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## HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

APRIL, 1843.

"April 6, 3 o'clock, p.m.

Patriarch Hyrum Smith commenced by saying that he had some communication to make to the conference, on stealing, and he would do it while waiting for Joseph; and referred to the article in the last number of the 'Wasp.' Said he, I have had an interview with a man who formerly belonged to the church; he revealed to me that there is a band of men, and some who pretend to be strong in the faith of the doctrine of the Latter Day Saints, but they are hypocrites, and some who do not belong to the church, who are bound together by secret oaths, obligations and penalties, to keep the secret; and they hold that it is right to steal from any one who does not belong to the church, provided they consecrate one third of it to the building of the Temple. They are also making bogus money.

This man says he has become convinced of the error of his ways, and has come away from them to escape their fury. I wish to warn you all not to be duped by such men, for they are the Gadianton of the last days.

He then read from the Wasp, as republished from the Times and Seasons, his own affidavit, and the proceedings of the authorities of the church generally, dated Nov. 26, 1841. The man who told me said, 'this secret band refer to the Bible, Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and Book of Mormon to substantiate their doctrines; and if any of them did not remain steadfast, they ripped open their bowels and gave them to the catfish;' but no such doctrines are taught in those books.

They say it has been taught from this stand, that they are the little foxes that spoil the vines, and the First Presidency are the big foxes; and the big foxes wanted the little foxes to get out of the city and spread abroad, so that the big foxes might have a chance; which every body knows is false: all these things are used to decoy the foolish and unwary.

I will mention two names, David Holman and James Dunn, they were living in my house; I went to them and asked them if they were stealing for a livelihood? Holman confessed that he had stolen from the world, not from the brethren. I told them to get out of my house. David asked me to forgive him, and he lifted his hands towards heaven and swore if I would forgive him, he would never do so again. Soon after he went to Montrose, where he was found stealing salt; he then stole a skiff and came across the river, stole a barrel of flour that had just been landed from a steamer, rowed down the river to Keokuk and sold the flour for \$2.00, saying he had picked it up in the river, and it was likely a little damaged, got his pay and went his way. Dunn would not promise to quit stealing, but said he would go to St. Louis. I tell you to day, the man that steals salt not long after be brought to the penitentiary. They will soon be brought to condign punishment; I demand in the presence of God that you will exert your wit and your power to bring such characters to justice, if you do not, the curse of God will rest upon you: such things would ruin any people. Should I catch a Latter Day Saint stealing, he is the last man to whom I would show mercy.

President Joseph Smith said: I think it best to continue this subject. I want the elders to make honorable proclamation abroad concerning what the feelings of the First Presidency are, for stealing has never been tolerated by them. I despise a thief; he would betray me if he could get the opportunity. I know that he would be a detriment to any cause; and if I were the biggest rogue in the world, he would steal my horse when I wanted to run away.

It has been said that some were afraid to disclose what they knew of these secret combinations, consequently I issued a proclamation which you may read in the Wasp, number 48. If any man is afraid to disclose what he knows about this gang of thieves, let him come to me,

and tell me the truth, and I will protect him from violence. *Thieving must be stopped.*

Opportunity was then offered to the elders to bring forward their appeals from other conferences, but no case was presented.

President Joseph continued his remarks and said: It is necessary that I make a proclamation concerning Keokuk; and also in relation to the economy of the church on that side of the river.

The Governor of Iowa has issued a writ in the same manner that Carlin did, and it is now held in Iowa, as a cudgel over my head. I was told by the United States Attorney that the Governor of Iowa had no jurisdiction after the decision of the Supreme Court, and that all writs thus issued were legally dead. Appeals have been made to Governor Chambers, but although he has no plausible excuse, he is not willing to kill that writ or to take it back; I will therefore advise you to serve them a trick that the devil never did, i.e.—come away and leave them—come into Illinois, pay taxes in Illinois, and let the Iowegians take their own course. I don't care whether you come away or not. I do not wish to control you, but if you wish for my advice, I would say, let every man as soon as he conveniently can, come over here, for you can live in peace with us; we are all Green Mountain boys, Southerners, Northerners, Westerners, and every other kind of ers, and will treat you well, and let that Governor know that we don't like to be imposed upon.

In relation to Keokuk, it has been supposed that I made a great bargain with a certain great man there. In the beginning of August last, a stranger came to my house, put on a very long face and stated that he was in great distress, that he was a stranger in this city, and having understood that I was benevolent, he had come to me for help. He said that he was about to lose \$1,400 of property at sheriff's sale for \$300 in cash; that he had money in St. Louis which he expected in two or three days; that the sale would take place the next day, and that he wanted to hire some money for two or three days. I thought on the subject over night, and he came the next morning for an answer. I did not like the looks of the man, but thought I, he is a stranger. I then reflected upon the situation that I had frequently been placed in, and that I had often been a stranger in a strange land, and whenever I had asked for assistance I had obtained it, and it may be that he is an honest man; and if I turn him away I shall be guilty of the sin of ingratitude. I therefore concluded to loan him \$200, in good faith, sooner than be guilty of ingratitude. He gave me his note for the same, and said, 'whenever you call on me you shall have the money.' Soon after, when I was taken with Carlin's writ, I asked him for the money, but he answered, 'I have not got it from St. Louis, but shall have it in a few days.' He then said, 'since I saw you, a project has entered my mind, which I think may be profitable both for you and me. I will give you a quit claim deed for all the land you bought of Galland, which is twenty thousand acres; you paid Galland the notes and ought to have them; they are in my hands, as his agent, and I will give them up. I also propose deeding to you one half of my right to all my land in the Iowa Territory, and all I ask is, for you to give your influence to help to build up Keokuk.' I answered, 'I have not asked for your property, I don't want it, and would not give a snap of my finger for it, but I will receive the papers, and if I find it as you say, I will use my influence to help to build up the place; but I won't give you anything for the land,' and told him I wanted the \$200 which was due me; he made out the deeds and gave them to me, and I got them recorded, and he gave up the notes, except a few. I then said to Uncle John, if you go there with the brethren, I will give you the property, but he would not accept it. I then let the same gentleman have some cloth, to the amount of \$600 or \$700. He began soon after to tell the brethren what obligations I was under to him. I then wrote him a letter on the subject, but I have since found that he is swindling, and that there is no prospect of getting anything from him. He is owing me about \$1100, and I thought it my duty to publish his rascality, that the elders might do the same in that Territory; and prevent the brethren from being imposed upon. He has got a writing to this effect, that if he owned as much as he pretended, and did as he said, I would give my influence to build up Keokuk, and on no other terms. His name is J. G. Remick. He took this plan to swindle me out of money, cloth, lumber, &c. I want all the congregation to know it. I was not going to use any influence to have the brethren go to be swindled. My advice is, if they choose, that they come away from Keokuk and not go there any more; it is not a good location.

I am not so much a Christian as many suppose I am, when a man undertakes to ride me for a horse, I feel disposed to kick up and throw him off, and ride him. David did so, and so did Joshua. My only weapon is my tongue. I would not buy property in Iowa Territory: I consider it stooping to accept it as a gift.

In relation to the half breed land, it is best described by its name, it is half breed land, and every wise and judicious person, as soon

as he can dispose of his effects, if he is not a half breed, will come away. I wish we could exchange some half breeds, and let them go over the river. If there are any that are not good citizens, they will be finding fault tomorrow at my remarks, and that is the keyword whereby you may know them. There is a chance in that place for every abomination to be practised on the innocent, if they go; and I ask forgiveness of all whom I advised to go there. The men who have possession have the best title; all the rest are forms for swindling. I do not wish for the Saints to have a quarrel there.

President J. Smith stated that the next business was to settle difficulties where elders have had their licenses taken away, &c., or their membership, but whilst they were preparing, if there was any such case, he would talk on other subjects.

The question has been asked, can a person not belonging to the church bring a member before the high council for trial? I answer, no! If I had not actually got into this work, and been called of God, I would back out, but I cannot back out; I have no doubt of the truth. Were I going to prophecy, I would say the end will not come in 1844, 5, or 6, or 40 years.—there are those of the rising generation who shall not taste death till Christ comes.

I was once praying earnestly upon this subject, and a voice said unto me, 'My son, if thou livest until thou art eighty five years of age, thou shalt see the face of the Son of Man.' I was left to draw my own conclusions concerning this, and I took the liberty to conclude that if I did live to that time he would make his appearance; but I do not say whether he will make his appearance, or I shall go where he is. I prophesy in the name of the Lord God; and let it be written, the son of Man will not come in the clouds of Heaven, till I am eighty-five years old—then read the 14th chapter of Revelations 6 and 7 verses; 'And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come;' and Hosea 6th chapter,—after 2 days, &c., 2520 years, which brings it to 1890. The coming of the Son of Man never will be, never can be, till the judgments spoken of, for this hour are poured out, which judgments are commenced. Paul says, 'Ye are the children of the light, and not of the darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief in the night;' it is not the design of the Almighty to come upon the earth and crush it and grind it to powder, but he will reveal it to his servants the Prophets.

Judah must return, Jerusalem must be rebuilt, and the Temple, and water come out from under the Temple, and the waters of the Dead Sea be healed. It will take some time to build the walls of the city and the Temple, &c., and all this must be done before the Son of Man will make his appearance. There will be wars and rumors of wars, signs in the heavens above, and on the earth beneath, the sun turned into darkness, and the moon to blood, earthquakes in divers places, the seas heaving beyond their bounds; then will appear one grand sign of the Son of Man in heaven: but what will the world do? They will say it is a planet, a comet, &c.; but the Son of Man will come as the sign of the coming of the Son of Man, which will be as the light of the morning cometh out of the east.

Choir sang a hymn.

Prayer by W. W. Phelps.

Adjourned at 6 p.m., until to-morrow morning.

## Live Within Your Means.

We don't like stinginess. We don't like economy, when it comes down to rags and starvation. We have no sympathy with the notion that the poor man should hitch himself to a post and stand still while the rest of the world moves forward. It is no man's duty to deny himself of every amusement, every luxury, every recreation, every comfort, that he may get rich. It is no man's duty to make an iceberg of himself—to shut his eyes and ears to the sufferings of his fellows—and to deny himself the enjoyment that results from generous actions—merely that he may hoard wealth for his heirs to quarrel about.

But there is yet an economy which is every man's duty, and which is especially commendable in the man who struggles with poverty—an economy which is consistent with happiness, and which must be practiced, if the poor man would secure independence.

It is every man's privilege, and it becomes his duty to live within his means; not up to, but within them. Wealth does not make the man, we admit, and should never be taken into account in our judgment of men. But competence should be secured when it can be, by the practice of economy and self denial to only a tolerable extent. It should be secured, not so much for others to look upon, or to raise us in the estimation of others, as to secure the consciousness of independence, the constant satisfaction that is derived from its acquirement and possession.

We would like to impress this single fact upon the mind of every laboring man who may peruse this short article—that it is possible for him to rise above poverty, and that the path to independence, though beset with toils and self-sacrifice,

is much pleasanter to the traveler than any one he can enter upon.

The man who feels that he is earning something more than he is spending, will walk the streets with a much lighter heart and enter his home with a much more cheerful countenance than he who spends as he goes or falls gradually behind his necessities in acquiring the means of meeting them.

Next to the slavery of intemperance there is no slavery on earth more galling than that of poverty and indebtedness. The man who is everybody's debtor is everybody's slave, and in a much worse condition than he who serves a single master.

For the sake of the present, then, as well as for the sake of the future, we would urge most earnestly upon every working man to live within his means. Let him lay by something every day—if but a penny; be it a penny—it is better than nothing; infinitely better than running in debt, a penny a day, or a penny a week. If he can earn a dollar let him try, fairly and faithfully, the experiment of living on ninety cents. He will like it.

'People will laugh.' Let them laugh. 'They will call me stingy.' Better call you stingy than say you do not pay your debts.

'They will wonder why I do not have better furniture, live in a finer house, and attend concerts and the play house.' Let them wonder, for a while, it won't hurt them, and it certainly won't you. By and by you can have a fine house, and fine furniture of your own, and they will wonder again, and come billing and cooing around you, like so many pleased fools. Try the experiment. Live with in your means.—[Maine Farmer.]

POPULAR LIES.—Lies of action are blood relation to lies of speech, and oral lies constitute a small share of the falsehoods in the world.—There are lies of custom and lies of fashion—lies of padding, and lies of whalebone—lies of the first water in diamonds of paste, and unblushing blushes of lies to which a shower would give quite a different complexion; the politician's lies who like a circus rider rides two horses at once—the coquette's lies, who like a professor of legerdemain, keeps six plates dancing at a time—lies sandwiched between bargains—lies in livery behind republican coaches, in all the pomp of gold band and buttons—lies of red tape and sealing wax—lies from the cannon's mouth—lies in the name of glorious principles that might make dead heroes clatter in their graves—Malakoff of lies, standing upon sacred dust, and lifting their audacious pinnacles in the light of the eternal Heaven!

Need we say what an uneasy, slavish vanity was that which won't let a man appear as he really is, but makes him afraid of the world and himself, and so keeps him perpetually at work with subterfuges and shams. He is dissatisfied with Nature's character, and so issues false stock. O, how much better for himself and the world for man to be brave and true, what God and unavoidable circumstances have made him—to come out and dare say I am poor, of humble birth, of humble birth, of humble occupation, or don't know much! What a cure this ingenuousness would be for social rottenness and financial earthquakes. How much sweeter and purer these actual rills of capacity and possession than this great brackish river of pretension blown with bubbles, and evaporating with gas—how much better than this splendid misery, these racks and thumb-screws that belong to the inquisition of fashion, and thousands of shabby things,—the shabbiest of all being those too proud to seem just what they are.—[E. H. Chapin.]

EDITING A NEWSPAPER.—There are people who think it an easy matter to edit a newspaper—there are those who think that any man of education can succeed in the profession. But the truth is, there are comparatively few men who succeed in it,—and for the reason that they do not regard it as a profession, requiring study and preparation. It is also a laborious profession, where pursued with industry sufficient to insure success.

The London Daily Post furnishes a paragraph which gives a great deal of truth in a few lines.—[Germantown Telegraph.]

A good editor, a competent newspaper conductor, is, like a general or a poet, born—not made. On the London daily papers, all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists, and writers of travels have been tried, and nearly all have failed. We might say all; for, after a display of brilliancy, brief, but grand, they died out, literally. Their resources were exhausted. 'I can,' said a late editor of the Times to Moore, 'find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense.' The 'Thunderers' in the Times, therefore, have so far as we know, been men of common sense. Nearly all successful editors have been men of this description. Campbell, Carlyle, Bulwer, and D'Israeli failed; Barnes, Sterling, and Phillips succeeded, and De Lane and Lowe succeeded. A good editor seldom writes for his paper—he reads, judges, selects, dictates, directs, alters and combines; and, to do all this well, he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing—to edit a paper is another.

Why is the letter U the gayest in the alphabet? Because it is always in fun. Yes, but why is it the most unfortunate in the alphabet? Because it is always in trouble and difficulty.

If honest men are the salt of the earth, pretty girls may be said to be the sugar.