

THE DESERET NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

NUMBER 25.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1856.

VOLUME VI.

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HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

APRIL, 1843.

Sunday, 16.—Meeting at the Temple at 10 a.m. I read br. Pratt's letter to the editor of the Times and Seasons, concerning the death of Lorenzo Dow Barnes, who died in England, Dec. 20, 1842; and I remarked that I read it, because it was so appropriate to all who had died in the faith. (Reported by W. Richards and W. Woodruff.)

"Almost all who have fallen in these last days, in the church, have fallen in a strange land; this is a strange land to those who come from a distance.

We should cultivate sympathy for the afflicted among us. If there is a place on earth where men should cultivate this spirit, and pour in the oil and wine in the bosoms of the afflicted, it is this place; and this spirit is manifest here; and although a stranger and afflicted when he arrives, he finds a brother and a friend ready to administer to his necessities.

I would esteem it one of the greatest blessings, if I am to be afflicted in this world, to have my lot cast where I can find brothers and friends all around me, but this is not the thing I referred to; it is to have the privilege of having our dead buried on the land where God has appointed to gather his Saints together, and where there will be none but Saints; where they may have the privilege of laying their bodies, where the Son of Man will make his appearance, and where they may hear the sound of the trumpet that shall call them forth to behold him; that in the morn of the resurrection they may come forth in a body, and come up out of their graves and strike hands immediately in eternal glory and felicity, rather than to be scattered thousands of miles apart. There is something good and sacred to me in this thing; the place where a man is buried is sacred to me;—this subject is made mention of in the Book of Mormon and the scriptures;—even to the aborigines of this land, the burying places of their fathers are more sacred than any thing else.

When I heard of the death of our beloved brother Barnes, it would not have affected me so much, if I had the opportunity of burying him in the land of Zion.

I believe those who have buried their friends here, their condition is enviable. Look at Jacob and Joseph in Egypt, how they required their friends to bury them in the tomb of their fathers; see the expense which attended the embalming and the going up of the great company to the burial.

It has always been considered a great calamity not to obtain an honorable burial; and one of the greatest curses the ancient prophets could put on any man was, that he should go without a burial.

I have said, Father, I desire to die here among the Saints; but if this is not thy will, and I go hence and die, wilt thou find some kind friend to bring my body back, and gather my friends who have fallen in foreign lands, and bring them up hither, that we may all lie together.

I will tell you what I want; if to-morrow I shall be called to lay in yonder tomb, in the morning of the resurrection, let me strike hands with my father, and cry, my Father, and he will say, my son, my son, as soon as the rock rends, and before we come out of our graves.

And may we contemplate these things so? Yes, if we learn how to live, and how to die. When we lie down we contemplate how we may rise up in the morning, and it is pleasing for friends to lie down together, locked in the arms of love, to sleep, and awake in each other's embrace, and renew their conversation.

Would you think it strange if I relate what I have seen in vision, in relation to this interesting theme? Those who have died in Jesus Christ may expect to enter into all that fruition of joy when they come forth, which they possessed or anticipated here.

So plain was the vision that I actually saw men, before they had ascended from the tomb, as though they were getting up slowly; they took each other by the hand and said to each other, "My father, my son, my mother, my daughter, my brother, my sister;" and when the voice calls for the dead to arise, suppose I am laid by the side of my father, what would be the first joy of my heart? To meet my father, my mother, my brother, my sister, and when they are by my side I embrace them, and they me.

It is my meditation all the day, and more than my meat and drink to know how I shall make the Saints of God comprehend the visions that roll like an overflowing surge before my mind.

Oh! how I would delight to bring before you things which you never thought of, but poverty and the cares of the world prevent; but I am glad I have the privilege of communicating to you some things which, if grasped closely, will be a help to you when earthquakes bellow, the clouds gather, the lightnings flash and the storms are ready to burst upon you like peals of thunder; lay hold of these things, and let not your knees or joints tremble, nor your hearts faint, and then what can earthquakes, wars and tornadoes do? Nothing. All your losses will be made up to you in the resurrection, provided you continue faithful. By the vision of the Almighty I have seen it.

More painful to me the thoughts of annihilation than death; if I had no expectation of seeing my father, mother, brothers, sisters and friends again, my heart would burst in a moment, and I should go down to my grave.

The expectation of seeing my friends in the morning of the resurrection cheers my soul, and makes me bear up against the evils of life; it is like their taking a long journey, and on their return we meet them with increased joy.

God has revealed his Son from the heavens, and the doctrine of the resurrection also, and we have a knowledge that those we bring here, God will bring them up again, clothed upon and quickened by the Spirit of the Great God, and what mattereth it, whether we lay them down, or we lay down with them, when we can keep them no longer; then let them sink down, like a ship in the storm, the mighty anchor holds her safe, so let these truths sink down in our hearts, that we may even here begin to enjoy that which shall be in full hereafter.

Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna to Almighty God, that rays of light begin to burst forth upon us, even now. I cannot find words to express myself; I am not learned, but I have as good feelings as any man.

Oh that I had the language of the archangel to express my feelings once to my friends, but I never expect to in this life. When others rejoice I rejoice, when they mourn I mourn.

To Marcellus Bates let me administer comfort; you shall soon have the company of your companion in a world of glory; and the friends of bro. Barnes, and all the Saints who are mourning: this has been a warning voice to us all to be sober and diligent, and lay aside mirth, vanity and folly, and be prepared to die to-morrow. [Preached about two hours.]

Eastus Snow said he was a boarder with President Joseph Smith the first week he was in Nauvoo, he helped to carry the chain for the surveyor, and helped to lay out the first city lots.

President Joseph Smith said: As President of this house, I forbid any man leaving just as we are going to close the meeting; he is no gentleman who will do it, I don't care who it comes from, even if it were the King of England. I FORBID IT.

Dismissed with singing, and prayer by John Taylor.

I received a letter from the Post Office, of which the following is a copy:—

"Washington, D. C., March 31, 1843.
Sir:—You stand accused of high treason. You will deliver yourself up to the Governor at Springfield, Illinois, in order to be tried before the Supreme Court of the United States next term.

The Governor of Illinois will be directed to take you in custody, if you will not deliver yourself up.

The President will issue a proclamation against you, if you obey not this order by May 1, 1843.

Respectfully yours,
HUGH S. LEGARE,
Attorney General.

Joseph Smith, Esq.
This letter was superscribed, "By order of J. Tyler, President of the United States."

I insert this letter in my history to show a specimen of the many despicable falsehoods resorted to by the enemies of truth to annoy me and my friends.

Monday, 17.—Rain last night; green grass begins to appear.

Walked out in the city with Clayton: visited Elder John Taylor, and gave him some instructions about the letter purporting to come from the Attorney General Legare; also called on Samuel Bennett in relation to the house he lived in above the old burying ground—returned home and conversed with Elder Erastus Snow. Received from P. P. Pratt fifty gold sovereigns from the Temple and Nauvoo House, also received £87 from the English brethren for land. At 5½ p.m. called at the Printing Office for a short time, when I returned home and listened to the reading of a synopsis of my sermon of last Sabbath.

Advices from Guadaloupe, state that up to the 25th of March, 4500 bodies had been dug out of the ruins of Point-a-Pitre, and 2,200 of the wounded by the late earthquake were in the hospital at Basseterre, and that five other shocks had been subsequently felt.

Elder E. M. Webb writes that he has been laboring with success in several counties in Michigan, when he came to Comstock in Kalamazoo county, Dr. J. C. Bennett was lecturing in Kalamazoo, the shire town, and was told that there was a Mormon elder in the neighborhood. Bennett said, "that is one of Joe Smith's destroying angels, who is come to kill

me," and he left in such haste that he forgot to pay his tavern bill, also the poor Presbyterians for lighting and warming the house for him. Elder Webb commenced preaching there, baptized twenty four, and organized a branch.

One hundred barrels, or 10,000 lbs. of gunpowder were deposited in fifteen separate chambers and simultaneously fired, with complete success, in the Abbott's Cliff, Dover, England.

Tuesday, 18.—Signed an appointment to John F. Cowan, of Shokouon, as one of my aides-de-camp, as a lieutenant general of the Nauvoo Legion; and conversing with him.

Rode out on the prairie—sold 130 acres of land to the English brethren, and took a bond from J. T. Barnett for two lots.

Signed a transcript of the mayor's docket, Thomson v. Dixon.

In the evening had a talk with three Indian chiefs, who had come as a delegation from the Pottawatamie's tribe, who complained of having their cattle, horses, &c., stolen. They were much troubled, and wanted to know what they should do; they have borne their grievances patiently.

The quorum of the Twelve met in my office.

Wednesday, 19.—Went to the office at 9 o'clock, to attend a municipal court in case of Dana at st. Brink, on appeal from mayor's decision of March 10; at half past 9, called to order, and issued an attachment against William Marks, George W. Harris, Orson Spencer, Gustavus Hills, Daniel H. Wells, Hiram Kimball, and N. K. Whitney, associate justices, to bring them before the court forthwith, to answer for contempt. Aldermen Harris, Spencer, Hills and Whitney appeared, and were excused upon condition of their paying the costs of attachment and marshal's fees. D. H. Wells was excused on account of absence from the city.

Half-past 12 p.m., court opened. Original papers being called for; the clerk (Sloan) inquired if the execution would issue from this court? "Sit down" (said the mayor), "and attend to your own business; if any thing is wanted, you will be told time enough." Counsel for Brink moved that the case be dismissed for want of jurisdiction in the court below; much law was quoted on both sides.

The court decided that the mayor had jurisdiction, but the municipal court has not, being authorized only by the charter, to try appeals in cases arising under the ordinances of the city—this case arose under the statutes of Illinois, and should have been appealed directly to the circuit court; and dismissed the appeal, and then stated that a legal bond for appeal was not presented till after the twenty days had expired, and therefore it could not now be legally appealed to the circuit court."

After adjournment, while conversing with Dr. Brink and Mr. Marr, I told them I had been called to thousands of cases in sickness, and I have never failed of administering comfort where the patient has thrown himself unreservedly on me, and the reason is that I never prescribed anything that would injure the patient, if it did him no good.

I have lost a father, brother and child because in my anxiety I depended more on the judgment of other men than my own; while I have raised up others who were lower than they were (by the bye I will say that that man (pointing to Levi Richards) is the best physician I have ever been acquainted with); people will seldom die of disease, provided we know it seasonably, and treat it mildly, patiently and perseveringly, and do not use harsh means.

It is like the Irishman's digging down the mountain; he does not put his shoulder to it to push it over, but puts it in his wheelbarrow and carries it away day after day, and perseveres in it, until the whole mountain is removed; so we should persevere in the use of simple remedies (and not push against the constitution of the patient) day after day, and the disease will be removed, and the patient saved. It is better to save the life of a man, than to raise one from the dead.

At 3 p.m., I met with B. Young, William Smith, P. P. Pratt, O. Pratt, W. Woodruff, J. Taylor, Geo. A. Smith and Willard Richards, of the quorum of the Twelve, in my office; and told them to go in the name of the Lord God of Israel, and tell Lucien Woodworth to put the hands on to the Nauvoo House, and begin the work, and be patient till means can be provided.

Call on the inhabitants of Nauvoo, and get them to bring in their means, then go to La Harpe and serve them the same. Thus commence your career and never stand still till the Master appears, for it is necessary the house should be done. Out of the stock that is handed to me you shall have as you have need, for the laborer is worthy of his hire.

I hereby command the hands to go to work on the house, trusting in the Lord. Tell Woodworth to put them on, and he shall be backed up with it. You must get cash, property, lands, horses, cattle, flour, corn, wheat, &c.; the grain can be ground in this place.

If you can get hands on to the Nauvoo House it will give such an impetus to the work, it will take all the devils out of Hell to stop it.

Let the Twelve Apostles keep together; you will do more good to keep together, not travel together all the time, but meet in conference from place to place, and associate together,

and not be found long apart from each other; then travel from here to Maine, till you make a perfect highway for the Saints.

It is better for you to be together, for it is difficult for a man to have strength of lungs and health, to be instant in season and out of season, under all circumstances, and you can assist each other; and when you go to spend a day or two in a place, you will find the people will gather together in great companies. If twelve men cannot build that house, they are poor tools.

Prest. Young asked if any of the Twelve should go to England. I replied, No! I don't want the Twelve to go to England this year; I have sent them to England, and they have broke the ice and done well, and now I want to send some of the elders, and try them.

Lorenzo Snow may stay at home till he gets rested. The Twelve must travel to save their lives. I feel all the veins and strata necessary for the Twelve to move in to save their lives.

You can never make anything out of Benjamin Winchester, if you take him out of the channel he wants to be in. Send Samuel James to England, thus saith the Lord; also Reuben Hedlock; he ought to be a heavenly messenger wherever he goes; you need not be in a hurry; send these two now, and when you think of some others send them.

John Taylor, I believe you can do more good in the editorial department than preaching; you can write for thousands to read, while you can preach to but a few at a time. We have no one else we can trust the paper with, and hardly with you, for you suffer the paper to come out with so many mistakes.

Parley may stay at home and build his house.

Bro. Geo. A. Smith, I don't know how I can help him to a living, but to go and preach, put on a long face and make them do over to him; if he will go his lungs will hold out, the Lord will give him a good pair of lungs yet.

Woodruff can be spared from the printing office; if you both stay you will disagree. I want Orson Pratt should go.

Brother Brigham asked if he should go? Yes, go.

I want John E. Page to be called away from Pittsburgh, and a good elder sent in his place; if he stays there much longer, he will get so as to sleep with his granny, he is so self righteous; when he asked to go back there, he was going to tear up all Pittsburgh, and he cannot even get money enough to pay postage on his letters, or come and make us a visit.

Orson Hyde can go and travel, and I want you all to meet in Boston.

I want Elder Richards to continue in the History at present; perhaps he will have to travel some to save his life. The History is going out by little and little, in the papers, and cutting its way, so that when it is completed it will not raise a persecution against us.

When Lyman Wight comes home from Kirtland, I intend to send him right back again.

William Smith is going east with his sick wife.

Bro. Kimball will also travel.

I want you to cast up a highway for the Saints from here to Maine.

Don't be scared about the Temple. Don't say anything against it, but make all men know that your mission is to build up the Nauvoo House.

It is not necessary that Jedediah and Joshua Grant should be ordained high priests in order to preside, they are too young; they have got into Zebedee Coltrin's habit of clipping half their words, and I intend to break them of it. If a high priest comes along, and goes to snub either of them in their presidency, because they are seventies, let them knock the man's teeth down his throat.—I mean spiritually. You shall make a monstrous wake as you go.

Clayton, tell the Temple Committee to put hands enough on that house (on the diagonal corner from the brick store), and finish it right off; the Lord hath need of other houses as well as a Temple.

If I can sell \$10,000 worth of property this spring, I will meet you at any conference in Maine, or any conference where you are, and stay as long as it is wisdom.

Take Jacob Zauandall and Frederick H. Moeser, and tell them never to drink a drop of ale, wine, or any spirit, only that which flows right out from the presence of God, and send them to Germany; and when you meet with an Arab, send him to Arabia, when you find an Italian, send him to Italy; and a Frenchman, to France; or an Indian that is suitable, send him among the Indians. Send them to the different places where they belong; send somebody to Central America, and to all Spanish America, and don't let a single corner of the earth go without a mission.

Write to Oliver Cowdery and ask him if he has not eaten husks long enough? If he is not almost ready to return, be clothed with robes of righteousness and go up to Jerusalem? Orson Hyde hath need of him. (A letter was written accordingly.)

I returned home about 4½ p.m.

This evening located the site for a music hall on lot 4, block 67, on the corner of Woodruff and Young streets.

By a certificate of William Smith, of this date, we learn that Elder B. Winchester has recently published a Synopsis of Concordance to the Scriptures.