart my testimony, and exercise my gift among my brethren according to my calling; I therefore shall address you for a while this morning.

There may be many strangers assembled with us, as at this season of the year many are passing through this city from different parts of the world. The members of the church need not complain, if I should address myself to the people as if they were all strangers, on the principles that are sometimes designated "Mormonism;" and confine myself to some of the plain, simple, introductory principles of that system. It will refresh the minds of those acquainted with them, and perhaps edify them, and at the same time edify others.

Suppose I were to ask a question this morning as a stranger, "What is Mormonism?" I suppose it is known to most men at all conversant with principles classed under that name, that is a nick-name, or a name applied by the public, and not used officially by the church so called. Mormon was a man; a prophet; an author, a compiler, and a writer of a book. Mormon was a teacher of righteousness, holding certain doctrines. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints are agreed with Mormon, as well as with many other ancient writers, and hold to the same principles; therefore their neighbors have seen fit to call them "Mormons." "Mormonism?" They might as well have called them, "Abrahamism, Enochism, or Isaiahism;" because the ancient prophets, patriarchs and apostles held to the same truths in general terms, only differing in circumstances, in distant countries and ages of the world, and acting upon the same general principles, according to the particular circumstances that surrounded them. But the world, out of all the ancients, have selected one called Mormon, and all the principles held by all good, inspired men of all ages and countries they have seen fit to sum up, and call them Mormonism. Well, it is as well as anything else for aught I know; the name does not affect the principles.

The word of God as written in the good old book, designates the people of God by the name of Saints; which name is as ancient, almost as any writings extant, or quite. Saint was spoken of by Enoch long before the flood. The same term was applied to the people of God by the prophet, the Psalmist, and by the writers of the New Testament.

Not only was this term applied to saints in ancient days, but the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles applied it prophetically speaking to the people of God in the latter days, when the kingdom should be given to the people of God, and the principles of God bear rule over all the earth.

Daniel in speaking of this subject, and the other prophets, always calls them the Saints of the Most High. He does not call them Mormonites, Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Jews, Pagans, or Mohammedans, nor yet Catholics; but the language of the apostles and prophets is, that the Saints of the Most High shall prevail—prevail over the world, establish a kingdom of government, and in short, rule the lower world, and of course in a manner to him who is at their head, and to the principles held by them.

Why not this be continued, and sustained, O ye people of christendom, and let these party names go by the board, and be classed among the things that were, in the darker ages—come to the proper and correct scripture language, and when we speak of the people of God, call them Saints or the Most High?

Well, such is the name that the church which I represent, do their business in. As such they are known on earth, and on the records of heaven, inasmuch as it is recognized there. But we know what the word mean when they say Mormonism, and Mormon.

What are the principles called Mormonism? You may ask those who profess to be instructors of the people abroad in the States and elsewhere—and very few of them will give you one correct idea in regard to the doctrines of the Latter Day Saints. Indeed they have not informed themselves, but remain in ignorance on the subject; and when they would show us, of course they cannot inform them correctly on that subject, but they will generally be informed, that Mormonism is a new religion; that it is something new under the sun; and of course is an innovation, a kind of trespass on Christianity, on the Bible, or on the good old way. "O," say some of the editors that ought to be the most enlightened, and that profess to be, "Mormonism prevails, Christianity will come down."

Now suppose that we examine principle by principle, some of the fundamental principles of Mormonism, and see whether there is one item that is new, or that is in any way an innovation on Christianity. What is the way we start towards an introduction of these principles in the age, and the organization of a people? What is it that first disturbed the world, or any part of it—or called the attention of the people towards it, giving rise to the system now called Mormonism? It was the manifestation of angels to certain individuals; or in other words, certain individuals in this age enjoyed open visions.

Now we will stop, right at this point; it is called Mormonism. Let us dwell on it. Is it a new principle? Is it adding something to Christianity, or taking something from it? Do not let our modern notions weigh anything, but come right to the fact of the matter. If Peter the apostle were here to-day, and a person were to relate to him a vision wherein an angel appeared to him and said something to him, would Peter call together the rest of the Apostles, and sit in council on that man's head for error? Would they say to that man, "Sir, you have introduced something here in your experience that is derogatory to