

PRIEST RULE IN UTAH.

Editor Penrose Defends the Mormon Church and Sets Forth the Non-partisan Functions of the Priesthood.

To the Editor of The Republican, (Springfield):

In *The Republican* of October 10th appeared a temperate and fair discussion of some points put forth by me in defense of the Mormon church, in the *Forum*. Coupled with them was an extract from a lecture by Elder Joseph E. Taylor on Priesthood, followed by some remarks casting doubts on the democratic character of the Mormon ecclesiastical system. Permit me to offer a few words in explanation, as I am of the opinion that the writer of the article in *The Republican* was not fully informed upon the subject or he would not have made those comments. It is true that the Mormons believe in the eternity of the priesthood which is spoken of in the Bible as being "after the order of Melchizedek." They believe that Paul's instruction to the Hebrews (chapter vii) referred to the priesthood, and not to the man Melchizedek who held it, as being "without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life." In this respect he contrasted it with the Aaronic or Levitical Priesthood which was confined to one lineage. They also believe that this priesthood is conferred and, as quoted by *The Republican*, it should be used as God would have it. But all this is perfectly compatible with the democratic character of the Mormon organization which holds the above theory of the priesthood. To show this let us see how "God would have" this priesthood "used." I quote from the Doctrine and Covenants, page 387: "No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the priesthood; only by persuasion, by long suffering, by gentleness and meekness and by love unfeigned." The re-election of certain men to offices in that priesthood is not effected "according to dictation," as stated in *The Republican*. There have been instances of rejection, by the body of the members, of men presented by the leaders for such re-election. And the power to reject is in the majority, according to the fundamental doctrine that "all things in this church shall be done by common consent." Every member, male and female, has an equal vote on all matters of church polity and in reference to official authority. Priesthood comes from God; presidency in any degree comes by the voice of the people, in the Mormon church.

The intimation is incorrect that the priesthood places itself above the civil law. "Its so-called revelations," as they are styled by *The Republicans*, speak in this wise as to the civil law: "Let no man break the laws of the land; for he that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land. Wherefore he subject to the powers that be, until he be called to the right to resist and subdue all enemies under his feet." (Doc. and Cov. p. 202.) The church has published for more than half a century its views on governments and laws, in which the following appears: "We believe that every man should be honored in his station; rulers and magistrates as such, being placed for the protection of the innocent and the punishment of the guilty; and that to the laws all men owe respect and deference." The small portion of the article in the *Forum* quoted by the *Republican* may be "an incomplete and unsatisfactory answer to the general charge of priest rule in Utah," but the whole article can scarcely be thus condemned, and I think it is unjust to call it an "evasion," as it squarely meets general assertions with positive facts and specific citations from recognized and undisputed church authorities.

There is no such autocratic rule in the Mormon Church as is generally supposed, and what is called "the rule of the priesthood" is really the rule of the people, for nearly all the male members hold the priesthood and every member is entitled to a voice in Church affairs. The people's party, which is entirely a political organization of the majority of the citizens of Utah, is separate and distinct from the Church in all respects, and is regulated by democratic principles. The Mormons and their doings and doctrines have been misrepresented for so many years that it is very difficult to obtain a full hearing by the public, particularly through the press.

CHARLES W. PENROSE.
NEW YORK, October 21, 1888.

WASATCH STAKE.

The Forty-fifth Quarterly Conference of the Wasatch Stake of Zion convened in the new Stake house Nov. 3 and 5, 1888, at 10 a. m. President A. Hatch presiding.

On the stand were Apostle J. H. Smith and several Elders who have lately returned from missions, together with the president and councilors of this Stake and nearly all the local authorities.

The weather being very stormy, we did not have as great an attendance as we would have had if the weather had been more favorable.

After the usual exercises, President Hatch said it ought to be a satisfaction to all assembled, to meet in such a comfortable house. He felt thankful for the health, peace and prosperity

that prevailed in this Stake, and that we had raised a sufficient crop to last the Saints another year.

Bishops Van Wagener and Fraughton reported the condition of their wards as very satisfactory.

Apostle Smith felt grateful for the privilege of meeting with the Saints of this Stake of Zion; was pleased with the new stake house, and considered the Saints had done a very creditable work. He was gratified with the reports of the Bishops and felt glad that the various institutions were getting along so well. He considered the first duty of man was to his heavenly Father, and he should seek to discharge those duties as fast as made known. Referred to the life of a Latter-day Saint missionary, and showed what great progress he made while constantly in the exercise of his calling. He did not expect as great progress to be made with the brethren who stayed at home, for their attention was turned to the pursuits of life, working and toiling six days in a week. Still, under all circumstances, he counseled the Saints to remember their duties to God, and so live that their works might be accepted of Him. He said we were too apt to worship riches more than the God of heaven, and considered that it was the improper training of our faculties that led to inidelity. A man who educated in one thing to the neglect of others, is a warped man, and lacking in those qualities that would make him a useful, noble and accomplished being.

The choir sang an anthem, and benediction was pronounced by Bishop R. S. Duke.

In the afternoon prayer was offered by Elder Wm. Carroll, and the sacrament was administered. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in reports of their wards from Bishops Clegg and Moon, and remarks from Pres. Giles, Elder E. W. Clyde and Apostle Smith. The remarks were chiefly upon the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, and the testimony and lives of the witnesses to the same. They were listened to with the greatest attention, for the speakers were filled with the Spirit of God. Their remarks were convincing and edifying and tended to strengthen the faith of the Saints.

Monday, 10 a. m.—The weather being much better, there was quite a gathering of the members and others from all parts of the stake. After singing, prayer was offered by Pres. J. M. Murdock.

Bishops Duke and Cliff reported the condition of their wards as prospering, after which Apostle Smith delivered a very interesting and powerful discourse, giving advice about the conducting of the mutual improvement associations, and the good effects these institutions would produce, if carried on properly.

2 p. m. After the usual exercises, Bishop Murdock reported the condition of the Charleston ward.

President Hatch made some remarks on the Stake House; he hoped to have it finished by the May conference and all the indebtedness paid off. In order to do so the energies of the Saints would be required to that end.

The general and local authorities were presented by the clerk as unanimously sustained.

Apostle Smith occupied the remainder of the afternoon, on the subject of the duties resting upon the people, duties of parents to their children, inidelity, and the laws of life and health. He advised the young of both sexes to marry as soon as they arrived at a proper age, being cautious in their choice of partners, and exercise that providence and wisdom that would enable them to lead lives of virtue and happiness.

Benediction by Patriarch T. Hicker. We had a very pleasant time, and the Saints felt well paid for turning out to meeting, although the weather was very stormy and unpleasant.

HENRY CLEGG, Stake Clerk.

HEBER, Nov. 6th, 1888.

HUNTING DEER.

A Night on the Mountains in a Storm.

PANGUITCH, Nov. 7, 1888.

Editor Deseret News:

Being out of employment for a short time I determined upon a visit to Garfield County to see my eldest daughter, seven of my grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. I started on the 20th of October, for Garfield County. At Milford I met my grandson, Frank W. Worthen, who took me to Pangutich. After visiting my relatives there and spending two or three days fishing in Pangutich Lake, and having an enjoyable time, Brother E. Barker, M. M. Steele, Jr., James Abbott and myself started, on the 23rd of October, for the mountains some 15 or 20 miles from here, where the headwaters of the Sevier spring forth, on a deer hunt.

We arrived at camp late in the evening and arranged ourselves comfortably for the night. In the morning early we armed ourselves with plenty of cartridges, brightened up our guns for the coming slaughter, and separated, each one taking a different course. I do not know what kind of country the rest traveled over, but did not find anything but hills, black rocks and timber in my travel. All my experience with deer was a glimpse of one. The deer being wild, the others of the party had no better luck than I had.

Next morning we all started out again, and I got into a very rough

country, composed of high hills of volcanic rocks, cut up with deep gorges. The hills were densely covered with timber. After traveling for some time, I came to the painful conclusion that I was lost on the mountain. I was completely turned around and could see nothing but volcanic ledges and deep gullies, and the timber being so thick, I could only see these as I came to them. I traveled and exerted myself until I was worn out with fatigue trying to find some high peak that I could get upon, so that I might ascertain where I was, but in this I failed.

Darkness overtook me in this condition, so I looked around for a camping ground. I found a huge pine log, about two feet thick at the butt, and taking the limbs I built a large fire over it. About this time it began snowing and blowing in a terrific manner. I was not in a very composed state of mind, as the wind whistled and screeched through the timbers, and the blinding snow almost obscured my vision, but I could not continue climbing about, as the more I traveled the more completely bewildered I became. In this place I had concluded to pass the night, and you can understand that my position was by no means an enviable one. To make matters worse, my clothing was light, and having no coat and only a pair of thin shoes, I soon got wet from head to foot. By midnight the fire, with the assistance of the wind, had consumed the whole of the log, so I had to put in the remainder of the night in gathering wood for the fire to keep warm. By daylight the snow was eight inches deep and was still falling. I had concluded that I would never get out of this dilemma alive; the most I regretted was, to have wild beasts devour my body.

As daylight came I studied the matter over and I made up my mind that I must struggle on, as no one would ever find me where I was, so I started and tried to take the back track; in doing so I would cross my own track quite often. I had nothing to eat or drink, and had to eat snow. My object was to get back to where I had previously seen water. This I did about 10 or 11 o'clock, and it happened to be in the direction of camp, though I did not know it. I built a fire by the water, and, having no more matches, concluded to stay there until I was found, dead or alive. I was drying my shoes and stockings, and wishing for something to come along that I might kill to eat. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon a magpie flew upon a tree and I shot it. One of our party, who were hunting for me, heard the report of my gun and answered by firing a shot, to which I replied. Soon Brother Abbott came to me, and you may believe we were glad to see each other. He was excited as he came up, and asked me if all was right. I assured him it was, except that I was very weak, not having had anything to eat the day before. I learned that it was about seven miles from where I stayed the night before. He had a couple of biscuits in his pocket, which I ate with a relish, and we started for camp. He carried my gun and we marched along, stopping occasionally to rest, until about sundown, when we reached camp. Brother Abbott then went on to the mountain and made a large fire to signal the others, as they had previously agreed. The others came in after night, and were overjoyed to find me safe. They told how they had fired off their guns, and made huge fires the night before, to let me know where camp was, but I was too far off to hear, and on account of the timber could not see the fires. We came home the next day, having killed but one deer. Ever since then I have taken up my quarters in the chimney corner and have stayed there pretty closely. I will start home in a week or ten days. I am quite well.

Yours truly,

HENRY GROW.

THE MYSTERIES OF CRIME.

The following story was told me by a lady. She was the wife of a rich squire in the east of England, after whose death she married a well-known Italian. She was a woman of remarkable ability and of great information, though somewhat eccentric. She had heard the story, with dates and names of persons. These she had forgotten, and had never been able to supply them.

She declared, however, that she was positively assured that all the details had been verified by the French public authorities where the events related had occurred, and that the records still existed somewhere, if the place could only be found.

During the first French Revolution, two Frenchmen of high birth, Count A. and Viscount B., were despatched by the Royalist party on a mission to England.

During their journey on horseback to a northern port of France, where a vessel awaited them, they were on one occasion benighted in the middle of a wide heath. Riding slowly forward they perceived a light from what turned out to be a large and solitary chateau. After some knocking, steps were heard slowly coming in the yard within, and at last the door was cautiously unlocked. A porter or caretaker peered through the narrow opening and asked the reason of the knocking.

"We have lost our way and are tired and hungry. We require shelter and food for ourselves and horses."

"Impossible," was the cheerful reply, and the door was about to be closed when one of the travellers intercepted it with his foot, and, producing a pistol, said:

"We are quite ready to pay for our lodging and supper, but we cannot go further to-night."

The caretaker paused for a moment as though reflecting, and at last said: "I will give you shelter for the night, and food for yourselves and your beasts, on one condition, viz., that you give me your word of honor as gentlemen, which I am sure you are, that nothing will induce you to leave the room I give you, and that to-morrow at daybreak you will go on your journey without asking any questions."

The promise given, the door was opened and the horses taken to the stables, which were within the court. The porter then led the two travellers up a splendid staircase and through a long corridor hung with tapestry, at length turning into a large empty room furnished as a drawing-room, and evidently belonging to the dwelling of a wealthy noble.

Near the door was a large fire-place in which a fire soon blazed. Candles were lighted, and the travellers saw two large and luxurious beds, with rich hangings, one nearer to the entrance than the other. A table was placed near the fire and before long a substantial supper was brought the utensils supplied for the meal, and all the belongings of the house showing considerable luxury.

After eating their supper the two travellers went to rest. The elder took the bed nearest the door, leaving the other at some feet off to his companion. Long had been placed on the fire sufficient for the night, the door was locked, and the wayfarers gladly betook themselves to sleep.

About an hour after going to sleep the elder suddenly woke starting in his bed. He could not account for this sudden waking. The room was strongly lighted by the fire, there was no noise, and Count A. was about to lay himself once again on the pillow, when a remarkable sight met him. A man of striking appearance, with a grey beard, and dressed in a blouse, walked slowly toward the bed. When he had approached within a few feet he beckoned three times to the Count as though wanting him to follow.

The Count gazed at him without moving, when the figure bowed courteously, turned round and walked slowly away, stopping from time to time and looking back, repeating his beckoning gesture with an imploring gaze till he reached the door, when he disappeared. Naturally startled at this unusual appearance, Count A. rose from his bed and walked to the door to see if it had been tampered with, but it was still locked. Very weary, he turned in his bed and once more fell asleep. About an hour later he again started in the same sudden manner. Again he saw the same figure, this time nearer the bed. Again did it beckon him to follow, and moving toward the door, turned with great eagerness, and still oftener than before, to repeat the same motion with his hand. The hand was that of a gentleman, small and white, and with a ring on one of the fingers.

Frightened at this extraordinary apparition, Count A. this time woke his companion, and murmured what had passed. "Nonsense," replied the latter, "You ate too much supper and have been awakened by a nightmare. I am really too tired to talk about it."

The nervous earnestness with which the elder traveller repeated the story, however, impressed the younger, until he proposed that the curtains of the Count's bed should be tied to the bedclothes of his, so that in the case of a third visit he could be awakened without noise. After securely fastening the curtains of one bed to the coverings of the other, each returned to his own couch.

A third time the Count was awakened in the same startling manner. The figure stood close to his bed, and the face of the visitor looked down on that of the awakened sleeper. The features of the apparition were plainly marked. They exhibited great pain and sadness. The Count grasped the hangings. The apparition held up his hand. The Count jerked at his curtains, but they fell back without resistance, for the knot had become untied. Once again the figure retreated sorrowfully, turning but seldom to beckon, as though the attempt had been given up in despair.

It was now near daybreak. The Count woke his companion, and they sat up together till morning.

Shortly after dawn the caretaker, according to previous agreement, knocked at the door, which the Count unlocked without difficulty, and the morning meal was brought in. The caretaker looked curiously at the two visitors as though inclined to ask questions. He, however, did not carry out his intention.

The travellers, mindful of their promise, made no remark. The horses, well groomed and refreshed, were ready for their journey, and the two companions left the chateau, the caretaker refusing to accept any payment or gratuity. The two men rode away, reached their point of embarkation, and arrived safely in England.

Not many years later the elder of the two returned to France and accepted the new state of things. The Bonaparte Government offered him an administrative post in the north. This the Count accepted, and among the other inducements which led to his acceptance was the chance of elucidating the mystery which constantly recurred to his memory. A very short

time elapsed after assuming his duties when he made inquiries as to the chateau and its owners.

The story told him was that the chateau belonged to the Marquis de—, a gentleman of great wealth and of retired habits. When somewhat advanced in life he had married a girl of low extraction but of great beauty—the daughter of the peasant who now took care of the chateau. A year or two after their marriage a half-brother of the Marquis had left the army and come to reside with his brother, and some months later all three disappeared from the country together, without leaving any address, the chateau being placed under the care of the father of the Marquis, an old gamekeeper. The rapid succession of incidents in the Revolution, by absorbing public interest, had prevented inquiry. The caretaker led a gloomy, solitary life at the chateau. He was little seen except when he went out to make purchases; but he always appeared to be well provided with money.

Arriving himself with the necessary legal authority, which probably lent itself easily to the functionaries of the State, the Count prepared to investigate the mystery. He accordingly repaired to the chateau with the agents of the law and a priest well-known to the neighborhood, to whom the story had been told.

On arriving at the house the caretaker endeavored to withstand the intrusion, but yielding to force, the gate was opened, and the Count and the priest proceeded straight to the room where the incident occurred.

"I think," said the priest, "this affair at present belongs more to me than to the law. Allow me to spend the night here alone." All I require is a lantern and a pistol. There will be force within hearing, but I believe the mystery will be solved more easily by one man than by many." The brave old man's offer was accepted. The Count and his attendants posted themselves in other parts of the house, keeping the caretaker with them. A fire was lighted in the large room, and the priest was left there alone with the prayer book.

He had not remained long when the figure appeared beckoning to him, and he at once rose to follow. It passed through the door, always looking from time to time to see that the priest was behind. It led the way through a long corridor, then into a room which still contained all the appearance of a lady's. In the corner was a small staircase, down which the priest followed in obedience to the summons of the apparition. It led to a small vestibule which opened into a chapel. The figure walked slowly up the aisle, ascended the steps of the altar, then suddenly disappeared.

The priest following with his lantern, perceived after some search a brass ring on the very spot where the figure had vanished. It was evidently the handle of a trap door, which, however, resisted all the attempts of the priest to raise it. He fired his pistol, and soon the Count and his attendants came to his help.

The door raised, a steep ladder staircase led into a vault. At the bottom of the ladder lay a human skeleton, dressed in clothes similar to those worn by the apparition and with a beard still hanging to the chin. A ring was on the finger.

The caretaker made little difficulty in confessing the real facts. The Marquis, who was a man of the kindest disposition, and had treated his brother with unwonted indulgence, had discovered that two intimate relations existed between him and his wife. Frightened at his orders to them to leave the house the two had murdered him as he slept in the large room and conveyed his body along the passage through which the figure had led the priest. The caretaker was taken into confidence, and left to look after the house and property, while the criminal couple had left the country and were living in Belgium under an assumed name, supplied with money by the woman's father, the caretaker, from the resources of the property, to which the half-brother was the natural heir. He and the woman were brought back to France, tried and executed.

This story was told nearly forty years ago, at Jersey, during the year of the first exhibition. Though in simple language, it was related with great dramatic force and undoubted good faith. The lady declared to me that she fully believed the story had been officially recorded in the archives of some municipal or provincial department in France. She was by birth of considerable rank, and members of her family had been in close friendship with many empires. She promised to let me know if she heard of it again, but I saw little of her afterward, and she is now dead. It would be interesting to know whether her narrative had any foundation. Some one who may have heard this tale may supply the information. I have never heard it from any other source nor read it in any book. The narrator told me that those who had first related the story were evidently believers in its truth.

Victoria, B. C., Nov. 10.—The thirteen-months-old daughter of William Murray got a bottle of carbolic acid and drank it two days ago. She died this afternoon.

St. Helens, Or., Nov. 10.—A boy 14 years of age, named Anderson, was accidentally shot by his nephew, George Thompson, on Sanvies' Island, yesterday. The boy was fooling with the trigger of a gun and it went off accidentally, the ball piercing Anderson's heart and killing him instantly.