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## HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

JUNE, 1843.

Wednesday, 21.—Markham and Clayton left Portland at 4 a.m., and traveled to within 9 miles of Dixon; they changed their course, and went direct to Inlet Grove, where they arrived at 12½; took dinner and fed their horses. Left Inlet at 2 p.m., and arrived at Wasson's at 4 p.m., where they learned that I was gone to Dixon in the carriage, and, although their horses were tired down, they started for Dixon, but met me about half way.

They returned with me to Wasson's, and were glad to find a resting place, having rode 212 miles in 66 hours, and had very little rest on the way: the horses were tired, their backs very sore. I told them not to be alarmed; "I have no fear, I shall not leave here, I shall find friends, and Missourians cannot hurt me, I tell you in the name of Israel's God."

Thursday, 22.—Another meeting of the laborers in the Grove, near the Temple, concerning wages.

I had previously given out an appointment to preach this day at Dixon, but on account of the change in circumstances I wrote to Dixon, telling the people there was a writ out for me, and therefore declined preaching, and I kept myself quiet all day, telling my friends that if I started for home I might be arrested where I had no friends, and kidnapped into Missouri, and thought it best to tarry at Inlet and see the result: many were desirous to hear me preach, but were disappointed.

Lawyer Edward Southwick, of Dixon, having heard of the writ being out against me, rode twelve miles to inform me. I thanked him for his kindness, paid him \$25, and introduced him to my friends Markham and Clayton, showing that I had received previous information.

Friday, 23.—Judge Adams arrived at Nauvoo, from Springfield.

At 8 a.m., a company of the brethren (a bee) gathered to remove the timbers from the Temple to the Grove.

I sent Clayton to Dixon at 10 a.m., to try and find out what was going on there. He met Mr. Joseph H. Reynolds, the sheriff of Jackson County, Missouri, and Constable Harmon T. Wilson, of Carthage, Illinois, about half way, but they being disguised, they were not known by him; and when at Dixon they represented themselves as Mormon elders who wanted to see the Prophet. They hired a man and team to carry them, for they had run their horses almost to death.

They arrived at Mr. Wasson's while the family were at dinner, about 2 p.m.; they came to the door, said they were Mormon elders, and wanted to see brother Joseph. I was in the yard going to the barn, when Wilson stepped to the end of the house and saw me; he accosted me in a very uncouth, ungentlemanly manner, when Reynolds stepped up to me, colared me, when both of them presented cocked pistols to my breast, without showing any writ, or serving any process. Mr. Reynolds cried out, "God damn you, if you stir, I'll shoot; God damn you, if you stir one inch I'll shoot you; God damn you, be still, or I'll shoot you by God." I inquired, What is the meaning of all this? "I'll show you the meaning by God, if you stir one inch I'll shoot you, God damn you." I answered, I am not afraid of your shooting, I am not afraid to die; I then bared my breast and told them to shoot away; I have endured so much oppression, I am weary of life, and kill me, if you please. I am a strong man, however, and with my own natural weapons could soon level both of you; but if you have any legal process to serve, I am at all times subject to law, and shall not offer resistance. Reynolds replied, "God damn you, if you say another word, will shoot you, by God." I answered, Shoot away, I am not afraid of your pistols.

By this time Stephen Markham walked deliberately towards us; when they saw him coming, they turned their pistols from me to him, and threatened his life if he came any nearer, but he paid no attention to their threats, and continued to advance nearer. They

then turned their pistols on me again, jamming them against my side, with their fingers on the triggers, and ordered Markham to stand still, or they would shoot me through. As Markham was advancing rapidly towards me, I said, You are not going to resist the officers, are you, brother Markham? He replied, "No, not if they are officers; I know the law too well for that."

They then hurried me off, put me in a wagon without serving any process, and were for hurrying me off without letting me see, or bid farewell to my family or friends, or even allowing me time to get my hat or clothes, or even suffer my wife or children to bring them to me. I then said, Gentlemen, if you have any legal process I wish to obtain a writ of habeas corpus, and was answered, "God damn you, you shan't have one." They still continued their punching me on both sides with their pistols.

Markham then sprung and seized the horses by the bits, and held them until my wife could bring my hat and coat, Reynolds and Wilson again threatening to shoot Markham, who said, "There is no law on earth that requires a sheriff to take a prisoner without his clothes." Fortunately at this moment I saw a man passing, and told him, these men are kidnapping me, and I wish a writ of habeas corpus to deliver myself out of their hands, but as he did not appear to go, I told Markham to go, who immediately proceeded to Dixon on horseback, where the sheriff also proceeded with me at full speed, without even allowing me to speak to my family or bid them good bye. The officers held their pistols with the muzzles jamming into my side for more than eight miles, and only desisted on being reproached by Markham for their cowardice in so brutally illtreating an unarmed defenceless prisoner. On arriving at the house of Mr. McKennie, the tavern keeper, I was thrust into a room and guarded there without being allowed to see anybody, and fresh horses were ordered to be ready in five minutes.

I again stated to Reynolds, I wish to get counsel, when he answered, "God damn you, you shan't have counsel; one word more, God damn you, and I'll shoot you." What is the use of this so often, said I, I have often told you to shoot, and I now tell you again to shoot away.

I saw a person passing, and shouted to him through the window, I am falsely imprisoned here, and I want a lawyer. Lawyer Edward Southwick came, and had the door banged in his face, with the old threat of shooting him if he came any nearer.

Another Lawyer (Mr. Shepherd G. Patrick) afterwards came and received the same treatment, which began to cause considerable excitement in Dixon.

A Mr. Lucien P. Sanger asked Markham what was the matter, when he told him all, and stated that the sheriff intended to drag me away immediately to Missouri, and prevent my taking out a writ of habeas corpus.

Sanger soon made this known to Mr. Dixon, the owner of the house, and his friends, who gathered round the hotel door, and gave Reynolds to understand that if that was their mode of doing business in Missouri, they had another way of doing it in Dixon; they were a law abiding people and republicans, and gave Reynolds to understand that they should not take me away without giving me the opportunity of a fair trial, and that I should have justice done me; but that if they persisted in their course, they had a very summary way of dealing with such people.

Mr. Reynolds, finding further resistance to be useless, allowed Mr. Patrick and Mr. Southwick to come into the room to me, (but Wilson was inside guarding the door, and Reynolds guarded the outside of the door) when I told them, I had been taken a prisoner by these men without process, I had been insulted and abused by them, and showed them my flesh, which was black for about 18 inches in circumference on each side, from their punching me with their pistols, and I wanted them to sue out a writ of habeas corpus; when Reynolds swore he should only wait half an hour to give me a chance. A messenger was immediately sent by Mr. Dixon to Mr. Chamberlain, the master in Chancery, who lived six miles distant, and another messenger to Cyrus H. Walker, who happened to be near, to have them come down and get out the writ of habeas corpus.

A writ was sued out by Markham before a justice of the peace, against Reynolds and Wilson for threatening his life; they were taken into custody by the constable; he sued out another writ for assault and threatening my life, whereupon they were again arrested.

At this time Markham rushed into the room and put a pistol (unobserved) into my pocket, although Reynolds and Wilson had their pistols cocked at the same time, and were threatening to shoot him.

About midnight he sued out a writ for a violation of the law in relation to writs of habeas corpus, Wilson having transferred me to the custody of Reynolds, for the purpose of dragging me to Missouri, and thereby avoiding the effect and operation of said writ, contrary to law, which was put over to be heard at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning, and I was conducted back to the room and guarded through the night.

The 5th regiment, 2nd cohort, Nauvoo Legion, consisting of four companies, organized: Hosea Stout was elected colonel, Theodore Turley, lieutenant colonel, Jesse D. Hunter, major.

Saturday, 24.—As my favorite horse, Jo Duncan, was somewhat jaded with being ridden so hastily by brother Clayton, I hired a man with his horse and buggy to carry brother Clayton to Rock Island, where the steamer Amaranth fortunately came in about fifteen minutes, on which he took passage to Nauvoo, to inform my brother Hyrum of what was being done, and request him to send me some assistance forthwith.

About 8, the master in Chancery arrived and issued a writ of habeas corpus returnable before the Hon. John D. Caton, judge of the 9th judicial circuit at Ottawa, which was duly served on Reynolds and Wilson.

Mr. Cyrus Walker, who was out electioneering to become the representative for Congress, told me that he could not find time to be my lawyer, unless I would promise him my vote. He being considered the greatest criminal lawyer in that part of Illinois, I determined to secure his aid, and promised him my vote. He afterwards went to Markham and joyfully said, "I am now sure of my election, as Joseph Smith has promised me his vote, and I am going to defend him."

At 10 a.m., another writ was sued, this time from the circuit court of Lee County, against Reynolds and Wilson, for private damage, and for false imprisonment, claiming \$10,000 damages, upon the ground that the writ issued by the Governor of Illinois was a void writ in law; upon which said writ they were held to bail in \$10,000 each, and they had to send to Missouri for bondsmen, and were placed in the custody of the sheriff of Lee County.

Reynolds and Wilson felt bad when these last writs were served on them, and began to cool in their conduct a little, after which they also obtained a writ of habeas corpus, for the purpose of being discharged before Judge Caton.

I was conveyed by Reynolds and Wilson upon the first writ of habeas corpus, towards Ottawa, as far as Pawpaw Grove, 32 miles, where I was again abused by Reynolds and Wilson, which was observed by the landlord.

Esquire Walker sent Mr. Campbell, sheriff of Lee County, to my assistance, and he came and slept by me. In the morning certain men wished to see me, but I was not allowed to see them.

The news of my arrival had hastily circulated about the neighborhood; and very early in the morning the largest room in the hotel was filled with citizens who were anxious to hear me preach, and requested me to address them.

Sheriff Reynolds entered the room and said, pointing to me, "I wish you to understand, this man is my prisoner, and I want you should disperse; you must not gather round here in this way." Upon which Mr. David Town, an aged gentleman who was lame, and carried a large hickory walking stick, advanced towards Reynolds, bringing his hickory upon the floor, said, "You damned infernal puke, we'll learn you to come here and interrupt gentlemen; sit down there (pointing to a very low chair) and sit still; don't open your head 'till General Smith gets through talking. If you never learned manners in Missouri, we'll teach you that gentlemen are not to be imposed upon by a nigger driver; you can not kidnap men here, if you do in Missouri, and if you attempt it here, there's a committee in this grove that will sit on your case, and, sir, it is the highest tribunal in the United States, as from its decision there is no appeal."

Reynolds, no doubt aware that the person addressing him was at the head of a committee who had prevented the settlers on the public domain from being imposed upon by land speculators, sat down in silence while I addressed the assembly for an hour and a half, on the subject of marriage, my visitors having requested me to give them my views of the law of God respecting marriage. My freedom commenced from that hour.

Immediately after I left Dixon, my wife and children started with my carriage from Inlet Grove for Nauvoo, driven by her nephew, Lorenzo D. Wasson.

The quorum of the Twelve received a letter from Asahel Smith, of Nashville, requesting them to appoint a conference in that place to settle some difficulties existing there.

The free and accepted ancient York Masons met at the lodge room, being the anniversary of St. John's Day; then formed a procession in due masonic form in front of the hall, and walked to Main street, where the corner stone for a masonic temple was laid by the Worshipful Master Hyrum Smith. Two masonic hymns were sung, after which they proceeded to the Grove near the Temple, where an oration was delivered by brother John Taylor; from thence they proceeded to Mr. Warner's, where about two hundred sat down to an excellent dinner. The company broke up early in the afternoon, highly delighted with the day's proceedings.

Sunday, 25.—At Pawpaw Grove it was ascertained that Judge Caton was on a visit to New York, whereupon Reynolds, Wilson, Walker, Southwick, Patrick, Dixon, Stephen Markham and myself, with others, started

about 8 a.m., and returned to the town of Dixon, arriving about 4 p.m., when I was again locked in a room and guarded through the night.

The water has fallen in the Mississippi, more than a foot since last Sunday.

At 10 a.m., meeting at the Temple. Elder Lyman Wight preached on charity; and in the afternoon Elder Maginn was preaching, when my brother Hyrum went to the stand and requested the brethren to meet him at the Masonic Hall in thirty minutes.

The brethren immediately went there in such numbers that one fourth of them could not get into the room, so they adjourned to the green and formed a hollow square, when my brother Hyrum informed them that Elder William Clayton had arrived about 2, and told him that Joseph H. Reynolds, sheriff of Jackson County, Missouri, and Harmon T. Wilson, of Carthage, had come upon me by surprise and arrested me, and related the occurrences, as far as was known, up to my arrival in Dixon. He wanted a company to go up to my assistance, and see that I had my rights. He called for volunteers, when upwards of 300 volunteered, from whom they selected such as were wanted.

Generals Law and C. C. Rich started the same evening, with a company of about 175 men on horseback. Previous to starting, Elder Wilford Woodruff went to the company and donated a barrel of rifle powder, when every man filled his horn or flask.

Wilson Law declared he would not go a step unless he could have money to bear his expenses, upon which Elder Brigham Young said the money should be forthcoming, although he did not know at the time where he could raise a dollar; in about thirty minutes he got on the track, and in the course of two hours he had borrowed seven hundred dollars, and put it in the hands of Hyrum Smith and Wilson Law, to defray the expenses of the expedition. About 75 on board the Maid of Iowa, with Captain Dan Jones, went up the Illinois river for Peoria, and to examine the steamboats, suspecting I might be a prisoner on board one of them, as they supposed me on the road to Ottawa.

Several of the Pottawatomie Indians called to see the Nauvoo House and Temple; they wanted to talk, but their interpreter could not speak much.

The writ of habeas corpus was returned endorsed thereon "Judge absent," when another writ of habeas corpus was issued at 7 a.m. by the master in Chancery, and was worded, at Col. Markham's request, "Returnable before the nearest tribunal in the fifth judicial district, authorized to hear and determine writs of habeas corpus," and the sheriff of Lee County served it on them in a few minutes afterwards. I, my lawyers, Markham, Dixon and other friends, held a council and arranged to start before 9 a.m. to go before Judge Stephen A. Douglass, at Quincy, a distance of about 260 miles, I employed Mr. Lucien P. Sanger, with the stage coach, to convey us on our journey towards Quincy.

After these arrangements were made, I sent Markham with a letter to Gen. Wilson Law, directing him to meet me at Monmouth on Wednesday evening with sufficient force to prevent my being kidnapped into Missouri, as I well knew that the whole country was swarming with men anxious to carry me there and kill me without any shadow of law or justice, although they well knew that I had not committed any crime worthy of death or bonds.

TUNNELLING MACHINE.—Steen's Pneumatic Machine, says the Alta of Sept. 11th, which has for several months been standing on the hill-side above Broadway, on Montgomery street, was put in operation yesterday, and proved itself capable. The tunnel it opens is six feet in diameter, and, being a perfect circle, the arch is very strong; and, no matter what its length may be, but little artificial support is needed. The air tube can be used of any length, and carries three hundred pounds to the square inch—bringing to the cutting apparatus an immense power.

It is calculated that, in hard rock, like that in the hills surrounding the city, the machine will average one foot an hour. It has cut twenty-one feet since its usefulness was perfected; and it will be shipped for the mining regions to-day. It is strictly a California discovery, and one of the most remarkable of the age.

Besides supplying the desideratum required in quartz mining, it establishes a new principle in science. According to estimates frequently made, about \$15,000,000 were expended in tunnelling during the year 1855; but the results were comparatively unimportant.

Steam machines were introduced, but when any distance was reached, the steam condensed so rapidly that it lost all power, and the machinery was thrown aside.

But Mr. Steen's invention is entirely different. The steam boiler and engine are stationed above ground, and the tunnelling apparatus is influenced by nothing save the inexhaustible stream of cold atmosphere forced upon it.

We expect to hear very soon that this wonderful improvement has wrought out millions of treasure from the mountains of the State.

Who cares for love without obedience?