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HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

FEBRUARY, 1843.

Feb.—Saturday, 18.—Mostly about home and at the office. Several called for counsel on points of law. Esq. Warren, of Quincy, called on me; he had hurt his horse, and said it was not the first time he had missed it by not following my advice. While at dinner I remarked to my family and friends present that when the earth was sanctified and became like a sea of glass, it would be one great Urim and Thummim, and the saints could look in it and see as they are seen.

"The Twelve to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in La Harpe, greeting:—

Beloved brethren,—We wish to present briefly one important item for your serious consideration. Our beloved President, Joseph Smith, is now delivered from the prosecution and oppression from without, by which he has been bound, and also by the same process has been relieved of his property, so that he has nothing now to hinder his devoting his time to the history of the church, and the spiritual interest thereof, except he has to spend his time in gathering food for his family.

This is the point, brethren, whether you will do your duty in supplying the President with food, that he may attend to the business of the church, and devote his whole time to the spiritual affairs thereof, or shall he attend to your business by running here and there for a bushel of wheat, or a pound of beef and pork while the revelations to the church cease? This question is for the church to answer: therefore we call upon the brethren in La Harpe, at this time, for immediate relief. You are all well aware that we do not raise wheat, corn, beef, pork, tallow, lard, butter, eggs and provisions, and vegetables in the city, such as you all use, which you are all well acquainted with. And we are the same kind of beings in Nauvoo as in the country; and what you raise and eat in La Harpe, we would eat in Nauvoo if we could get it, our President not excepted. And every thing which is required to fill a larder in La Harpe is required in this place, and by this you may know what is wanting by our President to prosecute the Lord's work and bring about your salvation, not excepting cotton or woollen goods or groceries.

Brethren, we hope you will give an immediate answer to this by loaded teams or letter.

B. YOUNG, President."

"W. Richards, clerk.

Nauvoo, Feb. 18, 1843."

Sunday, 19.—Spent the day from nine in the morning till midnight, in the high council, who were attending to the case of Wilson Law and Uriel C. Nickerson, who were in dispute about the title to certain lands on the Island. After hearing the testimony I explained the laws of the United States, Iowa and Illinois, and showed that Nickerson had the oldest claim and best right, and left it for Law to say how much Nickerson should have, and the parties shook hands in token of a settlement of all difficulties.

The following is copied from the Times and Seasons:—

"Nauvoo, Ill., Feb. 19, 1843.

"Mr. Alfred Ed. Stokes:

Dear Sir,—In obedience to your request, I send you one number of each of the papers published in this place. I am well aware that designing men, for sinister purposes, have put in circulation reports concerning the people here, which are so monstrous that it is a matter of surprise how any rational being could profess to believe them at all. If I were even to profess to believe such incredible and ridiculous nonsense about any people, I should consider the public would have sufficient cause to scorn me as the mere tool of corrupt and foul slanderers. But any thing to stop the progress of that which cannot be done by fact and Scripture truth. That man must have a large stock of moral courage who dare, in any wise, profess belief in such outlandish representations as are made in the public papers concerning the people of Nauvoo, and circulated orally by wicked and designing men. The old stale story about common stock, in defiance of fact and truth, it would appear by your letter, and that of your friend Evans, is profes-

sedly believed by the people in the vicinity of Waynesville, Ohio. This falsehood was invented by an ignorant blockhead by the name of Matthew Clapp, who for want of any other means to stop the progress of truth, in its more incipient stages, invented this falsehood, and finding it took with persons of his own stamp, circulated it with untiring perseverance in direct opposition to the testimony of his senses, knowing at the time he commenced circulating it that it was false. He was a preacher of the Campbellite faith.

It would require the ignorance of barbarians and the credulity of savages to attempt a belief in the falsehoods which are circulated against the saints, with great zeal by many. I have never supposed that the authors of these defamatory tales ever expected the public would believe them; but they expected that men of corrupt minds, like themselves, would profess to believe them; neither do I now believe that those who profess to believe them do actually believe one word of them; but they profess to do it, thinking that by so doing they can make some headway against us, but it is a vain attempt, for every attempt of the kind has only excited inquiry, awakened curiosity, and caused investigation, which have in every instance resulted in an increase of members to the church, so that we grant full license to all defamers to do their utmost.

Our city is a great thoroughfare; people of all classes are crowding into it; multitudes who do not belong to the Church of Latter Day Saints are seeking locations where they can prosecute their respective callings. If you wish the papers you can put the money into a letter, and the postmaster at your place will send it without expense.—Yours, with respect,

SIDNEY RIGDON, P.M."

Elder William Henshaw having been directed by Elder Lorenzo Snow to go to South Wales, he commenced preaching privately to several families in Pen y Darren, near Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorganshire, in the English language, a number of whom believed his testimony; and this day baptized William Rees Davis, his wife and two of his sons, and commenced preaching publicly in br. Davis' house, about one-third of the people only understanding the English language.

Monday, 20.—About 70 of the brethren came together, according to previous notice, and drew, sawed, chopped, split, moved, and piled up a large lot of wood in my yard. The day was spent by them in much pleasantry, good humor and feeling. A white oak log, measuring five feet and four inches in diameter, was cut through with a cross cut saw in four and a half minutes, by Hiram Dayton and br. John Tidwell. This tree had been previously cut and hauled by my own hands and team.

From 9 to 11 this morning I was reading in German, and from 11 to 12 held mayor's court, on Assumpsit, Charles R. Dana v. William B. Brink, which was adjourned ten days.

Last night Arthur Milliken had a quantity of books stolen, and found them this afternoon in br. Hyrum's hay loft. Two boys, Thomas Morgan and Robert Taylor were arrested on suspicion and brought before me for examination; after a brief investigation, the court adjourned until 10 o'clock to-morrow morning. While the court was in session I saw two boys fighting in the street, near Mills' Tavern; I left the business of the court, ran over immediately, caught one of the boys (who had begun the fight with clubs) and then the other, and after giving them proper instruction, I gave the bystanders a lecture for not interfering in such cases, and told them to quell all disturbances in the street at the first onset. I returned to the court and told them that nobody was allowed to fight in Nauvoo but myself.

In the evening called at br. Heber C. Kimball's. John Quincy Adams presented to the House of Representatives of the United States a petition signed by 51,863 citizens of Massachusetts, praying Congress to pass such acts and propose such amendments to the Constitution as would separate the petitioners from all connection with the institution of slavery.

Tuesday, 21.—Opened mayor's court at 10 o'clock forenoon, according to adjournment. Taylor was again brought up for stealing and Morgan for receiving the books, and each sentenced to six months' imprisonment in Carthage jail.

At 11, I went to the Temple and found a large assembly, and br. Haws preaching about the Nauvoo House, after which Mr. Lucian Woodworth, the architect of the house, continued the subject, and said "When I have had a pound of meat or a quart of meal, I have divided with the workmen. (Pretty good doctrine for Paganism, said L. At this time Mr. Woodworth was not baptized, and called himself the Pagan Prophet.) "We have had about 300 men on the job, and some of the best men in the world; those that have not complained I want to continue with me, and those that hate Mormonism and everything else that's good, I want them to get their pay, and run away as quick as possible." When Mr. Woodworth had done speaking, I addressed the multitude in substance as follows:—

"Well, the Pagan Prophet has preached us a pretty good sermon this morning, and I don't know as I can better it much, but I feel disposed to break off the yoke of oppression and say what I have a mind to. If the Pagans and the Pagan Prophet feel more for our prosperity than we do for ourselves, it is curious; I am almost converted to his doctrine. He has prophesied that if these buildings go down, it will curse the place.

I verily know it is true; let us build the Temple. There may be some speculations about the Nauvoo House, say some. Some say, because we live on the hill, we must build up this part on the hill. Does that coat fit you, Dr. Foster? ("Pretty well.") Put it on, then. This is the way people swell, like the toad in the fable; they'll come down under the hill among little folks, and say, 'Br. Joseph, how I love you; can I do anything for you;' and then go away secretly and get up opposition, and sing out our names to strangers and scoundrels with an evil influence. I want all men to feel for me, when I have shook the bush and borne the burden in the heat of the day; and if they do not, I speak in authority, in the name of the Lord God, they shall be damned.

Some say, that the people on the flats are aggrandizing themselves by the Nauvoo House; but who laid the foundation of the Temple? Br. Joseph, in the name of the Lord, not for his aggrandizement, but for the good of the whole of the saints. Our speculators say, poor folks on the flat are down, and keep them down: how the Nauvoo House cheats this man and that man, say the speculators. Those who report such things as facts ought to hide their heads in a hollow pumpkin and never take them out again.

The first principle brought into consideration is aggrandizement. Some think it unlawful, but it is lawful with any man while he has a disposition to aggrandize all around him. It is a false principle for a man to aggrandize himself at the expense of another. Everything that God does is to aggrandize his kingdom. And how does he lay the foundation? 'Build a Temple to my great name, and call the attention of the great, the rich, and the noble.' But where shall we lay our heads? In an old log cabin.

I will whip Hiram Kimball and Squire Wells and every body else over Dr. Foster's head, who, instead of building the Nauvoo House, build a great many little skeletons. See Dr. Foster's mammoth skeletons rising all over town; but there is no flesh on them, they are all for personal interest and aggrandizement, but I do not care how many bones there are in the city, somebody may come along and clothe them. See the bones of the elephant yonder, (as I pointed to the big house on Mullholland Street, preparing for a tavern, as yet uncovered) the crocodiles and man eaters all about the city, such as grog shops and card shops and counterfeit shops, &c., got up for their own aggrandizement, and all for speculation, while the Nauvoo House is neglected. Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. The building of the Nauvoo House is just as sacred in my view as the Temple. I want the Nauvoo House built; it must be built, our salvation depends upon it.

When men have done what they can, or will do for the Temple, let them do what they can for the Nauvoo House. We never can accomplish our work at the expense of another. There is a great deal of murmuring in the church about me, but I don't care anything about it. I like to hear it thunder, and I like to hear the saints grumble, for the growling dog gets the sorest head; if any man is poor and afflicted, let him come and tell of it, and not complain or grumble about it.

The finishing of the Nauvoo House is like a man finishing a fight, if he gives up he is killed; if he holds out a little longer he may live. I'll tell you a story—a man who whips his wife is a coward. When I was a boy, I once fought with a man who had whipped his wife: it was a hard contest, but I still remembered he had whipped his wife, and this encouraged me, and I whipped him till he said he had enough. Brethren, hurry on to the Nauvoo House then, and you will build it. You will then be on Pisgah's top, and the great men will come from the four quarters of the earth, will pile the gold and silver into it till you are weary of receiving them, and if you are not careful you will be lifted up and become full of pride, and will be ready to destroy yourselves, and they will cover up and clothe all your former sins, and according to the Scripture will hide a multitude of sins, and you will shine forth fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and you will become terrible like an army with banners.

I will say to those who have labored on the Nauvoo House, and cannot get their pay, be patient, and if any man take the means which are set apart for the building of that house, and apply it to his own use, let him, for he will destroy himself. If any man is hungry let him come to me, and I will feed him at my table. If any are hungry, or naked, don't take away the brick, timber, and material that belong to that house, but come and tell me, and I will divide with them to the last morsel, and then if the man is not satisfied, I will kick his backside.

There is a great noise in the city, and many are saying there cannot be so much smoke without some fire. Well, be it so. If the stories about Joe Smith are true, then the stories of John C. Bennett are true about the ladies of Nauvoo, and he says that the Ladies' Relief Society are all organized of those who are to be the wives of Joe Smith. Ladies, you know whether this is true or not. It is of no use living among hogs without a snout; this biting and devouring each other I cannot endure; away with it; for God's sake, stop it.

There is one thing more I wish to speak about, and that is, political economy. It is our duty to concentrate all our influence to make popular that which is sound and good, and unpopular that which is unsound. 'Tis right politically, for a man who has influence to use it as well as for a man who has no influence to use his; from

henceforth I will maintain all the influence I can get. In relation to politics, I will speak as a man; but in relation to religion, I will speak in authority: if a man lifts a dagger to kill me, I will lift my tongue.

When I last preached I heard such a groaning, I thought of the Paddy's eel: when he tried to kill him, he could not contrive any better way to do it, so he put it in the water to drown him, and as he began to come to—"See," said he, "what pain he is in, how he wiggles his tail." So it is with the nation; the banks are failing, and it is our privilege to say what a currency we want. We want gold and silver to build the Temple and Nauvoo House; we want your old nose rings and finger rings, and brass kettles no longer; if you have old rags, watches, guns, &c., go and peddle them off, and bring the hard metal, and if we will do this by popular opinion we shall have a sound currency. Send home all bank notes and take no more paper money. Let every man write back to his neighbor before he starts for him to exchange his property for gold and silver, that he may fulfill the Scriptures, and come up to Zion bringing his gold and silver with him. I have contemplated these things a long time, but the time had not come for me to speak of them till now. I would not do as the Nauvoo House Committee have done—sell stock for an old store house, where all the people who tried to live in it, died; and put that stock into a man's hands to go east and purchase rags to come here and build mammoth bones with.

As a political man, in the name of Old Joe Smith, I command the Nauvoo House Committee not to sell stock in the Nauvoo House without the gold or silver. We must excuse br. Snider, for he was in England when the committee sold stock for the store house. I leave this subject.

This meeting was got up by the Nauvoo House Committee. The Pagans, Roman Catholics, Methodists and Baptists shall have place in Nauvoo, only they must be ground in Joe Smith's mill. I have been in their mill. I was ground in Ohio and York States, in a Presbyterian smut machine, and the last machine was in Missouri, and the last of all, I have been through the Illinois smut machine; and those who come here must go through my smut machine, and that is my tongue."

As I closed, Dr. Robert D. Foster remarked to the assembly: "Much good may grow out of a very little, and much good may come out of this. If any man accuses me of exchanging Nauvoo stock for rags, &c., he is mistaken. I gave a thousand dollars to this house, (this he said upon his own responsibility) and fifty dollars to the Relief Society, and some to Fullmer to get stone to build Joseph a house, and I mean to build Joseph a house, and you may build this, and I will help you. I am guilty of all of which I have been charged. I have signed my name to a petition to have William H. Rollison to have the post office. I did not then know of a petition for Joseph Smith."

I replied—"I thought I would make a coat, but it don't fit the doctor, only in the post office; if it does fit any one, let them put it on. The doctor's mammoth bones are skeletons, and as old Ezekiel said, I command the flesh and sinews to come upon them, that they may be clothed."

Wednesday, 22.—At nine this morning br. Abel Owen presented a claim of considerable amount against Carter, Cahoon & Co., Kirtland, and notes of Oliver Granger of about \$700 for payment. He said he was poor and unable to labor, and wanted something to live on. I told him to burn the papers and I would help him. He gave me the papers, and I gave him an order on Mr. Cowan for fifteen dollars worth of provisions: this was a gift, as the church was not obligated to pay those debts.

I rode about the city with Mr. Cowan during the day, and also read in German.

The latest accounts from the East Indies state that the cholera was raging in Burnah, Asia, to a fearful extent, whole villages in the interior had become desolate either by flight or death.

Thursday, 23.—This morning read German and rode out a few miles, but did not get off my horse.

In the afternoon Mr. Bagby called to collect county and state taxes. Br. Dixon called concerning some lost or stolen property. I burned twenty-three dollars of city scrip, and while it was burning, said, "So may all unsound and uncurrent money go down." Gave my clerk instructions not to pay any more taxes on the Hotchkiss purchase.

Elder Amasa Lyman started for Sheshequon this morning and commenced preaching in that place.

Filed my bond as mayor of the city of Nauvoo.

THE BLACKFEET INDIANS.—The commissioner of Indian Affairs has received a letter from Indian Agent Hatch, which states that these Indians, together with other tribes in their immediate vicinity, are all amicably disposed towards government, and desire to follow the advice of the Indian agents placed among them. The Indians entered into a treaty with the United States on the 17th of October last, the stipulations of which, it is thought, will be faithfully adhered to. This agency is fourteen hundred miles from the nearest post office east of the Rocky Mountains.—[Ex.]

The man who thought he could a lawyer to take a dollar less is now trying to set fire to an iceberg with a cigar.