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HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

MARCH, 1843.

March 10.—I, with W. Richards, W. Woodruff and many others, about 7 p.m., discovered a stream of light in the south west quarter of the heavens, its pencil rays were in the form of a broad sword, with the hilt downward, the blade raised, pointing from the west, south west, raised to an angle of 45 degrees from the horizon, and extending nearly, or within 2 or 3 degrees to the zenith of the degree where the sign appeared; this sign gradually disappeared from 7 1/2 o'clock, and at 9 had entirely disappeared. As sure as there is a God who sits enthroned in the heavens, and as sure as he ever spoke by me, so sure will there be a speedy and bloody war, and the broad sword seen this evening is the sure sign thereof.

Last night I dreamed that a silver headed old man came to me, and said there was a mob force coming upon him, and he was likely to lose his life; he had heard that I was a Lieutenant general, had the command of a large force, and that I always sought to defend the oppressed, and I was also a patriot and disposed to protect the innocent and unoffending, and wanted I should protect him, and he had come to hear with his own ears what I would say to him. I told him I wanted some written documents to shew the facts that they are the aggressors, and I would raise a force sufficient to protect him, that I would collect the legion. The old man then turned to go from me; when he got a little distance, he suddenly turned again and said to me, "You must call out the legion," and he would have the papers ready when I arrived; and, says he, "I have any amount of men, which you can have under your command."

A shock of an earthquake felt in Lancashire, England, and on the isle of Guernsey, producing considerable alarm.

The papers teem with accounts of singular phenomena; fearful sights are seen in all parts of the world.

Saturday, 11.—Very cold last night. The water froze in the warmest rooms in the city.

At 9 a.m., I started, in company with bro. Brigham Young, to Ramus, and had a delightful drive; arrived at bro. McClary's at a quarter to four; lodged with bro. Benjamin F. Johnson. In the evening I pulled up Justus A. Morse, the strongest man in Ramus, with one hand, at pulling sticks.

It is reported in the papers that the workmen employed on the "General Pratt" (which was burned and sunk last fall near Memphis, in the Mississippi), with a diving bell, on the 3rd of January, found the wreck in about 24 ft. water; on that night was an earthquake; next day the wreck had disappeared, no trace could be found, and the water was from 100 to 120 ft. deep, and for about 100 ft. no bottom; and in another place a bar was discovered where previously was deep water.

The New York Herald publishes "The Vision," in poetry, &c., also Miss Eliza R. Snow's Festival Song—an unusual act of liberality towards the Saints, for a publisher.

Sunday, 12.—I preached to the Saints in Ramus, in the morning, taking for a text 14th chapter of John, 2nd verse, "In my Father's house are many mansions."

I found the brethren well and in good spirits. In the afternoon bro. Brigham preached. Staid at bro. B. F. Johnson's all night.

Elder G. J. Adams having been called to Nauvoo, 1200 inhabitants of Boston petitioned for Elders H. C. Kimball and O. Hyde to come and labor in that place. A similar petition was also sent from Salem, Massachusetts, by Elder Erastus Snow.

Monday, 13.—I wrestled with William Wall, the most expert wrestler of Ramus, and threw him.

In the afternoon held a church meeting. Almon W. Babbitt was appointed by the voice of the people the presiding elder of that place.

In the evening meeting 27 children were blessed, 19 of whom I blessed myself, with great fervency; virtue went out of me, and my

strength left me, when I gave up the meeting to the brethren.

Mercury was 3 deg. below zero at sunrise in Nauvoo.

Mr. Ivins arrived at Nauvoo, and stated that Porter Rockwell came with him from New Jersey to St. Louis, when Porter was arrested by advertisement on the 4th of March, and put in St. Louis jail.

Elder Hyde gone to Quincy to preach.

Newspapers report that iron filings and sulphur have fallen in the form of a snow storm in five counties in Missouri.

Tuesday, 14.—Elder J. M. Grant enquired of me the cause of my turning pale and losing strength last night while blessing children. I told him that I saw that Lucifer would exert his influence to destroy the children that I was blessing, and I strove with all the faith and spirit that I had, to seal upon them a blessing that would secure their lives upon the earth, and so much virtue went out of me into the children that I became weak, of which I have not yet recovered, and referred to the case of the woman touching the hem of the garment of Jesus. (Luke 8th chapter.) The virtue here referred to, is the spirit of life, and a man who exercises great faith in administering to the sick, blessing little children, or confirming, is liable to become weakened.

Elder B. Young and myself returned from Ramus, and after a severe, cold ride, in a heavy snow storm, arrived in Nauvoo about 4 p.m.

Mr. Wilson, the assessor for the county of Hancock, assessed a number of lots to Dr. Willard Richards, which he had previously assessed to me as Trustee in Trust, in order, no doubt, to collect taxes twice, for the benefit of his own pocket, or to make trouble to the Mormons,—about which the following letter was written:—

"MR. BAGBY:
Sir—I received an anonymous letter this

morning, which was dated at Warsaw, requesting an immediate answer. I know not who to direct the answer to; but as it appears to be concerning taxes, I suppose it most probable that you are the person, and direct my answer accordingly.

"I received your letter from Carthage, and requested Mr. Clayton to answer it, which he did, stating the facts in the case; which, in substance, I will repeat.

"In the year 1842, I had no taxable property in Illinois, real or personal.

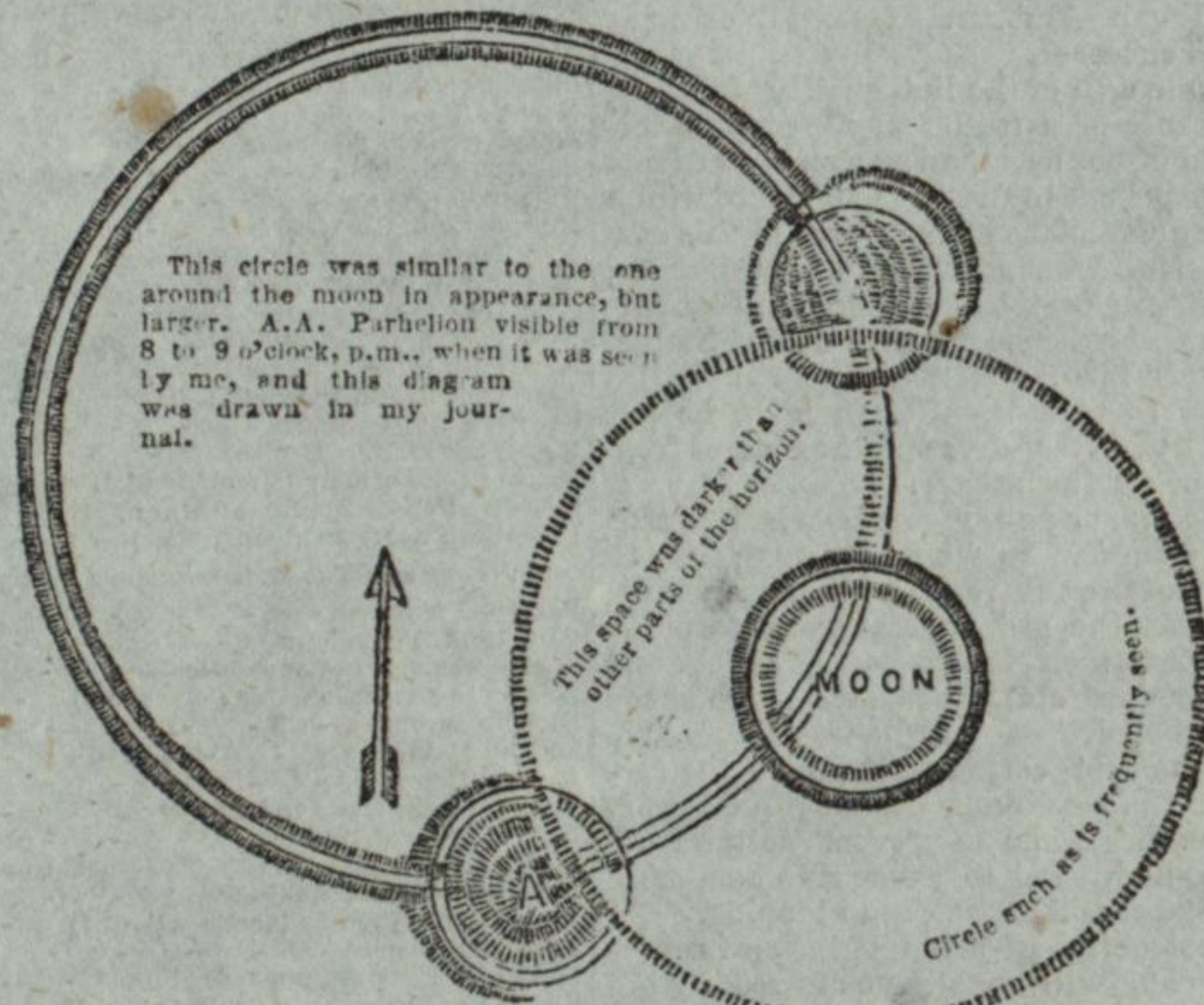
"I never gave Mr. Wilson, the assessor, a list by which to assess lots to me. If I ever gave him any list, it was to assist him in the information what lots to assess to the 'Trustee in Trust,' and for no other purpose,—which Mr. Wilson very well knew at the time, and now knows it.

"You ask, 'What shall I do with the lots?' I answer, they are lots which, on another part of your list, are assessed to the Trustee in Trust, or Mr. Smith; and doubtless it would be the most just and equitable course for the assessor to correct his error,—and let the matter rest where it was originally. But if this cannot be, you must take your own course; 'tis not for me to advise you in your duty. But of this I can advise you, that I have not the first farthing of personal property liable to taxation in this county, or to be sold for taxes, this side of eternity.

Yours respectfully,

W. RICHARDS."

At about half past 7 o'clock in the evening, the sword which had made its appearance for several evenings past, moved up near the moon, and formed itself into a large ring round the moon; two balls immediately appeared in the ring opposite each other, something in the form of sun dogs, as in the following diagram:



The outer part of parhelion was much more brilliant than the inner.

R. D. Foster says that at 11 o'clock, the circles interwoven around the moon were innumerable.

The above is a diagram of one of the signs of the times, designed to represent, "A union of power, and combination of nations."

Wednesday, 15.—I wrote a letter to G. J. Adams, and signed several deeds.

In the office most of the day. Gave the following name to the "Wasp," enlarged as is contemplated—"The Nauvoo Neighbor." "Our motto: the Saints' singularity is unity, liberty, charity." The following is an extract from the prospectus of this date.

"We feel pleasure in announcing to our readers, and the public generally, that we have determined to enlarge the Wasp to double its size, as soon as the present volume shall be completed, which will be on the 19th of April.

It made its appearance in the world near twelve months ago, small in stature, dressed in a very humble garb, and under very inauspicious circumstances. It was then thought by many, that its days would not be long in the land, and that at any rate it would not survive the sickly season. Many of its elder brethren who thought that they had attained to the size of manhood, sneered contemptuously at the idea of their smaller and younger brother taking the field; and, like David's brethren, they thought that he was but a stripling, and that he would certainly fall by the hand of some of the great Goliaths; but on the contrary, while some of advanced years, noble mien, and possessing a more formidable appearance, have given up the ghost, the little Wasp has held on the even tenor of his way, the untiring, unflinching supporter of integrity, righteousness and truth, neither courting the smiles, nor fearing the frowns of political demagogues, angry partisans, nor fawning sycophants. Partaking so much of the nature of the industrious bee, it has gathered honey from every flower, and its pages are now read with interest by a large and respectable number of subscribers.

As the young gentleman is now nearly a year old, we propose on his birthday to put him on

a new dress, and to make him double the size, that he may begin to look up in the world, and not be ashamed of associating with his older brethren; and as he has acted the part of a good Samaritan, we propose giving him a new name: therefore his name shall no longer be called "The Wasp," but the "Neighbor."

I prophesied, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, that Porter Rockwell would get away honorably from the Missourians; and cautioned Peter Hawes to correct his boys; for, if he did not curtail them in their wickedness, they would eventually go to prison.

I dreamed last night, that I was swimming in a river of pure water, clear as crystal, over a school of fish of the largest size I ever saw; they were directly under my belly. I was astonished, and felt afraid that they might drown me, or do me injury.

The Wasp has the following editorial:

"What reliance can be placed upon a legislature that will one session grant a charter to a city with 'PERPETUAL SUCCESSION,' and another session take it away. We expect, however, that this honorable body believe in the common adage, 'promises and pie-crusts are made to be broken;' and we have sometimes ourselves seen boys crying for their marbles again, after they have given them away.

We suppose, however, with them that the words perpetual succession do not mean what they say. The house, in the dignity of its standing, passes a bill, at the request of the people, telling them that they shall have a charter granting them certain privileges, and telling them that it shall be perpetual, without any repealing clause. It is made a law of, and the grand seal of State, appended to it. The people, on the good faith of the State, go to work and improve under the provisions of that charter; companies are formed, buildings

are erected, and money expended; but by and by they find out that they have been leaning upon a broken reed, that there is no dependence to be placed in government, that they have broken their most sacred promises, violated their plighted faith, and wantonly and wickedly sought to injure thousands of men who relied on their promises, by an unprecedented, unconstitutional, and tyrannical law, trampling under foot the faith of the State, and virtually saying that the members of the legislature that granted the charter were all fools, or knaves; and that we, the pure representatives of the people, must break the plighted faith of the State to set them right."

The New York Herald gives a list of indebtedness of the several States who refuse to pay the same, as follows:—Pennsylvania, \$29,129,123; Georgia, \$3,184,323; Indiana, \$12,129,339; Maryland, \$20,901,040; Louisiana, \$21,213,000; Mississippi, \$5,500,000; Illinois, \$13,836,379; Alabama, \$9,843,536; Arkansas, \$3,900,000; Michigan, \$5,611,000; Florida, \$3,500,000.

A great fire at Valparaiso, unequalled in Chili: damage, \$2,000,000.

Editor Dreaming on Marriage.

A bachelor editor out West, who had received, from the fair hand of a bride, a piece of elegant wedding cake to dream on, thus gave the result of his experience:—[Ex.]

We put it under the head of our pillow, shut our eyes sweetly as an infant, and blessed with an easy conscience, soon snored prodigiously. The God of dreams gently touched us, and lo! in fancy we were married. Never was a little editor so happy. It was 'my love, dearest, sweetest,' ringing in our ears constantly. Oh! that the dream had broken off here. But no, some evil genius put into the head of our ducky to have pudding for dinner, just to please her lord.

In a hungry dream we sat down to dinner. Well, the pudding moment arrived, and a huge slice almost obscured from sight the plate before us.

'My dear,' said we fondly, 'did you make this?'

'Yes, love, aint it nice?'

'Glorious—the best bread pudding I ever tasted in my life.'

'Plum pudding, ducky,' suggested my wife.

'O no, dearest, bread pudding. I always was fond of 'em.'

'Call that bread pudding?' exclaimed my wife, while her lips curled slightly with contempt.

'Certainly, my dear; recon I've had enough at the Sherwood House to know bread pudding, my love, by all means.'

'Husband—this is really too bad—plum pudding is twice as hard to make as bread pudding, and is more expensive, and is a great deal better. I say this is plum pudding, sir! and my pretty wife's brow flushed with excitement.

'My love, my sweet, my dear love,' exclaimed we, soothingly, 'do not get angry; I'm sure it's very good, if it's bread pudding.'

'You mean, low wretch,' fiercely replied my wife, in a higher tone, 'you know it's plum pudding.'

'Then, ma'am, it is so meanly put together, and so badly burned, that the devil himself couldn't know it. I tell you, madam, most distinctly and emphatically, and will not be contradicted, that is bread pudding, and the meanest kind at that.'

'It is plum pudding,' shrieked my wife, as she hurled a glass of claret in my face, the glass itself tapping the claret from my nose.

'Bread pudding!' gasped we, pluck to the last, and grasping a roasted chicken by the left leg.

'Plum pudding!' rose above the din, as I had a distinct perception of feeling two plates smashed across my head.

'Bread pudding!' we groaned in a rage as the chicken left our hand, and flying with swift wings across the table, landed in madam's bosom.

'Plum pudding!' resounded the war-cry from the enemy, as the gravy dish took us where we had been depositing the first part of our dinner, and a plate of beets landed upon our white vest.

'Bread pudding forever!' shouted we in defiance, dodging the soup tureen and falling beneath its contents.

'Plum pudding!' yelled the amiable spouse as noticing our misfortune, she determined to keep us down by piling upon our head, the dishes with no gentle hand. Then, in rapid succession, followed the war-cries, 'Plum pudding!' she shrieked with every dish.

'Bread pudding!' in smothered tones, came up from the pile in reply.

Then it was 'plum pudding' in rapid succession, the last cry growi'g feeble, till just as I can distinctly recollect, it had grown to a whisper. 'Plum pudding!' resounded like thunder, followed by a tremendous crash, as my wife leaped upon the pile with her delicate feet, and commenced jumping up and down—when, thank Heaven, we awoke, and thus saved our life.

We shall never dream on wedding cake again—that's the moral.

It is the great art and philosophy of life to make the best of the present, whether it be good or bad; and to bear the one with resignation and enjoy the other with thankfulness and moderation.