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HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

FEBRUARY, 1843.

Feb.—Sunday, 12.—Seven or eight young men came to see me, part of them from the city of New York. They treated me with the greatest respect. I showed them the fallacy of Mr. Miller's data concerning the coming of Christ and the end of the world, or as is commonly called Millerism, and preached them quite a sermon. That error was in the Bible, or the translation of the Bible; that Miller was in want of correct information upon the subject, and that he was not so much to blame as the translators. I told them the prophecies must all be fulfilled: the sun must be darkened, and the moon turned into blood, and many more things before Christ would come.

Monday, 13.—Elder Rigdon came in early in the morning and gave a brief history of our second visit to Jackson county, Missouri. I then read a while in German, and walked out in the city with Elder Hyde, returning at 12 o'clock. Br. John C. Annis called for council. The marshal called and informed me that Mr. Rollison was trying to get the post office, and that Dr. R. D. Foster was the first to sign the petition. I gave instruction about a bond for a part of a lot to Br. John Oakley. A quarter before 4 went to the printing office with Br. W. W. Phelps.

I spent the evening at Elder O. Hyde's; in the course of conversation I remarked that those brethren who came here having money, and purchased without the church and without counsel must be cut off: this with other observations aroused the feelings of Br. Dixon, from Salem, Massachusetts, who was then present, and he appeared in great wrath.

I received the following communication:—
"To the Hon. Mr. Bryant, 2nd Asst. P. M. General:—We, your petitioners, respectfully beg leave to submit, that as an attempt is now, by certain individuals, being made to place the post office in this place into the hands of William H. Rollison, a stranger in our place, and one whose conduct since he came here has been such as to forbid our having confidence in him; and we do hope and pray both for ourselves and that of the public, that he may not receive the appointment of postmaster in Nauvoo, Illinois, but that the present postmaster may continue to hold the office."

"Br. J. Smith, if the foregoing can have a number of respectable subscribers, I believe Rollison cannot get the office. I should like to have it so as to send it on Sunday's mail.—Respectfully,
SIDNEY RIGDON."

A letter from the United States Army, dated at Fort Leavenworth, Missouri, states, "that on the 14th of February, at 3 o'clock a.m., the moon, which had been obscured by a cloud for some hours, burst forth in a deep blood red color, with a black cross of equal proportions over the face, extending beyond the rim, while on the two sides small pieces of rainbow were visible. After continuing in this way for about an hour, the color of the moon changed to its ordinary hue, and the cross became a silvery white, with the edges extending beyond the rim and touching the rainbows. It continued so for half an hour, and heavy clouds then intervening obscured the moon, which set unseen."

Tuesday, 14.—Sent William Clayton to Quincy, and by him deposited five hundred dollars with General Leach, for Mr. Walsh, for land which lies between my farm and the clay, agreeable to my letter to Judge Young.

Read proof of the Doctrine and Covenants with Br. Phelps. Read in German from 9½ to 11 forenoon. Had the stove removed from the large room in my house into a small brick building which was erected for a smoke house, designing to use it for a mayor's office, until I could build a new one. Had much conversation with Mr. Cowan and various individuals.

Sold Dr. Richards a cow.

Wednesday, 15.—This morning I spent some time in changing the top plate of the office stove, which had been put together wrong. Read a libellous letter in the Alton Telegraph, written to Mr. Bassett, of Quincy, concerning Judge Pope, Mr. Butterfield and the ladies attending my late trial at Springfield; and published the following letter in the Times and Seasons:—

"Mr. Editor:—Sir,—Ever since I gave up the editorial department of the Times and Seasons,

I have thought of writing a piece for publication by way of valedictory, as is usual when editors resign the chair editorial. My principal remarks I intend to apply to the gentlemen of the quill, or if you please, that numerous body of respectable gentlemen who profess to regulate the tone of the public mind in regard to politics, morality, religion, literature, the arts and sciences, &c., &c., viz., the editors of the public journals; or, if you please, I will designate them the lions of the forest. This latter cognomen, sir, I consider to be more appropriate because of the tremendous noise that they make when they utter their voice.

It came to pass that as I went forth like a young fawn, one day, to feed upon the green grass in my pasture, an ass saw me and brayed, and made a great noise, which a neighboring lion hearing, roared, even as a lion roareth when he beholds his prey. At the sound of his voice the beasts of the field were alarmed, and the lions in the adjoining jungles pricked their ears and roared in their turn; and behold all the lions of the forest, alarmed by their noise, opened their mouths and uttered forth their voice, which was as the roaring of a cataract, or as the voice of thunder; so tremendous was their roaring that the trees of the forest shook, as if they were shaken by a mighty wind, and all the beasts of the forest trembled, as if a whirlwind were passing.

I lifted up mine eyes with astonishment when I heard the voice of the lions, and saw the fury of their rage. I asked, is it possible that so many lords of the forest, such noble beasts, should condescend to notice one solitary fawn that is feeding alone upon his pasture, without attempting to excite either their jealousy or anger? I have not strayed from the fold, nor injured the trees of the forest, nor hurt the beasts of the field, nor trampled upon their pasture, nor drunk of their streams; why then their rage against me? When lo! and behold! they again uttered their voices, as the voice of great thunders, and there was given unto them the voice of men; but it was difficult for me to distinguish what was said among so many voices, but ever and anon, I heard a few broken, incoherent sentences like the following:—Murder! Desolation! Bloodshed!!! Arson!!! Treason!!! Joe Smith and the Mormons!!! Our nation will be overturned!!! The impostor should be drove from the State!!! The fawn will be metamorphosed into a lion—will devour all the beasts of the field, destroy all the trees of the forest, and tread underfoot all the rest of the lions.

I then lifted up my voice and said—hear me, ye beasts of the forest! and all ye great lions pay attention! I am innocent of the things whereof ye accuse me. I have not been guilty of violating your laws, nor of trespassing upon your rights. My hands are clean from the blood of all men, and I am at the defiance of the world to substantiate the crimes whereof I am accused; wherefore then, should animals of your noble mien stoop to such little jealousies, such vulgar language, and lay such unfounded charges at the door of the innocent?

It is true that I once suffered an ass to feed in my pasture: he ate at my crib and drank at my waters, but possessing the true nature of an ass, he began to foul the water with his feet, and to trample under foot the green grass and destroy it. I therefore put him out of my pasture, and he began to bray. Many of the lions in the adjoining jungles mistaking his braying for the roaring of a lion, commenced roaring. When I proclaimed this abroad, many of the lions began to enquire into the matter; a few possessing a more noble nature than many of their fellows, drew near, and viewing the animal found that he was nothing more than a decrepid, broken down, worn out ass, that had scarcely anything left but his ears and voice.

Whereupon many of the lions felt indignant at the lion of Warsaw, the lion of Quincy, the lion of Sangamo, the lion of Alton, and several other lions, for giving a false alarm, for dishonoring their race, and for responding to the voice of so base an animal as an ass. And they felt ashamed of themselves for being decoyed into such base ribaldry and foul mouthed slander. But there were many that lost sight of their dignity and continued to roar, although they knew well that they were following the braying of so despicable a creature.

Among these was a great lion, whose den was on the borders of the eastern Sea; he had waxed great in strength; he had terrible teeth, and his eyes were like balls of fire; his head was large and terrific, and his shaggy mane rolled with majestic grandeur over his terrible neck; his claws were like the claws of a dragon, and his ribs were like those of the Leviathan; when he lifted himself up, all the beasts of the field bowed with respectful deference; and when he spake, the whole universe listened, and the cinders of his power cover creation. His might, his influence, were felt to the ends of the earth; when he lashed his tail the beasts of the forest trembled; and when he roared all the great lions and the young lions crouched down at his feet.

This great lion lifting up himself and beholding the fawn afar off, he opened his mouth, and joining in the common roar, uttered the following great swelling yelp:—

"JOE SMITH IN TROUBLE.—By a letter which we published on Sunday, from Springfield, Illinois, it appears that Joe Smith, the great Mormon Prophet, has at last given himself up to the authorities of Illinois. He is charged with fomenting or conspiring to assassinate Governor Boggs, of Missouri, and is demanded by the func-

tionary of that State of the Governor of Illinois. Joe has taken out a writ of habeas corpus, denying the fact, and is now waiting the decision of the court at Springfield. This will bring Joe's troubles to a crisis.

In the meantime, why does not Joe try his power at working a miracle or two? Now's the time to prove his mission, besides being very convenient for himself."

When I heard it, I said 'Poor fellow! How has thy dignity fallen! and how has thy glory departed! Thou that once ranked among the foremost of the beasts of the field, as the lord of the forest! Even thou hast condescended to degrade thyself by uniting with the basest of animals and to join in with the braying of an ass.'

And now, friend B., allow me to whisper a word in thine ear. Dost thou not know that there is a God in the heavens that judgeth? That setteth up one and putteth down another according to the counsel of his own will? That if thou possessest any influence, wisdom, dominion or power, it comes from God, and to him thou art indebted for it? That he holds the destinies of men in his power, and can as easily put down as he has raised up? Tell me, when hast thou treated a subject of religious and eternal truth with that seriousness and candor that the importance of the subject demands from a man in thy standing, possessing thy calling and influence? As you seem to be quite a theologian, allow me to ask a few questions. Why did not God deliver Micahiah from the hands of his persecutors? Why did not Jeremiah 'work a miracle or two' to help him out of the dungeon? It would have been 'very convenient.' Why did not Zachariah, by a miracle, prevent the people from slaying him? Why did not our Savior come down from the cross? The people asked him to do it; and besides he had 'saved others,' and could not save himself, so said the people. Why did he not prove his mission by working a miracle and coming down? Why did not Paul, by a miracle, prevent the people from stoning and whipping him? It would have been 'very convenient.' Or, why did the saints of God in every age have to wander about in sheep skins and goat skins? being tempted, tried, and sawn asunder; of whom the world was not worthy. I would here advise my worthy friend, before he talks of 'proving missions,' 'working miracles,' or any 'convenience' of that kind, to read his Bible a little more, and the garbled stories of political demagogues less.

I listened, and lo! I heard a voice, and it was the voice of my Shepherd, saying, Listen all ye lions of the forest, and all ye beasts of the field give ear. Ye have sought to injure the innocent, and your hands have been lifted against the weak, the injured and the oppressed; ye have pampered the libertine, the calumniator and the base. Ye have winked at vice, and trodden under foot the virtuous and the pure. Therefore hear, all ye lions of the forest. The Lord God will take from you your teeth so that you shall no longer devour. He will pluck out your claws so that you can no longer seize upon your prey. Your strength will fail you in the day of trouble, and your voice will fail, and not be heard afar off; but mine elect will I uphold with mine arm, and my chosen shall be supported by my power. And when mine Anointed shall be exalted, and all the lions of the forest shall have lost their strength, then shall they remember that the Lord he is God.

JOSEPH SMITH.

I copy the following from the public prints:—
"An English officer writing to his friend in England, from Ching Keang Foo, says:—'I never saw such loss of life and property as took place here; we lost officers and men enough, but it is impossible even to compute the loss of the Chinese, for when they found they could stand no longer against us, they cut the throats of their wives and children, or drove them into wells and ponds, and then destroyed themselves. In many houses there were from eight to twelve bodies, and I myself have seen a dozen women and children drowning themselves in a small pond the day after the fight. The whole of the city and suburbs are a mass of ruins—whole streets have been burnt down.'"

O, the horrors of Christian warfare.
About one o'clock in the afternoon I started for Shokoquon, with Mr. John B. Cowan, and Elders Orson Hyde and Parley P. Pratt, on sleighs; when we came on the prairie it was so extremely cold I proposed to Mr. Cowan to wait till to-morrow, but he chose to go forward, and we arrived in safety at Mr. Rose's, where we had supper, and in the evening I gave a long exposition of Millerism. That night I slept with Mr. Cowan.

Thursday, 16.—After breakfast we proceeded towards Shokoquon. After traveling five miles Br. Hyde and Pratt's sleigh upset. Br. Hyde hurt his hand; the horse ran away and we brought it back. After dinner at McQueen's Mills we went to Shokoquon; viewed the place, and found it a very desirable location for a city; when we returned to the place where we dined. Elder Hyde prayed, and I preached to a large and attentive audience two hours, (from Rev. xix ch. 10 v.) and proved to the people that any man that denied himself as being a prophet was not a preacher of righteousness. They opened their eyes, and appeared well pleased. When we had returned as far as McQueen's Mills, Mr. Cowan halted and proposed to call. While waiting a moment Mr. Crane's horse, (Mr. Crane came with our company) which was behind, ran and jumped into our sleigh as we jumped out, and thence over our horse and the fence, sleigh and

all; the sleigh being still attached to the horse, and the fence eight rails high, and both horses ran over lots and through the woods, clearing themselves from the sleighs, and had their frolic out without hurting themselves or drivers. It was a truly wonderful feat, and as wonderful a deliverance for the parties. We took supper at Mr. Crane's, and I staid at Mr. Rose's that night.

Dr. Richards invited the brethren to come to my house on Monday next to chop and pile up my wood.

Friday, 17.—Mr. Cowan returned with me to my house, where we arrived about noon, and I enjoyed myself by my own fireside with many of my friends around me the remainder of the day. Mr. Cowan proposed to give me one-fourth of the city lots in Shokoquon.

The Throne of Solomon.

The following account of a remarkable piece of mechanism is taken from a Persian manuscript called "The History of Jerusalem." It purports to be a description of the throne of King Solomon, and if the details are correctly given it undoubtedly surpasses any piece of mechanism produced in modern times.—[Ex.]

The sides of it were of pure gold, the feet of emerald and rubies, intermixed with pearls each of which was as large as an ostrich's egg. The throne had seven steps; on each side were delineated orchards full of trees the branches of which were of precious stones, representing fruit, ripe and unripe; on the tops of the trees were to be seen figures of plumage birds, particularly the peacock, the eagle and the kurgas. All these birds were hollowed within artificially, so as to occasionally utter a thousand melodious sounds such as the ear of mortals never heard. On the first was delineated vine branches, having bunches of grapes composed of various sorts of precious stones fashioned in such a manner as to represent the various colors of purple, violet, green and red, so as to render the appearance of real fruit. On the second step, on each side of the throne, were two lions of terrible aspect, large as life, and formed of cast gold.

The nature of this remarkable throne was such that when Solomon placed his foot on the first step the birds spread forth their wings, and made a fluttering noise in the air. On his touching the second step the lions expanded their claws. On his reaching the third step the whole assemblage of demons and fairies, and men repeated the praise of the Deity. When he arrived at the fourth step, voices were heard addressing him in the following manner: "Son of David, be thankful for the blessings which the Almighty has bestowed upon you." The same was repeated on his reaching the fifth step. On his touching the sixth, all the children of Israel joined them, and on his arrival at the seventh, all the throne, birds and animals, became in motion, and ceased not until he had placed himself in the royal seat, when the birds, lions, and other animals, by secret springs, discharged a shower of the most precious perfumes on Solomon; after which two of the kurgas descended and placed the golden crown upon his head.

Before the throne was a column of burnished gold, on the top of which was a golden dove, which held in its beak a volume bound in silver. In this book were written the Psalms of David; and the dove having presented the book to the king, he read aloud a portion of it to the children of Israel.

It is further related that on the approach of wicked persons to the throne, the lions were wont to set up a terrible roaring, and to lash their tails with violence; the birds also began to bristle up their feathers, and the assembly also, of demons and genii to utter horrid cries, so for fear of them, no one dared be guilty of falsehood, but all confessed their crimes. Such was the throne of Solomon the son of David.

BATHING AND SWIMMING.—Every one should learn to swim. That is a truism. Dr. Franklin said it a long while ago.

But how few they are, even in our seaport towns, who obey Poor Richard's injunction! There is no excuse for such negligence, when we remember that the acquirement of the art of swimming gives health and pleasure to the pupil. All that is required is a little faith, some acquaintance with the laws of specific gravity, and considerable practice. Faith, as in all important matters, is the chief requisite.

We have seen an excellent method of learning youth to swim. We do not think it is patented, and give it for the benefit of parents and guardians.

The teacher is supplied with a stout red cord, a hook and strap; the latter should be three or four inches in width. The strap is placed about the body of the pupil, half way between the armpits and the hips, the hook or ring affixed to the strap, and fastened to the cord. The latter being made fast to the end of the rope, the pupil is placed in the water like a fish. He will soon learn to strike out, the rest will come of itself.

This plan is better than that of supporting the body on corks or life preservers, because by the latter method the pupil must eventually lose his support all at once, while with the hook and line it is taken away from him gradually. Swimming by this process may be taught in about six easy lessons.—[New Haven Palladium.]

Make no great haste to be angry; for if there be occasion, there will be time enough for it.