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## HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

MARCH, 1843.

Thursday, 16.—In the office, reading papers, and giving counsel to bro. Hyrum, Dr. Foster, and many others.

Friday, 17.—Part of the day in my office, remainder at home.

Settled with Father Perry, gave him a deed for 80 acres of land and city lot, and prophesied that it would not be six months before he could sell it for cash.

At 4 p.m., N. K. Whitney brought in a letter from R. S. Blennarhasset, Esq., St. Louis, dated 7th instant, concerning Porter Rockwell, which I immediately answered.

Reports reached us that new indictments had been found against myself, bro. Hyrum, and some 100 others, on the old Missouri troubles, and J. C. Bennett was making desperate threats.

The Island of Hong Kong was ceded to Great Britain, by the Emperor of China, who opened five ports to the English trade, by treaty.

Saturday, 18.—I was most of the forenoon, in the office, in cheerful conversation with Dr. Richards and others. Finished writing a letter to Arlington Bennett.

About noon, I laid down on the writing table, with my head on a pile of law books, saying, "Write and tell the world I acknowledge myself a very great lawyer; I am going to study law, and this is the way I study it;" and then fell asleep.

Rode out in the afternoon with W. Clayton, looking at lots for Bishop N. K. Whitney; and afterwards played ball with the boys.

The French seized upon the Society group of Pacific Isles.

Sunday, 19.—Rode out with Emma, and visited my farm; returned about 11 a.m., and spent the remainder of the day at home.

D. B. Huntington started for Chicago with a letter to Mr. Justin Butterfield, U. S. Attorney, concerning Orrin Porter Rockwell.

Received a letter from Elder P. P. Pratt, giving a synopsis of his mission to England, since August, 1839, in which I find he has published, since April, 1841 (when the remainder of the Twelve returned home), 1500 "Hymn Books," 2500 "Voice of Warning," 3000 tracts entitled "Heaven on Earth," 3000 copies of "Elder Hyde's Mission to Jerusalem," 10,000 copies of "A letter to the Queen;" and some other works, and continued the "Star" monthly. He left England Oct. 20, 1842, and after a voyage of ten weeks, arrived in New Orleans; being ice bound on the river, and having a dislike to the outlaws who govern Missouri, he wintered at Chester, Illinois. On the news of his arrival he was warmly pressed to preach, which he did several times, and baptized two men in that place.

Sir James South, Sir John Herschel, and other astronomers in Europe, have published notices of the sword seen in the heavens on the eve of the 10th, and several successive evenings. They represent it as the stray tail of a comet, as no nucleus could be discovered with the most powerful instruments.

At Paris, M. Arago communicated to the Academy of Sciences on the subject of the comet, that the observations of the astronomers were not complete, the nucleus not being discovered.

Monday, 20.—I rode out to see Hiram Kimball, with Mrs. Butterfield, about a deed for the Lawrence estate. Settled with Robert D. Foster, and gave him a note to balance all demands; and afterwards acknowledged about 20 deeds to different individuals, which occupied my time until about 3 p.m.

A letter appears in the Millennial Star, giving particulars of the passage of the ship "Swanton" from Liverpool, and arrival at New Orleans, loaded with Saints, in which the power of the holy priesthood is manifested in the healing of the sick:—"The steward of this vessel was so injured by a blow from one of the crew that his life was despaired of, and I stood over him for some time, and thought that life was gone. The captain had administered to him all that he could think of, in the way of medicine, but to no effect; and after they gave up all hopes of his recovery at twelve o'clock at night, he sent for Elder Lorenzo Snow, and by anointing with oil, and the laying on of hands, in the name of the Lord; he was

there and then raised up and perfectly healed. For this token of the divine favor we will praise the God of Israel."

Tuesday, 21.—Was in the office about 9 writing orders. About noon started, with William Clayton, for Shokoquon; dined at bro. Russell's, and then resumed our journey to Libeus T. Coon's, 16 miles, when I returned.

Wonderful signs have been seen in the heavens, during the week. "This night, about 12 o'clock, the pilot and officers of the steamer William Penn, on the Ohio river, between Aurora and the Rising Sun, Indiana, observed a great light in the sky, in the form of a serpent: it turned to a livid, bright red, deep and awful, and remained stationary among the stars, for two or three minutes, and then in a gradual manner formed a distinct roman G; in about 1½ minutes it turned into a distinct O, and afterwards changed to a plain D, when it turned into an oblong shape, and gradually disappeared."

Wednesday, 22.—Was spent in visiting my friends.

Elder E. D. Woolley writes from Westfield, Massachusetts, that he has baptized twenty, and organized a branch in Little River Village.

Elder James Burnham died in Richmond, Massachusetts, aged 46: he had been on a mission to England and Wales about 2 years, and was then on a mission in the Eastern States, and through excessive labor and exposure, brought on quick consumption. He left a wife and several children to lament his loss.

Thursday, 23.—Spent the day in visiting my friends.

At 7½ a.m., the heavens exhibited a splendid appearance of circles, accompanied by mock suns. For further particulars see Times and Seasons, page 151.

The sword has been seen for several nights past; also, on the opposite side of the horizon, a black streak about the size of the light one; while the one is as black as darkness, the other has considerable of the appearance of the blaze of a comet, but it is not a comet, for it appears about 7 o'clock, and disappears about 9.

Friday, 24.—I took a ride to Camp Creek; met bro. Clayton; returned to Libeus T. Coon's, where we warmed for an hour and then returned home.

In the evening two teams arrived from Lima, loaded with provisions, also one load from Augusta.

The St. Louis Republican says: "At Point-a-Pitre, Guadalupe, one of the West India Islands, 2000 persons ran together in the public square, when the earth opened and swallowed the whole mass."

The papers report, that Gen. Napier, with 3,700 English troops, gained a brilliant victory over the Belochee Army, of 22,000 men, on the 17th ult.

Saturday, 25.—In the office at 8 a.m., heard a report from Hyrum concerning thieves, whereupon I issued the following

## PROCLAMATION

To the Citizens of Nauvoo:

Whereas it appears by the republication of the foregoing proceedings and declaration, that I have not altered my views on the subject of stealing: And

Whereas it is reported, that there now exists a band of desperadoes, bound by oaths of secrecy, under severe penalties in case any member of the combination divulges their plans of stealing and conveying properties from station to station, up and down the Mississippi, and other routes: And

Whereas it is reported, that the fear of the execution of the pains and penalties of their secret oath, on their persons, prevents some members of said secret association (who have, through falsehood and deceit, been drawn into their snares), from divulging the same to the legally constituted authorities of the land:

Know ye, therefore, that I, Joseph Smith, mayor of the city of Nauvoo, will grant and insure protection against all personal mob violence, to each and every citizen of this city, who will freely and voluntarily come before me, and truly make known the names of all such abominable characters as are engaged in said secret combination for stealing or are accessory thereto, in any manner; and I would respectfully solicit the co-operation of all ministers of justice, in this and the neighboring States, to ferret out a band of thievish outlaws from our midst.

Given under my hand at Nauvoo City, this 25th day of March, A.D. 1843.

JOSEPH SMITH.

Mayor of said City.

Received a letter from Grand Master A. Jonas, requesting the loan of cannon, to celebrate the organization of the new county of Marquette,—which I granted.

Also received a letter from U. S. Senator Young, with a bond for a quarter section of land.

I baptized Mr. Mifflin, of Philadelphia.

Issued a writ for the arrest of A. Fields, for disorderly conduct; he was brought in drunk about noon, and abused the court; I ordered him to be put in irons till he was sober.

The high council, with my brother Hyrum presiding, sat on an appeal of Benjamin Hoyt, from the decision of David Evans, bishop;

which was, that bro. Hoyt cease to call certain characters witches, or wizards; cease to work with the divining rod; and cease burning a board or boards, to heal those whom he said were bewitched. On hearing the case, the council decided to confirm the decision of Bishop Evans.

The St. Louis Gazette reports "An awful gale" within the last six weeks. 154 vessels were wrecked on the coast of England, and 190 lives lost; on the coast of Ireland, 5 vessels, and 134 lives; on the coast of Scotland, 17 vessels, 39 lives; and on the coast of France, 4 vessels and 100 lives: value of vessels and cargoes roughly estimated \$4,125,000.

The Thames Tunnel completed, opened for foot passengers, when 30,000 persons passed through the first day.

Elder William Henshaw, who has encountered considerable opposition since he commenced preaching in South Wales, organized the Pen-y-darran branch, and ordained William Rees Davis, priest, who commenced preaching in the Welsh language, which caused opposition to increase and a considerable number to receive the gospel; while he established that branch of the church, bro. Henshaw supported himself by work in the coal mines.

Sunday, 26.—At home, the weather being too severe for meeting.

[From one of Dr. Glen C. Haven's letters to his son, published in "Life Illustrated."]

## How a thriftless Farmer was reformed.

If you have a place for everything, and keep it in its place; if you have a time to do business, and do it in its time, you will find that you will "drive business" instead of business driving you, and so will have leisure instead of constant worry. It pains me to see some men undertake any business of moment. They are as sure to become entangled, and thrown on to their backs, their business a-top of them, as they are to undertake it. Take farming for instance. Now I venture the assertion that two-thirds of all the farmers in this State are burning green wood this terrible cold weather. Go into their houses, and you hear the sissing of the beech, or maple, or elm, as like to the death-dirge of a cockroach as smoke. Out of the chimney tops comes forth smoke dark as Tartarus, and their wives and hired girls are cross as bedlam. These men could not find time to cut their wood and have it seasoned. Now I charge it on you, that you fail not to have time to do all that you undertake—in order. Every day accidents, casualties, catastrophes, providences are taking place, because men, women and children have not time to do things as they ought to be done. I must tell you a story—which is a fact.

When I was a boy, there lived in my native village a family by the name of Wilson. There were four boys and four girls, and they were exceedingly gifted. Not one of them was there who did not rank in beauty, intellect, and personal physical power a good way above mediocrity. They all had more than common educational acquirements, for they learned easily. The girls all married early, and to young men of promise. The men all married—and to respectable women. Yet all remained poor.— Their failure was directly attributable to a want of order. Not one of them was ever known to do a thing in its time, nor have a thing in its place—with one exception, and he is the hero of my story. Of one of the girls I may say truthfully that for over thirty-five years she has never seen the sun rise, always going to bed past midnight and rising past midday.

But to my story. Erastus Wilson was a farmer—a shiftless, slovenly, disorderly, slipshod farmer. The winds and the waters, the sun and rain, darkness and broad day, all conspired to do him harm. His gates were unhung, his hogs' noses were unwrung, his sheep could leap his fences like wild deer, his cattle were seen with boards over their eyes, great spiked chains on their necks, yokes on, and "tied head and foot." His horses were as thin as a Rhode Island spare rib—you could see sunrise through them. His windows had old hats, old coats, old newspapers, and shingles, instead of glass. His corn was stunted, his meadows half covered with grass, and about him the spirit of decay seemed to brood. Yet he worked hard, did not drink, nor gamble, nor quarrel. In fact, he was a pious man but he did everything at the wrong time and in the wrong way.

Thus he lived until his hair turned grey, and poverty sat at his table an acknowledged member of his family. One cold December day he was going to his barn, and it happened that he lifted up his eyes, and afar off in one of his lots he saw something that looked to him like deer-horns sticking through the top of a snow-drift. He was all alive. He would make a conquest; so over the fence he leaped and made for the deer. He waded the drifted and undrifted snow till he reached the spot, when, behold! instead of the horns of a buck, there stuck up the two handles of his plow. He was very angry, and started to go back, when he said he heard a voice as audibly as ever a voice spoke, say, "Erastus Wilson, you deserve a good flogging for leaving your plow out in the snow. It is by such heedlessness you have come to poverty. Pick up your plow and take it to the barn."

He immediately set about it, and by what means he did it he never could tell. But thro'

that deep snow and over the drifts he dragged the implement to the barn. Once there, he took a raw hide, stripped himself naked, and addressed himself:

"Erastus Wilson, you are a mean, dirty, poverty-stricken man. All your long life you have been too lazy to save what you have earned, or too careless to do it. You deserve a flogging. Here is your plow whose handles you could never see, till you thought them the horns of a deer, then you waded drifts waist deep to get them. You deserve a good flogging, you careless blockhead, and you shall have it;" and he laid the raw hide on his body, legs, and feet, till he raised wales, he skipping around the floor naked and screaming, while he would say, "leave your plow out! will you? Pretty farmer you are, aint you? I'll see if I can't teach you better."

Thus he flogged himself most soundly, dressed himself, and went in. From that flogging he came forth a changed man. He was prompt, orderly, saving, and up with the times. His neighbors were surprised. His family were wonder-struck. He began to thrive, and in less than three years his farm, his flocks all bore the evidence of being under the guidance of a spirit whose energies were of the amplest order. About this time he sickened and died.

## Sharpe's Rifles.

The New Haven Journal chronicled in substance some queer doings, sayings, &c., in New Haven—on "Kansas" and "rifles," &c., &c., but the Times thus throws a flood of light upon the meeting held there in the North Church:— [Ex.]

PROF. SILLIMAN RECEIVES SUBSCRIPTIONS. Prof. Silliman, of Yale College, rose and said that he did not hope Sharpe's Rifles would be put to the fullest use of which they were capable, but self defence, especially in the cause of freedom is a sacred duty. He deprecated the necessities of the time which demand such precaution on the part of settlers in Kansas, but he believed in meeting manfully the present exigencies, bad as they might be. He said he desired to head the list for the procuring of a number of weapons of defence for the party setting out, and that therefore Mr. Lines might put down on the paper "B. Silliman, one Sharpe Rifle."

The price of a rifle was \$25. Mr. Russel and Rev. Mr. Dutton rose both at once. Mr. Russel speaks first: "Put me down for one."

Rev. Mr. Dutton, (pastor of the church.) One of the deacons of this church, Mr. Harvey Hall, is going out with the company, and I, as his pastor, desired to present to him a Bible and a Sharpe's Rifle. [Great applause.]

F. P. Pie. I will give one. Stephen D. Pardee. I will give one for myself, and also one for my wife.

Mr. Beecher. I like to see that; it is a stroke right and left. [Great laughter.]

Charles Ives. Put me down for three. Thomas R. Trowbridge. Put me down for four! [Continued laughter.]

Dr. J. I. Howe. I will subscribe for one. A gentleman said that Miss Mary Dutton would give one.

Dr. Stephen J. Hubbard. One.

Mr. Beecher here stated that if twenty-five could be raised on the spot, he would pledge twenty-five more from Plymouth church—fifty being a sufficient number for the whole supply. [Clapping of hands all over the house.]

Professor Silliman now left Mr. Beecher to speak for the bid, and sat down to enjoy the occasion.

Mr. Killam. I give one.

Mr. Beecher. Killam—that's a significant name in connexion with a Sharpe's rifle. [Laughter.]

Professor W. A. Norton. One for me!

Mr. Vining. Another for me!

Mr. Moses Tyler. I will pledge one Sharpe's rifle from the Junior Class in Yale College! [Great applause.]

Professor Silliman (rising in his seat and sweeping the galleries with his eye.) There are four Classes in Yale College. [Immense sensation.]

Henry Trowbridge. One!

John G. North. One!

Mr. Beecher. I think Kansas will now know that there is a North! [Great applause.]

William Kingsley. One for me!

Lucius L. Olmstead. One.

Mr. Dunlay. I will pledge one for the senior class in Yale College!

It was now ascertained, that instead of twenty-five, twenty-seven rifles had been subscribed, the cost of which, together with the amount received at the door for admission fees, made the collection for Kansas in the North Church one thousand dollars.

The meeting then adjourned.

ENCROACHMENTS OF THE OCEAN.—The New Jersey Geological Report shows that the Atlantic is steadily, and rather rapidly encroaching upon the land on its coast. At Cape Island the sea has eaten inwards full a mile, since the revolution. Along the Bay Shore in Cape May, the marsh wears away at the rate of a rod in two years. One of the beaches upon the coast is mentioned as having moved inward one hundred yards in the last twenty years.— It is also the opinion of the oldest observers that the tide rises higher upon the eastern New Jersey uplands, than formerly.—[Ex.]