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HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

DECEMBER, 1842.

Dec.—Thursday, 22.—I was about home. Read correspondence between Dr. Richards and General James Arlington Bennett, and read German with Elder Orson Hyde. Br. Shearer inquired the meaning of the "little leaven which a woman hid in three measures of meal." I replied it alluded expressly to the last days, when there should be but little faith on the earth, and it should leaven the whole world, also there shall be safety in Zion and Jerusalem, and in the remnants whom the Lord our God shall call. The three-measures refer directly to the priesthood, truth springing up on a fixed principle, to the three in the grand presidency, confining the oracles to a certain head on the principle of three.

Friday, 23.—Wrote R. M. Young, Esq., Washington city, that I would accept the proposals of John C. Walsh, and give him \$2500 for the north west quarter of section 8, 6 north, 8 west, said land lying between my farm and the city.

Saturday, 24.—At home afternoon. Read and revised my history with Secretary Richards, and walked with him to see sister Lyon who was sick, her babe died a few minutes before our arrival. From there we went to br. Sabines to compute expence money for our journey to Springfield, having just borrowed \$100 for that purpose. While there br. Richards asked if I wanted a wicked man to pray for me? I replied, Yes; if the fervent affectionate prayer of a righteous man availeth much, a wicked man may avail a little when praying for a righteous man. There is none good but one. The better a man is, the more his prayer will avail, like the publican and the pharisee; one was justified rather than the other, showing that both were justified in a degree. The prayer of a wicked man may do a righteous man good when it does the one who prays no good.

Sunday, 25.—I wrote to Orrin Wright, jun., Philadelphia.

The Manchester (England) Conference met, numbering 1506 members, including 33 elders, 87 priests, 53 teachers, and 19 deacons, under the presidency of Elder Thomas Ward.

Monday, 26.—In the morning held court, and I was afterwards arrested by General Wilson Law, on the proclamation of Governor Carlin, and Elders Henry G. Sherwood and William Clayton went to Carthage to obtain a writ of habeas corpus to take me before the court at Springfield. General Law gave me in custody of Dr. Richards with whom I visited sister Morey, who was severely afflicted. We prescribed lobelia for her, among other things, which is excellent in its place. I have learned the value of it by my own experience. It is one of the works of God, but like the power of God, or any other good, it becomes an evil when improperly used. Br. Morey gave me a walking stick, the body of which was from the tooth of the sperm whale, and the top, of whale ivory, with an interstice of mahogany. On my return home, I found my wife Emma sick; she was delivered of a son, which did not survive its birth.

The Herefordshire Conference (England) under the presidency of Elder William Kay met at Colwall, numbering 844 members, including 20 elders, 53 priests, 22 teachers, and 10 deacons.

Tuesday, 27.—At 9 in the morning started in custody of Wilson Law for Springfield, in company with Hyrum Smith, Willard Richards, John Taylor, William Marks, Levi Moffit, Peter Haws and Lorin Walker. On our way to Carthage we met William Clayton and Henry G. Sherwood, who had obtained an order for a writ of habeas corpus from the master in chancery, as no writ could issue, the clerk of court having been elected to the senate.

There was considerable snow and the traveling heavy, but we arrived at my br. Samuel's in Plymouth, a little after sunset, and we were soon joined by Edward Hunter, Theodore Turley, Dr. Tate, and Shadrack Roundy. I supped with br. William Smith's family, who lived under the same roof, slept with Dr. Richards on a buffalo skin spread upon the floor, and dreamed that I was by a beautiful stream of water, and saw a noble fish which I threw out. Soon after I saw a number more and threw them out. I afterwards saw a multitude of fish and threw out a great abundance, and sent for salt and salted them.

Wednesday, 28.—The morning was wet. We started about 8 o'clock, and arrived at Mr. Stevenson's tavern, in Rushville, at 3 in the afternoon, about 20 miles. Br. William's wife, who was sick, went with us, accompanied by sister Durphy, who went with us from Nauvoo to take care of her. I spent a part of the evening with Mr. Uriah Brown and family and a part of my company. In conversation respecting the repeal of charters, I told them that to touch the Nauvoo charter was no better than highway robbery, that since the creation there never had been a repeal of a perpetual charter by God's angels, or men, and that I never would submit to lowering our charter, but they might bring other charters up to it. On my return to the tavern, the brethren took my height, which was six feet, and my brother Hyrum the same.

Thursday, 29.—Started early; crossed the Illinois river at 11, and arrived at Captain Dutche's before 5 in the eve, about 32 miles, the weather extremely cold. General Law asked why the sun was called masculine and the moon feminine? I replied that the root of masculine is stronger, and of feminine weaker. The sun is a governing planet to certain planets, while the moon borrows her light from the sun and is less or weaker.

Let the government of Missouri redress the wrongs she has done to the saints, or let the curse follow them from generation to generation until they do. When I was going up to Missouri in company with Elder Rigdon and our families, on an extreme cold day, to go forward was 14 miles to a house and backward nearly as far.

We applied to all the taverns for admission in vain; we were Mormons and could not be received. Such was the extreme cold that in one hour we must have perished. We plead for our women and children in vain. We counseled together and the brethren agreed to stand by me, and we concluded that we might as well die fighting as freeze to death.

I went into tavern and plead our cause to get admission. The landlord said he could not keep us for love or money. I told him we must and would stay, let the consequence be what it might, for we must stay or perish. The landlord replied we have heard the Mormons are very bad people and the inhabitants of Paris have combined not to have anything to do with them or you might stay. I said to him, we will stay, but no thanks to you. I have men enough to take the town, and if we must freeze, we will freeze by the burning of these houses. The taverns were then opened, and we were accommodated, and received many apologies in the morning from the inhabitants for their abusive treatment.

Friday, 30.—Started at 8 this morning and arrived at Judge Adams, in Springfield, at 2½ o'clock in the afternoon, where I saw Justin Butterfield, Esq., United States district attorney, who told me that Judge Pope had continued the court two or three days on account of my case, and would close on the morrow, and that he should try my case on its merits and not on any technicality.

Sheriff Pitman, of Adams county, was in the place, but would not say whether he had the original writ which had previously been demanded of the officers of Adams county, King and Pitman. I gave Mr. Butterfield a general history of my Missouri persecution, and it was agreed by him that I should be arrested on the writ. Had an interview with my brother, William Smith, who was a member of the legislature at the time, and spent the evening with Judge Adams and the brethren from Nauvoo. We all lodged at Judge Adams'.

While in conversation at Judge Adams' during the evening, I said, Christ and the resurrected saints will reign over the earth during the thousand years, they will not probably dwell upon the earth, but will visit it when they please, or when it is necessary to govern it. There will be wicked men on the earth during the thousand years. The heathen nations who will not come up to worship will be visited with the judgments of God, and must eventually be destroyed from the earth.

Salt, vinegar and pepper, given internally, and plunging in the river when the paroxysms begin will cure the cholera.

Saturday, 31.—At 9 in the morning, Mr. Butterfield called and informed me that King had the original writ, and I signed a petition to Governor Ford to issue a new writ, that my case might be tried thereon, as well as on the proclamation. My petition was granted, and at 11 o'clock I was arrested thereon by a deputy, Mr. Maxey, in presence of Mr. Butterfield, my attorney, who immediately wrote a petition to Judge Pope for a writ of habeas corpus, which I signed, and at 11½ in the morning went before Judge Pope.

Mr. Butterfield read my petition, and stated that the writ and warrant were different from the requisition of the governor of Missouri. He then read Governor Ford's warrant, Watson's affidavit, Governor Reynolds requisition on the governor of Illinois, and the proclamation of Governor Carlin, showing that Reynolds had made a false statement, as nothing appeared in the affidavits to show that Smith was in Missouri. He also stated that all the authority for transportation of persons from one State to another rests on the Constitution and the law of Congress. We ask for habeas corpus because the papers are false, and because that we can prove that Joseph Smith was in this State at the time of the commission of the crime.

The writ was granted, returned, and served in one minute, and I walked up to the bar. Mr. Butterfield read the habeas corpus and moved the court to take bail till I could have a hearing, which was granted; and although it was only a case of misdemeanor, Generals James Adams and Wilson Law were bailed for me in the sum of \$2000 each, and Monday was set for trial.

The court room was crowded, and on our returning, as General Law came to the top of the stairs, one of the crowd observed, "There goes Smith the Prophet, and a good looking man he is," "And (said another) as damn'd a rascal as ever lived." Hyrum replied, "And a good many ditto." "Yes (said the man), ditto, ditto, God

damn you; and every one that takes his part is as damn'd a rascal as he is."

When at the foot of the stairs, General Law said, "I am the man and I take his part." Said the man, "You are a damn'd rascal too." "You are a lying scoundrel," replied Law, and the man began to strip off his clothes and ran out in the street, cursing and swearing and raising a tumult. When Mr. Prentice, the marshal, interfered, and with great exertions quelled the mob. Much credit is due Mr. Prentice for his zeal to keep the peace.

When the rowdies had dispersed, I went with Mr. Butterfield and Dr. Richards to see Governor Ford, who was sick. He told me he had a requisition from the governor for a renewal of persecution in the old case of treason against Missouri, but he happened to know that it was all dead. We dined with Mr. Butterfield at the American House, where the governor quartered, after which we returned to the general's room. In course of conversation he remarked he was no religionist. I told him I had no creed to circumscribe my mind, therefore the people did not like me. "Well (said the governor), from reports we had reason to think the Mormons were a peculiar people, different from other people, having horns or something of the kind; but I find they look like other people, indeed, I think Mr. Smith is a very good looking man."

At 2 in the afternoon, I returned to Judge Adams' and appointed Elders Hyde and Taylor to preach in the Representatives' Hall, on the morrow.

Judge Douglas stated that it was possible to revoke political charters but not company charters. I argued that if a legislature has power to grant a charter for ten years, it has no power to revoke it until after the expiration thereof. The same principle will hold good for 20 or 100 years, and also for a perpetual charter, it cannot be revoked in time.

John Darby came in and said he was going to California with Brewster. I told him I would say as the prophet said to Hezekiah, "Go and prosper, but ye shall not return in peace." Brewster may set out for California, but he will not get there unless somebody shall pick him up by the way, feed him and help him along. Brewster showed me the manuscript he had been writing. I inquired of the Lord, and the Lord told me the book was not true, it was not of him. If God ever called me, or spake by my mouth, he never gave revelations to that Brewster boy or any of the Brewster race.

This afternoon a team ran away, and went past the State House, when the hue and cry was raised, "Jo Smith is running away," which produced great excitement and a sudden adjournment of the House of Representatives.

A Good Story.—Colonel Johnson in his talk to the people of Trenton, told a capital story about a Baptist minister by the name of Sucket, who is a near relative of the ex-Vice President.

It seems that Sucket has been a disolute fellow, and a great fighter; but just before the battle of Thames, he suddenly changed his course and became pious. He, however, had a strong inclination for the camp, and volunteered his services to assist the Colonel against the enemy, on condition that he should have the privilege of preaching to the soldiers in the camp. The condition was gladly embraced, and Sucket was installed as Major under a sort of a certificate from his commanding officer.

He was an energetic, stirring man, a capital officer, and a zealous preacher. On the day before the battle of Thames, the Colonel dropped into one of his meetings. He was holding forth with a stentorian voice, and insisting strongly on the doctrine of predestination. "All the destinies of men," said he, "are in the hands of the Almighty; and not a sparrow falls to the ground without his direction. He is, too, the God of battles. He directs the bullets in the fight, as well as the peaceful operations of the household; and hence there is just as little danger on the field of battle as in the workshop or at the plough tail. If you are to die, you will die at all events; but if you are to live, the Almighty can turn the bullet out of its course as easily as he can number the hairs of your head. If your time has come, you will die, whether on the battle field or not." But he continued, "I don't believe your time has come. I don't think, my friends, you are to die just now."

The next morning, while preparations were making for battle, Johnson met the preacher.

"Well, Sucket," said he, with a smile, "we are likely to have serious work to-day, and as you say that a man can't die till his time comes, that he is just as safe in one place as in another, I should like to have you charge at the head of your column; and mark me, don't you fire till the enemy has discharged every gun. Then take aim at the whites of their eyes, and, having fired, stop for nothing, but grapple them by the throat, and make sure work of it."

"Very well, Colonel," says Sucket, "I'm always willing to test my faith by works."

Accordingly, Sucket took his position at the head of his column, which was about five hundred strong, and received the fire of seven hundred of the enemy. He stood it like a man, only winking a little as the balls came whizzing past him in showers. But he obeyed his orders to the letter; and having received the seven hundred bullets of

the enemy, he advanced forward, poured in a deadly fire, and immediately grappled hand in hand with the foe, which soon decided the fate of the day.

After the action was over, the Colonel remonstrated with him, good humoredly, for killing so many of the enemy.

"Why, Sucket," said he, "this was altogether useless; half the number would have answered every purpose. How came you to cause such a waste of human life?"

"Don't you know how it was, Colonel?" replied the preacher; "we only fired once, but I rather think it was because their time had come."

Sucket is still living, and preaches to this day in one of the Western States.—[Ex.]

ASA AND IRA.—Asa and Ira were two brothers, whose farms lay side by side in a fertile interval. When the corn, the oats and the barley were springing up, the weeds took advantage of the rich soil, and came up with them.

"Do you see," said Asa, "what a hold the weeds are taking? There is a danger of their choking out the crops entirely."

"Well, well, we must be resigned," replied Ira; "weeds as well as grain, were a part of the Creator's plan, and there is no use in murmuring about them." And he lay down for his usual afternoon doze.

"I can only be resigned to what I cannot help," said Asa. So he went to work and plowed, and hoed, until his fields were clear of weeds.

"The army-worms are in the neighborhood," said Asa to Ira one day. "They have already eaten through the adjoining meadows, and are moving towards us."

"Ah!" exclaimed Ira, "they will surely destroy what the weeds have not choked out. I will immediately retire to pray that their course may be stopped or turned aside."

But Asa replied, "I pray betimes, every morning for strength to do the work of the day." And he hastened to dig a trench round his land, which the army-worms could not pass—while Ira returned only in season to save a small portion of his crops from their ravages.

"Do you see, Ira?" said Asa, another morning, "the river is rising very fast. There is but a slender chance of preventing our farms from being overflowed."

"Alas! it is judgement upon us for our sins, and what can we do?" cried Ira, throwing himself in despair upon the ground.

"There are no judgments so severe as those which our own sloth brings upon us," replied Asa. And he went quickly and hired workmen, with whose help he raised an embankment that withstood the flood, while Ira witnessed, with blank looks and folded hands, the destruction of his harvests.

"There is one consolation," said he, "my children at least, are left for me."

But while Asa's sons grew up strong and virtuous men, among Ira's there was a drunkard, a gambler, and a suicide.

"The ways of the Lord are not equal," complained Ira to his brother. "Why are you always prosperous, while I am afflicted, and my old age disgraced?"

"I only know this," replied Asa, "that heaven has always helped me to treat the faults of my children as I did the weeds, the caterpillars, and the flood; and that I have never presumed to send a petition upward without making toil my right-hand servant, the messenger of my prayer."

BIGOTS.—A bigot is necessarily a person of an intensely selfish nature; and, when he cannot make money out of bigotry, crushing out the rights of others will serve to gratify his low and degraded love of dominion. Bigots and bigotry are not confined to the Church; but when a bigot is found there, he is the meanest of all God's creatures. To bigotry he unites blasphemy; for he invariably represents God as having a nature as mean as his own; and on that ground, justifies his own persecutions, and his own low and degrading interference with others in the enjoyment of their opinions. We have such in the State of New York; men who wish to bring our public school system, which is to be the glory of the State and the hope of the world, to the level of their own grovelling and narrow selfishness. But a bright day has already dawned. And as soon as public schools are made institutions where knowledge or science can be attained, a bigot and an unmitigated dunce will come to be synonymous terms.—[Cranda's Report.]

A man fond of sunshine should cultivate a cheerful disposition. With this for a back log, he can keep constantly in his bosom, a fire that will throw a June like warmth about the coldest days of January and so gild the snows and slopes of winter that they shall appear as brilliant as meteors, as full of dazzle as doubletons and ballet dancers. Cheerfulness is a great invention. If it will not keep you from troubles it will give you a lift that enables you to surmount them. Make her acquaintance and throw melancholy to those who charge usury and give light weight.—[Ex.]

The man who is too poor to take a paper, has bought a slab-sided dog, an old shot gun, and a twenty shilling gold watch. He educates his children in the street, and boards his shanghaies on his neighbors.