

THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS.

H. CHRONICLES.—CHAP. 5.

Behold strange things are desired to come to pass. Even in this our time hath a new order of things been sought to be brought about.

Therefore, they much desire a new law, even to establish a religion and force it upon the Saints; and they would like it in this wise:

Thou shalt not have any other "Mormon" religion only the re-organized church of the latter days.

For they teach for doctrine the commandments of men and pervert the Scriptures; even so much so, that they are like unto some other sects and parties.

And they heartily endorse the crusade.

Thou shalt not have any other prophet, save it be young Joseph Smith, the son of the Prophet.

For know ye that he was ordained to his priesthood and calling by a certain man whose surname is Gurley, who was at that time an apostate, and was aforesaid *Strang-led*.

And he doth publicly declare that he hath the determination to oppose the wife question from this time henceforth and forever; even so long as he doth live will he kick and log-roll and gnash his teeth if this thing be not put down; yea, he is endorsed by the *Tribune*, and this makes him mighty in the crusade; yea, the editor thereof hath been converted and hath religion, so much so, that he seeketh to convert many, and it hath struck in on him.

Behold these are the articles of faith of the crusaders.

Thou shalt covet all the plural wives, and see that ye labor diligently to break up their homes, and cast the husbands and fathers into prison, and peel the children that they be caused much sorrow.

But watch ye, that they do not manifest sorrow; for it is unlawful for them to make any demonstration of anguish, no matter what ye do.

Thou shalt scatter their goods, and covet their houses and lands, and horses and cattle and asses and sheep.

Thou shalt covet their man servants and maid servants, and whatsoever belongeth to the "Mormons" thou mayest covet.

And if ye find a devout man that hath more than one wife, thou shalt straightway persecute him, and take him before the judges, that he may be put in the pen with the semblance of law.

Thou shalt have no other man to lead you politically or any other way save it be young Joseph.

Thou shalt not have any union of church and state, for the law shall not go forth from Zion, nor the word of the Lord from Jerusalem in our day.

Thou shalt not bow down nor make obeisance unto anybody's cap, that be exalted on a pole, save it be this great leader."

Thou shalt not keep the Sabbath day holy, but ye may go on excursions, and attend harangues, and use what means ye can to stir up sedition among the people.

Thou shalt cry loyalty, from the morn to the setting of the sun, for we are the true born sons of liberty (?)

Yea, there must be liberty for us to do as we please with this strange people in the Rocky Mountains.

Thou shalt commit adultery and visit the palaces where harlots dwell, and commit abominations; and we will receive you into our church, if you join in the crusade to put down the wife question.

Thou shalt bear false witness against the Saints, and be on good terms with all the sneaks and spotters, and men of bad character and reputation.

Thou shalt not mourn nor show any demonstration of sorrow, by the putting of your flag at half-mast.

Behold this is treason, and this city is a great disloyal city, and should be destroyed.

Ye may telephone for soldiers to haste to assist you to destroy this beautiful city, for her sins have reached up into the eyes and ears of our great and beautiful man.

But before the city be swallowed up ye shall make enquiry if there be fifty loyal persons in the city.

Yea, if there be forty, ye shall not telephone for soldiers.

Yea, perchance if there be thirty, twenty, ten, or even five loyal persons, ye shall not destroy the city.

For lo, have ye not your benedict, your culmers, your wilkes, your haines, and your evans and baskin?

Yea, have ye not many more who are as loyal as they are and who are heart and soul with them in showing forth their loyalty to the crusade?

Verily, Verily, I say unto you, ye shall know them by their fruits, and men are known by the company they keep, and by the words they utter; and it mattereth not to call names, ye can read the papers.

Therefore, it came to pass that the city was not destroyed, for there was much loyalty found, and the decree went forth that the place should be spared for a season.

Ye have heard it said by them of old, an eye for an eye, etc. Verily, I say unto thee, ye shall take two eyes for one, and two teeth for one, for we will double unto the Saints everything we can that we desire.

If any man smite thee on one cheek, ye may smite him on both, for we desire to run rampant, and inasmuch as our feelings have been wounded, we will wound in return, even to our heart's content.

And we will vent our spleen on this loyal, God-fearing people called "Mormons."

Yea, their ox hath gored our ox, and it should be stoned.

Yea, our feelings are tender, when ye touch us in the right place, but we cannot look with any degree of allowance on anything that the "Mormon" doeth.

Yea, from this time forth, let us "boycot" all "Mormon" institutions, for our vexations are great, and we will do all that we can to work them an injury at home and abroad.

Yea, we desire to bore their ear through with an awl, that they may serve us forever and ever.

And we have many things in store, with which we hope to work mischief in the midst of this people in the near future.

And we will make an altar of liberty, and we will erect a pole near by, and we will place upon it the cap of Gesler, and we will command all people to burn incense, and bow in humble reverence to our decree and worship the cap.

Yea, we must break the spirit of this people, for what right hath the people in the mountains? Yea, let us strip them of every vestige that is remaining and bring them into subjection to our decrees.

For though the fun cometh now on those caught in the wife question, yet we will make fun for all others, yea, we will squeeze them in tender places, for we must hold the money bag, and we will grind them exceedingly fine.

And many other things they have in their hearts to inflict upon this people, and they will go to the end of their rope, therefore be ye patient in tribulation, and be not troubled because ye see some begin to take sides, and hold out their hand to the crusaders, know ye all men shall show their colors, for these are the days of trial, of which ye have so often been warned, and ye may expect greater things to come, but the end is not yet. CHRONICLER.

A VOICE FROM PRISON.

C. J. KEMPE, IMPRISONED IN DETROIT BY THE CRUEL DECREE OF AN ARIZONA JUDGE, FOR HAVING MARRIED TWO WIVES WHEN THERE WAS NO LAW AGAINST IT, EXPRESSES HIS FEELINGS AND BEARS HIS TESTIMONY.

HOUSE OF CORRECTION, Detroit, Michigan, June 28, 1885.

Elder George C. Lambert, Deseret News Office, Salt Lake City:

Dear Brother—Your valuable letter has been truly appreciated by me and my brethren here in prison. A friend in need is a friend indeed, and it is almost worth the sacrifice and suffering we are passing through here to learn we have so many true and noble friends. For my part, language fails me to express my

GRATITUDE

for the kindness of my brethren and sisters in administering to the wants of my suffering family and by kind letters and periodicals and even temporary means to alleviate the hardships of prison life; and no less do my brethren and I here feel truly grateful to the many who have been so kind to have come here in this out-of-the-way place to visit us, and who are laboring faithfully for our deliverance from the cruel injustice we are suffering in this glorious land of liberty (?)

When first I came here it almost made me despair to think of the expense of the court and the consequences to my poor innocent children, whom I had to leave after having struggled by day and night almost incessantly for three years in St. Johns, and through failure of crop, lost all, and then had to leave part of my family in a new place among strangers, in a house only half finished and entirely unfit for winter use, with the fourth year's crop mostly frozen. Who could, under such circumstances, feel well?

And then to be hauled out of bed at 12 o'clock at night and dragged 315 miles away, and next, without a shadow of justice, to be condemned for a crime of which I was entirely innocent, was rather hard to bear. When the court record positively showed that the woman I was accused of having married in 1882 had been my wife for 20 years. And after all this, I was, like a Russian traitor, sent about 2,000 miles from my home to spend a life of years among convicts; and yet, had it not been for the fear of my family suffering it would be but a joy to suffer for the Gospel of Christ, for truly our religion is well worth all that human beings can endure. And now, when I realize that through the great kindness of my true friends my family is provided for, I can only rejoice and give thanks to God, and though we cannot here, as our brethren do at Yuma, partake of the Sacrament and mutually edify one another, yet, in our hearts, we can rejoice that we are counted worthy to suffer for the Gospel's sake.

How well do I remember 28 years ago, when, as a boy I was surrounded by the luxury of this world. I was young, hopeful, proud, with a feeling of independence, as if the whole world was my own, and yet thoroughly miserable and disgusted with all of my associates, again and again asking myself the

QUESTION:

Is there no longer any such religion as that of the Old Testament? Is chastity dead and buried, and has heaven been shut against us, have the angels departed and God hid Himself forever? Is religion nothing more than a trade for hypocrites to earn money by? I read the Bible and heard the ministers, and felt like the hungry man dreaming he was eating, but on waking finding his stomach empty. I was a Christian in name, but received none of the blessings promised a true disciple of Christ, when all at once on one Wednesday evening an unseen messenger called me to follow him and took me to the house of Brother Tietjen, now of Santaquin, and gave me a testimony that can never be erased from my memory; for when, on the following Sunday, I, by invitation, went to Mr. Tietjen's house, I found everything correct, and, when afterwards I was baptized, I received the promised blessing, which I could not have received had the administrators not had authority from God. And, when shortly after, I was called to the ministry, I had no need to say, I believe the "Mormons" have a better religion than anyone else, because there was no comparison; I had received the Gospel of Jesus Christ by

REVELATION FROM HEAVEN,

and was called of God to bring the message to my fellow men, and, from that day to this I am conscious that never in my life have I missed one opportunity to do my duty in this respect, and though in my native country and in Norway I have baptized people by the hundred, not one has ever complained that I made a promise that was not fulfilled. Yet my promises were emphatic and positive that if they would repent from all sin, and earnestly seek God, they should know for themselves that what the world called "Mormonism" was the work of God; that their sick should be healed, and that all the blessings of the Gospel should follow them. Though young and inexperienced and childish as I then was, yet I never rested. At times I had ten meetings in a week, and yet felt a desire to do more, and why? Because

GOD WAS WITH ME.

When I laid my hands upon the sick, they were healed; even blind were made to see, and persons apparently on their deathbed and after having been given up by physicians as incurable, would leave their beds healthy and joyful when I took my hands off their heads. Now, I ask, was that the power of a false religion? Was that the power of a false religion? Then by what power and authority did Paul do such things? And who among the Saints have not experienced similar things?

I do not write this to boast, for, God being my witness, I feel now entirely unworthy of all the blessings I have thus enjoyed, but I desire to make

ONE MORE APPEAL

to my Scandinavian friends; yea, to all who are willing to once more listen to a voice from prison. Is there more than one God? Is there more than one Priesthood? If echo answers, No, let me ask, is there anything to be gained in heaven, earth or hell by retreating? Have we one iota of a principle revealed from heaven that we can dispense with? I say, No! No, my brethren and sisters, God must be obeyed at all hazards if we would gain salvation; and while we do so we have nothing to fear. God is at the helm, and though the ship creaks and shivers in every joint, the devils will only laugh if we are fools enough to jump into the water and drown.

I thank God for this persecution, though I think I feel it as hard as anyone, for, though my heart is buoyant, I am

LOSING STRENGTH

and have no idea that I could survive three years imprisonment in this place.

Our strength is not in numbers but in honesty, chastity, virtue and integrity. The God of Israel is not getting old and decrepit, and though our enemies number billions, He is equal to the emergency; and what is imprisonment or even death compared with eternal life? Where, outside of this Church can be found such men as President John Taylor, Geo. Q. Cannon, Joseph F. Smith, W. Woodruff and thousands of others of our brethren, who for honesty, nobility of character and integrity have no superiors living? However, I do not believe the Gospel because of any man or set of men; I believe because I know for myself of its truth. I believe too, that those who show the white feather and prove recreant to the truth which God has reposed in them, however high the position they may occupy, will go down, and I would not fear to prophesy that such will be the fate of any one that takes that course.

Well, my letter is already too long, and yet I have not written the one-hundredth part of what I would like to say. I received a letter to-day, but not one word of hope as to my release. My heart is full of

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to my brethren for their kindness, and especially do I feel to thank Bishop J. P. R. Johnson and Judge Dusenberry, of Provo, and Bishop D. K. Udall of St. Johns, whose labors have been unceasing both for us and our families, and if I get the privilege to leave this place alive I shall answer all the kind letters I have received.

With kind regards to all the Saints, I remain your Brother in the Gospel, CHRISTOPHER I. KEMPE.

THREATENED LYNCHING AT PRICE.

A LECHEROUS SCOUNDREL ALMOST SWUNG INTO ETERNITY SEVERAL TIMES AT THE END OF A ROPE.

PRICE, Emery County, Utah, July 2, 1885.

Editor Deseret News:

A few days ago we had the arrival of a new section boss, James Bergen by name, sent here to take charge of a crew of Chinamen on the D. & R. G. Railway. Shortly after his entrance into the town he made himself very conspicuous by telling people around the railway station of his

INTENDED FUN

with "Mormon" women, etc. Some of our boys thought he would bear a little watching, and accordingly paid a little attention to his movements in the evenings, not for a moment expecting that the brute would use open daylight for his hellish purpose.

Yesterday afternoon, July 1st, Sister Nelson, who lives on a farm about two miles down the river, came to town to do some trading at a store, and on her return, in the middle of the afternoon, she was followed up by this devil in human form—James Bergen—who, by fast walking, soon caught up with her, and, about three-quarters of a mile from the nearest house, made

INDECENT PROPOSALS

to her, and offering her money. The poor woman, though very nervous and frightened, attempted to shame him by talking to him, but this only made the fellow worse, and he not only indulged in the most vulgar language but also proceeded to expose his person; whereupon Mrs. Nelson fled homeward, screaming for help, and escaped her follower.

The news flew like an electric flash from one end of town to the other, and aroused general indignation. Some of the boys concluded to ride him on a rail, and were just proceeding to do so, when about a dozen masked men arrived on the spot, took the scamp in charge, and led him quietly to a telegraph pole. The bystanders could come to no other conclusion for a moment than that some

LYNCHING

was near at hand, especially when a short, heavy-set man was noticed in the rear, with a long rope. The masked men moved about as if they had been drilled for the purpose. The strictest order prevailed, and very few words were spoken, but amid the silence the rope was fastened around the prisoner's neck, who, imagining by this time that perhaps the next minute would find him in eternity, broke out in a torrent of supplications for mercy, telling the would-be lynchers of his good standing in Christian religious society, as also his respectable family relations.

A young man climbed the telegraph pole, with the loose end of the rope, which was done in less time than it takes to tell it, and the brute was then asked if he had anything to say before swinging. The doomed section boss stuttered some few sentences and then offered up

HIS PRAYER

to the Holy Mary and others, the prayer indicating that he was either a Methodist or a Catholic.

After his prayer was finished the crowd swung him up a foot or two from the ground, and, letting him down, told him to pray again. After the second prayer they again

SWUNG THEIR MAN

a little way up, and again let him drop. This was repeated three or four times, and at last when the lynchers thought it was all he could stand he was asked if he would leave immediately if they would spare his life. This offer was accepted with thanks and gratitude, and a few moments after a fellow was seen marching on the railway track towards the east, with a speed which would do credit to a good young horse, occasionally looking back, as if apprehending danger from the citizens of Price, and we hope by this time that Mr. James Bergen is safe among his Christian friends in Colorado, and taken care of by them, where he can sit down quietly and relate the incidents of his four days' visit to Utah and his experience among the "Mormons." C. H.

TWIN RELICS OF ABSURDITY.

THE ANTI-"MORMONS" CONDEMN WHAT THEY SECRETLY DESIRE—WHAT FOOLS THESE "MORMONS" BE!

The idea of the *Tribune* being mad over the alleged insult by "Mormons" to the American flag, is as supremely ridiculous as the assumption by the irresponsible blatherskites who turn the crank of that organ, that any insult whatever was intended. Let us for one cool moment, if the hot breath of July will afford such a luxury, examine the two propositions for all they are worth.

Does any one suppose, who knows the *Tribune* for what it is, and not what it hypocritically pretends to be, that an insult such as that claimed to have been offered by the "Mormons" to the national ensign, would not cause the editors and supporters of that sheet to thrill with savage delight? What has the

Tribune been working for? What has been its chief object during the long, too long years of its loathsome existence, but to goad the "Mormons" into doing something that might be construed as an insult to the nation of which they form a part; to knock a chip, so to speak, from the governmental shoulder, that the ninth part of a pretext might be given for the annihilating blow that would follow? Has it not lied and relied upon lies to bring about such a bloody result, and where "trifles light as air" could not be found—molehills from which to manufacture mountains—has it not with its "Bishop West's Sermons," and other foul fabrications supplied the long felt want at its own sweet or sour will? Is not a "Mormon rebellion" the very thing its editors desire, the very thing they are working for, and is any one green enough to suppose that anything short of it would satisfy their cruel and malignant souls? Why, then, in the name of all that smacks of consistency, all this fuss and fury signifying nothing, when the very thing they have yearned and sought for, and the failure of which to happen would cause them the keenest disappointment, has at last, if such liars are to be believed, been attained.

I can respect the honest views of any man, even those who really labor under the hallucination that the half-masting of a flag to express mourning is an insult to that flag—I can respect the sincere opinions of such, and wish them with all my heart a clearer and broader view of things, but for the hypocrisy exhibited by that blatant, bellowing bull, the *Tribune*, I have nothing but the most unmitigated contempt.

Again, does anyone in his sober senses believe that "the shrewd and calculating 'Mormons'" (dubbed so repeatedly by the *Tribune*) have all at once "in an instant, suddenly" been transformed into simpletons and fools? Will any sane man suppose that after thirty years of patience and forbearance under indignities which would have made weaker men rise up and fight to the death a thousand times, this little handful of patriots would all at once lose their mental balance and deliberately plan and execute an act which, if done in the spirit charged by the organ of slander, they know as well as their traducers know, would be the signal for their extermination—exactly what the *Tribune* hopes this will be? The very thought is a burlesque on common sense, a libel on consistency and the character of the "Mormon" people, than whom a more loyal, peaceable, long-suffering community is not to be found within the confines of the Republic.

The Latter-day Saints have learned two maxims pretty well off by heart. One is that which is regarded in war and politics as a pretty safe rule of conduct, to wit: "Never do the thing your enemy wishes you to do." The other, which is of local origin is: Always do, as the right thing, what the Salt Lake *Tribune* tells you not to do. In ninety-nine and a half cases out of a hundred, this will prove a safe guide to correction.

NOT A WHISKY PATRIOT.
Salt Lake City, July 9th, 1885.

BY TELEGRAPH.

PER WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH LINE.

AMERICAN.

SPARTA, Wis., 9.—To-night the reports of the damage from last night's storm continue to come in, and the indications are that it will yet be several days before all the small towns in the interior will be heard from. The storm appears to have passed entirely across the State diagonally from northwest to southeast.

At Sparta, which city appears to have been the greatest sufferer, the storm raged for over an hour, during the greater part of which time the air was filled with falling trees and flying debris. Although no lives are reported lost, many narrow escapes are reported from falling buildings. Along Court Street a scene of desolation prevailed. Buildings are wrecked on every hand, shade trees torn from their roots, sidewalks demoralized and fences blown down. Several fine residences and a number of those quite pretentious, are a mass of ruins. Further reports place the loss well up in the thousands of dollars. No estimates of the losses at other points is made.

At Plainfield the storm was the most terrific ever seen. A large number of buildings were blown down or unroofed, and freight cars were smashed into splinters. Port Edwards, in Wood county, had a planing mill, store and five dwellings blown out of sight, lumber yards scattered to the winds, and other property injured. About Edgerton more than 200 tobacco sheds were demolished. Houses, barns and other buildings suffered a like fate, and considerable live stock was killed.

The new Catholic Church, the flax mill and residences and barns were destroyed at Appleton.

About Stoughton, the scene of the great tobacco warehouse fire of last Sunday, tobacco sheds, houses and barns were demolished and a large number of horses and cattle killed. From the small towns reports of the storm's destruction are received, but very few estimates of the actual loss are made. Inquiry of places where the destruction by wind was not severe shows that great damage was done by lightning. At Whitewater, Fall River and Elroy the loss by lightning was