# BIOGRAPHY
AND
# FAMILY RECORD
OF
# LORENZO SNOW

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK BIOGRAPHY AND FAMILY RECORD OF LORENZO SNOW ***

# BIOGRAPHY
# AND
# FAMILY RECORD
# OF
# LORENZO SNOW,

One of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

Written and Compiled by his Sister,

Eliza R. Snow Smith.

"I know him, that he will command his children after him, and they shall keep the word of the Lord, to do justice and judgment."

"If you wish to go where God is, you must be like God—possessing the principles which God possesses."—Joseph Smith.

Salt Lake City, Utah,

Deseret News Company, Printers.

1884.

# Preface.

This Biography and Autobiography of my brother, Lorenzo Snow, has been written as a tribute of sisterly affection for him; and as a token of sincere respect to his family.

It is designed to be handed down in lineal descent, from generation to generation—to be preserved as a family Memorial.

In adapting it to this purpose, both in the matter originated, and in that compiled, the writer has varied materially from the usual course of biographers. That it may constitute a historical point to which my brother's posterity, to the latest generations, who shall honor the Gospel of the Son of God, may trace their origin in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and find a record of their illustrious ancestor—his wives, children and grandchildren—a full genealogical record is inserted. That his descendants may profit by his instructions, selections from his letters and discourses are copied into this work; we also have inscribed missionary sketches of some of his sons and sons-in-law. E. R. S. S.

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# Chapter I.

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Lorenzo Snow, son of Oliver and Rosetta L. Pettibone Snow, was born April 3, 1814, in Mantua, Portage County, Ohio. Our father was a native of Massachusetts, our

mother of Connecticut, and were descendants of the genuine Puritan stock—those who fled from religious persecution in the "old world," and landed on Plymouth Rock, of historic celebrity.

Early in the settlement of that portion of country now known as the Middle States, our parents, with their family, consisting of two daughters, Leonora Abigail, and Eliza Roxcy, (the writer of this history,) left the home of their youth, and moved to what was at that period considered the extreme West, or, as it was sometimes styled, "the jumping off place," and settled in Mantua, Portage County, Ohio, making the eleventh family in the township. There two daughters and three sons were added to the family, to wit: Amanda Percy, Melissa, Lorenzo, Lucius Augustus, and Samuel Pearce.

Many times, and with intense interest, have their children listened to recitals of the hardships our parents encountered, and the privations they endured in that new and heavily timbered country, so very forbidding when compared with the beautiful prairie landscapes of the West. But as true and worthy representatives of our noble ancestors, our parents were proof against discouragement, surmounted every difficulty, and through the blessing of God on their efforts, created for themselves and their children an enviable home.

In their religious faith our parents were by profession Baptists, but not of the rigid, iron-bedstead order; their house was a resort for the good and intelligent of all denominations, and their hospitality was proverbial. Thus, as their children grew up they had ample opportunities for forming acquaintances with the erudite of all religious persuasions.

Without the least shadow of vanity we can truly say of our

parents, their integrity was unimpeachable, and they were trustworthy in all the social relations and business transactions of life; and carefully trained their children to habits of industry, economy, and strict morality, and extended to them the best facilities for scholastic education the country at that time afforded.

Although a farmer by occupation, father was much abroad on public business, and Lorenzo, being the eldest of the three brothers, was left in charge, and early in life became accustomed to responsibilities, which he discharged with scrupulous punctuality and that inflexibility of purpose which ensures success; and from early childhood exhibited the energy and decision of character which have marked his progress in subsequent life. An unseen hand evidently was guiding him, for in his boyhood he was energetically, yet unconsciously, preparing for the position in life he was destined to occupy. Ever a student, at home as well as in school, (most of his schooling after his twelfth year was during the winter terms,) his book was his constant companion when disengaged from filial duties; and when sought by his associates, "*hid up with his book*" became proverbial. With the exception of one term in a High School in Ravenna, Ohio, also a special term of tuition under a Hebrew professor, he completed his scholastic training in Oberlin College, which at that time was exclusively a Presbyterian institution. Through the solicitation of an intimate friend, connected with the college, he was induced to enter, and through whose influence, as a special favor, he was admitted.

Although religiously trained from infancy, up to this time my brother had devoted little or no attention to the subject of religion, at least not sufficiently to decide in preference of any particular sect.

In the progress of his development, his ambition strongly

led in the direction of military distinction, so much so, that, watching with a sisterly, jealous eye, the steps one by one, by which he gained promotion in the military road to honor, I feared lest in the course of human events his path might lead to the battle field, and his earthly career prematurely close on a gory bed. I frequently plead, entreated, and at times exhausted my stock of persuasion, but without effect.

At length he must have a first class military suit, and no one could make it so precisely to his liking as his sister; she had made his "freedom suit" (at the time referred to he had passed his twenty-first year), which every one admired —it fitted him exactly, and now this most important of all mortal habiliments should be entrusted to no other. I made the suit—it was beautiful, magnificent, and my brother donned it with as much, if not of military pride, of self-satisfaction as ever Napoleon won a battle, but it proved of short duration, for he soon felt that his ambition could not be satisfied without a collegiate education. Determined on this, he laid his military ambition on the altar, disposed of his paternal inheritance, and started for Oberlin. His classical purpose was very satisfactory to my views—forming a permanent quietus to my imaginary forebodings.

On his way to Oberlin, my brother accidentally fell in company with David W. Patten, an incident to which he frequently refers as one of those seemingly trivial occurrences in human life which leave an indelible trace. This gentleman was an early champion of the fulness of the Gospel as taught by Jesus and His Apostles in the meridian of time, and revealed in our own day through the Prophet Joseph Smith; to which cause Elder Patten fell a martyr on the 24th of October, 1838, in Missouri, during the terrible scenes of persecution through which the Latter-day Saints passed in that State. He possessed a mind of deep thought and rich intelligence. In conversation with

him, my brother was much impressed with the depth and beauty of the philosophical reasoning with which this inspired Elder seemed perfectly familiar, as he descanted on the condition of the human family in connection with the sayings of the ancient Prophets, as recorded in the Scriptures—the dealings with, and the purposes of God in relation to His children on the earth. From that time a new field, with a new train of reflections, was open to my brother's mind, the impress of which has never been erased.

We will now leave the subject of these sketches, in Oberlin, clubbed with three or four of his classmates, alternately cooking their meals and pursuing their studies with combined energies, while we digress in order to form a connecting link in our narrative.

Having been thoroughly convinced of the authenticity of the Gospel in its purity as revealed through Joseph Smith, I was baptized on the fifth of April, 1835, and in the autumn of the same year, left my father's house and united my interest with the Latter-day Saints in Kirtland, Ohio.

Soon after my arrival, I sent for the "Building Committee of the Kirtland Temple," and, on my asking them if they would like a little money, they replied that they had a payment to make soon, and did not know where the means was coming from. I do not recollect how much I gave them; however, it was sufficient to cover the present liability of the committee, who felt greatly relieved, and proposed to send me their note of hand for the amount. I told them that I did not want a note—they were welcome to the money: however, they sent the note, and some time after wished me to accept a house and lot—thus redeeming their note. The lot was a very valuable one—situated near the Temple, with fruit trees—an excellent spring of water, and a house that accommodated two families. It was truly

an enviable situation, and, although I was teaching the Prophet's family school, and had my home with them, my eldest sister, a widow with two children, wanted a home in Kirtland, and I rented one part of the house while she occupied the other. In all this, the hand of God was too plainly visible to be mistaken, as will be manifest in the following events.

Now to our narrative: So intimately was my brother associated while in college, with professors and students, that he became thoroughly acquainted with the profession and the practice of the denomination by which that popular institution was controlled; and, although he cherished very friendly regards for the people, he was unfavorably impressed with their system of religion. A short time before leaving Oberlin, he wrote, asking me many questions concerning revealed religion, at the same time saying, "*If there is nothing better than is to be found here in Oberlin College, good bye to all religions*."

I answered his questions, and knowing he intended crowning his studies with a thorough knowledge of Hebrew, invited him to come to Kirtland at the close of his term in Oberlin, as a school was soon to commence there, under the tuition of an able Hebrew professor, for the sole study of that language. Accordingly he came, but not with the most distant idea of embracing the faith of the Latter-day Saints, of which were most of the Hebrew students, with whom, including Apostles and the Prophet Joseph, he became familiarly associated; and while he studied the dead language of the ancient Hebrews, his mind also drank in, and his heart became imbued with the living faith of the everlasting Gospel—"the faith once delivered to the" ancient "saints," and not many weeks passed after his arrival, before he was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

What a marvelous change crossed the path of the young aspirant! This one act of stepping into the waters of baptism, with its accompanying ordinance of the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, by authorized administrators, opened up a new world before him. He now sees with a changed and vastly enlarged vision—having been invested with an additional, a sixth sense, a sense which comprehends the things of God—which penetrates into futurity and estimates eternal values.

How wonderfully changed all his youthful aims! How suddenly they sink into insignificance! How extended the sphere of his youthful anticipations! How glorious—how exalted the motive power, the incentive that now prompts his youthful ambition! Instead of earthly military renown, he now enters the arena for championship with the armies of heaven—the achievements of the Gods, crowned with the laurels of eternity, everlasting glory, honor and eternal lives. Not to be armed with carnal weapons, and to be decked with glittering badges and costly equipage, to march forth in the pomp and pride of battle array, for the shedding of human blood: but to go "forth without purse or scrip," clothed in the power of the Gospel of the Son of God, wielding the sword of the Spirit of the Almighty, he now takes the field to battle with the powers of darkness, priestcraft, superstition, and wickedness, until the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

In my brother's journal I find the following incidents recorded by himself:

I was baptized by Elder John Boynton, then one of the Twelve Apostles, June, 1836, in Kirtland, Ohio. Previous to accepting the ordinance of baptism, in my investigations of the principles taught by the Latter-day Saints, which I proved, by comparison, to be the same as those mentioned

in the New Testament taught by Christ and His Apostles, I was thoroughly convinced that obedience to those principles would impart miraculous powers, manifestations and revelations. With sanguine expectation of this result, I received baptism and the ordinance of laying on of hands by one who professed to have divine authority; and, having thus yielded obedience to these ordinances, I was in constant expectation of the fulfilment of the promise of the reception of the Holy Ghost.

The manifestation did not immediately follow my baptism, as I had expected, but, although the time was deferred, when I did receive it, its realization was more perfect, tangible and miraculous than even my strongest hopes had led me to anticipate.

Some two or three weeks after I was baptized, one day while engaged in my studies, I began to reflect upon the fact that I had not obtained a *knowledge* of the truth of the work—that I had not realized the fulfillment of the promise "he that doeth my will shall know of the doctrine," and I began to feel very uneasy. I laid aside my books, left the house, and wandered around through the fields under the oppressive influence of a gloomy, disconsolate spirit, while an indescribable cloud of darkness seemed to envelop me. I had been accustomed, at the close of the day, to retire for secret prayer, to a grove a short distance from my lodgings, but at this time I felt no inclination to do so. The spirit of prayer had departed and the heavens seemed like brass over my head. At length, realizing that the usual time had come for secret prayer, I concluded I would not forego my evening service, and, as a matter of formality, knelt as I was in the habit of doing, and in my accustomed retired place, but not feeling as I was wont to feel.

I had no sooner opened my lips in an effort to pray, than I heard a sound, just above my head, like the rustling of

silken robes, and immediately the Spirit of God descended upon me, completely enveloping my whole person, filling me, from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, and O, the joy and happiness I felt! No language can describe the almost instantaneous transition from a dense cloud of mental and spiritual darkness into a refulgence of light and knowledge, as it was at that time imparted to my understanding. I then received a perfect knowledge that God lives, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and of the restoration of the holy Priesthood, and the fulness of the Gospel. It was a complete baptism—a tangible immersion in the heavenly principle or element, the Holy Ghost; and even more real and physical in its effects upon every part of my system than the immersion by water; dispelling forever, so long as reason and memory last, all possibility of doubt or fear in relation to the fact handed down to us historically, that the "Babe of Bethlehem" is truly the Son of God; also the fact that He is now being revealed to the children of men, and communicating knowledge, the same as in the Apostolic times. I was perfectly satisfied, as well I might be, for my expectations were more than realized, I think I may safely say in an infinite degree.

I cannot tell how long I remained in the full flow of the blissful enjoyment and divine enlightenment, but it was several minutes before the celestial element which filled and surrounded me began gradually to withdraw. On arising from my kneeling posture, with my heart swelling with gratitude to God, beyond the power of expression, I felt—I *knew* that He had conferred on me what only an omnipotent being can confer—that which is of greater value than all the wealth and honors worlds can bestow. That night, as I retired to rest, the same wonderful manifestations were repeated, and continued to be for several successive nights. The sweet remembrance of those glorious experiences, from that time to the present, bring

them fresh before me, imparting an inspiring influence which pervades my whole being, and I trust will to the close of my earthly existence.

# Chapter II.

A Blessing Meeting.—Lorenzo's Opinion of the Patriarch.—The Patriarch's Marvelous Prediction.—Lorenzo is Puzzled.—Explained to him by Revelation.—Lorenzo in Kirtland.—Fast-day Meetings.—Outpouring of the Spirit.—Gifts Manifested.—Lorenzo's First Speech from the Pulpit.—Description of the Temple.—Fast Meetings.—A Striking Incident.—Effect of the Meetings on Lorenzo's Mind.—Wants to Preach.—Is Ordained an Elder.

Being present at a "Blessing Meeting," in the Temple, previous to his baptism into the Church; after listening to several patriarchal blessings pronounced upon the heads of different individuals with whose history he was acquainted, and of whom he knew the Patriarch was entirely ignorant; he was struck with astonishment to hear the peculiarities of those persons positively and plainly referred to in their blessings. And, as he afterwards expressed, he was convinced that an influence, superior to human prescience, dictated the words of the one who officiated.

The Patriarch was the father of Joseph, the Prophet. That was the first time Lorenzo had met him. After the services,

they were introduced, and Father Smith said to my brother that he would soon be convinced of the truth of the latter-day work, and be baptized; and he said: "You will become as great as you can possibly wish—EVEN AS GREAT AS GOD, and you cannot wish to be greater."

Unenlightened as his mind was at the time, the foregoing saying of the Patriarch was a puzzle which my brother could not comprehend, as will be seen by the following expression from his journal:

The old gentleman's prediction, that I should ere long be baptized, was strange to me, for I had not cherished a thought of becoming a member of the "Mormon" Church; but when he uttered the last clause, I was confounded. That, to me, was a big saying, and, I then thought, approaching almost to blasphemy. And why not? After years of study and diligent search after knowledge, in that which most intimately concerned me—"From whence came I?" "Why am I here?" "What is my future destiny?" In all this, I was profoundly ignorant. As yet I had received no key that could unlock those mysteries—that could make known, to my satisfaction, my relationship to Him who controls the universe.

I looked at Father Smith, and silently asked myself the question: Can that man be a deceiver? His every appearance answered in the negative. At first sight, his presence impressed me with feelings of love and reverence. I had never seen age so prepossessing. Father Joseph Smith, the Patriarch, was indeed a noble specimen of aged manhood.

But with all my favorable impressions of the Patriarch, that *big saying* was a dark parable. The prediction that I should soon be baptized was fulfilled in two weeks from the time it was spoken, and in about four years from that time I was

reminded of the foregoing prediction by a very wonderful revelation on the subject in which the principle, as well as the promise, was made clear to my understanding as the sun at noonday.

My brother spent most of the winter of 1837-8 in Kirtland, where he witnessed many marvelous manifestations of the power of God; also exhibitions of the power and opposition of the adversary. During the time he became intimately acquainted with Joseph Smith, the Prophet, and with his father, the Patriarch—with the Twelve Apostles and other leading men in the Church. In his journal he speaks of the fast meetings, prayer and testimony meetings in the Temple, as follows:

There we had the gift of prophecy—the gift of tongues—the interpretation of tongues—visions and marvelous dreams were related—the singing of heavenly choirs was heard, and wonderful manifestations of the healing power, through the administrations of the Elders, were witnessed. The sick were healed—the deaf made to hear—the blind to see and the lame to walk, in very many instances. It was plainly manifest that a sacred and divine influence—a spiritual atmosphere pervaded that holy edifice. Yes, indeed, for the Son of God, in His glory, had honored it with His royal presence. His voice, like the sound of many waters, was heard, saying:

*I am the first and the last, I am he who liveth, I am he that was slain, I am your advocate with the Father. * * * Let the hearts of your brethren rejoice, and let the hearts of all my people rejoice, who have, with their might, built this house to my name*.

*For behold, I have accepted this house, and my name shall be here, and I will manifest myself to my people in mercy in this house*, etc. (See Doctrine and Covenants.)

No language can describe my feelings when, for the first time, I stood up in one of those pulpits to address an audience—a pulpit on the breastwork of which, only a short time before, this holy Personage stood—"*his hair as white as pure snow, his eyes as a flame of fire*"—where also Moses, Elias and Elijah came and committed the keys of their dispensations to Joseph Smith. (Here the journal closes for the present.)

Public meetings were regularly held in the Temple, after its dedication, on Sundays; and on the first Thursday in each month a fast meeting, commencing at or before 10 a.m., and closing at 4 p.m. The Temple was so constructed, that with white canvas curtains, which could be dropped and raised at pleasure, the lower story was, whenever occasion required, divided into four sections or apartments. This was invariably done at those fast meetings. The two sets of pulpits, one on the east and the other on the west end of the building, were intersected by the curtain extending from east to west, so as to leave half their lengths in each apartment, and they were occupied by the presiding officers who directed the services. Thus four separate meetings were in session at the same time, without, in the least, interfering with each other—giving opportunity for four to exercise instead of one.

On the aforementioned days, Father Smith (the Prophet's father) was in the habit of entering the Temple very early in the morning, and there offering up his prayers to God, in that holy place, before the rising of the sun, after having told the Saints, publicly, that they were welcome to come as early as they pleased. The result was that many assembled before the hour of 10 a.m., and did not leave till after 4 p.m.

Father Smith, in the capacity of his calling as President, gave general counsel and instructions on fast day;

recommending that the greater portion of the forenoon should be spent in prayer, with testimonies of manifestations of the power of God, and with exhortations to faithfulness. At about 3 p.m. he would order the curtains to be drawn up—bringing the four congregations into one, over which he then presided until the close of the meeting.

The Saints were humble, and through our united faith, the Spirit of God was poured out in copious effusion, and, for one hour, we enjoyed pentecostal refreshings from on high. On these occasions the gifts of the Gospel were powerfully manifest—speaking and singing in tongues, the interpretation of tongues, the gift of healing and of prophecy, were freely exercised. These monthly fast meetings were so interesting, and so very enjoyable, that people came long distances to attend them.

At one of these meetings, an insane woman came into the quarter of the house where I had convened; she came before the opening services, and her tongue ran incessantly, making so much confusion as to render it improper, if not impossible, for the presiding Elder to commence religious services. The more she was coaxed and supplicated to be silent the more impetuous she became. At length, Elder John P. Greene, who was appointed to preside in that department, requested the congregation to kneel down and all simultaneously pray to God, vocally, that the evil spirit which was actuating that woman might be bound. The request was immediately complied with, and when we arose from our kneeling position Brother Greene, addressing the unfortunate woman (who was then silent), said: "Sister, you may now speak, for thou wilt not speak unless thou shalt speak by the Spirit of God." She instantly arose to her feet, and, in a sputtering, stammering manner, tried to speak but could not, and flew out of the Temple like a dart, and we saw no more of her that day.

I will relate one more remarkable circumstance which transpired in that interesting season—a circumstance which was not confined to either section of the Temple, but was witnessed by the many who were congregated on that day; and certainly all now living who were present on that occasion will remember. It is a testimony of answer to prayer that never can be forgotten. Father Smith presided over the meeting in the northwest section of the Temple, and after the meeting was opened by singing, he was mouth in prayer, and in course of supplication he very earnestly prayed that the Spirit of God might be poured out as on the day of Pentecost—that it might come "as a rushing mighty wind." Some time after, in the midst of the exercises of the forenoon, it did come; and whether Father Smith had forgotten what he had prayed for, or whether in the fervency of his heart, when praying he did not realize what he prayed for, I never ascertained; but when the sound came and filled the house, with an expression of great astonishment he raised his eyes, exclaiming, "What! Is the house on fire?" But presently he comprehended the cause of his alarm, and was filled with unspeakable joy.

In attending these meetings, and listening to the young Elders as they bore testimonies of their marvelous experiences in the work of God, my brother became inspired with a strong desire to engage at once in the labors of the ministry. On this subject he says:

The testimonies of young missionaries as they rehearsed their experiences as laborers in the vineyard, proclaiming the joyful news that God was again speaking to His children on the earth; that He had raised up a Prophet through whom He was communicating His will, and calling on all the inhabitants of the earth to "repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," stirred within me an irresistible desire to join in the glorious enterprise.

About this time a proclamation of the First Presidency was given from the stand, inviting those who wished to become members of the Elders' Quorum to present their names, and if accounted worthy by the Presidency, they should be ordained. With many others, I submitted my name for approval or otherwise, which is the only time in my life that I have offered my name for or solicited an office or calling.

# Chapter III.

My Brother started on Mission.—Without Purse or Scrip.—Hard work to Beg.—Affectionate Aunt.—First Meeting in Medina County, Ohio.—Baptisms.—Preaches in Court House.—Ludicrous Anecdote.—Visits Relatives.—Preaches to Schoolmates.—Baptizes some of them.

A short time after my ordination and reception into the Elders' quorum, *i. e.*, early in the spring of 1837, I shouldered my valise and started out like the ancient missionaries, "without purse or scrip," on foot and alone, to proclaim the restoration of the fulness of the Gospel of the Son of God, and to bear witness of what I had seen and heard, and of the knowledge I had received by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

It was, however, a severe trial to my natural feelings of independence to go without purse or scrip—especially the purse; for, from the time I was old enough to work, the feeling that I "paid my way" always seemed a necessary

adjunct to self respect, and nothing but a positive knowledge that God required it now, as He did anciently of His servants, the Disciples of Jesus, could induce me to go forth dependent on my fellow creatures for the common necessaries of life. But my duty in this respect was clearly made known to me, and I determined to do it.

I walked upwards of twenty miles the first day, and stayed over night with Mrs. Granger, my father's sister. She was a devoted Presbyterian, and a noble hearted woman; she thought very highly of my father's family, and that there must be something valuable in "Mormonism" or they would not have embraced it. She held me in so great esteem that she could not believe that I would suffer the same abuse, be maltreated and refused accommodation as other "Mormon" Elders. I differed in opinion, and told her I thought I need not expect to travel a smoother path than my brethren. The following morning I left my aunt and her hospitable roof, and traveled about thirty miles, and just as the sun was setting I made my first call for a night's lodging, as a "Mormon" Elder, and was refused; then another, and so on, until the eighth call, when I was admitted to a night's lodging—going to bed supperless, and leaving in the morning, minus a breakfast.

The first meeting I held was in the neighborhood of my uncle, by the name of Goddard, near the county seat of Medina County, Ohio. The people were notified and a respectable congregation assembled. It was a sore trial to face that audience in the capacity of a preacher, but I believed and felt an assurance that a Spirit of inspiration would prompt and give me utterance. I had sought by prayer and fasting—I had humbled myself before the Lord, calling on Him in mighty prayer to impart the power and inspiration of the holy Priesthood; and when I stood before that congregation, although I knew not one word I could say, as soon as I opened my mouth to speak, the Holy

Ghost rested mightily upon me, filling my mind with light and communicating ideas and proper language by which to impart them. The people were astonished and requested another meeting.

After the second meeting the court house was offered me, which I accepted, and had a very interesting time, and was treated very courteously by several of the officials. I baptized and confirmed into the Church my uncle, aunt and several of my cousins, of whom Adaline was one, who afterwards became my wife.

I traveled and preached during the following summer and autumn, in different parts of Ohio, baptizing quite a number—always traveling on foot, "without purse or scrip," and often meeting with trying and sometimes amusing circumstances.

When at the house of Brother Smith, in Stark County, Ohio, I dreamed one night that arrangements were in progress to mob me. The following evening after I had the dream, as I sat conversing with friends who had called on me, a loud rap at the door preceded the entrance of two well dressed young men, who politely invited me to accompany them to a school house about one mile distant, and address an audience already assembled. After a little hesitation on my part, they began to urgently request my acceptance of their invitation, when the dream of the preceding night instantaneously flashed across my mind, and I told them that I could not comply with their wishes. They still persisted to urge and insist on my accompanying them. When they were convinced that I was immovable in my determination of non-compliance, they not only manifested disappointment, but were exceedingly angry.

The next day I learned that they told the truth so far as a congregated audience waiting my appearance at the school

house was concerned, but the object was entirely different from that reported by the young men—it corresponded precisely with my dream.

On one occasion (having been joined by Brother A. Butterfield) I called at a hotel for our night's lodging, I think, in Stark County, Ohio. As we approached the house, we saw the landlord standing upon the porch. Accosting him, I told him we were Mormon preachers, traveling as the Elders in former times, and asked him if he would be so kind as to accommodate us with supper and a night's lodging. He very gruffly refused, saying he kept travelers for their money—not for Gospel pay; and advised us to go home, get employment, earn money, then give him a call, and he would be happy to entertain us. I replied that inasmuch as he had met our request with a decided refusal, we would bid him a good evening. But as I was turning to go, it forcibly occurred to me to say something further. Therefore, I said to him, My friend, it is not our wish to crowd ourselves upon you, but we think it might be well for you to know the fact that two servants of God have called upon you for a supper and night's lodging, which you have thought proper to refuse. The future results of what you have done you do not *now* know; but we know, and a time will come when you also will know. When that Scripture is fulfilled which says, "When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory: and before Him shall be gathered all nations: and He shall separate them as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." "Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world, for I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me." "Then shall the righteous say, Lord, when

saw we Thee hungry and fed Thee? Or when saw we Thee a stranger and took Thee in? Then shall the King say to them, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." When this event takes place, you will be there with us, and you will then know that we were the servants of God, commissioned to preach His Gospel, and when engaged in this work, we asked you to administer to our necessities, and you turned us away. This is all I wished to say: we will now go. Good night.

The gentleman seemed struck with amazement, and at a loss what to say or do. We had not proceeded far, however, before our ears were saluted with "Stop, gentlemen, hold on—you need not go off *mad*—your talk is all stuff and nonsense: but you have plenty of money, I'll be bound. Turn back, gentlemen, walk in—walk in." Of course, we turned back and walked in, and were invited to sit down to a good supper, after which the neighbors were called in, who, with the landlord and family, listened attentively and with apparent interest to our preaching. We had excellent lodging and a good breakfast in the morning, and left without a question whether we had money or not.

The journal continues: I had a strong desire to make known the way of life as God had revealed in plainness, to my relatives, friends and associates. For that purpose I visited my native town and had the privilege of preaching in the school houses, and was offered the town house, in which I met a large audience, and had the pleasure of addressing many of my school fellows and the neighbors of my parents, among whom I had been associated from childhood. How muchsoever I craved the privilege, and hailed with gratitude to God this opportunity, it was a trying position. I was well aware that the principles of the everlasting Gospel, which I estimated dearer than my mortal life, were in contrast to the creeds of the day, to

which many of my friends adhered with unyielding tenacity. I was listened to with respectful attention, and although many of my audience acknowledged their belief in my sincerity; with few exceptions, my testimony was unheeded. I had the satisfaction, however, of baptizing some of my schoolmates, who bore testimony that they received a knowledge of the truth of the work by revelation, through the reception of the Holy Ghost.

I addressed a large congregation in the meeting house, in the town of Aurora, adjoining my native town; also in Auburn, Geauga County, in a school house, mostly filled by my relatives—my grandfather, uncles, aunts, and cousins.

While on this mission, I traveled in various parts of the State of Ohio, and during the time baptized many persons who have remained faithful to the truth. The Lord was with me, and I was greatly blessed in performing my arduous labors.

# Chapter IV.

A change.—Great Apostacy.—Disaffection creeps into every Quorum.—Pride and speculation.—Apostates claim the Temple.—Warren Parrish a ringleader.—A fearful, terrible scene in the Temple.—The scene described.—What occurred the next Day.—Very interesting Court scene.—John Boynton portrayed.—Joseph and Sidney flee for their lives.—

Father Smith served with State's Warrant.—How he escaped.—Luke Johnson befriends him.—Luke's death.

During the time my brother was on this, his first mission, a great change had been going on in Kirtland, in the midst of the Saints. A spirit of speculation had crept into the hearts of some of the Twelve, and nearly, if not every quorum was more or less infected. Most of the Saints were poor, and now prosperity was dawning upon them—the Temple was completed, and in it they had been recipients of marvelous blessings, and many who had been humble and faithful to the performance of every duty—ready to go and come at every call of the Priesthood, were getting haughty in their spirits, and lifted up in the pride of their hearts. As the Saints drank in the love and spirit of the world, the Spirit of the Lord withdrew from their hearts, and they were filled with pride and hatred toward those who maintained their integrity. They linked themselves together in an opposing party—pretended that they constituted the Church, and claimed that the Temple belonged to them, and even attempted to hold it.

Warren Parrish, who had been a humble, successful preacher of the Gospel, was the ringleader of this apostate party. One Sabbath morning, he, with several of his party, came into the Temple armed with pistols and bowie-knives, and seated themselves together in the Aaronic pulpits, on the east end of the Temple, while Father Smith and others, as usual, occupied those of the Melchisedec Priesthood on the west. Soon after the usual opening services, one of the brethren on the west stand arose, and just after he commenced to speak, one on the east interrupted him. Father Smith, presiding, called to order—he told the apostate brother that he should have all the time he wanted, but he must wait his turn—as the brother on the

west took the floor and commenced first to speak, he must not be interrupted. A fearful scene ensued—the apostate speaker becoming so clamorous, that Father Smith called for the police to take that man out of the house, when Parrish, John Boynton, and others, drew their pistols and bowie-knives, and rushed down from the stand into the congregation; J. Boynton saying he would blow out the brains of the first man who dared to lay hands on him. Many in the congregation, especially women and children, were terribly frightened—some tried to escape from the confusion by jumping out of the windows. Amid screams and shrieks, the policemen, in ejecting the belligerents, knocked down a stovepipe, which fell helter-skelter among the people; but, although bowie-knives and pistols were wrested from their owners, and thrown hither and thither to prevent disastrous results, no one was hurt, and after a short, but terrible scene to be enacted in a Temple of God, order was restored, and the services of the day proceeded as usual.

But the next day Father Smith, and sixteen others, were arrested on complaint of the apostate party, charged with riot, and bound over for their appearance in court to answer to the charge. With others, I was subpoenaed as a witness, and I found the court scene as amusing as the Temple scene was appalling. The idea of such a man as Father Smith—so patriarchal in appearance—so circumspect in deportment and dignified in his manners, being guilty of riot, was at once ludicrous and farcical to all sane-minded persons. And after the four Gentile lawyers (two for each party) had expended their stock of wit, the court dismissed the case with "no cause for action," and Father Smith and his associates came off triumphant.

During the proceedings, it was very interesting to hear the lawyers for the defence describe the opposite traits of

character exhibited in the lives and appearances of the men who had apostatized from what they were when faithful in the work of God. One of them, Mr. Bissell, of Painesville, Ohio, pointing to John Boynton, said: "Just look at Mr. Boynton, see how changed! Before he apostatized, we used to see him in Painesville—he then was humble, and seemed truly a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus; but how does he seem now? all puffed up with pride. He looks more like a celestial dandy than a Saint."

Five of the quorum of the Twelve were in this apostacy; and some in every organized quorum became disaffected. Wherever the spirit of speculation—a grasping for the things of the world—obtained, the light of the Spirit of God departed, and impenetrable darkness ensued. Some even became so blind as to seek to depose the Prophet of God. At length the hostility of the belligerent party assumed such threatening attitude that, late in the autumn of 1837, Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon had to flee for their lives; and at a moment's warning, started for Missouri. But their absence did not check the persecution waged by those apostate brethren—others became the targets of their malice. Through their influence, the aged Father Smith was served with a State's warrant, but fortunately for him he was placed in the custody of Luke Johnson, who, although one of the apostates, was averse to the bitter spirit of persecution which characterized others. Naturally of a jovial turn, he was more inclined to ridicule than hostility. Having been somewhat conversant with law usages, he volunteered his services as legal adviser for Father Smith, although his custodian. He privately told Father Smith's friends that the suit was instigated through malice—that he knew Father Smith was innocent, and he was determined to do all he could for him; and he was true to his word.

A room adjoining the one in which the court was in

session, was lighted by one window. Before Father Smith was brought for trial, Mr. Johnson had examined the premises, and under the aforesaid window, on the outside, he had cautiously made preparation so that the old gentleman could reach the ground without injury. Before the court proceeded to business, Mr. Johnson said he would like a few minutes private conversation with his client. Permission was granted for him to take the prisoner into the room aforementioned. When in, he drew the nail which was the only fastening to the window—raised the window, and said to Father Smith, "Go right up to Esquire Snow's—he is a quiet man, and no one will think of going there for you." The old gentleman did his bidding, and came directly to our father's, who had purchased a home in Kirtland, and was living a mile and a quarter distant from the court scene; when he arrived, it was nearly midnight.

Mr. Johnson replaced the nail in the window, and, after giving Father Smith time to clear the premises, proceeded to the court room, where he soon discovered that his client had not followed him; whereupon he hurried back to the room to see what was detaining him. After hunting about there a short time, he came back to the court room, apparently very much disconcerted, and reported the unaccountable fact that the prisoner was not to be found. After close search by those present, who found the nail fastening in the window all right, the question was, "How did he make his escape?" The constable, who manifested the greatest astonishment of all present, finally settled the question by saying, "It is another Mormon miracle."

Father Smith remained between two and three weeks at our father's house, "hid up" from his enemies; but during the time, with the legal assistance of the justice of the peace (an honorable Gentile), he arranged his business matters preparatory to leaving for the west. Before he left, he was joined by six others, whose lives were threatened by

apostates.

Before closing this subject, I think a further notice is due the unantagonistic apostate, Luke Johnson. I happened to meet him the day after the scene in the court room—he enquired after his released prisoner, and after hearing that he reached his destination all right, he, in a jocose manner, related the foregoing circumstances, and closed with, "Father Smith will bless me for it, all the days of his life." To which, when I repeated it to Father Smith on my return home, he replied in the affirmative; and Luke Johnson is the only one of those five Apostles that returned to the Church. He was re-baptized, and lived a faithful member—was much respected, and died an honorable death in the midst of his friends, in Salt Lake City.

# Chapter V.

Leave Kirtland.—Grand Entertainment.—A noble Woman.—Lorenzo drives one Team.—He is very Sick.—Arrive in Far West, Missouri.—Elder Rigdon's Kindness.—Dr. Avord's Meanness.—His Nurse, Nightwatcher and Doctor.—An Incident.—Arrive in Adam-ondi-Ahman.—Lorenzo takes his Gun and goes out to Hunt.—A new Train of Reflections.—Hunting for Sport.—The old Settlers.—Their Antagonism.—Preparation for Defense.—False Alarm explained.

Towards the last of April, 1838, our father left Kirtland with twenty-one souls in company, to wit: his own family, consisting of his wife, two daughters, three sons, and two grand-daughters, children of our eldest sister who was at this time a widow; Brother Huntington and family; Brother James Moses and family; Brother Pearce and family, and Julian Moses, brother to James. We started with horse and ox teams, my brother Lorenzo having charge of one of our father's teams, which he drove until about one hundred miles from Far West, Missouri, when he was taken very sick with bilious fever.

On our first night out from Kirtland, our whole company stopped, in accordance with a previous pressing invitation, with one of our father's sisters, Mrs. Charlotte S. Granger. Had we been a bridal party we could not have been treated with more respect, or served more bountifully, although we were "Mormons" and she a popular Presbyterian. She was too noble minded to be a bigot. She and her husband are dead. Lorenzo has been baptized for her husband—I for her, and we have had the sealing ordinances performed in their behalf.

Our journey from Kirtland to Far West was rendered tedious in consequence of rainy weather. We arrived in Far West on the sixteenth of July, with my brother very sick in bed. For nearly one hundred miles he suffered such a racking pain in his head that when we traveled I held it as steady as possible to prevent excruciating suffering being produced by the motion of the wagon. On our arrival in Far West, Elder Rigdon met us and requested our father to take my sick brother to his house, which was gratefully accepted, and I was to stop with him, as Adam-ondi-Ahman, thirty miles distant, was father's destination; and as he had considerable stock which he could not keep in Far West, he started out the next morning, to return for us when Lorenzo should have so far recovered as to be able to

ride that distance. Dr. Avord, who afterwards made himself notorious as an unscrupulous apostate, spent most of his time sitting under an awning in front of Elder Rigdon's house, and as I was under the necessity of obtaining some medicine for my brother, as a matter of convenience I applied to him, at the same time endeavoring to make him understand that it was the medicine I wanted, and not his medical attendance; but come he would, and continued to come. My brother grew worse—the fever increased until he became quite delirious, and I determined to get rid of Avord, and to accomplish this desirable yet disagreeable task, I asked him for his bill as kindly and politely as possible. The idea struck him at once that this request signified non-attendance, and he was very angry and tried to frighten me concerning my brother's condition, by telling me that his skill was needed more then than when he first saw the patient. I tried to be as pacific as possible, but thought that this concession did not recommend him to further attendance. However, when the doctor found me unyielding, he presented his bill, and although sitting in front of the house day after day, he neither called in to see nor inquire after the sick man. I realized that the family of Elder Rigdon, himself included, at that time had more faith in medical treatment than in the healing ordinances, and they all thought me to blame for discharging the physician. But my trust was in God, the prayer of faith, and good, sisterly nursing. As soon as the fever abated, my brother's consciousness returned, and in two weeks from the time father left us he was sufficiently restored, was sent for, and we took a pleasant wagon ride to Adam-ondi-Ahman, Daviess County, although my brother had to ride on a bed.

I will here mention one little incident with which convalescents, many of them, will sympathize. As his fever began to break, my brother tried to think of

something he could relish, and his memory went back to college associations and college scenes, and to one college *dish*. At one time while attending college, he and three of his fellow students took it into their heads to try the novelty of bachelor boarding, each taking his turn in the cooking department. One particular dish, which at that time was relished very exquisitely, now haunted my brother's recollection—if he had a dish precisely like that he felt certain he could eat. His sister at that time, was his only nurse and night watcher, for the people of the house were so displeased with me for discharging the doctor that they were but little disposed to assist, and I was as little disposed to trouble them, although in every other respect they were hospitable and kind, and in fact for years had been quite partial to our family. But the dish; it must be precisely after the pattern, and could I do it? Certainly; for "what has been done can be done," and I am not afraid to try. The ingredients, as he named them, were all at my command, and, after listening anxiously to his description, I went to work and a dish was produced, but alas! it was not THE dish—"it did not *taste* like the bachelor dish." Try, try again, was my motto, and after listening attentively to a more critical description, I went at it again, and although that effort was a pronounced improvement on the first, it was not quite up to the original, but the third time trying proved a success—not so much from improvement in the skill of the cook as improvement in the appetite of the patient.

The following is copied from his journal: In Adam-ondi-Ahman, while gradually recovering from the effects of a malignant fever which had detained me a fortnight in Far West, under the constant and skilful nursing of my sister Eliza, for some time I was unable to either do, or read much. One day, to while away the slowly passing hours, I took my gun with the intention of indulging in a little

amusement in hunting turkeys, with which that section of the country abounded. From boyhood I had been particularly, and I may say strangely attached to a gun. Hunting, in the forests of Ohio, was a pastime that to me possessed the most fascinating attractions. It never occurred to my mind that it was wrong—that indulging in "what was sport to me was death to them;" that in shooting turkeys, squirrels, etc., I was taking life that I could not give; therefore I indulged in the murderous sport without the least compunction of conscience.

But at this time a change came over me. While moving slowly forward in pursuit of something to kill, my mind was arrested with the reflection on the nature of my pursuit —that of amusing myself by giving pain and death to harmless, innocent creatures that perhaps had as much right to life and enjoyment as myself. I realized that such indulgence was without any justification, and feeling condemned, I laid my gun on my shoulder, returned home, and from that time to this have felt no inclination for that murderous amusement. In fact, years had elapsed since the days of boyhood sport, and in the interval I had neither time nor opportunity for reckless indulgence. Education, the leading star of my youth, had so entirely engrossed my ambition that, until the Gospel of the Lord Jesus took possession of my mind, it was the genii before which everything else had to bow; then, almost simultaneously, missionary labors succeeded book studies, and no room was left for sportive scenes.

A spirit of mobocracy, which had previously manifested itself, was continually on the increase all around us, and very naturally suggested to our minds the thought of preparation for defense. The house we lived in, with the plantation on which it stood, father purchased on his arrival, and paid for in full. It was a "double log house," with an alley about three feet wide between the two. In this

alley our faithful watchdog was stationed, and we knew that no intruder could possibly reach either door before the dog would give an alarm, which, so far, was very satisfactory. But, to our deep regret, the mobocrats, finding the dog out of sight of the house, shot him down. He had, by his affectionate faithfulness, so won our love and confidence that he almost seemed one of the family—we sincerely mourned his loss, and I assisted my brothers in giving him a formal burial.

Amid the threatenings of mobocrats to either drive or destroy us, a circumstance occurred, which, though seriously exciting at the time, afterwards afforded us much amusement. One night at about 11 o'clock, we all were suddenly aroused from sleep by the discharge of fire arms, accompanied with loud shouts, apparently about a mile distant. We supposed that our enemies had commenced their depredations by putting their threats into execution, and were making an attack on our people, and the probability was that they would visit us in turn. We immediately began to prepare for defense by barricading the doors and windows, and distributing among all the members of the family such weapons for protection as were available, viz: one sword, two or three guns, pitchforks, axes, shovels and tongs, etc. We proposed that mother take her choice, and she thought that she could do the best execution with the shovel. With no small degree of anxiety, not only for ourselves, but also in behalf of our friends situated at the point from which the exciting sounds proceeded, we kept up a sleepless watch until morning, when intelligence was brought, explaining the cause of the night alarm, as follows: A company of our brethren had been to a distant settlement to accomplish some business requisite in consequence of threatened mob violence, and on their return, having peacefully and successfully accomplished their object, discharged their fire arms,

accompanied with a shout expressive of their happy success—resulting in our false alarm and subsequent amusement.

# Chapter VI.

Wants to go on Mission.—Elder Butterfield wishes to accompany him.—They go.—Arrive in Far West on the second day.—Father Smith blesses Lorenzo.—Blindness of Thomas B. Marsh.—Leave Far West.—Meet a camp of Brethren at the Missouri River.—Construct a craft.—Started in snow storm down the river.—Perilous times.—Narrow escapes.—A savage band.—Make their escape.—Find camping place in peace.—Leave the boat and travel on foot.—Get lodging at the house of a Mobocrat.—Mobocratic narrative.—A Campbellite Preacher's Politeness.—Courtesy of a Methodist Preacher.—A crowded house.—A Donation just in time.—Saved from a Mob by his pocket Bible.—Other Mobocrats foiled.

The journal speaks: About the first of October of this year (1838), the spirit of my missionary calling pressed so heavily upon my mind, that I longed to engage in its labors. Elder Abel Butterfield, who had accompanied me on a mission in Ohio, proposed to be my traveling

companion at this time, and although not having yet fully recovered from the effects of my summer sickness, and had not strength sufficient to endure much fatigue, I felt that I must go. My father and others thought it not prudent, but my trust was in God, and I felt an assurance that He would give me strength and restore me to soundness of health sooner if I went forth depending on Him, than if I remained at home. Accordingly, with the necessary books and a few underclothes packed in my valise, I bid adieu to father, mother, brothers and sisters, and, with Brother Butterfield, started forth to proclaim the word of the Lord to those who had ears to hear. At first I could only walk a short distance before I was compelled to sit down and rest, but my ability to walk gradually increased until I was perfectly restored.

The second day after we started, we arrived in Far West, where we stopped a short time to visit our friends. Father Smith, the Patriarch, gave us his blessing and much good fatherly counsel, and expressed much sympathy for us in connection with our mission through the southern part of Missouri, the immediate field of our prospective labors. At that time the excitement against the Latter-day Saints had been fanned to fever heat in every part of the State, consequently it was more than probable that we should meet with abuse and have to submit to many hardships.

In going the rounds in Far West, we called on Elder Thomas B. Marsh, then President of the Quorum of the Twelve. I think at that time he was indulging a spirit of apostacy, which, not long after, culminated in his severance from the Church. In our conversation with him, our spirits and his did not intermingle, and he seemed utterly blind in relation to the condition of things and the spirit of the times. He expressed unbounded charity for our enemies—said he did not think they intended us much harm—they were not naturally inclined to wickedness, etc.

It is a noticeable feature in those who cherish a spirit of apostacy from the light of the Gospel, that they adopt the doctrine of Universalism and think none too wicked for a complete and unconditional salvation.

On leaving Far West, we directed our course to the Missouri River, where we found a camp of our brethren, some of whom were intending to go down the river and return to their homes, somewhere in the southern part of the State. We joined together in constructing a kind of water-craft—it was not a canoe, neither a skiff or raft, and to name it a boat would be preposterous; but, whatever its proper cognomen, its capacity was sufficient to accommodate five men, and, on the seventeenth of October, in the midst of a heavy fall of snow, we launched it, and started on a most perilous passage down the turbid waters of a turbulent river. At that season of the year the stream was very low, and frequently through the day we experienced much difficulty in following the channel. We took turns in rowing, and, as night approached, we began in sober earnest to look out for a suitable landing, but were forced to continue on until it was quite dark, when we were every moment in danger of being upset by "sawyers," for we could hardly discern them in time to shun them. Those "sawyers" were trees or parts of trees—one end firmly embedded in the bottom of the stream, while the other end, by the motion and pressure of the current, was constantly vaccillating up and down, often swiftly and powerfully.

We met with several narrow escapes, and anxiously watched for a place of landing. At length we espied upon the bank a bright light, to which we directed our course, and, much to our relief, were enabled to bring our little bark safely to land, and after securing it, we climbed up the bank, and directly found ourselves in the presence of rough, savage looking fellows, who told us they were hunters and trappers; but their appearance and

conversation, and the whisperings of the Spirit, impressed us at once with the feeling that there was more safety on the river, searching our way amid the threatening "sawyers," than in remaining through the night in such forbidding company. Accordingly we again embarked, and pushed into the fluctuating stream. It was very dark, and as we cautiously wended our way, our ears were ever and anon saluted with the fearful sounds of the dashing "sawyers" ahead. It was prudent to keep as close to the bank as possible, in order to avail ourselves of the first opportunity to secure a landing.

We had one man at the bow to watch for "sawyers," while the others kept a vigilant look out for a place to haul up. The dense darkness of the stormy night prevented us discovering danger until we were on the point of being enveloped in it, and in several instances, our escape seemed truly miraculous. At last our perilous night voyage terminated, having drifted into a swift current which fortunately forced us upon a low place in the bank, covered with willows, briers and thorns, through which, after having fastened our bark, we made our way, and soon reached a very welcome camping ground, in the midst of a thick grove of small timber. We were not long in starting a rousing fire, and having taken from our little bark the provision we brought along, we did justice to a hearty meal, while the gratitude of our hearts arose in evening incense to Him, the Giver of all good, to whom we ascribed our safe deliverance. After vocally and unitedly returning thanks to Him for His miraculous providence in preserving us from the perils of the night, we spread our blankets, couched down and enjoyed refreshing sleep, with occasional interruptions by the wonderful clamor of seemingly thousands upon thousands of wild geese, which had gathered upon an island in the river, a short distance from our camp.

The following morning we were struck with astonishment, as we viewed, by the light of day, the river below us thickly dotted with sand-bars and bristling "sawyers," there being, apparently, no possible chance of having proceeded one dozen yards farther without steering nearly a direct course to the opposite bank of the stream, which, with our ignorance of the circumstances, and the darkness of the night, would naturally have resulted very disastrously.

After this brief but impressive experience in the labors and dangers in traveling on this celebrated river, we concluded to abandon our boat and proceed on foot. In carrying out this programme, the first night after leaving the river, we called at a gentleman's house and asked for a night's lodging, without making ourselves known as "Mormons." We were very kindly entertained by our host, whom we soon discovered was a bitter mobocrat, and had acted the part of leader of a mob in raiding one of our settlements. He was very wealthy, and had with him, as guest, a rich southern planter, who told us that he, as neutral, accompanied his friend, the captain of the mob above mentioned, and he narrated the particulars of the fight, and its termination. He said that the two parties met and fought with desperation. He sheltered himself behind a large tree which was struck by "Mormon" bullets, several times. At length a parley was held, and a council between the leaders of the parties, in which the "Mormons" agreed to abandon their location. Our host and his friend said they justified the manner in which they were expelling the "Mormons," only on the ground that they were mostly Yankees, and opposed to slavery, and they feared that by settling in the State, the interest of the inhabitants, as slave-holders, would be infringed upon. We all listened with respectful attention, but those gentlemen little thought who composed their audience, and they knew not our thoughts and the feelings of our hearts.

The next day we parted with our brethren who came down the river with us, Brother Butterfield and I traveling together and holding neighborhood meetings. We made the acquaintance of a Campbellite preacher, who became so much interested with the principles we taught, that he invited us to attend his conference, and I had a very enjoyable time in preaching to his congregation. But opportunities for preaching, in that time of excitement and belligerent feeling toward our people, did not often come when unsought, and very frequently not then. The many false reports in circulation against us were so exasperating the feelings of the people in that section, that the spirit of mobocracy was everywhere manifesting itself; in many instances it really assumed the appearance of a species of insanity. Our main object was, by giving correct information, to disabuse the minds of those we gained access to, and allay the feverish sentiment of bitterness. Whenever we succeeded in securing the attention of people, to listen to our testimonies, we were pretty sure of their confidence. We held meetings in several places where we were threatened, and in one instance preached to a congregation in which were those who had come expressly to mob us, but on seeing and hearing us, had changed their minds, and at the close of the meeting, came and made their acknowledgments.

Finding, after continued efforts, that very little good could be accomplished while excitement was running at so high pitch, and the mob spirit so rampant, we concluded to leave the State of Missouri until it cooled off from its fermented condition. Brother Butterfield took for his field of labor the northern sections of Indiana and Illinois, while I continued my course through Missouri, the southern portion of Illinois, and into Kentucky.

Just before leaving the State, as I approached a beautiful little village, called Jacksonville, I felt an anxiety to preach

to the people, and yet felt that it would not be proper to make myself known as a "Mormon" Elder. Just as I arrived at the suburbs of the town, I accosted a stranger whom I met, and desired him to inform me who was the principal minister in the place. He told me the minister's name, and said he was a Methodist, directing me to his residence. On my arrival at the house, a very fine and intelligent appearing lady responded to the door-bell, and informed me that her husband was not at home. I told her I was a minister of the Gospel—a stranger in that part of the country—that I wished to stop in town over night, and desired to improve the opportunity of preaching to the people, if a suitable house could be obtained. "To what religious persuasion do you hold, sir?" was the first inquiry. "I wish, madam," said I, "this evening, to speak to a promiscuous congregation, embracing all classes of people, therefore, I had thought, on this particular occasion, and for this special purpose, I would beg to suppress the name of the religious denomination of which I am a minister; but," I continued, "I was christened Lorenzo, having been named as you see, madam, after the celebrated Lorenzo Dow." Her eyes lighted up, and her countenance assumed a pleasant smile; she invited me to walk in and be seated—said her husband would be in directly—that he had charge of the principal chapel, and would be delighted to accord to me its accommodations. The minister soon made his appearance, to whom I was introduced by his lady. The gentleman at once assented to my wishes—sent notice around of the meeting, and had the bell of his chapel rung long and loud.

That evening I had a large, appreciative audience, and spoke with great freedom; in fact, I seldom, if ever, enjoyed greater liberty than on that occasion. What my hearers thought of me or whom they imagined I was, or whence I came, or whither I was going, I am left in

ignorance to this day, as I was not required to inform any of my audience, and of course was entirely reticent on those points. I stayed over night with the minister, and after breakfast the next morning, took my departure, no further questions having been asked in relation to my business or profession, excepting as shown in the following incident:

At this time, I was, as usual, traveling "without purse or scrip." I had proceeded two or three miles, when I noticed that just ahead of me the road forked, and being at a loss which to take, I called at a house a little in the distance, to inquire. A gentleman was standing on the porch, who, after satisfying my inquiry, with much apparent diffidence, asked if I was not a minister of the Gospel, and if I would not allow him the pleasure of contributing a little to aid in the good cause in which I was engaged, at the same time drawing from his pocket the willing offering, which I very thankfully accepted. Probably he was one of the audience at the meeting the evening before. Not more than an hour later, I found myself in actual need of a portion of the kind gentleman's donation, for I soon came to a large stream where money was necessary to pay for ferryage.

In passing through the southern portion of Illinois, I found, in general, very little interest manifest in reference to the principles of the fulness of the Gospel, but any amount of ignorance and prejudice.

I spent the remainder of the winter in travel and preaching, chiefly in the northern part of Kentucky, with varied success, and treatment—sometimes received in the most courteous manner and listened to with intense interest, and, at other times, abusively and impudently insulted; but in no instance treated worse than was Jesus, whom I profess to follow. He said: "*If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more they of his household*?"

What a fine test the Gospel is, to prove the hearts of the people! On one occasion, I was very courteously tendered a court house, and at the close of the services, I was invited home by a member of the legislature—was seated at the head of his table, and otherwise as highly honored, and as hospitably treated, as though I had been a sceptered monarch. Then, on another occasion, one evening, I was preaching in a large room of a private house, and afterwards learned that a portion of my audience had gathered for the purpose of mobbing me. They had arranged with a party that lay concealed at a little distance, and within call, to join them immediately on my leaving the house to return to my lodgings, and all proceed together to execute their schemes of vengeance. It was a very cold night, and after the close of the services I stood with my back to the chimney fire, with a number of others —some of whom belonged to the mob party. One of the latter persons, amid the jostling of the crowd, accidentally brought his hand in contact with one of the pockets in the skirt of my coat, which struck him with sudden alarm on his feeling, what he supposed to be, a large pistol. He immediately communicated the discovery to his affrighted coadjutors, all of whom directly withdrew, and, to their fellows outside, imparted the astounding news that the "Mormon" Elder was armed with deadly weapons. That was sufficient—the would-be outlaws abandoned their evil designs for fear of signal punishment; but the supposed pistol which caused their alarm and my protection, was my pocket Bible, a precious gift to me from the dearly beloved Patriarch, Father Joseph Smith.

On another occasion, while addressing a congregation in a dwelling house, in fulfilment of a previous arrangement by a lawless set, to throw a rope over my head and then drag me to the river and duck me through a hole in the ice, one of the fellows who was in front of me was in the act of

throwing his lariat, when he was discovered by the mistress of the house, who instantly gave the alarm, and he sneaked out of the congregation like a whipped dog.

# CHAPTER VII.

Leaves Kentucky.—Travels on foot five hundred miles.—Reaches his friends in Ohio.—Through fatigue and exposure, is very sick.—Receives kind attention.—Traveled and preached.—Taught school.—Great effort, and great success.—A thrilling narrative.—Arrives in Nauvoo.—The Father and Family in LaHarpe.

On the last of February, 1839, I left the State of Kentucky with one dollar and twenty-five cents in my pocket, to visit my former home in Ohio, and to settle up some unfinished business, having received, by letter from my sister Eliza, the news of the expulsion of our people from Missouri. The distance of the journey before me was about five hundred miles, and in the worst season of the year for traveling, and at a time when very little interest was felt by the people for Gospel truths, and few opportunities afforded for public preaching. The trip was a tedious one—on foot and in the midst of snow and rain storms—sometimes hard, frozen ground—sometimes mud and water soaking through my boots until my socks were wringing wet at night, and of course, hard and stiff in the morning when I was fortunate enough to get them dry. It was a hard pull, but I accomplished the feat, and worn out by fatigue and exposure, I arrived among my friends in

Ohio.

The first place I reached was a Brother Smith's, where one year before I had performed missionary labors—preached and baptized, and, at his house, made my home. Fatigue and its consequences had so changed my appearance, that at first Brother Smith and family did not recognize me. As soon as recognized, and my condition known, every attention was extended that kindness could suggest, and everything done for my comfort that warm hearts and willing hands could bestow. Then came a reaction of the overstraining of my physical powers, and with a burning fever, I was confined to my bed, and for days remained in a prostrate condition, when, through the kind ministrations of my friends and the blessing of God in the manifestations of His power, I soon recovered, and resumed my missionary labors.

The summer and fall I spent principally traveling and preaching in the northern part of Ohio. In the winter of 1839 and 1840, I was employed in teaching a district school in the township of Shalersville, Portage County, Ohio. The school was large, and its patrons all Gentiles with the exception of one family. Previous to this time, the directors had been very unfortunate in the selection of teachers; consequently the scholars were, in their studies, far behind adjacent schools. Here an opportunity presented for me to make a mark, and I determined to do it, and set myself to the arduous task of arousing and instilling intellectual life into the mentally dormant brain. I labored day and night to accomplish my purpose, *i. e*., to elevate my students to a higher standard of intellectual improvement. I succeeded, and before its close, my school had attained to such celebrity, that it was everywhere spoken of for its wonderful progress, and as having outstripped all of the neighboring schools.

But my extra exertions told seriously on my physical system, as the following little incident will illustrate: One evening I was in company with a gentleman who was with Napoleon Bonaparte's army in its retreat from Moscow. He possessed peculiar descriptive powers, and portrayed so lifelike the terrible scenes of suffering and death he had witnessed in that memorable defeat, that my mind was entirely absorbed, and my feelings and sympathies so aroused and carried along with him in his thrilling narrative, that my bodily strength was completely overcome, and I suddenly fainted and fell from my chair. This circumstance admonished me of the necessity of rest, of which I availed myself, and soon regained my usual health.

After having arranged my secular affairs, I took leave of my friends and kindred in Ohio, and started for Nauvoo, where I arrived about the first of May, 1840. I found my parents, brothers and sisters, whom I had left about eighteen months before, in Adam-ondi-Ahman, living in LaHarpe, about thirty miles from Nauvoo. O, what changes, privation, hardship and suffering, the cruel hand of persecution had produced in those eventful months! But God was with His people, and they knew in whom they trusted, and in the midst of severe trials, rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for the truth's sake.

# CHAPTER VIII.

In Di-Ahman.—Our father's purchases.—Friendliness of the "old settlers."—A spirit of hostility prevalent.—Millers would not grind our wheat.—Grating corn for

our bread.—How we cooked the grated meal.—A strange move; the old settlers abscond.—Their reports in the surrounding country. —The Military quells the uprising. —A horse mill in operation.— Mobs arouse with increased force. —Government sends Militia.— They are set to guard the Saints, who are ordered to leave the county within ten days.—The halfway house.—Food frozen.— How we ate supper.—Sleepless and jolly.—Arrive in Far West.— Seven miles out.—Move to Illinois.—To Warren County.—To LaHarpe.—To Nauvoo.

We will now leave Lorenzo in LaHarpe, preparing for a visit to Nauvoo, and return to Adam-ondi-Ahman, where he left us. In Di-Ahman, Daviess County, Missouri, our father purchased and paid in full for two homesteads, including the farm crops. The "old settlers," as the inhabitants were called, were very anxious to sell to the Latter-day Saints, who, at the time, did not comprehend nor suspect their villainy. They were obsequiously kind and friendly in their manner towards us as strangers, and we did not, for the time being, suspect their sincerity; but the sequel proved that they had made arrangements for mobbing and driving us, previous to selling, and then, according to their programme, re-take possession of the purchased premises.

Before Lorenzo started on his southern mission, as reported in his journal, a spirit of mobocracy was boldly manifested by leading citizens in the county opposing the Latter-day Saints, and at the August election preventing

their vote—also putting them to great inconvenience by laying an embargo on all of the flouring mills in that section, and preventing our people from obtaining breadstuff. Our father had abundance of wheat, but could get no grinding. In this dilemma we had to resort to graters, made by perforating tin pails and stovepipes, on which we grated corn for bread material. We tried boiled wheat, but found that it did not retain much nourishment; and our grated corn meal, when cooked by the usual process of bread making, was not quite so solid as lead, but bore a more than satisfactory resemblance to it. "Necessity, the mother of invention," prompted experimenting, and we set our wits to work to make our meal not only *eatable*, but palatable.

We had a fine crop of "Missouri pumpkins" (which, being interpreted, means the choicest kind), produced from the soil our father bought; these we stewed with a good supply of moisture, and when boiling hot, stirred it into our grated meal, which, when seasoned with salt and nicely baked—well buttered or in milk, was really very delicious; the main thing was to get enough, especially after the mob had driven in the scattered settlers, by which the number of our family was increased to twenty-five.

Elder Abel Butterfield, Lorenzo's traveling companion, was stopping with us, while waiting for my brother to regain his strength sufficient for travel, and as he required clothing made, previous to departure, my sister proposed to join me in doing his needle work, tailoring, etc., if he would give his time in grating meal for the family, which he gladly accepted. It was hard work, and after he left, we took it by turns, soaking the corn when it became so dry as to shell from the cob.

Not long after our young missionaries left us, very early one morning, we were utterly astonished with the

announcement that all of our neighbors, the "old settlers," including those of whom our father had purchased, had fled the country. On entering some of the vacated houses, clocks were seen ticking the time, coffee-pots boiling the coffee, and everything indicating a precipitate and compulsory flight. What could be the cause, and what the meaning of this unprecedented and really ominous movement was veiled in the deepest mystery, until the reaction solved it by bringing to light the most cruel perfidy. We soon learned that those unscrupulous hypocrites had scattered abroad through the settlements, arousing a mob feeling against the Latter-day Saints, by reporting that the "Mormons" had driven them from their homes, they having barely escaped with their lives at the expense of all they possessed.

This unprecedented move was sufficient pretext for an onslaught, and a general uprising of the people threatened an immediate extermination of the Latter-day Saints, which was prevented by an appeal to, and the intervention of, the military authority of the State. A posse was sent, which quelled the mob, and for a few days we had peace. The Saints took advantage of the quietus, purchased a horse-mill and soon had it in operation, and released the family graters.

But the peaceful interim was of short duration. It seemed that the turbulent spirit had gained strength by the recess, and broke out with redoubled fury. No Latter-day Saint was safe, and although our trust was in God, and we felt assured of His protection, it was wise for us to keep up a show of defence, as it had a tendency to awe our enemies. To us it was a novel sight, and would have been ludicrous (were it not painfully symptomatical of the situation) to see our venerable father walking to meeting on the Sabbath, with a Bible in one hand and a rifle in the other. At length an order was issued by the Governor of the State, for all of

the Saints to leave Daviess County within ten days from date, the sixth of December, and a company of militia was stationed in Di-Ahman, for that length of time, ostensibly to protect us from the mob, but it was difficult to tell whether the mob or the militia was most dangerous.

Before we left, the former owner of the place where we lived, came in, and looking around very impudently, inquired how soon we would be out of the house. It required an effort, but we suppressed our feelings of indignation.

The weather was extremely cold, and the morning we bid adieu to our honorably and honestly acquired transitory home, and much property which we were obliged to leave, after assisting what I could, I started before the teams, to warm my feet by walking. While musing on the changing and wonderful vicissitudes of mortal life as I walked quietly and alone, I was interrupted in my meditations by the approach of one of the militia. After the usual salutations of "Good morning," he said: "*I think this will cure you of your faith*." I looked him in the eye, and, with emphasis, replied, "No, sir, it will take more than this to cure me of my faith." His countenance dropped, and he said, "*Well, I must confess you are a better soldier than I am*." And we parted.

It took two days to go by team to Far West, and seventy-five persons, pilgrims like ourselves, put up at our stopping place for the night. It was a small vacated log house of one room only, which was the general nightly resort of people traveling from Di-Ahman to Far West. As we found it, the chinkings between the logs had been torn out, leaving open spaces through which gusts of wind had free play. When we arrived, the provisions we brought were solidly frozen, and the crowd of people was so dense, we could not avail ourselves of the fire. But we must have supper, and we

could not eat hard frozen bread, and we adopted the following: The boys milked our cows, and before the milk was strained, one of us held the dish while another sliced the bread, and the third strained the warm milk into it, which thawed the bread; thus one after another, until all were plentifully served.

Bed time came, but there was no room for beds, except for the sick, and, indeed, there was very little sitting room. Our mother was quite feeble through fatigue and exposure, and we managed to fix a place for her to lie down, while our sister and myself sat on the floor, one on each side, to ward off the crowd. I can well remember that ever memorable night—how I dare not move lest I should disturb those around me, so closely were we packed. And withal, it was a jolly time, although with the majority, a sleepless night. Some ten or fifteen feet from the house was a small horse shed, in the centre of which the brethren built a roaring fire, and around it they stood, sometimes dancing to keep warm, some roasting potatoes, while others parched corn, and all joining in singing hymns and songs, merrily passing off the hours till the morning dawn. Many started very early, which gave us access to the fire for our morning meal.

Little would strangers, could they have witnessed those seventy-five Saints, without knowing our circumstances; I say, little would they have thought that we were exiles from our homes, going to seek among strangers, abiding places for the winter, in an adjoining county, and by order of the governor, leave the State and go we knew not where, in the Spring. They would naturally have thought us a pleasure party.

On the fifth of March, 1839, after wintering seven miles from Far West, in Caldwell County, we started *en route* for Illinois, landing in Quincy; we stopped there a short time,

and from there our father moved to Warren County, in the same State; from there to LaHarpe, where Lorenzo found us, thence to Commerce, afterwards called Nauvoo.

# CHAPTER IX.

Called on mission to England.—Extraordinary communication.—Calls on families of the Twelve.—In Ohio.—Borrows money.—On board a sailing vessel.—In Liverpool.—Writes to his aunt.—Why he is there.—How he came there.—Crossing the ocean.—Terrific storms.—An ocean storm scene.—The calm.—Gratitude.—Arrives in Liverpool.—Manchester.—Birmingham.—Lorenzo says:

Early in the spring of 1840, I was appointed to a mission in England, and I started on or about the twentieth of May. I here record a circumstance which occurred a short time previous—one which has been riveted on my memory, never to be erased, so extraordinary was the manifestation. At the time, I was at the house of Elder H. G. Sherwood; he was endeavoring to explain the parable of our Savior, when speaking of the husbandman who hired servants and sent them forth at different hours of the day to labor in his vineyard.

While attentively listening to his explanation, the Spirit of the Lord rested mightily upon me—the eyes of my understanding were opened, and I saw as clear as the sun at noonday, with wonder and astonishment, the pathway of God and man. I formed the following couplet which expresses the revelation, as it was shown me, and explains

Father Smith's dark saying to me at a blessing meeting in the Kirtland Temple, prior to my baptism, as previously mentioned in my first interview with the Patriarch.

> As man now is, God once was:
> As God now is, man may be.

I felt this to be a sacred communication, which I related to no one except my sister Eliza, until I reached England, when in a confidential private conversation with President Brigham Young, in Manchester, I related to him this extraordinary manifestation.

Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Parley P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, and others of the Quorum of the Twelve, nine in all, were at this time laboring in England, and before leaving Nauvoo, the home of the Saints, I visited several of their families. I found Sister Young occupying an unfinished log hut, with a loose floor, and no chinking between the logs; consequently the sides and ends of the hut were open, leaving the inmates exposed to wind and storms. When I called, she had just returned from a long, fatiguing and fruitless search for her milch cow, which had strayed the day before, and on which she much depended for sustenance for her little ones. On my asking her what she wished me to say to her husband, she replied, "You see my situation, but tell him not to trouble, or worry in the least about me—I wish him to remain in his field of labor until honorably released." Her apparent poverty-stricken, destitute condition deeply stirred my sympathy. I had but little money—not sufficient to take me one-tenth the distance to my field of labor, with no prospect for obtaining the balance, and was then on the eve of starting. I drew from my pocket a portion of my small pittance, and presented her, but she refused to accept it; while I strenuously insisted on her taking, and she persisting to refuse—partly purposely, and partly accidentally, the

money was dropped on the floor, and rattled through the openings between the loose boards, which settled the dispute, and bidding her good bye, I left her to pick it up at her leisure. When I called on the wife of Orson Pratt, she said she wished her husband to return home as soon as possible—she needed his assistance.

On my way to New York, my point of embarkation, I called on my friends in Ohio, held a few meetings, borrowed money at a heavy interest, and proceeded on my way, traveling to New York chiefly on canal boats. I took steerage passage on board a sailing vessel, having supplied myself with blanket, buffalo robe, and a supply of provisions. I had heard tell of deck passage—I had read of deck passage, but when I experienced deck passage, with its peculiar make-up, on this voyage, I could truly say, with the Queen of Sheba, "the half had not been told;" and I felt assured that the other half never could be told. And, after all, the almost unbearable discomfort I experienced on the voyage was not attributable particularly to deck passage, but to the unpleasant peculiarities of the situation. I was surrounded with a huddled crowd of rough, uncouth people, very filthy in their appearance and habits. We had a long passage of about six weeks, in which we encountered storms and tempests, and suffered much for want of fresh water, and also a sufficient supply of food. For further particulars I transcribe the following letter written to my aunt in Ohio:

London, England, Feb. 16, 1841.

*My Dear and Highly Respected Aunt*:

With pleasure I improve the present opportunity in fulfilling the promise made at our last interview. You see by this heading, I am in the city of London, the great metropolis of the British empire. The thought that I am

between four and five thousand miles from the home of my childhood and all of my early, fond associations, very naturally prompts the question, *Why am I here*? To me, a question of no small magnitude—one, the results of which probably lie far in the future. In answer to the foregoing I would say, I am here because God has spoken, and raised up a Prophet, through whom He has restored the fulness of the everlasting Gospel, with all its gifts, powers, ordinances, and blessings; with a proclamation to all peoples, "*Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand*." In the providence of God, I have been called as an ambassador, to bear this message to the nations of the earth, which I realize devolves on me a great responsibility which I cannot discharge without the aid of the Almighty.

And now, another question suggests itself—*How came I here*? In answer to this, I can truly say, the hand of the Lord has led me, and His power has protected and preserved me in the midst of those perilous scenes to which voyagers are often exposed when on the briny deep in their passage to foreign lands.

I was nearly two weeks on the way from Cleveland, Ohio, to New York—traveled upwards of three hundred miles on the Erie canal. At Albany I took steamboat to New York, and the next day, after having supplied myself with what little necessary articles and comforts I needed on the voyage, went on board a ship just ready to sail, bidding good bye to New York, after a brief introduction and hasty glance at its temptations for sight-seeing; and, for the first time, turned my face from my native land.

I was forty-two days crossing the ocean, and during this time we encountered three terrible storms—storms which those accustomed to the ocean pronounced very dangerous. Unacquainted as I was with the turbulent waves, I was unable to judge comparatively, but, in a number of

instances, to say the least of it, the scene was fearfully terrific. I did not feel surprised that men, women and children who had not learned to trust in God, wrung their hands in an agony of fear, and wept. My trust was in Him who created the seas and defined their bounds. I was on His errand—I knew that I was sent on this mission by the authority He recognizes, and, although the elements raged and the ship swayed and trembled amid the heaving billows, He was at the helm, and my life was safe in His keeping.

I think, aunt, that you moved from Massachusetts to Ohio by land, and that you have had no experience in ocean life; now, to realize the answer to "How came I here?" Just look at me in your lively imagination, in one of these terrific storms, seated on a large hogshead of water—holding on, with both hands, to ropes near by, in order to retain my position—the ship reeling and dashing from side to side—now and then a monster wave leaping over the bulwarks, treating all present with a shower bath—see, sitting near me, a man weeping bitterly with terror in his countenance —the next moment a wave shoots over the bulwarks, dashing him from his seat and landing him precipitately against the bulwark on the opposite side, from which he arises with a broken arm and dripping wet; while many others are badly bruised by having been furiously thrown about. So much for the upper deck. Now take a peep into the deck below, where boxes, chests and barrels, having broken loose from their storage, are slipping and tumbling about among the women and children, whose groans and cries for help are in vain, so long as each man has all he can possibly do to take care of himself, for none but sailors and those accustomed to marine life can control their movements in a fierce storm on the mighty deep. No doubt but an imaginative glance at the one storm will suffice. Now, after the storm subsided and the bosom of the great

deep settled into calm repose, see the tall masts bow gently before the mildly moving breeze—the white sails unfurl in placid swells, and again the ship moves through the parting waves with stately pride, while joy and gratitude fill every heart.

When we arrived at the Liverpool docks, as the vessel approached within a few feet of the shore, the hand of an Englishman was reached forth to assist me. I immediately seized it and landed upon the island of Great Britain, just three months from the time I left my father's house in Illinois, to which place my father and family had been driven by the ruthless hand of mobocracy. The twenty-second of this month I shall have been four months in England. The pleasure I realized on the termination of a long and tedious voyage on the ocean cannot be expressed. Suffice it to say, my heart was full of the highest gratitude to Him who preserves and sustains those whom He calls and sends forth as ministers of salvation to the nations of the earth.

In Liverpool, I found a branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with about one hundred members. I tarried a few days and spoke in an evening meeting, then took the train to Manchester, distant thirty miles. On my arrival, I experienced inexpressible joy in greeting once more my brethren from America. I stopped in Manchester about ten days, during which I preached a number of times and baptized several persons. The population of this city consists of over three hundred thousand inhabitants.

From Manchester I went by coach to Birmingham. There I labored in the ministry about three months, and never enjoyed myself better, nor received kinder treatment. This great city contains about two hundred thousand inhabitants.

On the eleventh of February, in about five hours I proceeded by train to London, from which I write you. I am here, presiding over the Church in London; I also have charge of several branches established in the vicinity. The work of the Lord moves on with rapidity in all parts of Her Majesty's kingdom—in England, Scotland and Wales.

With kind regards to you, dear aunt, and to each member of your family, I subscribe myself,

Your affectionate nephew,

L. Snow.

# CHAPTER X.

Writes from Birmingham.—Church numbers Sixteen.—Conference in London.—Lorenzo appointed to preside over the London Conference.—Confirmed in Manchester.—Nine of the Twelve present.—Established a Branch in Wolverhampton.—Ordained William Henshaw.—Sent him to Wales.—William Henshaw did a good work, but "died as a fool dieth."—An encounter with Evil Spirits.—Lorenzo gets the Victory.—An Apostacy succeeds.—April 6th, Conference in Manchester.—Nine of the Twelve present.—Branches represented.—Officers set apart.—A cake for the

Twelve.—The cake distributed.—A joyful time.—Orson Hyde speaks.—Joseph Fielding speaks—P. P. Pratt composes verses.—Brigham Young and William Miller sing.—President B. Young dismisses.—Poem addressed to L. Snow.

Brother Snow writes from Birmingham under date of 6th December, 1840. He says the Church there now numbers sixteen, and that many more are on the eve of being baptized. He also informs us that the Church at Greet's Green now numbers about forty members, and that several in that place will soon become citizens of the Kingdom of God. One of the Methodist preachers has yielded obedience to the faith.—*Millennial Star*.

February 14, 1841.—At a conference in London, it was moved by Heber C. Kimball, seconded by Wilford Woodruff, that Lorenzo Snow be appointed president of this conference; also to take the superintendency of the Church in London. This appointment was confirmed on the 6th of April, at the annual conference in Manchester. At that conference, nine of the Quorum of the Twelve were present, viz: Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, Parley P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, Willard Richards, Wilford Woodruff, John Taylor and George A. Smith.

The records show that after Brother Snow's return from conference up to the 26th of May, he had baptized eighteen persons.

Before leaving Greet's Green to take charge of the Church in London, Brother Lorenzo held several meetings in Wolverhampton, a flourishing town numbering several thousand inhabitants. There he succeeded in establishing a

branch of the Church. A man, by name William Henshaw, was one of the number who embraced the Gospel at that time; a man of ability and force of character, he became very useful as a minister of and advocate for the truth.

Brother Snow ordained William Henshaw to the Priesthood, and sent him on a mission to Wales to introduce and open the Gospel door to that people. He was very successful and greatly blessed in his labors. He had baptized several hundred persons and organized quite a number of branches of the Church in that country previous to the arrival of Captain Dan Jones, who was sent as a missionary from Salt Lake to that people.

It is a matter of deep regret that, after having performed a great and good work—after having been instrumental in bringing into the Church, among the many whom he baptized, several persons who became prominent and influential preachers of the Gospel, that he should make shipwreck of his faith through that destructive demon, intemperance, and by intoxication destroy the powerful faculties with which God had endowed him. He crossed the ocean, and, in St. Louis, died a drunkard. Once beloved and highly respected, he yielded to the weakness of the flesh, and "died as a fool dieth"—an object of regret and pity, a warning to those similarly tempted.

Not long after Brother Snow was appointed to preside over the Church in London, a circumstance occurred which plainly illustrated the interference of evil spirits in human affairs, and most strikingly their use as instruments to oppose the progress of the latter-day work. A band of them undertook to frighten him from his post; but Lorenzo Snow is one whom neither favor, fright nor force can move from the post of duty.

At the time referred to, he occupied a well furnished upper

room, and directly after his appointment to the presidency, after retiring to bed at night, he was aroused from sleep by the most discordant noises. It seemed as though every piece of furniture in the room was put in motion, going slash-dash, helter-skelter, back and forth against each other in such terrible fury that sleep and rest were utter impossibilities.

He endured the unceremonious visitation for several nights, each night thinking it was the last, that they would leave as unbidden as they came, until the fact forced itself upon his mind that so long as he would tamely submit to their aggressions, so long they would continue to repeat them. Something must be done. He must claim the right of master over his own premises.

Accordingly, after a day of fasting and before kneeling to pray, as was his custom before retiring for the night, he read aloud a chapter in the Bible, and then, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, and by the authority of the Holy Priesthood, rebuked those spirits, and commanded them to leave the house—went to bed and had no more disturbance. But those spirits were not discouraged with one defeat. It was not long before several members of the Church became disaffected and came out in open rebellion, insomuch that it was painfully necessary to expel quite a number.

Manchester, April 6, 1841.—The council of the Twelve assembled in Manchester Hall, on the 6th day of April, 1841, for the first time, to transact business as a quorum, in the presence of the Church, in a foreign land, being the first day of the twelfth year of the rise of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Nine of the Quorum were present. At this Conference much was done in appointing and setting apart to offices—

ordaining, etc., as well as representing the various branches and conferences. All being accomplished, appropriate instructions were delivered by different members of the High Council relative to the duties of the officers in their respective callings, etc., etc.

A very richly ornamented cake from New York, from Elder Adams' wife to the Twelve, was then exhibited to the meeting. This was blessed by them, and then distributed to all the officers and members, and then to the whole congregation, consisting, probably of seven hundred people. A large fragment was still preserved for some who were not present.

During the distribution, several appropriate hymns were sung, and a powerful and general feeling of delight seemed universally to pervade the meeting. While this was proceeding, Elder P. P. Pratt composed and handed over to the clerk the following lines, which the clerk then read to the meeting, as follows:

When in far distant regions,
As strangers we roam,
Far away from our country,
Our friends and our home:
When sinking in sorrow,
Fresh courage we'll take,
As we think on our friends,
And remember the cake.

Elder O. Hyde appealed powerfully to the meeting, and covenanted with the Saints present, in a bond of mutual prayer, during his mission to Jerusalem and the East, which was sustained on the part of the hearers with a hearty amen.

Elder Joseph Fielding remarked that it was with the most

pleasing and grateful feeling that he had witnessed the scenes of this day. And respecting the rich cake of which they had been partaking, he considered it a type of the good things of that land from whence it came, and from whence they had received the fulness of the Gospel. He expressed a hope that they might all hold out till that day, when they should be assembled to partake of the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Elder B. Young and Elder William Miller sang the hymn, "Adieu, my dear brethren, adieu," etc. This was after the number of the official members present had been taken—one hundred and seven.

President Brigham Young blessed the congregation and dismissed them.—*Millennial Star*.

At this meeting, Brother Lorenzo reported the London Conference. No one who has never been located far from home can realize the happiness he enjoyed while associated with so many of the Quorum of the Twelve on this occasion.

TO ELDER LORENZO SNOW,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

Dearest brother, wherefore leave us?
Why forsake your friends and home?
Of your presence, why bereave us,
And in foreign countries roam?

Must the dearest ties be broken?
Must affection's garland fade?
No, O no! But God has spoken,
And His voice must be obeyed.

You have gone to warn the nations,

In the name of Israel's God;
You are called to bear salvation's
Joyful tidings far abroad.

Now the Gospel proclamation
Must be sounded far and near,
That the *best* of every nation
May in Zion's courts appear.

In the spirit of devotion
To Messiah's glorious Cause,
You have crossed the pathless ocean,
To proclaim Redemption's laws.

You are now a standard bearer
On a distant mountain top,
And perchance ofttimes a sharer
In privation's bitter cup.

God designs to try and prove you,
If you will His voice obey;
Therefore from your friends who love you,
You are parted far away.

You are called yourself to sever
From the land where kindred dwell;
But it will not be forever—
Time will surely break the spell.

Here warm friends await your greeting—
Noble friends of Abra'm's line:
Here are gentle pulses beating
In soft unison with thine.

Here are daily prayers ascending

For the appointed hour to come;
When your mission nobly ending,
We shall bid you "*Welcome home*."

Nauvoo, Jan., 1841. E. R. Snow.

# CHAPTER XI.

Brother Snow writes to Elder Pratt. —Baptisms.—A hint to the wise. —Caution and instruction.— Writes to the *Star*.—Increase in the Church in London.—Good word for Bedford.—Baptisms.—To Elder Pratt.—Sad news.—Sister Morgan's Death.—Her faithfulness and benevolence.—Her triumphant departure.—Her Husband is comforted.—Conference.— Lorenzo informs how subscriptions are obtained.—Singing in Tongues. —L. appointed First Counselor.— P. P. Pratt speaks.—Stanza.— Queen Victoria.—Presentation of the Book of Mormon to Her Majesty and the Prince Consort.

Extract of a letter written from London on the third of May, 1841:

*Elder Pratt*:

I improve a few moments in communicating some few items in reference to the prosperity of our Redeemer's

kingdom in this metropolis.

I feel happy in having the privilege of stating that the prospects of Zion's extension and enlargement in this city are far more encouraging now than at any former time since I located in London.

Though surrounded with high-handed wickedness of every description, Zion begins to break forth, and, I trust, ere long will become a shining lamp in this city.

Many people in various directions are inquiring the way of salvation, and thanks to her glorious King, Zion is beginning to array herself in her beautiful garments, even with light and intelligence, faith and power, and her children are pointing out in plainness the one and only pathway that leads up into the holy, celestial mansions of eternal rest.

On Sunday, our preaching room is crowded to overflowing. Yesterday morning I had the pleasure of baptizing eleven into the fold of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Others, also, will soon follow the glorious example.

Lorenzo Snow.

A HINT TO THE WISE.

London, May 13, 1841.

The Savior has commanded not to cast pearls before swine. I am sorry to say that this instruction is not always sufficiently regarded by those to whom our Lord has given, through the Everlasting Covenant, His pearls of wisdom, knowledge, and precious gifts. The consequence is, we lose blessings

instead of retaining them—a decrease of the Holy Spirit follows, instead of an increase, and our minds become darkened.

What I allude to is this: we too frequently engage in conversation concerning things of the kingdom of God, with persons of a wrong spirit; and feeling over anxious to make them see, understand, and acknowledge the light presented, we urge on, and persist in the conversation until we partake of the spirit of those with whom we are conversing. We ought to be particularly guarded against falling into errors of this kind.

It is very easy to understand when conversation is attended with profit. We then feel our minds enlightened, and the power of God resting upon us through the Holy Spirit—ideas flow into our minds, and we express them with ease, freedom, and calmness.

Conversation conducted in this spirit proves highly profitable, not only to ourselves, but also to those with whom we converse; and after its close, our hearts are drawn out in gratitude to the Most High for the privilege of imparting the glorious truths of the Gospel to the children of men.

L. Snow.

The following is from the *Millennial Star* of September, 1841:

Elder Snow writes from London, under date of August 21, as follows: Dear Brother—This morning I occupy a few moments in communicating a general view of the present state and prosperity of the London Conference.

Six months since, when I took charge of this conference we numbered less than one hundred members; since then we have increased to two hundred and twenty.

I recently had the pleasure of spending three weeks in Bedford and vicinity. My heart truly rejoiced to witness the good order, peace and love prevailing there. The zeal and untiring perseverance of the officers of the Church in Bedford, in leaving their homes on Sunday morning, after having labored with their hands all the week, and then walking eight and ten miles to proclaim the fulness of the Gospel, is truly worthy of commendation and of imitation by all who labor in the name, and by the authority of Jesus Christ. During the time I was in Bedford, twenty-three persons were baptized into Zion's fold, in that place and vicinity.

London, October 28, 1841.

*Elder Pratt*:

Dear Brother.—In a moment our joys are turned to sorrow, our pleasures into pain. Death has entered this part of Zion's fold, and taken one of her best and most worthy daughters.

This morning, our beloved sister, Elizabeth Morgan, after a short illness, bid adieu to her weeping husband, children and friends, and took her departure to the fair climes of

Immortality. She was beloved by all the Saints, and much respected throughout the extensive circle of her worldly acquaintance.

By her faith and knowledge, the curtains of Zion have been extended, and through her benevolence the Saints have been made to rejoice. With herself and husband, our Elders first found a home when they were strangers in London, endeavoring to rear the standard of Zion. Their house has been my home ever since my arrival.

The Church has cause to mourn her loss, especially those who participated in her friendship when laying the foundation of this branch, when dark clouds gathered thickly over their prospects, and all their efforts seemed baffled. But let them not mourn as for one who dies without hope. She died, not only in hope, but in the perfect assurance of future glory; and in her dying moments, wished me to express to Elder Kimball that she blessed the hour in which he baptized her.

One remarkable circumstance connected with this melancholy event, I wish to relate. About two o'clock this morning, we had given up all hopes of her recovery. We saw it was the will of God to take her to Himself. We had continued to offer our prayers in her behalf, and done everything consistent with scripture and the mind of God. She continually expressed a wish that no medicine should be administered to her by a doctor, and particularly requested that "*no blame should be attached to, and no reflections cast upon, her dear husband and children, because no doctor had been employed; for she wanted no physician but the Lord*."

About two o'clock, she requested me to kneel by her bedside, and, for the last time, offer my supplications, and she said she would depart in peace. I complied with her

request, and while calling upon the Lord in presence of her weeping husband, children and friends, the Holy Spirit rested on me in power, and I was moved upon to ask the God of Israel that her disconsolate husband might be comforted, even if it were by the ministering of Sister Morgan's departed spirit, that he might have thereby consolation and fulness of hope.

At the same hour, Sister Bates, of this city—a worthy member of the Church, had an *open vision*, in which she saw Sister Morgan standing in full view before her, clothed in robes beautiful and white, and around her head were clouds of glory, surpassing in splendor and brilliancy, the sun at noonday. Sister Bates rejoiced in the vision. It was not a dream, but an *open vision*, continuing some length of time. When the vision closed, she immediately related it to her husband.

When the vision was made known to Deacon Morgan, the bereaved husband, he lifted up his head and *rejoiced in sorrow,* receiving consolation even in the valley of grief. He has not a shadow of doubt that the companion of his bosom now rests in mansions of peace and glory.

Yours in the Everlasting Covenant,

L. Snow.

In the minutes of a general Conference held in Manchester, commencing on the 5th of May, 1842, published in the *Millennial Star*, we find the following:

"Elder Snow then addressed the meeting, and stated the method they had adopted in London Conference of raising funds for the Temple, which was by holding tea meetings; at which time any person wishing to appropriate for this purpose, had the opportunity. Elder Snow concluded his

address by singing beautifully in tongues."

Just before leaving England, Elder P. P. Pratt, through the *Star*, in a general address to the Saints in Europe, writes the following—"I therefore recommend and appoint Elder Thomas Ward as my successor in the office of the General Presidency of the Church in Europe, in connection with Elders Lorenzo Snow and Hiram Clark. To these persons I commit the care and government of the Church in this country for the present, trusting that they will conduct and counsel in all things according to the mind of the Spirit, and according to the counsel that shall be given them from Nauvoo from time to time by the Quorum of the Twelve or the First Presidency.

"I sincerely hope that the officers and members in the several conferences will uphold and support these men in their high and holy calling by the prayer of faith, and by a willing, submissive and teachable spirit; and in so doing they will prosper."

STANZA ON THE PRESENTATION OF THE BOOK OF MORMON TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY ELIZA R. SNOW.

Before leaving London, Elder Lorenzo Snow presented to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and His Royal Highness, Prince Albert, through the politeness of Sir Henry Wheatley, two neatly bound copies of the Book of Mormon, which had been donated by President Brigham Young, and left in the care of Elder Snow for that purpose; which circumstance suggested the following lines:

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Of all the monarchs of the earth,

That wear the robes of royalty,
She has inherited, by birth,
The broadest wreath of majesty.

From her wide territorial wing,
The sun does not withdraw its light;
While earth's diurnal motions bring
To other nations, day and night.

All earthly thrones are tottering things,
Where lights and shadows intervene;
And regal honor often brings
The scaffold or the guillotine.

But still her sceptre is approved;
All nations deck the wreath she wears;
Yet, like the youth whom Jesus loved,
One thing is lacking, even there.

But, lo! a prize possessing more
Of worth than gems with honor rife—
A herald of salvation bore
To her the words of endless life.

That gift, however fools deride,
Is worthy of her royal care;
She'd better lay her crown aside
Than spurn the light reflected there.

O would she now her influence bend—
The influence of royalty,
Messiah's Kingdom to extend,
And Zion's "nursing mother" be:

Thus, with the glory of her name
Inscribed on Zion's lofty spire,
She'd win a wreath of endless fame,

To last when other wreaths expire.

Though over millions called to reign—
Herself a powerful nation's boast,
'Twould be her everlasting gain
To serve the King, the Lord of Hosts.

For there are crowns and thrones on high,
And kingdoms there to be conferred—
There honors wait that never die—
There fame's immortal trump is heard.

Truth echoes—'tis Jehovah's word;
Let kings and queens and princes hear:
In distant isles the sound is heard:
Ye heavens, rejoice! O earth, give ear!

The time—the time is near at hand
To give a glorious period birth:
The Son of God will take command,
And rule the nations of the earth.

# CHAPTER XII.

Brother Snow's Mission terminates.—Reports four hundred Members in the London Conference.—Is appointed to take charge of two hundred and fifty Saints *en route* to Nauvoo.—Embarks on the "Swanton."—The Steward's sickness.—Grows worse and worse.—Is given up, and

nearly dead.—Sister Martin insists with the Captain.—Is repulsed, and again asks that Elder Snow may administer to the Steward.—She obtains consent.—The man is healed.—Baptisms in New Orleans.—The Company reaches Nauvoo.—Great Reception.—Waving of Handkerchiefs.—The Prophet present.—Reminiscences.—My joy in meeting Lorenzo.—How we associated.—Appeal to my Husband.—Their Interview.—The Result.

In April, 1842, at the Conference in Manchester, President P. P. Pratt presiding, Lorenzo Snow represented the London Conference, consisting of four hundred members, fourteen Elders, thirty-two Priests, seven Teachers, eight Deacons, including ten branches. During his presidency he visited and preached to congregations in many places, bearing testimony to the truths of the Gospel of the Son of God, having, at the time of embarking for his native country, traveled in England four thousand miles.

At the close of his mission, he was appointed to take charge of a company of Saints, consisting of about two hundred and fifty souls, *en route* for Nauvoo; and in January, 1843, embarked on the ship "Swanton." The commander, Captain Davenport, and officers of the crew were kind and courteous, which contributed much to ameliorate the discomfort incident to life on the ocean.

The steward, a German by birth, was a young man, very affable in manner, and gentlemanly in deportment—a general favorite and highly respected by all. During the latter part of the voyage he took sick, and continued

growing worse and worse, until death seemed inevitable. All means proved unavailing, and the captain, by whom he was much beloved, gave up all hope of his recovery, and requested the officers and crew to go in, one by one, and take a farewell look of their dying friend, which they did silently and solemnly, as he lay unconscious and almost breathless on his dying couch.

Immediately after this sad ceremony closed, one of our sisters, by the name of Martin, without my brother's knowledge, went to the captain and requested him to allow my brother to lay hands on the steward, according to our faith and practice under such circumstances, saying that she believed that the steward would be restored. The captain shook his head, and told her that the steward was now breathing his last, and it would be useless to trouble Mr. Snow. But Sister Martin was not to be defeated; she not only importuned, but earnestly declared her faith in the result of the proposed administration, and he finally yielded and gave consent.

As soon as the foregoing circumstance was communicated to my brother, he started toward the cabin where the steward lay, and in passing through the door met the captain, who was in tears. He said, "Mr. Snow, it is too late; he is expiring, he is breathing his last!" My brother made no reply, but took a seat beside the dying man. After devoting a few moments to secret prayer, he laid his hands on the head of the young man, prayed, and in the name of Jesus Christ rebuked the disease and commanded him to be made whole. Very soon after, to the joy and astonishment of all, he was seen walking the deck, praising and glorifying God for his restoration. The officers and sailors acknowledged the miraculous power of God, and on landing at New Orleans several of them were baptized, also the first mate, February 26, 1843.

At New Orleans the Saints left the "Swanton," and, on board the "Amaranth," wended their way up the Missouri and Mississippi rivers to the city of Nauvoo. Descriptive of their arrival, I clip the following paragraph from the "History of Joseph Smith," under date of April 12, 1843:

"Before the Elders' Conference closed, the steamer 'Amaranth' appeared in sight of the Temple, coming up the river, and about noon landed her passengers at the wharf opposite the old Post Office building, consisting of about two hundred and forty Saints from England, under the charge of Elder Lorenzo Snow, who left Liverpool last January, after a mission of nearly three years. This is the first boat up this season."

The time of the arrival had been announced, and many hearts (mine not excepted) were anxiously and expectantly beating, and when the steamer came in sight, every eye was turned in the direction, and as it neared the landing, white handkerchiefs were waving along the shore, up and down, for a great distance. President Joseph Smith, with a large number of brothers and sisters, was present to greet our friends, and he gave notice to the new comers to meet at the Temple on the next day at ten o'clock, to receive instructions.

It should be borne in mind that time and progress have wrought great changes since that event—at that time steamers were not navigating the ocean with the astonishing rapidity they are doing forty years later—crossing in a few days; and, at that time, letter communication was very tardy in comparison with the present fast age, and cablegram nonexistent. In consideration of these circumstances, it will be readily understood that a mission to England *now* differs very considerably from a mission to England *then*—saying nothing about the aid and facilities of the railroads of the

present day. In view of all these improvements, it is easy to comprehend that the arrival of a company of Saints from Europe was hailed as an important event. To me, personally, the one alluded to above was particularly so.

The appearance of the "Amaranth," as it came in sight, attracted the gaze of many eyes, but I then thought, and still think, that of all the crowd that watched its progress up the Mississippi, as it approached the wharf, no one felt a deeper interest than myself. Knowing that the steamer held a dear brother with whom, three years before, I parted for an indefinite period, I watched it coming, and the white handkerchiefs waving from its deck—perhaps one is his, and in a few moments I shall clasp the hand that waves it! Although I determined to appear to the bystanders undemonstrative, I have not forgotten how my heart beat when the steamer reached the wharf. It may seem trivial to others, but that is one of the incidents in my life that has fastened indelibly on my memory.

While my brother was absent on this, his first mission to Europe, changes had taken place with me, one of eternal import, of which I supposed him to be entirely ignorant. The Prophet Joseph had taught me the principle of plural, or Celestial Marriage, and I was married to him for time and eternity. In consequence of the ignorance of most of the Saints, as well as people of the world, on this subject, it was not mentioned only privately between the few whose minds were enlightened on the subject.

Not knowing how my brother would receive it, I did not feel at liberty, and did not wish to assume the responsibility of instructing him in the principle of plural marriage, and either maintained silence, or, to his indirect questioning, gave evasive answers, until I was forced, by his cool and distant manner, to feel that he was growing jealous of my sisterly confidence—that I could not confide

in his brotherly integrity. I could not endure this—something must be done. I informed my husband of the situation, and requested him to open the subject to my brother. A favorable opportunity soon presented, and, seated together on the lone bank of the Mississippi river, they had a most interesting conversation. The Prophet afterwards told me that he found that my brother's mind had been previously enlightened on the subject in question, and was ready to receive whatever the spirit of revelation from God should impart. That Comforter which Jesus said should "*lead into all truth*," had penetrated his understanding, and while in England had given him an intimation of what at that time was, to many, *a secret*. This was the result of living near the Lord, and holding communion with Him.

# CHAPTER XIII.

Plural Marriage.—It tries the Prophet.—God commands, and he must obey.—Interview on the bank of the river.—The Prophet's words.—Gives Lorenzo a precious promise.—Lorenzo and myself visit our Parents, and return.—Lorenzo goes to Ohio.—Where he finds me on his return.—Close of 1843.—A social gathering.—Extract from Lorenzo's speech.—He organizes a company.—The General's compliment.—Lorenzo's experience in an unfortunate school.—Makes a success.—Mobbing at Lima.

It was at the private interview referred to above, that the Prophet Joseph unbosomed his heart, and described the trying mental ordeal he experienced in overcoming the repugnance of his feelings, the natural result of the force of education and social custom, relative to the introduction of plural marriage. He knew the voice of God—he knew the commandment of the Almighty to him was to go forward —to set the example, and establish Celestial plural marriage. He knew that he had not only his own prejudices and prepossessions to combat and to overcome, but those of the whole Christian world stared him in the face; but God, who is above all, had given the commandment, and He must be obeyed. Yet the Prophet hesitated and deferred from time to time, until an angel of God stood by him with a drawn sword, and told him that, unless he moved forward and established plural marriage, his Priesthood would be taken from him and he should be destroyed! This testimony he not only bore to my brother, but also to others —a testimony that cannot be gainsayed.

From my brother's journal: "At the interview on the bank of the Mississippi, in which the Prophet Joseph explained the doctrine of Celestial Marriage, I felt very humble, and in my simplicity besought him earnestly to correct me and set me right if, at any time, he should see me indulging any principle or practice that might tend to lead astray, into forbidden paths; to which he replied, 'Brother Lorenzo, the principles of honesty and integrity are founded within you, and you will never be guilty of any serious error or wrong, to lead you from the path of duty. The Lord will open your way to receive and obey the law of Celestial Marriage.' During the conversation, I remarked to the Prophet I thought he appeared to have been endowed with great additional power during my mission in England. He said it was true; the Lord had bestowed on him additional divine power."

On the 22d of May, Lorenzo and I started on a visit to our parents in Walnut Grove, seventy-five miles northeast from Nauvoo, and we returned on the 1st of June. On the 12th, he left for Ohio; and when he returned on the last of August, he found me at our sister's, Mrs. Leonora A. Snow Morley, where our brother's occasional visits were highly appreciated. He spent a few days with us at the close of the year 1843. On the evening of December 31, a social circle of a few choice friends convened at the house of our sister, and we had a lovely time.

My brother being one of the orators of the evening, and his sister secretary *pro tem*., I copy from my own journal the following extracts from his parting speech, on the closing year:

Lima, Sunday Evening, December 31, 1843. The year 1843 is just closing upon us with all its eventfulness. While meditating upon the subject, the thought suggested to my mind that it was brother Lorenzo's turn to address those present. I made the motion, which was seconded and carried unanimously (of course); and responding, he gave a very interesting address—beautifully adapted to the occasion and to the peculiar circumstances of those present.

He spoke of the anticipations of the future, on which the past had a very important bearing—the probable eventful scenery of the year about to open before us. In referring to the past, he said that the individuals present, while standing on the threshold of the year now closing, *did not* and *could not* imagine it possible for the changes to transpire which have transpired, with the reception and understanding—the light and intelligence connected with principles of salvation, etc., which will have an important bearing upon our future welfare; and we may also expect that the coming year will be as replete with interesting

changes, and with consequences of more importance than our minds at present are capable of comprehending.

But from the marvellous dealings of Divine Providence in overruling all things for our good—in bringing us safely through difficult scenes, we may look forward without the least anxiety—having everything to hope and nothing to fear.

In referring to his own personal experience he said that one year ago he was in the great city of London, presiding over the conference of Saints in the metropolis, and officiating as first counselor to the President of all the Churches in the British Empire—looking forward with deep solicitude, anticipating the difficulties and dangers that awaited him in crossing the boisterous ocean, and holding the responsibility attendant on leading up to Zion a company of Saints; but the Lord had brought him through most successfully; and we are here together, enjoying the blessings of social life, etc., etc.

He said, the year upon which we are soon to enter will, probably, release some of us from the difficulties into which the changes of the past have placed us; it will open our path and make things clear before us, but, perhaps we shall then meet other things of an unpleasant nature, as consequent attendants on those circumstances, and that scenery in which we may find ourselves.

He forcibly suggested the utility of suppressing all anxiety with respect to the future, saying, "How illy were we qualified one year ago to pass through the scenes through which we have been led with success! From which, let us realize the folly of an over anxiety to pry into scenes that are lying before us, inasmuch as God will prepare the way by a gradual process, step by step; and leading us forward in a manner that will prove easy, as we pass along, but

which, if presented to our view at once, would seem insurmountable."

He said that inasmuch as we are disposed to do right, we may learn from the past year's experience, that those things which we are called to suffer, produce a very different effect upon the mind from what we should anticipate if they were presented before us in prospect; producing pleasure and satisfaction where we would look for misery. While we reflect with astonishment on the past, we may be instructed to set our hearts at rest with regard to the future; and also by contrasting the situations of some present with our situations one year ago, and taking into consideration our present enjoyments, we find it practicable for the mind to rise superior to circumstance; by having cultivated in our bosoms such principles as are calculated to elevate the affections—bring the feelings into subjection and give stability to the mind; thus producing happiness independent of outward contingencies—possessing our happiness within ourselves.

He said, in taking a retrospective view of our lives, even from the time we embraced the Gospel, although we had passed through some scenes of severe trials, God had borne us off victoriously thus far, even to our great astonishment and we may confidently trust in His guidance and protection for the coming year!

I will here record a little circumstance which transpired a short time after my brother returned from his English mission, as follows:

By request of Lieutenant General Joseph Smith for him to organize a military company, which was to constitute a portion of the celebrated "Nauvoo Legion," Lorenzo proceeded at once. The company which he organized was mostly composed of volunteers from the company of

Saints he had recently conducted from England. In the selection of officers, he was chosen captain.

At their first parade they were inspected by Gen. Smith, by whom the captain was highly complimented for the fine martial appearance and good military maneuvering of his company. It would not be at all surprising if an encomium from that source should arouse the long dormant military spirit of a man, who, as his early history tells, had so strikingly manifested a chivalrous vein in his "make up." Suffice it to say, the "Legion" claims the finale of Lorenzo's military tactics.

An interval occurred between the missionary travels of my brother, which he decided to spend alternately between Nauvoo and the home of our sister, Mrs. L. A. Morley.

Her home was in a small town called Lima, thirty miles south of Nauvoo. A few families of the Saints had clustered there, but most of the inhabitants were "old settlers," and anti-Mormon in their feelings, yet, when there was no uprising, very friendly and respectful to those of our people who sojourned among them.

Knowing that Lorenzo was rather leisurely that winter, the trustees solicited him to teach their district school. He consented, although, at the time, he well knew that he was taking an elephant by the bitts. The condition of that school was simply preposterous. A club of rough, ungovernable, rowdy boys, for some time previous, had prided themselves on whipping teachers and breaking up schools. The Saints being a small minority, could exercise no authority to remedy the evil, and the "old settlers" too indifferent on the subject of education to do so, and the roughs carried the day, insomuch that no teacher had been able to complete his term for some time before this, without serious difficulty.

Lorenzo was unaccustomed to defeat, and in this instance was willing to risk the chances. In the first place, he must obtain a school certificate of his moral character and proper qualifications, in order to secure the share of public money to which the district was entitled. Mr. Williams, a notorious mobocrat, was the one authorized to issue certificates, and to him my brother applied. The examination was not only brief, but very superficial—sufficiently so to exhibit Williams' profound ignorance, which was truly amusing.

The day arrived—he opened school—the belligerents were at their post, and as he proceeded in the arrangements, he noticed a half dozen of those boys grouped together, eying and scrutinizing him in that kind of earnestness that means business. Without a wise policy on his part, a battle was inevitable. "*Stoop to conquer*," was at this juncture his watchword. Physically they had decidedly the advantage of him, but mentally the advantage was altogether on his side. He resolved to win respect by conferring it. "*Love, and love only, is the loan for love*," and he addressed those boys as though they were most respectable gentlemen. Grown up without either moral or mental culture, they were larger, and some of them perhaps older than himself.

He took especial pains to impress them with a sense of the interest he felt in their behalf, and the efforts he purposed making to assist them forward in their studies, with his peculiar faculty for teaching—the ambition he felt in this direction, etc., etc. In this way, by kindness and persuasion, their feelings relaxed—their confidence was won, and with patient and continued exertions, the unscrupulous roughs were transformed into respectful students; and long before the expiration of the term, with surprising progress, they had become habitually studious.

The parents of those sons whom, through the wisdom that

God had given, my brother had *civilized, moralized* and *mentalized*, were delighted with the wonderful changes, and expressed their high appreciation and deep gratitude for the interest he had taken in their behalf.

Patriarch Morley, the husband of our sister Leonora, presided over the Saints at Lima. A few families, mostly his family connections, had grouped together and formed a little neighborhood of their own, which was known as the "Morley Settlement." Here occurred the first violent outbreak of hostilities against the Latter-day Saints in the State of Illinois. It commenced in a sudden raid in which houses and other conbustible property were burned, to that extent that the Saints had to flee precipitately, and destitute, to Nauvoo, leaving their real estate possessions to a heartless mob.

# CHAPTER XIV.

The Prophet instructs the Twelve. —They appoint a Delegation to seek a location for the Saints.— Lorenzo notified to be in readiness. —Change intervenes.—An unprecedented apostacy.—Joseph Smith's correspondence.—Calls for an expression from candidates for the Presidency.—Copy of Appeal. —Disgusted with their responses. —Offers himself as candidate.— Elders electioneer.—How Lorenzo succeeds.—Terrible news— Assassination.—Mournful Elegy. —Meeting mobocrats.

On the 20th of February, 1844, the Prophet Joseph Smith instructed the Twelve Apostles to send a delegation and make explorations in Oregon and California, and seek a good location to which we can remove after the Temple is completed, and "*where we can build a city in a day, and have a government of our own*."

In accordance with the foregoing instructions, the Twelve appointed the following committee: Jonathan Dunham, Phineas H. Young, David D. Yearsley, David Fullmer, Alphonso Young, James Emmett, George D. Watt, Daniel Spencer. Subsequently others, including Lorenzo Snow, were called, and some volunteers were added to the above list.

Previous to this, the Prophet had remarked to me that he anticipated moving to the Rocky Mountains with all his family, where he could live in peace and worship God unmolested. But other scenes and prospects awaited us. Ever busy change was hurrying onward to a fearful point. The most inveterate apostacy that this Church has yet had to meet was inaugurated in open rebellion against the authorities and the Priesthood in general.

After the expulsion of the Latter-day Saints from the State of Missouri, the authorities of the Church, from time to time, appealed to the rulers of the nation for redress. When Martin Van Buren filled the presidential chair, the Prophet Joseph, after acquainting His Excellency with the causes of our grievances, received from our Chief Magistrate the laconic response: "*Your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you*."

When the campaign of 1843 opened, Joseph Smith opened correspondence with those brought forward as candidates for the presidency, requesting an expression of their views and the policy they proposed to pursue toward the

"Mormons," if elected. The following is a copy of the document:

Nauvoo, Ill., November 4, 1843.

Dear Sir.—As we understand you are a candidate for the presidency at the next election, and as the Latter-day Saints (sometimes called "Mormons," who constitute a numerous class in the school politic of this vast republic) have been robbed of an immense amount of property, and endured nameless sufferings, by the State of Missouri, and from her borders have been driven by force of arms, contrary to our national covenants; and as in vain we have sought redress by all constitutional, legal and honorable means, in her courts, her executive councils, and her legislative halls; and as we have petitioned Congress to take cognizance of our sufferings, without effect, we have judged it wisdom to address you this communication, and solicit an immediate, specific and candid reply to, What will be your rule of action relative to us as a people, should fortune favor your ascension to the Chief Magistracy?

Most respectfully, sir, your friend, and the friend of peace, good order and constitutional rights,

Joseph Smith,

In behalf of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

A copy of the above was sent to John C. Calhoun, Lewis Cass, Richard M. Johnson, Henry Clay and Martin Van Buren.

After receiving their answers, he was so thoroughly disgusted with their narrow, illiberal sentiments, that he published a manifesto, in which he boldly expressed his

"VIEWS OF THE POWERS AND POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES," a document well worthy the study of the most erudite student of national policies.

At length, to the surprise and intense gratification of many of his friends, Joseph Smith acceded to their repeated solicitations, and consented to become a candidate for the presidency of the United States.

Those who best knew him—those who comprehended the depth of his understanding, the greatness of his soul, the superhuman wisdom with which he was endowed, the magnitude of his calling as the leader of the dispensation of the fulness of times, and the mouthpiece of God to this generation, considered it a marked condescension for him to be willing to accept the position of President of the United States; while those who, not having any personal acquaintance with him, had formed their opinions by the scurrilous reports circulated about him, and only knew of him as a base impostor—an ignorant leader of a poor, despised people, designated it as one of the most absurd and even ludicrous of all pretensions. The idea of "old Jo Smith" aiming at the highest gift of the nation—"the money digger" assuming such prerogative, struck them with as much astonishment, and was treated with as much derision as though he had been one of Macbeth's ghosts.

But his friends were in earnest. They knew that through the revelations of God he was in possession of higher intelligence, and more correct understanding of national policies, and particularly the needs of our own government as a republic, than any other man living. After he had submitted himself to be announced as a candidate for the presidency, a national convention assembled in Nauvoo, in which eighteen States were represented.

Subsequently to this the Twelve (with the exception of Willard Richards and John Taylor) and many other prominent Elders were sent to various parts of the United States, which the following extract from Lorenzo's journal will explain:

I was appointed to take the supervision of the political interests of General Joseph Smith, as candidate for the presidential chair, in Ohio, my native State. For this purpose I left Nauvoo, and proceeded directly, by steamboat and stage, to the neighborhood of Kirtland, in the northern part of the State, where I secured the printing of several thousand pamphlets, setting forth his political views, suggestions, propositions, etc., for distribution.

I then procured a horse and buggy, and traveled through the most populous portions of the country, lecturing, canvassing, and distributing pamphlets. Many people, both Saints and Gentiles, thought this a bold stroke of policy; however, our own people generally, whom I met, were quite willing to use their influence and devote their time and energies to the promotion of the object in view.

I had a very interesting time—had many curious interviews, and experienced many singular circumstances, on this my first and last electioneering tour. To many persons who knew nothing of Joseph, but through the ludicrous reports in circulation, the movement seemed a species of insanity, while others, with no less astonishment, hailed it as a beacon of prosperity to our national destiny. In the midst of these extremes, my progress was suddenly brought to a close, by a well confirmed report of the massacre of the Prophet and his brother Hyrum.

When this terrible news reached me, I was near Cincinnati, to which place I immediately repaired, and found the

Apostle, Amasa Lyman, who had just arrived from Nauvoo with intelligence of the martyrdom, and with counsel and instructions to the Saints and Elders.

The news of this sad event, of course, came wholly unexpected, and struck me with profound astonishment and grief, which no language can portray. As a partial expression of my thoughts and feelings, I quote the following lines, written by my sister:

THE ASSASSINATION OF GENERALS JOSEPH SMITH AND HYRUM SMITH,

FIRST PRESIDENTS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS, WHO WERE MASSACRED BY A MOB, IN CARTHAGE, HANCOCK CO., ILL., ON THE 27TH OF JUNE, 1844.

And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held:

And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?

And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled.—Rev., vi; 9, 10, 11.

Ye heavens, attend! Let all the earth give ear!
Let Gods and seraphs, men and angels hear:
The worlds on high—the universe shall

know,
What awful scenes are acted here below!
Had Nature's self a heart, her heart would bleed
At the recital of so foul a deed;
For never, since the Son of God was slain,
Has blood so noble flowed from human vein,
As that which now on God for vengeance calls
From "Freedom's" ground—from Carthage prison walls.

Oh, Illinois! thy soil has drunk the blood
Of Prophets, martyred for the truth of God.
Once loved America! what can atone
For the pure blood of innocence thou'st sown?
Were all thy streams in teary torrents shed,
To mourn the fate of those illustrious dead,
How vain the tribute for the noblest worth,
That graced thy surface, O degraded earth!

Vile, wretched murderers, fierce for human blood,
You've slain the Prophets of the living God;
Who've borne oppression from their early youth,

To plant on earth, the principles of truth.

Shades of our patriot fathers! Can it be,
Beneath your blood-stained flag of liberty,
The firm supporters of our country's cause,
Are butchered while submissive to her laws?
Yes, blameless men, defamed by hellish lies,
Have thus been offered as a sacrifice,
T' appease the ragings of a brutish clan,
That has defied the laws of God and man!
'Twas not for crime or guilt of theirs, they fell:
Against the laws they never did rebel.
True to their country, yet her plighted faith
Has proved an instrument of cruel death.

Great men have fallen, mighty men have died—
Nations have mourned their fav'rites and their pride;
But, two so wise, so virtuous and so good,
Before on earth, at once, have never stood
Since the Creation—men whom God ordained,
To publish truth where error long had reigned;
Of whom the world itself unworthy

proved;
It KNEW THEM NOT, but men with hatred moved,
And with infernal spirits have combined
Against the best—the noblest of mankind.

O, persecution! shall thy purple hand
Spread utter desolation through the land?
Shall Freedom's banner be no more unfurled?
Has peace, indeed, been taken from the world?

Thou God of Jacob, in this trying hour,
Help us to trust in Thy Almighty power —
Support the Saints beneath this awful stroke—
Make bare Thine arm to break oppression's yoke.
We mourn Thy Prophet, from whose lips have flowed
The words of life Thy Spirit has bestowed—
A depth of thought no human art could reach,
From time to time, flowed in sublimest speech,
From Thy celestial fountain, through his mind,
To purify and elevate mankind;
The rich intelligence by him brought forth,
Is like the sunbeam spreading o'er the

earth.

Now Zion mourns—she mourns an earthly head;
Her Prophet and her Patriarch are dead;
The blackest deed that men and devils know,
Since Calv'ry's scene, has laid the brothers low.
*One* while in life, and *one* in death—they proved
How strong their friendship—how they truly loved;
True to their mission, until death they stood,
Then sealed their testimony with their blood.

All hearts with sorrow bleed, and every eye
Is bathed in tears; each bosom heaves a sigh;
Heart broken widows' agonizing groans
Are mingled with the helpless orphans' moans.

Ye Saints! be still, and know that God is just—
With steadfast purpose in His promise trust;
Girded with sackcloth, own His mighty hand,
And wait His judgments on this guilty land.
The noble Martyrs now have gone to move
The cause of Zion in the courts above.

Nauvoo, July 1, 1844.

With saddened heart I then returned to the vicinity of Kirtland, from whence I started—arranged some matters of business and set my face homeward, traveling with horse and buggy; nothing of interest, worthy of notice, occurring, except, perhaps, I might mention a little incident which happened after passing through Carthage, the place of Joseph and Hyrum's martyrdom.

The spirit of destruction, mobocracy and murder was rampant, and our enemies in Carthage, and other towns and settlements in the vicinity of Nauvoo, were seeking every opportunity to wreak vengeance upon our people, especially when it could be accomplished without endangering themselves.

One morning, near the break of day, as I approached the summit of a long hill, I saw about a dozen fierce looking men, armed with guns and bowie knives, advancing towards me. As we approached each other about half way down the hill, they eyed me very suspiciously—stopped, talked low and excitedly, but just at that moment one of my buggy wheels struck a stone, giving the vehicle a sudden jolt, upon which I turned towards them, and in an angry voice exclaimed, "Boys! Why in hell don't you repair this road!" "*He is one of us*," quickly remarked one of the group. "*He is all right, let him pass*."

I had several hundred dollars about my person, most of which had been entrusted to me to be delivered to various parties; how far my uncouth and undignified expression went as security for their money, must be left to conjecture.

# CHAPTER XV.

Lorenzo a Bachelor.—The Prophet instructs him.—He changes tactics.—Marries.—Wives and Endowments.—In the Temple.—Wrath of our Enemies.—Expulsion of the Saints.—Cross the Mississippi River.—Intensely cold.—Snow storm.—Outfit.—Camp organized.—Moves forward.—Song No. 1.—Song No. 2.

Up to this time my brother lived a bachelor. The great work in which he was engaged as a missionary of the Gospel of salvation to the nations of the earth, had so engrossed his mind and engaged the energies of his soul, that virtually he had ignored the first commandment to "multiply and replenish the earth." To devote his time, his talents, his all to the ministry was his all-absorbing desire; and in consonance with this desire, he had cherished the idea that domestic responsibility would lessen his usefulness; and, until the law of Celestial Marriage was fully explained to him by the Prophet Joseph Smith, in a prolonged interview while the two were seated alone on the bank of the Mississippi river, as before related, he had not conceived the idea that marriage was one of the *duties* of the great mission of mortal life.

With him, this, as well as every other practical doctrine, was only to be understood to be obeyed. It is one of his peculiarities to do nothing by halves; and when convinced of the duty of marriage, and that it was a privilege accorded him in connection with his ministerial calling, he entered into it on an enlarged scale, by having two wives sealed to him in the holy bonds of matrimony, for time and

eternity, at the same time; and not long after, another was added to the number, and then another. Thus, all at once, as it were, from the lone bachelor he was transformed into a husband invested with many domestic responsibilities. Probably a realizing sense of the fact that he had arrived at the mature age of thirty-one years in celibacy, suggested to him the propriety of making up for lost time by more than ordinary effort, and out of the old beaten track.

Previous to the administration of those sacred sealing ordinances, he explained to each of the chosen ones the law, obligations and object of Celestial Marriage, and that he might be expected to take others—that the ceremony being precisely the same for each, they would all occupy the same equal position, no one having a higher claim than another.

It was distinctly understood and agreed between them that their marriage relations should not, for the time being, be divulged to the world; but if circumstances should be such that he would wish to acknowledge as wife, before the world, either one of them, he should be permitted to do so.

Early in the winter of 1845-6, the Nauvoo Temple was so far completed that the administration of the sacred ordinances of the Holy Priesthood was commenced, and continued until about the first of February—thousands of the Saints receiving endowments and sealings. My brother and his wives, among the number, had their washings, anointings and endowments, and were sealed at a holy altar, a privilege and blessing which they estimated above all earthly honors. When Lorenzo walked across the inner court of the Temple proceeding to the altar, accompanied by his four wives, all stately appearing ladies, one of the Temple officiates exclaimed, "*And his train filled the Temple*!"

The wrath and bloodthirsty spirit of our enemies, sustained and encouraged by State authority, at this time predominated to that degree that the labors in the Temple were closed, and the energies of the Saints directed towards a hasty flight, to avoid impending extirpation. Time and circumstances admitted of very little, and in many instances, no preparation for a journey of an indefinite length; and to what point we did not know, but *go we must*.

I crossed the Mississippi river on the 12th of February; my brother, with a portion of his family, a few days later, after having made the necessary arrangements for the others to follow. On the day in which he crossed the river, the Nauvoo Temple took fire, but fortunately the fire was extinguished before much damage was sustained.

We camped near the bank of the river, in a small grove. We were poorly prepared for the journey before us, especially at this season of the year. A heavy snowstorm occurred, after which the weather turned intensely cold, and caused considerable suffering. My brother had two wagons and a small tent, one cow and a scanty supply of provisions and clothing, and yet was much better off than some of our neighbors in our general encampment.

On the 7th of February, 1846, Brigham Young, our great leader under God, organized the Camp in order for traveling. Lorenzo was, at this time or soon after, appointed captain over the ten in which Parley P. and Orson Pratt and their families were included. On the first day of March, the ground covered with snow, we broke encampment about noon, and soon nearly four hundred wagons were moving to—*we knew not where*.

As applicable to the circumstances, I here insert two poems which I wrote in Camp:

CAMP OF ISRAEL.

No. 1.

Although in woods and tents we dwell,
Shout! shout! O Camp of Israel:
No "Christian" mobs on earth can bind
Our thoughts, or steal our peace of mind.

CHORUS.
Though we fly from vile aggression,
We'll maintain our pure profession—
Seek a peaceable possession,
Far from Gentiles and oppression.

We'd better live in tents and smoke,
Than wear the cursed Gentile yoke;
We'd better from our country fly,
Than by mobocracy to die.

CHORUS.—Though we fly, etc.

We've left the City of Nauvoo,
And our beloved Temple too;
And to the wilderness we go,
Amid the winter frosts and snow.

CHORUS.

Our homes were dear—we loved them well—
Beneath our roofs we fain would dwell,
And honor our great God's commands,
By mutual rights of Christian lands.

CHORUS.

Our persecutors will not cease
Their murd'rous spoiling of our peace,
And have decreed that we shall go
To wilds where reeds and rushes grow.

CHORUS.

The Camp, the Camp—its numbers swell—
Shout! shout! O Camp of Israel!
The King, the Lord of hosts is near,
His armies guard our front and rear.

CHORUS.

West side of the Mississippi, Feb. 19th, 1846.

CAMP OF ISRAEL.

No. 2.

Lo, a mighty host of Jacob,
Tented on the western shore
Of the noble Mississippi,
They had crossed, to cross no more.
At the last day-dawn of winter,
Bound with frost and wrapped in snow;
Hark! the cry is "Onward, onward!
Camp of Israel, rise and go."

All at once is life and motion—
Trunks, and beds, and baggage fly;
Oxen yoked, and horses harnessed,
Tents rolled up and passing by:
Soon the carriage wheels are moving,
Onward to a woodland dell,
Where at sunset all are quartered—
Camp of Israel, all is well.

Thickly 'round the tents are clustered,
Neighb'ring smokes together blend;
Supper served, the hymns are chanted,
And the evening prayers ascend.
Last of all the guards are stationed—
Heavens! must guards be serving here?
Who would harm the houseless exiles?
Camp of Israel, never fear.

Where is Freedom? Where is Justice?
Both have from this nation fled;
And the blood of martyred Prophets
Must be answered on it's head!
Therefore, to your tents, O Jacob!
Like our Father Abra'm dwell;
God will execute His purpose—
Camp of Israel, all is well.

March 1st, 1846.

# CHAPTER XVI.

Garden Grove.—Pisgah.—Severe sickness.—Death of Elder Huntington.—Lorenzo called to preside.—Condition of the Saints.—A dilemma.—Lorenzo's policy.—How he succeeded.—A ludicrous and enjoyable entertainment.—Births.—Death.—Life incidents.—President Young's call.—Appointments.—Another wife.—Arrives in the Valley.—Ordained into the Quorum of the

Twelve.—Builds a log house.

We moved slowly forward. As this was the breaking up of winter, travel with teams was exceedingly difficult, especially as our teams were not suitably provided for; the animals lived mostly on browse (buds and twigs of trees, which were felled for this purpose), and, consequently, were weak and poor.

At a locality which we named Garden Grove, we made a halt, and commenced an improvement by building a few log huts, etc. This was done, more especially, for the benefit of those who would follow—a few remaining to cultivate the ground and prepare a resting place for the weary Saints, while the main body of the camp moved forward to another halting place, which we named Pisgah.

Now to my brother's journal: At this place I was taken seriously and dangerously ill with a burning fever, which so affected my brain that I was delirious many days, lying at the point of death. While in this condition, Elder Phineas Richards, the father of Apostle F. D. Richards, assisted by other kind brethren, took me from my bed, wrapped in a sheet—placed me in a carriage, drove to a stream of water, and baptized me in the name of the Lord, for my recovery. The fever immediately abated, and through kind, unwearied nursing and attention, by my faithful, loving wives, and my dear sister, E. R. S. Smith, aided and sanctified through the power and blessing of God, I was delivered from suffering and restored to health. The sickness was the result of extreme hardships and exposures consequent on the journey.

Elder William Huntington was called to preside over the settlement in Pisgah, which position he filled until, as many others in that location, he was removed by death, and his mortal remains consigned to the silent grave. After his

death, Elder Charles C. Rich was appointed to fill the vacancy. In the following Spring, 1847, Elder Rich left for the Bluffs, to join the main body of emigrants, and I succeeded him as president of Pisgah.

By this time the Saints in Pisgah were in a very destitute condition, not only for food and clothing, but also for teams and wagons to proceed on their journey. Several families were entirely out of provision, and dependent on the charity of their neighbors, who, in most cases, were illy prepared to exercise that virtue. But, above all this, a sweeping sickness had visited the settlement, when there were not sufficient well ones to nurse the sick; and death followed in the wake, and fathers, mothers, children, brothers, sisters and dearest friends fell victims to the destroyer, and were buried with little ceremony, and some destitute of proper burial clothes. Thus were sorrow and mourning added to destitution. (Here the journal closes for the present.)

What a dilemma! And who better calculated to cope with it than Lorenzo Snow? With an indomitable energy—a mind fruitful in expedients, and a firmness of purpose that never yielded to discouragement, he proved himself equal to an emergency which would have terrified men of ordinary abilities.

In the first place he moved to arouse and combine the energies of the people—organized the brethren in companies, making selections of suitable men, some to proceed to the Gentile settlements to obtain work for provisions and clothing, others to put in crops at home and look after the families of those who were called away—to repair wagons, making new ones out of old, and to manufacture chairs, barrels, tubs, churns, baskets and such other articles as could be disposed of to advantage in the neighboring settlements.

In creating the desirable and necessary union and perfecting these arrangements, he met with much opposition from some who professed to be Latter-day Saints, in consequence of their ignorance and selfishness; but through the blessings of the Lord, he succeeded in having his plans successfully executed.

He sent Elders Dana and Cambell, two intelligent and judicious brethren, to the State of Ohio and other parts of the country, to solicit aid, to invite rich Gentiles to contribute to the wants of the Saints and assist them in their journey westward. They succeeded in gathering funds amounting to about six hundred dollars. The arrangements entered into resulted in supplying the people with abundance of food and clothing, besides facilitating the exodus of those who wished to proceed on the journey as early as practicable.

Now the journal speaks: I had the pleasure of taking a wagon load of provisions up to the Bluffs, and in behalf of the Saints of Pisgah, presenting it to President Brigham Young as a New Year's gift, who manifested a warm feeling of gratitude for this kind token of remembrance.

During the long winter months, I sought to keep up the spirits and courage of the Saints in Pisgah, not only by inaugurating meetings for religious worship and exercises, in different parts of the settlement, but also by making provisions for, and encouraging proper amusements of various kinds. These entertainments corresponded with our circumstances, and, of course, were of a very unpretentious and primitive character; their novel simplicity and unlikeness to anything before witnessed, added greatly to the enjoyment. They were truly exhibitions of ingenuity.

As a sample, I will attempt a description of one, which I improvised for the entertainment of as many as I could

reasonably crowd together in my humble family mansion, which was a one-story edifice, about fifteen by thirty, constructed of logs, with a dirt roof and ground floor, displaying at one end a chimney of modest height, made of turf cut from the bosom of Mother Earth. Expressly for the occasion we carpeted the floor with a thin coating of clean straw, and draped the walls with white sheets drawn from our featherless beds.

How to light our hall suitably for the coming event was a consideration of no small moment, and one which levied a generous contribution on our ingenuity. But we succeeded. From the pit where they were buried, we selected the largest and fairest turnips—scooped out the interior, and fixed short candles in them, placing them at intervals around the walls, suspending others to the ceiling above, which was formed of earth and cane. Those lights imparted a very peaceable, quiet, Quakerlike influence, and the light reflected through those turnip rinds imparted a very picturesque appearance.

During the evening exercises, several of my friends, in the warmest expressions possible, complimented me and my family for the peculiar taste and ingenuity displayed in those unique and inexpensive arrangements.

The hours were enlivened, and happily passed, as we served up a dish of succotash, composed of short speeches, full of life and sentiment, spiced with enthusiasm, appropriate songs, recitations, toasts, conundrums, exhortations, etc., etc. At the close, all seemed perfectly satisfied, and withdrew, feeling as happy as though they were not homeless.

In Pisgah, my family was composed of the following individuals: Mary Adaline (my eldest wife); Hyrum, Orville and Jacob, her sons by a former husband;

Charlotte, Sarah Ann, Harriet Amelia. Porter and John Squires continued as members of my family until we arrived in Salt Lake Valley, and, in fact, till I returned from my Italian mission.

All of the women above mentioned were sealed to me as my wives in the Temple at Nauvoo, where we all received our second anointings.

In Pisgah, Charlotte gave birth to a daughter (my firstborn), which we named Leonora, after my eldest sister. Also Adaline gave birth to a daughter, named Rosetta, after my mother.

Little Leonora was taken sick and died, and with deep sorrow we bore her remains to their silent resting place, to be left alone, far from her father and the mother who gave her birth. Sarah Ann also gave birth to a daughter, named after my sister and her mother, Eliza Sarah.

Before the spring opened and grass grew sufficient to sustain our stock, we were under the necessity of felling trees, to feed our animals upon the buds and twigs, to keep them alive.

In the latter part of winter, my only cow sickened and died, a loss which we seriously felt. She had been a great help to us on our journey, by supplying us with milk—was remarkably domesticated, kind and gentle. She was a present from Sister Hinckley, of Portage County, Ohio. People familiar with the circumstances of the Saints at that time would readily pardon my family for shedding a few tears on the occasion. Incidents which in after years would seem of very little or no consequence were at that time subjects of grave consideration.

One night, when our animals were driven into the corral,

after having browsed among the tree tops through the day, it was discovered that one steer was missing. Early the next morning, with great anxiety, we went in search of it. About a mile from home we came to the river, along the bank of which our stock had been feeding. The stream was much swollen in consequence of the melting snow and ice. For a long time our search was fruitless; at last, when about to give up the pursuit, I discovered, on the opposite side of the river, the head and horns of my drowned ox protruding out between some large cakes of ice. I must confess a feeling of sadness stole over me at the unwelcome sight. It broke up one of my teams which it really seemed impossible for me either to spare or replace.

Early in the spring of 1848, Lorenzo was counseled by President Young to join him and his company, and proceed to the valleys of the mountains. Prompt to the instructions, he organized a company comprising about twenty-five families and started westward.

On arrival at the "Horn," he was appointed captain over one of the "hundreds," embracing one hundred wagons. He selected Elder Leman Hyde captain over one "fifty," and Elder John Stoker captain of the other "fifty."

On the day his company left their encampment at the "Horn," another wife, Eleanor, was sealed to him by President Brigham Young. The journal says: I managed to discharge my obligations as captain of my "hundred" very satisfactorily, for which I felt truly grateful to the Lord.

He arrived in the valley with his family without further serious accident—all in good health and rejoicing in the blessings of prospective peace. Soon after arrival, he was successful in obtaining what at that time was considered a fashionable log house, very similar in size, style and finish to that heretofore described which he left in Pisgah.

On the 12th of February, 1849, he was cited to put in an appearance at a meeting of the Twelve, then in session. Why or wherefore he could not imagine; but, with his characteristic promptitude, he went forthwith, ruminating in his mind whether he was called to answer some unsuspected charge or other; but a consciousness of faithful integrity to the duties assigned him predominated over every apprehension. To his great surprise, on arrival he was informed of his appointment to the Quorum of the Twelve, and was then ordained a member of that quorum. Elders C. C. Rich, Erastus Snow and F. D. Richards were also ordained into that quorum at the same time, under the hands of Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards, Parley P. Pratt and John Taylor.

In the spring and summer, with the assistance of Porter and John Squires, he built a log house on his lot in Salt Lake City, which, although a little more ample in dimensions and a little improved in appearance, bore a striking resemblance to those he occupied in Pisgah, and in Salt Lake City on his first entrance.

# CHAPTER XVII.

The first celebration.—Lorenzo chairman of committee.—Description of Escort—Moves from Bowery to President Young's.—Receives the Presidency.—Returns to Bowery.—Singing by the way.—Cheers.—Hymn.—Prayer.—Declaration of Independence read.—Speech by Silver Greys.—Ode sung by Silver

Greys.—Shout of hosanna.—March to the dinner tables.—A rich feast.—Thousands of the Saints partake.—Gentiles *en route* to California, partake.—Scores of Indians partake.—Grandeur in Simplicity.—Gratitude to God.

The first celebration in the valleys of the mountains was held on the twenty-fourth of July, 1849—the second anniversary of the entrance of the pioneers. In this, Lorenzo had much to do. In fact, the originating and compiling the programme for the exercises of the day, was the product of his fertile brain. The occasion was one which called into requisition his inventive abilities, and exhibited his taste and skill as an organizer; also the wonderful power of co-operative effort in carrying concerted plans into execution. Truly, it was not creating out of nothing; but when we take into consideration the circumstances of the people at that time—driven from their homes—robbed and plundered, and so recently located in a sterile waste, one thousand miles from all supplies, except what they extracted from a long-barren soil; it will be at once realized that it required no small stretch of thought and ingenuity to organize, and with appropriate honors, celebrate a day of so much historical importance as the one in question. But they had "the right man in the right place;" for in this instance, as in everything he undertook, Lorenzo verified the adage, "What is worth doing, is worth doing well." And, to make a success of whatever he undertook, he neither spared labor nor application.

Although, since that early day of our mountain home, as circumstances have changed—means been multiplied, and foreign resources brought within the reach of this once isolated people, insomuch that in more recent celebrations of that ever memorable day, the twenty-fourth of July,

mammoth displays have been crowned with wealth and magnificence, this first, the opening one—this display of civilization in a desolate wilderness has never been eclipsed.

As it may be interesting to many of the coming generation, we will here give a brief description of the celebration, as follows: The inhabitants were awakened by the firing of cannon, accompanied by music. The brass band, playing martial airs, paraded the principal streets of the city, in a gaily decorated omnibus, with prancing steeds, and with banners flying, returning to the Bowery, from whence they started.

The Bowery was one hundred feet long, by sixty wide; it was built on one hundred and four posts, and covered with boards; but for the services of this day, a canopy or awning was extended about one hundred feet from each side of the Bowery, to accommodate the vast multitude at dinner.

At half-past seven, the large national flag, measuring sixty-five feet in length, was unfurled at the top of the liberty pole, which was one hundred and four feet high, and was saluted by the firing of six guns, the ringing of the "Nauvoo bell," and soul-stirring airs from the band.

At eight o'clock, the multitude was called together by music and the firing of guns—the Bishops of the several wards arranging themselves in the sides of the aisles, with the banners of their wards unfurled, each bearing an appropriate inscription.

At a quarter past eight a grand and imposing escort was formed, under the direction of Lorenzo Snow, Jedediah M. Grant and Franklin D. Richards, in the following order, to wit: (1) Horace S. Eldredge, marshal, on horseback, in military uniform; (2) brass band; (3) twelve Bishops,

bearing the banners of their wards; (4) twenty-four young men dressed in white pants, black coats, white scarfs on the right shoulder, and coronets on their heads, each carrying in his right hand a copy of the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States, and each wearing a sheathed sword by his side—one of them carrying a beautiful banner, on which was inscribed, "The Lion of the Lord;" (5) twenty-four young ladies dressed in white, with blue scarfs on the right shoulder, and wreaths of white roses on their heads, each carrying a Bible and a Book of Mormon, and one carrying a neat banner, inscribed with "Hail to our Captain;" (6) P. P. Pratt, John Taylor, Charles C. Rich, Daniel Spencer, David Fullmer, Willard Snow, Erastus Snow; (7) twenty-four Silver Greys, led by Isaac Morley, Patriarch—each carrying a staff, painted red on the upper part, with a bunch of white ribbon floating at the top—one of them carrying the "Stars and Stripes," bearing the inscription, "LIBERTY OR DEATH."

The escort marched from the Bowery to the residence of Governor Brigham Young, and, at nine o'clock, when Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball had taken their position in the procession, in front of the Twelve Apostles, it moved forward, led by the committee, while the cannon roared, the musketry rolled, the "Nauvoo bell" pealed forth its silvery notes, and the air was filled with the soul-stirring strains of the brass band; and, as a soft, sweet and soothing refrain, intermingling harmoniously as they marched, the twenty-four young ladies and twenty-four young gentlemen sang the following, composed by Apostle P. P. Pratt:

THE MOUNTAIN STANDARD.

Lo! the Gentile chain is broken—
Freedom's banner waves on high.

List, ye nations: by this token,
Know that your redemption's nigh.

See, on yonder distant mountain,
Zion's standard wide unfurled;
Far above Missouri's fountain,
Lo! it waves for all the world.

Freedom, peace and full salvation
Are the blessings guaranteed;
Liberty to every nation,
Every tongue and every creed.

Come, ye Christian sects and pagan,
Pope and Protestant and priest—
Worshipers of God and Dagan,
Come, O come, to Freedom's feast.

Come, ye sons of doubt and wonder,
Indian, Moslem, Greek or Jew;
All your shackles burst asunder—
Freedom's banner waves for you.

Cease to butcher one another—
Join the covenant of peace;
Be to all, a friend—a brother,
This will bring the world's release.

Lo! our King, the great Messiah,
Prince of Peace, shall come to reign;
Sound again, ye heavenly choir,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

On arriving at the Bowery, the escort was received with shouts of "HOSANNA TO GOD AND THE LAMB!" While the Governor and suite, Patriarch and Presiding Bishops were passing down the aisle, the people cheered

and shouted, "HAIL TO THE GOVERNOR OF DESERET." These being seated on the stand by the committee, the escort marched around the Bowery, singing an appropriate hymn—then down the aisle, and were seated in double rows on each side.

The assembly was called to order, and prayer offered by Apostle Erastus Snow.

Richard Ballantyne, chairman of the twenty-four young men, came to the stand, and, in a neat speech, presented the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States to Governor Young, which was received with three shouts, "MAY THEY LIVE FOREVER!" led by Governor Young.

The Declaration of Independence was then read, the brass band following with lively airs, after which the following Song of Liberty, by E. R. S. Smith, was sung by the twenty-four young ladies:

SONG OF LIBERTY.

Long, long ago, when Earth and Time
Were in the morn of life,
All joyous in their lovely prime,
With fragrant beauty rife.
All nature then in order crowned
With perfect harmony;
Luxuriant products clothed the ground,
O, there was liberty.

No vail obscured the worlds on high
From those that dwelt on earth;
But in the pathway of the sky,
They journeyed back and forth.
Then God and angels talked with men,

And woman, too, was free,
For both were pure and sinless then,
In perfect liberty.

The curse pursued transgression's track,
And man from God was driven,
Until the Priesthood brought him back,
To do the will of heaven.
We'll shout hosanna to the Lord,
For what is yet to be,
When earth and man will be restored
To God and liberty.

We see the lighthouse brightly blaze
Far o'er the boisterous wave;
With cheering prospects thus we gaze
On hopes beyond the grave;
For woman, if submissive here
To God's divine decree,
Restored, will fill a noble sphere
In glorious liberty.

The Lord has set His gracious hand,
And by His mighty power,
He led His people to this land—
Preparing for the hour;
For Earth and Time are growing old,
And soon Eternity
Will to the Saints of God unfold
CELESTIAL LIBERTY.

The singing by the young ladies performed, Elder Phineas Richards came forward in behalf of the twenty-four aged sires, and read their loyal and patriotic address, as follows:

*To our honorable President and this respectable Audience*:

Respected Fellow Citizens:—Permit us, the aged Fathers in Israel, to mingle our voices with yours on this interesting occasion—an occasion which is calculated to call into exercise the most acute feelings of the human heart.

The circumstance which we this day commemorate, will form a very important item in the history of succeeding ages. Two years ago this day, when President Brigham Young first entered this valley, he completed the most extraordinary expedition ever recorded in the annals of history.

There are sometimes small and seemingly trivial events in the life of man, with which every other period most naturally associates. There are circumstances in the history of nations, which seem as fulcrums, around which everything else revolves. But the period, the circumstance, the event which we now commemorate, is one with which is associated the interests of the world—the salvation of the whole human family.

What must be the feelings, this day, of President Young, the leader of that noble band of Pioneers, while he contemplates the results of the last two years? Realizing the responsibility of his position as the head of a numerous people, persecuted and driven from their cherished homes, where their first leader and Prophet had sealed his mission with his blood; we say, what must have been his feelings when, with a little band, with barely necessaries sufficient to sustain life for a few months, and leaving their families nearly destitute, on lands claimed by faithless savages, he started forth into the wilderness in search of a home for his people, like Abraham of old, "not knowing whither he went?" But he knew that God had called him—he trusted in the arm of Omnipotence, and by the unseen hand of the Almighty Jehovah, their feet were directed across a

trackless desert to this place. And who, fellow citizens, with the recollections of the past and the anticipations of the future, would attempt to describe the feelings that on this occasion fill the breasts of your aged fathers?

Soon, like the Patriarchs of old, we expect to be gathered to our fathers. Our bosoms swell with gratitude to the Most High, that after years of tossing to and fro, our feet are once more established upon a land of peace; although exiled by the bloody hand of persecution from the much loved lands of our nativity—our once beautiful homes and quiet firesides, where we inherited the sweets of domestic life from those who fought the battles of the American Revolution, to establish the principles of equity, and a government of peace. From them, too, as a natural inheritance, have we imbibed, and with ardor cherished, the holy fire of patriotism; which, having been constitutionally implanted in our natures, can never become extinct. As easily might the earth be removed from its orbit—as well might yonder sun be made to emanate darkness instead of light, as the glorious principles of liberty be eradicated from our bosoms.

Little did our fathers think, while rehearing to their children the sufferings of the pilgrims who fled from the religious oppression of the Old World, and while recounting the scenes of hardship, privation and death, while passing through the struggle that "tried men's souls," to plant the tree of liberty, to establish freedom and equal rights, and to bequeath the laws of protection and republicanism to their posterity—we say, little did they think that we, their sons, would have to cower beneath the hand of oppression—be chased like the roe upon the mountains, and forced to flee before the reeking sword of an unhallowed mobocracy, and hunt a refuge, a hiding place, beyond the track of civilization! Little did they think that so soon the proud-crested Eagle would seek an asylum

behind the western hills, and that the blood of the noblest martyrs that ever graced this lower world would remoisten the soil which had so lately been purchased by the blood of heroes!

But, brethren and friends, we who have lived to threescore years, have beheld the government of the United States in its glory, and know that the outrageous cruelties we have suffered proceeded from a corrupted and degenerate administration, while the pure principles of our boasted Constitution remain unchanged. President Joseph Smith experienced and well comprehended this corruption; and, inspired by the Spirit of the Almighty, foretold the sequel, and, with the pencil of heaven, portrayed the impending desolation and ruin; and, prompted by an unction from the upper world, essayed to put forth his hand to preserve the tottering fabric from destruction. "But they have done unto him as they listed"—they have driven the Saints from their midst—they have demolished the bulwarks of liberty and protection, and now the vengeance of insulted heaven awaits them!

In our humble opinion, having been taught by bitter experience, that under a defective administration of political government, religious toleration can exist only in name, it devolves upon us, as a people instructed by the revelations of God, with hearts glowing with love for our fallen country, to revive, support, and carry into effect the original, uncorrupted principles of the Revolution, and the constitutional government of our patriotic forefathers.

To you, President Young, as the successor of President Smith, do we now look, as to a second Washington, so far as political freedom is concerned, to replant the standard of American liberty, to unfurl the banner of protection, to re-establish equal rights, to nourish the broad-plumed eagle that has fled to the recesses of the mountains crowned with

eternal snows, to unsheath the sword of justice, to do honor to the memories of the heroes of the Revolution, and to *his* memory whose blood now cries from the ground in behalf of a loyal, innocent, persecuted and exiled people.

From a long personal acquaintance, and a knowledge of the inflexible, godlike integrity which has characterized your adherence to, and your support of, our murdered Prophet; with the utmost confidence we pledge ourselves to uphold, and, as much as lies in our power, to assist you in resuscitating and re-establishing those glorious principles, while we live; and when we die, *we bequeath this pledge* as a sacred legacy to our children. As we have inherited the spirit of liberty and the fire of patriotism from our fathers, so let them descend unadulterated to our posterity.

Should not we, who have suffered atrocious cruelties, rise up and redeem our once sacred Constitution from the foul disgrace with which it has been stamped, and the eternal infamy to which it is destined, unless a spirit of philanthropy and independence shall somewhere be aroused for its rescue? Shall not we, fellow citizens, rise up in the spirit of freemen and do honor to the shades of the departed heroes of '76? Let us show ourselves to be worthy sons of our noble, patriotic ancestors. Let us prove to the United States, that when they drove the Saints from them, they not only drove from their midst soldiers who were bravest in protecting their western frontier, but also the firmest supporters of American Independence. Let us be true to our trust. Profiting by scenes of suffering in the recent school of our experience, let us watch with jealous eye the first encroachment of civil power. Should the infernal monster despotism dare lift its hydra head upon this western Territory, Mr. President, although burthened by the weight of years, and worn down with hardship, privation and fatigue, we, the gray-headed, with you for

our leader, are ready at any moment to step forth and unsheath the sword in defense of that which our fathers have taught us to hold dearer than life.

Yes, we are ready; and, as we follow you, we call upon these young men, our sons, to follow us; and sooner lay their lives upon the holy altar of liberty than submit to be crushed by the inquisitorial Juggernaut of oppression. Let the sacred motto "*Liberty or Death*" be inscribed on every scabbard, helmet, buckler and shield.

Yes, here, with this Territorial government, let a standard of liberty be erected that shall reach to heaven, and be a rallying point for all the nations of the earth. Here let the insigniaed banner begin to be unfurled that shall yet extend its benign protecting wand to every kingdom upon the face of the earth; that while revolution treads on the heel of revolution—while commotion, anarchy and devastation push forward the reckless besom of destruction, and with continuous sweep are annihilating the last hopes of comfort in human life; while in the prophetic language of Scripture, "all faces shall gather blackness," *here* let the ensign of peace, like a heavenly beacon, invite to a haven of rest, an oasis of civil, political and religious liberty.

From here let peans of theo-democracy or republicanism reverberate from valley to valley, from mountain to mountain, from Territory to Territory, from State to State, from nation to nation, from empire to empire, from continent to continent, till the thrilling echo shall be responded from Behring's Straits and the straits of Magellan, from Great Britain and the states of Europe, from Africa, from Hindostan and even from China, the proud, self-styled "celestial empire" of the east.

At the conclusion of the address, the assembly arose and shouted three times, "Hosanna! hosanna! hosanna to God

and the Lamb, for ever and ever, amen and amen!" while the banners were waved by the Bishops. Then, after the band had played a lively air, the clerk read the Ode to Liberty, written for the occasion by E. R. S. Smith.

The ode was then sung by the Silver Greys, to the tune "Bruce's Address."

ODE TO LIBERTY.

Fairest spirit of the skies,
Fairest child of Paradise,
Once Columbia's lawful prize—
Glorious Liberty.

Thee our noble fathers sought—
For thyself our heroes fought,
Thus our bleeding patriots bought
Precious Liberty.

When thy banner waves abroad,
All may freely worship God,
Fearless of the tyrant's rod—
Sacred Liberty.

Never, never cease to wave
O'er the ashes of the brave;
Shield, O shield the patriot's grave—
Flag of Liberty.

Should oppression boldly dare
From thy brow the wreath to tear,
Righteous vengeance shall not spare
The foes of Liberty.

Sooner than to bondage yield,
Bravely in the battle field,
Let the sons of freemen wield

The sword for Liberty.

God, who moved our worthy sires,
When they kindled Freedom's fires,
Zion's noble sons inspires
To cherish Liberty.

Here, with godlike grasp and bold,
We the Constitution hold,
Pure as when it's sacred fold
Sheltered Liberty.

Freedom, Justice, Truth and Peace,
Shall throughout these vales increase;
Shout, O shout, till time shall cease,
Truth and Liberty!
Here, amid the mountain sky,
Freedom's banner waves on high;
Let the heaven-born echo fly—
GOD AND LIBERTY!

The hour of intermission having arrived, the escort was reformed; the Bishops collected the residents of their respective wards, and marched with them to the dinner tables, where thousands of Saints dined sumptuously on the products of the valley, judiciously and delicately prepared, and rendered delicious in connection with what foreign luxuries were obtained in exchange for staple articles, as flour, butter, potatoes, etc., from travelers to California. Several hundreds of those Gentile emigrants, who, *en route* to California, had stopped to recruit, partook of the social repast, as did also threescore of Indians. In proportion to the numbers, no celebration ever passed off with more *eclat*—no one has been conducted with more order, and no feast partaken of with better zest, with more mutual love and friendship, nor with hearts more filled to overflowing with gratitude to God for the outpouring of

His blessings and for the manifestations of His overruling hand.

# CHAPTER XVIII.

The Brethren covenant to help the poor out from Nauvoo.—Lorenzo called to obtain means.—The poverty and liberality of the Saints. —One offers his only cow.— Anecdote of Captain Brown.— Called on a mission to Italy.— Increase of family.—Weight of responsibility.—No time for preparation.—Company organized. —Letter to his Sister.—The Journey.—Wonderful manifestations of the hand of God. —Nauvoo.—Carthage.—Arrival in Liverpool.—Meets the brethren.

Before the first companies of the Saints who were driven from Illinois left Nauvoo, the leading brethren entered into a solemn covenant they would not cease their exertions until all the Saints who had not the means, but were desirious of moving to the location of the Church, should be assisted to do so. In connection with this, in his journal, my brother says: Early in the autumn of 1849, I was called to assist in gathering means for emigrating the poor Saints. This movement culminated in what is now known as the "Perpetual Emigrating Company," the organization of which was commenced at the October Conference, for the gathering of Saints from all parts of the world.

In performing the mission of soliciting means from the Saints who, after having been robbed and plundered, had performed a journey of more than one thousand miles, and just located in an unwatered, desolate recess of the great "American Desert," I found myself inducted into an uphill business. With very few exceptions, the people had very little, or nothing they could possibly spare. But the efforts and willingness, everywhere manifested, to eke out a portion of the little—the feeling of liberality and greatness of soul, which everywhere I met in the midst of poverty, the warm-hearted greetings I received even where comparative indigence held court, filled my heart with exceeding great joy. One man insisted that I should take his only cow, saying that the Lord had delivered him, and blessed him in leaving the old country and coming to a land of peace; and in giving his only cow, he felt that he would only do what duty demanded, and what he would expect from others, were the situation reversed.

After visiting the Saints in Great Salt Lake City, I traveled north, calling on all the inhabitants, who at this early date were much scattered, and went as far as Ogden, then the northern limit of our settlements, and there found about one dozen families. I was hospitably entertained by Captain Brown, who occupied a log house with earth floor, and roof of the same material, with the addition of willow boughs. I called a meeting, which was held in the captain's house—everybody attended, and we had a glorious season. The hearts of the Saints were open, and, considering their circumstances, they donated liberally and amply, and I need not say cheerfully. Elder (Captain) Brown exhibited the nobility and generosity of soul characteristic of the man. There is an amusing anecdote told of Captain Brown, as follows: He owned a ferry on the Weber River at the time when the "Gold Diggers" were rushing through the country, some of whom were bitterly hostile to the

"Mormons," and availed themselves of every occasion to vent their spite in the presence and hearing of the captain, in the following style: "Whoa haw, old Brigham," "Gee up there, old Heber," at the same time flourishing and cracking their long ox whips. This vulgar language applied in demeaning the leaders of the Church, made Captain Brown very angry, so much so that he could hardly restrain himself from retaliating; but finally, when, with increasing impudence, they added the name of Captain Brown, his temper at once arose to fever heat, and became uncontrollable, and to use his own words, "I pitched into them." In public meetings, occasionally, I have referred to this anecdote in illustrating a principle, *i. e*., when the Priesthood is assailed, we should be more valiant in its defense than when the offense is merely personal. Without doubt this was the captain's sentiment, and had he received the first insult, he could have borne it, but after having the brethren insulted, which was all he could endure and contain himself, the addition of his name was "the straw that broke the camel's back."

At the October Conference many of the leading Elders were called on missions to different nations of the earth. Lorenzo was appointed to establish a mission in Italy, with discretionary power to labor in any other country or nation, whenever the Spirit should direct. He arranged as best he could under the circumstances, for the comfort of his family during his absence—his family having increased by the birth of a son, Oliver Goddard, and a daughter, Roxcy Charlotte, born in Salt Lake City.

In less than two weeks from the time of his appointment, he was to leave. With little means—in a wild, uncultivated country, one thousand miles from supplies, what could he do towards providing for the coming wants of an increasing family, which in a few days he was to leave for an indefinite period? Although he felt the weight of the

responsibilities of a husband and father, he did not hesitate. He knew that God, through His servants, had called him to the mission—the mission was before him, and its accomplishment paramount to every consideration. The two young men, John and Porter kindly proposed to remain with his family during his absence and render all the assistance in their power.

This was the first company of missionaries sent from the Rocky Mountains; it was organized on the nineteenth of October, by President Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, and the brethren started the same day on their various missions—some to Nauvoo to assist in gathering the Saints remaining there—some to the Eastern States, and others to the nations abroad. Shadrach Roundy was appointed captain of the company across the plains.

We will now glean a portion of my brother's history from his letters, in which we meet him in Southampton, England:

Southampton, England, June 14, 1850.

*My Dear Sister*:

Although nearly half the world lies between us, I hope this brief record of my travels will reach you in safety. Wherever I may be destined to wander, I shall ever remember those claims of relationship, which may be interrupted on earth, but are happily consecrated in your bosom and mine for eternity; they seem like a golden chain, passing over earth and ocean, and linking this foreign shore with your dwelling in the far distant West.

Recalling the scenes of the past, my mind reverts to the nineteenth of October, 1849, when, in solemn silence, I left what, next to God, was dearest to my heart—my friends,

my loving wives and my dear little children. As I pursued my journey, in company with my brethren, many conflicting feelings occupied my bosom. The gardens and fields in and around our new-born city, just emerging from nature's barrenness, through the faith, energy and the necessities of the exiled Saints, now struggling for subsistence, in a wild recess in the Rocky Mountains, were exchanged for the vast unbroken wilderness which lay spread out before us for a thousand miles.

If my mind still glanced onward, there was the stormy main, and, in the far distant perspective, a land of strangers —the field of my mission. We were hastening farther and still farther from the mighty magnet—HOME. But we knew that the work in which we were engaged was to carry light to those who sat in darkness and in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and our bosoms glowed with love and compassion toward them.

Some persons feared our horses were too enfeebled to bear us over the mighty plain; but when the snows began to fall, winds swept our pathway, and enabled us to pass without difficulty, while on our right and left the country was deeply covered for hundreds of miles.

One day, as we were taking our noontide meal, and our horses were quietly grazing on the prairie; the following thrilling scene occurred. A startling call resounded through our little camp, "*To arms! to arms! the Indians are upon us*!" All eyes were turned in the direction, and we beheld a spectacle, grand, imposing and frightful. Two hundred warriors, upon their furious steeds, painted, armed and clothed with all the horrors of war, rushing towards us like a mighty torrent. In a moment we placed ourselves in attitude of defence. But could we expect, with thirty men, to withstand this powerful host? Onward rushed the savage band with accelerated speed as a huge rock, loosened from

the mountain's brow, dashes impetuously downward, sweeping, overturning, and burying everything in its course!

We saw it was their intention to crush us beneath the feet of their foaming chargers. They approached within a few paces, and in another moment we should be overwhelmed, when lo! an alarm like an electric shock struck through their ranks and stayed their career, as an avalanche, sweeping down the mountain side, stops in the midst of its course by the power of a hand unseen. The Lord had said, "*Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm*."

Many incidents occurred which called forth the remark that in our past experience the hand of the Lord had never been more visibly manifested. When we arrived on the banks of the great Missouri, her waters immediately congealed for the first time during the season, thus forming a bridge over which we passed to the other side; this was no sooner accomplished than the torrent ran as before.

On arriving at Kanesville, we were saluted with shoutings, firing of cannon, songs of rejoicing, and other demonstrations of welcome. During the few days of our stay, we experienced universal kindness from the Saints. I shall never forget the parting with President Hyde, and the deep interest he manifested for myself and mission as he gave an affectionate farewell, and in the fulness of his soul implored the powers of heaven to protect me from evil in that stronghold of superstition, dark and benighted Italy.

I passed through Mount Pisgah and Garden Grove. At both places I much enjoyed the society of my old acquaintances. I proceeded to Nauvoo—I gazed upon its ruins—the direful work of mobocracy. My heart sickened as I contemplated that once beautiful city, filled with the songs of rejoicing, and all that was good and virtuous; where the

voice of the Prophet had sounded forth upon the ears of thousands the deep and heavenly mysteries that had been concealed for ages. There we had met together, oft relating the sad tale of our past woes, the bitter cup of persecution of which we had taken such abundant draughts; there the old and the young had rejoiced together in the New and Everlasting Covenant. But now, O how sad the change! The moss was growing upon the buildings, which were fast crumbling down; the windows were broken in, the doors were shaking to and fro by the wind, as they played upon their rusty, creaking hinges. The lovely Temple of our God —once the admiration and astonishment of the world and the hope of the Saints, was burned, and its blackened walls were falling upon each other! Ever and anon a human head would be thrust through windows to gaze upon the traveler; but these people were not Saints—they who were dwelling in those houses, who walked those streets, believed not in Jesus, the Son of God—they were professed infidels.

Shortly after leaving Nauvoo, I visited another place of painful interest in the history of the Saints. If, on ordinary occasions, words are too weak to convey the feelings of the soul, where shall I find language to portray the thoughts that agitated my mind as I entered Carthage? There, but a few years before, was a scene over which my breast alternately glows and chills with horror and indignation. There an infamous mob were imbruing their hands in the blood of our beloved Prophet and Patriarch, Joseph and Hyrum. O Earth! Then flowed on thy cold bosom the blood of thy noblest and best. Who were those MARTYRED ONES? Ask the ministering angels from on high! Ask the demons of the dark abyss! Ask the mighty throng whom they have guided to peace, knowledge, wisdom and power! And who are they? My friends—the friends of millions, the friends of UNIVERSAL MAN.

Over that guilty place there seemed to hang the gloom of death, the emblem of the deed committed, and the foreshadowing of righteous retribution! Although fatigued and hungry, nothing could induce me to eat or drink among that cursed and polluted people.

In St. Louis, we found a large branch of the Church of nearly four hundred members. We were kindly received; and it was delightful to see them assembled in their spacious and beautiful hall. The completeness of their organization reflects the highest credit upon their officers.

On the twenty-fifth of March, I left New York on board the *Shannon*. I had a pleasant voyage over the great waters, and on the nineteenth of April, came in sight of Albion's shores. I never beheld a more lovely morning. Everything wore an enchanting appearance. A calm serenity rested upon the broad bosom of the waters. Old England lay before me, besprinkled with forms and multitudes of human dwellings, with beautiful hawthorn hedges and newly plowed grounds. Around, about on the water, in full view, were ships of all nations—some passing in one direction and some in another.

In the midst of this enchanting scene, my feelings suddenly changed from the high thrilling tone of animation and fell into pensive melancholy, as the thoughts of my loved home crowded upon my mind. Six long months I had been augmenting the distance between me and those I love, and still I must continue to do so. Things certainly appeared strange to me when I thought of the unknown future of my mission. But the Lord of the whole earth had sent me, and in His name I was resolved ever to go forward.

On my arrival in Liverpool, I was favored with the company of Elders Erastus Snow, Franklin D. Richards and President Pratt's family. After leaving that city, I

visited the following conferences: Manchester, Macclesfield, Birmingham, Cheltenham, South Conference, London, and Southampton. Presidents, officers and members received me with kindness, and contributed liberally towards my mission; and though I have not had the opportunity of visiting "Cambria's hills," the Welsh brethren have sent donations with all the nobility of soul which gives unsolicited.

How changed are my feelings to what they were some eight years ago. Then, I might say, I entered Britain a lonely foreigner, unacquainted with the laws, manners, customs and institutions of the country. At this time I felt comparatively at home. Many who were my children in the Gospel, surrounded me as I passed through those conferences where I had formerly labored. I also had the pleasure of seeing men whom I baptized when on my former mission, now preaching the Gospel and presiding over conferences.

The traveler in the desert sometimes finds a green spot which stands in deep contrast to the barrenness of surrounding nature. England appears thus now, as I am about to leave its shores for the lands of darkness. The voice of a thousand friends are dying away in the distance, while before me is a land of strangers, whose tongues will sound in my ears like the jargon of Babel. I have been refreshed with the company of so many kind friends, that I go forth on my mission with renewed energy of body and mind.

To-morrow I leave this place for Italy. Farewell, my dear sister, and may Heaven's choicest blessings be your continued portion, is the prayer of

Your affectionate brother,

Lorenzo Snow.

To Miss Eliza R. Snow,

Great Salt Lake City,

California.

"Even the address of this fascinating letter is historically valuable, for it reminds us that Utah was once a part of the province of Upper California; but it is its beautiful enthusiasm—tenderness of the spirit and tone, and the graphic eloquence of the description, which constitutes the charm of this gem of epistolary literature."—*Tullidge's Magazine*.

# CHAPTER XIX.

The Editor's reflections.—The responsibility of Lorenzo's Mission.—His trust in God.—His knowledge that God had called him.—Commendable characteristics.—How they are strengthened.—He writes to F. D. Richards.—Describes Genoa.—Armed men.—Priests.—Meets an acquaintance.—Curious interview.—Reflections.—Sympathy for the people.—Door opening for the Gospel in Piedmont.—Encouraging prospects.

A little reflection will impress the readers of the following

letter of the peculiarly trying position Lorenzo occupied at the time indicated. Holding the Priesthood of God, and by Him sent forth clothed with authority, with power to impart life unto life, or death unto death—invested with the responsibility of the souls of his fellow men, to the land where the "Mother of harlots" claimed the right "above all that was called God," and ruled with a rod of iron, where, under her scathing hand, not long since, the "bloody inquisition" sent terror into the springs and fountains of life! How formidable the mission! How character-proving the situation!

Without integrity of heart—without unswerving purpose—without confiding trust in God, and reliance on His promises—without unshaken confidence in His assisting power and grace, no mortal man could abide the ordeal. But Lorenzo knew in whom he trusted—he knew that the work in which he was engaged was the work of God, and for him to shrink from his duty, or to doubt the success of the mission unto which he was called, and suffer his energies to slacken, would be ignoring the example of the Great Redeemer, and prove himself unworthy of the high and holy calling unto which God, the Father of our Lord Jesus, had called him. Those noble characteristics which distinguished him even in his childhood, at this period having not only ripened in manhood, but, being quickened and mightily strengthened by the Spirit of the Most High, constituted an invigorating and propelling force which greatly assisted in enabling him to brook every hardship, every opposition, and to overcome every obstacle.

Genoa, July 20, 1850.

*My Dear Franklin*:

Having safely reached the land of my mission, I take the earliest opportunity to inform you of my location and

prospects.

This ancient city, where I now reside, contains about one hundred and forty thousand inhabitants. It is chiefly built upon undulating ground, extending back as far as the base of the mountains, and, in some places, reaching partly up their summits. Before me I have a most lovely and interesting view of the port of Genoa, and then of the Mediterranean, bearing upon its broad bosom multitudes of fishing boats, schooners, war frigates, steamers, and ships of many nations.

The edifices of this city lie open on my right and left. Its palaces, cathedrals, churches, high-built promenades and antique buildings, form, altogether, a very singular and magnificent appearance. At a short distance from the city, I have the fascinating scenery of Italy's picturesque mountains, and over my head is a sky of clearest blue. My eyes are filled with tears while attempting to picture the glorious view. It recalls to my mind the more than lovely —the sacred scenery of the far-off West—the valley of the Great Salt Lake, where is poured forth the streams of revelation through our beloved Prophet Brigham, to a people gathered out from the nations; and where, nine months ago, in mournful silence, we pressed the parting hands of our weeping wives and tender offspring.

This city is filled with armed men; so, in fact, is almost every seaport and city through which we have passed since leaving England. Little money is circulating, and commerce languishes on every side. The country is not yet sufficiently settled to induce the enterprise of the capitalist. Since the revolution, the working classes have suffered severely from the depression of business. Wages are, of course, very low; upon an average, not more than twenty cents for a day's work, for a laborer, which is commonly made to consist of about sixteen hours.

Many of the customs, laws and institutions are very singular. Priests are seen in great numbers on every side. I meet them on every street. From the peculiarity of their dress, there is no mistaking their profession. Those of the superior order are clothed in black, and their heads display the accompaniment of a three-cornered hat. Those of another class present a shorn crown to the evening breeze and the noonday sun; and the meanness of their garments are intended to represent their vows of austere indigence. A coarse woollen dress is attached to the body by a rope loosely tied around the waist, from which hang their rosary beads and a small crucifix. Their feet are shod with a species of sandals. They are generally seen two together, and are very unlike the wealthy ecclesiastics, who mingle freely with the best society.

The other day, as I was returning from a walk, I fell into the following reflections: I am alone and a stranger in this great city—eight thousand miles from my beloved family, surrounded by a people with whose manners and peculiarities I am unacquainted. I have come to enlighten their minds and instruct them in principles of righteousness; but I see no possible means of accomplishing this object. All is darkness in the prospect.

While I thus walked gloomily along the thronged streets, I was suddenly awakened from my reverie by a glance of recognition from a gentleman passing, and was not a little pleased to find him an Englishman, with whom I had previously formed a slight acquaintance. He accosted me in a friendly manner—said he had called at my lodging, but was disappointed in not finding me at home. He wished me to write down the heads of subjects on which I sought information, which, he assured me, he would spare no pains to procure. He thought the society of many English visitors in Genoa was not suitable to men religiously inclined, as I appeared, and could not recommend them to

my acquaintance. He accompanied me to my lodging, and desired to know in what way I thought this country could be spiritually benefitted. He evidently believed that I was a missionary, and was about to open a campaign against Catholicism; and he seemed exceedingly anxious to engage in the laudable undertaking. Comprehending the state of his feelings, I looked him steadfastly in the face, and said: "Do you think, Mr. A., that the Lord had any hand in your coming to this place?" "I do," said he, "for when letters were sent informing me I could have a situation whereby I could support my family, I opened them and spread them before the Lord, and knelt upon my knees, asking Him what I should do, and the Spirit manifested to me it was wisdom to come." I then said: "Mr. A., I have entered this country to establish the kingdom of God. The Lord God of Heaven has sent me. The Holy Ghost has sent me. The President of the Church of Jesus Christ has sent me, and the prayers of a hundred thousand people (Saints of God) are daily offered up for my prosperity. Now I have a message for you from the Lord. It is your duty to be ordained unto the holy Priesthood, and assist me in establishing the Gospel among this people."

He listened with deep interest, and his countenance was lighted up with animation at the thought of being associated with me in such a glorious mission. He then made the inquiry, "Are you sent by the Wesleyans?" I replied, "I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." All his desires to do good seemed to go down in proportion as the last idea arose in his mind.

He said he had heard one of our Elders preach, and he made baptism essential to salvation. "And," said, he, "what are your ideas on this point?" "It *is* now," I replied, "because God has commanded it—until He did command and authorized men to administer, it was not essential." I

then loaned him several books, asking him to read them prayerfully. He promised to do so, but with great reluctance, "*and he went away sorrowful*."

I am now in a Roman Catholic country. Its inhabitants are before my eyes continually. My heart is pained to see their follies and wickedness—their gross darkness and superstition. I weep that the day of the Son of Man has come upon them unawares, so little are they prepared to receive the voice from on high: "Behold! the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him!"

They are clothed with darkness as with a garment, and, figuratively speaking, they know not their right hand from their left. I ask my Heavenly Father to look upon this people in mercy. O Lord, let them become the objects of Thy compassion, that they may not all perish. Forgive their sins, and let me be known among them, that they may know Thee, and know that Thou hast sent me to establish Thy kingdom. They do wickedly all the day long, and are guilty of many abominations. They have turned their backs upon Thee, though they kneel before the image of Thy Son, and decorate temples to Thy worship. The priests, the rulers and the people have all gone astray, and have forgotten Thee, the Lord their God. But wilt Thou not have mercy upon them? Thou knowest that I bade a heart-trying farewell to the loved and tried partners of my bosom, to obey Thy call; and hast Thou not some chosen ones among this people to whom I have been sent? Lead me unto such, and Thy name shall have the glory, through Jesus, Thy Son.

After I wrote the foregoing, I received a letter from Elders Stenhouse and Toronto. I have felt an intense desire to know the state of that province to which I had given them an appointment, as I felt assured it would be the field of my mission. Now, with a heart full of gratitude, I find an

opening is presented in the valleys of Piedmont, when all other parts of Italy are closed against our efforts. I believe that the Lord has there hidden up a people amid the Alpine mountains, and it is the voice of the Spirit that I shall commence something of importance in that part of this dark nation.

Please remember me to Brothers Coward and Collins, whose names will never be forgotten for their kindness to Brother Erastus and myself.

Prudence and caution prompt me to request that you will not, at present, give publicity to my communications.

Your brother in the Gospel, affectionately,

Lorenzo Snow.

# CHAPTER XX.

Writes to President Young.—The Waldenses.—Incidents.—Calls Elder Stenhouse.—Cathedral of St. Lorenzo.—Sends two Elders to Piedmont.—Describes the Country.—Published "The Voice of Joseph."—Miraculous healing.—Sends for Elder Woodard.—Organization of the Church.—Prayer.—Officers chosen.—Mount Brigham.—Rock of Prophecy.—Testimony of an Englishman.—Invited by a Priest.—First Baptism.—Difficulties to meet.—LaTour.—The presence of the Elders only tolerated.—Can lift up his head and rejoice in spite of difficulties.

In the following letter to President Young, Lorenzo gives a detailed account of the introduction of the Gospel into the valleys of Piedmont; and an eloquent and inspiring description of the time, place and circumstances of the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in that land of religious superstition and bigotry:

LaTour, Valley De Luzerne,

Piedmont, Italy, Nov. 1, 1850.

*Dear President Young*:

When I arrived in Liverpool, I sent you a letter, in connection with Brothers Erastus and Franklin, which I hope you duly received. Soon afterwards, as I contemplated the condition of Italy, with deep tolicitude to know the mind of the Spirit as to where I should commence my labors, I found that all was dark in Sicily, and hostile laws would exclude our efforts. No opening appeared in the cities of Italy; but the history of the Waldenses attracted my attention.

Amid the ages of darkness and cruelty, they had stood immovable almost as the wave beaten rock in the stormy ocean. When the anathemas of Rome shook the world and princes fell from their thrones, they dared to brave the mandate of the Pope and the armies of the mighty. To my mind they appeared like the rose in the wilderness, or the bow in the cloud. The night of time has overspread their origin; but these dissenters from Rome existed ages before Luther was born. During the fierce persecutions to which they have been subjected, their limits have greatly decreased.

A few narrow valleys, which in some places are only a bow's shot in breadth, are all that now remain in their possession except the mountains by which they are engirdled. But a period of deep calm has at length arrived, and, since the storm of persecution swept over Europe, they have received many privileges from the Sardinian government. Thus the way was opened only a short period before the appointment of this mission, and no other portion of Italy is governed by such favorable laws.

A flood of light seemed to burst upon my mind when I thought upon the subject, and I endeavored to procure some information in relation to this people. The librarian to whom I applied informed me he had a work of the description I required, but it had just been taken. He had

scarcely finished the sentence, when a lady entered with the book. "O," said he, "this is a remarkable circumstance, this gentleman has just called for that book." I was soon convinced that this people were worthy to receive the first proclamation of the Gospel in Italy.

I made a short sojourn in England, and visited several conferences. Going to London, after so many years' absence, was a circumstance of uncommon interest. The happiness I experienced during two weeks' stay was no small compensation for the anxieties and difficulties I had endured in carrying on the work of the Lord there for two years immediately after its foundation had been laid by yourself, Elders Kimball, Woodruff and G. A. Smith.

When I received an appointment to that city, I found thirty or forty members; now I find three thousand, although many have emigrated.

Here I became acquainted with Elder Stenhouse, President of the Southampton Conference. After consultation with Brother Franklin, I felt that it was the mind of the Spirit that he should accompany me on this mission. I therefore returned with him to Southampton. During his preparation for departure, we went to Portsmouth, and, among "the forces of the Gentiles," we visited the *Victory*, the vessel in which Lord Nelson met his death. We were very politely shown the varied departments of this mammoth of the deep, the spot where Nelson fell, and the cabin where he expired.

The hour at length arrived for leaving the last home of the Saints. In the parting of Elder Stenhouse with his wife and friends, I was forcibly reminded of my own experience. As we withdrew from this parting scene, I observed, "Did the people of Italy but *know* the heart-rending sacrifices we have made for their sakes, they could have no heart to

persecute."

On the fifteenth of June we left Southampton by the steamboat *Wonder*, for Havre de Grace, and then proceeded immediately to Paris. After having our passports countersigned, we continued our journey through the beautiful country of southern France. We passed through Lyons, and arrived in Marseilles in about four days from Paris. We then embarked on the clear blue waters of the Mediterranean for Antibes, the last French port. By disembarking there we escaped being detained six days in quarantine, under the burning sun of Genoa. We then traveled to Nice, the first town in Italy. Here Catholicism began to show itself more prominently—priests were very numerous. Images of the Holy Virgin, with the infant Jesus in her arms, were to be seen on the corner-house of every street and on the front of many others.

We left Nice by diligence, and traveled by the shores of the Mediterranean. It was the feast-day of John the Baptist; labor was entirely suspended, and all seemed to enjoy themselves in honor of that great man. We certainly saw some hundreds of priests—rather a gloomy introduction.

On the twenty-fifth of June we arrived at Genoa. Here we called upon the Lord, and offered the praise and gratitude of our souls for His providence. We had accomplished this journey of nearly twelve hundred miles much quicker than we had anticipated. From the time we left England we had only spent three nights in bed.

June 27th. This is the feast-day to St. Peter. Again all work is suspended, and the people enjoying themselves. Jesus said, the fathers killed the Prophets, and their children build their tombs and garnish their sepulchres. The fathers beheaded John and crucified Peter; this week we have witnessed feastings and rejoicings in honor of their names.

Pleasing reflections—*starvation!—bonds!—imprisonment!—martyrdom*!—and subsequent generations paying us divine honors.

I visited the Cathedral of St. Lorenzo, and beheld the most superb and richly decorated interior of any building I had ever seen. As we entered, our attention was immediately attracted by the grand altar. It was a display of richly cut candlesticks and vases, glittering with gold and silver gilding. In the former were candles four or five feet long, and in the latter a most delightful association of flowers. On each side of this building were six recesses, where were placed small altars, upon which stood a cross, with an emblem of Jesus, surrounded with candles and flowers on a small scale. Before them were seats for the accommodation of the devout. The side wall of each recess had a painting, representing, in full size, some particular personage in the act of devotion. These worshipers were portrayed, in some instances, as holding a levee with "Holy Mary, Mother of God," who was well surrounded with young warbling angels, which had been assisted in their descent with *eagle's wings*! Others were represented with volumes of smoke around them, thickly studded with young cherubs, which were blowing profusely upon the worshiper, while they were loaded with garlands to encircle his brow. Two beautifully cut and spiraled pillars of choice stone, stood at the extent of each recess, supporting an arched roof, which was also richly painted. Between every two pillars was placed the statue of one of the ancient Apostles. The design and execution of these monuments of departed worth elicited our admiration.

The roof of the building was completely covered with paintings, representing the prominent circumstances recorded in the New Testament. Each picture was surrounded with massive gilt mouldings. On the dome over the grand altar was a representation of the day of

Pentecost. The Holy Ghost, in its plenitude of power, was portrayed in the descent of the dove, while tongues of fire, in glowing colors, rested upon the disciples.

Two rows of large massive pillars, from one end of the church to the other, stood erect from floor to roof; each side of which was filled with seats for the congregation, while the center was left for visitors and those approaching the altar. Here we sat, and while the unmeaning sounds of the preacher fell upon our ears, our minds were absorbed in contemplation of the beauty and richness of art—the power of unity, and the darkness of human understanding, as the monuments of each were around, before and above us.

On the first of July, Elders Stenhouse and Toronto left Genoa, according to my appointment, to visit the Protestant valleys of Piedmont. On the twenty third of the same month I left Genoa, passing through the city of Turin, the capital of the Sardinian States, and arrived at LaTour, in the valley of Luzerne.

This country bears a striking resemblance to the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Piedmont is situated at the foot of the Alps, the highest mountains in Europe. The scenes of this land embrace all the varieties of a region where the heavens and the earth seem to meet. The clouds often enwrap these mighty eminences, and hide their frowning grandeurs from our view. At other times they are covered with snow, while at their feet the vine and fig tree are ripening their fruit. A poet has said of this identical locality in which we are placed:

"There is a scene would well repay
The toil of many a weary day,
And every form of nature there—
Wood, rock and stream, and sunset rare

—

All seem to bid the traveler rest;
For ne'er from tower or mountain crest,
In emerald vale or sunny plain,
Shall he behold such scenes again."

The Protestant inhabitants are called *Vaudois* or Waldenses. They number about twenty-one thousand; there are also about five thousand Catholics. The fertile portions of these valleys are rich in their productions; but two-thirds or more present nothing but precipices, ravines and rocky districts, or such as have a northern aspect. The inhabitants are far too numerous for the nature and products of the soil They are often compelled to carry mould on their backs to form gardens amid the barren rocks.

The French language is generally understood, but in many parts it is spoken very imperfectly, and with a mixture of provincialism and Italian. The latter is understood by a considerable number, but it is not extensively used. In fact, this is where, at least, five distinct dialects are spoken by different classes.

During our protracted journey, the health of Brother Toronto had been considerably impaired, but the invigorating effect of this salubrious clime so restored him, that he became very anxious to visit his relatives in Sicily. As I felt it proper for him to do so, he took his departure at the beginning of August.

Soon after my arrival here, I considered it necessary to issue a publication in French; accordingly I wrote and compiled a work, entitled, "The Voice of Joseph," containing Visions of Joseph Smith; discovery of the gold plates filled with Egyptian characters and hieroglyphics; their translation into the English language by the aid of the

Urim and Thummim; the sacred history of ancient America, now clearly revealed from the earliest ages after the flood to the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian era; organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; their persecutions; expulsion from the States of Missouri and Illinois; martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith; banishment of many thousand Saints; their travels in the western wilderness; their present location in Upper California; their organization of the "State of Deseret;" the missionary labors of their Elders; sketch of their faith and doctrine.

After fruitless endeavors to find a proper person to translate this work, I found it necessary to send to England, where through the kindness of Elder Orson Pratt, it was translated by a professor from the University of Paris.

I felt assured that the Lord had directed us to a branch of the house of Israel, and I was rejoiced to behold many circumstances that reminded me of those with whom I had been associated in the valleys of the west. We endeavored to lay a foundation for future usefulness in silently preparing the minds of the people for the reception of the Gospel, by cultivating friendly feelings in the bosoms of those by whom we were surrounded. Yet it seemed very singular, and it was no small tax on my patience, to be weeks and even months in the midst of an interesting people without being actively and publicly engaged in communicating the great principles which I had been sent to promulgate. But, as I felt it was the mind of the Spirit that we should proceed at first with slow and cautious steps, I submitted to the will of heaven.

September 6th.—This morning, my attention was directed to Joseph Grey, a boy of three years of age—the youngest child of our host. Many friends had been to see the child, as to all human appearances his end was near. I went to see

him in the afternoon; death was preying upon his body—his former healthy frame was now reduced to a skeleton, and it was only by close observation we could discern that he was alive. As I reflected upon the peculiarity of our situation, my mind was fully awakened to a sense of our position. For some hours before I retired to rest, I called upon the Lord to assist us at this time. My feelings on this occasion will not easily be erased from my memory.

September 7th.—This morning I proposed to Elder Stenhouse we should fast and retire to the mountains and pray. As we departed, we called and saw the child—his eyeballs turned upwards—his eyelids fell and closed—his face and ears were thin, and wore the pale marble hue, indicative of approaching dissolution. The cold perspiration of death covered his body as the principle of life was nearly exhausted. Madam Grey and other females were sobbing, while Monsieur Grey hung his head and whispered to us, "*Il meurt! il meurt*!" (He dies! he dies!)

After a little rest upon the mountain, aside from any likelihood of interruption, we called upon the Lord in solemn, earnest prayer, to spare the life of the child. As I reflected on the course we wished to pursue, the claims that we should soon advance to the world, I regarded this circumstance as one of vast importance. I know not of any sacrifice which I can possibly make, that I am not willing to offer, that the Lord might grant our requests.

We returned about three o'clock in the afternoon, and having consecrated some oil, I anointed my hand and laid it upon the head of the child, while we silently offered up the desires of our hearts for his restoration. A few hours afterward we called, and his father, with a smile of thankfulness, said, "*Mieux beaucoup! beaucoup*!" (Better, much, much!)

September 8th. The child had been so well during the past night the parents had been enabled to take their rest, which they had not done for some time before; and to-day they could leave him and attend to the business of the house. As I called to see him, Madam Grey expressed her joy in his restoration. I, in turn, remarked, "*Il Dio di cielo ha fatto questa per voi*." (The God of heaven has done this for you.)

Finding circumstances favorable as could be expected, I considered it wisdom to send for Elder Jabez Woodard, of London, with whom I had formed an acquaintance while in that city. By exertions of Elder Margetts, President of the London Conference, and the liberality of the Saints, he was enabled to join us on the eighteenth of September. The following day, being eleven months from the time the foreign mission left the city of the Great Salt Lake, I proposed we should commence our public duties.

It was well known that we had come to establish a church. This was looked upon by many as an impossibility. But we now found we had the materials marvelously assembled from four different nations, viz: England, Scotland, Italy, and America. With one member from each of these countries, we proceeded to organize the Church. We ascended a very high mountain, a little distance from LaTour, and having taken our position on a bold projecting rock, we sang praises to the God of heaven, and offered up the following prayer:

We, Thy servants, Holy Father, come before Thee upon this mountain, and ask Thee to look upon us in an especial manner, and regard our petitions as one friend regards the peculiar requests of another. Forgive all our sins and transgressions, and let them no more be remembered.

Look, O Lord, upon our many sacrifices in leaving our

wives, our children, and country, to obey Thy voice in offering salvation to this people. Receive our gratitude in having preserved us from destruction amid the cold wintry blasts, and from the hostile savages of the deserts of America—in having led us by the Holy Ghost to these valleys of Piedmont. Thou hast shown us that here Thou hast hid up a portion of the house of Israel.

In Thy name, we this day lift into view before this people and this nation the ensign of Thy martyred Prophet and Patriarch, Joseph and Hyrum Smith, the ensign of the fulness of the Gospel—the ensign of Thy kingdom once more to be established among men. O Lord, God of our fathers, protect Thou this banner. Lend us Thine almighty aid in maintaining it before the view of these dark and benighted nations. May it wave triumphantly from this time forth, till all Israel shall have heard and received the fulness of Thy Gospel, and have been delivered from their bondage. May their bands be broken and the scales of darkness fall from their eyes.

From the lifting up of this ensign may a voice go forth among the people of these mountains and valleys, and throughout the length and breadth of this land, and may it go forth and be unto thine elect, as the voice of the Lord, that the Holy Spirit may fall upon them, imparting knowledge in dreams and visions concerning this hour of their redemption. As the report of us, Thy servants, shall spread abroad, may it awaken feelings of anxiety with the honest to learn of Thy doings, and to seek speedily the path of knowledge.

Whomsoever among this people shall employ his influence, riches or learning to promote the establishment of Thy Gospel in these nations, may he be crowned with honors in this world, and in the world to come crowned with eternal life. Whomsoever shall use his influence or

power to hinder the establishment of Thy Gospel in this country, may he become, in a surprising manner, before the eyes of all these nations, a monument of weakness, folly, shame and disgrace.

Suffer us not to be overcome by our enemies in the accomplishment of this mission, upon which we have been sent. Let messengers be prepared and sent forth from heaven to help us in our weakness, and to take the oversight of this work, and lead it to a glorious consummation.

Remember our families. Preserve our lives and hearts from all evil, that when we shall have finished our missions, we may return safely to the bosom of our families. Bless Elder Toronto in Sicily, and give him influence and power to lead to salvation many of his father's house and kindred. Bless President Young and his council, the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, and Thy Saints universally: And to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, shall be the praise, honor, and glory, now and forever, amen.

Other proceedings of the day I extract from the journal of the mission:

Moved by Elder Snow, that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints be organized in Italy; seconded and carried.

Moved by Elder Stenhouse, that Elder Lorenzo Snow, of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, be sustained President of the Church in Italy; seconded and carried.

Moved by Elder Snow, that Elder Stenhouse be Secretary of the Church in Italy; seconded and carried.

The Church in this country, this day, is composed of the

following: Lorenzo Snow, of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles; Joseph Toronto, of the Quorum of Seventies; T. B. H. Stenhouse, Elder, and Jabez Woodard, Elder.

We then sang, "Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah;" after which, Elder Stenhouse engaged in prayer, calling upon the Lord to bless and preserve our wives and families, and all who administer to their wants during our absence.

Elder Woodard then implored the outpouring of the Spirit of God upon the honest in heart among the ministers and people of these lands.

Elder Snow followed, calling upon the God of our fathers, in mighty prayer, to bless and sanction the proceedings of this day, and crown our future efforts with success.

As the Spirit of God rested upon us, we "felt it was good to be here." After singing a song of Zion, Elder Snow prophesied and said, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, now organized, will increase and multiply, and continue its existence in Italy, till that portion of Israel, dwelling in these countries, shall have heard and received the fulness of the Gospel.

Elder Stenhouse prophesied and said, From this time the work will commence, and nothing will hinder its progress; and before we are called to return, many will rejoice and bear testimony to the principles of Truth.

Elder Woodard prophesied and said, The opposition which may be brought against this Church will, in a visible and peculiar manner, advance its interests; and the work of God will at length go from this land, to other nations of the earth.

After we had sung, prayed and prophesied, Elder Snow laid his hands upon the head of Elder Stenhouse, and, through the operations of the Spirit, was led to comfort and cheer his soul with the things of the Kingdom. He then laid his hands upon the head of Elder Woodard, and prayed that he might have the power to act as Aaron, and speak unto the people by the power of God.

Having now finished the business for which we assembled, we felt reluctant to leave the spot where we had rejoiced so much in the goodness of the Lord. From the nature of our proceedings, the fruitfulness of the mountains, the rich variety around, and the impregnable fortress of the mountains behind, Elder Snow proposed that this mountain be known among the people of God, henceforth and forever, as MOUNT BRIGHAM, and the rock upon which we stood the ROCK OF PROPHECY.

We descended the mount and reached LaTour about six o'clock in the evening. As a sign to all who might visit us, we nailed to the wall of my chamber the likeness of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. From that day opportunities began to occur for proclaiming our message.

There is an English gentleman, a retired English colonel, residing here, whose name has an almost magical effect upon the Protestants. He has materially assisted the schools and other benevolent institutions. Your recommend as Governor of Utah procured me a ready and cheerful introduction which resulted in several interesting interviews. On one of those occasions he said, as he retired, "You shall receive no opposition on my part; and if you preach the Gospel as faithfully to all in these valleys as to me, you need fear no reproach in the day of judgment."

The Protestant chapels here are called temples. The first

that was ever erected was that of St. Lorenzo. It has long since crumbled into ruins; but a Catholic chapel has been erected, which now bears the name. One day we were invited to the residence of the officiating priest. We received every attention from our host, and were furnished a dinner which exceeded anything we had enjoyed in Italy. When viewing his chapel, we took the opportunity of presenting the truth of the Gospel. He listened with great attention and proposed many interesting questions in relation to modern revelation. Although we had intended to return to our residence, he insisted so urgently that we consented to stay over night. He presented me an Italian grammar, in which he inscribed his name. In the morning, after an early breakfast, he accompanied us some miles on our way.

It is customary among Protestants to hold small meetings for religious worship in private houses. These are called "re-unions." We attend them, and sometimes are permitted to speak upon our principles. This has produced some little stir among the officials; and a short time since we received an invitation to attend a public meeting and answer some questions relative to our mission. We did so, and found some of the most talented ministers present, with an evident desire to crush our efforts. But after we had preached and discussed for three hours, one man, at least, retired with the conviction that we were the servants of the Lord. On the 27th of October, this person presented himself as a candidate for baptism.

The introduction of the principles of truth in all countries has more or less been attended with anxiety and difficulty; of these we had our share. It was with no small degree of satisfaction I went down to the river side to attend to this ordinance. Peculiar, indeed, were my feelings when I thought on the past, the present, and endeavored to penetrate the dark labyrinth of unborn time. I rejoiced that

the Lord had thus far blessed our efforts and enabled us to open the door of the Kingdom in dark and benighted Italy. My brethren stood on the river bank—the only human witnesses of this interesting scene. Having long desired this eventful time, sweet to us all were the soft sounds of the Italian as I administered and opened a door which no man can shut.

Tales of slander against the Saints have been circulated around us already. The list of lies which we have seen in print here, might bleach the memory of many a vile traducer in other lands. From the rise of the Church to the death of Joseph, all the principal facts have been changed for the foulest misrepresentations. But this is a small part of our difficulties. We have to preach on the one hand to a people nominally Protestants, but who have been, from time immemorial, in a church where organized dissent has been unknown. The people regard any innovation as an attempt to drag them from the banner of their martyred ancestry. On the other hand, we have the Catholics, with their proud pretensions to a priesthood of apostolic origin.

Our presence in this land is only just tolerated and not recognized as any right, founded upon established laws. Liberty is only as yet in the bud; and the poet says, "The bud may have a bitter taste." But while surrounded with difficulties that seem loftier than the snow-crowned Alps, I can lift up my head as a servant of God, and rejoice in the anticipation of final triumph. Our course is often dark and difficult; but I believe that, however slow it may be for a while, it will ultimately brighten with complete success. Popery, ignorance, and superstition form a three-fold barrier to our efforts. Strange customs, laws and languages surround us on every side. In a word, we feel that we are in Italy—the polluted fountain which has overspread the earth with her defiling waters.

LaTour is the principal town in the Protestant valleys. Here is a large Catholic chapel with a number of officiating priests. There is a Protestant college, with several professors, and about seventy students. They have also a large chapel in course of erection, principally by English liberality.

Having thus given you a sketch of my travels and proceedings, I close with my kind love to yourself and family, Elders Kimball and Richards, and all the Saints.

I am, dear President Young, yours very affectionately,

Lorenzo Snow.

President Brigham Young,

Great Salt Lake City, California.

# CHAPTER XXI.

Joseph Smith.—His anxiety on the subject of religion.—Secret vocal prayer.—A brilliant light envelops him.—Two personages appear.—The Lord speaks to Joseph.—Instructs him.—He has another vision.—Is shown where records are deposited.—Obtains and translates them.—Testimonies of the Witnesses.—Baptisms.—Church organized.—Temple built.—Gifts manifested.—Saints leave Kirtland.—Scenes in Jackson

County.—Extreme Suffering.—Expulsion.—Memorial to Congress.

As an appropriate historical gem, rich with *multum in parvo* (much in a small compass), I copy into this autobiography, a tract entitled, "The Voice of Joseph," which my brother wrote and published for the benefit of his Southern Europe and East India Missions.

THE VOICE OF JOSEPH.

Joseph Smith, junior, whom it pleased the Lord to select and appoint to restore the primitive Gospel and apostolic Priesthood, was born in 1805, in Vermont, United States. When about fifteen years of age, being seriously impressed with the necessity of seeking the Lord and preparing for a future state, his mind became much perplexed through difficulties thrown in the path of his researches by the multitude of religious sects and parties with which he was surrounded. Each system required belief, and gave hope; but none could communicate a knowledge of its divine authority. In comparing them one with another there seemed too much confusion; the same also appeared in looking at each separately. Turning, therefore, from these clashing systems, and being encouraged and inspired with the following passage in St. James, "If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God," he retired to a grove a little distance from his father's house, and in fervent prayer besought the Lord to communicate with him, and reveal the way of salvation. While thus engaged, a light brilliant and glorious appeared in the heavens, gradually descending towards him till he was enveloped in it, and wrapped in celestial vision; when he beheld two glorious beings similar in dress and appearance, who informed him that the religious sects had all departed from the ancient doctrine of the Apostles, and that the Gospel, with its gifts

and blessings, should be made known to him at a future period. Many important things were manifested in this vision, which the brevity of this work will not permit us to notice.

On the evening of the twenty-first of September, 1823, having retired to rest, his mind became filled with anxious desires to receive the information which he had been previously promised. While engaged in prayer, and striving to exercise faith, the room became filled with light far surpassing that of noonday, but in the midst thereof appeared an additional glory surrounding a person whose countenance was as lightning, yet so full of goodness, and innocence, and of such a glorious appearance as to banish all apprehension. He announced himself as an angel of God, commissioned to inform him that the covenant with ancient Israel touching their posterity should soon be accomplished—that the great work preparatory to the second coming of Messiah should speedily commence, and the plenitude of the Gospel be made known to all nations. He also informed him that the aborigines of America were a remnant of Israel, who, when they first inhabited that land, enjoyed the ministry of inspired men; that records of the most important events in their history had been preserved from their first settlement down to the period of their national degeneracy; that these records had been concealed in the earth by one of their last Prophets, and a promise of the Lord given that they should be revealed in the last days.

The day following the angel returned and instructed Mr. Smith to go to the place where those sacred registers were deposited. On reaching the spot he found a stone projecting a little above the surface of the ground, and covering a kind of box made of the same material. On removing this cover, he beheld the plates on which the records were engraved, but the angel of the Lord again appeared and

said:

> You cannot at this time obtain this record, for the commandment of God is strict, and if ever these sacred things are obtained, they must be by prayer and faithfulness in obeying the Lord. They are not deposited here for the sake of accumulating gain and wealth for the glory of this world; they were sealed by the prayer of faith, and because of the knowledge which they contain; they are of no worth among the children of men only for their knowledge. On them is contained the fulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ as it was given to His people on this land; and when it shall be brought forth by the power of God, it shall be carried to the Gentiles, of whom many will receive it, and after will the seed of Israel be brought into the fold of their Redeemer by obeying it also. Those who kept the commandments of the Lord on this land desired this at His hand, and through the prayer of faith obtained the promise, that if their descendants should transgress and fall away, a record should be kept, and in the last days come to their children. These things are sacred, and must be kept so, for the promise of the Lord concerning them must be fulfilled. No man can obtain them if his heart is impure, because they contain that which is sacred. * * * By them will the Lord work a great and marvelous work; the wisdom of the wise shall

become as nought, and the understanding of the prudent shall be hid, and because the power of God shall be displayed, those who profess to know the truth but walk in deceit shall tremble with anger; but with signs and with wonders, with gifts and with healings, with the manifestations of the power of God, and with the Holy Ghost, shall the hearts of the faithful be comforted. You have now beheld the power of God manifested, and the power of Satan; you see that there is nothing desirable in the works of darkness; that they cannot bring happiness: that those who are overcome therewith are miserable; while, on the other hand, the righteous are blessed with a place in the kingdom of God, where joy unspeakable surrounds them. There they rest beyond the power of the enemy of truth, where no evil can disturb them. The glory of God crowns them, and they continually feast upon His goodness and enjoy His smiles. Behold, notwithstanding you have seen this great display of power by which you may ever be able to detect the evil one, yet I give unto you another sign, and when it comes to pass, then know the Lord is God, and that He will fulfil His purposes, and that the knowledge which this record contains will go to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people under the whole heaven. This is the sign: and when these things begin to be known, that is, when it

is known that the Lord has shown you these things, the workers of iniquity will seek your overthrow. They will circulate falsehoods to destroy your reputation, and also will seek to take your life; but remember this, if you are faithful, and shall hereafter continue to keep commandments of the Lord, you shall be preserved to bring these things forth; for in due time He will give you a commandment to come and take them. When they are interpreted, the Lord will give the Holy Priesthood to some, and they shall begin to proclaim this Gospel and baptize by water, and after that they shall have power to give the Holy Ghost by the laying on of their hands. Then will persecution rage more and more; for the iniquities of men shall be revealed, and those who are not built upon the Rock will seek to overthrow the Church; but it will increase the more opposed, and spread farther and farther, increasing in knowledge until they shall all be sanctified, and receive an inheritance where the glory of God will rest upon them; and when this takes place, and all things are prepared, the ten tribes of Israel will be revealed in the north country, whither they have been for a long season; and when this is fulfilled will be brought to pass that saying of the Prophet, "And the Redeemer shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord." But notwithstanding the workers of

> iniquity shall seek your destruction, the arm of the Lord will be extended, and you will be borne off conqueror if you keep all His commandments. Your name shall be known among the nations, for the work which the Lord will perform by your hands shall cause the righteous to rejoice and the wicked to rage; with the one it shall be had in honor, and with the other in reproach; yet with these it shall be a terror, because of the great and marvelous work which shall follow the coming forth of this fulness of the Gospel. Now, go thy way, remembering what the Lord hath done for thee, and be diligent in keeping His commandments, and He will deliver thee from temptations and all the arts and devices of the wicked one. Forget not to pray, that thy mind may become strong, that when He shall manifest unto thee thou mayest have power to escape the evil and obtain these precious things.

During the following four years he frequently received instruction from the mouth of this heavenly messenger, and on the 22d of September, 1827, the records were placed in his hands.

They were engraved in Egyptian characters on plates having the appearance of gold, and measuring about seven or eight inches in length and breadth; not quite so thick as ordinary tin. All were held together by three rings, and formed a volume of about six inches in thickness; one portion of which was sealed; the characters or letters on the unsealed part were very diminutive, but perfectly engraved.

By the gift and power of God, Mr. Smith translated them into the English language, but as he could not write well, he received the aid of a person who wrote down the translation which he gave by word of mouth. This important work is called the Book of Mormon, from the name of an ancient Prophet who by divine commandment had been engaged in its compilation. We there find an account of two distinct races who inhabited the American continent.

The first came from the Tower of Babel; but after fifteen or sixteen centuries their iniquity became so great that they were entirely destroyed, even as the Lord had threatened them by the mouth of holy Prophets, the last of whom left their history engraved on plates of gold. These were found by the second race, who were a remnant of Joseph, led forth in a miraculous manner from Jerusalem during the first year of the reign of Zedekiah, king of Judah. Their history is brought down to the year four hundred and twenty of the Christian era, when by commandment of God, it was hid in the earth till revealed as before stated. After the Book of Mormon was translated, the Lord called witnesses, who have left the following testimony to the world:

> THE TESTIMONY OF THREE WITNESSES.
>
> Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues and people unto whom this work shall come, that we, through the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, have seen the plates which contain this record, which is a record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites, their brethren, and also of the people of Jared, who came from the

tower of which hath been spoken; and we also know that they have been translated by the gift and power of God, for His voice hath declared it unto us; wherefore we know of a surety that the work is true. And we also testify that we have seen the engravings which are upon the plates; and they have been shewn unto us by the power of God, and not of man. And we declare with words of soberness, that an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates, and the engravings thereon; and we know that it is by the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, that we beheld and bear record that these things are true; and it is marvelous in our eyes; nevertheless, the voice of the Lord commanded us that we should bear record of it; wherefore, to be obedient unto the commandments of God, we bear testimony of these things. And we know that if we are faithful in Christ, we shall rid our garments of the blood of all men, and be found spotless before the judgment-seat of Christ, and shall dwell with him eternally in the heavens. And the honor be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, which is one God. Amen.

Oliver Cowdery,

David Whitmer,

Martin Harris.

AND ALSO THE TESTIMONY OF EIGHT WITNESSES.

Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people unto whom this work shall come, that Joseph Smith, Jun., the translator of this work, has shewn unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold; and as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated, we did handle with our hands; and we also saw the engravings thereon, all of which has the appearance of ancient work and of curious workmanship. And this we bear record with words of soberness, that the said Smith has shewn unto us, for we have seen and hefted, and know of a surety that the said Smith has got the plates of which we have spoken. And we give our names unto the world, to witness unto the world that which we have seen; and we lie not, God bearing witness of it.

Christian Whitmer, Hiram Page,

Jacob Whitmer, Joseph Smith, Sen.,

Peter Whitmer, Jun., Hyrum Smith,

John Whitmer, Samuel H. Smith.

In the year 1829, Mr. Smith and Mr. Cowdery, having learned the proper mode of baptism from the instructions contained in the Book of Mormon, they desired to receive that ordinance; but knowing that no one among the

different denominations had authority to administer, they sought for a revelation upon the subject, and an angel appeared unto them while they were in prayer, laid his hands upon their heads, and ordained them to the Priesthood, and commanded them to baptize one another.

In the year 1830, a large edition of the Book of Mormon was printed; and as some began to read its sacred pages, the Spirit of the Lord bore witness to its truth, and they obeyed its requirements; repenting in humility before the Lord, they were immersed in water for the remission of sins, and received the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

On the 6th of April, 1830, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized in the town of Fayette, Seneca County, State of New York. Several persons were called, and ordained by the spirit of revelation and prophecy, and began to preach and bear testimony; and although they were the feeble things of the earth, they became mighty by the Holy Spirit.

As they traveled forth, bearing their testimony, the attention of all classes was aroused. Many honest hearted persons came forward, were baptized, received the gift of the Holy Ghost, and knowledge of the truth of the principles. Others mocked, derided, slandered and raised the weapons of persecution. Not stopping a moment to examine whether the restoration of ancient Gospel privileges was or was not scriptural doctrine, they foolishly reasoned themselves into the conclusion that it was justifiable to use any means, however wrong and cruel, to hinder the progress of those principles. I am sorry to say, yet duty requires the statement, that, in many instances, ministers of religious denominations would indulge in the same reasoning, and by false reports, misrepresentations and slanders, stir up the evil minded to persecute the

servants of God. It is to instances of this kind that we have often traced the original cause of many scenes of spoliation and murder, which we have experienced during the past twenty years of our pilgrimage.

In the year 1831, the Saints established a settlement in Lake County, State of Ohio. One thousand miles from this place, in Jackson County, State of Missouri, they also made another settlement about the same time. The history of the Saints who settled in Ohio will first be noticed, afterwards that of those at the last mentioned location.

In Lake County, having increased in numbers to several hundreds, and having no convenient place for public worship, a Temple was commenced for this purpose. Its dimensions, form and order were shown of the Lord in vision; and it was built according to the pattern shown. In accomplishing this work they experienced severe opposition from their enemies, who were determined no such building should be erected, and sought every means in their power to harass, perplex and annoy them; employing the most wicked and disgraceful measures to hinder their operations. At this infantile stage of the Church's progress, mobs had not become so emboldened in that part of the country as to appear and come against the Saints in daylight, but in the night time, in parties of fifty or sixty, clothed in disguise, they would steal in upon them for the purpose generally of destroying their property. Guards were obliged to be kept up by the Saints, to preserve themselves against these depredations. Notwithstanding their utmost vigilance, however, in many instances property was plundered and destroyed. Lawsuits would frequently be instituted, without the least cause whatever, except to weary, harass and torment an unoffending and innocent people. Notwithstanding these oppositions and perplexities, a magnificent Temple was completed and dedicated to the Lord in the presence of

thousands. The day of blessings, and of rejoicings in the history of the Saints, had now arrived. While assembling themselves together, from time to time, in the House of the Lord, to fast and pray, speaking to each other of the goodness of God, offering up their spiritual and enlivening songs of gratitude and thanksgiving to Him who had again spoken from heaven, and spoken of good things near at hand for His people of all nations, they often experienced remarkable visitations of the goodness and power of God, showing His approval of their conduct and acceptance of His House. The aged fathers, leaning upon their staffs, would rise in the midst of their brethren, being filled with the Holy Ghost, and express their gratitude in flowing tears for the mercies of God towards them in giving them knowledge, before going down to the grave, of the restoration of the Priesthood and fulness of the Gospel; exhorting the young Elders to be virtuous, upright and holy; to go forth manfully, without fear, depending upon the God of heaven, bearing a faithful testimony of the knowledge given them; for, though deficient in worldly wisdom, the power of the Lord would be with them, and they should not be confounded. The youth, the middle aged, both men and women, clothed with the spirit of inspiration, would speak, as with the tongue of angels, of the marvelous blessings which they had experienced, and the knowledge God had imparted unto them, concerning this great work preparatory to the coming of the Son of God. One would exercise the gift of tongues, another that of interpretation, and some would have the gift of prophecy. One would speak of the blessings of faith, another would testify of knowledge, and some would have the spirit of exhortation. Thus were their gifts exercised, and all edified together, proving they lived in the time of the fulfilment of Joel's prophecy, which saith: "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy; your old men shall dream

dreams, your young men shall see visions; and also upon the servants, and upon the handmaids, in those days, will I pour out my Spirit." (ii: 28, 29.) Those indeed were happy days. The sick were healed by the laying on of hands and anointing with oil; and, in some instances the dumb spake; the deaf had their hearing restored; and the blind received their sight. Hard indeed must be that heart that envies the Saints the possession of such blessings, when it is known what was the expense of the purchase which they afterwards paid. Indeed, we little suspected the fiery trials that were in store, and scenes of devastation and bloodshed which followed.

As the testimony of these things was proclaimed from time to time, and the faith of the Saints became known among the people in the surrounding country, opposition and persecution increased. The wicked and more disorderly portion of the community became more bold in their attacks upon the Saints and their property. Not unfrequently they were secretly influenced and supported by those who professed piety and religion and to be ministers of Jesus Christ. At last, wearied of this endless scene of molestation and such insufferable vexations, they concluded, like Abraham of old, to contend no longer for their rights; but, leaving the fruits of their labor with their enemies, flee to some more peaceful clime. Accordingly, they commenced leaving the country, and in the course of one year nearly all had left, numbering about two thousand, having left at a sacrifice of at least two-thirds of all their property. They journeyed westward, some locating themselves in one place and some in another, according to their means and circumstances. The major part went into the State of Missouri, many of whom located in Caldwell County. This occurred in the year 1838.

The attention of the reader will now be directed to that branch of the Church which located in Jackson County.

Here we shall be under the necessity of relating troubles of a more serious character. The land being only one dollar and a quarter per acre, the Saints, though generally poor, were enabled, many of them, to make very extensive purchases. By industry and perseverance large farms were soon opened, orchards planted, mills and public buildings erected, institutions for education formed, a printing press established, the foundation for a Temple laid, and beautiful private dwellings began to appear in all directions upon those broad and beautiful prairies. To the settler having but little capital, it is presumed no country was ever discovered possessing so many advantages as that which the Saints here occupied. It is described in the following language by one of the members of the colony: "Unlike the timbered States in the east, except upon the rivers and water courses, which were verdantly dotted with trees; from one to three miles wide, as far as the eye can glance, the beautiful rolling prairies lay spread around like a sea of meadows. The timber is a mixture of oak, hickory, box, elder, and bass wood, together with the addition of cotton wood, bullon wood, pecon, soft and hard maple, upon the bottoms. The shrubbery was beautiful, and consisted in part of plums, grapes, crab apples and persimmons. The prairies were decorated with a growth of flowers that seemed as gorgeous and grand as the brilliancy of stars in the heavens, and exceed description. The soil is rich and fertile, from three to ten feet deep, and generally composed of a rich black mould, intermingled with clay and sand. It produces in abundance wheat, corn and many other commodities, together with sweet potatoes and cotton." Here, then, was the place appointed of the Lord for His people to locate and build Him a house in which they might worship Him in purity and holiness, and His servants receive wisdom, knowledge and power, and be prepared to go forth among all nations, kindreds, people and languages, carrying the everlasting Gospel, in

fulfilment of John's prophecy, that all people might understand the near approach of the coming of the Son of Man, and the wise virgins trim their lamps and be prepared. While they were peaceably and industriously pursuing this object, Satan began to stir up the people around to jealousy, envy and hatred. Mob meetings were held in different parts of the country; resolutions passed, and measures entered into to drive the Saints from their possessions. In the month of November, 1833, a ruthless and murderous mob, composed of many hundreds, armed with weapons of destruction, came suddenly upon the Saints, who were unprepared for defense, and drove men, women and children from their lovely habitations. Their deep distress, and the severity of their sufferings, it is no pleasing duty to relate. Women were shamefully abused in the presence of their husbands, daughters in the presence of their parents; defenceless men were shot down like wild beasts of the forest; some, while fleeing for their lives, were pursued, caught, tied to trees and whipped till their bowels gushed out and death ended their sufferings. Over two hundred of their houses were burned, the remainder were plundered, and their horses and cattle driven away. So suddenly were they compelled to flee, that only in a few instances sufficient apparel could be taken to preserve them from the cold, wintry blasts. The extreme sufferings of women and children may easily be imagined. In consequence of these severities, many perished by the way, before any kind hand of hospitality offered its relief. While the Saints lay upon the cold, bleak prairies, without a home and without a friend except the God of heaven, a very singular phenomenon appeared in the heavens, which created quite a panic among the mob, viz.: the meteoric shower, or shooting stars, which was seen in various parts of the world by many millions.

After this expulsion from Jackson County, they located in

the upper portion of the same State, till the year 1838, when again they were assailed by a murderous mob, and having suffered the loss of many lives and nearly all their property, were compelled to leave the State. To give the reader more particular information respecting the persecutions of the Saints, and their expulsion from the State of Missouri, we present entire a memorial which was laid before the Congress of the United States:

AMERICAN EXILES' MEMORIAL TO CONGRESS.

*To the Honorable Senators and Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled*:

We, the undersigned, members of the City Council of the city of Nauvoo, citizens of Hancock County, Illinois, and exiles from the State of Missouri, being in council assembled, unanimously and respectfully, for ourselves, and in behalf of many thousands of other exiles, memorialize the honorable Senators and Representatives of our nation, upon the subject of the unparalleled persecutions and cruelties inflicted upon us, and upon our constituents, by the constituted authorities of the State of Missouri; and likewise upon the subject of the present unfortunate circumstances in which we are placed in the land of our exile. As a history of the Missouri outrages has been extensively published, both in this country and in Europe, it is deemed unnecessary to particularize all of the wrongs and grievances inflicted upon us,

in this memorial, as there is an abundance of well attested documents to which your honorable body can at any time refer; hence we only embody the following important items for your consideration:

First. Your memorialists, as free born citizens of this great republic, relying with the utmost confidence upon the sacred "Articles of the Constitution," by which the several States are bound together, and considering ourselves entitled to all the privileges and immunities of free citizens in what State soever we desired to locate ourselves, commenced a settlement in Jackson County, on the western frontiers of the State of Missouri, in the summer of 1831. There we purchased lands from government; erected several hundred houses; made extensive improvements; and shortly the wild and lonely prairies and stately forests were converted into well cultivated and fruitful fields. There we expected to spend our days in the enjoyment of all the rights and liberties bequeathed to us by the sufferings and blood of our noble ancestors. But, alas! our expectations were vain. Two years had scarcely elapsed before we were unlawfully and unconstitutionally assailed by an organized mob, consisting of the highest officers in the county, both civil and military, who boldly and openly avowed their determination, in a

written circular, to drive us from said county. As a specimen of their treasonable and cruel designs, your honorable body are referred to said circular, of which the following is but a short extract, namely: "We, the undersigned, citizens of Jackson County, believing that an important crisis is at hand as regards our civil society, in consequence of a pretended religious sect of people that have settled and are still settling in our county, styling themselves Mormons; and intending, as we do, to rid our society, 'peaceably,' if we can—'forcibly,' if we must; and believing, as we do, that the arm of the civil law does not afford us a guarantee, or at least a sufficient one, against the evils which are now inflicted upon us, and seem to be increasing by the said religious sect, deem it expedient and of the highest importance, to form ourselves into a company for the better and easier accomplishment of our purpose." This document was closed in the following words: "We therefore agree, after timely warning, and receiving an adequate compensation for what little property they cannot take with them, they refuse to leave us in peace, as they found us, we agree to use such means as may be sufficient to remove them, and to that end we each pledge to each other our bodily powers, our lives, fortunes, and sacred honors."

To this unconstitutional document were attached the names of nearly every officer in the county, together with the names of hundreds of others. It was by this band of murderers, that your memorialists, in the year 1833, were plundered of their property, and robbed of their peaceable homes. It was by them their fields were laid waste, their houses burned, and their men, women and children, to the number of about twelve hundred persons, banished as exiles from the county, while others were cruelly murdered by their hands.

Second. After our expulsion from Jackson County, we settled in Clay County, on the opposite side of the Missouri River, where we purchased lands both from the old settlers and from the Land Office; but soon we were again violently threatened by mobs, and obliged to leave our homes and seek out a new location.

Third. Our next settlement was in Caldwell County, where we purchased the most of the lands in said county, besides a part of the lands in Daviess and Carroll counties. These counties were almost entirely in a wild and uncultivated state; but by the persevering industry of our citizens, large and extensive farms were opened in every direction, well stocked with numerous flocks and herds. We also commenced settlements in several other counties of

the State, and once more confidently hoped to enjoy the hard earned fruits of our labor unmolested; but our hopes were soon blasted. The cruel and murderous spirit which first began to manifest itself in the constituted authorities and inhabitants of Jackson County, and afterwards in Clay and the surrounding counties, receiving no check either from the civil or military power of the State, had, in the meantime, taken courage, and boldly and fearlessly spread its contaminating and treasonable influence in every department of the government of said State. Lieutenant-Governor Boggs, a resident of Jackson County, who acted a conspicuous part in our expulsion from said county, instead of being tried for treason and rebellion against the Constitution, and suffering the just penalty of his crimes, was actually elected Governor, and placed in the executive chair. Thus the inhabitants of the State were greatly encouraged to renew with redoubled fury their unlawful attack upon our defenceless settlements. Men, women and children were driven in every direction before their merciless persecutors. Robbed of their possessions, their property, their provisions and their all; cast forth upon the bleak snowy prairies, houseless and unprotected, many sunk down and expired under their accumulated sufferings, while others, after enduring hunger and the severities of the season,

suffering all but death, arrived in Caldwell County, to which place they were driven from all the surrounding counties only to witness a still more heart rending scene; in vain had we appealed to the constituted authorities of Missouri for protection and redress of our former grievances; in vain we now stretched out our hands and appealed as the citizens of this great republic to the sympathies—to the justice and magnanimity of those in power; in vain we implored, again and again, at the feet of Governor Boggs, our former persecutor, aid and protection against the ravages and murders now inflicted upon our defenceless and unoffending citizens. The cry of American citizens, already twice driven and deprived of liberty, could not penetrate their adamantine hearts. The Governor, instead of sending us aid, issued a proclamation for our EXTERMINATION and BANISHMENT; ordered out the forces of the State, placed them under the command of General Clarke, who, to execute these exterminating orders, marched several thousand troops into our settlements in Caldwell County, where, unrestrained by fear of law or justice, and urged on by the highest authority of the State, they laid waste our fields of corn, shot down our cattle and hogs for sport, burned our dwellings, inhumanly butchered some eighteen or

twenty defenceless citizens, dragged from their hiding places little children, and placing the muzzles of their guns to their heads, shot them, with the most horrid oaths and imprecations. An aged hero and patriot of the revolution, who served under General Washington, while in the act of pleading for quarters, was cruelly murdered and hewed in pieces with an old corn-cutter; and in addition to all these savage acts of barbarity, they forcibly dragged virtuous and inoffensive females from their dwellings, bound them upon benches used for public worship, where they, in great numbers, ravished them in a most brutal manner. Some fifty or sixty of the citizens were thrust into prisons and dungeons, where, bound in chains, they were fed on human flesh, while their families, and some fifteen thousand others, were, at the point of the bayonet, forcibly expelled from the State. In the meantime, to pay the expenses of these horrid outrages, they confiscated our property, and robbed us of all our possessions. Before our final expulsion, with a faint and lingering hope, we petitioned the State Legislature, then in session, unwilling to believe that American citizens could appeal in vain for a restoration of liberty, cruelly wrested from them by cruel tyrants. But in the language of our noble ancestors, "our repeated petitions were only answered by repeated injuries." The

Legislature, instead of hearing the cries of fifteen thousand suffering, bleeding, unoffending citizens, sanctioned and sealed the unconstitutional acts of the Governor and his troops, by appropriating two hundred thousand dollars to defray the expenses of exterminating us from the State.

No friendly arm was stretched out to protect us. The last ray of hope for redress in that State was now entirely extinguished. We saw no other alternative but to bow down our necks and wear the cruel yoke of oppression, and quietly and submissively suffer ourselves to be banished as exiles from our possessions, our property, and our sacred homes; or otherwise see our wives and children coldly murdered and butchered by tyrants in power.

Fourth. Our next permanent settlement was in the land of our exile, the State of Illinois, in the spring of 1839. But even here we are not secure from our relentless persecutor, the State of Missouri. Not satisfied in having drenched her soil in the blood of innocence, and expelling us from her borders, she pursues her unfortunate victims into banishment, seizing upon and kidnapping them in their defenceless moments, dragging them across the Mississippi River, upon their inhospitable shores, where they are tortured, whipped, immured in

dungeons, and hung by the neck without any legal process whatever. We have memorialized the former executive of this State, Governor Carlin, upon these lawless outrages committed upon our citizens, but he rendered us no protection. Missouri, receiving no check in her murderous career, continues her depredations, again and again kidnapping our citizens, and robbing us of our property; while others, who fortunately survived the execution of her bloody edicts, are again and again demanded by the executive of that State, on pretence of some crime, said to have been committed by them during the exterminating expedition against our people. As an instance, General Joseph Smith, one of your memorialists, has been three times demanded, tried, and acquitted by the courts of this State, upon investigation under writs of habeas corpus, once by the United States court for the district of Illinois; again by the Circuit court of the State of Illinois; and lastly, by the Municipal court of the city of Nauvoo, when at the same time a *nolle prosequi* had been entered by the courts of Missouri, upon all the cases of that State against Joseph Smith and others. Thus the said Joseph Smith has been several times tried for the same alleged offence, put in jeopardy of life and limb, contrary to the fifth article of the amendments to the Constitution of these United States; and thus we have

been continually harassed and robbed of our money to defray the expenses of those vexatious prosecutions. And what at the present time seems to be still more alarming, is the hostility manifested by some of the authorities and citizens of this State. Conventions have been called, inflammatory speeches made, and many unlawful and unconstitutional resolutions adopted, to deprive us of our rights, our liberties, and the peaceable enjoyment of our possessions. From the present hostile aspect, and from bitter experience in the State of Missouri, it is greatly feared that the barbarous scenes acted in that State will be re-acted in this. If Missouri goes unpunished, others will be greatly encouraged to follow her murderous examples. The afflictions of your memorialists have already been overwhelming, too much for humanity, too much for American citizens to endure without complaint. We have groaned under the iron hand of tyranny and oppression these many years. We have been robbed of our property to the amount of two millions of dollars. We have been hunted as the wild beasts of the forest. We have seen our aged fathers who fought in the Revolution, and our innocent children, alike slaughtered by our persecutors. We have seen the fair daughters of American citizens insulted and abused in the most inhuman manner, and finally, we have seen fifteen thousand souls, men, women, and

> children, driven by force of arms, during the severities of winter, from their sacred homes and firesides, to a land of strangers, penniless and unprotected. Under all these afflicting circumstances, we imploringly stretch forth our hands towards the highest councils of our nation, and humbly appeal to the illustrious Senators and Representatives of a great and free people for redress and protection.
>
> Hear! O hear the petitioning voice of many thousands of American citizens who now groan in exile on Columbia's free soil! Hear! O hear the weeping and bitter lamentations of widows and orphans, whose husbands and fathers have been cruelly martyred in the land where the proud eagle exultingly floats! Let it not be recorded in the archives of the nations, that Columbia's exiles sought protection and redress at your hands, but sought it in vain. It is in your power to save us, our wives, and our children, from a repetition of the bloodthirsty scenes of Missouri, and thus greatly relieve the fears of a persecuted and injured people, and your petitioners will ever pray.

The names of the petitioners are omitted for want of room.

The foregoing memorial was presented in the spring of 1844, making the third time those horrid scenes of murder had been laid before the Congress of the United States.

# CHAPTER XXII.

Why the Saints are persecuted.—Persecutions in different ages of the World.—How Jethro came to Moses.—The Saints locate in Illinois.—A short season of peace.—Hostilities resumed.—Perfidy of the Governor of the State.—Assassination.—The Prophet's testimony that his work was finished.—The Saints are driven.—Their journey.—War with the remainder.—Extracts from Epistle.—Peace.—Perpetual Fund.—Labors of the Elders.—Publications.—The work of twenty years.—The power of truth.

Does the reader request to know the cause of those horrid persecutions? I would ask, what caused the persecutions against the Saints anciently? The answer of the one answers the other. It is acknowledged, however, a singular phenomenon in human nature that a class of people, moral, virtuous and innocent, should become an object of envy, hatred, malice, spoliation and murder by their surrounding neighbors. Without entering into an explanation of the secret cause of this phenomenon of mind, we purpose only to present a few facts showing such is the nature of mankind, not only religiously, but morally considered. The most important moral, physical and philosophical discoveries have commonly been attended with persecution, imprisonment confiscation of property, banishment or martyrdom. The names of Seneca, Socrates, Columbus, Galileo and Harvey, which now adorn the pages of history, were each in their turn the butt of scorn,

ridicule and contempt; and so it generally has been with every man who has ever benefited the human family. In religious discoveries the same effects have followed. Every religious reformation has been attended with more or less persecution and martyrdom, from righteous Abel down to the latest murder committed upon the Latter-day Saints. Abel, through some appointed means, obtained very important blessings from heaven; as soon as this was known, he became an object of hatred, and was slain! And so on to the coming of Christ like scenes followed in every age. Paul, speaking of persecution, says: "Others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment; they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheep skins and goat skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and dens and caves of the earth." The occasion of those persecutions arose not from their immorality, but from their having received peculiar heavenly gifts and blessings. Jesus, the Son of God, when in the world, had no other object but the good of mankind, but when he began to affirm that God was His Father, and He was one with His Father, and was doing His will, jealousy was stirred up, envy arose, He was called seditious, an enemy to mankind, and His life was sought and finally taken. His Twelve Apostles, without influence or learning, bore testimony of knowledge actually received, and of having authority to baptize both priests and people, rich and poor, bond and free, with a promise of the gift of the Holy Ghost. But what was the result? How were they received? Were they accounted good, peaceable men, and well spoken of? No! far from it; most all people spoke against them, and no doubt considered them wicked, designing men, for they immediately set about whipping, stoning, imprisoning and killing them. Their own brethren, the Jews, who were best

acquainted with them, were the most industriously engaged in this business. Ministers of the Jewish laws, those educated for the purpose and who made it their daily employment to expound and teach the people the word of God delivered by the holy Prophets, were generally the foremost and most bitter in these crusades against Jesus Christ, the Apostles and the Saints. Had those persons who professed to understand the Scriptures and to whom the people looked for proper explanations, been honest and virtuous men, and used a righteous influence with the people, thousands, in room of rejecting Jesus Christ and His Apostles, would have received their testimony. So, in reference to ourselves, had the ministers and clergy come to us like the good Jethro to Israel, with kind sympathy in their bosoms, and shown us that friendship which one religious class of people ought always to manifest for another, or had they used even a moral influence in our favor, the evils and cruelties heaped upon us by our enemies would have been much lessened, and those persons, like Jethro, would have been spoken of with praise and honor to the latest ages of posterity. But, alas! few instances of this kind can be recorded. It is with pleasure, however, that we here mention that in times of deep distress, brought upon the Saints by these persecutions, when large public meetings were called in various parts of the United States by virtuous and honorable citizens of the country, to express their abhorrence and detestation of those crimes and cruelties, those professing themselves ministers of the Gospel, in some instances, came forward at those meetings and discountenanced the persecutions of the Saints. Such acts of nobleness, independence of mind and human sympathy will not be forgotten.

The relation of these scenes of persecution is not offered as direct evidence of the truth of our religion; but it is a plain

evidence of the corruption of any people who persecute or look silently on without raising their voice or influence in behalf of the persecuted. The evidence of the authenticity of our religion is to be found in the fact of our possessing the fruits of the ancient Gospel, the gifts and blessings promised the true believers; and if found in possession of these blessings, that is a sufficient explanation of the cause of those horrid persecutions.

Having been driven from Missouri, they then located in Illinois, in the spring of 1839, as mentioned in the memorial. Here they built up a beautiful city, called Nauvoo; obtained from the Legislature of the State a city charter; organized several literary institutions; established a printing press; commenced another Temple; built a number of magnificent public edifices; opened hundreds and thousands of large and extensive plantations in the surrounding country; and sent forth hundreds of Elders as missionaries into different parts of the world. Many began to indulge the fond hope of having here found an asylum of peace; and being no more troubled with their enemies, would be enabled to sit peaceably under the shade of their vine and fig tree, and enjoy the fruit of their labors. It was not long, however, before things transpired of a nature to convince them this anxiously looked for period had not yet arrived. Their enemies in Missouri, not satisfied with the cruelties and murders they had committed in driving them from the State, continued their molestations. Not receiving any check from the authorities of the country, they became emboldened in their aggressions. They soon found plenty of corrupt and abandoned characters in the State of Illinois willing to co-operate with them in stirring up jealousy and raising excitement among the people, in order more effectually to execute their murderous designs. Believing that the continuance and prosperity of the Saints were dependent on the existence of their Prophet, Joseph Smith,

they set about concocting schemes for his destruction. By resorting to false accusations and perjury, they procured a State warrant for his apprehension, and also that of his brother Hyrum. Aware that their diabolical schemes would be frustrated if the prisoners had a legal trial, they succeeded in lodging them in Carthage jail; a place where the Governor of the State pledged himself they should be protected, and secure from mobs and violence; but in every respect it was only suitable for the accomplishment of their bloody deeds. On the 27th of June, 1844, while Joseph and Hyrum were in this situation, awaiting their trial on the following day, their enemies determined to execute their designs. About 5 o'clock p. m., of that day, an armed mob, painted black, of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred persons, rushed from the surrounding woods, drove away the sentinels guarding the prison, and poured through the door and windows a torrent of lead *that laid the brothers low in the arms of death! Then fell two worthy men*! Everlasting honor and immortality is their portion, and their names henceforth are classified with martyrs for truth! When this sad event occurred, two of the Twelve Apostles, John Taylor and Willard Richards, were with them in prison, as visitors. The former received four balls in his body, the other escaped unharmed. These men live to tell the bloody tragedy which has sealed disgrace upon their country.

A few months previous to this murder, Joseph, in giving instructions to the Twelve in relation to the building up of Zion, preparatory to the coming of the Son of God, informed them that *his work was finished on the earth*, and from that time the responsibility of carrying the Gospel to every nation devolved upon them; and, as he bid farewell to some friends, on leaving for Carthage, he said: "*I am going like a lamb to the slaughter*; but I am calm as a summer's morning; I have a conscience void of offence

towards God, and towards all men; I shall die innocent, and it shall yet be said of me—*he was murdered in cold blood*." An intimate acquaintance with those men from the early rise of the Church to their martyrdom, justifies the writer in bearing this testimony that *he knows* they were virtuous, honorable and righteous men—men whom God loved, and whom all good men would have respected, loved and honored had they known their true character.

Contrary to the hopes and expectations of their enemies, the Saints continued to build their Temple, and attend to their ordinary labors. Petition after petition was presented to government for redress of their grievances; but a deaf ear was turned to their supplications. Their enemies, finding that no persecution nor even the martyrdom of their Prophet could destroy their union, then determined to drive them from their city; at last, persecution became so grievous and insufferable that the Saints were forced to leave their houses in the depth of winter, and wander in the western wilderness.

In the beginning of February, 1846, President Brigham Young, the Twelve Apostles, with their wives and families, and thousands of others, left the city of Nauvoo, traveling in a westerly direction, as they were guided by the Spirit of God. By reason of being exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and having only the thin covering of tents and wagons to protect them from its fury, many who had previously suffered from persecution could endure no longer, and fell asleep in death.

Having journeyed two hundred miles, they encamped and made a temporary settlement, called Garden Grove; forty miles in advance of this they made another, called Mount Pisgah; one hundred and fifty miles beyond this, they made a third settlement at Council Bluffs. While here resting from the fatigue of journeying, many were overtaken with

sickness, which was the result of former severe privations. In the midst of their troubles, at a time when every man was required more than ever to watch over and protect his helpless wife and family from the hordes of savage Indians and wild beasts of the forest, with which they were surrounded, a message was received from the President of the United States, requesting five hundred men to enter the army and march against the Mexicans. This demand, though strange and heartrending, was complied with; five hundred men were thus taken from the camps of the Saints, leaving behind them fathers, mothers, wives and children in the midst of afflictions, many of whom were dwelling in miserable log huts, tents, and wagons, with scarcely the common necessaries of life.

A few months after their departure, their enemies still burning with rage, and finding the body of the Saints beyond their reach, made an attack on those remaining in Nauvoo, an account of which we extract from a general epistle of the Twelve, December 23, 1847:

> In September, 1846, an infuriated mob, clad in all the horrors of war, fell on the Saints who had still remained in Nauvoo for want of means to remove; murdered some, and drove the remainder across the Mississippi into Iowa, where, destitute of houses, tents, food, clothing or money, they received temporary assistance from some benevolent souls in Quincy, St. Louis, and other places, whose names will ever be remembered with gratitude. But at that period the Saints were obliged to scatter to the north, south, east and west, wherever they could find shelter and procure employment. And, hard as it is to write

> it, it must ever remain a truth on the page of history, that while the flower of Israel's camp was sustaining the wings of the American eagle, by their influence and arms, in a foreign country, their brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers and children were driven by mob violence from a free and independent State, of the same national republic, and were compelled to flee from the fire, the sword, the musket and the cannon's mouth as from the demon of death. * * * Their property in Hancock County, Illinois, was little or no better than confiscated; many of their houses were burned by the mob, and they were obliged to leave most of those that remained without sale; and those who bargained sold almost for a song; for the influence of their enemies was to cause such a diminution in the value of property, that from a handsome estate was seldom realized enough to remove the family comfortably away; and thousands have since been wandering to and fro, destitute, afflicted and distressed for the common necessaries of life, or unable to endure have sickened and died by hundreds; while the Temple of the Lord is left solitary in the midst of our enemies; an enduring monument of the diligence and integrity of the Saints.

While the Saints were passing through those scenes of persecutions, sufferings and deep affliction, many glorious manifestations of divine approbation were given them,

which we should have been happy here to record, did our limits and the nature of the work admit.

The Saints in the wilderness continued their journeying as circumstances would allow; having to cut their way through woods and valleys, over rivers and mountains, a distance of fourteen hundred miles. At length, on the 21st of July, 1847, the pioneers discovered a beautiful valley beyond the "Pass" of the great Rocky Mountains, being a portion of the Great Basin of Upper California, near the southern shore of the Great Salt Lake. On the 24th the President and first company entered this their present home; other companies, year after year, continue their emigration to this point. Here Israel will remain till the indignation of an offended God is poured out upon the nations. Here will peace and happiness dwell, while nation is at war with nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and here the people of "many nations shall come and say, come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths; for the law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." Micah iv: 2.

Though persecution, poverty, sickness and trials of every description have come upon this people, they have stood the fiery trial, and given evidence to all men, to angels and to God, of their faith, virtue and fidelity. Now the Church of the living God, far beyond the reach of mobs and strife, in her hiding place, shall grow like a tree planted by rivers of waters, till "she looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." Cant. vi: 10.

As we have had to describe scenes of sorrow and suffering, harrowing to the feelings of the virtuous, we feel happy, indeed, that we can now direct the reader to the present

favorable situation of the Saints. The following extract we take from the same general epistle:

> We are at peace with all nations, with all kingdoms, with all powers, with all governments, with all authorities under the whole heavens, except the kingdom and power of darkness, which are from beneath, and are ready to stretch forth our arms to the four quarters of the globe, extending salvation to every honest soul; for our mission in the Gospel of Jesus Christ is from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth; and the blessing of the Lord is upon us; and when every other arm shall fail, the power of the Almighty will be manifest in our behalf; for we ask nothing but what is right, we want nothing but what is right, and God has said that our strength shall be equal to our day; and we invite all presidents, and emperors, and kings, and princes, and nobles, and governors, and rulers, and judges, and all nations, kindreds, tongues and people under the whole heaven, to come and help us to build a house to the name of the God of Jacob, a place of peace, a city of rest, a habitation for the oppressed of every clime, even for those that love their neighbor as they do themselves, and who are willing to do as they would be done unto; and this we are determined to do, and we will do, God being our helper; and we will help every one that will help to sustain good and

wholesome laws for the protection of virtue, and the punishment of vice.

The kingdom which we are establishing, is not of this world; but it is the kingdom of the great God. It is the fruit of righteousness, of peace, of salvation to every soul that will receive it, from Adam down to his latest posterity. Our good will is towards all men, and we desire their salvation in time and in eternity; and we will do them good so far as God will give us the power and men will permit us the privilege, and we will harm no man; but if men will rise up against the power of the Almighty to overthrow His cause, let them know assuredly that they are running on the bosses of Jehovah's buckler, and as God lives they will be overthrown.

Come, then, ye Saints; come, then, ye honorable men of the earth; come, then, ye wise, ye learned, ye rich, ye noble, according to the riches, and wisdom, and knowledge of the great Jehovah, from all nations, and kindreds, and kingdoms, and tongues, and people, and dialects, on the face of the whole earth, and join the standard of Emanuel, and help us to build up the Kingdom of God, and establish the principles of truth, life and salvation, and you shall receive your reward among the sanctified, when the Lord Jesus Christ cometh to make up His jewels; and no power on earth or in hell can prevail against you. * * *

> Come, then, ye Saints of Latter-day, and all ye great and small, wise and foolish, rich and poor, noble and ignoble, exalted and persecuted, rulers and ruled of the earth, who love virtue and hate vice, and help us to do this work, which the Lord hath required at our hands, and inasmuch as the glory of the latter house shall exceed that of the former, your reward shall be an hundredfold, and your rest shall be glorious. Our universal motto is, "*Peace with God, and good will to all men*."

The following we extract from a private letter written in the Valley respecting their peace and prosperity:

> All is stillness. No elections, no police reports, no murders, no wars in our little world. How quiet, how still, how peaceful, how happy, how free from excitement we live. Our old firelocks have not been rubbed up, or our swords unsheathed because of any alarm. No policeman, or watchmen of any kind have been on duty to guard us from external or internal danger. The drum has beat, to be sure, but it was mingled with merry-making, or its martial sound was rather to remind us that war had once been known among the nations, than to arouse us to tread the martial and measured step of those who muster for the war, or march to the battle field. Oh, what a life we live! It is the dream of the poets actually fulfilled in real life. Here we can cultivate the mind, renew the

> spirits, invigorate the body, cheer the heart, and ennoble the soul of man. Here we can cultivate every science and every art calculated to enlarge the mind, accommodate the body, or polish or adorn our race. And here we can receive and extend that pure intelligence which is unmingled with the jargon of mystic Babylon, and which will fit a man, after a long life of health and usefulness, to enjoy the mansions of bliss, and the society of those who are purified in the blood of the Lamb.
>
> Here no prisoners groan in solitary cells; no chains or fetters bind the limbs of man; no slave exists to tremble, toil and sweat for nought, or fear and crouch full low to please his fellow man. Here all are free to do right, and are warned, and chastened and corrected if caught in doing wrong.
>
> Here, too, we are all rich—there is no real poverty; all men have access to the soil, the pasture, the timber, the water power, and all the elements of wealth, without money or price.

In this peaceful country many thousand Saints have already assembled. They have laid out a city called "Great Salt Lake City." In addition to their private dwellings, they have raised several elegant and magnificent public buildings. Many mills are in operation, and factories are also in course of erection. Public institutions for education have been established; one of these the State Legislature has endowed with an annual sum of five thousand dollars

for the term of twenty years. Having come "up through great tribulation," they are not forgetful in their prosperity of their brethren who are still in adversity, scattered among the nations. Accordingly they have established a "Perpetual Emigrating Fund," for the emigration of the poor. Many thousand dollars have already been donated for this purpose. As the gathering of Israel from every nation has been decreed by the Lord, this fund has been so arranged as to be increased to millions, by which the poor and virtuous among men can be assisted, and with perfect assurance lift up their heads and rejoice, for the hour of their deliverance is nigh!

In the same valley, and others adjacent, they are establishing other cities; while the country around is appropriated to farming purposes. And thus "the wilderness, and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Every thing necessary to their comfort and refinement will continue to flow with the tide of emigration. The wisdom and ingenuity of the industrious will soon enable the sons and daughters of God to be arrayed with the workmanship of their own hands.

Four hundred miles south of the Great Salt Lake City an extensive settlement is being made. Likewise one on the borders of the Pacific Ocean, near to the port of San Diego. They have also organized a State government, called the "State of Deseret," and have now their claims for admission into the Federal union before the Congress of the United States.

That the reader may understand how this people are viewed by the public at large, we subjoin the following extract from an American newspaper:

We wish to call the reader's attention to

the new and most extraordinary condition of the Saints. Several thousand of them have found a resting place in the most remarkable spot on the North American continent. Since the children of Israel wandered through the wilderness, or the Crusaders rushed on Palestine, there has been nothing so historically singular as the emigration and recent settlement of the Saints. Thousands of them came from the Manchesters and Sheffields of England to join other thousands congregated from western New York and New England—boasted descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers—together, to establish a colony in the west. Having a Temple amid the churches and schools of Lake County, Ohio, and driven from it by popular opinion, they build the Nauvoo of Illinois. It becomes a great town; twenty thousand people flock to it. They are again assaulted by popular persecution; their Prophet murdered; their town depopulated; and, finally, their Temple burned. Does all this persecution to which they have been subjected destroy them? Not at all. Seven thousand are now settled in flourishing circumstances on the plateau summit of the North American continent. Thousands more are about to join them from Iowa, and thousands more are coming from Wales. The spectacle is most singular, and this is one of the singular episodes of the great drama of this age. The spot on

> which the Saints are now settled is geographically one of the most interesting in the western world.—*Cincinnati Atlas*.

In concluding this brief history of the temporal situation of the Saints, we feel peculiar pleasure in being able to leave them in such prosperous circumstances. The wisdom, cunning and powers of men have been exerted to stay the progress of truth and destroy the union of the Saints, but their efforts have only been a melancholy exhibition of their own folly and wickedness, and produced the opposite of their intention. By this practical lesson may all people learn that the purposes of God cannot be overthrown.

Now "the Lord shall comfort Zion, He will comfort her waste places, and He will make her wilderness like Eden and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." Isaiah li: 3. For He hath said: "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee; for, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall rise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee, and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising." lx: 1—3.

As we have traced the history of the body of the Church, we will now very briefly glance at the labors of the Elders during the same period.

We have already observed that those whom God called to publish His Gospel, were not the mighty of the earth—according to the wisdom and learning of the world; but they were honest and pure in heart. Men who "counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ;" and to spread abroad this knowledge they made

every possible sacrifice. They willingly set aside every worldly interest, the comforts of home and friends, and went forth preaching every where they had opportunity. Whithersoever they went, the Lord confirmed their testimony by His Spirit; thereby thousands were led to forsake their false and discordant religions and become obedient unto the Gospel. By repenting of their sins at the command of God, and being baptized by His servants, who had received a delegation of authority from heaven, they received the remission of their sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost, which enabled them to know for themselves it was the work of God.

As the Lord does not hire but commands men to do His work, He required them to go forth without purse and scrip, and try the world. In accomplishing this work, great indeed were the privations they had to endure. Though many received their message with joy, and gladly obeyed its requirements, many opposed and persecuted. Those "whose craft was in danger," were most bitter in their opposition; but all their efforts to stop the progress of truth only accelerated its speed. "So mightily grew the word of God, and prevailed," that in a few years churches were established in the principal towns and cities of the United States and in the Canadas.

In the year 1837, a few of the Twelve Apostles, and other Elders, in obedience to the command of God, left their native land to introduce the Gospel in Great Britain. At first a few meeting houses were opened for their use; but shortly afterwards, all were shut against them; nevertheless they persevered, and the Lord crowned their labors with success. As it was in America, so in England, some rejoiced in the restoration of the ancient Gospel, while others mocked, derided and persecuted. Since its introduction, it has spread into every county in England and Wales; and through Scotland, Ireland and the islands

of the British Channel. Churches are established in the principal towns and cities, and in many of the surrounding villages of those countries, so that at present there are between forty and fifty thousand Saints in Her Britannic Majesty's dominions. Favorable accounts have also been received of the spread of truth in France, Denmark, Australia and the East Indies. In the islands of the Pacific Ocean, three thousand souls have been turned from their idolatrous and superstitious worship, and become obedient to the light of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

While this unparalleled work has been performed, the Twelve have ever been foremost in introducing the Gospel in foreign lands; bearing the burden and heat of the day; and while the Saints are comfortably situated in the Valley, in the enjoyment of the blessings of heaven and earth, they are far from their families, traveling on both continents. Wherever they have gone the word has been established in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance; and through faith and supplication the sick and afflicted have been restored, the lame have been made to walk, the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak and the blind to see. The knowledge of these things is possessed by the Saints, as they are of frequent occurrence. For bearing testimony of them they have suffered the persecution we have related; and while it ever remains a witness against the wicked, it is an imperishable monument of the worthiness of God's people to inherit that crown of life which fadeth not away, eternal in the heavens.

While the word has been so extensively preached, it has also been widely published by the press. Many thousand copies of the Book of Mormon and Book of Doctrine and Covenants have been published in America and Great Britain. Besides those standard works, many other lesser works of great importance have also been published, and many thousand copies of pamphlets and replies to

objectors in both countries. During the residence of the Saints in Ohio and Missouri, they issued two periodicals, called the *Messenger and Advocate*, and *Evening and Morning Star*. In Illinois they had other two periodicals, called the *Times and Seasons*, and *Nauvoo Neighbor*. In the cities of New York and Philadelphia, where large and influential churches were established, they published two others, called *The Prophet*, and *Gospel Reflector*. Those papers and periodicals obtained extensive circulation, through which the word of God was strenuously advocated. In 1840, a periodical entitled *The Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star*, was commenced in England, and is now published at Liverpool, having obtained a weekly circulation of upwards of twenty-three thousand copies. In Wales they have established a publication called *Zion's Trumpet*. On the western frontier of the United States, there is a large newspaper published, called the *Frontier Guardian*. Those papers are conducted by the Elders with great ability, and much good has been effected through their instrumentality.

Thus, in the short space of twenty years, a work has been accomplished without a parallel in the world's history. A work which has been tested on every side; it has been the object of misrepresentation in every part of the world; it has been opposed by the most talented theologians; it has overcome difficulties the most appalling; it has passed through trials the most fiery, and, like gold issuing from the furnace, has shone brighter and brighter; and while it has surmounted every obstacle, it has not only shown that "truth is mighty and will prevail," but has also shown that it has been sustained by One whose arm is omnipotent, and whose word shall be fulfilled and work accomplished though earth and hell oppose.

# CHAPTER XXIII.

Explanatory note.—Lorenzo writes to Elder Hyde.—Brightness of natural scenery.—Spiritual darkness.—A courageous minister.—Inscription attached to his portrait.—Hymn.—Drudgery.—Expression of gratitude.—A dream.—First Native ordained to preach.—Ordains Elders Woodard and Stenhouse to the High Priesthood.—The former to preside in Italy, the latter in Switzerland.—A Magnificent view.—Reflections.

It will be understood by the following letter that Brother Lorenzo was on his way to England. He had left Elder Woodard in charge of the mission in Italy. This he was under the necessity of doing, in order to superintend the translation and publication of the Book of Mormon in the Italian language. During the progress of this very important work, whenever opportunities presented in which he could, with propriety, absent himself from the translating room and the press, he traveled among the churches, attending Conferences and visiting the Saints in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. This explains the reason why communications were subsequently addressed to him from Italy and Switzerland.

Turin, Italy, 25TH January, 1851.

*Dear President Hyde*:

After a residence of seven months in Italy, I am about to bid it farewell for a season. If the attractions of physical

nature could command all of my attention, I might long linger to gaze upon these realms of loveliness. One might travel far over the earth before he finds a fairer clime. Here man dwells beneath an almost cloudless sky. The sun rarely hides his face in summer or winter; and when, at eventide, his golden glories fade behind the western hills, the silver stars shed a serene lustre over the blue vault of immensity. But the remembrance of the moral scenery amid which I have been moving will be more imperishably engraven on my spirit than all the brightness of the firmament, or the verdure of prairies enameled with ten thousand flowers. Amid the loveliness of nature, I found the soul of man like a wilderness. From the palace of the king to the lone cottage on the mountains, all was shrouded in spiritual darkness. Protestant and Papist looked upon each other as outcasts from the hopes of eternity, but regarded themselves as the favorites of heaven. And thus they had done from time immemorial.

The changing, ephemeral sectarianism of England and America, is in many respects unlike the sturdy superstition of this country. Here, Protestantism is not the offspring of boasted modern reformation; but may fairly dispute with Rome as to which is the oldest in apostasy. Every man holds a creed which has been transmitted from sire to son for a thousand years, whether he be Protestant or Catholic; and often he will lay his hand on his heart, and swear by the faith of his forefathers, that he will live and die as they have lived and died.

The Protestants from a very small minority. They have been harrassed for centuries by fierce attacks from powerful armies of Catholics. But after sanguinary persecutions, they have revived as the corn, and grown as the vine. Once, their last remnant was driven to Switzerland; but a courageous minister, assuming a military character, led them back, victoriously to their

native valleys. The portrait of this hero bears the following inscription:

> I preach and fight—I have a double commission, and these two contests occupy my soul. Zion is now to be rebuilt, and the sword is needed as well as the trowel.

The English government has several times interfered in their behalf, and large donations have been sent to them from various Protestant countries. Many a tribute of admiration has been paid them by men of ability from the leading sects of Protestantism, till their church has been flattered into immeasurable self-importance.

The following hymn expresses the feelings engendered by their romantic situation:

> For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
> Our God, our fathers' God:
> Thou hast made Thy children mighty
> By the touch of the mountain sod.
> Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge,
> Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
> For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
> Our God, our fathers' God.
>
> We are watchers of a beacon,
> Whose light must never die:
> We are guardians of an altar,
> 'Midst the silence of the sky.
> The rocks yield founts of courage,
> Struck forth as by Thy rod;
> For the strength of the hills we bless

Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

For the dark, resounding caverns,
Where Thy still, small voice is heard—
For the strong, tall pine of the forests,
That by Thy breath is stirred;
For the storm, on whose free pinions
Thy Spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the hills we bless
Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

* * * * *

For the shadow of Thy presence
'Round our camp of rock outspread;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead:
For the snows and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial sod:
For the strength of the hills we bless
Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

Their self-esteem, combined with deep ignorance, present a formidable barrier to the progress of the Gospel. They have had so little intercourse with other parts of the earth —so little knowledge of anything beyond their own scenes of pastoral life, that it is difficult for them to contemplate the great principles of temporal and eternal salvation.

One long round of almost unremitting toil is the portion of both sexes. The woman who is venerable with gray hairs is seen laden with wood, or heavy baskets of manure, while traveling the rugged paths of the mountains. No drudgery here but must be shared by the delicate female frame. I

have traveled far over the earth, from the confines of the torrid zone to the regions of eternal snow, but never before beheld a people with so many physical and mental derangements. But the hour of their deliverance draws nigh.

The constitution of this kingdom affords no guarantee that we shall ever enjoy the same religious privileges as our brethren in England and other countries.

A merciful Providence has hitherto preserved us from being entangled in the meshes of the law. A bookseller told me, the other day, that he was not allowed to sell a Bible. No work is permitted to be published that attacks the principles of Catholicism. I look with wonder upon the road in which the Lord has led me since I came to this land. From the first day I trod the Italian soil, there has been a chain of circumstances, which has not sprung by chance, but from the wise arrangements of Him who ruleth in the kingdoms of men. I thank my Heavenly Father that I was restrained from any attempt to hurry the great work with which I was entrusted. All the jealous policy of Italy has been hushed into repose by the comparative silence of our operations; and at the same time, no principle has been compromised—no concession has been made, but, from day to day, we have been constantly engaged, forming some new acquaintances, or breaking down some ancient barrier of prejudice.

Such moderation was not agreeable to me as a man, but I look forward to the day when the stability and grandeur of our building will be an ample reward for those months of labor which may not have been attended with anything extraordinary in the eyes of those who judge merely by the external appearance of the moment.

Here I may relate a dream, which, though simple in itself,

presented a theme for meditation under our peculiar circumstances. I thought I was in company with some friends, descending a gentle slope of beautiful green, till we came to the bank of a large body of water. Here were two skiffs; and as I embarked in one, my friends followed in the other. We moved slowly over this widespreading bay, without wind or any exertion on our part. As we were on a fishing excursion, we were delighted with seeing large and beautiful fish on the surface of the water, all around, to a great distance. We saw many persons spreading their nets and lines, but they all seemed to be stationary, whereas we were in continual motion. While passing one of them, I discovered that a fish had got upon my hook, and I thought that it might perhaps disturb this man's feelings to have it caught, as it were, out of his hands, nevertheless, we moved along, and came to the shore. I then drew in my line, and was not a little surprised and mortified at the smallness of my prize. I thought it very strange, that among such a multitude of noble, superior looking fish, I should have made so small a haul. But all my disappointment vanished when I discovered that its qualities were of a very extraordinary character.

While encircled by many persons of noble bearing and considerable intelligence, a prospect seemed opening for the employment of some among them, in the work of the ministry. But the Lord judgeth not as man judgeth. The first native in these valleys that I ordained to preach the Gospel, was one who swayed no extensive influence, and boasted no great natural abilities; but he sought the Lord with fasting and prayer; and the Spirit rested upon him mightily, showing him in the dreams of night, the glorious reality of the work with which he had become associated.

Feeling it wisdom to send Elder Stenhouse to Switzerland, and to leave Elder Woodard in Italy, and knowing the formidable character of the difficulties with which they

must struggle, I resolved to bestow upon them such blessings as they required in the discharge of their important duties; and as there is power, knowledge and wisdom in the High Priesthood of God, I felt it to be in accordance with the mind of the Spirit that they should be called to that office.

We have here no Temple—no building made by human hands, but the mountains tower around us—far above all the edifices which Protestants and Papists use in this country.

On Sunday, the twenty-fourth of November, we ascended one of these eminences which seem to occupy a position between earth and sky, and which, on a former occasion, we had named "Mount Brigham." During our tedious ascent, the sun shone forth in all its brightness; but in such parts as were shaded, we found snow on the ground, and many a craggy peak and rocky summit on every side, were white with the snowy fleeces of winter.

Having reached the place we sought, we gazed with rapture on the enchanting scenes of surrounding nature. Before us was a plain so vast that it seemed as if immensity had become visible. All was level in this ocean of space, and yet no sameness appeared on its fertile bosom. Here towns and cities were environed by the resources from which their inhabitants had been fed for ages. Ancient and far-famed Italy, the scene of our mission, was spread out like a vision before our enchanted eyes. Light and shade produced their effect in that magnificent picture, in a surprising degree; for while the clouds flung their shadows on one part, another was illuminated with the most brilliant sunlight as far as the eye could reach.

But there was one hallowed reflection which threw all

around a brighter lustre than the noontide firmament: it was in that place, two months before, that we organized the Church of Jesus Christ in Italy. If we had stood upon a pavement of gold and diamonds, it would not have produced an impression like the imperishable remembrance of that sacred scene.

Amid the sublime display of the Creator's works, we sung the praises of His eternal name, and implored those gifts which our circumstances required.

I then ordained Elder Woodard a High Priest, and asked our Heavenly Father to give him wisdom and strength to watch over the Church in Italy, whatever might be the scenes through which it should have to pass; and that he might be enabled to extend the work which I had commenced.

I also ordained Elder Stenhouse a High Priest, and prayed that his way might be opened in Switzerland for carrying forth the work of the Lord in that interesting country. In a few days afterwards, Elder Stenhouse proceeded on his mission.

O Italy! Thou birthplace and burial ground of the proud Caesars—thou that swayed the sceptre of this mundane creation—land of literature and arts, and once the centre of the world's civilization. Who shall tell all the greatness which breathes in the story of thy past? And who, O who shall tell all the corruption which broods on thy bosom *now*?

Land of flowers and fruitfulness of the vine—the olive and orange—all that blushes in beauty and charms with delicacy, is spread o'er thy green fields, or grows in thy empire garden; but thy children are deep in pollution, and spring like thorns and thistles amid thy floral scenes of

endless enchantment. From the wave-swept shores of the Mediterranean to the base of the bleak Alpine region, thy sunny plains lie spread like a fairy realm.

Here reposes the dust of millions that were mighty in ages gone by, and flooded the earth with the fame of their deeds. Here are the fields that have been crimsoned with the blood of royalty, and have become the grave of dynasties. Poets who sung the praise of nations, and princes that wielded the sceptre of power during many a crisis of the world's history, are laid low beneath the dust of thy fields and vineyards!

But is there nought here save the tomb of the past? O, Italy! Hath an eternal winter followed the summer of thy fame, and frosted the flowers of thy genius, and clouded the sunbeams of thy glory? No: the future of thy story shall outshine the past, and thy children shall yet be more renowned than in the ages of old. Though the triple crown of earth's proudest apostate shed a tinsel splendor over thy boundless superstition, Truth shall yet be victorious amid thy Babylonish regions. Where triumphant warriors were stained with gore, and princes reigned in the pomp of tyranny, the sure, though tardy working of the Gospel, now weaves a fairer wreath, and will wear a brighter crown.

I see around me many an eye which will one day glisten with delight at the tidings of eternal Truth—many a countenance which will adorn the assemblies of the living God. There is yet the blood of heaven's nobility within the hearts of many amid thy sons and daughters; and sooner will that blood stain the scaffold of martyrdom than dishonor the manly spirits with which it is connected.

Geneva, 6th of February. I have reserved the closing of my letter till my arrival in Geneva. As I took my departure from Piedmont, much kindly feeling was manifested

towards me. I beheld, with no small degree of satisfaction, the work of the Lord extending, and the lively efforts in operation for the spread of the principles of truth. You may form some idea of the difficulties which have beset my efforts to publish, when I tell you that "The Voice of Joseph" is now circulating in Italy with a woodcut of a Catholic nun, anchor, lamp and cross on the first page, and on the last Noah's ark, the dove and the olive.

With this work, and "The Ancient Gospel Restored," in my trunk, pockets and hat, I crossed the Alps in the midst of a snow storm, scarcely knowing whether I was dead or alive. It is one thing to read of traveling over the backbone of Europe in the depth of winter, but doing it is quite different.

Since my arrival in the far-famed city of Calvin, I have had several interviews with intelligent Swiss gentlemen, who have, through the efforts of Elder Stenhouse and the circulation of my works, become much interested, and promise fair to give a good investigation.

In consequence of so much difficulty and vexation in getting out publications in Italy, I feel unwilling to draw many books from that quarter; therefore, I feel it my duty to make arrangements to get a second edition of both work published here. I am pleased with the prospect of establishing the Gospel in Geneva. I feel free and in a free atmosphere, and to prophesy good of Switzerland.

Yours affectionately,

Lorenzo Snow.

To President Orson Hyde,

Kanesville, Iowa Territory, North America.

# CHAPTER XXIV.

Note by Editor.—Elder Woodard writes.—More Baptisms in Italy.—A singular scene.—A successful experiment.—Ten baptized.—Expressions from converts.—The *Millennial Star* speaks.—Encouraging reports.—Letter from Elder Woodard.—Extract from Elder Stenhouse's letter.—Opposition re-acts.—Good results.

It will be recollected that, although Italy was the headquarters and prominent point of Lorenzo's mission, it extended indefinitely to all countries and peoples wherever wisdom dictated and opportunity presented. While the work was going on in Italy, under the wise management of Elder Woodard, Elder Stenhouse was laboring under Lorenzo's direction in Switzerland.

LaTour, Vallie De Luzerne, Piedmont, Italy,

February 26, 1851.

*Dear President Snow*:

I am happy to inform you that the brethren and sisters in Italy are all well, and send their salutations to you, with the request that you will also salute the churches in England for them.

On the twenty-fourth of February, two young men presented themselves for baptism. It rained and snowed amain, and the atmosphere was so dense that we could not see distinctly a little way ahead. But as we descended towards the Angrogua river, a singular scene was

presented: the clouds were suddenly rent asunder, as if they had been a sheet of paper, and the side of Mount Brigham was visible, in a moment, from the top to the bottom.

I exclaimed, "The veil over Italy has burst," and yet, at the instant, I knew not what I was saying. I stood paralyzed with the magnificent views which opened on every side; then with a prayer to Israel's God, we entered the stream.

In the evening a congregation assembled, and I commenced preaching; but the devil entered into some who had been resisting the truth, and I saw that he had got a firm hold, and my words seemed to be wasted on the assembly, through the presence of such a deadening and defiling influence. I therefore stopped short, and sat down, after intimating that everybody might go where they liked. By this means I got rid of the chaff while the good grain remained. I then commenced preaching, and the power of God rested upon us. Many a tear rolled down those weather-beaten faces. The next day I baptized ten persons; they are not the rich and the noble, but you shall judge them by their own language, as they have each given me a line to send to their foreign brethren. As follows:

1. May we meet when the earth is renovated.

2. Pray for a young sister who wishes to grow in grace.

3. Absent in body, but united in spirit.

4. Hallelujah, for the Lord has remembered His people.

5. If we do not meet in these bodies, may we embrace each other in the resurrection. (This brother is sixty-two years old.)

6. In the midst of weakness I hope for strength.

7. Pray for a poor brother.

8. May we be crowned with glory when the world is judged.

The other brothers and sisters send the following: We thank our Heavenly Father that we have begun to walk in the pathway of a new and endless life.

One brother, who is a firm believer in the "Voice of Joseph," I have advanced as an Elder. Five months ago he was requested to take the office of Elder in the Waldensian Church. This he refused.

Please address my letters as usual, but add "*Poste Restante*." I do not see an opening at present, but I believe the Lord will enable me to be independent of the hotel, and by that means I shall know more as to the true character of the inhabitants.

Remember me to Sister Woodard, and all friends whom you see in your travels.

All kinds of calumny and petty persecution are brought into use. The devil is not idle here, and sometimes he tells the truth.

Yours in the new and everlasting covenant,

Jabez Woodard.

We now copy from the *Millennial Star*, under date of March 15, 1851, as follows:

The French, Italian and Danish missions, we are happy to state, are each of them moving forward with a degree of prosperity which is truly cheering. Elders Taylor and L. Snow arrived in Liverpool from their fields of labor, last

week, in good health and spirits.

Elder Lorenzo Snow has published two pamphlets in Piedmont, Italy, which are being actively circulated by Elder Woodard in that vicinity, and by Elder Stenhouse in Switzerland.

A spirit of inquiry is abroad to considerable extent. This mission has been attended with much care and solicitude. Many have felt that labors bestowed in that country would prove futile and unavailing—that doctrines of present revelation would not be able to obtain credence with that people. But Elder Snow is resolute in his purpose of establishing the Church of Jesus Christ in those countries, upon the most substantial basis—the rock of revelation. He is about to commence the translation and publication of the Book of Mormon in the Italian language immediately, with a view to push it on vigorously until its completion.

Just in time for the present number of the *Star*, we are favored, by Elder Lorenzo Snow, with the following soul-stirring account of the work of the Lord in Italy, which will cause the heart-strings of every Saint to vibrate with celestial tones of praise and thanksgiving to Zion's God for His blessings to His people in Piedmont.

"The veil over Italy has begun to burst—the Alpine hills have commenced to reverbate the tidings of salvation, the gift of the Holy Ghost, to those who have wandered long in darkness, and the sound of their cheering congratulations, in the new covenant of life, have reached our ears. They speak like Saints. Their bosoms already burn with love and fellowship towards their brethren in other lands. The aged who has nearly numbered his threescore years and ten, scarely expecting to meet his brethren generally, on earth, hopes to embrace them in the resurrection, not far off; indeed, the spirit of the Gospel seems to pervade their

minds richly, as their salutations fully bespeak, which also witness the purity and faith of those who have sown this seed in their hearts."

LETTER FROM ELDER JABEZ WOODARD.

Italy, May 9TH, 1851.

*Dear President Snow*:

I am still alive and able to *climb* mountains, if I cannot *move* them. I have baptized one more since I wrote. This makes twenty-one members, exclusive of those who are non-resident, as Brother Toronto and yourself, and Brother Stenhouse.

I have sent an Elder to baptize at Pignerol, and if he has done his duty, he has at least baptized one. I have ordained in all, two Elders, one Priest and one Teacher. I send these details in case you may require statistics for the Conference.

We have had some thunderstorms lately. One that made the mountains re-echo the other night—I shall not soon forget. When the rain came through the roof and dashed in big drops upon my face as I lay in bed, I said to myself, "I am not so bad off now as the brethren who have slept under the hedge."

I am indeed rejoiced to hear that Elder Kelsey has got such lads at work. I am looking forward to such days in Italy.

You would have laughed the other day, to hear a dispute as to who I was. One said that I claimed an origin in the other world. Elder Malan, who was unknown to the parties, said, perhaps I was an angel. A gentleman, however, assured his friends that I was Joseph Smith. I came up at the end of the discussion and endeavored to explain the origin of my

faith, and not the origin of myself, which I thought a little too difficult for the occasion.

On Tuesday, the sixth of May, I descended with a Teacher from the mountains, above the chapel of St. Lorenzo. We rested for the night near the church of Angevagna. The next morning we pursued our journey till mid-day, when we arrived at the house of a brother. He had told his family and friends that we were coming, although I had not told any one that it was my intention to pass that way; but, said he, "The Lord made it known to me last night in my sleep."

After prayer, and giving some teachings, we resumed our journey, and for three long hours we scarcely saw anything but the winding torrent and the barren mountains. We took lodgings for the night in a cottage which actually had glass in the windows. We accounted this a miracle, for it is nearly a month since I slept where there was a pane of glass.

The next morning, May 8th, the snow fell abundantly in that elevated region, and I could not get warm till I got a small congregation and warmed myself with preaching.

Two years ago, an avalanche fell here, and crushed a house where there were eight persons. The youngest, an infant of fourteen months, was unhurt; but the others were all killed. Another avalanche killed eleven persons, as they were returning from market.

One night a minister, with his whole family, was killed in the same place. The wind blew his house over the precipice, and the dog was the only living thing that escaped.

In this land of storms, I have commenced sowing the good seed. May the Lord give an increase, and to His name shall

be the glory.

Yours affectionately,

Jabez Woodard.

The following extracts are from a letter published in the *Millennial Star*, addressed to Elder F. D. Richards (who was at this time presiding over the British mission), written by Elder Stenhouse when on a visit in England, dated May 17, 1851:

As the Italian mission, from the pen of my esteemed President, and the recent communications from Elder Woodard, is now before the public, I deem it superfluous to say one word more on that mission. My heart is filled with gratitude to my Heavenly Father for the great and manifold blessings which have followed the organization of His Kingdom in that country, through the wisdom of one of His chosen Twelve.

During my sojourn in Switzerland, I have been principally in Geneva, or what is called in religious circles, "Protestant Rome." When it is remembered that in this city John Calvin and other celebrated sectarians spent the best of their lives, it will not be a matter of surprise if the doctrine of *new revelation* be counted a strange thing. Since Elder Snow visited, and left his blessing on the place, investigation has increased day by day. His writings are spreading among all classes. I may say, with confidence, there is not a minister, Protestant, Catholic or Methodist of any shade or color in Geneva, but is more or less acquainted with "Mormonism" and Lorenzo Snow.

A few days before I left, I had the satisfaction of listening to the expose of "Mormonism," by the Rev. Mr. Guers, a Methodist. I felt so truly thankful for his kindness that I

could not refrain from testifying my gratitude by distributing among his congregation Elder Snow's "Ancient Gospel Restored," with a polite invitation to read still further on the same subject.

At the close of this interesting meeting, another, more select, was held, when about thirty persons, including seven parsons, sat down to tea, that they might, over the social cup, discuss the best means *to prevent* the spread of "Mormonism."

Through this expose the eyes of my landlord were opened to behold the work of God. In a few days afterwards he sought baptism. The day I left Geneva, I ordained him to the holy office of an Elder. This brother speaks the French and German fluently.

In the Swiss cantons, French, German and Italian are spoken. In the course of a little time, when Elders Taylor and Snow will have ushered into the world the Book of Mormon in those languages, I believe a great work will be done in Switzerland to the honor and glory of Israel's God. A German gentleman, who has been captivated with Elder Snow's writings, has promised to put them in German as soon as possible.

In concluding, I cannot but express the deep obligations that I feel to President Snow for the paternal care which he has shown to myself and fellow laborers.

# CHAPTER XXV.

Onward.—No bounds to Brother Snow's mission.—He looks

towards India and shapes his plans. —Writes to F. D. Richards.— Expresses his views.—Brother Woodard writes from Italy.— Brother Stenhouse from Switzerland.—Lorenzo visits Wales.—Untimely plaudit.—A Bedlamite night encounter.— Ultimate fate of the hotel and its Landlord.

On and still onward! Although Brother Snow felt that thus far, through the blessings of God and the assistance of the Saints in Europe, he had succeeded in his efforts beyond his most sanguine anticipations, he knew there was more to do. He realized that the brotherhood of human origin circumscribes all the nations of the earth; that the glad tidings of salvation must be proclaimed to all people; that to his present mission the Priesthood of God had set no bound, and where should he stop? Not on the continent of Europe. He fixes his far-reaching gaze on the idolatrous nations of the east, and with no common daring contemplates establishing a mission in India.

Prompt to the idea, his plan is soon shaped to introduce the unadulterated doctrines of Jesus Christ on the Asiatic continent. But this cannot be accomplished without means, and from whence the means? His confidence in the overruling hand of God, and in the liberality and zeal of the Saints, was more to him than a bank investment, and, with no disposition to confer with impediments, he moved forward. The following letter, which I transcribe from the *Star* of August 1, more fully explains the object he had in view:

*President F. D. Richards*:

I take the present opportunity to communicate through the *Star* a few items of information to the Saints generally in reference to the progress of the Italian and Swiss missions, and other matters connected with the growing interests of Messiah's Kingdom.

Elder Stenhouse, with his wife and little daughter, will leave here this week, to resume his labors in Switzerland. I have nearly completed the translation of "Divine Authority," and given Elder Stenhouse instructions to publish it immediately, together with the second edition of the "Voice of Joseph." We hope, ere long, to be able to issue a periodical from Geneva, adapted to our readers both in Switzerland and Italy.

The mission in Italy still moves forward under the cautious, prudent, faithful and persevering labors and management of Elder Woodard. The two publications which I issued in Turin are now circulated quite extensively in the north of Italy. Elder Toronto has returned from Sicily, and is now laboring very successfully with Elder Woodard. Several intelligent and influential Italians have lately been ordained to the Priesthood, and are now engaged in propagating the principles of life and salvation.

I am getting forward very well with the translation of the Book of Mormon. I shall commence with the printing shortly, and will soon be able to present it to the people of Italy in their own language.

Lately my mind has been much impressed with the idea of introducing the Gospel to India. I have counseled with my brethren of the Twelve on the subject, and we all feel alike the importance of such a step, and the ultimate benefits to the Kingdom of God. Upon the Twelve devolves the responsibility of introducing the Gospel to the nations. As

the time approaches when we anticipate the privilege of returning to the body of the Church, I feel reluctant indeed to suffer any favorable opportunity to pass for opening the door of the Gospel in India. Although the duties for Italy and Switzerland, and long absence from my family, press with weight upon me, I am nevertheless ready in the name of the Lord to take upon me this work also.

I contemplate sending immediately around by sea to Calcutta one or two good and faithful Elders, and follow on myself as soon as I shall have completed the translation and publication of the Book of Mormon. I intend passing through by way of Switzerland and Italy, visiting the Saints in those countries, and promoting the interests of those missions in every way in my power.

Circumstances seem to be working favorably. A short time since I met with a brother who had resided seven years in India, and is conversant with the native language, and will immediately enter upon the translation of some of my works, which I intend getting published there, together with the "Voice of Joseph," in English, soon after my arrival.

Brethren who have plenty of means, and wish to employ them for the glory of God in the salvation of souls, I trust will not be backward in liberality; that while I willingly and freely sacrifice the pleasures and endearments of home and friends, they may be equally ready and willing to devote their means, and thus fulfil the Scriptures in making to themselves friends with the "mammon of unrighteousness."

If any of the Saints have friends in that country, to whom the brethren may be introduced, let them send unsealed letters of recommendation, properly addressed, enclosed in an envelope addressed to me, at 35 Jewin Street, London.

Yours affectionately,

Lorenzo Snow.

In order to keep the connection of the progress of the work in Italy and Switzerland, I extract from a letter published in the *Star* from Elder Woodard, dated Italy, August 1, 1851, and copy one from Elder Stenhouse:

*Dear Brother Snow*:

A tract of forty-six pages has been issued against us in Switzerland, and a plentiful supply has arrived here. It contains the "Spaulding story" and nothing else except the common cant of sectarianism and some quotations from "The Voice of Joseph" and "The Only Way to be Saved," for which I am very thankful. I am happy to say that we now muster thirty-one members. I feel courage in the thought that you have taken the Presidency of the Indian Empire, and that if there be royal blood within my veins it will roll with renewed vigor through every fibre of my frame, that with stimulated energies I may carry out your counsel; and if I know what honor, and friendship, and gratitude require at my hands, you shall be in Italy at the same time you are in India, or elsewhere. I confess that when I found you had laid upon me the solemn charge to gather Israel from among these nations, I felt the weight of the office, and at the same time new courage and new patience. My eyes are not closed to the difficulties of the situation, but I know where my strength lies. I feel as if I must fast and pray for every one of these kingdoms separately; and I see that I must pass through many strange scenes, but by the help of the Lord I hope to overcome. I strive to acquire a knowledge of languages and customs, laws and regulations. If it were possible, I would wish to disburthen your mind of all future anxieties concerning this mission.

I know by my own experience, something of what you must have felt since the moment you were named for the President of such a stupendous undertaking. What thoughts have oft crowded your mind from morning to midnight! What weariness by land and sea! And now a still loftier enterprise engages your attention, or at least, one which gives a wider sphere of action. But what can I say that will leave your mind at rest concerning Italy?

Perhaps, now you are absent, it would ill become me to boast of my goodness, still I hope I advance a little. If ever a firm resolve has taken possession of my soul, it is now engraven there, and registered in heaven, that by the grace of God, I am determined to tread all things beneath my feet that would militate against the accomplishment of the glorious work in which I am engaged. Yes, I would like to conquer, but not for myself alone. I would render unto you that which is due from myself, and make thousands more to feel that which they owe.

* * * * * *

Elder Toronto joins with me in love to you and all the Saints.

Yours affectionately,

Jabez Woodard.

CHEZ MONS. DUPRAZ, A LA SERVETTE, 429 GENEVE,

August 26, 1851.

*Dear President Snow*:

Knowing your continued anxiety and interest over these nations, I take a few minutes before retiring to rest, to say

how we have been and how we are.

Since I wrote you, I paid a visit to Signor Reta, the translator—he was happy to see me—inquired after your health, and sent his compliments. I expect a visit from him in a day or two. I hope to make a more intimate acquaintance with him. I have had a violent cold, which confined me to bed two days. After being restored, Sister Stenhouse was taken badly, much the same as myself, but much worse. We are now, thank the Lord, better. In the midst of all, we have done our best.

Elder Roulet brought an intelligent man to see us, who was connected with the Church where the lecture was delivered against us. We had several interesting conversations with him; at length, on Friday night last, I baptized him. Yesterday we held our Sunday meeting, at which he was confirmed. We prayed, read, talked and felt well. To-night he brought his daughter to have some conversation. She has gone home to reflect.

To-day I have received a very interesting letter from the brother I baptized at Lausanne. He says his wife wants to be baptized, and several others feel interested in history of the Church, by reading our publications. I feel as if the Lord had commenced to work among the people. I get on with the language pretty well. I hope when you pass through, we will be thrilled with your own voice in this language.

Accept our united love.

As ever yours, very affectionately,

T. B. H. Stenhouse.

Now to Lorenzo's journal: In the autumn of 1851, I visited

some of the Welsh conferences, having received a very kind invitation from Elder William Phillips, who then presided over that section. The visit afforded me inexpressible satisfaction—the Saints in their national characteristic, warmhearted friendship, kindness and hospitality, extended to me the warmest welcome; and also gave proof of the sincerity of their feelings of liberality by prompt, gratuitous assistance towards the interests of the great missionary work under my supervision.

During my stay in Wales, I attended a number of very interesting meetings. On the evening of the fourth of November, I addressed a very large assembly, convened in a hall in Tredegar, in Monmouthshire. In the course of the meeting, Elder J. S. Davies arose, unanticipated by me, and read a poem composed by him, in which he alluded to my visit in Wales as an Apostle, as a very remarkable and wonderful event. I gave him full credit for his good motive and generous feelings, but at the same time felt not a little annoyed that he should have chosen such an unseasonable occasion—in the presence of a large congregation, nine-tenths of which were Gentiles, to read an article of that character.

At the close of the meeting, President Phillips and myself were conducted to a hotel, where, after supper, we were shown to lodgings in an upper room. As we passed into the bedchamber, while closing the door, I noticed that, owing to some defect in the lock, it could not be fastened. We soon retired to rest, then about 11 o'clock; thinking ourselves safe from harm, we slept soundly, until probably about 2 o'clock a.m., I was suddenly awakened by a savage looking fellow standing close to my bedside, ordering me and my companion to leave our bed forthwith or suffer the consequences; at the same time using the most blasphemous language, and uttering the most hideous oaths imaginable, while fiendishly striking his huge fists in close

proximity to my face. Two of his comrades, stout, fierce looking fellows, were standing by, evidently prepared for an encounter. Brother Phillips was soundly sleeping, and it was with some difficulty that I awakened him sufficiently to comprehend our situation. Of course, we could do but little towards defending ourselves against a trio of ruffians, desperately bent on mischief; and as we afterwards learned, had been hired to mob us, and that the landlord was secretly conniving with the actors in the hellish raid.

In the contest, the light which one of them held, was by some means, suddenly extinguished, which caused an alarm, resulting in their retreat forthwith from the room; upon which I suggested to Elder Phillips that we immediately do our best to secure ourselves by barricading the door, for I felt assured the insurgents would make another attack. We placed a chair at the door, with the top directly under the knob of the door lock, and there I assumed the responsibility of holding it, while Brother Phillips performed the duty of pressing his large and stately person against the door.

No sooner had these protective arrangements been completed, than the mobocrats, with considerable reinforcements, came rushing forward to renew the attack. They persistently endeavored to force the door open, but failing, they placed themselves against it, Sampson like, but, owing to the position of things inside, without avail; then, with a volley of oaths, they commenced pounding and kicking the door, and continued until the noise and uproar was so great that the landlord did not dare any longer to ignore the situation, and coming to our relief, he quelled the disturbance by requesting the ruffians to retire.

Some years after the date of this occurrence, I was informed that the hotel in which the foregoing disgraceful scenes were enacted was being used as a common stable

for the accommodation of horses; and that the landlord had been signally reduced to beggary, and was a vagabond upon the earth.

# CHAPTER XXVI.

Address to the Saints.—Responsibility of those holding the Priesthood.—Eternal prospects.—The best policy in governing.—Priesthood to be honored.—By benefiting others we benefit ourselves.—Must pass through suffering.—Must be pure and humble.—Need patience.—Estimation of F. D. Richards.—His wise policy.—Progress of the mission.—Expression of gratitude.—The Editor speaks.—Lorenzo's courage and faithfulness.

The following is an address of my brother, to the Saints in Great Britain, as he was about to leave England to return to his mission:

*Beloved Saints*:

A short sojourn in this land has served to bind more closely those feelings of interest which must ever be called into action during an intimate acquaintance with the Saints. As the period now approaches when, for other climes, I must bid adieu to the kindly smiling faces and warm hearts of the brethren in the British Isles, I can but express my deep and heartfelt wishes for the prosperity and continued progress of the work in this country, and the well-being and happiness of all those who have the privilege of co-operating in the great and glorious cause of spreading light

and intelligence amongst the children of men.

To my brethren in the Priesthood I beg to offer a few words of counsel, instruction and exhortation. Upon you rest high and sacred responsibilities, which relate not only to the salvation of this generation, but of many past generations, and many to come. The glorious ensign of Emanuel's Kingdom, once again established in the world, must be unfurled in every nation, kingdom, and empire: the voice of warning—the voice of the Bridegroom, "Prepare ye, prepare ye the way of the Lord," must be carried forth unto all people. You are the ones whom the Lord has chosen for this purpose, even the horn of Joseph, to "push the people together." Surely you cannot be too anxiously, nor too industriously engaged, seeking the best, the manner most useful to yourselves and mankind, to magnify your holy and sacred offices.

It is the Priesthood that will give you character, renown, wisdom, power, and authority, and build you up here below among the children of men; and above, exalt you to peace and happiness, to thrones and dominions, even through countless eternities. This world, in its kingdoms and empires, possesses, in some small degree, glory and greatness, faintly shadowing forth what exists in regions above: but here, with these, are associated little happiness and little durability.

The world we seek offers to its inhabitants unfading glory, immortal renown, and dominions of continued increase, where families grow into nations, nations into generations, generations into worlds, worlds into universes: this is *the path* of the Priesthood—*the path* of the Holy Ones. Well did the Apostle say, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him, but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit, for the Spirit

searcheth all things, yea, even the deep things of God."

Authoritative rule is not the proper code by which to govern Saints, but rather seek to rule in the spirit of humility, wisdom and goodness, teaching not so much by theory as by practice. Though one teach with the eloquence of an angel, one's good acts and good examples, constantly manifesting whole-heartedness for the interests of the people, teach much more effectively, if not more eloquently. Very few indeed have enough moral courage to be strictly honest, faithful, virtuous and honorable in all positions—those few will hold the Priesthood and receive its fulness, but no others.

Purity, virtue, fidelity, and godliness must be sought ambitiously, or the crown cannot be worn. Those principles must be incorporated with ourselves—woven into our constitutions—becoming a part of us, making us a centre, a fountain of truth, of equity, justice, and mercy, of all that is good and great: that from us may proceed the light, the life, the power, and the law to direct, to govern and assist to save a wandering world—acting as the sons of God, for and in behalf of our Father in heaven. We expect, in the resurrection, to exercise the powers of our Priesthood—we can exercise them only in proportion as we secure its righteousness and perfection. These qualifications can be had only as they are sought and obtained; so that in the morning of the resurrection we will possess those acquisitions only which we secure in this world! Godliness cannot be conferred, but must be acquired—a fact of which the religious world seem strangely and lamentably unconscious.

Seek to benefit others, and others will seek to benefit you —he that would be great, let him be good, studying the interests of the whole—becoming the servant of all, whereby he will secure to himself much of the wisdom and

power of God, and the love, esteem and veneration of His people.

The Elders must become persons of the highest responsibility. The happiness of people, nations, and of generations, will depend upon the right and faithful exercise of the powers of their offices. If, in a lower sphere of action, they fail to be trustworthy, who will depend upon them in the higher? In view of the vast responsibilities to be placed upon men in this high calling, they are in a measure left to themselves, to act upon their agencies. If they pass onward to the close of this probation, without being overthrown by evil powers, keeping their spirits pure, and, through the power of the Holy Ghost, educate themselves in those qualifications essential to such exaltations, in due time God will elevate them to those positions.

In all your acts and conduct, ever have the consciousness that you are now preparing and making yourselves a life to be continued through eternities. Act upon no principle that you would be ashamed or unwilling to act upon in heaven —employ no means in the attainment of an object that an enlightened conscience disapproves. When feelings and passions excite you to action, let principles pure, honorable and virtuous govern you. We are the children of God, begotten in His likeness; therefore, brethren, "Let the same mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God." The children of God were introduced into this world, "not willingly subject to vanity," pains and sorrows. but to do the will of the Father, and obtain a glory, a heavenly inheritance, to become one with God. "And he that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself even as God is pure."

We are here that we may be educated in a school of

suffering and trials, which school was necessary for Jesus, our elder Brother, who, the Scriptures tell us, "was made perfect through suffering." It is necessary that we suffer in all things, that we may be qualified and worthy to rule, and govern all things, even as our Father in heaven, and His eldest Son, Jesus. God has revealed to us the mystery which all the world seek after, but fail of obtaining because of pride, wickedness and the power of Satan darkening their minds, viz: the path of salvation and the happiness of our being.

And now, where is the man among you, having once burst the vail and gazed upon the purity, the might, majesty and dominion of a perfected man, in celestial glory, will not cheerfully resign mortal life—suffer most excruciating tortures—let limb be torn from limb, sooner than resign or dishonor his Priesthood. In truth did the Savior utter this parable: "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls, and having found one of great price, went and sold all he had to buy it." "And again, like unto a man finding a treasure in a field, sold all he had and purchased that field." The glory revealed to our view, and which we seek, is tangible—it can be felt, seen and heard; but its length, its breadth, its majesty, peace, joy and happiness, surpass all understanding: tongue cannot express it—language fails to portray the vastness of its extent.

To the Saints I would affectionately add: Your prospects, in every respect, are the most encouraging. The Lord, who fails not in His promises, has undertaken your deliverance, spiritual and temporal, and you are witnesses of the accomplishment of the first. Your fetters of superstition and priestcraft have burst asunder—the false and dark mantle of tradition has been rent—you have been shown the Mother of Harlots, and her daughters, in all their characteristic ignorance, folly and filthiness, and have

hearkened to and obeyed the voice, "Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, that ye receive not of her plagues." Your hearts, your thoughts and feelings are no longer associated with those Babylonish schemes which bind thought and reason, making it blasphemy for man to dare speak of the nobility of his birth and the true being of his Father in heaven. You feel that you are delivered and restored to reason, and to yourselves, under the government of but one law—that which makes you free, even the law of glorious Truth—the word and will of God, by whom we all are begotten children of one great Parent; yea, in this that we are made free, will we lift up the voice and make melody with thanksgiving to our God, that He has listened to the cries of His people, and sent forth His messengers with the fulness of the Gospel, to redeem and save, and glorify His elect—make them kings and priests unto God, in heaven and over earth, that thereby He might bring to pass, in due time, His good will and purposes respecting all the families of mankind.

As the Lord has made you spiritually free, herein you have assurance, also, of your temporal deliverance. However great may be your poverty, how stupendous your difficulties, it matters little, the word has gone forth in your favor, and no opposing arm can stay its course. Zion must be established, her lands inhabited, her cities built, her Temples reared, and her sons become mighty; that she may rise "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." And all nations shall fear and tremble, and stand afar off in the day of her majesty.

"But you have need of patience, that after you have done the will of God, you may receive the promise," a caution which should not be forgotten. Many of you may have severe trials, that your faith may become more perfect, your confidence be increased, and your knowledge of the

powers of heaven be augmented; and this before your redemption takes place. If a stormy cloud sweep over the horizon of your course in this land, as in America—if the cup of bitter sorrow be presented and you be compelled to partake—if Satan is let loose among you, with all his seductive powers and cunning craftiness—if the strong arm of persecution is raised against you, then, in that hour lift up your heads and rejoice that you are accounted worthy to suffer with Jesus, the Saints and Prophets of old; and know that the period of your redemption approaches.

I feel, my brethren and sisters, to exhort you with heartfelt expression. Be of good cheer—be not disheartened, for surely the day rapidly approaches when your tears shall be dried, your hearts comforted, and you shall reap the products of your labors—sit under your fig tree and in the shade of your vine unmolested, and no more feel the hand of tyranny. You shall possess the riches and fat of the land, gold and silver, fields and vineyards, flocks and herds, houses and palaces; your sons shall grow up as plants of renown, your daughters as polished stones, that you may boast yourselves in all the glory of the Gentiles. And unto you, verily, shall the Scripture be fulfilled, "*Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, and all these things shall be added*."

Be honest, be virtuous, be honorable, be meek and lowly, courageous and bold. Cultivate simplicity, be like the Lord: hold to the truth through fire and sword—torture and death. Act honorably towards all men, for they are our brethren—a part of the family of God, but are ignorant and blind, having forgotten their God and their covenants with Him in eternity.

I feel to express, in the highest terms, my sanction and approbation of F. D. Richards' presidency of the British Isles. The wise, prudent, and proper spirit and manner in

which he has conducted the editorial department merits the warmest meed of praise. The many interesting and useful publications he has issued, together with the enlarged and much improved edition of the hymns used by the Saints, in addition to his other labors, furnish a true testimony of his indefatigable zeal and enterprising spirit. The deep interest he has taken in forwarding our foreign missions, has secured to him not only the warmest thanks and feelings of gratitude from us on whom is laid the heavy burdens and responsibilities of those missions, but from thousands and tens of thousands whose deliverance from sectarian bondage is now being effected in all those extended fields of our foreign labors.

In the arrangement of conferences, much wisdom has been displayed in selecting good and faithful men to preside over them—men who will do well for the Saints generally, thereby lightening and relieving the anxieties and responsibilities of the Presidency as far as possible. My long acquaintance with President Richards gives me the most unqualified confidence in his wisdom, excellence of heart and mind, and entire devotion to the work and service of the Lord, and faithfulness in his honorable position. His counselors I know to be wise men, and men of God, and as such I recommend them to the confidence and esteem of the brethren.

Respecting the progress of those missions I have undertaken, the prospect in the future, and the field of labor I have assigned to the various Elders, it may be gratifying to the Saints to have the following particulars, that their faith and prayers in behalf of them may ever be kept in lively exercise. Elder Willis, whom I have appointed to take charge of the Calcutta mission, is supposed to have about reached his destination. Elder Findlay, late President of the Hull Conference, is now on his way to the Bombay mission. Elder Obray, late President of Sheerness, whom I

have appointed to Malta, is now prepared, and will soon set sail for that island. Elder Stenhouse presides in Switzerland, and Elder Woodard in Italy. The translation of the Book of Mormon into Italian is about completed, parts are in the hands of the printer, and will be ready for circulation in about two months.

Having set in operation those missions, I turn my thoughts to the far distant fields of labor I contemplate shortly undertaking—a mission requiring all my energies—extending over nations, continents, islands, seas, oceans and empires—encountering the freezing Alps, the burning sun of the torrid zone, the dangers of the trackless waters, the pestilential cholera, the miasma of various climes, together with all the casualties of sea and land which must be encountered.

To aid and assist me in this enterprise, deeply do I feel to call upon Israel's God, and for the prayers of my brethren, for support and agency. To the service of the Lord I have devoted my life. My *all* has been placed upon the altar of sacrifice, that I may honor Him—do His will acceptably, and spread the principles of life among the children of men.

When I reflect upon the past, and trace the hand of the Lord marvelously opening my way, and prospering me in everything relative to these missions, beyond my highest expectations, I feel doubly encouraged to press forward to the future; language indeed fails to express the deep gratitude of my heart for His blessings. Those brethren and sisters whose liberality of soul and interest for the work of God have been particularly manifested in these missions, to them I feel to say, May the blessing of the Most High be poured out to them with equal liberality, and when in after years they shall hear the sweet sound of thousands of those nations shouting the praises of the Almighty for the light of

revelation, then will their hearts also rejoice in the glad consciousness that they had taken part in bringing to pass this glorious redemption.

I take my departure from here to Switzerland, thence to Italy, to Malta, to Bombay, and from there to Calcutta; and shall probably, after completing these missions, accomplish the circumnavigation of the globe, by returning home by way of San Francisco, San Diego and our newly established settlements in the valleys of California.

Need I say how deeply I feel in all matters respecting my own missions? Notwithstanding, this does not prevent me taking the most lively interest in the welfare of the numerous conferences of the Saints with whom I have formed an acquaintance during my labors in the British Isles. To those, and all in the bond of the Spirit, I would, with warmest feelings, subscribe myself their brother in the New and Everlasting Covenant, Lorenzo Snow.

Our missionary has now before him a very extensive field in which to operate. What a vast weight of responsibilities rest upon him—what a multitude linked together for him to shoulder! Never was there a more extensive mission projected, and few men, if any, have lived that were better calculated to carry it into effect.

With a mind that comprehended the condition of the millions of human beings, members of the great brotherhood of mankind, and a sympathy which reaches out to their most important needs—a soul wholly devoted to the great work of salvation and exaltation of the generations past, present and to come; and, above all, knowing that the Almighty had called him to the work, his courage is commensurate to the situation, and he never falters.

# CHAPTER XXVII.

Editor's reflections.—Lorenzo writes to President Richards.—Completed Translation of the Book of Mormon.—Visits Paris.—Pleasure of meeting Saints.—Condition of the people.—Goes to Geneva.—Degradation of woman.—Meets Elder Stenhouse.—Interesting meetings.—At Lausanne.—Professor Reta.—Benefit of Elder Taylor's French publications.

There are many passages in human life, wherein, by close and careful observation and reflection—silently watching the results of the course and doings of others, we may learn by their experience. There are many others which can only be learned by individual, personal acquaintance. When contemplating the life of my brother as a missionary abroad in stranger lands, unacquainted with the manners and customs of the people, and ignorant of their languages and dialects, with the responsibility of the salvation of souls to whom he is sent resting upon him, in connection with the fulness of the Gospel of the Son of God committed unto him, it seems that he has to do with some of the realities of life, of which no one can form a just conception except in the school of experience.

It would seem that the most indifferent reader must feel an interest in these gigantic movements of my brother—this broad platform for missionary work—a parallel of which is not to be found on record, either ancient or modern. An all-absorbing devotion to the cause he was seeking to promote must have possessed the soul and inspired the mind of

Lorenzo in generating this broad missionary platform, and a corresponding self-abnegation must have reigned supremely over all selfish, personal considerations. Let it be remembered that at this time he had a home with all its endearments, in the midst of the Saints of God gathered in the Great American Desert, in the midst of the Rocky Mountains of the West; and in that home a loving family, where he knew that the little one ones were lisping his name, and daily missing their loving father's knee; but with him all was laid on the altar for the interest of the Kingdom of God and the salvation of the souls of men.

Paris, January 6, 1852.

*Dear President Richards*:

After a very boisterous and stormy passage over the Channel, with its usual unpleasant accompaniments, I am quietly and agreeably cloistered with Elder Bolton, together with a number of interesting and intelligent Saints, and begin to think that my homeward journey of some twenty-five or thirty thousand miles is now commenced.

Before leaving London, I had completed the translation of the Book of Mormon, and got the printing forward to the last hundred pages. Elder Joseph Richards, whom I appointed to a mission to Calcutta, to assist Elder Willis, left London a few days before my departure. I repose much confidence in this brother, as one who will magnify his calling and do much towards establishing the Gospel in that country.

I find it much more pleasant now coming to Paris than formerly. When passing through a year and a half since, here were no Saints to bid me welcome; on arriving the other day, I found many, a circumstance you can well

imagine causing no small degree of rejoicing. I found Brother Bolton quite an invalid; he is now much better. When the interests of his mission will admit of a short absence, I dare say that a visit to the cheerful, warm-hearted Saints of Old England would replenish his spirits, and not be in any way a disadvantage. The Church here does not boast of a multitude of subjects, but it may truthfully be said to embrace the good, the virtuous and intelligent.

Elder Taylor may comfort his heart with the assurance of having laid a lasting foundation for the spread of the Gospel in the French dominions, though no sea room is left at present; in fact, I know of no place the Gospel has been carried, where the difficulties are more perplexing and discouraging. However, the time will come when the Gospel will take permanent effect in France.

I am much pleased with the acquaintance I have formed with the Saints here; I feel that they will accomplish great good. I think Elder Bolton intends making another application to the Government for the privilege of preaching the Gospel with equal liberty with other denominations—a course which I much approve.

I need not speak of the political condition of the country, it is well known to all who read the English papers. In passing over the country, and searching the mind of the Spirit in reference to its inhabitants, my heart is pained in contemplating the dark, dreary and bloody fate and scourge that await this nation. The life's blood of many people is scarcely wiped from the streets, the groans of the dying hardly ceased, the flowing tears of the widow and orphans are still seen. As you look around and view the troubled mien—the dark and stormy brows of thousands—behold the significant signs, notice the low whispering and stealthy conversations, and hear of the sudden and

mysterious changes that are constantly taking place through the various channels of political power, you are forced to feel that again must be renewed scenes of alarm, of sorrow, of grief and of blood! Would "the powers that be" but permit the message of life to go forth freely among the inhabitants, there would be hope that the cup of bitterness might, for a season, be turned away.

I now have my passport "vise," and have just secured my place in the *diligence* for Switzerland. Good bye; you shall hear from me again as I get a little further advanced in the path of my orbit. May the Lord bless you with all that is good to fill your heart with rejoicing, and may the same blessing descend upon all the faithful Saints.

Geneva, February 7. Bidding adieu to the brethren in Paris, on the morning of the 27th of January, I stepped into a *diligence,* and was soon on my way to Switzerland. The country over which I passed the first two hundred miles seemed, though in the midst of winter, to wear the appearance of an American spring. France is *un beau pays*; one could scarcely wish to live in a more delightful climate, or a more beautiful and charming country. Everywhere people were seen in pasture and ploughed fields, meadows and vineyards, busily occupied preparing for approaching spring. What appeared a dark spot in this otherwise beautiful scenery, was the number of poor women slavishly engaged in manual labor, and exposed to all the hardships of out-door occupations.

Small towns and villages dotted the face of the country, the foundations of which appeared in almost every instance to be that of some religious Catholic edifice. It would seem that in building these towns the churches were first erected, then private dwellings piled around, one after another, as the inhabitants arrived. As we approached Switzerland, the country was more and more broken, till we began to wind

up and descend down the rugged, snow-covered steeps of the Jura.

About midnight of the 28th I reached Geneva, where I had the happiness of meeting Elder Stenhouse, whom I found with several of the Swiss Saints waiting to welcome my arrival. I accompanied Elder Stenhouse to his lodgings, where I had the gratification of sitting down to an excellent supper, prepared by Sister Stenhouse with an eye single to the probable condition of my appetite at the completion of a fatiguing journey over the mountains.

The following evening we had a very interesting meeting with the Saints, at which several strangers were present. Elder Stenhouse addressed the meeting in French with great fluency, and several brethren gave their testimony relative to their knowledge of the work of the Lord, and their joy and consolation in the principles of salvation.

In moving the work forward here, much the same course has to be adopted as at our commencement in London, *i. e*., by forming acquaintances through one to another, and persuading one here and another there to attend our re-unions. The people feel that they have had so many new and false coins passed among them, that it is of little use to search for or anticipate anything that is genuine; nevertheless, patience and perseverance will, in time, overcome all these difficulties, and the power of truth will triumph through the length and breadth of Switzerland, unto the redemption of the wise and virtuous.

Our little family of Saints here now numbers twenty. Having no acquaintance with the language, and being a stranger to the manners and customs of the people, and having no friend to introduce him to the favor and confidence of any one, Elder Stenhouse, as can readily be imagined, has had to encounter difficulties insurmountable

to any but those who have the most perfect consciousness of the truth and life-giving power and spirit of the cause in which they are engaged. Through the blessing of the Lord these difficulties are being fast overcome, and I have great confidence that the work will now roll on with accelerated speed. The Saints are full of life and energy, and embrace every opportunity to make known the doctrines of our Church; several of them are persons of education and influence in society. I expect that much good will shortly result from their united labors and testimonies.

After having passed a few days very agreeably and profitably at Geneva, I left, accompanied by Brother and Sister Stenhouse, to visit the Saints in the Canton de Vaud. We were favored with beautiful weather, which made our steamboat excursion on the the clear lake of Geneva very agreeable. Switzerland has a world-wide fame for beautiful scenery; though the winter season is not the most favorable for landscape varieties, we were much pleased with the general beauty of the country. The many fine villas and chateaux, surrounded with gardens and vineyards, that besprinkle the gently rising banks on one side of the lake, formed a beautiful contrast with Mont Blanc and the lofty, snow-capped mountains on the other. Though the works, wonders and beauties of nature prompted our minds to contemplation, and raised their springs of gratitude to the good and wise Preserver of all, yet there was a still higher theme for contemplation, a still greater incentive to gratitude—the work of the Lord.

We arrived at Lausanne, an ancient town romantically situated upon the banks of this beautiful lake, and spent a few days very pleasantly with the Saints, the fruits of Elder Stenhouse's labors. We held meetings every night during our stay, and enjoyed much of the Spirit and power of the Lord. Since my arrival here I have had a pleasant visit from Professor Reta, an Italian gentleman of literary talent

and celebrity, who has published some important works in the Italian language, as well as having edited several of the first journals in Italy. I presented him the four hundred pages of the Book of Mormon that I had with me, which he pronounced "a correct and admirable translation, and in a very appropriate style of language."

I acknowledge with pleasure the benefits we are deriving from Elder Taylor's French publications, which, together with my own, we endeavor to circulate as widely as possible. My visit here has been a great blessing to me, and I humbly trust it will result in lasting and important benefit to the interests of the work generally.

In a few days I leave for Italy. The gigantic Alps lie in my route, rearing their snow-capped heads high amid the clouds; I trust, however, they will prove no positive barrier, as passing over them last January in a severe snow storm has given me some experience and confidence in encountering such formidable obstacles.

Brother Stenhouse joins me in kind love to yourself and your brother Samuel.

Yours very affectionately,

Lorenzo Snow.

# CHAPTER XXVIII.

Editor's note.—Lorenzo writes.—Leaves Geneva.—Over the hills.—Over the Alps.—A heavy snow storm.—Only two passengers in

the coach.—Ten horses barely sufficient.—"Houses of Recovery" erected by the government for lost travelers.—Reaches Turin.—Meets Elders Woodard and Toronto.—Interesting "re-union."—Visions.—Healings.—Condition of Italy.—Brother Woodard's course commendable.—The Waldenses.

With all due respect to whatever romantic enthusiasm a lively imagination may clothe "over the Alps" in the dead of winter, it certainly must be anything but a pleasure trip to those who encounter it. To say nothing of the thrilling aspect and the hazardous adventure, the sudden transition from the heat of summer to the depth of winter is calculated to produce a telling effect on the constitution of the traveler. This my brother experienced for several subsequent years.

Italy, February 18, 1852.

*Dear President Richards*:

Bidding farewell to Brother and Sister Stenhouse and the Swiss Saints, I left Geneva on the 9th inst. by *malle poste*, and commenced winding my way over a rough, hilly and mountainous country that formed a strange contrast with the beautiful, undulating *pays* of southern France. As we approached the towering Alps, there came a heavy snow storm, which made our journey very gloomy, dreary and altogether disagreeable. About six o'clock in the evening of the following day, we commenced the ascent of Mount Cenis, and reached its cloudy summit, six thousand seven hundred feet in height, at one o'clock the next morning.

Though but one passenger beside myself saw proper to

venture over the mountain, it was found that ten horses were barely sufficient to carry us forward through the drifting snow, which had fallen to nearly the depth of four feet since the last post had passed, a circumstance that rendered it very dangerous making our way up the narrow road and short turnings. One stumble or the least unlucky toss of our vehicle would, at very many points of our path, have plunged us a thousand feet down rocky precipices.

It may be noticed to the credit of the government that "houses of recovery" are now erected in the dangerous portion of this route, for the preservation and benefit of travelers that may lose their way or be caught in a storm, and their progress hindered by the drifting snows. In going the distance of a half mile, six or eight of these benevolent buildings may be seen. We descended the mountain with much more ease to our horses, and more comfort to ourselves; and I felt thankful that my passage over these rocky steeps was completed, and hoped it might never be my lot to cross them a third time at night in the winter season; but regarding these matters, we need seek to exercise no anxiety, inasmuch as over them we hold no control.

On reaching Turin, I had the happiness of meeting Elders Woodard and Toronto, and the day following of paying a visit to the Saints in Angrogna.

I could see and feel that the brethren here had all been baptized into the same Spirit. At a very interesting "re-union," one sister said, "Mr. Snow, it is the first time I see you with my bodily eyes, but the Lord gave me a manifestation a few weeks ago, in which I saw you as plain as I see you now." Another bore testimony of an open vision which she had a short time before. A brother also testified of several cases of healing which had occurred in his own family.

I feel to commend the course pursued by Elder Woodard, whose operations have been directed by wisdom and prudence. Here a branch of the Church has been raised up under circumstances which would have paralyzed the efforts of any one not in possession of the most unshaken confidence in the power of the Lord. We published books at the risk of coming in collision with the government. The Catholic priests called on the ministers of state to prevent their sale; but in spite of every obstacle, we have disposed of nearly all we printed. We are not permitted to preach in public, and at every step find ourselves far off from the religious liberty enjoyed in England. But Italy is not silent under the shackles of spiritual despotism. Many noble sentiments, and liberal ideas, have been spread through the country by the speeches of honest-hearted men in Parliament, who have called loudly for religious freedom, and we trust they will not always call in vain.

The mission, up to this time, has been necessarily carried on in a narrow sphere, but more favorable openings now seem to present themselves, and the Book of Mormon will lend its powerful aid in building up the Church. After many anxieties with regard to that work, it was no small pleasure to find it welcomed by the Saints in Italy as a heavenly treasure, and the translation so highly approved. Nor can I express the delight which I experienced in gazing upon Mount Brigham, on whose rocky brow we had organized *La Chiesa di Gesu Christo dei Santi degli Ultimi Gioni, in Italia*.

The Waldenses were the first to receive the Gospel, but by the press and the exertions of the Elders, it will be rolled forth beyond their mountain regions. At this season they are surrounded with snow from three to six feet deep, and in many instances all communication is cut off between the villages. Our labors in such countries will be eminently blessed when we can have persons in the Priesthood who

are not under the same disadvantages and liabilities as foreign Elders, and such are rising up here.

Elder John D. Malan, president of the branch, is a man of God, and having labored faithfully under the counsel of Elder Woodard, I think it wisdom that he should take charge of the work here, while Elder Woodard opens the mission in the seaport of Nice. Italian states are well known as being the most hostile upon earth to the introduction of religious truth, but as their subjects are in constant communication with many countries that are washed by the Mediterranean, they will have facilities for hearing the Gospel as we come into connection with their maritime relations; and being acquainted with all the languages around that central sea, the thousands of Italians who perform business upon its waters will furnish some faithful men to speed on the Kingdom of God, through the south and east of Europe. At Nice we shall be able to keep up connection with the Waldenses on one hand and the Maltese on the other. Malta will be an important field of labor, not only for Italy, but also for Greece, where, according to ancient tradition, a branch of the House of Israel long remained.

The Turkish and Russian empires may also be reached through the same medium; and I hope to see the day when the countries I have named will all be cut up into conferences of Latter-day Saints. Brother Obray will join his labors with those of Brother Woodard, for both Nice and Malta, and for the extension of the mission into other parts of Italy.

As soon as circumstances permit, I shall be moving forward to other realms, and from whence my next communication will proceed, I cannot say; perhaps from Malta, or the crumbling monuments of ruined Egypt, or the burning climes of India.

Praying that the Lord may always be with you, granting you His richest favors,

I remain, as ever, yours affectionately,

Lorenzo Snow.

# CHAPTER XXIX.

Editor's Remarks.—Lorenzo writes from Malta.—Naples.—Across the Mediterranean.—Detention.—Disappointed.—Makes virtue of necessity.—Samuel succeeds his brother.—Lorenzo explains cause of detention.—Revised edition of the "Voice of Joseph."—Prospects in Malta.—Michael and Lucifer represented.—In Gibraltar.—Good news from India.—Extracts.—Elder Willis writes.—One hundred and eighty-nine members.—Ordained two Elders.—More Baptisms.

There are tidal waves in the undulating stream of human events, which, although they may not be obstacles to anticipated results, frequently prove barriers to the fulfilment of human expectations. One of these swept suddenly over my brother's pathway.

Having set his face in the direction and while vigorously urging his steps toward the far east, suddenly his course was changed; and, although his interest in the East was not

diminished, duty pointed in the opposite direction, and the vista to the far West, the home of the Saints, the gathering place of Israel, opened brightly before him, and he moved forward.

Malta, March 10TH, 1852.

*Dear Franklin*:

On mature consideration, while at Genoa, it seemed wisdom that Elder Woodard should accompany me to Malta, for which place we took passage, on the twentieth of February, on board the French steamer Telemaque. The following day we arrived at Leghorn, and proceeding thence passed the island of Elba, where Napoleon resided before his last return to France.

On reaching Civitta Vecchia in the Papal States, in consequence of a severe storm, we were detained twenty-four hours. Our next port was Naples, one of the largest cities of Italy, and the seat of the Neapolitan government, containing about three hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants. Its celebrity may be judged from the old proverb, "See Naples and die." Upon entering the bay, the ever smoking brow of Mount Vesuvius is seen on the right like a demon watching for the destined hour when again he can pour forth desolation upon the surrounding country.

Leaving Naples on the morning of the twenty-fourth, we made our way, amid roaring winds and dashing waves, towards Sicily; but the following morning, as we approached the harbor of Messina, a beautiful calm had succeeded—the air was that of genial Spring, and the gently sloping hills around the city were mantled with richest verdure. Passing these straits, we steered across the Mediterranean, and on the twenty-sixth reached the island of Malta.

On arriving here, and calling on Mr. Holton, the agent for the Oriental Steam Company, I found myself obliged to remain some weeks longer than I had expected, in consequence of one of their steamers, on the Red Sea, breaking down, three days out from Suez, and being compelled to return all her passengers, who were remaining at port waiting the next month's boat, which would be so much crowded, having to take in those arriving from Southampton, that no more could be received under any consideration whatever.

Though at present disappointed in being able to move forward, I feel that much good will result from the manner in which the Lord may direct the employment of the time now at my command, as I am surrounded by an interesting people, and in a most important field of labor, where a great work may be accomplished, extending to adjacent nations.

What will be precisely our mode of operation, as yet, we scarcely have had time to determine, but shall endeavor to do as prudence and wisdom may dictate, on becoming more acquainted with the characteristic features of our position.

This is decidedly a Catholic country, to which belong all the peculiar prejudices that anywhere appertain to that denomination, heightened by the presence of the religious disunion which always shows Protestantism to much disadvantage whenever and wherever it makes its appearance.

Malta and two adjacent islands rise up amid the blue waters of the Mediterranean farther distant from the main land than any other upon the bosom of this inland sea. The British forces took them from the French in 1800, and great additions have since been made to their fortifications.

The population amounts to about one hundred and twenty-four thousand, embracing English, French, Italians, Greeks, Germans, Turks, Moors, Spaniards, etc. The lion and unicorn wave the banner of freedom over this little realm of Catholicism, proposing liberty of speech and of press, in consideration of which we are seeking a place for public services, and making arrangements with a respectable printing establishment for publishing such works as we shall judge most suitable.

I have sent for Elder Obray to come immediately, and bring a good supply of books and pamphlets. The organization of a branch of our Church here would loosen the spiritual fetters of many nations, as the Maltese, in their commercial relations, are spread along the shores of Europe, Asia and Africa. Nearly all speak the Italian, and at the same time, by the peculiarities of their native dialect, they make themselves easily understood by those using the Arabic and Syriac, which are exceedingly difficult for most other Europeans. Five newspapers are published in Italian, two in English, and two others both in English and Italian.

Malta furnishes many objects of interest to the antiquarian and the lovers of the curious. Among the number may be noticed a small bay, where St. Paul was shipwrecked when on his way to Rome, as related in the Acts of the Apostles. There is also an extensive building, formerly occupied by the Inquisition, and rings and hooks still remain in the walls underground, where the unhappy victims were confined who fell into the power of that fearful tribunal. In the Church of the Inquisition is a magnificent picture, in which Martin Luther is represented in hell, surrounded with flames, agonizing in fiery torments. Whether the artist, when taking the picture, was on the spot, we are not informed.

At one corner of a street, in stone figures, may be seen

Lucifer, writhing under a severe flagellation by Michael, who, with his feet placed triumphantly upon the neck, seems highly pleased with the effects going on through the powerful blows administered with his Herculean club. Many other striking spectacles could be mentioned, but doubtless they would partake more of the ludicrous than the instructive.

I am now awaiting intelligence from Switzerland, Bombay and Calcutta, upon the receipt of which, if I find anything of particular interest or importance, I will notice hereafter.

Yours affectionately,

Lorenzo Snow.

Samuel Richards succeeded his brother Franklin D. in the Presidency of the British Isles, hence Brother Snow's next letter is addressed as follows:

Malta, May 1, 1852.

*Dear Brother Samuel*:

Supposing that your brother Franklin has taken his farewell of Albion's shores, and is now upon the briny deep, returning home to the Saints, allow me to do myself the pleasure of addressing to you my communication, and that through the *Star* the Saints generally of the British conferences may have some knowledge of our circumstances and prospects.

My hindrances in London with the translation and publication of the Book of Mormon, and several weeks of unavoidable detention in this place, allowed me so little time to spend in India, and reach home in time to meet the wishes of the First Presidency, as expressed in their last epistle; in view also of the various duties and labors that

surrounding circumstances have unexpectedly pressed upon my attention, I have judged it wisdom, for the present, to limit the sphere of my ministerial labors, and employ the brief time at my disposal in that way which, through the blessing of the Lord, I trust will tend to the interests of my eastern mission, and much more to the advantage of other fields of labor, and more to the advancement of the cause generally among these nations. I am sorry to disappoint the brethren in India, but trust I shall be able to visit them at some period not long distant, when more time at my command will enable me to compensate them for their disappointment and doubly benefit the interests of the work in those lands. In view of carrying forward with efficiency those missions that have come under my direction, and to open the road to the introduction of the Gospel into these Catholic countries bordering upon the Mediterranean, we are arranging all our publications, in respect to kind, matter, quality and language. Our printer, who expresses much interest in the prosperity of our cause, has just made arrangements to order from England an apparatus for stereotyping, and we hope by this means and other opportunities, ere long to supply economically from this point, as a central book depot, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Bombay and Calcutta.

We have published another edition of "The Voice of Joseph," which is revised from the Italian, and commenced to send it abroad among the people, hoping much good may result from its instrumentality. Also an edition of the "Ancient Gospel Restored" (originally entitled "The Only Way to be Saved"), in French, and another in Italian. This little work is now published, and in a few days will be circulating here in four different languages. The Elders in Bombay and Calcutta will be supplied with publications from here, immediately upon learning their address; also a little more acquaintance with the ins and outs between this

and Italy, and we can supply Elders Malan and the Saints in Piedmont, also the Saints in Switzerland.

People are now constantly making calls to inquire concerning this "strange religion." A few evenings since we had at one time, at our private lodgings, gentlemen from eight different nations, having come from various parts of the city to hold conversation concerning our doctrines; among the number were those from Poland and Greece, who are now reading our works with peculiar interest. Two intelligent and enterprising young men, the first fruits of our ministry upon this island, will ably assist in moving forward the cause in which we are engaged; one of them we have ordained an Elder—he speaks several languages fluently.

Since our arrival, the slanderous reports of the United States "Judges," from Great Salt Lake City, through the medium of the French and English newspapers, obtain lively circulation, losing nothing by importation. Yet they serve us some good purpose by awakening curiosity, and sending many visitors, whereby we have increased opportunities of announcing our principles.

Elder Woodard, as soon as his services can be dispensed with here, will return to the assistance of Elder Malan, in Italy, leaving the work in this place in charge of Elder Obray. My European mission, on my departure from these countries, will be under the superintendence of Elders Stenhouse, Woodard and Obray; the Indian mission will be left with Elders Findlay, Willis and Joseph Richards. These brethren will keep up correspondence with the Presidency in Liverpool, from whom they will receive, from time to time, that instruction and counsel as shall tend to promote our Master's cause under their directions.

The English and Italian languages are much spoken in

Gibraltar as well as the Spanish, and we are anxious to see the work of the Lord beginning to spread its truths, if possible, through the Spanish dominions; and feel to do all in our power to effect so desirable an object. We cannot help but believe that the Lord has some good people in that place, that will hearken to His voice, and become instruments in carrying the Gospel to their countrymen. In a few days I shall have completed my arrangements here, and shall then take my departure for that country, and spend what little time I can spare, with a view of making an opening, as wisdom may direct.

If a wise, energetic, faithful and experienced Elder, being well approved by yourself, who wishes to engage in that which will redound to the honor and glory of God, and the salvation of souls, will come to Gibraltar, he shall be supplied with appropriate publications from here; and while there I will do for him what lies in my power, and make such arrangements in laying a foundation for his advancement in the work, as my time and opportunities shall permit. If another Elder can be looked up for India, to aid Elder Findlay at Bombay, I believe I will then have done with my requests upon England, at least till my return from California.

It is not our expectation to convert all these Catholic nations, but we can hardly expect any better or more favorable time to furnish them an opportunity for life and salvation; and we feel that there are a few among them who will appreciate the sacrifices we make in their behalf; and, giving heed to the call, will come forth fulfilling the words of the holy Prophets, that a remnant shall come to Zion, gathered "from every nation, kindred, tongue and people."

We expect, also, on our part, in order to accomplish this work, much patience, faith, diligence, perseverance and

long-suffering will necessarily be exercised. In the cities, both in America and in England, in which thousands ultimately received the Gospel, in several instances many months were spent in seemingly fruitless labors before a proper attention to those principles was produced; so, in reference to these Catholic countries, we may not only labor months, but perhaps even years. But we feel assured that through faith, prayer, works and the blessing of the Lord we shall ultimately overcome all difficulties, and have the assurance that we have done our duty and cleared our garments of the blood of all men.

Brother Woodard joins me in love to yourself and to all the Saints, praying that you may be attended in all your exertions for the cause of Zion, with the choicest blessings our Heavenly Father bestows upon the faithful whose hearts and souls are devoted to His service.

Since I commenced writing I have received cheering intelligence from my Indian missions, which no doubt has reached the columns of the *Star*.

Yours affectionately,

Lorenzo Snow.

President S. W. Richards.

In connection with the above letter, we copy the following from an editorial in the *Millennial Star*, in relation to the East India mission:

"By the politeness of Elder William Cook, of London, we are enabled to lay before our readers the following interesting items concerning the East India mission, being extracts from a letter from Elder William Willis, who, our readers will recollect, is on a mission to Calcutta: On

Sunday, December 21, 1851, Elder Willis baptized nine natives, five Christian and four Pagan. He was expecting to baptize four natives and three Europeans on the 7th of January, 1852. Four stations were open for preaching, and prospects were very encouraging for a good work being done. Elder Willis was also engaged busily in translating the "Ancient Gospel Restored," by Lorenzo Snow, into Bengalee and Hindostanee. Thus are the glad tidings of salvation wending their way into the dark regions of the earth. The energy of the Elders of Israel is rapidly causing Zion's glorious standard to be lifted among the nations, whilst the Holy Spirit of God inspires the scattered sons and daughters of Israel to the hope set before them."

To follow up the progress of the East India mission, we copy from the *Star* an extract of a letter from Elder Willis to Brother Snow, dated:

2 1/2 Jaun Bazzar Street, Calcutta,

May 15th, 1852.

*Beloved President Snow*:

The Church in and within forty miles of Calcutta consists of one hundred and eighty-nine members, one hundred and seventy of whom are Ryots, or native husbandmen, who previously were nearly all professing Christians, and whose secession has caused a great stir among the Padre Sahib (missionaries). The children of the native brethren are more numerous than themselves, and, as soon as we can visit them, there are many more desirous of being baptized. But they are scattered over an immense district of plowed fields, and very bad or no regular roads; but you know what "Mormon" perseverance will accomplish. We look upon these things as the droppings before the shower. There is a great work preparing among the Europeans here

—much of earnest and polite inquiry—meetings are well attended, many coming in their carriages and palkees, and at the end of the lectures the people are very unwilling to leave the room until they have had the friendly shake of the hand, and the long debate after the lecture is over, frequently prolonging it till past ten at night, etc.

I have just heard from Brother Findlay, at Bombay, who has commenced sowing the good seed. He has been attacked by a pious scribbler, and has had the privilege of replying twice, in a masterly style, in the Bombay papers; which replies have been also inserted in the Calcutta and other papers. About seven or eight rabid articles, letters, etc., have been leveled at me and the truth, and they have inserted three of my replies, which have caused many to inquire, and visit me, and read the tracts I brought out.

The public library has been furnished with copies of all of our works, through the recommendation of Major Marshall, who attended my lectures and presented me his card. I have my eye on several new stations, when my boys here have learned their drill. I am so circumstanced as to be able to do something every day and night in rolling on the work of God. If we had many more Elders they would all get "curry and rice," and souls for their hire.

Your tract, "The Only Way to be Saved," has just been translated by Brother Brigham Prankisto, one of my children in the faith, a Priest; and I trust it will soon be printed in Bengalee and Hindostanee. He has commenced translating "Child's Ladder," and "Remarkable Visions."

I have just concluded a course of twelve lectures, which have been well and respectably attended. One night four missionaries were present; two rose up in the meeting and violently opened their mouths, but as I promised to hear them at the conclusion of the lecture, they waited, and at

the end of the lecture they questioned me and were silenced, being self-condemned out of the Scriptures; for neither of them had been baptized according to their requirements, and they sat down, saying, "they did not come to argue," to the great astonishment and amusement of the audience. The following day they were shown up in the newspapers by an anti-"Mormon" writer, who expressed his surprise at their demeaning themselves by "interfering with the delusions of Mormonism."

We have been blest with the gift of healing in cases of croup, fever, cholera, etc.; the last was that of a Hindoo groom, who was in a dying state with Asiatic cholera. I anointed him with oil, and was assisted in the laying on of hands by Brothers McLachlan and Boynton, when the man soon recovered, although he was in great agony—turning up his eyes, and was frightfully affected. To God the Eternal Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be all the glory.

The Saints here, with one heart, sustain the authorities of the Church, Presidents Young, Kimball and Richards, the Twelve, the Seventies, the High Council, and all the organizations of the Church in Deseret and elsewhere, and pray that heaven's blessings may continue to be poured out upon them.

I am preparing seeds for the Valley. The flowering shrubs here are very numerous and beautiful. I trust to be favored with a ship-letter when you reach the Valley, and to hear what the Presidency think about the success of this mission. I have ordained two Elders, J. P. Meik and McCune. I hope soon to have an *Oriental Star*, as literature here is at a low ebb and high price. I have faith to ask if you will sanction.

June 1st. Last night I baptized two males and one female in a household, and of the same family as a few days ago, and

expect the mother very shortly. She is the owner of several large houses in Calcutta—is of a noble spirit, and fully believes the Gospel. We now number one hundred and ninety-two. * * * The Saints unite with your most affectionate brother and fellow servant in prayers and best wishes for your health, happiness and success in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

William Willis.

# CHAPTER XXX.

Closing the Mission.—Elder Jabez Woodard writes.—Leaves Malta.—Elder Obray succeeds him.—A vision related.—Commendatory of Elder Malan.—Extract from Elder Obray's letter.—From Western Hindostan.—Opposition.—What a soldier dared.—The result.—Military oppose Missionaries.—A Branch organized in Poonah.—The "Voice of Joseph," by Elder Lorenzo Snow.—"The Only Way to be Saved" republished.—A remarkable vision.

Writing, as we are, more particularly for the benefit of those yet unborn, in order to make a record as complete as possible, we compile the following extracts, and with this chapter close the synopsis of Lorenzo's eastern mission.

Praissuit, Angrogna, Pignerel,

Piedmont, July, 1852.

*Dear President Richards*:

Elder Obray has probably informed you of my departure from Malta, after we had organized a branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I could not help feeling deep regret in leaving that devoted brother in a country with whose customs and climate he is yet unacquainted; but he keeps the Word of Wisdom, which will preserve the life of many an Elder when exposed to blighting winds and burning suns.

You see by the heading of my letter, that I am in the field of my former labors, and letters bearing that address will be pretty sure of reaching me, in whatever part of this land I may be working; in fact, I ought now to be in two or three places at the same time, and it is, therefore, with the greatest pleasure I hear from Elder Snow that assistance is coming, and I shall be happy to hear from the brethren who are nominated for Italy.

With regard to the present condition of this mission, I cannot do better than transcribe the words of a friend who received the following, in the visions of the night: "I beheld, and lo! the form of one that was exceeding tall and great. The face was smiling and lovely, and while yet I gazed, became so resplendent with glory, that I was forced to look down towards the earth. Then I saw dark clouds wrapped around that gigantic body, leaving only a few places here and there, penetrated by the rays of light. And the Spirit said unto me, This is TRUTH IN ITALY; and behold, at present the light just shineth in the midst of the darkness, but the days will come when all in this land shall be penetrated by the power of Truth, either unto their salvation or destruction." * *

I have commenced preaching, baptizing, etc., and have also pruned the vineyard—cutting off dead branches. But I feel to commend the faithfulness of Elder John D. Malan, who held the Presidency during my absence in Malta. "The Saints in Italy salute you."

Yours in the New and Everlasting Covenant,

—*Millennial Star. Jabez Woodard.*

Extract of a letter from Elder Obray:

124 Strada San, Dominico Malta,

August 18, 1852.

*Dear President Richards*:

It is beyond my power to make known the difficulties attending this mission. I have not only to encounter Catholic, but Protestant, who are circulating lies as fast as a horse can run, in order to stop the work of God on this island; but God be praised! I am enabled to say that I have added two since I last wrote to you, which make twenty-two members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints here, rejoicing in God.

Last Sunday, the 17th, I ordained a good man an Elder, by the name of George Burrage; he leaves Malta for England this day week, to get his discharge, when he will return to Malta. * * *

Extracts from letters of Elder W. Willis, dated Calcutta, Aug. 3, 1852:

"Elder Joseph Richards, late of the London Conference, arrived here on the 20th last month. He left London in January, on board the Elizabeth. He is, I am happy to say,

in the best of health and spirits. He is under counsel from President Snow to assist me here, which I have realized to a most pleasing extent already, and have every hope that we shall, by the help of the Lord, pull well together. His presence and counsel have inspired me and the brethren here, with fresh hopes and courage.

"Elder McCune, on the 25th of last month, delivered his farewell address, before leaving for Burmah, where he has gone to fight the battles of the Lord while he officiates in his military capacity of staff sergeant, in the 'Company's Bengal Artillery;' and we feel to ask an interest in his behalf in the prayers of the Saints at home.

"Last Saturday, Elder Richards led Mr. William Sheppard into the beautiful limpid tank at Acra Farm, and baptized him for the remission of his sins, in the presence of many of the Saints. His son, also, and a young native of the medical caste, named Unnoda Persad Sen Gooptoy, who is very fluent in Bengalee and Hindostanee. He is a young man of great promise.'"

The following is from Elder Findlay, in Western Hindostan, as published in the *Millennial Star*, dated Poonah, September 13, 1852:

*Beloved President Richards*:

Trusting that the letter I addressed to your office for President L. Snow, bearing date of June last, has been received, although detained one month on account of the steamer bearing mail having put back to Bombay, short of coal. I am doubtful that Elder Snow's communications have miscarried, as I have received none from him, save one from Malta, dated the 11th of March. In the absence of other instructions, I beg, with your permission, to communicate through the medium of the *Star* what might

be interesting to him and others who love the cause of Zion.

In the letter referred to, I gave a brief outline of the combined opposition, military and ecclesiastical, which met our first operations in Bombay; these two powers combined leave little play for the privileges of the civil constitution.

The majority of India's European population are of the military class, the chaplains not excepted, who, by dint of their sacred offices, in their varied grades, or, as the natives of the country would say, *castes*, bear great sway. All are hand in hand, jolly good fellows to keep out every invading foe; and, as "Mormonism," although it makes no interference with constitutional governments, either in military or civil affairs, save to honor and obey them; still, claiming spiritual authority to teach heavenly principles, and to call upon all men to repent of their transgressions of the laws of the Lord, and to obey the Gospel of the Son of God; which duty cannot be faithfully accomplished without revealing the vile corruptions of man-made schemes—this constitutes it a most formidable foe to the usurped pretentions of the holy orders of the various contending systems, the pride, imbecility and inconsistencies of which have left a stench in the noses and a prejudice in the hearts of India's children, against the Christian religion, which will not be easily eradicated.

When an English commanding officer told me in Bombay that I should remember that I was not exactly under English law in India, I expressed the idea as a piece of petty tyranny; but we are always learning. *Now I know it is so*.

As I mentioned in my last, I left Bombay for this place on the 24th of June, in company of Elder Tail and family, and

after one night's sailing and three days and two nights' travel by bullock wagons, in alternate rain and sunshine, we arrived at Poonah in the evening of the 27th. My first work was to hire a room to live and preach in; this was soon obtained; but the next and greatest difficulty was yet to be surmounted, viz: the possessing it; the grant of which rested with the military authorities, this being a military cantonment, hence under military law. Our position proved the more precarious on account of the Bombay interdict from entering the military boundaries, the news of which, with many of the newspapers, having reached here in so ludicrous a form that they were almost amusing, only that they were aimed against a cause so sacred.

However, in this extremity the Lord wrought for us; we therefore, after some difficulty, got permission upon the consideration that "the less these people are opposed, the less harm they will do."

I was only about two days in this new habitation, when about a dozen soldiers called, as a deputation from their regiment, to ascertain whether I had come to purchase the discharge of all who would join our Church, and send them to California, as such reports had gone through their lines, and there were about two hundred of their comrades who were ready to fall in with these conditions. I mention this farce because I believe it was a deep laid plot of the enemy to have me turned out of camp; this conviction has of late been more confirmed from the circumstance of a certain colonel on meeting one of his men saluting him thus: "Where are you going, sir? Are you going to the 'Mormon' meeting?" On receiving a negative reply, he added: "You must not go there—they will send you to California."

A soldier of another regiment dared to place one of our tracts (The Only Way to be Saved) on the table of the public library. Upon information of this act being borne to

the chaplain, the commanding officer was written to, Sunday as it was (the better the day the better the deed), the unfortunate librarian was first arrested, but, upon the black sheep being found out, orders were issued to arrest and imprison him the moment he set foot within the lines. Next morning, arraigned before the seat of judgment, he was well taunted as a "Mormon," in the low slang of the common hue and cry, until he told the commanding officer that he was not a "Mormon," neither did he care for any religion. Jamieson's code being well ransacked, no military law could be found to condemn him; he was in consequence dismissed from the bar with an admonition.

The same colonel, we are told, has issued an order that none of his men are to be allowed to come to our meetings; and if any are seen with one of our tracts, they are to be severely punished. The chaplains and missionaries are diligently distributing a scurrilous publication purporting to be written by a J. G. Deck, in England, which they have honored with a reprint, and a large and gratuitous circulation here and at Bombay. As this tract has gained so great celebrity amongst the people, I have written a reply to the assertions of its author, in a tract of twelve pages, now in process of publication. But, to cap the climax of this array of opposition, the reverend father, in the bosom of the old "Mother," has publicly threatened to curse every mother's son or daughter of his flock who will dare to set their feet in our meeting house.

You may realize from the above outline that they are all in a stew here, and we mean to keep them so, so long as the truth will do it; and we only desire to have wisdom from the Lord to keep outside of every snare that may be laid to entrap us.

Notwithstanding the attempt of the wicked one to thwart our purposes, the Lord has been with us, and has so far

prospered our labors that we had the happiness of organizing a branch of the Church of Christ at Poonah last Sunday, composed of twelve members, including three Elders and one Teacher. This little company are of a mixed birth, Europeans, Eurasian and native, but one in spirit, and the first fruits of that spirit, love and union begin to show themselves, as the evidence to all that we are of God; a contrast to the fact that the joint chaplains at this station so heartily hate one another as to be unable to speak to each other. "Herein shall all men know that ye are my disciples."

Your brother and fellow servant,

Hugh Findlay.

The following we copy from the *Millennial Star* of November, 1852: "We have just published an edition of the 'Voice of Joseph,' a brief account of the rise, progress and persecutions of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with their present position and future prospects in Utah Territory. By Elder Lorenzo Snow. It is printed in new, clear type, on superfine paper, and is adapted for extensive circulation among honest inquirers after truth, being peculiarly calculated to impart a general idea of the foundation, history and persecutions of the work of the last days."

We insert the following item, which owes its importance to some extent to the circumstances of the situation in which the writer was placed:

Lausanne, September 16TH, 1852.

*Dear President Richards*:

Nearly two years have passed away since I left parents,

wife and children to join the Italian mission. During that long period I have experienced many changes in these foreign lands.

One day I sat down in a solitary place, and melancholy thoughts began to occupy my mind. Then a strange sensation swept over my spirit. Did I fall asleep and dream, or did the visions of futurity beam around? The world seemed spread out before me, and revolution after revolution passed over the nations.

I saw Jerusalem inhabited by happy multitudes. The children were playing in the streets, and old men leaning upon their staves. The curse brooded no longer over Judah's ancient land, for the midnight shades of sin and sorrow were replaced by the brightness of the Millennial morn.

Jesus had visited the earth again, and all nature smiled as if conscious of her Creator's presence. Myriads of noble beings came from tower and temple, and stood near the holy city. Then the Savior came forth, and every eye rested upon His glorious countenance, while every knee bowed in reverence. He raised His right hand, and, pointing to Calvary, thus addressed the mighty host which worshiped at His feet: "Two thousand years ago I died upon that Mount for the sins of the world, but now my Father hath given me the crown of universal empire. Thus shall it be known through all His vast creations that *sacrifice and obedience bring forth honor and immortality*."

Then I started as from a trance, and lo! instead of the palm trees and flowers of the "pleasant land," I was surrounded by the rocks and snows of the Alpine wilds. But all was not fled, for those words, "sacrifice and obedience bring forth honor and immortality," left a soothing balm upon my spirit which will never be forgotten.

Yours in the New and Everlasting Covenant,

Jabez Woodard.

# CHAPTER XXXI.

Close of Mission.—Bids adieu to the Saints and scenes of his labors.—Poem, in which martial and ecclesiastical labors and honors are contrasted.—Lorenzo returns home.—Chosen Member of Legislature.—President of Council.—Reflections.—Joy and sorrow.—Vision.—A covenant.—Charlotte's death.—Singular manifestation.—A little prattler.—Quandary.—Solution.—Social party.—Storm.—Drenched.—Lorenzo decides to build.—A struggle.—Proves a success.

At length the time for his departure arrived, and Lorenzo bade adieu to the Saints in the "Old World," with all the attractions of nature and of art with which their countries are justly celebrated. Had his mission been one of ordinary character—one that pertained to earth and earthly things, he might have yielded to the power of fascination; but with him the worth of souls—the elevation, happiness and exaltation—the emancipation from the bondage of priestcraft and tradition of his fellow-men, was the great mission with which he was invested, and until honorably released, nothing—not even the endearments of home—would draw him from his post, nor divide his interest. But

when released by the same authority by which he went forth, although his affections twined around the Saints from whom he soon would be separated by long distance; home, his wives and children, and associations with the Saints of God in the valleys of Ephraim, constituted a powerful magnet, which none but those who are husbands and fathers can realize.

Well may the fire of glory blaze
Upon the warrior's tread,
And nation's twine the wreath of praise
Around the hero's head;
His path is honored, and his name
Is written on the spire of fame.

His deeds are deeds of courage, for
He treads on gory ground,
Amid the pride and pomp of war,
When carnage sweeps around:
With sword unsheathed he stands before
The foe, amid the cannon's roar.

If such the meed the warrior gains;
If such the palm he bears;
If such insignia he obtains;
If such the crown he wears;
If laurels thus his head entwine,
And stars of triumph 'round him shine;

How noble must be his reward,
Who, 'midst the crafts of men,
Clad in the armor of the Lord,
Goes forth to battle, when
The powers of darkness warfare wage,
And Satan's hosts around him rage.

Who goes opinion to unbind
That reason may be free,
And liberate the human mind
From cleric tyranny:
Who severs superstition's rod,
And propagates the truth of God.

Who wars with prejudice to break
Asunder error's chain,
And make the sandy pillars shake
Where human dogmas reign,
Who dares to be a man of God,
And bears the "Spirit's sword" abroad.

Above all earthly his shall be
An everlasting fame—
The Archives of Eternity
Will register his name:
With gems of sacred honor rife,
His crown will be ETERNAL LIFE.

After an absence of nearly three years, starting from Malta, and, after stopping a few days in Gibraltar, Lorenzo returned home by way of Portsmouth, London, Liverpool, New York and St. Louis, arriving in Salt Lake City, July 30, 1852.

In the following autumn he was elected to the Utah Legislature, and continued a member until disfranchised in 1882 by the decision of the "Commissioners" appointed by the President of the United States, to execute the notorious Edmunds law in Utah; and served, during ten years, as President of the Legislative Council.

The following episode is from my brother's journal: Arriving at my home in Salt Lake City, the long anticipated oasis of this portion of my life-journey—the

beacon light which succeeded my arduous missionary labors, and shone with a brighter beam than all other earthly luminaries, the happiness of once again meeting my loved and loving family would have been full, but alas! there was a sad vacancy. A lovely one was not; one who ever met me with a smiling face and a loving heart, was not there to respond to love's sacred call; Charlotte, my dear wife, had been stricken down by death, and her beautiful form lay mouldering in the silent tomb. Yet there was consolation in the thought that her pure spirit was mingling with holy beings above. A short time after Charlotte's decease, while I was in Italy, a sister in London, a very faithful Saint, the wife of Elder Jabez Woodard, had an open vision, in which she saw a beautiful woman, the most lovely being she ever beheld, clothed in white robes and crowned with glory. This personage told Mrs. Woodard that she was a wife of Lorenzo Snow. So much for the journal.

All life-pictures have their backgrounds, and the death referred to threw a damper on what otherwise might have been an excess of enjoyment. But much more of instruction is to be drawn from the circumstances of this death than would strike the uninformed reader. It stands as an uncontroverted testimony that God, sometimes at least, takes us at our word, and holds us responsible for the fulfilment of covenants which we make with Him.

On the mountain in Italy which was subsequently named "Mount Brigham," on the same memorable day in which the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was there organized, Lorenzo, in the force of his spirit, aroused by intense interest in the work devolving upon him, which seemed shrouded in darkness, and probably without realizing the weight of his covenant, told the Lord that he knew of no sacrifice he could possibly make he was not willing to offer, that the Lord might grant a request

concerning the mission before him. When I received a copy of the report of the proceedings of the day, in which the above was included, I was deeply struck with the coincidence. Just at this time, as nearly as I could calculate by comparing dates and distances, the Lord removed, by the hand of death, from my brother's family circle, one of the loveliest of women.

Charlotte died very suddenly. I was with her and saw her draw the last breath; her beloved husband was very far away, but his name was on her dying lips. She loved truly for she loved sincerely; and as she loved, so was she beloved by all who knew her. As she had been very beautiful in life, she was beautiful even in death. She left one dear little girl, which, although bereaved of a tenderly affectionate mother, has been kindly cared for by other members of the family, and is now wife of an honorable husband, and mother of five children.

I will here relate a very singular circumstance which occurred after Charlotte's death. Charlotte and Sarah Ann, another wife, had roomed together, as it will be recollected that prior to his going to Italy Lorenzo had erected a log house as a temporary expedient for a shelter to his family till he had time and opportunity to provide better, and was so soon called to leave that very little opportunity was afforded for furnishing more than necessity required, and, of course, his wives were not supplied with extra apartments.

After Charlotte's death Sarah Ann felt such a sad loneliness that with all the control of feeling she could exercise, a shuddering sensation came over her at the thought of sleeping in that, to her, desolate room—it required all the bravery she could command to enter it in the day time, and for several nights she made her bed in an adjoining room, until the following circumstance, which she related to me,

occurred.

One night, whether asleep or awake when the vision commenced, Sarah Ann could not tell; but she thought it was mid-day, and that the family were all seated in their dining-room, when a very bright light, above the brightness of the sun, burst into the apartment, and in the midst of that light Charlotte entered, sat down and took her little daughter, Roxcy Charlotte, on her lap, and the extra light in which she came disappeared. She said she was happy, which her calm, settled expression verified. She said, "*I dwell in a beautiful place*." The brilliant light returned after a short time, and Charlotte went as she came, in the midst of the light. At this time Sarah Ann was fully awake, and although no moon was shining at the time, her room was sufficiently lighted that (as she describes it) "one could see to pick up a pin." This singular manifestation so completely revolutionized her feelings that on the following day, with the greatest pleasure, she replaced her bed in the deserted room, from whence all gloom and loneliness had departed.

After a short absence, the return of a missionary to the bosom of his family awakens mutual emotions of no ordinary character, and, in spite of the heart-yearnings for the departed one, that house, the home of wives and children, was lighted up with a brilliant glow of happiness. While the original was absent, the father's portrait hung on the wall, which the children with affectionate deference caressed and invoked, and when they heard the announcement, "*He has come*," exhilarating shouts of joy resounded through that humble dwelling as none but children can put forth.

One little prattler, named Sylvia, born a short time after her father left home, seemed to anticipate his arrival with as much enthusiasm as those that remembered him; but after

he came, she wholly ignored and would not be coaxed to approach him. On the second day after his arrival, as he was sitting in the family circle, she entered the room, and slyly stepping up to one of the children, she made the inquiry, "Is that my favvy?" On being answered in the affirmative, she went to another child and asked, "Is that my favvy?" and received the same answer. She then placed herself directly in front of her father and looking him full in the face, said, emphatically, "*Is you my favvy*?" He answered, "*Yes, I am your father*." She then said, "*Well then, if you is my favvy I will kiss you*," and with a mutual warm embrace she gave him a hearty kiss.

Now to his journal: My house, built of logs, with roof made of willows and earth, and floors of primitive style, just before starting on my mission, had already become quite uncomfortable, and could not be sufficiently improved to meet the requirements of ordinary convenience. Having but little means at my command, I found it difficult to decide whether or not to undertake to erect a suitable building for my family; but the following circumstance settled the question: President B. Young proposed a select party to convene in the "Social Hall," to which myself and my wives were invited. My sister Eliza kindly proffered to keep house, and care for the children in our absence. While enjoying ourselves in the hall, a heavy shower of rain fell, and on our arrival home I learned that my sister had been obliged to struggle against difficulties which she had failed to take into account, when kindly volunteering her services.

The whole of the carpetless floor, beds, bedding, etc., etc., were completely saturated with the pouring element. As the shower came on, some portions of the roof over the beds stood the test better than others, and to the beds that were under those portions she consigned the children until the rain poured down upon them, when she moved them to

another and dryer bed—continuing the process of carrying them from bed to bed, until every bed, and even every part of the house was thoroughly soaking wet. As I looked upon the scene around me, a sense of the condition decided the matter, and I concluded to try to build. Through the blessing of God upon my efforts—with great economy and perseverance—I succeeded far beyond my most sanguine expectations. I erected a large two-story adobe house, with nine rooms—finished off several of them and moved into it with all my family, feeling truly thankful to the Giver of all good for the blessing of a comfortable and respectable habitation.

When his house was in course of erection, when no eye but that of God could see him, he frequently knelt within its foundation and prayed that the small means he could command, might be blest and multiplied in its use. Thus by economy, labor, effort, faith and prayer, he succeeded.

# CHAPTER XXXII.

Discourse by Elder L. Snow, delivered in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City.—Blessings proportioned to faith and diligence.—Plainness of the Gospel.—Naaman, the Assyrian.—How the Gospel found us.—The same as that of New Testament.—Power of the Gospel.—Testimony of the Elders.—What Philanthropists tried to do, the Lord has done.—Joseph Smith.—His mission.—Obedience brings knowledge.—

Elders honest and brave as the ancients.—Knowledge not confined to our leaders.—Falsehood refuted.—The dishonest will apostatize.—Persecution promised.—The honest will receive the truth.—The Latter-day work will triumph.

In addressing an assembly of Saints, I expect the benefit of their prayers, without the ceremony of asking, being assured they are aware, as well as I am, that our teachings and administrations in the Gospel of life are blest according to our faith and prayers and the diligence and attention we bestow.

I propose to make some general observations upon the Gospel and its administrations, and in relation to its effects when received, and the important blessings derived by this community through its divine power and virtue. This Gospel, which God has commanded us to offer to the world, is an order or system of things, simple, plain, and may easily be understood. In regard to its principles—the nature of its requirements and the precise kind and character of its blessings and promises, no one, however ignorant or unlearned, needs to be left in the dark any great length of time; but may discover its golden truths and the emblazoned mark of divinity in its arrangements as distinctly and as speedily as Naaman, the captain of the Assyrian host, found divine virtue and the hand of divinity in the order prescribed to him by Elijah, through which his leprosy was removed. In his case the order of obtaining miraculous blessings, viz.: to immerse seven times in Jordan, as prescribed by Elijah, was so simple, so plain, and in regard to its divine efficacy, so easy of ascertainment, that the great captain, at first, was exceedingly wrathy at the idea that God should propose to

work upon him through such easy and simple forms; but the order through which he could be healed of his leprosy was prescribed of God through the Prophet, and finally the Assyrian officer, through the plain, common-sense reasoning of his servant, concluded to waive his objections, and comply with the requirements; and having done so, he received the promised blessing.

The first principles of the Gospel which we offer, and which put men in possession of the revelations of God and of a knowledge of this work, are precisely as simple, plain and as easy of understanding as the order before alluded to, through which the heavens were opened in Naaman's behalf.

The Gospel was brought to our respective locations, far remote from these mountain vales. It found us citizens of many nations—speaking our respective languages, each possessing his peculiar notions and prejudices, with our associations and a strong attachment to kindred, friends and country. However unpleasant, unkind, unjust and inconsistent it might appear at first, we clearly foresaw that, in receiving this Gospel, we should be compelled to break up those associations and sever those attachments, leaving the lands of our nativity, and going forth with our wives and children to a distant land, of which we had but little knowledge. Yet a similar requisition was made upon the House of Israel, in the land of Egypt; also upon Noah and his family, and upon Abraham and the family of Lot, in the city of Sodom, and upon the families of Lehi and Ishmael, as mentioned in the Book of Mormon. But in the provisions of the Gospel which was offered to us, there were fairness and safety; it proposed to give us, through obedience to its requirements, a perfect knowledge of its divine authenticity; so that in leaving our kindred, breaking up our social relations, and going forth from our native lands, we should first become perfectly assured that it was

no human contrivance—something gotten up to effect some political purpose, or to satisfy some worldly ambition to achieve some private end through human cunning or craftiness.

The Gospel was plain and simple in its requirements, and there could be no mistaking the precise nature of its blessings and promises, nor the manner and time in which they were to be reached.

The first feature in this system which struck us with surprise and arrested our attention, was its perfect similarity, in all its parts, with the Gospel as recorded in the New Testament. It required repentance and a forsaking of sins—immersion in water for the remission of sins, with a promise that, through the laying on of hands by those having authority, people should receive the Holy Ghost, by which a knowledge should be obtained of the truth of the doctrine. Another remarkable feature which called into exercise our most serious consideration, was the solemn testimony of the Elders, that they possessed the right to administer these sacred ordinances by virtue of the holy Priesthood committed to Joseph Smith through the ministration of the Apostles, Peter, James and John. And furthermore, that this solemn and most important fact should be revealed to every man upon his faithful obedience to the Gospel requirements.

In these propositions, though at first seemingly strange, we saw that everything was plain, fair and honorable. In doing what they required, we should only do, in fact, what, as true-hearted believers in the ancient Gospel, we ought to do, and if we failed to receive the promised blessings, and thereby proved the Elders' testimony false, our religious condition would, nevertheless, be then as good as any other Christian's, and a little better, perhaps, because we should have approached a little nearer to the doctrines of

the Scriptures, inasmuch as their true forms and ceremonies were concerned. Of course, in this case, having proved to our satisfaction that there was no Holy Ghost—no supernatural manifestations—no knowledge—no revelations accompanying the Elders' administrations of the Gospel; no human persuasion, no cunning sophistry could have induced us to leave our homes and friends, to embark in a scheme which our common sense taught us would eventuate in bitter disappointment and inevitable ruin; but, like other Christians, we should have continued in the enjoyment of friends and home, groping our way through religious darkness, expecting nothing, hoping nothing, and receiving nothing.

But the fact that I am now speaking to assembled thousands of intelligent and enlightened people, who received this Gospel with the aforementioned fond considerations and lively expectations—gathered here by their own free will and choice, out of almost every nation, demonstrates most clearly, most forcibly and most solemnly, that this system of life, this Gospel as proclaimed by Joseph Smith, has been shown to us by the revelations of the Almighty—that it is undeniably His will, His word and His message; not only this, but we find within ourselves a fixed purpose—an unalterable resolution to do, if need be, what many of us have already done; show the sincerity of our convictions of these solemn truths, through sacrificing all we possess—not even holding our lives as dear to us as this religion.

There was yet another prominent feature embraced in this order of things, viz., where it found people in poverty, misery and in a condition but a little above starvation, it spoke in positive terms of future relief and effectual deliverance. It did not simply say, "Be ye warmed and be ye clothed," but it declared plainly, and in distinct terms, that the Lord had seen their bondage and oppression, and

heard their cries of sorrow and affliction, and had now sent His Gospel for their deliverance, and would lead them into circumstances of independence, where they could supply their own wants and necessities. There, again, was something consistent and worthy of all praise and admiration, and characteristic of our Great Parent, which we discover in all of His dispensations, when they are in actual working order, as they were in the case of Noah, and in calling Israel and making them an independent people; likewise as in calling Lehi to establish a people upon this continent, as well as in many other instances.

A religion or system is of very little account, where it possesses no virtue nor power to better the condition of people, spiritually, intellectually, morally and physically. Enoch's order of the Gospel did for his people all this, and it has done the same in every instance, when preached in its purity and obeyed in sincerity. Many of the thousands of persons in these beautiful valleys, who formerly were compelled, with their wives and children, to subsist in a half starved condition—not owning a habitation, nor a foot of land, nor a horse, cow, pig, nor chicken—in fact, not anything they could call their own—subject at any moment, through the whim of their employer, to be turned into the streets, miserable beggars; now own cabinet shops, factories, mills, flocks and herds, beautiful gardens and orchards, productive farms, wagons and carriages, dwelling in their own houses in comfortable and easy circumstances. No one has any apprehension of starvation within the jurisdiction of the Latter-day Saints.

The Gospel proposed these blessings at its announcement, and they have been most miraculously accomplished. No other religious system could have achieved such things, nor dared any other Christian denomination venture to send out its missionaries "without purse or scrip," and without a collegiate education, to declare to the people that

they had authority from God to administer the sacred ordinances of the Gospel, through which should be revealed tangible evidence and knowledge of its divinity, and of their being authorized to administer it, and take the people from a state of poverty, and lead them thousands of miles, and despite every obstacle, establish them as a comparatively independent people in the midst of a wild desert country. That they found the people poor, friendless and without the means of living, and in servitude not much better than Egyptian bondage, as we found many of them; they would have imparted no cheering news of an approaching salvation from the God of heaven, but could only have exhorted them to be contented and reconciled with their unhappy lot, and in no case must they look for any new revelation or miraculous interposition.

What philanthropists have wished to accomplish, and have often attempted, the Lord is now doing on a magnificent scale in this great American Desert. Flourishing settlements, towns and cities are rapidly being built, extending over a distance of five hundred miles in length—hundreds of miles in width, through the untiring energy and perseverance of a people formerly totally ignorant of such labors. In these cities people live in harmony and peace; and robberies, grog shops, gambling hells, houses of ill-fame and prostitution are not known in any of our numerous towns and cities, except in some instances where Christians (so called) possess a footing and influence. Everywhere else this community flourishes without these demoralizing institutions.

No one, however, prejudiced he may be, can scarcely avoid acknowledging the palpable fact that this system has conferred miraculous blessings upon thousands and tens of thousands, in the way of putting them in possession of the means of sustaining themselves, after having delivered them from oppression and tyranny little better than African

slavery: and no doubt our legislators at Washington, one and all, would give us credit for our indefatigable and successful labors in establishing an extensive and flourishing colony on a portion of our government's domain, formerly inhabited only by savages and wild beasts, provided we would admit this work to be the work of man, and not of God—that it had been accomplished through the artifice and wisdom of man, and not by the power, wisdom and revelations of God.

Joseph Smith, whom God chose to establish this work, was poor and uneducated, and belonged to no popular denomination of Christians. He was a mere boy, honest, full of integrity, unacquainted with the trickery, cunning and sophistry employed by politicians and religious hypocrites to accomplish their ends. Like Moses of old, he felt incompetent and unqualified for the task—to stand forth as a religious reformer, in a position the most unpopular—to battle against opinions and creeds which have stood for ages, having had the sanction and support of men the most profound in theological lore; but God had called him to deliver the poor and honest-hearted of all nations from their spiritual and temporal thralldom. And God promised him that whosoever should receive and obey his message, and whosoever would receive baptism for the remission of sins, with honesty of purpose, should receive divine manifestations—should receive the Holy Ghost—should receive the same Gospel blessings which were promised and obtained through the Gospel, as preached by the ancient Apostles: and this message, this promise, was to be in force wherever and to whomsoever it should be carried by the Elders, God's authorized messengers. So said Joseph Smith, the uneducated, the unsophisticated, the plain, simple, honest boy.

It is through the virtue and force of this boy's statement that I speak this afternoon to assembled thousands. In the

integrity of my heart, with honesty of purpose to know the the truth, I received the message—I obeyed this form of doctrine, and I received, in the most tangible and satisfactory manner, a divine manifestation, the promised blessing—a knowledge of this work. Am I the only witness? How is it with the experience of thousands whom I now address? Are you also witnesses? If you are not, I ask you in the name of common sense, Why are you here? Why did you leave your homes and countries, giving your sanction to the truth of a system which promised you divine manifestations, but which you failed in experiencing? Being honest ourselves, if we cannot bear a solemn testimony of having received divine manifestations of the great fact that God himself has founded this order of things, then it becomes a serious fact that we are witnesses, and in truth the only proper witnesses, that this whole plan and pretension of Joseph Smith is a sheer falsehood—a miserable fabrication.

It will be recollected that this Gospel message proposed to give us divine manifestations through our doing certain specified acts; we have performed those acts in precisely the manner indicated. None but ourselves have attempted to conform to this arrangement, consequently, no other people are prepared to be witnesses either for or against this system.

The Gospel, as recorded in the New Testament, in its promises and provisions, was precisely similar. It required certain specified acts to be done, with promises that divine manifestations should follow their performance. Jesus said, "*He that will do the will of God shall know of the doctrine*." Peter, on the day of Pentecost, said, "Repent, and be baptized for the remission of sins, and you shall receive the Holy Ghost." Again, Jesus said, "These signs shall follow them that believe," etc. A multitude of testimonies could be produced from the New Testament,

showing that divine manifestations and perfect knowledge were promised to and were actually received in a specified and tangible form by those who then obeyed the Gospel. Those who obeyed its requirements were the only competent witnesses for or against its divine authenticity. After honestly complying with its requisitions, viz.: repenting of, and forsaking their sins, being immersed in water for the remission of sins, and receiving the ordinance of the laying on of hands; then had they failed to receive the Holy Ghost, with its gifts and promised knowledge and attendant signs, they would have seen that the entire Apostolic scheme of salvation rested on a baseless fabric.

When the Gospel, or order of things which we have received, was presented to us, we carefully compared it with the Gospel recorded in the Scriptures, and found it alike precisely, in every particular, as regarded its forms, ordinances, and the authority to administer them: its promise of the Holy Ghost and of the signs that should follow, together with a promise of a knowledge of its divinity. In many instances it was brought to us by men with whose character we were perfectly familiar, and for whose honesty and integrity we could vouch; who solemnly stated, in private and in public, that through an obedience to its requirements, they had obtained, in a tangible form, a perfect knowledge of its heaven-born principles.

This was my experience, and after having complied with its demands, and thereupon received a knowledge of its genuineness, and having obtained authority to preach and administer its ordinances, I commenced forthwith to proclaim it to the world; and no doubt there are persons in this audience, out of different nations, to whom I have administered this Gospel, who can witness to its virtue and efficacy. Many years I have been engaged in forwarding the interests of this order of things, and you are the proper

judges whether it be of God or of man.

We have the same Gospel the primitive churches had, and the same knowledge and evidence they had of its divine authenticity; and we have just as honest and brave men to preach it as they had—men that have proved their integrity through sacrifice as great as the Elders of the primitive churches ever made. The testimony of our Elders is as valid and worthy of credit as the testimony of their Elders. Our Apostles who are living are as honest as the Apostles of the New Testament, and their testimony is as worthy of credit, so far as they live and speak according to the Scriptural law and testimony. If this order of things which we have obeyed is not the Gospel—if these evidences, these manifestations, this knowledge, this Holy Ghost, these deliverances from misery and bondage, and being placed in comfortable and happy circumstances, living together in peace and harmony, building beautiful towns and cities, free from demoralizing institutions, be not the legitimate fruits of the working of a pure and holy system established by God, through Joseph Smith, we shall be compelled to question the genuineness of the Gospel of the former day Saints, as recorded in the New Testament.

By some it has been argued that Joseph Smith and his prominent Elders were the most corrupt, wicked and infamous of impostors, but his followers, the Latter-day Saints in general, though deceived, were very good people, and scrupulously honest in their religious opinions.

From what I have already said in regard to the operations and effects of this work, it is easy to be seen that, if it be an imposition, it is not confined exclusively to the leaders of this people, but this whole community are actively and knowingly engaged in a stupendous scheme of deception and hypocrisy; and by the way, as I before hinted, if this could be proved to be the case, we should be driven to the

belief that the former day Saints, also, had been engaged in the same disgraceful imposition. More than one hundred thousand people now dwell in these valleys, many of them having come from distant climes and nations. In this great fact they willingly and understandingly exhibit to the world a clear and powerful testimony—more expressive and powerful than any language could command—that they did undeniably and most positively receive, through the ordinances of this Gospel, administered unto them by our Elders, a knowledge of this work through the divine manifestations of the Almighty.

But it may be objected that, whereas members of this community were found by our missionaries in great poverty and distress, therefore they obeyed the Gospel and emigrated here to better their circumstances financially, without any regard to its truth or falsity, as a divine system. This might be true in some instances, but *impossible* as regards its application to this people as a community. Those persons who received this work without religious motives, and without honest convictions of its divine requirements, but solely for the "loaves and fishes," cannot possibly abide the test to which every one's faith, sooner or later, must be brought, but will have every particle of his dishonesty and hypocrisy exposed, and will sooner or later apostatize.

Hundreds of my brethren, Elders in this Church, full of godly zeal, animated with the purest motives, having obtained a knowledge of the will of God, have left their wives and children, everything that the heart holds most dear, and gone forth to the nations, without any worldly compensation, and called on all to repent and turn their hearts to the Lord—obey the Gospel, with a promise that they should receive the Holy Ghost, which would "lead them into all truth, and show them things to come," and it should be their guide and monitor—a principle of

revelation remaining with them through life, provided they preserved their honesty and integrity, continuing faithful in keeping the commandments of God—devoting their time, their means, their talents, their all, to building up the Kingdom of God. These duties were required, these blessings promised, in the preaching of the Gospel by our missionaries and the prominent Elders of this Church. To obtain light—a knowledge of the will of God; to get the true religion as now revealed through the Gospel—divine manifestations regarding the truth of the doctrine as taught by Joseph Smith, was the first and all absorbing proposition presented to the people.

Now, whether these Elders and missionaries were base impostors, promulgating sheer falsehoods or not, is, of course, a question of grave consideration; and it is a matter of far greater importance, and of more serious inquiry, whether this people, as a community, having failed to receive those divine testimonies, kept silence as to that most vital and important fact, and came here to practice hypocrisy in religion, and thus fasten, irresistibly, on our children and future generations a system of falsehoods for a divine religion.

Joseph Smith affirmed that Peter, James and John visited him and conferred on him authority to administer the holy ordinances of the Gospel, through which every honest-hearted man and woman were promised the Holy Ghost and a perfect knowledge of the doctrine. Our Elders simply affirm that, having received a divine knowledge of the fact that this Gospel was a heaven-born institution, and through its virtue and divine force every honest-hearted person may obtain this same knowledge.

I had been a member of this Church but a short time when I obtained, through a divine manifestation, a clear, explicit and tangible demonstration of the truth of this work.

Thousands and tens of thousands of Latter-day Saints, men and women in private life, can testify to the same experience; and though I may know many things in regard to this doctrine which in their limited experience they may not understand, yet, in this *one fact* they are equal to me in knowledge and equal to the messengers who administer to them this Gospel.

I now wish to examine another prominent feature connected with the religion of this Gospel. An important item which was held forth prominently wherever this Gospel was announced, was that its followers should have abundance of persecutions, and would probably, in the progress of their new life, be compelled to make the most trying sacrifices, as wife, children, houses and lands, the spoiling of goods, and perhaps even of life itself. No persons are properly prepared to enter upon this new life until they have formed within themselves a resolution to abide this ordeal.

The Savior, the Apostles, Joseph Smith and the latter day Elders, when offering this great system of salvation to the people, told them clearly and emphatically that it required sacrifices of the most serious and trying nature—that it would bring persecutions, change our warmest friends into bitter and relentless enemies, and that instances would occur when people, in their confused notions of right and wrong, would even conceive they were doing God service in taking our lives. These were dull and forbidding prospects to a rational person, in being proselyted to a system whose truths he could not know, but only guess at by what he was told, or of which he had read. Every man and every woman, before receiving a system that required such sacrifices, would require a positive assurance that submission to its requirements would bring indisputable knowledge of its true divinity, so that, after having obtained a divine witness of its genuineness, they could

willingly, cheerfully, and with a resolution inspired by the Almighty, move onward over the pathway of persecution and sacrifice, traversed in all ages by the martyred Saints and Prophets.

On this point permit me again to quote what Jesus promised, viz.: "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjonah, flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father in heaven; and upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Peter had obtained a revelation which Jesus called a *rock*, which every man might receive individually to himself and build upon with perfect assurance and safety, upon which he could found all his hopes and prospects of salvation. Peter, on the day of Pentecost, promised the Holy Ghost to all who would be baptized, or in other words, yield obedience to the Gospel. The Holy Ghost would impart the knowledge which would constitute the rock of revelation upon which the Savior said His people should be established. This people have their hopes and prospects of peace and happiness in this life and in the life to come resting and grounded upon this rock of revelation; and we constitute the only religious community which dares to occupy a Scriptural position; and our claims upon the Savior's promise, that hell shall not prevail against a people so established, gives us peace, tranquility, unshaken confidence, and a cheering and happy assurance of security, in the midst of all kinds of threatened ruin and overthrow.

It is the people, the masses—not exclusively their leaders —who possess this knowledge, and boldly testify of its possession. The astronomer may know of many laws and phenomena connected with the sun and its movements through ethereal space; but as regards the simple fact that it exists and shines upon the earth, millions know as well as himself. President Brigham Young, and even Joseph

Smith, so far as respects the simple fact that this Gospel, which we preach as a divine institution, never professed to have a knowledge more thorough, more convincing, or more satisfactory, than tens of thousands in these valleys who never arose to address a public audience.

This system of religion, in its nature, in the character of its origin, the manner of its operations, and in the purposes for which it was designed, coupled with the fact that people of honest hearts can and will apprehend and appreciate divine truth, is such that it cannot be destroyed. A person who is honest, full of integrity and love for the interest and happiness of his species, having explored this long untrodden path, and made this glorious discovery, will not and cannot keep silence, but despite of threats and opposition, however fierce and terrific, will boldly declare the glorious fact, spreading and multiplying the announcement of the divine intelligence, and, if so required, seal this testimony with his own life's blood.

Should the prominent men of this Church, together with tens of thousands of its Elders, be swept away by our enemies, the Gospel would still survive, and, with unabated force and vigor, still continue its irrepressible operations; these holy and sacred truths would be avowed and vindicated, order and proper authority continue their peaceful and happy reign, and Elders, with hearts overflowing with love and heavenly zeal, go forth to the nations; churches spring up in every land and clime; Saints increase and multiply and gather together; the Kingdom of God continue to be established, and the suggestive and inspired sayings of the Prophet Daniel be literally and emphatically fulfilled.

# CHAPTER XXXIII.

Polysophical Association.—Lorenzo no one-idea man.—Character of the Association.—Called to write.—Responded.—Speeches from ten to fifteen minutes.—Time fully occupied.—How it was accomplished.—Everything high-toned.—The effect captivating.—Anxiety to become members.—Note by the Editor.—Nationality.—Where is the place of my nativity?—Where is my home?—Not in any European country.—Not even in America.—Not on earth.—Here I am a stranger.—My home, my nationality in the courts of immortality.—Address to parents.—Our mutual aim.—Responsibilities.—Necessity of cultivating children.—What they should be prepared for.—What they are to become.

Lorenzo Snow's rich inventive genius has not been confined to any one particular routine. He has never earned the reputation of "one-idea man." The Polysophical Association, one of the most interesting and extraordinary productions, was the offspring of his fertile brain. It was in the form of a series of evening entertainments, consisting of a most remarkable combination of physical, moral, mental and spiritual exercises, all blended in one harmonious whole.

The association met once in two weeks, in my brother's hall, which was decorated in a manner to correspond with the occasion. The first intimation I had of this singularly beneficial and enjoyable project, Lorenzo called at my residence and requested me to write an article, either prose or poetry, and read it on the first opening of the contemplated series, which he briefly explained. Of course I was obedient, wrote a poem, was punctual to time and place, and was amply rewarded with pure, unsophisticated enjoyment.

The grand aim in getting up the programme for each meeting was to awaken an unflagging interest, by riveting the attention from the opening of the exercises to the close. To secure this effect, the parts allotted to each were full of point and vigor, and no one was allowed more than fifteen minutes. The speeches, songs, readings, recitations, instrumental music on guitar, organ, piano and bagpipe were all previously arranged and assigned to their respective speakers and players, giving them sufficient time for preparation.

During the exercises the attention of all was so firmly riveted that apparently no one in the audience felt any inclination to leave a seat, speak or whisper, but an all absorbing heed was directed to each contributed portion of the magnificent moral, intellectual and spiritual picnic.

In order to preserve quietude and profound silence, and that each member, as his or her turn came, might be ready, so that not one moment should pass unoccupied to slacken the interest or cool the awakened enthusiasm, the one who was appointed "master of ceremonies," being seated beside a small table in the centre of the hall, penciled notes on small slips of paper, informing each officiate when the precise time for his or her part would arrive. Thus the name of the individual was not called. A small lad,

wearing an appropriate badge indicative of his office, moved quietly around and presented the notes as addressed, and a light touch on a small bell gave the signal of the moment.

Extempore speeches were judiciously interspersed with exercises, and a careful consideration was observed in all of these arrangements, to relieve the grave with the gay, the sad with the joyful, etc. All were strictly enjoined to present nothing that would have the least tendency to corrode or in any possible manner annoy the feelings of any; and again, nothing was permitted that was bordering on low witticisms or vulgarity, anything that could possibly offend the most refined sensibility.

A sacred, elevating, refining influence at all times pervaded the whole assembly, inspiring pure and lofty sentiments, and, at times during the exercises, the entire audience seemed perfectly enrapt with the Spirit and power of God. On one occasion "Mother Whitney" was so inspired and filled with the Holy Spirit in the midst of those soul-stirring exercises that she arose from her seat, and, while her face glowed with supernatural brightness, she sang with heavenly sweetness, in the gift of tongues, a song of Zion, in the pure language spoken by Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden.

The effect of these varied exercises on invited guests was captivating. Throughout the city quite a sensation was created, insomuch that after he had admitted as members all that could reasonably be accommodated, many came to my brother and with persistent earnestness begged admittance.

In order to give a more definite idea of the character of our polysophical entertainments, my brother requests specimens, either in prose or poetry, or both, inserted in

connection with the foregoing sketch. In compliance, I select the following poems from my own copies which I had preserved:

NATIONALITY.

Written For, And Read Before An Assembly Of The "Polysophical Association," In L. Snow's Hall, Salt Lake City, 1855.

Most courteously, this evening, I'll present
Before this audience, a sentiment—
At least a hint on nationality,
A love, or rather a partiality
For birthplace, country, and the people, where
Our lungs at first inhaled the vital air.

One might as well my thoughts exterminate—
My place in pedigree annihilate,
Or the warm pulse of life eradicate,
As to efface, or to remove from me
The sentiment of Nationality.
It, of my nature, constitutes a part—
Unites with all the life-blood of my heart;
And if no trait, or portion of my spirit,
'Tis something I eternally inherit.
Not all the charms surrounding scenes impart,
Can chase the high-toned feelings from my heart;
For oft—full oft, so tenderly they yearn,
A kindling impulse prompts a fond

return
Unto the land of my nativity—
My native home—my native scenery.
But where—O, where the land so choice—so dear?
Which is the nation I so much revere?

I do not languish for the lakes and rills,
The rugged heights of Europe's Alpine hills,
The verdant vales which smilingly repose
'Neath their bold summits of eternal snows;
Nor would I boast a proud nativity
On the luxuriant plains of Italy,
With glowing, sunny landscapes, rich and fair,
Tall city spires, and grand cathedrals there;
Where the salubrious climate's genial heat
Gives to the pulse a soft and ardent beat;
Where nature, with accelerated force,
With less of time, completes her wonted course.

Nor yet in Germany, where laws are made
To fit like tenons for the joiner's trade —
Where every code of civil policy,
Mocks the precision of geometry.
Where ease and luxury are smiling 'round,
And merry glee and cheerfulness

abound;
Where summer vineyards and the harvest field
To man and beast a joyous plenty yield.

Not Britain, with its mountains, hills and dales,
Including England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales;
With inland products, and ship-crested coast—
Comprising much that wealth and honor boast;
With far-famed cities, towns and villas too,
Where genius flourished and where valor grew;
With all varieties of grade and sphere,
Of "Home, sweet home," most lovely and most dear,
The honored home of noble thousands, where
Are executed with judicious care,
Those legal powers, created to bestow
Protection's banner on the high and low;
And where religious toleration, now,
Above all elsewhere lifts its manly brow.

Not Sweden, Denmark, Norway, nor in France,
Where revolution's onward strides advance,
And then recede, as tides that ebb and flow—
As moons that waxing, waning, onward

go;
While soft refinement, with its graceful air,
Displays a master-stroke of polish there;
Where vinous foliage—native fruits and flowers,
Vie with exotics, in luxuriant bowers.

Neither America's much favored land,
Where Lehi, guided by Jehovah's hand,
Obtained a place for him and his, to be
Through generations of posterity;
Where those choice records, where the truth was found,
As said Isaiah, "*speaking from the ground*."

Nor coasts, nor capes, nor islands of the sea;
For none I cherish fond partiality.
I say, with Brother Eddington, I'm not
Italian, Hindoo, English, German, Scot;
Neither American, Swiss, Welsh or Dane,
Nor yet an Islander from ocean's main,
Nor Spanish, French, Norwegian, nor Swede—
I claim no country, nation, kingdom, creed,
Excepting Zion; that I proudly name—
Home of all homes, that home I fondly claim.
Were I to boast of nationality,
I'd look beyond this frail mortality.

The noblest spirits scattered o'er the

earth,
By truth's eternal influence gathered forth
From Babylon to earthly Zion, here,
Are on their way to heaven's celestial sphere.
Our inns, our stopping places, which, or where,
Don't matter, when we've paid our bills of fare.

One God, one faith, one baptism—we are now
All in one kingdom, at one altar bow.
The union of the Father and the Son,
Is heaven's true pattern; we must all be one.
All local feelings must be laid aside,
And former differences no more divide.
The time approaches; soon will Zion be
The pride of earthly nationality;
When 'twill the histories of those adorn
Of whom 'tis said, "they were in Zion born."

The Holy Spirit every Saint receives,
Is one sense added to what nature gives,
And forms a powerful telescope, whereby
We look beyond the stretch of mortal eye.
Its keen perceptive vision takes a view
Of origin and destination too.
Through this superior spirit-sense, we learn
What our inferior senses ne'er discern,

That we're not natives of this fallen earth.
We lived before—we had an earlier birth,
A clime and habitations highly pure
Beyond what these gross senses can endure.

*There* is the charm, the nationality,
The spring of impulse actuating me;
That is the point to which I would attain—
The country home I fondly would regain;
From whence, for noble purposes, we all,
To gain experience through our Parents' fall,
To gain the zenith of perfected worth,
Have come on pilgrimage, through mortal birth;
As foreign trav'lers, each a camping ground
On different portions of the earth has found.
The force of habit gives to each a grace —
A special charm to each and every place;
And yet, with all the adoration felt,
As at their shrines devotedly we knelt,
Not one—not *all*, possessed sufficient worth,
To make us feel quite naturalized to earth.

Our hearts beat upward, and our

feelings move
In homeward currents up to those we love,
Where uncorrupted nature's beauties glow—
Where life's pure streams from endless fountains flow.
And there the sixth, the spirit sense will lead,
If to its dictates we give earnest heed;
And its refining process will prepare
Us for a full and free reception there;
And *there* we'll talk of nationality
With the celestials of eternity.

ADDRESS TO PARENTS.

Written For, And Read Before A Polysophical Assembly In L. Snow's Hall, In The Winter Of 1854-5.

With much respect, fathers and mothers too,
The muse, this evening, humbly unto you,
In Zion's name, would proffer an appeal
Upon a theme involving Zion's weal.
As Zion's welfare is our mutual aim,
And our united interest I will claim,
Not the indulgence of the listening ear,
Nor flattering plaudits sycophants would hear,
But your attention—thoughtful, calm and grave—
Your sober judgment earnestly I crave.

You all are stewards of what you possess,

And may abuse, or use in righteousness;
And thus the children you most dearly love,
Either a blessing or a curse may prove.

The infant mind is like an empty cell,
Where good and evil find a place to dwell;
And may, by culture, be enlarged and filled,
And truth and error, one or both, instilled.

Let healthy, vigorous limbs inactive lie,
How soon they wither, and how soon they die.
And without exercise, the mental powers,
Weak, unsupplied with proper, useful stores,
Will not attain to their diplomaed worth,
Nor shed their own inherent lustre forth.

We cannot powers and faculties create,
But 'tis our province both to cultivate;
And while life's busy scenes are hurrying through,
The most important is the *first* to do.
You want your sons prepared to carry on
The work you have commenced, when you are gone;
In high important offices to act—
As Zion's judges, business to transact,

In things momentous, for all Israel's sake,
With the salvation of the world at stake.
Inspire their hearts to earnestly pursue
Improvement; and inspire your daughters too.
Prompt both to mental labor, while the mind,
Like pliant boughs, is easily inclined;
While they with readiness and pleasure take
Impressions which the sculptor's chisels make.

Your sons, as heralds, soon may go abroad,
To face the world and teach the truths of God;
The wise, the erudite of earth to meet,
Knowledge with knowledge, mind with mind compete;
All their attainments criticised and tried
Before tribunals of ungodly pride,
Where no apologies will be received,
And no mistakes and errors be retrieved.

'Tis true the Lord His Spirit does bestow,
And through that medium streams of knowledge flow;
But when the opportunities are given,
Through the overruling providence of heaven,
For cultivation, no one need expect
That God, with smiles, will sanction our neglect.

Would not your hearts with deep compassion yearn
To think your child in stranger lands must learn,
By force of cruel circumstances, what
He should have been, at home, in kindness taught?

And very soon your blooming daughters will
Their destined spheres of wives and mothers, fill:
The best, the noblest boon they can receive—
The richest fortune you have power to give—
The best of patrimonies under heaven,
Is education, timely, wisely given.
Not erudition's superficial gloss,
Its glitt'ring tinsel and its flimsy dross.
Instead of fabled, sentimental glare,
Teach them what was, what will be, and what are:
Teach them the principles of life and health,
And store their minds with intellectual wealth;
For what they treasure here, of real worth,
They'll carry with them when they leave the earth.

The power of method students gain in school,
Forms a credential—constitutes a tool—
An operative instrument whereby

Their own resources they can self-supply.

Let Zion's children all be taught in youth,
Upon the basis of Eternal Truth—
Self-cultivated too, as well as taught,
Trained to reflection, and inured to thought;
And here in time, and in eternity,
The sons as pillars in the Church will be;
The daughters, too, as "polished stones" will shine,
And ornament their true ancestral line,
And be prepared, in beauty clad, to move
With grace and dignity in courts above.

# CHAPTER XXXIV.

How Lorenzo spent the interval.—His next mission.—Difficulties to be overcome.—Lays out a city.—Description of the premises.—Builds a house.—President Young visits him.—Introduces a precedent.—Description of it.—Succeeded by railroads.—Gift of the Gospel.—The Patriarch's promise.—A sick man.—Faith in Lorenzo's administration.—A handkerchief is sent.—He blesses and dedicates it.—Is taken to the

patient.—Placed upon him.—He recovers.—A letter.—In memoriam.—To Elder Porter Squires.—Expressions of gratitude. —Good wishes and blessings.

The interval which succeeded Lorenzo's Italian mission was occupied in school teaching, and in domestic and legislative labors—occasionally accompanying President Young in his visits to the settlements and Stakes of Zion, preaching, administering to the sick, etc., and as a minute-man, officiating in the various duties of his calling.

The next mission of importance to which he was called was to locate fifty families in Box Elder County, sixty miles north of Salt Lake City. There a small settlement had been formed, which, for want of the right master spirit, had lost every vestige of enterprise and was minus every aim in the direction of advancement. To diffuse active energies and a spirit of progress into this stereotyped condition of people, was not unlike raising the dead; and a man of less strength of purpose would have faltered. Not so with the one in question. Prompt to the call, he went to work, laid out a city, naming it Brigham in honor of the President of the Church, moved his family to the new city, and thus laid the foundation for the great financial co-operative enterprise which subsequently he there built up.

When the county was organized by the authority of the Legislature, he was appointed to preside over it, as a Stake of of Zion. He was elected member of the Legislative Council, to represent the district composed of the counties of Box Elder and Weber.

Here follows Lorenzo's own version of the situation: When I arrived in Box Elder County, I found the location where Brigham City now flourishes in a very unprosperous

condition. Whether its change from a primitive state should be called improvement, *i. e*., whether it was better or worse for what had been done on the premises, would puzzle an antiquarian. Even the log meeting house, with its ground floor and earth roof, was more extensively patronized as a receptacle for bed bugs than for the assemblage of Saints.

At first, in locating there, I only took a portion of my family, as a small and incommodious adobie hut was the only tenement attainable. During the summer and fall I succeeded in erecting a house, one story and half in height, thirty feet by forty. It being impossible to obtain shingles, I covered the building with slabs, and for two winters the rattling of those slabs, put in motion by the canyon breezes, supplied us with music in the absence of organs and pianos. I had thus covered the roof of my house, but before my front door was in, and all my floors laid, and before any plastering was done, our house was the stopping place and the home of President Brigham Young and his company of tourists, whenever they visited these northern settlements. We sometimes entertained as many as forty at once. As soon as my house was up and partly finished, I had all of my family with me; and on the occasion of these visits of the Presidency, my family all united to make our visitors as comfortable as possible.

To manifest due respect, and a proper appreciation of those visits, which were productive of a vast amount of good to the Saints scattered throughout the Territory, I introduced a precedent which was widely adopted and carried into effect, until railroads superseded those lengthy carriage drives. To perpetuate a remembrance of this unique order of reception, I will give a description of the original one, as follows:

On learning the precise time when the party would arrive, I

arranged a programme for the occasion. In the first place, a set of hands was detailed to put the roads in good condition for carriages, by clearing away stones, filling crevices, repairing bridges and causeways, etc. Much care and labor were devoted to organizing the escort to meet the President's long train of carriages some miles from the city. We had not the means in those early days of our history to be very elaborate in furnishing equipments as would have gratified our vanity, but what we lacked we supplied in ingenuity and enterprise, in fixing up what our means and circumstances would admit.

We selected forty or fifty intelligent, interesting looking young gentlemen, dressed in gray uniforms, each carrying a lance, the top of which was pointed with shining material, from which gay ribbons floated gracefully in the breeze. These young gentlemen were mounted on our finest horses and properly instructed and disciplined for the occasion. Next, we selected sixteen or twenty fine intelligent young ladies, had them dressed in white, with corresponding decorations. These were seated in wagons, each drawn by two span of horses, properly caparisoned. All the members of the escort were carefully instructed respecting a proper manner of giving the salute on meeting the visiting party; the various branches of the escort bearing flags and beautiful banners with appropriate mottoes. All were preceded by one or two carriages occupied by the authorities and leading men of the city, the whole led by a martial band under the direction of the city marshal.

In connection with the foregoing arrangement, the children, in their Sunday attire, gathered from all parts of the city, and many from adjacent settlements, were formed into line on each side of the street, and as the company entered, it was conducted through these long lines of children to my house, amid loud cheers, the ringing of

bells and waving of banners.

The effect of this display on President Young and party was truly thrilling. They were taken by a surprise of the most impressive character. Thus an example was set which has been extensively followed, until carriage riding has, to a great extent, yielded to that of railroads.

One of the precious gifts of the everlasting Gospel conferred on Brother Lorenzo, that of healing the sick by the power of faith and the instrumentality of the sacred ordinances which God has revealed, is a prominent one. Early in his experience in the Church, when he received his patriarchal blessing under the hands of the Patriarch, Joseph Smith, father of the Prophet, he received a promise of this gift, and he was told that the sick should even send handkerchiefs to him for his blessing, by which they should be made whole.

A very striking instance in fulfilment of this prediction occurred in the winter of 1866. Brother William Smith, of Kaysville, Davis County, Utah, was taken very sick; his faith centred in God and in the ordinances of His house, instead of human medical skill; and he and his wife had, from experience, great faith in Brother Snow as an administrator, but he was forty miles away. It was winter, the weather very cold and stormy, and the roads almost impassable, and they thought it preposterous to send for him, and tried to content themselves with the services of those present.

But with all the faith that was exercised, with all that patient, skilful and careful nursing—all that love and affection could do for him—he continued to grow worse, and gradually sank until his life was despaired of and his case considered hopeless by all but his heart-stricken, loving wife. She was hoping and praying with all the

fervor affection inspires, when, by the promptings of the Spirit which brings "all things to remembrance," she recollected that when Brother Snow was at her home in Wiberson, England, in reading a copy of his patriarchal blessing, she was struck with the prediction that the sick should send handkerchiefs to him, etc. Like a lamp suddenly lighted, and like the sunbeams streaking forth from under a heavy cloud, her heart took courage and the light of eternity seemed to spread a halo around; and the thought was immediately suggested to her that, as her husband, now almost unconscious, was too far gone to act for himself, she might act for him, and forthwith she started to carry the suggestion into effect.

No time was lost in commissioning a messenger to go with all possible dispatch and take to Brother Snow a new silk handkerchief, with a note from Sister Smith containing her request, also instructions relative to, and descriptive of her husband's condition. The messenger accomplished the trip, to and from, as expeditiously as the state of the roads would possibly admit.

When Brother Snow was made acquainted with the situation, his sympathies were much aroused. From long acquaintance, he had full confidence in their faithfulness and integrity. They had befriended him when on a mission in a foreign land, and from first acquaintance, with him and them, confidence was mutual.

We now copy from Brother Snow's journal: I took the handkerchief and a bottle of perfumery, and on retiring to my closet, I prayed, and then I consecrated the perfumery and sprinkled it on the handkerchief. I then again bowed before the Lord, and in earnest supplication besought Him to remember the promises He made through His servant, the Patriarch, whom He had now taken to Himself, and let the healing and life-inspiring virtues of His Holy Spirit be

imparted to this handkerchief, and from thence to Brother Smith when it shall be placed upon him, speedily restoring him to life, health and vigor.

As soon as the messenger returned, with the handkerchief neatly folded in an envelope, it was unfolded and spread over the head and face of Brother Smith, the apparently dying man, with almost instantaneous effect.

His immediate recovery was observed with surprise and astonishment by all around, and well might they exclaim: "It is the Lord's doings, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

IN MEMORIAM.

Out of respect to the family of the departed, who has gone to reap the reward of the righteous—as a tribute justly due the memory of the faithful, trustworthy Elder Porter Squires, and as a testimonial of my brother's recognition and appreciation of true merit, we think the following extract worthy of insertion:

Legislative Hall, Fillmore City,

Millard County, Utah,

December 21, 1856.

*Elder Porter Squires*:

Dear Brother.—When traveling abroad among the nations of the earth, I have often thought of your kindness and faithfulness, and the assistance you have rendered me and my family. And while thinking of you, my prayers have often been offered up in your behalf, in every place, and in every nation wherever I have set my feet.

Language fails to express the feelings and the sincere

gratitude of my heart for the interest you have manifested in the many kind and important services you have discharged in my interest since you came into my family.

I feel that you are fully entitled to be blest when I am blest, to be honored when I am honored, to be exalted when I am exalted, and to be glorified when I am glorified.

I have decreed in my heart that, some day, I shall pay you four-fold, and with interest, for all you have done for me, but when this will be, the Lord only knows. Till then, I can only pray for you, that the Spirit of the Highest may be richly poured out upon you, and that peace may always dwell with you.

I shall be glad when you find a companion and have a home of your own. But I say, as I always have said, be not in so much haste as to take one that your wisdom and judgment will not approve. I declare to you in the name of the Lord, there are wives in store for you of the Lord's choosing, that will be given you, and you shall lose nothing, but shall be crowned and glorified with your brethren in the Kingdom of the Lord our God, and in the midst of your wives and children, and no power on earth or in hell shall prevent you receiving this blessing. I say this in the name of the Lord, and by the spirit of prophecy which is in me, and it is true and sacred.

I have no time to get away from public business except in the evening, when I go out into the fields alone by myself, to call upon the Lord to bless me and my family. I never enjoy myself so well as I do on these occasions. Men change and circumstances alter, but the Lord is always the same kind, indulgent and affectionate Father, and will bless those that will, in childish simplicity, humble themselves before Him, and ask for what they want. I think of you at such times, and always have the spirit to bless you in the

name of the Lord.

Your brother in the Gospel,

Lorenzo Snow.

# CHAPTER XXXV.

Necessity of recreation.—Lorenzo anticipates the need of the people. —Provides a miniature theatre.— How it was managed.—Moves to a new building.—A windstorm.— House blown down.—Everything destroyed.—Discouragement.— President J. Young speaks prophetically.—His prophecy fulfilled.—The Dramatic Association organized.—Lorenzo presides over it.—Bishop McQuarrie speaks.—Relates an incident.—The Social Hall erected. —Its uses.—Concerning circulating medium.—Checks as good as gold.—Within reach of all. —Assessment.

Realizing as he did, the fact that those who have the charge and oversight of the people, without providing proper recreation, have adopted a mistaken policy, Lorenzo made an elaborate effort, in this direction, to meet the wants of the semi-progressive inhabitants of his new-born city.

Early in the winter of 1855-6, while his recently erected dwelling house was unfinished, he converted his largest room, which was fifteen by thirty feet, into a theatrical department, by erecting a stage in one end of this not-too-capacious hall—furnishing scenery appropriate to the situation. He then organized a dramatic company; and

during the long winter evenings his amateur performers drew crowded audiences of invited guests. The diminutive size of his auditory being insufficient to accommodate all of the citizens at once, it was necessary, in order to avoid partiality, to invite the people alternately, which gave equal opportunities to all.

Here the old and the young, the grey-headed and the little prattlers, met and mingled—the people were drawn together and a union of feeling was awakened. These were free of charge. My brother, in connection with the voluntary actors, furnished the entertainments—he held the strings, not allowing anything of a demoralizing character to be presented—carefully examining the plays before they were exhibited on the stage, and only accepting such as would create innocent merriment, or inspire elevating and refining sentiment.

The effect was very satisfactory, not only in producing pleasurable recreation at the time, but was one of the aids in arousing the partially dormant energies of the people.

This hall, and these theatricals, answered their purpose for the first winter. During the summer, the people, although in their poverty, experiencing the great need of a larger building, commenced the erection of one forty-five by sixty-five feet. This was called "Court House," and was designed to be at the service of the county for county purposes, but was mostly built by the labor tithing and donations of the people of Brigham City. It was an adobie building, two stories high; they succeeded in erecting the walls, and early the next winter Lorenzo had several thicknesses of boards laid on the sleepers overhead as a temporary roof—fitted up the comparatively spacious hall, which was twenty-two by forty-five feet, and moved his theatricals into the basement.

With this improved condition my brother determined to have a dramatic company of ability, and capable of attaining to celebrity in the profession. Accordingly, he selected some of the most talented young gentlemen and ladies, including several of his own family, and engaged an actor who had considerable experience on the Salt Lake stage—set apart one of his private rooms for the instruction of the class, in which the students made rapid progress.

When the "Dramatic Association of Brigham City" was organized, Lorenzo was chosen president, which position he has filled from that time.

But misfortune awaited them. After enjoying their improved circumstances, and having successfully performed during the winter, in the spring a terrific windstorm visited the city, and the court house was blown down with destruction to the stage, theatrical scenery, and all the accompanying fixtures, which, of course, put a quietus on the Dramatic Association for a season.

The people were poor; they had struggled beyond measure to erect the walls now lying in ruins, and how to repair the loss was a problem which apparently amounted to impossibility—even the irrepressible Lorenzo Snow felt almost disheartened. Not long, however, after the trying occurrence, he attended a dinner-party at Brother Hunsaker's, in company with President Joseph Young (familiarly called Uncle Joseph), when, rather despondingly, as they sat viewing the ruins, he remarked, "I cannot see how we ever can rebuild those walls;" when Uncle Joseph, turning to him, very emphatically said: "Brother Lorenzo, the Lord will soon open your way to build, and you shall have a much better house than the first;" then taking a sovereign from his pocket, said, "Take this for that purpose as a commencement." Lorenzo's

feelings were averse to taking anything from Prest. Young, and said, "No, Brother Joseph," but, on second thought, it flashed across his mind, "Yes, I will take it, for I think it a favorable omen—a starting point." And so it proved—from that time the way opened little by little, and in fulfilment of Brother Joseph's words, they erected a second structure, in many respects better than the first. But in several instances labor and ingenuity supplied the lack of cash. In case of roofing, not being able to purchase nails, they made wooden pins with which their sheeting is fastened to the rafters, as can be seen to this day.

The upper story of the building was forty-five by sixty-five feet, and was used as an assembly hall, for meetings of religious worship, concerts, lectures and dancing, until they built their large Tabernacle. After the first year, the theater was transferred from the basement to the upper story. A stage was erected in the east end, 18x45 feet, furnished with fine elaborate scenery and apartments, where the members of the Dramatic Association had appropriate opportunities to exercise and display genius and ability. They soon won laurels and gained considerable celebrity, and were justly acknowledged as the best dramatic company in the Territory outside Salt Lake City. The main body of the lower story was used for county purposes, sittings of the courts, etc., the county having assisted sufficiently to claim a share, although, as with the first building, this also was mostly built by labor tithing, and donations from the people of Brigham City.

On or about the middle of March just past, the writer attended the Ladies' Relief Society Quarterly Conference in Ogden City. One of the speakers, Bishop Robert McQuarrie, in addressing the large attentive audience in the "Tabernacle," earnestly and eloquently impressed on the minds of the audience the virtue, benefit and, as Saints of God, the practical necessity of living in constant

communion with and acknowledging God at all times, and relying on His assistance in the performance of every duty; he also admonished all present to honor Him and cultivate His Spirit in their hearts, not only when officiating in organized capacity and in religious exercises, but in their amusements, he said, they should be governed by its influence, and engage in nothing in which they could not, with propriety, ask the blessing of the Lord. As a corresponding closing refrain, the Bishop related an impressive incident which he said had made a lasting impression on his mind. At a time not specified, he was spending an afternoon with my brother in his family residence in Brigham City. A theatrical performance was in anticipation for the evening entertainment, and Lorenzo invited the Bishop to attend. He accepted the invitation, and as the hour of opening approached all made ready for going, and when in group assembled and ready to start, Lorenzo said, "Let us all kneel down and pray," which accordingly they did.

As a theater promoter, theater director and theater attendant, this little, yet significant incident is very strikingly characteristic of my brother, and so illustrative of the leading principles of his life, it is worthy of record as a true index and as a judicious monitor.

In 1875 the "Brigham City Mercantile and Manufacturing Association" erected a Social Hall 33x63 feet, and two stories; the first was designed for amusement, social and dancing parties, lectures, and the assemblies of the Polysophical Association; the second for a high school or seminary of learning.

"*How blessings brighten as they take their flight*!" Although the good people of Box Elder County had exhibited well-developed appreciative faculties, it is hardly admissible to suppose that they fully realized the many

advantages and conveniences resulting from their co-operative system, which extended to the social, as well as to the business and financial departments of society. The checks (scrip) issued by this institution, as a home circulating medium, (until an unlawful assessment, with its blighting touch, rendered it obsolete, as will be fully explained hereafter,) were good as gold for admission to theatres, lectures, dancing parties—in fact, wherever and whenever entrance fees were demanded; and, independent of cash fluctuations, they were within the reach of all—men, women and children. Being paid out for all kinds of labor, they were accessible to all who were able to work, and provision was made for those who were not.

# CHAPTER XXXVI.

Mission to the Sandwich Islands.—Elders called home.—Walter M. Gibson.—Goes to the Sandwich Islands.—His perfidy.—Lorenzo, with other Elders, sent to investigate.—Take Stage.—Arrive at a mining town.—Incident.—New driver.—Favorable impressions.—Sings melodiously.—Swears blasphemously.—Drives furiously.—Perilous predicament.—Other perils.—Arrive at San Francisco.—At Brother Eveleth's.—Take steamer.—Arrive near the landing at Lahaina.—Boat upset.—Lorenzo and the Captain drowned.—Both restored to life.—Rejoicing and thanksgiving.

In 1857, when the United States army was on the march towards Utah, the Latter-day Saint Elders abroad on missions were called home, and the mission on the Sandwich Islands was, for about two years, left in charge of a native Elder.

During this time, Walter M. Gibson, a man of deep scheming policy, came to Utah—professed to adopt the faith of the Latter-day Saints, was baptized, took a short mission to the Eastern States, and when he returned started immediately for the Sandwich Islands, and there palmed himself on the unsuspecting natives as a superior personage, authorized by and superior to President Brigham Young, and claimed the presidency over all the Pacific isles.

He re-organized the Church in accordance with his own schemes, ordained twelve Apostles, and charged them one hundred and fifty dollars each for the office conferred, and High Priests and Elders in proportion. With means thus obtained he purchased one-half of the island of Lanai, where he gathered the Saints and all for his own aggrandizement.

Fearing they might be deceived, some eight of the Elders wrote to brethren in Utah who had labored many years among them. They stated some of the facts concerning Mr. Gibson's course, and asked advice. This communication was translated and submitted to President Young. The First Presidency decided that Apostles Ezra T. Benson and Lorenzo Snow should visit the islands, and that Elders Joseph F. Smith, Alma Smith and William W. Cluff should accompany them.

From Lorenzo's journal: "We took stage at Salt Lake City, about the 1st of March, 1864, for San Francisco, California. Some interesting incidents occurred during our

overland trip to California, that seemed to us at the time rather interesting or, at least, a little exciting. It is true, so far as the tremendous jolting was concerned, we had decidedly the advantage of Horace Greeley in his ludicrous lone stage-ride over the same road, inasmuch as five of us could maintain a better balance than a lone man. At any rate, on the roughest portions of the route, we partially succeeded in keeping our heads clear from the top of the stage, which, as per report, he failed in doing.

On arriving at a small mining town one Sunday morning about sunrise, our stage-man drove to the post office to exchange mail bags; just then a negro rushed out of a saloon directly in front of our horses, and had barely crossed the street, when a white-man in his shirt-sleeves hurried out of the door from whence the negro came, with revolver in hand, and fired several shots in the direction in which the negro was running. We saw him fall, and as his antagonist absconded, curiosity prompted us to follow and ascertain the condition of his victim. He lay upon the ground groaning and writhing in agony. He pointed to places on his body where the bullets struck him, but just then the stage was ready to start, and we left the unfortunate fellow to his fate.

At another time, having stopped to exchange horses just as night was setting in, one of our company remarked that our new driver had quite the air and appearance of an intelligent gentleman, and we soon discovered that he possessed a wonderful musical talent, in the exercise of which he elicited our surprise and admiration. It really seemed to me that a sweeter, a more pathetic or melodious voice I had never heard. It is quite possible that the stillness of night and the wild scenery of nature around us had a tendency to enhance the effect and increase our appreciation of melodious accents; whatever it might be, I was charmed, delighted, and felt that I could embrace that

man and call him brother.

Whether the causes of these variations exist originally in their organizations, or are the result of a life training, may be a subject for philosophical discussion, but facts definitely prove that some people are made up of opposite elements, the proof of which one may visibly notice by waiting and observing, as in the case now instanced.

A sudden lurch of the coach, which was occasioned by a miss-step or awkward movement of the horses, wrought a sudden, marvelous change in our entertainer, and instantaneously closed our animating entertainment, while a volley of oaths and the most horrid blasphemies succeeded. As he poured forth his disgusting and heart-sickening profanity, he most furiously lashed the innocent horses.

At this time we were just commencing the descent of a mountain some miles in length; it was quite dark, the road rough and rocky, and it may be readily imagined that our prospects were not the most inviting. Our coach swayed fearfully—the wheels ever and anon striking fire as they whirled over the rocks, with a double span of horses upon a keen run, tossing us up and down, giving us a few hard strokes of the head against the cover of the coach.

At length Elder Benson, in a tremulous yet powerful voice, demanded of the driver to moderate his speed, which was responded to by an increased and more furious lashing of the foaming, panting steeds; thus, and more, with a drunken coachman (as we afterwards learned), we tore along down the mountain, every moment in jeopardy of being dashed to pieces. When at last reaching a station, we were happily relieved from this perilous adventure. On our return we learned that the inebriate had been discharged.

But one peril over, another comes. The most exciting and dangerous portion of our overland route is yet before us, which we encountered in passing over the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Many portions of the road were covered with snow and ice, and ran a long way close beside fearful ravines, hundreds of feet in depth. One sitting in the coach, by inclining the head a little one side, could gaze down into the vast depths below, conscious that the wheels of the vehicle were often within a few inches of the terrible gulf; consequently, the slipping of the wheels, the least blunder of a horse, or a strap or buckle giving way, or the least carelessness of the driver, would plunge the whole outfit over the rocky crags into the abyss below. The danger was increased by the ice and snow, and the sudden, abrupt turns in the road. When we approached very slippery places, where the road frequently was barely of a sufficient width for the coach to pass between the high sharp rocks on one side and the frightful chasm on the other, the driver, in guarding against catastrophes, would put his two spans on their utmost speed.

Hour after hour, as we thus moved on, particular points in the road were pointed out to us, where coaches had whirled down precipices, and every occupant had been killed. These nerve-stirring recitals caused us more seriously to realize the gravity of our situation and our dependence on God for the preservation of our lives; and we truly felt grateful for our deliverance, and breathing more freely, felt our pulses restored to their normal state as we dismounted from the coach at the western base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

On our arrival in San Francisco we were kindly entertained by Elder Eveleth, whose hospitable house was our home during our short stay, while making arrangements for our passage by steamer for the point of our destination. Brother Eveleth's kindness and hospitality to the latter day

missionaries traveling to and from Salt Lake is proverbial; and although called to a higher and broader sphere, he lives in the grateful, affectionate remembrance of those who knew him.

The following is from the narrative of Elder W. W. Cluff: We arrived at Honolulu, the capital of the islands, about the 27th of March, 1864. On the 29th we sailed for Lahaina, on the schooner Nettie Merrill, Captain Fisher, for the island of Maui, a distance of about ninety miles from Honolulu. On the morning of the 31st of March, we came to anchor about one mile from the mouth of the little harbor of Lahaina.

Apostles Ezra T. Benson, Lorenzo Snow, Brother Alma L. Smith, and myself, got into the small boat to go on shore Brother Joseph F. Smith, as he afterwards stated, had some misgivings about going in that boat, but the manifestation was not sufficiently strong to indicate any general accident. He preferred to remain on board the vessel until the boat returned. The boat started for the shore. It contained some barrels and boxes, the captain, a white man, two or three native passengers, and the boat's crew, who were also natives.

The entrance to the harbor is a very narrow passage between coral reefs, and when the sea is rough, it is very dangerous, on account of the breakers. Where the vessel lay, the sea was not rough, but only presented the appearance of heavy swells rolling to the shore.

As we approached the reef it was evident to me that the surf was running higher than we anticipated. I called the captain's attention to the fact. We were running quartering across the waves, and I suggested that we change our course so as to run at right angles with them. He replied that he did not think there was any danger, and our course

was not changed. We went but little farther, when a heavy swell struck the boat and carried us before it about fifty yards. When the swell passed it left us in a trough between two huge waves. It was too late to retrieve our error, and we must run our chances. When the second swell struck the boat, it raised the stern so high that the steersman's oar was out of the water, and he lost control of the boat. It rode on the swell a short distance and swung around just as the wave began to break up. We were almost instantly capsized into the dashing, foaming sea.

I felt no concern for myself about drowning, for while on my former mission I had learned to swim and sport in the surf of those shores.

The last I remember of Brother Snow, as the boat was going over, I saw him seize the upper edge of it with both hands. Fearing that the upper edge of the boat, or the barrels, might hit and injure me as the boat was going over, I plunged head foremost into the water. After swimming a short distance, I came to the surface without being strangled or injured.

The boat was bottom upwards, and barrels, hats and umbrellas were floating in every direction. I swam to the boat and as there was nothing to cling to on the bottom, I reached under and seized the edge of it.

About the same time Brother Benson came up near me and readily got hold of the boat. Brother Alma L. Smith came up on the opposite side of the boat from Brother Benson and myself. He was considerably strangled, but succeeded in securing a hold on the boat.

A short time afterwards the captain was discovered, about fifty yards from us. Two sailors, one on each side, succeeded in keeping him on the surface, although life was

apparently extinct.

Nothing yet had been seen of Brother Snow, although the natives had been swimming and diving in every direction in search of him. We were only about one-fourth of a mile from shore. The people, as soon as they discovered our circumstances, manned a life boat and hurried to the rescue. We were taken into the boat, when the crew wanted to row for the shore, and pick up the captain by the way. We told them that one of our friends was yet missing, and we did not want to leave. We discovered that a second boat had left the shore and could reach the captain as soon as the one we were in. Seeing this, the crew of our boat consented to remain and assist us.

The captain was taken ashore, and by working over him sometime was brought to life. Probably his life would not have been much endangered but for a sack of four or five hundred silver dollars which he held in his hand, the weight of which took him at once to the bottom. The natives dove and brought him up, still clinging to the sack. When his vitality was restored, the first thing he inquired about was the money; intimating to the natives, with peculiar emphasis, that it would not have been healthy for them to have lost it.

Brother Snow had not yet been discovered, and the anxiety was intense. The natives were, evidently, doing all in their power.

Finally, one of them, in edging himself around the capsized boat, must have felt Brother Snow with his feet and pulled him, at least, partly from under it, as the first I saw of Brother Snow was his hair floating upon the water around one end of the capsized boat. As soon as we got him into our boat, we told the boatmen to pull for the shore with all possible speed. His body was stiff, and life

apparently extinct.

Brother A. L. Smith and I were sitting side by side. We laid Brother Snow across our laps, and, on the way to shore, we quietly administered to him and asked the Lord to spare his life, that he might return to his family and home.

On reaching the shore, we carried him a little way to some large empty barrels that were lying on the sandy beach. We laid him face downwards on one of them, and rolled him back and forth until we succeeded in getting the water he had swallowed out of him.

During this time a number of persons came down from the town; among them was Mr. E. P. Adams, a merchant. All were willing to do what they could. We washed Brother Snow's face with camphor, furnished by Mr. Adams. We did not only what was customary in such cases, but also what the Spirit seemed to whisper to us.

After working over him for some time, without any indications of returning life, the by-standers said that nothing more could be done for him. But we did not feel like giving him up, and still prayed and worked over him, with an assurance that the Lord would hear and answer our prayers.

Finally we were impressed to place our mouth over his and make an effort to inflate his lungs, alternately blowing in and drawing out the air, imitating, as far as possible, the natural process of breathing. This we persevered in until we succeeded in inflating his lungs. After a little, we perceived very faint indications of returning life. A slight wink of the eye, which, until then, had been open and death-like, and a very faint rattle in the throat, were the first symptoms of returning vitality. These grew more and

more distinct, until consciousness was fully restored.

When this result was reached, it must have been fully one hour after the upsetting of the boat. A Portuguese man, living in Lahaina, who, from the first, rendered us much assistance, invited us to take Brother Snow to his house. There being no Saints in the place, we gladly accepted his kind offer. Every possible attention was given for Brother Snow's comfort.

We will here append my brother's account of the upsetting of the boat, and what he can recollect of the sensations of a man drowning and afterwards coming to life.

As we were moving along, probably more than a quarter of a mile from where we expected to land, my attention was suddenly arrested by Captain Fisher calling to the oarsmen in a voice which denoted some alarm, "Hurry up, hurry up!" I immediately discovered the cause of alarm. A short distance behind us, I saw an immense surf, thirty or forty feet high, rushing towards us swifter than a race horse. We had scarcely a moment for reflection before the huge mass was upon us. In an instant our boat, with its contents, as though it were a feather, was hurled into a gulf of briny waters, and all was under this rolling, seething mountain wave. It took me by surprise. I think, however, that I comprehended the situation—in the midst of turbulent waves—a quarter of a mile from the shore, without much probability of human aid.

I felt confident, however, there would be some way of escape; that the Lord would provide the means, for it was not possible that my life and mission were thus to terminate. This reliance on the Lord banished fear, and inspired me up to the last moment of consciousness. In such extreme cases of excitement, we seem to live hours in a minute, and a volume of thoughts crowd themselves into

one single moment. It was so with me in that perilous scene.

Having been somewhat subject to faint, I think that after a few moments in the water I must have fainted, as I did not suffer the pain common in the experience of drowning persons. I had been in the water only a few moments, until I lost consciousness. The first I knew afterwards, I was on shore, receiving the kind and tender attentions of my brethren. The first recollection I have of returning consciousness, was that of a very small light—the smallest imaginable. This soon disappeared, and I was again in total darkness. Again it appeared much larger than before, then sank away and left me, as before, in forgetfulness. Thus it continued to come and go, until, finally, I recognized, as I thought, persons whispering, and soon after, I asked in a feeble whisper, "What is the matter?" I immediately recognized the voice of Elder Cluff, as he replied, "You have been drowned; the boat upset in the surf." Quick as lightning the scene of our disaster flashed upon my mind. I immediately asked, "Are you brethren all safe?" The emotion that was awakened in my bosom by the answer of Elder Cluff, will remain with me as long as life continues: "Brother Snow, we are all safe." I rapidly recovered, and very soon was able to walk and accompany the brethren to our lodgings. Brother Cluff resumes the narrative:

As soon as Brother Snow was out of danger, it occurred to me that I had better return to the vessel. As I reached the deck by the rope ladder over its side, I saw at a glance that Brother Smith was under great anxiety of mind. We were both under an intensity of feeling which men usually experience only a few times in their lives. Brother Smith had been informed by a native that the captain and an elderly white man were drowned. The latter he supposed to be Brother Benson, hence his great anxiety. My own nervous system was strung up to an extreme tension by the

events of the past two hours. When I told Brother Smith that all were safe, the sudden revulsion of feeling almost overcame him. We rejoiced together that through a merciful Providence, and the faith that had been bestowed upon us, we were all alive.

# CHAPTER XXXVII.

Mission to the Sandwich Islands concluded.—Journey to Lanai.—Mr. Gibson.—Pagan superstitions.—Adopted by Miss Gibson.—Mr. Gibson reverenced by the natives.—His impudence.—Elder J. F. Smith's reply.—Elder Snow's prophecy.—Gibson cut off from Church.—Prophecy fulfilled.—Sermon on the ship.—An earthquake.—Return home.—Interview with President Young.

On the second of April Brother Snow had so far recovered his strength that it was thought best to pursue our journey. We hired some natives to take us in an open boat across the channel, sixteen miles, to Lanai. We arrived at the landing place, three miles from the village, just at dark. We sent a messenger to Mr. Gibson, with the request that he would send down some saddle horses for us to ride up in the morning.

Early the following morning, April 3d, the horses were ready for us. An hour's ride over a rough, rocky road, brought us to a settlement; our reception by Mr. Gibson and most of the native Saints was cool and very formal.

Many improvements had been made since our last visit that were praiseworthy and reflected great credit on Mr. Gibson.

After breakfast, Apostles Benson and Snow engaged in conversation with Mr. Gibson on the affairs of the mission. That day and the following were principally spent in laboring with Mr. Gibson and the native Elders, to get them, if possible, to see the condition they were in. During this time, Brothers Joseph F. Smith, Alma L. Smith and myself took a ride around the valley, accompanied by Mr. Gibson's daughter as our guide.

About one half mile from Mr. Gibson's residence was a large rock, the top several feet above the ground. Mr. Gibson had a chamber cut into this rock, in which he had deposited a Book of Mormon and other things, and called it the corner stone of a great temple, which would be erected there. A frame work of poles had been constructed, in a circular form, around this rock, and this was covered with brush.

Mr. Gibson, by appealing to the pagan superstitions of the natives, made them believe that this spot was sacred, and if any person touched it he would be struck dead. So much faith had the daughter of Mr. Gibson in the teachings of her father, that she related, apparently in good faith, the circumstance of a hen flying upon the booth and immediately falling down dead.

Notwithstanding the protest of Miss Gibson, that it was very dangerous to do so, we went inside of the brush structure and examined the rock and came out unharmed.

We were further informed that Mr. Gibson had succeeded in surrounding his own person and residence with such a halo of sacredness in the minds of the natives, that they

always entered his house on their hands and knees.

This was repeated on other occasions. It was the old customary way in which the natives had been in the habit of paying their respects to their kings, and the custom had been revived by Mr. Gibson in order to increase his personal prestige.

We had previously learned that the Saints would assemble in conference on the sixth of April. At ten o'clock a. m., they had assembled in the meeting house. We all started to go in, when Mr. Gibson made some excuse for returning to his house. We went in and took our seats on the stand. The house was well filled. In a few minutes Mr. Gibson made his appearance. As soon as he entered the door, the entire congregation instantly arose to their feet and remained standing until he was seated on the stand. The execution of this act of reverence evinced long and careful training.

Mr. Gibson had doubtless delayed his entrance to make a fitting opportunity for this exhibition. He entirely ignored the presence of the Apostles, and, after the people were seated, arose and gave out the opening hymn. This act gave evidence at once that he had no proper idea of the organization and authority of the Priesthood. Seeing this, President Benson called on me to pray.

Without giving any time for consultation, as soon as the second hymn was sung, Mr. Gibson arose to his feet and commenced to address the congregation, in substance, as follows: "My dear red-skinned brethren, sisters and friends. I presume you are all wondering and anxious to know why these strangers have come so suddenly among us, without giving us any notice of their coming. I will assure you of one thing, my red-skinned friends, when I find out, I will be sure to let you know, for I am your father, and will protect you in your rights. These strangers

may say they are your friends; but let me remind you how, when they lived here, years ago, they lived upon your scanty substance. Did they make any such improvements as you see I have made? Did I not come here and find you without a father, poor and discouraged? Did I not gather you together here, and make all these improvements that you to-day enjoy? Now you, my red-skinned friends, must decide who your friend and father is, whether it is these strangers or I who have done so much for you."

When he took his seat, President Benson requested Brother Joseph F. Smith to talk, rather intimating that it was desirable to speak on general principles, and that he need not feel bound to notice all that Mr. Gibson had said.

It seemed impossible for any man to speak with greater power and demonstration of the Spirit. He referred the Saints to the labors of Brother George Q. Cannon and the first Elders who brought them the Gospel. He reminded them of facts with which the older members were well acquainted—the great disadvantage the Elders labored under, and the privations they suffered in first preaching the Gospel on the islands. How they slept in their miserable huts and lived as they lived; how they traveled on foot in storms and in bad weather, from village to village, and from house to house, exposing health and life. How they went destitute of clothing, and what they had been in the habit of considering the necessaries of life, to bring to them the blessings of the Gospel, without money and without price.

He asked by what right Mr. Gibson called himself the father of the people, and the Elders who faithfully labored to establish them in the Gospel, strangers.

The spirit and power that accompanied Brother Smith's remarks astonished the Saints and opened their eyes. They

began to see how they had been imposed upon. Every word he spoke found a response in their hearts, as was plainly manifest by their eager looks and animated countenances.

There was another meeting in the afternoon, in which Apostles Benson and Snow addressed the Saints. The remarks were interpreted by Elder Joseph F. Smith.

On the seventh, there was a meeting in the forenoon. A Priesthood meeting was appointed for the evening, and the conference adjourned *sine die*.

The meeting of the Priesthood in the evening was well attended, as it was understood that Mr. Gibson's course would be investigated. The complaints that were made by the native Elders, in the communication that led to our present mission, were read, and Mr. Gibson was called on to make answer to the charges.

In addition to nearly a repetition of his harangue at the meeting on the day previous, his reply consisted of a bombastic display of some letters of appointment and recommendations from President Young, to which he attached large seals, bedecked with a variety of colored ribbons, to give them an air of importance and official significance, in the eyes of the unsophisticated natives. These papers he held up before the people, and, pointing to them, said, with great emphasis, "Here is my authority, which I received direct from President Brigham Young. I don't hold myself accountable to these men!" meaning the Apostles and those who come with them. Had there been no other proof of the wrong course of Mr. Gibson, that remark was sufficient to satisfy the brethren what their plain duty was, and they acted promptly in the matter.

Apostle E. T. Benson followed Mr. Gibson. He reviewed

Mr. Gibson's past course, and showed that, in making merchandise of the offices of the Priesthood, introducing the former pagan superstitions of the people, for the purpose of obtaining power, and his idea of establishing a temporal and independent kingdom on the Pacific isles, were all in antagonism to the plan laid down in the Gospel for the redemption of man. The spirit manifested by Mr. Gibson proved that he was ignorant of the powers of the Priesthood, or that he ignored them for purely selfish motives. What they had seen and heard since their arrival, proved that the complaints made by the native Elders, in their letters to Utah, were correct, as far as they went, but the half had not been told.

Brother Benson's remarks were interpreted, after which it was motioned that Mr. Gibson's course be disapproved. When this was put to a vote, all but one of the native Elders voted against the motion. This showed that Mr. Gibson still retained a strong hold on the minds of the Saints.

Notwithstanding this show of strong opposition, Brother Snow arose, and in his remarks prophesied that Mr. Gibson would see the time that not one of the Saints would remain with him.

Brother J. F. Smith remarked that among the scores of Elders who had labored on the islands, none had been so utterly wanting in the spirit and power of the Gospel as to charge the Saints anything for conferring on them the blessings of the Priesthood, until Walter M. Gibson came, and had the presumption to claim that he had a right to ordain Apostles and High Priests for a price—for money.

The Apostles informed Mr. Gibson and the Saints that, when they left the islands for home, Elder Joseph F. Smith would be left in charge of the mission. That all those who

wished to be considered in good standing in the Church, should leave Lanai and return to their homes on the other islands, where the branches would be re-organized and set in order by the brethren who would be left for that purpose. The next day we returned to Lahaina, where we held a council, and cut Mr. Gibson off from the Church. We returned to Honolulu, and about eight days after, Apostles Snow and Benson took passage on the bark Onward, for San Francisco.

Brother Snow's prophecy was literally fulfilled. The Saints all left Mr. Gibson, and returned to their former homes, as they had been counseled to do. All the plans of Mr. Gibson were completely frustrated. He is a prominent example of the nothingness of man, when he attempts to battle against the Kingdom of God.

The following is from Brother Snow's journal: On our return from the Sandwich Islands, the captain of the ship on which we sailed, whom we appreciated as a social, polite, matter-of-fact gentleman, invited us to deliver a "Mormon" discourse on board, to which we cheerfully assented. On Sunday morning, the weather being fine, the sea calm, the atmosphere fresh and balmy, the stately ship moving gracefully over the water, propelled by its inward force—the mystical power of steam—we notified the captain that we were ready to respond to his invitation. Accordingly, the officers, crew and passengers assembled on the deck, inspired with curiosity to hear the "Mormons." Brother Benson insisted on my doing the preaching, to which I consented, and had great liberty in explaining our faith and the principles of the everlasting Gospel. Although I may not have convinced any of them of the truth and fulness of the Gospel, and of its present existence on the earth, they all listened with marked attention to my discourse, and all seemed pleased and entertained, with one exception, viz: a Presbyterian

clergyman who was present manifesting great uneasiness and displeasure by dark expressions of countenance and various contortions of his features and body.

After a favorable voyage on the Pacific, we arrived safely in San Francisco. San Francisco is proverbial for its fine commodious restaurants. When in that city, I partook of refreshments in one which has the reputation of seating at once one thousand people. A miniature indoor railway was so constructed as to carry, in carriages, dishes of food and empty dishes, forward and back, all around this immense hall. The noise and clatter produced by this operation is not particularly soothing and musical to a delicate and refined ear, and more especially not very much so to a highly sensitive nervous organization.

I had, in a few instances in my life, experienced the sensation produced by slight earthquakes, but not of those of any considerable magnitude. One day in San Francisco, while sitting at the table, enjoying the good things provided in one of these magnificent halls of entertainment, all of a sudden a very singular sensation came over me, for which I could not decipher the cause. At the same moment I imagined a heaving or rocking motion of the floor, as if the foundation was giving way. Immediately the people arose from the tables and rushed to the door. Not comprehending the cause of the sudden excitement and confusion, I arose to follow the excited multitude, still ignorant of what was up, and, of course, anxious to learn. Approaching the gentleman who stood still in his usual place to receive pay from his customers, I thought he appeared to be vexed. Passing him my change, I begged him to explain to me the cause of the abrupt evacuation. "An earthquake!" he ejaculated. And as I was the only customer remaining, I attributed his vexation to the fact that the multitude rushed out minus paying their bills. But the earthquake proved to be of destructive

magnitude—sufficiently so to satisfy my curiosity. Much injury was done, not only to the restaurant so suddenly vacated, but to many other buildings.

The president of the Western Telegraph Company procured for Elder Benson and myself, and for our baggage, a free pass through to Salt Lake City; for which unsolicited favor we felt very grateful.

I was very favorably impressed with the wonderful beauty, the lovely scenery and magnificent foliage which I saw, and the sweet, balmy, healthful air I experienced while in Honolulu. But my attention and admiration were more deeply and more interestedly attracted toward the people of that city of the isles, and those of the adjacent islands—I mean those who were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Their fidelity and faith in the Gospel, their childlike simplicity and warm affection for their teachers, impressed me with a great interest and love for them. In fact, so much that on my return to Salt Lake, in a prolonged conversation with President Young, I plead with him, by the deepest and strongest feelings of my heart, not to slacken his interest, nor withhold from continuing his former generous and benevolent plans in relation to that field of missionary labor. I told him that if I were twenty years younger, and should the Presidency think proper to invest me with the privilege of selecting the field for my missionary work to continue for twenty years, I would prefer to spend those years among the good, simple, warm-hearted natives of those islands.

I was prompted to say this and more, in consequence of fearing, from some remarks of his during the conversation, that he felt inclined through discouragement arising from the difficulties at this time affecting that mission, to doubt the propriety of applying time, means and missionary labor in that direction, as formerly.

Subsequent history proves my brother Lorenzo's fears, relative to the Sandwich Islands, groundless, as will be seen by a letter which will be compiled in this work, written by a son-in-law, who, with his family, is now on a mission to those isles of the sea.

# CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Lorenzo's gigantic movement.—In accordance with President Young's suggestion.—A social monument. —To be perpetuated.—Letter to Bishop Lunt.—Mercantile and Manufacturing Association.—Effort requisite.—First, Merchandise.—Second, Tannery. —Third, Woolen Factory.—Fourth, Dairy.—Fifth, a Horn Stock Herd.—Agricultural Department.—Hat Factory.—Between thirty and forty industrial branches.—Furnish employment for all.—Form of checks.—Labor received for capital stock.—Organization of the Association.—Directors.—Council.

The great work, designed to bring into exercise the gigantic powers, and exhibit Lorenzo in a higher sphere of practical engineering as an organizer, statesman and financier, was yet to come.

Prompt to the suggestion of President Brigham Young, in an order designed to firmly cement the bonds of union

among the Latter-day Saints, thereby laying a foundation for mutual self support and independence, through a combination of temporal and spiritual interests, founded on a co-operative basis, Hercules-like, Lorenzo put his shoulder to the wheel, and, although he saw at a glance the magnitude of the undertaking, that it required almost superhuman skill and the labor of years, with him duty was the watchword, and success the ultimatum. Results have shown that no difficulties were too great for him to encounter, and no achievement too ponderous for his grasp.

Generations hence, when its illustrious founder shall be sleeping with the fathers, Brigham City will be an unique, interesting subject for the study of the sociologist, and the review of the historian. It will stand as an example of a city that grew up on a pure co-operative plan; it will prove that social commonwealths are possible; and it will historically perpetuate to the Latter-day Saints themselves the order that the Prophet Joseph revealed as the basis of a millennial society. Truly is Brigham City a great social monument of the age. Its venerable founder is worthy of immortality for the social problems he has solved for our latter day Zion; and the people who have so nobly wrought with him are worthy of remembrance in the pages of history.

In the following letters the reader will find a condensed history of the United Order of Brigham City, which shows the work of great inventive skill, the power and strength of union and concert, combined with unabated perseverance and unwavering faith in God.

Notwithstanding a series of calamities have, for a time, partly suspended the combined operations of this model system of co-operation, the very satisfactory point to which it has attained, and the beneficial results of the

workings of the combination, are proof of the practicability of its success.

Brigham City, October, 1876.

*Bishop Lunt, Cedar City*:

In accordance with your request, I send you the following brief account of the rise, progress and present condition of "Brigham City Mercantile and Manufacturing Association."

We commenced over twelve years ago by organizing a mercantile department, which consisted of four stockholders, myself included, with a capital of about three thousand dollars. The dividends were paid in store goods, amounting, usually, to about twenty-five per cent per annum.

As this enterprise prospered, we continued to receive capital stock, also adding new names to the list of stockholders, until we had a surplus of capital, or means, and succeeded in uniting the interests of the people and securing their patronage. We resolved, then, to commence home industries and receive our dividends, if any, in the articles produced.

Similar fears and notions were entertained by the stockholders when this was proposed as you stated agitated the minds of your capitalists, viz: a possible diminution of dividends. It required some effort on the part of our stockholders to reconcile their feelings with a knowledge of their duty and obligations as Elders of Israel and servants of God. A good spirit, however, prevailed, and a desire to build up the Kingdom of God, and work for the interests of the people, outweighed all selfish considerations; hence, consent was granted by all the

stockholders to establish home industries and draw dividends in the kinds produced.

We erected a tannery building, two stories, 45x80, with modern improvements and conveniences, at a cost of $10,000 (ten thousand). Most of the materials, mason and carpenter work were furnished as capital stock by such persons as were able and desired an interest in our institution.

The larger portion of this work was done in the winter season, when no other employment could be had, one-fourth being paid in merchandise to such as needed. We gained, by this measure, additional capital, as well as twenty or thirty new stockholders, without encroaching much on any one's property or business. This tannery has been operated during the past nine years with success and reasonable profits, producing an excellent quality of leather, from $8,000 to $10,000 (eight thousand to ten thousand) annually. We connected with this branch of industry a boot and shoe shop; also, a saddle and harness shop, drawing our dividends in the articles manufactured in those departments.

Our next enterprise was the establishing of a woolen factory, following the same course as in putting up the tannery—procuring the building materials, doing the mason and carpenter work in the season when laborers would otherwise have been unemployed. This, also, added to our capital—increasing the number of our stockholders without interrupting any man's business. The profits of the mercantile department, with some additional capital, purchased the machinery. During the past seven years this factory has done a satisfactory business, and we have not been necessitated to close for lack of wool, winter or summer, and have manufactured about $40,000 (forty thousand) worth of goods annually. This establishment,

with its appurtenances, cost about $35,000 (thirty-five thousand).

With the view of probable difficulty in obtaining wool, we now started a sheep herd, commencing with fifteen hundred head, supplied by various individuals who could spare them, as capital stock. They now number five thousand, and prove a great help to our factory in times like these, when money is scarce, and cash demanded for wool.

Our next business was the establishment of a dairy; and, having selected a suitable ranch, we commenced with sixty cows; erected some temporary buildings, making a small investment in vats, hoops, presses, etc., all of which have been gradually improved till, perhaps, now it is the finest, best and most commodious of any dairy in this Territory. The past two years we have had five hundred milch cows, producing, each season, in the neighborhood of $8,000 (eight thousand) in butter, cheese and pork.

Next we started a horn stock herd, numbering, at present, one thousand, which supplies, in connection with the sheep herd, a meat market, owned by our association.

We have a horticultural and agricultural department, the latter divided into several branches, each provided with an experienced overseer.

Also, we have a hat factory, in which are produced all our fur and wool hats. We make our tinware—have a pottery, broom, brush, and molasses, factory, a shingle mill and two saw mills, operated by water power, and one steam saw mill; and also blacksmith, tailor and furniture departments, and one for putting up and repairing wagons and carriages.

We have a large two-story adobie building, occupied by machinery for wood turning, planing, and working mouldings, operated by water power.

We have established a cotton farm of one hundred and twenty-five acres, in the southern part of the Territory, for the purpose of supplying warps to our woolen factory, where we maintain a colony of about twenty young men. This enterprise was started about two years ago, and has succeeded beyond our expectations. The first year, besides making improvements in building, making dams, constructing water sects, setting out trees, planting vineyards, plowing, scraping, leveling and preparing the ground, they raised a large crop of cotton, which produced in the neighborhood of seventy thousand yards of warp. More than double that amount has been raised this season.

We have a department for manufacturing straw hats, in which we employ from fifteen to twenty girls. Last year we employed twenty-five girls in our dairy, and have them in constant employ in our millinery and tailoring departments, also in making artificial flowers—as hat and shoe binders—as weavers in our woolen mills, and clerks in our mercantile department.

Many of our young men and boys are now learning trades, their parents being highly pleased that they are being furnished employment at home, rather than going abroad, subject to contract bad habits and morals.

We have erected a very elegant building, two stories, 32x63 feet; the upper part devoted to a seminary, and the lower occupied as a dancing hall. I have considered it of the highest importance to the interest of our community, to provide for and encourage suitable diversions and amusements.

We have a department of carpenters and one of masons, embracing all in the city of that class of workmen.

Our association now comprises between thirty and forty industrial branches—a superintendent over each, who is responsible to the general superintendent for its proper and judicious management. The accounts of each department are kept separate and distinct—stock taken annually—separate statements and balance sheets made out and kept by the secretary of the association, so that the gain or loss of each may be ascertained and known at the end of the year, or oftener if required. At the close of each year a balance sheet is made from the several statements, giving a perfect exhibit of the business. From this exhibit a dividend on the investments or capital stock is declared. The profit or loss of each department, of course, is shared equally by the stockholders.

We aim to furnish every person employment, wishing to work; and pay as high wages as possible—mostly in home products. The past two or three years we have paid our employees five-sixths in home products and one-sixth in imported merchandise, amounting in aggregate, at trade rates, to about $160,000 (one hundred and sixty thousand). In the year 1875 the value of products, in trade rates, from all our industries, reached about $260,000 (two hundred and sixty thousand). All these figures which I give you indicate our trade prices, which are less subject to change than when arranged on a cash basis.

The employees in the various departments are paid weekly, at the secretary's office, in two kinds of scrip; one of which is redeemed at our mercantile department, the other is good and redeemed at our various manufacturing departments. These checks are printed on good, strong paper, in the form of bills, from five cents up to twenty dollars, and constitute the principal currency in circulation.

Through this medium of exchange our employees procure their breadstuffs, pork, mutton, beef, vegetables, clothing, boots and shoes, building materials, such as lumber, shingles, lath, lime, adobies, brick, etc., and pay their masons and carpenters, school bills, admission to concerts, theatres, lectures; also pay for *Deseret News*, *Salt Lake Herald* and *Juvenile Instructor*, etc., besides many other things that are unnecessary to mention. The following is the form of our checks: First class—

No. —— $——

Brigham City Mercantile And Manufacturing Association.

Good for —— In Merchandise. —— Secretary.

Second class——

No. ——- $——

Brigham City Mercantile And Manufacturing Association.

Good for ——

Payable at our retail trade prices, in an assortment of Home Manufactures.

N. B.—Good only to stockholders and employees of Brigham City.

—— Secretary.

Last year it cost $30,000 (thirty thousand) cash to carry on our business; half of this was paid to employees, in imported merchandise, one-sixth of their wages, the other

for imported material, such as iron, horse shoes, nails, furniture, boot and shoe trimmings, paints, dye-stuffs, warps, etc., necessary in our business.

Labor is received from employees for capital stock, and dividends paid in home products, averaging about twelve per cent per annum, since starting our home industries.

Trusting this brief review will satisfy your inquiries, I close with the most sincere and heartfelt wish that you may prosper and succeed in establishing principles of union and brotherhood in the hearts of your people.

Respectfully,

Lorenzo Snow.

The following shows the elaborate organization of the grand systematic co-operative order which combines the faith, wisdom, intelligence, means, skill, labor, effort and enterprise of many in one general interest. Names of the officers: Original directors—Lorenzo Snow, president; Samuel Smith, Abraham Hunsaker, Alvin Nichols, James Pett, H. P. Jensen, G. W. Ward, J. D. Reese, W. L. Watkins, secretary. United Order Council—Lorenzo Snow, Samuel Smith, Alvin Nichols, H. P. Jensen, William Box, John Welch, James Bywater, N. C. Mortensen, A. Hillam, I. Jeppason, L. Mortensen, W. Wrighton, John Christensen, J. M. Jensen, G. W. Ward, M. L. Ensign, J. C. Wright, Mads C. Jensen, S. N. Lee, J. C. Nielson, David Boothe, Ephraim Wight, Paul Stork, Jacob Jensen, Carlos Loveland, John Johnson, B. Morris Young, R. L. Fishburn, O. N. Stohl, Alexander Baird, Abraham Hunsaker, Oliver G. Snow, J. D. Burt, Charles Kelley, James Pett, Henry Tingey, Adolph Madsen, L. C. Christensen, William Horsley, T. H. Wilde, George Reader, A. Christensen, P. F. Madsen, H. E. Bowring, Elijah A. Box, William L.

Watkins, N. H. Nelson, P. A. Forsgren, A. A. Jansen, Willard Hansen, Neils Madsen, Jr., P. C. Jensen, Lucius A. Snow, Lars A. Larsen, Jonah Evans, Neils Madsen, J. D. Reese, J. C. Wixom, C. Hansen, Charles Wight, George Facer, F. Hansen.

# CHAPTER XXXIX.

All was flourishing.—Attaining to independence.—Factory burned.—Sent a chill to Lorenzo's heart.—Instead of discouragement it was proof of the strength of their compact.—Everywhere manifest, even in the Children.—Union could not be broken.—Impregnability of their Order.—*Deseret News* speaks.—Commendatory.—Sympathy.—Calamity is proof of the strength of the Co-operative system.—Determination to rebuild.

While everything in connection with the United Order was in a flourishing condition, and the people, through their extensive departments of home industries, were fast attaining to a comparative state of independence, in the providence of God a serious calamity befel them. Their woolen factory, one of their most productive and important departments, with all it contained, was destroyed by fire, which will elsewhere be fully explained.

After all the deep study, intense anxiety, constant labor and long-continued watchfulness in behalf of the interests of

the people dependent on the success of their united efforts, the burning of their factory, although at the instant it sent a chill to his heart, was proof to Lorenzo of the power and strength of their grand compact. Instead of discouragement, misfortune actually seemed to draw the people more closely together, and more firmly cement the bonds of union.

This principle was everywhere apparent—even actuating the little children, as was shown in instances when little girls and boys, of their own accord, came forward with the small fractional moneys they had been carefully saving for Christmas, saying, "*We will give it to Brother Snow to help build another factory*." Children, with few exceptions, are an index to the parents, and the foregoing little incident goes far to illustrate the general feeling in Brigham City after the burning. Their subsequent losses, although heavy, and aggravated by injustice and oppression, had not sufficient power to disrupt the bond of union in which those people were linked together. By the help of the Almighty they had constructed a fortress that was proof against calamity, and impregnable to the common vicissitudes of human life, for the vital reason—*it was founded and conducted on eternal principles*.

Relative to this subject, the *Deseret News* expressed as follows:

"The intelligence of the destruction, by the devouring element, a few days since, of the Brigham City woolen factory, caused a general profound feeling of regret and sympathy in the minds of the Latter-day Saints. That little community in the northern part of the Territory have been engaged, for a little over a dozen years, in demonstrating a principle of intense importance—the feasibility of a self-sustaining co-operative policy. In this direction they stand in advance of the people of the entire West. In fact,

considering the numerous disadvantages under which they have labored, we doubt if a more satisfactory development of material interests exists anywhere on this globe.

"The eyes of the Latter-day Saints have been turned in the direction of the people of Brigham City, and their co-operative system has been watched perhaps more closely than was imagined. It was thought that the burning of their excellent factory would retard the development of their home industrial pursuits, and delay the further demonstration of the great truth that a community, even a small one, can exist and flourish in a condition of measurable independence of the changes and fluctuations in operation outside of it. Apparent misfortunes are, however, not deficient of benefit. This seeming calamity exhibits, perhaps as much as any other circumstance could, the extraordinary vitality and consequent power existing in a comparatively united community, whose business is done on a co-operative mutual protective system.

"Nothing daunted, those good people, inspired by the example of their leaders and advisers, and by the spirit of the Gospel say, 'We will build another factory,' and at once commence to carry their commendable resolution into effect.

"Coupled with this determination, is another to provide labor and the means of subsistence, in the meantime, for the operatives thrown out of employment by the burning of the factory.

"Such a community shows its independence in the true sense of the word; and every right thinking person cannot do otherwise than wish such a people well.

"We understand there are between forty and fifty home industrial branches of business carried on under the

Brigham City co-operative system."

# CHAPTER XL.

Dedication day.—Fourth of July.—Gratitude and thanksgiving.—More than two thousand had suffered loss.—In six months the Factory is rebuilt.—Great rejoicing.—Dedicatory prayer.—Address.—Speeches.—Brigham City M. and M. Association.—A raid.—Railroad contract.—How a village sprang up.—An onslaught.—Confusion ensues.—The Grand Jury issues indictments.—Men drove to jail in a herd.—Great excitement.—Superintendent Dunn speaks.—John Merrill in custody.—Handcuffed.—Chained in jail.—Telegrams from the United States President.—How the Judge received them.—More about Merrill.—Left unguarded and unacquitted.—About the mill.—Dishonesty of Jurors.—Financial loss.

On the fourth of July, 1878, just six months after the calamitous conflagration, the Box Elder people, by their united efforts, indomitable energy and enterprise, had erected another factory building—48x80 feet, two stories high, and nearly fireproof and more substantial and commodious than its predecessor. They also had purchased

and put in running order an improved set of machinery. Our national day, the fourth of July, was chosen for the dedication, and the entire day, from early dawn, was, by men, women and children, devoted to gayety, mirth, congratulations and expressions of gratitude and thankfulness to Him who overrules the destinies of nations, and whose watchful care is ever extended to His people.

More than two thousand of those people were sufferers in the loss of their factory, and on this day a feeling of recompense and remuneration warmed and cheered the most desponding heart. It is utterly impossible for any disinterested person to appreciate the satisfaction of the good people of Brigham City and vicinity on this occasion. The reproduction of one of the most remunerative and important branches, which constituted their independence, was calculated to inspire every heart with gratitude to the Giver of all good, for the marvelous success with which He thus far had crowned their efforts in overcoming difficulties which at first seemed insurmountable.

We shall not attempt a description of the general exercises of the day—the mammoth procession, the huge floating flags and waving banners, and the brilliant, profuse decorations; suffice it to say the dedicatory services were performed in the factory building, which was filled to overflowing. Lorenzo Snow, president of the association, offered the dedicatory prayer, delivered the opening address, and was followed by others, all interspersed with singing by the Brigham City choir, and music by the bands. The assembly was dismissed by prayer.

So rapidly had the Brigham City Mercantile and Manufacturing Association increased in wealth, influence and popularity, that a strong feeling of envy, jealousy and avarice, the outgrowth of political aims and financial cupidity in the hearts of Gentile officials and unscrupulous

apostates, broke out in one of the most flagrant raids ever concocted.

After the heavy loss the association suffered by the burning of their woolen factory, estimated at thirty thousand dollars in cash, being in great need of funds to liquidate cash indebtedness, incurred in rebuilding their factory, purchasing new machinery, etc., they took a large contract on the Utah Northern Railroad, then in progress of construction through Idaho, to furnish supplies of timber, ties, shingles and lumber, to meet demands. It was a gigantic contract, and they immediately shaped their plans to meet emergencies. They purchased a saw mill and shingle mill in Marsh Valley, Idaho, and moved to that place their steam saw mill from Box Elder County. They employed about one hundred men in the various departments of labor, also a number of women, who assisted as cooks.

The arrangements were so made with Mr. Dunn, the construction superintendent of the railroad, that the furnishing contract might be extended to an indefinite length, or as long as the furnishing party wished; in view of this, it was requisite that the laborers employed should be made comfortable as practicable, so as to continue work during the winter months. Accordingly, log and frame houses were erected—shanties, sheds, stables, stack-yards and corrals were built; and the location presented the appearance of a village formed for comfort, of no inconsiderable dimensions, and not entirely devoid of taste.

There the association kept a small store, from which the employees supplied their wants. In fact, the entire concern was so complete in its organization, and so systematically conducted, that everything moved like clockwork, honorably representative of the institution by which it was

inaugurated. Superintendent Dunn was highly pleased with the promptitude with which his bills were filled and his calls answered. He was furnished from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand feet of lumber or timber per day, besides a large quantity of ties.

For several months this satisfactory order of things continued, much to the advantage of the railroad as well as to the prospects of the co-operative establishment, when, suddenly, without any premonition, like a tremendous avalanche, a mobocratic raid, instituted by the grand jury and sustained by an unprincipled judge, a Methodist minister, Hollister by name, changed the scene, and an indescribable pell-mell and confusion ensued.

In October, 1878, the grand jury, composed mostly of apostates from the Church of Latter-day Saints, sat in Malad City, and conniving against the interests of the co-operative efforts of the Saints, got up indictments against the laborers at the mills for *unlawfully cutting timber*. Fifty-three of the men were simultaneously arrested and driven, like a herd of cattle, fifteen miles to Malad City, and the mills were ordered to be shut down.

Then, instead of peace and thriving industry, all was consternation and disorder among the workmen, and great excitement spread everywhere abroad. The men who were not arrested were every moment apprehensive of the marshal pouncing upon them; some concealed themselves in the woods, some under hay stacks, while others made steps for their homes as fast as possible. Thus the camp was broken up, the villagers scattered to the four winds, and the business prospects closed.

Although these difficulties were settled, as will be shown hereafter, it was not till winter had set in, and the people gone to their homes, many having entered into other

engagements, etc.; and thus the anticipated resources were gone, but not without heavy losses.

In order to show the villainy of the instigators and conductors of that fiendish raid, we will take one specimen, for instance: Elder John Merrill, who had charge of one of the mills, and had not cut one tree, was arrested by indictment of the grand jury, for cutting seventeen thousand trees, and was sentenced to pay a fine of $13,800 and three months' confinement in jail. The construction superintendent of railroad said to Mr. Merrill: "*You shall not go to jail; I would bond the railroad rather than you should go*." But all to no purpose; the trial was a humbug —an immense crowd of witnesses were called, and no one had seen Mr. Merrill cut a tree. After the sentence was pronounced, he was placed in charge of the United States marshal, handcuffed, chained to another prisoner and lodged in Malad jail.

The following telegrams speak for themselves:

From Oneida County, October 13TH, 1878.

*To Judge Smith, Brigham City*:

Merrill's fine, thirteen thousand eight hundred dollars—three months imprisonment. Your son, eighteen hundred dollars and nine months imprisonment. The judge refuses parties as bail having less than five thousand dollars real estate. We cannot raise the bail here.

[Signed] Washington Dunn.

Oneida, Idaho, October 18, 1878.

*Judge Smith, Brigham City*:

Jay Gould says the U. S. President will remit fine and

imprisonment.

[Signed] Washington Dunn.

Salt Lake, October 18, 1878.

*Judge Smith, Brigham City*:

Received the following last night: "I have arranged with the Attorney-General to pay the value of timber taken for the U. N. R. R., and the fines and sentences will be remitted by the President of the U. S. Jay Gould."

[Signed] Williams & Young.

New York, October 24, 1878.

*Judge Smith, Brigham City*:

The President has ordered the lumber men released and fines remitted.

[Signed] Joe Richardson.

Oneida, October 24TH, 1878.

Has Merrill been released? If not, where is he?

[Signed] Washington Dunn.

On receipt of the foregoing telegrams, the judge ignored the authority of the President, saying that President Hayes had no jurisdiction in the case—that it belonged to the Secretary of the Interior, Carl Schurz; and finding himself in an awkward and embarrassing dilemma, this policy judge, being destitute of sufficient noble manhood to acknowledge and honor a defeat, instead of dismissing those cases and discharging those under indictment, he

affected to disregard the telegrams and resorted to base subterfuges, conniving with his mobocratic clan; and all of those indictments remained for years as so many foul blots on the judicial docket. At length they were expunged by order of the court.

On Sunday, four or five days after the receipt of the despatch to set the prisoners free, the United States marshal took Elder Merrill from Malad jail, and, pretending he was taking him to Boise in conformity to the verdict of the judge, stopped in Corinne, sixty miles from Malad, after dark, when, after Mr. Merrill stepped out of the carriage and proposed to assist in taking care of the horses, the marshal gruffly replied, "No, I'll see to them myself," and drove off, leaving his prisoner standing alone, unguarded and unacquitted.

The mill, which the Brigham City Mercantile and Manufacturing Association purchased in Marsh Valley, had been in operation there twelve years before the purchase; and, after the raid, the foreman of the jury bought it of the association at half price, and has kept it running from that time, supplied from the same woodland, which proves his egregious dishonesty as a juror.

It was understood, and those raiders must have been cognizant of the fact, that the government not only granted the right of way, but also the right of timber for building the railroad, and that the section under controversy was included.

Irrespective of the anxieties, disappointments and embarrassments resulting from that unhallowed onslaught, the financial loss which the association suffered amounted to from six thousand to eight thousand dollars.

# CHAPTER XLI.

To President F. D. Richards.—Burning of the woolen factory.—In thirty minutes all consumed.—Forebodings that the people would be discouraged.—Fears unfounded.—What was done within six months.—The people superior to the loss.—A raid follows the fire.—An unlawful tax follows the raid.—Statement of losses.—Business curtailed.—Checks canceled.—Eleven industrial departments in operation.—The mercantile flourishing.—Confidence preserved.

The following recital of loss by fire, followed by the most unwarranted hostility against the hitherto successful enterprise of the conjoint organization, illustrates beyond what continued prosperity could do, the strength of union, and the genuine confidence cherished by those constituting the United Order:

Brigham City, November 1ST, 1879.

*President F. D. Richards*:

The deep interest you have taken in our efforts to unite the people of Brigham City, in their financial interests, induces me now to give you a statement of some of our misfortunes and difficulties against which we have been struggling.

Two years ago to-day, about two o'clock in the morning, we were aroused from our slumbers by the ringing of bells

and startling cries of Fire! Fire! Fire! Our woolen factory was all in flames, and in less than thirty minutes the whole establishment, with its entire contents of machinery, wool, warps and cloth lay in ashes.

This involved a cash loss of over $30,000 (thirty thousand). While viewing the building, as it was rapidly consuming, my mind became exercised with painful thoughts and reflections, whether the people would survive the severe pressure which would bear upon them through this unforeseen calamity, or lose heart and courage in supporting our principles of union. These misgivings, however, were unfounded, for the people resolved at once to try again, and went to work with a hearty good will, and, by extraordinary exertion, in less than six months had erected another factory, and had it in operation, superior to the one destroyed.

But this involved us in a large indebtedness. In view of liquidating this liability, we engaged a large contract to supply timber and lumber to the Utah Northern Railroad, incurring a heavy expense in procuring a saw mill in Marsh Valley, Idaho, and moving there also our steam saw mill. We were employing one hundred men—everything moving along prosperously, when, suddenly, through influence of apostates, aided by a mobocratic judge, a raid was made upon our camps, fifty of our workmen were arrested and imprisoned, and our operations stopped. And, although the embargo on our business was withdrawn, and the men liberated by order of the President of the United States, through the influence of Jay Gould, it came too late; thus we were compelled to abandon this enterprise, sell our saw mill for one-half its value, and move back our steam mill, etc., the whole involving an expense and loss of over $6,000 (six thousand), besides the vexation in our disappointments in raising the money to pay our indebtedness.

The following July, a tax of $10,200 (ten thousand two hundred) was levied on our scrip by O. J. Hollister, United States assessor and collector of internal revenue. Though illegal, unjust and highly absurd, the payment could not be avoided; therefore we borrowed the money and paid the assessment.

Through these and other unfortunate occurrences, we became greatly embarrassed in our business. This embarrassment, as may be seen, is not the result of the natural pressure of the times, nor of the financial crisis which has broken up thousands of banking institutions and business firms throughout the world, neither that of mismanagement, nor any defect in our systems of operations; but, as before mentioned, it has been brought about through a succession of calamities unparalleled in the experience of any business firm in this or any other Territory.

The following is a showing of our losses, including the assessment, all occurring in the space of about nine months:

Crops destroyed by grasshoppers, - - $4,000

Crops destroyed by drought, - - - - - 3,000

Burning of woolen mills, - - - - - - 30,000

Losses in Idaho, - - - - - - - - - - 6,000

By assessment on scrip, - - - - - - -10,000

Total, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - $53,200

We were then compelled to raise, within eighteen months, $30,000 (thirty thousand) independent of the $45,000 (forty-five thousand) required during the same time to

carry on our home industries.

Thus there appeared but one course left for us to pursue, viz: curtail our business, close several of our departments, lessen the business of others, and dispose of such property as would assist in discharging our cash obligations, thus making every exertion to outlive our misfortunes, and save ourselves from being totally wrecked. Accordingly we have labored faithfully to this end, and, although no one has made any abatement of his claims against us, except Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution in canceling the interest on what we owed them, we are now nearly out of debt, having but one cash obligation to discharge, of $2,500 (two thousand five hundred), to Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, which will be paid this fall.

Our checks, in the hands of employees or other parties, have all been redeemed, with the exception of a very few which we are prepared to settle whenever presented.

We now have eleven industrial departments in operation; the business, however, is not carried on quite so extensively as formerly.

The mercantile department is doing three times the business it was previous to the curtailing of our home industries, and has the patronage of nearly the entire people of Brigham City and surrounding settlements.

It has been our uniform practice to submit all business matters involving important interests of the people to the council of the United Order, where the most perfect liberty and greatest freedom of expression of thought and opinion have always been allowed and always indulged.

The council is composed of sixty members, those most influential in the community, selected on account of their

integrity, faithfulness and willingness to labor and assist in promoting the cause of union and brotherhood.

Notwithstanding our severe reverses and the fiery ordeal through which we have passed, the confidence of the people in our principles of union has been preserved, and they feel that we have worked earnestly and unselfishly to secure their interests and promote the general welfare.

Respectfully,

Lorenzo Snow.

# CHAPTER XLII.

Remarks by the Editor.—Lorenzo writes to George Q. Cannon.—Makes suggestions concerning the illegal assessment.—Letter two.—What Lawyer Sutherland says.—Letter three.—A description of Scrip.—How used.—Affidavits.—Correspondence.—Joseph F. Smith writes.—Lorenzo responds.

In connection with the raid heretofore described, the diabolical swindle of O. J. Hollister, United States assessor and collector of internal revenue, by levying an assessment of $10,200 on the scrip used by the association as a circulating medium in their business departments, burst, like a thunderbolt, on the Brigham City Mercantile and Manufacturing Association.

Hon. George Q. Cannon, Delegate, in Washington, to

whom the following letters were addressed, generously tendered his services in behalf of the association. The following letters, copied from my brother's journal, explain:

Brigham City, December 23, 1878.

*Hon. George Q. Cannon, Washington, D. C.*:

Dear Brother.—Yesterday I was informed by Mr. Webber, secretary of Z. C. M. I., that you had telegraphed to the effect that United States Commissioner Raum had about decided that "bills" under consideration were taxable; and that two lawyers, Shellabarger and Wilson, in Washington, had proposed to undertake the case of Zion's Co-operative Institution for four hundred dollars, and, provided they win, one thousand in addition; and that they would undertake our case for two hundred dollars, and, if successful, an additional five hundred dollars. I understand Zion's Co-operative has decided to accept the proposition, and I write to say that if you see the least shadow of prospect, please employ those lawyers in our behalf, and on you communicating to me by letter or telegram, I will forward you a draft of two hundred dollars, forthwith; and, if they succeed in our case, will be responsible for the additional five hundred dollars.

Can you get payment of our assessment deferred till a decision is reached? And how soon shall we be obliged to pay, on receiving notice, etc.?

God bless you, my dear friend and brother,

Lorenzo Snow.

Brigham City, January 7TH, 1879.

*Hon. George Q. Cannon, Washington, D. C.*:

Dear Brother.—To-morrow I will mail you a brief, sworn to by the president and directors of our association, and some affidavits for the benefits of our counsel, and will send others as soon as they can be obtained.

We have consulted Lawyer Sutherland, of Salt Lake—giving him a view of our case. He expressed himself sanguine of winning, could he have had the entire management; said he was acquainted with our counsel in Washington; spoke highly of their abilities, and said if they failed in our case, which is a peculiar one, the failure would occur through lack of time and proper attention, and not thoroughly looking into the real merits of the subject, sufficiently to make a just, true and full presentation, and should, by no means, be mixed up with any other case, as it embraced features entirely distinct, and of a weighty character, in our favor, etc., and that our counsel should demand sufficient time to get in all our testimony and affidavits, if it took the whole year; and they should send copies of the affidavits against us, that we might get up rebutting testimony.

I wish our counsel would inform us immediately what information and affidavits they require—also send copies of affidavits made against us that require rebutting testimony.

We feel that we have a right, and we claim it, to have a fair, full and impartial investigation, which, if allowed, we fully believe, will give a decision in our favor, and if not allowed, will prove ruinous to our association.

Should we ask our counsel if they think it would be advantageous to employ Lawyer Sutherland to work up our case here for them, they, perhaps, would answer in the affirmative, as it might save them time and trouble, which would almost commit us to the necessity of gratifying their

interest. Please suggest the idea, and let us know, from you, their opinion. We would have to pay Lawyer Sutherland one hundred dollars to begin with, and if circumstances required a continuation of his labors, an increase of pay would be demanded.

Do those lawyers want further information? Do they want more affidavits, and on what points? Please have them send immediately a statement of what they want, and demand time for a fair, truthful and impartial investigation. This is all we wish, and this we insist upon and claim as our right; and if not allowed will do us a most serious injury.

Respectfully,

Lorenzo Snow.

Brigham City, January 13TH, 1879.

*Hon. George Q. Cannon, Washington, D. C.*:

Dear Brother.—I write you now with a view of furnishing such information as I apprehend may be useful to our counsel, in reference to the general character and object of our association and our manner of business, so far as concerns our "bills" and their circulation. We aim in our brief and affidavits to establish two points:

First—That our currency has been limited in its circulation to our association—that the officers and agents of the association have never been authorized to pay it out to other parties.

Second—That it does not represent cash or legal money, and has never been paid or received as cash, or in lieu thereof, and has no authorized cash value.

There is possibly another point I ought to suggest for the consideration of counsel. I think the law requires the assessor to make returns at stated times—I think once in six months. Mr. Hollister made no call upon us for report till last October, and a few days after called personally at our office, examined our books, and in making out his assessment list went back as far as 1875. Has he a legal right to collect back taxes?

There may be other points that our attorneys will wish to argue, and would like information, testimony or affidavits relative to, which, if they will inform us, we will endeavor to furnish.

Respecting the first point, the limitation of scrip circulation, the law makes bills taxable if "paid out"—that is, if a bank or corporation pay its bills "out" to other parties, it thus renders itself liable. But the peculiarities of our association—its aim and policy—did not pay "out," but, as seen and fully expressed upon all of our home department bills, being over nine-tenths of the amount reported for assessment, instead of being "paid out," has been "paid *in*," and its circulation confined within itself—within its own body or person.

Our association is, in its organized business capacity, a person, and, as such, it simply uses the scrip as a medium of exchange within itself, for such articles only as it produces.

Our main object in making our bills payable only to employees and stockholders, was this: We commenced with but little capital, the people being, with scarcely an exception, very poor, some of them almost destitute of means of living. We succeeded, after many years of toil and perseverance to establish a tannery, boot and shoe shop, woolen factory, and afterwards various additional

minor branches of industry were added, and have been fourteen years reaching our present financial condition. It required nearly as much outlay of cash to operate those main branches of industry as all the other departments together, which made their products much nearer cash value than those from the other departments. We have not been able to make leather for sale, but are obliged to purchase more or less of imported, to supply our shoe department. From these departments we have produced but very little more than is required by the members and employees of our association, who number nearly fifteen hundred.

Before the tax law was so amended as to affect co-operations, we issued to employees and stockholders unrestricted bills, but found serious trouble by persons not interested in our institution receiving them, and requiring payment in the articles that were nearest to cash, and which we could scarcely supply ourselves. People abroad knew that Brigham City Mercantile and Manufacturing Association had a tannery, boot and shoe shop, and woolen factory, and innocently imagined that when they had a demand on our institution it meant payment in any articles from any one of those departments they wished; and thought they were greatly wronged if they were refused. To remedy this difficulty we called in all that class of bills —determined in future to keep them at home; therefore, when we commenced the new issue we printed upon the face, "Good only to employees and stockholders." These bills are, among us, called "Home D." *i. e., good for articles made in our home departments.*

There are forty of these departments, each having a foreman, who reports the time of the employees, weekly, to the secretary, who pays them in these Home Ds. for five-sixths of their labor, and one-sixth in the scrip representing merchandise, samples of which we enclose;

and refer you, also, to the petition presented to the commissioner.

The secretary, superintendent and every officer and agent of the association are strictly forbidden to dispose of these Home D. bills to any other than employees and stockholders, or to receive them from any other party. I think this rule has been observed as to paying out, but in some isolated cases, when persons, through ignorance or misrepresentation, have been imposed upon, in taking our bills, they have been received and redeemed, but only through protest and compromise.

Again, our employees are almost exclusively stockholders or members of a family whose head is a stockholder. You will see in our petition that the object of our association was to furnish employment and opportunities for learning trades and for reasonable remuneration for labor, which, up to the present, is about all we have been able to accomplish.

Mr. Hollister will probably endeavor to prove by affidavits, that we "pay out" our bills to other than stockholders and employees; and he may find some such who have had our bills; but I think no one will testify under oath that he received them from any authorized agent, or that they were redeemed without protest and injunction not to take them again, etc.

Our store scrip is not limited in circulation by specification on its face, though in fact it does not circulate outside our institution—it is used to pay employees, and is good only for just what it calls for; it comprises little less than one-tenth of the bills reported for assessment.

A great distinction exists between these two classes of bills. The store bills being good for any imported article in

our store, while the Home D. is not presentable at this department, and in no instance has it ever been redeemed in such articles. In one respect, however, these two classes are similar, to wit: neither of them is ever paid or redeemed in cash or legal money, by any officer or agent of the association. We pay and redeem in the kind designated upon the face of the bills, and in nothing else.

We have done business to a considerable amount with outside parties—the Utah Northern Railroad Company, the superintendent of the *Ogden Junction* printing office, the *Deseret News* and *Salt Lake Herald*, etc., and could get affidavits from those parties showing we have never paid them our bills, but have given them direct orders to draw on departments agreed upon.

If our counsel cannot relieve us of assessment on both classes of bills, they may think it policy to separate them, and only claim abatement on the "Home D." bills which, if allowed, would probably save over $8,000.

The counsel will notice that the "Home D." bills are characteristically different from bills issued by any other co-operation.

Yours affectionately,

Lorenzo Snow.

We copy the two following affidavits as specimens of many others that were forwarded to Washington:

Territory of Utah,

Box Elder County,

*ss*.

January 28th, 1879.

Robert L. Fishburn, of Brigham City, in said county and Territory, being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he has occupied the position of chief clerk in the mercantile department of Brigham City Mercantile and Manufacturing Association, during several years last past, and that he has never received, nor known any other clerk, secretary, superintendent, officer or agent of said Brigham City Mercantile and Manufacturing Association to have received, by way of exchange, or by way of payment for cash, or any legal tender, the scrip used by said association.

Robert L. Fishburn.

Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 28th day of January, 1879.

John D. Burt,

Probate Judge, Box Elder County.

Territory of Utah,

Box Elder County,

*ss*.

James Pett, superintendent woolen factory; Charles Kelley, superintendent boot and shoe department; I. C. Nielson, superintendent cabinet department; O. W. Stohl, superintendent tailors' clothing department; all of Brigham City Mercantile and Manufacturing Association, of Brigham City, county and Territory aforesaid, being duly sworn according to law, depose and say that we are, and have been for a number of years last past, the salesmen of the articles made in our respective departments, and that

we have exchanged the greater part of said articles for the scrip used by said association, which scrip we have never recognized as possessing a cash value, and have never known an instance in which said scrip has been received for cash or redeemed in cash.

James Pett,

Charles Kelley,

I. C. Nielson,

O. W. Stohl.

Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 28th day of January, 1879.

John D. Burt,

Probate Judge, Box Elder County, Utah.

All efforts proved futile; "the powers that be" are opposed to union and progress, and justice was not to be obtained by legal process. Those people were forced to borrow ten thousand two hundred dollars to meet an illegal, oppressive tax (which they paid under protest) which, in reality, was nothing but a swindle, concocted and enforced by heartless, unprincipled demagogues.

The note following is the honest expression of a broad and generous heart, and worthy of preservation as a memorial of brotherly love:

Salt Lake City, OCTOBER 21ST, 1879.

*Elder Lorenzo Snow*:

My Dear Brother.—I have always felt, since the burning of

your factory, very sorry for your misfortune, and have often thought that it would only take a few dollars from each of the many friends of home industries to make you whole. The accompanying ten dollars does not begin to express the extent of my sorrow, but I trust you will accept it as a free-will offering from the not over abundant cash resources of

Your brother in the Gospel,

Joseph F. Smith.

Response:

Brigham City, October 23d, 1879.

*Dear Brother Joseph*:

I received your kind letter of the 21st inst. this morning, with the enclosed ten dollars as a donation to Brigham City Association, in view of our misfortunes. This token (so unexpected) given as manifestation of your interest and sympathy, made me feel as though I wanted to relieve my heart with a good, old fashioned cry; however, I retired to my private room, where "prayer is wont to be made," and, with your letter open in my hand, I poured out from the depths of my soul my feelings of gratitude and thanksgiving to our Father in heaven for the faith and encouragement which your expression of interest and sympathy had awakened in my bosom.

I feel strong within me that your blessing and interest, like the "widow's oil," will multiply your "ten dollars" into thousands until we are relieved of our embarrassments.

Respectfully yours, in the Everlasting Covenant,

Lorenzo Snow.

# CHAPTER XLIII.

Stake Conference in Brigham City.—President B. Young expected.—Preparations made.—Flags hoisted.—Conference in Bowery.—Box Elder Stake re-organized.—Lorenzo calls the officers of the United Order together.—Nominate officers.—All are accepted.—O. G. Snow to preside.—President Young's fatherly counsel and blessing.

As has been narrated in preceding pages, President Brigham Young was in the habit of visiting the various Stakes of Zion as frequently as was consistent with other duties. On the 18th or 19th of August, 1877, he went to Brigham City to attend Stake Conference, which proved to be his last earthly visit beyond the limits of Salt Lake City; his death occurring on the 29th of the same month.

As usual, on the event of a visit from President Young and party, preparations, such as were not in order on ordinary occasions, preceded his coming—so fully had he won the respect and the affections of his people, the Latter-day Saints, that on such occasions no labor and no expense was spared for his comfort and to do him honor.

The President and party came; he was in excellent spirits at Brother Snow's table, where he was always entertained on his visits to Brigham City, he leaned back in his chair, and sang in a clear voice, one of his favorite hymns, much to the gratification of all present.

At that time, Brigham City could boast of no house

sufficiently large to accommodate the immense gathering of the people, and the conference was held in a bowery, with a commodious stand, which was neatly and tastefully fitted up, and with special regard to the comfort and convenience of the Priesthood, who occupied it. Before the close of conference, President Young re-organized the Box Elder Stake of Zion.

Previous to the conference, Lorenzo called together the principal officers of the council of the United Order of Brigham City, and in connection with them, selected the various officers for the re-organization of the Stake, with the exception of the presiding board; and all met the President's approval. After sanctioning those nominations, he asked Lorenzo to name the one he wished to fill the position of President of the Stake, as Lorenzo's successor, to which Brother Snow replied, that he had no suggestion to make—"we have left that entirely to you."

After corresponding remarks by brethren present, President Young proposed Lorenzo's eldest son, Oliver G., and Lorenzo nominated Elijah Box as his first, and Isaac Smith as his second, counselor, which was satisfactory. In placing Oliver before the people, President Young said, "Brother Lorenzo Snow has been, for many years, building up and sustaining a system to unite the people in their financial affairs, which I approve, and in order that he may not be embarrassed, or in any way interrupted in that direction, we propose his son Oliver to occupy this position—he will take his father's counsel and be one with him."

The conference was in session two days, and after the close it was an almost universal remark, that never before had the people heard President Young speak as on that occasion—he seemed so very kind and fatherly, and particularly was his last speech referred to as being

impressively soothing; it seemed, as was frequently remarked, as a father giving his last instructions to his children. How little did the Saints who listened to him, as they did, with rapt attention, think he was pronouncing his parting words and blessing.

By a decision of the First Presidency, all of the Twelve Apostles who had been thus officiating were released from presiding in the Stake organizations. This explains the necessity for the re-organization as above described.

# CHAPTER XLIV.

Oliver G. Snow speaks.—His maiden speech.—Performs a good deed.—Called to go to assist the emigration.—Encounter with Indians.—Mission to England.—Visits New York.—Arrives in Liverpool.—Goes to Manchester.—An incident relative to the death of Dickens.—Oliver attends a sectarian lecture.—Is challenged.—Attempts to respond.—Is repulsed.—The priest is disgraced and forsaken.—A visit to Scotland.—Descriptions.—Return to England.—Incomprehensible dialect.—Released.—Home again.—Ordained member of High Council.—Marries.—Mission to the States.—Visits Oberlin.—Ludicrous incident.—Visits his grandmother.—Preaches her

funeral sermon.—At home appointed President of Box Elder Stake.

I was born on the twentieth of February, 1849, in Salt Lake City. When quite young, my father having been called to preside over the then crude settlement known as the Old Fort, where now Brigham City is located, after erecting a commodious dwelling, with a view of increasing a feeling of brotherhood among the Saints, opened his house for public entertainments. At the opening one, a dramatic performance, I was on the programme for my "maiden speech," composed by my father for the occasion, commencing as follows:

Ladies and gentlemen, one and all,
I welcome you to my father's hall.

For its delivery I was awarded a pocket-knife. Those entertainments produced a most desirable effect in promoting friendship and affability among the people. When eight years of age (a very cold day), I was baptized in the mill-race by Elder Neely, and confirmed by my father. In the following spring I had the pleasure of rendering useful service to a Brother Jones, who lived north of us. At that time the settlers were annoyed by a gang of horse thieves, composed of mountaineers; so much so that there was no safety for animals when not in use, except under lock and key. One evening, on entering one of my father's pastures, I saw two horses tied to a bunch of willows, and thinking that one or both belonged to the Bishop, I decided to take them to the owner; but the Bishop informed me they were not his, and they were secured for the night.

Early next morning, as I was driving cows to pasture, I saw a dark visaged man emerge from a thicket by the road side

over which I had just passed, and, drawing a revolver from its scabbard, he inquired, in a gruff tone, if I knew the whereabouts of the two horses he had tied to a tree in the pasture. I told him the whole affair, as well as an eight-year old boy could, under the threatening circumstances. Then pointing to the caliber of his six-shooter, he said, "Unless you bring those horses back, I will put a bullet through you of that size." I was relieved when the interview closed, and lost no time in reaching home, where I learned that the owner of the horses had arrived from Salt Lake, where they were stolen from him. The officers were notified, the thief secured and justice meted to him, and I escaped the bullet.

In 1864 I had the honor of being ordained a member of the Fifty-eighth Quorum of Seventies; and soon after, at the re-organization of the militia, was called to act as standard-bearer in Colonel Loveland's staff; accompanied my father through the southern settlements, on one of President Young's tours, as far as Santa Clara.

In the spring of 1868, I was called, with others, to perform a journey to the States to bring a company of Saints across the plains. On our return we had a fearful encounter with Indians, who ran off fifty head of our stock, which, after several hairbreadth escapes, we succeeded in recapturing, and arrived home in safety.

During the autumn of 1868 and the following spring, I assisted in building the great trans-continental railway; and during the summer of 1869, studied in the University of Deseret, under Prof. J. R. Park.

In May, 1870, at a General Conference of the Church (held in May, awaiting President Young's return from St. George), by communication from my father, I was notified of my appointment as missionary to Europe, to come

immediately to Salt Lake, to be set apart by the proper authorities for said mission. Not having the slightest previous intimation, I was taken by surprise, yet most gladly responded to the call; went to Salt Lake City, was set apart by my father and others, returned to Brigham City to bid adieu to friends and relatives, and within five days from the first announcement, I was on board the train *en route* for Great Britain.

On reaching Ogden I had the pleasure of meeting a goodly number of Elders destined to the same point; and in each other's society our five days' transit across the continent to New York was very pleasant. There we were detained one week, waiting for the steamer, which afforded a fine opportunity for sight-seeing, which was a genuine treat to those born and raised in the Great American Desert, beneath the towering cliffs, "crowned with eternal snows." Arriving at New York, I was not only surprised but almost bewildered by the confusing jargon of the cab drivers, hooting and wrangling to secure passengers for the hotels. Two of them had a serious confab about which was entitled to me, when I took my valise, engaged another cab and left them to fight it out.

On the twenty-fifth of May we embarked on the beautiful steamer Minnesota, and after an uneventful voyage of eleven days, landed in Liverpool, where we were met and cordially greeted by President A. Carrington, at Islington, for many years the headquarters of the European mission. I soon received an appointment as traveling Elder in the Manchester Conference, with President David Brinton. Being an entire stranger, entirely ignorant of the locations of branches and residences of the Saints, as my predecessor was about to make a farewell visit through the conference, I accompanied him on a general tour.

About this time the celebrated author, Charles Dickens,

died, and I recollect a little incident in relation to his death, which occurred on the first evening after we started. While waiting refreshments in a hotel in Bolton, a gentleman stranger of fine presence, whom we afterwards learned was a highly educated, prominent journalist, entered the room where many people were seated, some in groups and others as wall flowers, when the strange man commenced to eulogize Mr. Dickens, giving an account of his death, the great loss the community would sustain by his demise; and in beautiful language and eloquent dramatic style, portrayed the great worth and superior abilities of the deceased, adding that it would have been better that a thousand Britons had died, than for that noble man to give up his life. Finally, striking his broad, intellectual forehead with the palm of his hand, he exclaimed as if his whole soul was filled with anguish: "What, O, what was God Almighty thinking of when he caused that great and noble man to die?" We concluded that, although the speaker was considered great among his fellows, he certainly must be out of joint where that expression originated.

During this tour we everywhere met warm receptions from Saints and strangers. Although the people generally seemed very indifferent to the Gospel, while I labored in the Manchester Conference, I baptized a number into the Church. In May, 1871, I was appointed to the Presidency of the Leeds Conference, in which capacity I labored one year and six months with much satisfaction. While there, a seemingly trivial circumstance occurred, which resulted in much good. One day, in passing up Manningham Lane, I noticed a large placard posted in a conspicuous position in front of a building which had occasionally been occupied by the Saints for meetings, saying that an apostle of the sect known as the apostolic church would deliver a series of lectures in said building, the first to be given that evening; the subject, "Behold the Lord cometh with ten

thousand of His Saints, go ye out to meet Him." Curiosity prompted me to go to the lecture. The self-styled apostle, on entering the speaker's stand, immediately commenced praying very fervently, and in a particularly forcible strain, that the Lord would shed His Spirit abroad in the room and remove the terrible influence that prevailed in consequence of the Mormons having held meetings in that house. After this impressive supplication, he arose and stated to the congregation that having been informed that a Mormon missionary was present, he would like to make a few prefatory remarks before taking up the subject of his lecture. He then warmed up with a tirade of vituperation and scandalous abuse against Joseph Smith, the Prophet, exhausting the vocabulary of the English language in epithets, and rehearsing many of the time-worn slanderous stories manufactured by his most bitter enemies, and long since exploded. Having occupied much time which should have been devoted to his lecture, he found it necessary to apologize by saying his reason for having done so was he understood that a Mormon Elder was present, "and," said he, "I challenge him to come forward at the close of the lecture, and deny the charges I have made, if he can."

Consequently, when he closed, and the meeting was about to be dismissed, responding to his challenge, I arose to contradict his absurd charges and calumnies, when he became exceedingly angry and vehemently opposed my speaking; but the audience was determined that I should be heard, several exclaiming, "Let the Mormon Elder speak!" It seemed that the man must permit me to reply to his accusations or create a riot. At this juncture, Mr. Sewell, the owner of the hall, arose and said he hoped no disturbance would be made on the part of the audience, and although the position assumed by the apostle appeared strange, he said, "Still, inasmuch as he has rented the hall, he undoubtedly has the right to dictate who may speak,"

and said further, that he should regret to have any trouble arise over the matter. To which I replied that no one would regret more than myself that anything of that kind should occur; but I supposed the gentleman, in good faith, challenged me to refute his statements, if I could, concerning Joseph Smith and what he calls Mormonism; and being prepared to do so, I was simply responding to that request when I arose to speak, not supposing for one moment that any rule of decorum would be transcended; but inasmuch as he persisted in maintaining his very singular point of refusal, I thought I could afford to content myself with the result. At all events, it was manifest that his course did not meet the approval of a majority present, the fraud being too transparent, and although intended to injure our cause, it certainly produced the opposite effect, by arousing a spirit of inquiry and investigation with those who otherwise, perhaps, would never have given attention to the subject. It also had a marked effect in destroying respect for the self-styled apostle. I was informed that his audience diminished until he finally abandoned his lectures before the expiration of his engagement.

In 1872, I visited Scotland, and was truly delighted with the points of historical interest I viewed during my brief stay in that highly celebrated country. I there had the privilege of addressing a congregation assembled in conference of the Saints, in a beautiful hall in Glasgow, many of whom were strangers.

I took a trip with Elder George Reynolds (then President of the British mission in the absence of President Carrington) upon the beautiful *Loch Lomond*. After riding about ten miles, we reached Ballock, a small pier situated on the east shore of the lake, where we disembarked, walked about two and a half hours and reached the summit of the celebrated Ben Lomond, upwards of three thousand feet above the level of the sea, an eminence commanding a

most magnificent view of the surrounding country. We also visited Dumbarton Castle, where, with other specimens, we were shown the gigantic sword of William Wallace, which, by testing, we found to be of immense weight.

In Edinburgh we visited the private residence of the great Protestant reformer, John Knox, in which was found one solitary article, an old arm-chair, said to have belonged to him. We also paid a visit to the palace and abbey of Holyrood, which is associated with very many historical incidents, and so replete with various relics of antiquity as would require volumes to describe. The picture gallery is one hundred and fifty feet in length, and its walls are hung with portraits of one hundred reported kings of Scotland. Our conductor pointed out to us the place in the palace where Lord Darnley vented his murderous jealousy on its unfortunate victim, Rizzio.

We also ascended the hill known as King Arthur's Seat, supposed to have derived its name from the fact of the king having set it apart as a place of resort. It affords a magnificent view of Edinburgh and surroundings; I think the most enchanting scenic view I ever beheld. Away to the right, the lovely Firth of Forth is seen, and the German Ocean glittering in the sunlight, like a field of diamonds, while on the left, rises, with majestic grandeur, the great towers and splendid mansions of the city of Edinburgh. I made the most of my brief visit to the "banks and the braes" of old Scotland; and on the 21st of May, returned to my missionary field in England, continuing my labors until September following—making my stay in that land nearly two and a half years, having had the honor, through the blessing of God, of baptizing about forty souls; also had the pleasure of attending conferences in Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, London, Durham and Newcastle. When in Birmingham, I visited the celebrated pen

manufactory of Gillott & Sons, and was amused to learn that so simple an article passed through twenty-four different processes before it became a finished pen.

At the time of attending the London conference, I had been in the missionary field two years, when in company of President Carrington, of the European mission, he asked me if I was very anxious to return home, saying, if I was not, he would like me to remain until autumn. I replied that I did not call myself to the mission, and felt perfectly willing to conform to his wishes; hence the time was extended to the following October.

While traveling in England, I was forcibly struck with the contrast in the financial condition of the Saints there and those in Utah. I learned that many families lived at least one week ahead of their means, the year round: many being under the necessity of pawning their Sunday clothes at the broker's on Monday morning, for means for their families to subsist on during the week, and at the end of the week, take their week's wages and redeem said clothing to wear on Sunday; then on Monday morning repeat the same, over and over during the year. Although thus situated, their kindness and hospitality to the missionary Elders was a subject of notoriety.

When entering on my labors in Lancashire, I was much surprised, and not a little amused, in observing the peculiar dialects in vogue, at times finding myself completely non-plussed in endeavoring to comprehend the meaning. For instance, meeting a gentleman on the road with which I was unacquainted, I enquired the direction to a certain point in question, to which he responded, "*go top at broo and then spur*." I afterwards learned that he told me to enquire at the top of the hill.

In October, 1872, I was released to return home, leaving

Liverpool on the steamer Idaho, and arrived home on the 13th of November, after an absence of two and a half years, and can truthfully say that in no period of my life have I derived more solid, genuine satisfaction than during that period. Soon after my return I was ordained a member of the High Council of Box Elder Stake. During the following winter was employed in the mercantile department of the Brigham City Mercantile and Manufacturing Association.

On October 13, 1873, I married Mary B., daughter of Eli Harvey and Susannah Neff Peirce—the former, first Bishop of Brigham City, also one of the Pioneers to the valleys of the mountains.

At the October Conference of 1875, I was called on a mission to the States, and in connection with my missionary labors, had the privilege of visiting my relatives, and holding many public meetings among them; they according me every courtesy. Having a letter of introduction from my father to Chauncey Blair, Esq., of Mantua, Portage County, Ohio, I visited that gentleman, and expressing a desire to preach to the people, he kindly offered to procure the church owned by the society of which he was a member; but subsequently informed me that he was unsuccessful, those interested in the building having refused on the ground that they expected a minister from another locality to preach in their church on the same day as I proposed. But on learning from Mr. Blair that I could occupy the Town Hall, my appointment was circulated, and a splendid assembly convened. I was afterwards informed that the minister who essayed to hold forth in the church closed his meeting in disgust with only one-half dozen present.

When in Oberlin, the following ludicrous circumstance occurred, which I will relate, although at my own expense.

I was introduced to one of my father's former college associates, by name Mrs. Bacon. Having formed a habit of associating an unfamiliar name which I wished to remember, with something familiar, I very naturally associated the lady's name Bacon with hog; thinking that in the event of forgetting Bacon, it being so closely connected with hog, I could readily recollect it. But after spending a very pleasant evening in her house, on rising to take leave, I said, "I wish you good evening, Mrs. Ham." Although I realized my mistake the instant it was uttered, I made no apology, thinking "the apology might be worse than the offence;" but concluded my plan was not so reliable as I had supposed.

On my way to the States, I went a short distance out of my way to visit my aged grandmother on my mother's side, by the name of Goddard. She had been a member of the Church for many years, and expressed a desire to accompany me to Utah on my return home, to which I gladly consented. But when in the following season I called on her in fulfilment of my promise, I found her very feeble, being over eighty-nine years of age, yet she seemed elated and buoyant with the anticipation of coming to the home of the Saints, until, by persuasion and entreaties of her daughter, with whom she resided, in connection with many of their neighbors, she was induced to relinquish the fond idea of gathering to Zion, which seemed to have been the motive power of her mortal existence; for when she yielded her ambition to brave the fatigue of the journey, she apparently let go her hold on life, which passed out like the last faint gleam of an exhausted lamp, and I saw her eyes calmly close in the sleep of death. By request I preached her funeral sermon, and followed her remains to their last resting place.

At the re-organization of the Box Elder Stake of Zion, by President B. Young, I was appointed to preside over said

Stake.

In January, 1878, I was elected member of the board of directors of the Brigham City Mercantile and Manufacturing Association, and have been re-elected annually, up to the present. In August, 1880, was elected representative to the twenty-fourth session of the Utah Legislature, and have been returned to the twenty-fifty and twenty-sixth biennial sessions.

I had the honor of assisting in the ceremonies of laying the corner stones of the Logan Temple, which is now nearing its completion.

Since called to the important position as President of the Box Elder Stake of Zion, I have assisted in organizing wards, relief societies, young men's and young women's mutual improvement and children's primary associations; ordaining Bishops, setting apart officers in various departments of the Priesthood, also officers in relief societies and in the associations, all of which I am expected to watch over in the capacity of President of the Stake.

With all of these weighty duties and responsibilities resting upon me, I am frequently led to exclaim with one of old, "*Who is sufficient for these things*."

Oliver G. Snow.

# CHAPTER XLV.

Discourse by Elder Lorenzo Snow, delivered in the Tabernacle, Salt

Lake City, January 14, 1872.—Progression.—The Fatherhood of God.—The perfect man.—The gifts of the Spirit.—His testimony.

I take pleasure, this afternoon, in making a few remarks to the Latter-day Saints, as well as to any strangers who may be present. I never designed to be a preacher; it was only a sense of positive duty that induced me to occupy the position as a preacher of the Gospel. An understanding, given through the revelations of the Lord Jesus Christ, of the principles that we, the Latter-day Saints, have espoused, has induced me to travel through the world, bearing testimony of those things which I do assuredly know pertaining to the Gospel of life and salvation revealed in this our day.

The relation that we sustain to the Lord our God, and the blessings and privileges to be acquired through the system of life which we have received, are worthy of our deepest consideration; and it is no less necessary that we understand the duties, the performance of which is requisite on our part, for the attainment of those blessings and privileges, and to keep ourselves in the path on which we may secure the highest advantages which the system of religion we have received is, in its nature, capable of giving.

The relationship which we sustain to God our Father, as well as to the world at large, if properly understood and appreciated, is calculated to waken us up to the performance of the duties required of us as Latter-day Saints. We ought to understand that we have espoused a system of religion that is calculated in its nature to increase within us wisdom and knowledge—that we have entered upon a path that is progressive—that will increase physical, spiritual and intellectual advantages and

everything pertaining to our own happiness and the well-being of the world at large.

We believe that we are the offspring of our Father in heaven, and that we possess in our spiritual organizations the same capabilities, powers and faculties that our Father possesses, although in an infantile state, requiring to pass through a certain course or ordeal by which they will be developed and improved, according to the heed we give to the principles we have received. We believe that God is no respecter of persons, but that He confers blessings upon all His children, in proportion to the light they have, or in proportion as they proceed according to the light and knowledge they possess, in the different circumstances of life that may surround them.

We believe that the spirit which enlightens the human family proceeds from the presence of the Almighty; that it spreads throughout all space, that it is the light and life of all things, and that every honest heart possesses it in proportion to his virtue, integrity and his desire to know the truth and do good to his fellow men.

We see the providences of God in all things; we see them in raising up different communities and establishments in the world, for the general and universal benefit of mankind; we see the providences of God in raising up a Luther, a John Wesley; we see the providences of God in all the Christian organizations and communities; we trace the hand of the Almighty in framing the constitution of our land, and believe that the Lord raised up men purposely for the accomplishment of this object—raised them up and inspired them to frame the Constitution of the United States.

We trace the hand of God, His Spirit, His workings upon and among all classes of people, whether Christian or

heathen; that His providences may be carried out, and that His designs, formed before the morning stars sang together, or the foundations of the earth were laid, may be fulfilled. He slackens not His hand, He does not relinquish His designs nor His purposes, but His work is one eternal round. We trace the hand of the Almighty, and we see His Spirit moving in all communities for their good—restraining and encouraging, establishing governments and nations, inspiring men to take a course that shall most advance His purposes, until the set time shall come when He shall work more fully and effectually for the accomplishment of His designs; and when sorrow, wickedness, bitter disappointment, vexation, distress and poverty shall cease and be no more known, and the salvation and happiness of His children be secured; when the earth shall be rolled back in pristine purity, into its primeval orbit, and the inhabitants thereof dwell upon it in perfect peace and righteousness.

If there is any class of people in the world that has reason to be liberal and generous towards their fellow creatures, it is the Latter-day Saints; and that our liberality and generosity are not shown more than they are, is in consequence of the pressure of circumstances with which we are surrounded, restraining us from the exercise thereof; but we expect to be hereafter in situations when we will have the privilege and opportunity of doing as we desire in this respect. However, in regard to this, whether circumstances shall so change or not, we know that we are in possession of a system of progression. We might speak in reference to the increase of knowledge to individuals who receive and obey the doctrines we teach; but that which is most interesting to us is the progression of the Latter-day Saints themselves in the system we have received.

Our faith, views and the principles we have obeyed, all

coincide perfectly with those of former-day Saints, which we find recorded in the Bible. Were ministers of the present day to stand in their pulpits and announce doctrines in reference to the progression of Saints, as they were preached in former days, the doctrines would be considered at least very startling, and a committee of investigation would undoubtedly be required at once, by their congregations, to ascertain whether or not they had seceded from their previously avowed principles. For instance, let a Methodist, Presbyterian or Baptist minister arise in his pulpit and suggest to his congregation, as Paul did on a certain occasion: "Let this same mind be in you which is also in Christ Jesus, who, having the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God," it would be a startling announcement; so also would the doctrine of John, the Revelator, on a certain occasion, when he says: "Now are we the sons of God: it does not appear what we shall be, but we know that when He (Christ) shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is; and every man that has this hope in him purifies himself even as God is pure." That would be a startling announcement of doctrine. Did any one present, acquainted with the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian or Episcopalian societies, ever hear suggestions or doctrines like these? I never did, and I was well acquainted formerly with these societies. "Let this same mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus, who, finding Himself in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God;" and, "He that has this hope in him purifies himself even as God is pure;" and again, "When He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

We were born in the image of God our Father; He begat us like unto Himself. There is the nature of Deity in the composition of our spiritual organization. In our spiritual birth, our Father transmitted to us the capabilities, powers

and faculties which He possessed, as much so as the child on its mother's bosom possesses, although in an undeveloped state, the faculties, powers and susceptibilities of its parent.

"Apostles, Prophets, Evangelists, Pastors and Teachers," we are told, were, in former days in the church, "for the perfecting of the Saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, until we all come to the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto the perfect man." What is meant by this—"the perfect man?" And again, "Unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." A system was known in those days, through which a Saint could become perfect in the Lord Jesus—a system by which Saints could advance in the knowledge of the things of God—to an understanding of His purposes, of their own natures and characters, of their relationship to the Almighty, and of the ordeals necessary for them to pass through, that they might be perfected as the Son of God was perfected.

This system, taught by Christ and His Apostles, was not at that time first introduced; it was known ages before—it was established before the foundations of the earth were laid. I will now quote a passage from the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, which will be found on page 85, section 4, paragraph 6:

"He that receiveth me (saith the Lord), receiveth my Father, and he that receiveth my Father, receiveth my Father's kingdom; therefore, all that my Father hath shall be given unto him; and this is according to the oath and covenant which belongeth to the Priesthood. Therefore, all who receive the Priesthood, receive this oath and covenant of my Father, which He cannot break, neither can it be moved; but whoso breaketh this covenant, after he hath received it, and altogether turneth therefrom, shall not have

forgiveness of sins in this world nor in the world to come."

This is a revelation given to the Latter-day Saints, and so far as respects its provisions in reference to those who receive it, it is precisely in keeping with those passages I have quoted from the New Testament. They were the burden of the teachings of the Apostles in former days; but were they presented now to the Christian world by their ministers and teachers, they would be considered blasphemy. This system was known to Adam after he was expelled from the Garden of Eden; it was well known to Noah, and he preached it to the antediluvians one hundred and twenty years; it was also known in the days of Moses —he preached it to the Israelites, on the banks of the Red Sea. "I would not have you ignorant," says the Apostle, in reference to this point, "how that our fathers all passed through the sea—were all under the cloud, all ate of the same spiritual meat, all drank the same spiritual drink, for they drank of that spiritual rock which followed them, and that rock was Christ."

It is evident from this that the Gospel of life was known and practiced there; but we are told that in consequence of wickedness and unbelief, the Gospel was taken from the people in the time of Moses, because it did not profit them, and instead thereof a system called the "schoolmaster to bring them to Christ" was introduced. On account of their wickedness and hardness of heart, they refused to avail themselves of the privileges within their reach; for when the Lord proposed to come down into their midst and talk with them face to face, as He did with Moses, they requested Moses to officiate for them and speak with the Lord; and being filled with unbelief and unwillingness to become acquainted with God, their Father, the Gospel and all its privileges were withdrawn. Thus we see this Gospel has been introduced at various times into the world. It was known to the Prophets; they understood plainly and

distinctly that Jesus was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, and that in due season He would manifest Himself to the children of men—that He would die for their sins and be crucified, in order to complete the plan of salvation. The Prophets had the Gospel and its advantages; and the Holy Spirit, that is ever connected with it, was poured out upon them in fulness.

There was a certain blessing connected with obedience to the Gospel—the gift of the Holy Ghost. When people received the ordinances of the Gospel, they were promised that they should receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. The Savior, who undoubtedly knew best about the nature and character of this gift, said it should lead all who received it into all truth, and show them things to come. It should do more than that Spirit which proceeds from God, filling the immensity of space and enlightening every man that comes into the world; the Holy Ghost should lead into all truth and show them things to come. Furthermore, in speaking of its effects, the Apostle says: "The Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. To one is given faith." Not a common, ordinary faith to which some people pretend at the present day; but a faith which enables its possessors to be sawn asunder—to be cast into dens of lions, fiery furnaces, and to undergo tortures of every description. This was the kind of faith the Holy Ghost conferred upon those who possessed it, enabling them to stand in the midst of every difficulty, defy every opposition, and even sacrifice life, if necessary, for the cause they had espoused. There was an omnipotent, inspiring power in this faith, given by the Almighty through the Holy Ghost, which no other principle could communicate.

To one was given faith, to another knowledge; not that which is gained by reading books merely, but knowledge from the Eternal Father. A self-inspiring principle was conferred on them, which was tangible, giving them a

knowledge of the cause they had espoused. They knew by revelation from God that the Gospel they had obeyed was true; it was revealed to them in a manner they could not dispute, and they knew for themselves. They were then established upon the rock of revelation.

There is a great difference between the possession of the Holy Ghost, and the mere possession of the Spirit of God. All honest-hearted people, who are living according to the best light they have received, have the Spirit of God. All Christian churches have it, *i. e*., those who seek truth and righteousness. The Baptists, if they are honest, have it; so have the Methodists and Presbyterians; so also have all Christians and also heathen nations. Go to China, and all honest-hearted people there have the Spirit of God; in fact, we are told that this is "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." But to say that all have the Holy Ghost—the gift that was promised to those who obeyed the Gospel—is incorrect.

We can trace the providences of God in raising up certain individuals to establish religious organizations, and we see in these the workings of the Spirit of God for the general interest of the human family. We look upon George Washington, the father of our country, as an inspired instrument of the Almighty; we can see the all-inspiring Spirit operating upon him and his co-workers in resisting oppression, and in establishing thirteen colonies as a confederacy; and then again, the workings of the same Spirit upon those men who established the Constitution of the United States. In a revelation contained in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, the Lord says: "And for this purpose have I established the constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men, whom I raised up unto this very purpose." We see the hand of the Lord in these things. The Christian churches will not acknowledge these spiritual operations, which we most firmly believe, in regard to the

workings of Providence and the operations of the Spirit of the Lord upon the hearts of the human family.

We now most conspicuously see the hand of the Almighty in establishing a kingdom spoken of in ages long past by Daniel, the Prophet—a kingdom which shall grow and spread until it fills the whole earth: when light and intelligence will be so generally diffused that it shall no longer be necessary for any man to say to his fellows, "Know ye the Lord," but all shall know Him, from the least unto the greatest. And when the Spirit of the Lord shall be poured out upon all flesh to such a degree that the sons and the daughters shall prophesy, the old men shall dream dreams, the young men shall see visions, and when there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all the holy mountain of the Lord.

We have seen what has been promised, and what suggestions made and encouragement given in relation to our progression, as contemplated by the Prophets, expressed in their writings in the Old and New Testaments. We see what God in His revelations direct has said to us; and we might bring up passage after passage from the New Testament, Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and the Book of Mormon, in regard to the progression and happiness of His people. But there are other considerations connected with this to which I will call your attention. The revelations of the Lord given to us say that all things shall be given to those who receive the Priesthood; but in connection with this promise are certain obligations which have to be fulfilled on our part. That same God and Father who tells us what great blessings await the faithful, says: "Whoso layeth down his life for my cause and for my name's sake shall receive it again, even life eternal; therefore, fear not your enemies, for I, the Lord, have decreed in my heart that I will prove you in all things, whether you will abide in my covenant, even unto death,

for he that will not abide in my covenant is not worthy of me."

Here on one hand are promised those extraordinary and wonderful blessings; and on the other, if we renounce the doctrine we have received, or if we are unwilling to stand up to the point, even of death, in fulfilling the will of our Father in the accomplishment of His work, we shall be counted unworthy of the promised blessings.

Now you take a man, no matter from what country, if he be a man of integrity, when he receives a knowledge of the truth, he will stand to that knowledge; you cannot force it from him by imprisonment, or by taking away his property or destroying every earthly source of his happiness. Do what you will to annoy and oppress him, he will still stand firm in his adherence to the principles he knows are true.

When the Gospel reached us in the different nations whence we came, the Spirit of the Lord gave us convictions of its truth, and in the honesty of our hearts we received it and its blessings, otherwise we would have remained at our several homes. We were promised by the several Elders who proclaimed the Gospel unto us, that if we would do the will of God, if we would obey the Gospel, we should receive the gift of the Holy Ghost; they said, as Peter said on the day of Pentecost, "Repent and be baptized, every one of you, for the remission of your sins, and you shall receive the Holy Ghost." Then when they spoke of the operations of the Holy Ghost, they described them as Jesus, Paul, John and the Saints who received it testified in regard to it from the effects it produced upon them. Therefore, when the Gospel was received under circumstances of this nature, those who were its recipients expected superior and extraordinary blessings—blessings they could not reach in any other religious society. They were promised such blessings as all other religious

denominations said did not exist and could not be received. They would acknowledge that such blessings had formerly been received through the Gospel, but could not be imparted now.

Hence, if those who obeyed the Gospel, as taught by the Elders of this Church, did not receive the blessings promised, why do I see them before me here to-day by thousands? Why, when traveling through the length and breadth of this country, do I see people who have gathered, comparatively, from almost every nation under the sun? If they received not the fulfilment of what was promised, why are they here in this Territory? In these valleys of the mountains? They had better stayed at home. It is the most inconsistent thing imaginable to suppose that people after being deceived should leave their country, homes and friends and cross the wide ocean and vast deserts into a land of which they knew nothing.

When Abraham was commanded to leave his home and kindred he obeyed the mandate of the Most High, and the fact that thousands are now here, settled through this long strip of country, over hills, valleys and mountains, proves that they have followed the example of the "father of the faithful," they have shown by their acts that they have received the all-inspiring power of the Holy Ghost which was promised them, which revealed to them that the Lord had fulfilled the prophecy of His servant Daniel, that without hands He had cut a stone from the mountains, and that it had commenced to move, and roll, and would continue on its course until it had fulfilled the destiny predicted by the Prophet.

If the people here have not received the knowledge promised in connection with their obedience to the Gospel, they are acting most inconsistently; for they are perpetuating upon their children, their children's children,

and upon future generations, a system that is entirely false —binding a yoke of tradition upon them, with consequences beyond the power of language to describe. And more than this, they are guilty of the most gross offence before the Almighty, for they are not only injuring themselves, but they are laying a foundation to destroy the happiness of unborn generations.

But the fact that the work still continues and increases, and that the last words of the dying Saints to their children and friends are, "I know by the revelations of God that this work is true," is strong presumptive proof of its absolute truth.

If you Saints here do not know this work is of God, it is your duty to rise up and declare you have been deceived, acknowledge that the Spirit of God has not been given you, and that the declaration of the Elder who promised it is entirely false; and thus try to correct the error which you have been guilty of propagating. At once leave the "Mormon" Church, and you would resume a position that would be more consistent: then get a testimony from on high that some other church possesses the system of salvation—get a testimony that the Book of Mormon and Book of Doctrine and Covenants are spurious, and just the moment you get that testimony, where are you? Where are the words of the Apostle Peter? "Repent and be baptized, every one of you, and you shall receive the Holy Ghost." Where are the words of the Lord Jesus? He says, "It (the Holy Ghost) shall lead you into all truth, and show you things to come." Where are the words of the Apostle Paul? "Let this same mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus, who, finding himself in the the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God." Where are the words of John? "We know that we are the sons of God, and it does not appear what we shall be, but we know that when He (Jesus) shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see

Him as He is: and every man that hath this mind in him, purifies himself, even as God is pure." Throw these doctrines aside; let them pass and go to a Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Quaker or Shaker, then where is your Bible, and of what account?

I testify before this assembly, as I have testified before the people throughout the different States of the Union, and throughout England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Italy, Switzerland and France, that God Almighty, through my obedience to the Gospel of Jesus, has revealed to me, tangibly, that this is the work of God—that this is His Gospel, and that this is His kingdom which Daniel prophesied should be set up in the last days. I prophesy that any man who will be humble before the Lord—any man who will, with child-like simplicity, be baptized for the remission of his sins, shall receive the Holy Ghost, which shall lead him into all truth, and show him things to come: he shall receive a knowledge from God that His kingdom has been established in these latter days; and that it shall never be thrown down, or be left to another people.

In saying this, I say no more than every man could say, and has said, who had a dispensation of the Gospel. I would not have traveled over the face of the earth, as I have for the last thirty-five years, unless God had revealed this unto me. I have already said, nothing but absolute duty ever prompted me to travel and preach this Gospel; but I received a dispensation from the Most High, and I could say, and do say now, as the Apostle Paul said: "I received not this Gospel from man, but I received it by revelation from God." I say that any man who will humble himself before God, and be immersed in water (after repentance) for the remission of his sins, shall receive, through the laying on of hands, the Holy Ghost. Can I give him this? No. I, as a messenger of the Lord, to whom authority has been delegated, administer immersion for the remission of

sins—I simply immerse him in water, having authority so to do. I simply lay my hands upon him for the reception of the Holy Ghost; then God, from His holy presence, acknowledges my authority—acknowledges that I am His messenger, and confers the Holy Ghost upon the individual. This is the Gospel; this is what constitutes a man a savior of life unto life, as Jesus told His disciples they were.

Talk about this kingdom being destroyed! Talk about, reason upon, lay plans here and there, by the combined wisdom of governments, to destroy the kingdom of God! Why, you might as well try to pluck the stars from the firmament, or the moon and the sun from their orbits! It can never be accomplished, for it is the work of the great I AM. I advise every man who has a disposition to put forth his hand against this work to hold on and consider. Take the advice of Gamaliel, the lawyer. Said he: "If this is the work of God, ye can do nothing against it; if it is not, it will come to nought."

Well, now, they say that the "Mormons" are fanatical. If so, it is very good fanaticism. We have philosophy, science, truth, the power of God and the testimony of good men on our side. I can select twelve men, with whom I have been acquainted during the last twenty-five, thirty or thirty-five years: I have known them under varied circumstances, in which their hearts have been proved, their feelings tried, and their honesty and integrity tested. Have I confidence in these men? I have just as much as I have when I read in the New Testament about Twelve Apostles. I know nothing about Peter, James, or the other Apostles, but these men I know something about—I have seen their honor and integrity tried under various circumstances in life. Have I not a right to believe their testimony? Most assuredly I have, and I will prophesy of them—No, excuse me, I am not in the habit of

prophesying: I will say here, that in generations to come, the doings of these men will be read—the account of their labors in preaching the Gospel to the nations of the earth—what they have suffered for the cause of God; the imprisonment, contumely, drivings from Ohio, Missouri, Jackson, and the northern counties of Missouri, and from Illinois, and how they have passed through all this and almost everything in the shape of suffering that can be imagined; and have still adhered to, and borne their testimony to the the truth. Their works will be read, and in generations to come, people will have just as much confidence in these men as Christians (so called) now profess to have in the Twelve Apostles whose doings are recorded in the New Testament. They are just as good men, we have every reason to believe.

As to the truth of what the Apostles, whom we read of in the New Testament, said, I know nothing, only what I experience, through having observed the same system they preached. They received the blessings pertaining to it, so have I received what they promised should be conferred upon those who, in their day, received that system. Therefore, we who have received a like experience are the only witnesses to the truth of what those Apostles said; we are the only witnesses of the truth in respect to what Jesus said. Jesus said, "He that will do the will of my Father, shall know of the doctrine." We are witnesses that Jesus told the truth.

The Apostles said that those who receive the Gospel by baptism for the remission of sins, shall receive the Holy Ghost. We are witnesses that they told the truth. Can the Methodist or Presbyterian ministers witness to these facts? No: they know nothing about them. They received their diplomas and endowments at college—they trust in the wisdom of man—to the knowledge of science; we trust in the power of the Almighty. Perhaps it may be said to us:

"For ye see your calling, brethren; how that not many wise men, after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things that are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are."

Well, I do not feel materially concerned about anything that regards the advancement and prosperity of the kingdom of God. It is a matter that I have not contrived, nor my brethren: it is the Lord's affair. Thus far He has done this work. We never came to these valleys through our own designs and wishes: the Lord our God brought us here, and when He wants us to leave, we shall be better prepared to go than we were to come. We simply do what our Heavenly Father commands. God loves His offspring, the human family. His design is not simply to create happiness for the few called Latter-day Saints. The aim and scheme He is now carrying out is for universal salvation—not only for the salvation of the Latter-day Saints, but for the salvation of every man and woman on the face of the earth: for those also in the spirit world, and for those who may hereafter come upon the earth. It is for the salvation of every son and daughter of Adam. They are the offspring of the Almighty; He loves them all, and His plans are for the salvation of the whole, and He will bring all up into that position in which they will be as comfortable and as happy as they are willing to be.

Our mission is to the world, and not simply to carry the Gospel to the people, but to establish plans and lay foundations for their temporal salvation. Our object is as much for the temporal as for the spiritual salvation of the people. The time is approaching when the nations will be broken up, on account of their wickedness. The Latter-day

Saints are not going to war against them—they will destroy themselves with their immorality and abominations. They will quarrel and contend one with another, State with State, and nation with nation, until they are broken up; and thousands, tens and hundreds of thousands, will, undoubtedly, come for protection at the hands of the servants of God, as much so as in the days of Joseph in Egypt, when he was called upon to devise a plan for the salvation of the house of Israel.

We have received revelations, and, accordingly, we are here in these mountain vales, and we are going to stay. We shall cultivate our farms and lay a foundation for a time when the nations shall be broken up. Multitudes will then flee to these valleys of the mountains for safety, and we shall extend protection to them. You may say, "Shall you require them to be baptized and become Latter-day Saints?" Not by any means. I often meet gentlemen from different portions of the Union. I never offer them my religious views, unless they seek them. I am not anxious to push my religious views upon any man. I will do them all the good I can. If a gentleman comes into my neighborhood, a stranger, I will say, will you have something to eat? Is there anything I can do for you? I am not anxious to make a "Mormon" of him—not by any means; we extend the hand of charity just as far as people are willing we should; but when, as I said at the commencement, people are crowding upon us—those who are determined to destroy us—who have not the principles of humanity in their bosoms, we cannot exercise the charity in their behalf that we desire.

We expect to do good; it is our duty as the servants and ministers of God upon the earth to do good to His offspring. This is our mission, and it is as much our duty to do good to those who do not receive the Gospel, as it is to do good to ourselves; and God will give us the

opportunity, just in accordance to our desires, despite the efforts of evil-minded men. Our duty is to save, not to destroy; and as we improve and advance, and develop the attributes of Deity within us, God will remove from our path the impediments which obstruct our progress, and the bitter branches, as they increase and manifest themselves, will, one after another, be removed, until the people of God have all the opportunities they can desire to do good to the world. God bless you, my brethren and friends.—*Journal of Discourses*.

# CHAPTER XLVI.

Lorenzo's birthday.—A surprise.—His escort.—Enthusiastically greeted.—Address.—He responds.—Singing "Grandfather's Clock."—A hair picture presented.—Recitation by the children.—Autograph album presented.—Tables loaded with luxuries.—Dinner.—Singing.—Lorenzo makes a speech.—Parting Hymn.—Dismissal.

The following is a synopsis of the report of a surprise tendered to brother Lorenzo, by the members of his family, on the third of April, 1879, in celebration of the sixty-fifth anniversary of his birth.

The family assembled at four p. m., at the old homestead, when four of Lorenzo's daughters, to wit: Mesdames Roxcy Box, Sylvia West, Ida Gibbs, and Clara McAllister, having been previously appointed, escorted their father into the assembly. Upon entering the hall, he was enthusiastically greeted with smiling faces, and many sweet voices joining in the song,

WE ARE ALL HERE.

We are all, all here;
Father, mother, sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear;
Each chair is filled, we're all at home,

To-night let no cold stranger come.
It is not often thus around
Our old, familiar hearth we're found;
Bless then the meeting and the spot—
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour;
We're all, all here—we're all, all here.

We are not all here!
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Some have gone who were most dear;
But we now gather 'round this hearth,
Though some have passed away from earth;
The voice that once with ours did ring,
Has gone to dwell where angels sing;
O, then, that wisdom may we know,
That yields a life of peace below;
And in the life that follows this,
May each repeat the words of bliss,
We're all, all here—we're all, all here.

We are not all here!
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Yet our thoughts will bring them near;
We pray that our whole earthly band,
Before God's throne at last may stand
Unbroken as the links of love,
In that bright home in heaven above.
The severed links, the golden chain,
Be there united once again;
With this sweet thought our hearts we'll cheer,
For then we'll say, we all are here;
We're all, all here—we're all, all here.

O. G. Snow, the eldest son, had been commissioned to lead in the programme, and state the object of the meeting; being absent, Professor E. A. Box, a son-in-law, gave the following address:

*President Lorenzo Snow*:

Respected Husband and Father.—We, your wives, children, grandchildren, sons-in-law, and daughters-in-law, have convened on this occasion, in honor of the sixty-fifth anniversary of your birth, having a sincere desire to manifest our respect and gratitude to one whose kindness and wise counsels, of which we, as well as many others, have been the favored recipients.

May the returns of the day be many and happy ones, and may your cares and sorrows never be occasioned by members of this extensive, and, we trust, truly respected family; and, though the words of our Savior. "A man's foes shall be they of his own household," may be verily true in many cases, in yours may they prove to be strictly inapplicable.

The poet says:

> If the stock of our bliss is in strangers' hands vested,
> The fund, ill-secured, oft in bankruptcy ends;
> But the heart issues bills that are never protested,
> When drawn on the firm of wife, children and friends.
>
> The day-spring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
> Alone, on itself for enjoyment depends;

But dreary the twilight of age, when it borrows
No warmth from the smiles of wife, children and friends.

And we say:

May we onward and upward, all cherish and nourish
The virtues on which this rich blessing depends;
And may we with love and fond hearts ever cherish
The tie that now makes us wives, children and friends.

Wishing you many, very many happy returns, we remain, your loving and obedient. Family.

Brother Lorenzo responded in a fatherly, affectionate speech, replete with wise counsels and exhortations—referring to the order of the Priesthood, and the blessings, both temporal and spiritual, to be secured through obedience to its requirements; and closed by warmly and feelingly expressing his thanks and appreciation of their united expression, and blessed his happy audience.

After which, Mrs. Armeda S. Young and Miss Dora Snow sang "Grandfather's Clock," all joining in the chorus. Then a committee of eldest three daughters, Mesdames Abigail S. Rosenbaum, Eliza S. Dunford and Rosetta S. Loveland, in a neat speech in behalf of the family, presented their father a beautiful hair picture, consisting of a spray in the centre, composed of his hair and that of his wives, which was encircled with a choice wreath of hair of the children—a slip of paper, with the name of each attached to his or her hair, and all set in a rich frame, comprising a record of

forty members of the family. An autograph album was also presented, containing interesting and appropriate sentiments.

After another song by the company, a recitation by the children followed, then all repaired to the dining hall, and sat down to tables loaded with luxuries, where floral decorations shed a sweet perfume on all around.

The social table repast over, the remainder of the evening was devoted to singing, speeches, readings, recitations, toasts, etc., until nine o'clock, when Brother Snow again addressed the company. His heart seemed to overflow with joy and affection as he spoke of the blessed privilege of renewing our relationship hereafter, and of extending it in unlimited duration. He again blessed his family, and, after a parting hymn was sung, dismissed the assembly—thus closing a delightful scene, which will long live in sweet remembrance of all present.

# CHAPTER XLVII.

George F. Gibbs.—His parents receive the Gospel.—His early youth.—Employed in a printing establishment.—How he stood with his associates.—Had to fight his way to maintain his integrity.—Honored the Word of Wisdom.—Drew a prize.—Was highly honored.—Chosen for out-door preaching.—Compliments his mother.—Leaves home for Liverpool.—Clerk and book-

keeper in Liverpool Office.—Emigrates to America.—In President B. Young's Office.—Goes to Liverpool Office.—Works there three years.—Home again.—Anecdote.—Masters Phonography.—Has been and now is Church Reporter.

I was born in the town of Haverford-West, Pembroke County, South Wales, November 23d, 1846. My parents' names are George Duggan and Ellen Phillips Gibbs. On my mother's side I am Welsh, and on my father's of English descent. My great-grandfather, John Gibbs, with one of his brothers, on leaving his home on the Isle of Wight, was shipwrecked on the south coast of Pembrokeshire, South Wales, where they afterwards married and settled.

In 1850 Daniel Williams, a "Mormon" missionary Elder, came to my native town, became acquainted with my parents, and made his home with them before they joined the Church. During this time my brother, Charles Warren, was taken dangerously ill. Elder Williams administered to him, and he was instantly healed. This fact created an interest in the new religion, as it was called, and my parents were among the first to receive it.

When seven years old, I well remember wishing I was eight, that I might be baptized; and on the night I was eight, my father baptized me according to the rites of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. At an early age I was ordained a Deacon, and assisted the senior Deacon of the branch in sweeping, dusting, and carrying water for him to wash the floor of the meeting house. While yet young, I was ordained Teacher, then Priest and Elder, and officiated as clerk and treasurer of the branch,

also clerk of the conference.

I attended a common school until sixteen years old, when I left, of my own accord, to accept a situation as junior clerk in a printing establishment. After having officiated there eleven months, a communication from Presidents Wells and Young, of the European mission, informed my father of a vacancy in the Liverpool office, tendering me the situation, which I gladly accepted.

During the nine years from my baptism, until I left my home for the Liverpool office, I acquired an experience which has ever been delightful to contemplate. I learned early to call upon the Lord and to place implicit confidence in Him, and have ever since regarded it as one of the dearest privileges accorded to a human being. From my earliest recollection, I attended meeting, and during these years I never missed one; and I cannot remember when I did not know the truth and divinity of "Mormonism." It seems to me I have always known it.

The character of the richer portion of the people of my native town was strictly aristocratic, to whom the Gospel of the meek and lowly Nazarene, as taught by the Latter-day Saints, was beneath even a casual notice; and the spirit of the poorer class, was, as a general thing, not only opposed, but ofttimes led many of them to ill treat those who adhered to it. As our little branch never numbered more than twenty or thirty at a time, with its members widely scattered, as "Mormons," it may readily be perceived how we stood in relation to the people of the town generally. From my youth I was known among my fellows as a "Mormon," and during my boyhood had to fight my way in order to maintain my ground as a boy among boys. Had I taken to myself the counsel the Savior gave to His disciples to govern them in their ministry, namely, to "turn the other cheek," my spirit would have

been crushed in my youth through imposition and abuse. I learned to defend and fight for my religion from the word go, and it has always seemed the sweeter to me, perhaps, on that account. Having had to cope with opposition to the truth from early boyhood, I very naturally imbibed the spirit to stand by my friends, the friends brought to me through the everlasting Gospel, and this element of brotherhood I now regard as being essential in the character of a true Latter-day Saint.

For out-of-door games I always had a particular fondness. I do not think there lived a boy that loved play better than I; consequently the temptation to play at night as well as in the day was strong and great. But a spirit early impressed me not to join my playmates after dark. I believed then it was the Spirit of the Lord that prompted me, and therefore I resolved in my own mind to govern myself accordingly. I have since regarded this step taken in early boyhood as that which placed me beyond the temptations that most of my fellows became victims to. And it is the fact, in connection with my early connection with the Church of God, that my boyhood days were days of purity that makes the reminiscences of youth so sweet and delightful to contemplate. Although brought up among boys of the world, many of whom were under no restraint and, therefore, could indulge in unbecoming language and pernicious practices with impunity, through having early been taught the Word of Wisdom and to regard as most sacred the name of the Lord, and having so soon been brought into the harness of the Gospel, I was enabled to set an example before my school-mates that won me their confidence and respect. In this connection I am reminded of an incident at school which I may be excused for mentioning: At one of our annual examinations, which were always public, the mayor of the town announced during his address that, to the boy who should excel in

deportment and punctuality the ensuing twelve months, he would present the sum of two guineas. This was, of course, hailed with delight by the boys, and met with general favor by the parents. The children attending the school (numbering from one hundred and fifty to two hundred) were the offspring of the Nonconformist element of the town—the people who had manfully stood out against the rites of the Church of England being foisted upon them. As boys, therefore, we represented all the dissenting religious denominations, I being, however, the only "Mormon" boy. At the beginning of the school year a book was provided, afterwards known as the Black Book, in which the names of boys were to be recorded for misbehavior or bad conduct. The year rolled by and examination time came. At the close of the mayor's address he reminded the scholars of his last year's promise; and amid the utmost stillness he announced the name of George F. Gibbs as being the only boy that had not been tardy or absent during the year, and the only boy whose name was not recorded in the Black Book. By request of the mayor I presented myself before him to receive the reward, and was the recipient of a high compliment from his lips. In competing for this reward, besides its monetary value I had another object in view, namely, to show our highly religious and high-minded townsfolk, in a small way, to be sure, that "Mormonism" produced fruits, and that its fruits, produced by boys as well as men, were good.

At one of the monthly council meetings of the Priesthood of the conference, steps were taken to pair off with a view to out-of-door preaching, certain men being allowed to choose each his own companion. To the amusement of the council Elder Wm. Bowen chose me, a young, inexperienced boy. I assisted him in this labor some two years, until I left home to go to Liverpool, and was greatly benefited in my associations with him, he being a man of

great faith and understanding, and a most agreeable companion.

Our's was always an open house to the Elders; it was, as many now living know, a free and welcome home to all. It was what is called the "Conference house." If my dear mother possessed one trait more conspicuous than another, it was that which led her, during eighteen years of her lifetime, to receive and care for the Elders. When I was big enough it fell to my lot to relieve mother of a job which she had been doing for years before I commenced, namely, to black the shoes of the brethren. This labor became part of my day's doings, lasting some six or seven years, and I never thought it irksome.

Leaving home to go to Liverpool was, up to that time, the event of my life. I was young and green. I had pictured the heads of the European mission and their immediate associates to be without fault or human infirmity—so natural was it for me to respect, think well of and look up to the Elders from Zion. Four years lacking a few weeks I labored in the Liverpool office, first as junior clerk, then as book-keeper. As a member of the Liverpool branch I acted in the office of clerk, of Teacher and that of president. As clerk in the office I labored under Presidents Wells and Young, Jun., under President Young, Jun., and under President F. D. Richards. I believe I can say truly that while there I merited the good will and blessing of those with whom I was more directly associated, as well as that of the many Elders whose acquaintance I made; and that I labored faithfully and honestly in the service of God and the brethren.

In the year 1868 I emigrated, after having been detained, until some time after the close of the emigration season, to settle up emigration matters and leave in good shape the accounts of the office. In New York also I was detained

two weeks, waiting for that portion of the unfortunate Emerald Isle company that had been put under quarantine and which had survived the hospital treatment of Manhattan Island. By this time they were able to be moved, and I traveled with them. F. C. Anderson had charge of the company; I was entrusted with the medicine chest which had been specially prepared for the sick.

After arriving in Salt Lake City I called on President Young and was employed by him as a clerk in his office, and invited by him to board with part of his family.

At the expiration of three years I was called to return to the Liverpool office. The circumstance was this: On the Sunday afternoon previous to leaving, the President called me into his private office and said, George, don't you want to go back to Liverpool? I answered, No, sir. But, said he, we (the quorum of the Twelve then present) have just voted that you leave here for Liverpool on Tuesday morning at five o'clock. I replied, All right, sir, I'll be ready. The following day I received my appointment, and was set apart to this mission and ordained to the office of Seventy under the hands of Presidents B. Young and George A. Smith. At the time stated (in company with Brother George W. Thatcher, who had been called previously) I left, and was gone three years, laboring in connection with President A. Carrington and President Joseph F. Smith, presidents of the mission.

I returned in 1874 and worked nine months in the office of Z. C. M. I. This position I resigned to accept the clerkship of the Logan Tithing Office. While in Logan, on a certain occasion, I accompanied Brothers M. H. Hardy and B. Morris Young to Brigham and Bear River cities in the interest of mutual improvement societies. At Brigham I stayed with Morris at his mother-in-law's, Sister Harriet Snow, and spent the evening with part of Brother Snow's

family. Here I first met my wife. During my visit (some three days), I was reminded of a circumstance that I had entirely forgotten, which proved a source of encouragement to me in approaching my wife on the subject of marriage. I had met Brother Snow in Liverpool while he was *en route* to Palestine with the George A. party; and on waiting upon him in the Great Western Hotel he, in his jocular way, told me that he had some unmarried daughters, and invited me to make their acquaintance with a view to becoming one of his many sons-in-law. I thanked him, not thinking for a moment, however, that there would be anything more to it.

On Sunday, the 21st of May, 1876, with his consent, I married his daughter Ida, whose mother is Eleanor Houtz Snow. After our marriage we lived about three months in Logan, Cache County, where I was employed, when I received a communication from President Young inviting me to return to Salt Lake City to act as reporter for the Church. In explanation I should state that during my three years' residence in Salt Lake I took up with the study of phonography (a study that I had early paid some attention to), practising it nights and mornings. The President, noticing me diligently working late and early, inquired one day what I was doing. On my telling him he seemed much pleased, and told me to stick to it until I mastered it. He afterwards got Brother David W. Evans, the Church stenographer, to organize a class, which I joined. At first the class numbered forty-three; when I left to go on my mission it numbered five, including myself. I have acted ever since in the capacity of Church reporter.

From the foregoing brief sketch it will be seen that from my youth it has fallen to my lot to associate more or less with the Priesthood of our Church—a privilege I have ever highly appreciated. And the more intimate my relations have been with our leading men, one and one only thought

has come uppermost to mind, namely, that of heartfelt thanks and gratitude to God the Eternal Father for gathering me from an obscure corner of the earth, and delivering me from the midst of bigotry and superstitious ignorance of the everlasting plan of salvation, and for guiding my footsteps in the way of virtue and rectitude, thus fitting me to be His and their servant. And I will have realized my most sanguine hope if, in the hereafter, I shall be found worthy to continue my relations with them, as their fellow servant, in the great work of human redemption and salvation.

George F. Gibbs.

# CHAPTER XLVIII.

M. D. Rosenbaum leaves his native country.—In San Francisco.—Goes to Carson.—A voice speaks to him.—Goes to Salt Lake.—At Elder Neibaur's.—Baptized.—Called on mission to Germany.—In Berlin.—Attends meeting.—Is arrested.—Tried and sentenced.—Banished.—Returns home.—F. H. Snow appointed to a mission.—Reflections.—Strangers marvel.—What an affrighted Catholic said.—The captain of the steamer replies.—An incident.—Tired and hungry.—Why he goes to bed supperless.—A retort.—What a priest did.—The Channel Islands.—Released and returns home.—Expression of

gratitude.

The following synopsis is from the pen of Elder Morris D. Rosenbaum, son-in-law of my brother Lorenzo: I left my native country when about nineteen years of age, for America—arrived in New York in 1850, traveled through the Eastern and Southern States to New Orleans, and from there by steamer *via* Havana and Panama to San Francisco.

In California, hearing of a "Mormon" settlement in Carson Valley, I was impressed to visit it, and accordingly went over the mountains to see and learn of the doctrine of that people. I remember, when first coming in sight of the settlement, hearing a voice saying, "There is a people which you never leave." Arriving in Carson Valley, I stopped with Simon Baker—he argued with me about "Mormonism" from noon until midnight, seemingly making very little impression on my mind. My desire to be with this people increased, and as they moved *en masse* for Salt Lake Valley, I made up my mind to travel with them, remain there during the winter, and return to my native country the following spring.

During the winter of 1856-7, I stopped in Salt Lake City, and attended Brother Isaac Bowman's school in the Seventeenth Ward. Visiting Brother Alexander Neibaur (of the same nativity as myself), he preached the Gospel to me —I became interested in its principles—a peaceful spirit wrought mightily in me—commending the ancient Gospel to my conscience.

I read the Book of Mormon from beginning to end, in connection with the Bible, prayerfully, and arose from its perusal with a strong conviction on my mind, *this book was written by inspiration*.

Dreams and visions, in my slumbering hours, began to

have great effect on my mind; but when I listened to my selfish thoughts, I hated "Mormonism" in my heart, and regretted ever hearing it.

I well remember Brother Neibaur bearing his testimony of the truth of the Gospel to me. I said to him, "Mr. Neibaur, why cannot I have such a testimony?" He replied, "Mr. Rosenbaum, I promise you in the name of Israel's God, you will, if you obey the principles of the Gospel, and honestly ask your heavenly Father for it." Such a promise I longed for, and made up my mind to embrace the truth; was baptized on the 27th of March, 1858, by Brother John Tingey, of the Seventeenth Ward, Salt Lake City; and a short time after, I received a testimony which I desire never to forget.

Early in April, 1858, I was called and went to Echo Canyon, in company with others, to assist in defending the people—traveled south in time of "the move," and stopped in Provo a short time.

July 2d, 1858, I was ordained a Seventy, and united with the fifth quorum of Seventies; lived in Salt Lake City until 1861, then, on April 10th, removed to Brigham City, and have lived here from that time.

In the Spring of 1880 I was called and went on a mission to Germany—arrived at Berlin July 10th. At a conference held there, Elder Budge presiding, I was called and set apart to preside over the North German Mission, August 15th, 1880. On the 19th, held an evening meeting in Berlin —was arrested there for preaching the Gospel, and put in prison that night—had an examination the next day, which lasted from 7 a. m. until 4 p. m., when the court decreed my banishment from Berlin and the kingdom of Prussia, with orders to leave the next day at noon, and never to return, under pain of fine and imprisonment.

August 21st, I left by railroad for the kingdom of Bavaria, traveled through there and adjoining kingdoms, as Baden, Wurtemburg and Hanover, for about one year, when I was released and returned home.

Morris D. Rosenbaum.

From the journal of Franklin H. Snow:

I received a letter from President John Taylor informing me that my name had been presented, and that I had been accepted as a missionary to Europe.

As soon as I read the letter, I thanked the Lord that my prayers had been answered, for I had much desired to visit my mother's native country, and declare the glad tidings of salvation. I knew that the principles which I had been taught by my father and mother were principles that would benefit all who put them in practice.

I wrote to President Taylor that I accepted the mission and should endeavor to magnify my calling. On the 12th of October, 1880, I left my home in company of fifty Elders, thirty of whom were missionaries to Europe, the others to different portions of the United States.

None but those that have left their comfortable homes and large circles of relatives and friends, can imagine my feelings when the train started out from Ogden City to carry me thousands of miles from my home. I was not acquainted with any of the Elders on the train when we started, but all having been baptized into one spirit, we had associated together but a short time before we were all acquainted. Strangers on the train, who were not of us, made frequent remarks and marveled and queried how it was that we put so much confidence in each other.

We arrived safely in New York, and on the 19th left on the steamship Wyoming; were thirteen days on the ocean, with very rough weather for nine days. There was a Catholic on board who was so dreadfully frightened that he was frantic and blamed the d—d "Mormons" for the rough weather. He said if he had known that so many "Mormons" were on the steamer he would have stayed in New York. The captain told him that if it had not been for the "Mormons," in all probability, they might all have been in the bottom of the ocean.

When we arrived in Liverpool, I believe I was as much delighted to see land as was Columbus when he discovered America, for I had been seasick for several days, and even the sight of land seemed medicinal. I was appointed to labor in the London Conference, under the direction of President Roskelley, in connection with Brother W. W. Willey, and with him commenced in my field of labor on the 6th of November, and walked about fourteen miles to the first family in our district.

No one, without similar experience, can imagine how I felt when I found myself seated by the side of a fireplace with a large number of small children thinly clad. When I sat down to supper, I saw there were from eight to ten hungry children to be fed from the scanty meal which was scarcely enough for five hungry persons. I ate very sparingly, and went to bed feeling rather discouraged, and thinking I could do no good among such poor people. Young and inexperienced as I was, I did not realize that God had not chosen the rich of this world to be heirs of His kingdom, but that He had chosen the poor and the meek of the earth. I traveled three weeks feeling that I was doing no good, and that I could be more happy at home in the society of my friends, and in the enjoyment of the comforts of life. Elder Willey did all he could to encourage and help me out of my dangerous condition. I did not and could not, at that

time, realize what a strong hold the adversary had on me to prevent the fulfilment of my mission. I was really impressed with the idea that it was impossible for me to endure the hardships and privations that most missionaries had to put up with; but I wished to honor my father and mother, although without a testimony from my heavenly Father, I felt that I could not travel among the people.

With these impressions, I wandered into the lone woods and offered up a short prayer to God, and in the sincerity of my heart asked Him to give me a contented mind that I might fill my mission acceptably before my Father in heaven. From that very moment the powers of darkness gave way and a different influence surrounded me, and I saw clearly that I was engaged in a great and glorious work; that the Gospel must be preached to all that had ears to hear, the poor as well as the rich. From the time I offered up that prayer until the close of my mission I always felt well, and never wished to return home till I was honorably released.

I traveled with Elder Willey about three weeks, and then traveled alone. I had to walk about one hundred and fifty miles to visit ten families of Saints, and they all were so poor that they could keep me but one night out of three weeks. I walked from ten to twenty-five and thirty miles per day. I recollect walking over twenty miles one day, arriving at a Saint's house just at dark, tired and hungry; I had but a scanty breakfast in the morning, and no dinner, for the sensible reason that I had no money to pay for it. By supper time I felt as though I could make a hearty meal on dry crusts. The good sister got supper for me, and as I sat down to eat, a little girl about ten years of age brought from the cupboard two hard biscuits, and said they had been there a week—that they had kept them for Mr. Snow to eat. As hungry as I was, that took away my appetite, and I retired to bed supperless.

I never shall forget the first time I distributed tracts to strangers. I called at a house of a well-to-do lady, and told her I would like to converse with her on the Gospel. She seemed very much interested as well as astonished, when I spoke of the necessity of Apostles and Prophets, and of signs following the believer, whenever the Church of Christ was on the earth. I conversed with her nearly or quite one hour, and she said that all I had told her was true. I then bore my testimony that the true Church of Christ was on the earth—that it was organized by the Prophet Joseph Smith. At that she threw the tract I had presented her in my face and shut the door, saying, "All you have told me is false if Joe Smith had anything to do with it." I then went on my way feeling more determined than ever to preach the Gospel.

The first out-door meeting I held was in a small village in Bedfordshire. I called on a family and wished to know if they would accept of a tract. I told them who I was, and that I had come six thousand miles to tell them that God had again spoken from the heavens, and that all mankind were commanded to repent and obey the Gospel. The lady of the house (if I may call her a lady) said she had heard of "old Joe Smith"—that he had dug a book out of a rock, and she did not wish to know any more about him. "Have you?" said I; "I have not heard of any such man, and I would like to learn from you to what man you refer who dug a book out of a rock." She said, "Old Joe Smith." She appeared quite angry at me for not knowing what she meant. Then I said, "I presume you mean the Prophet Joseph Smith, who had records delivered to him by an angel?" She retorted, "There is no such thing as angels in our day, and the Bible don't speak of any other book." I then asked her if she would let me see her Bible. She tapped one of her little girls on the head and told her to get me a Bible. I then read to her the twenty-ninth chapter of

Isaiah. By this time there were thirty people gathered around, and I availed myself of the opportunity to preach to them. After the meeting I delivered tracts to nearly every family in the village. After I left, I heard that the minister sent women around to gather up the tracts I had circulated, and bring them to him, and he called a meeting and told a mass of falsehoods about the Saints. I comforted myself with "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and speak all manner of evil against you falsely for my name's sake."

For three months during the very coldest weather I had not one cent in my pocket; for what little I had when I arrived in England, I spent for food for the destitute Saints, and I can testify that during those three months I received greater manifestations of the power of God than ever before or since. During the seven months in which I labored in the district of Hertford and Bedfordshire, I traveled on foot two thousand one hundred miles. My next field of labor was Kent, the garden spot of England. I labored there eleven months with much satisfaction. The Saints in Kent were not so scattered, and I was enabled to hold meetings more frequently, and the people were less opposed to the Gospel than in Bedfordshire.

President West gave me a mission to the Channel Islands, and I remained on the Isle of Jersey about three months. The Saints were few, and so very poor they could only give me one meal per day, and I managed to make the other two cost me but sixpence. When I learned the degraded condition of the people on the island, I was not surprised that out of sixty thousand so few had embraced the pure Gospel of Jesus. Many, very many of the inhabitants reveled in debauchery. There was scarcely a street but what was polluted with one or more houses of ill-fame; hundreds of young women walked the streets from sundown till past midnight. It was there I learned to

appreciate the noble and sacred virtue of the youth of Zion.

While on the islands, I was released from my mission to return home. I went directly to London, where I took train for Liverpool, and there, on the 21st of October, 1882, took steamer to New York, and arrived at my home on the 10th of November.

During the two years I was abroad, I traveled on foot over six thousand miles; by rail, six thousand, and on the water, eight thousand. The time spent in preaching the Gospel, with all its hardships and privations, was the happiest of my life. I bore my testimony to thousands, and I know that the Lord blessed my labors.

I thank God, my heavenly Father, that I was permitted to fill my mission, and to return home to meet those who are dear to me by the ties of nature. I can still bear a faithful testimony that the fulness of the everlasting Gospel of Jesus Christ has been restored to earth, with all its powers, gifts and ordinances, through the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Franklin Horton Snow.

# CHAPTER XLIX.

Discourse by Elder Lorenzo Snow, delivered in a meeting of the St. George Stake of Zion, in the Temple, April 5th, 1877; reported by George F. Gibbs.—Necessity for effort.—What the Lord said to Oliver Cowdery.—Regulation of temporal affairs.—Consecration

and stewardship.—Preparation for building in Jackson County.—The United Order.—Plural marriage.—Responsibility of Presidents.—How confidence is created.—The necessity of its cultivation.—Desires for the future.

In occupying the time this morning, I wish, in the first place, to call your attention to the fact that we are Latter-day Saints, or at least ought to be; and that as such we are dependent upon the Lord for our instruction. This is in accordance with our faith—that we have to look to Him for assistance under all circumstances, in all places, in all our affairs in life, and in all matters pertaining to our advancement in the principles of godliness.

Assembled together as we are this morning, it is very necessary that we ask the Lord for His Spirit, the spirit of inspiration, to rest upon us as speakers and as hearers, that we may be enabled to comprehend what may be spoken, and that it may be adapted to our individual needs. It is impossible to progress in the principles of truth—to increase in heavenly knowledge, except we exercise our reasoning faculties and exert ourselves in a proper manner. We have an instance recorded in the Doctrine and Covenants of a misunderstanding on the part of Oliver Cowdery, touching this principle. The Lord promised him the gift to translate ancient records. Like many of us to-day, he had misconceptions in regard to the exercise of the gift. He thought all that was necessary for him to do, inasmuch as this gift had been promised him of God, was to allow his mind to wait in idleness without effort, until it should operate spontaneously. But when these records were placed before him, no knowledge was communicated; they still continued sealed, as it were, for no power to translate rested upon him.

Although the gift to translate had been conferred, he could not prosecute the work, simply because he failed to exert himself before God, with the view of developing the gift within him, and he was greatly disappointed; and the Lord in His goodness and mercy informed him of his mistake, using the following language:

"Behold, you have not understood; you have supposed that I would give it unto you when you took no thought, save it was to ask me; but, behold, I say unto you, that you must study it out in your mind; then you must ask me if it be right; and if it is right I will cause that your bosom shall burn within you," etc.

So in regard to us respecting the things which we are undertaking. If we expect to improve and advance in the work immediately before us, and finally obtain possession of those gifts and glories—coming up to that condition of exaltation we anticipate, we must take thought and reflect; we must exert ourselves, and that too to the utmost of our abilities.

The text given us by President Young yesterday, and to which we, in our prayer this morning, asked God to direct our remarks, was the work pertaining to our present wants and necessities, in which we are now immediately concerned. The question here arises, How shall we regulate affairs so as to qualify us to perform the duties and obligations devolving upon us to-day, and secure to ourselves the blessings of eternal life? On this subject, so far as the Lord will give me His Holy Spirit, through the exercise of your faith, I wish to speak this morning. I desire, however, to confine myself more particularly to the subject relating to our financial union—uniting ourselves together as brethren who have entered into the everlasting covenant of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, expecting to dwell together in the presence of God in the celestial

world.

We have been told, through the revelations of God, to which our attention has often been called, that unless we become one in temporal as well as spiritual things, it were useless to anticipate the fulness of celestial glory or a state of oneness in the spiritual things of God. But what course we are to take in order to arrive at this most desirable condition seems to remain a difficult, unsolved problem. Doubtless many have asked themselves, What can we do, and how shall we do it?

Now let our minds revert for a few minutes to the time when we received the fulness of the everlasting Gospel, in the countries where it first reached us. As soon as we became convinced of the truth, and that the Elders who preached the Gospel were the servants of God, we offered ourselves as candidates for baptism for the remission of sins, receiving the Holy Ghost through the laying on of their hands, and then felt determined to do whatever the Lord should require through His servants, and continue to follow their counsel in all things, even to the sacrifice or all that we possessed, if necessary, whether pertaining to the world's wealth, or that which we held in higher or dearer esteem.

We learned an important and significant fact, that we were the offspring of God, inheriting, though only in infantile form, the same attributes He possessed, and that through probationary experience, by passing the ordeals of earth, rejecting the evil and accepting the good, these attributes could be developed until eventually we might receive a fulness of the Godhead and dwell in the presence of the Father. We became acquainted with this fact, and were convinced in our hearts that the object that then appeared before us was well worthy of all that we could bestow upon it. Hence we resolved that we would accomplish the

undertaking, though at the sacrifice of all we called our own. We well understood that in order to attain to that position which would entitle us to this exaltation, it would be necessary to submit ourselves wholly to the mind and will of God. We felt in our hearts to consecrate our wives, our children, our property (if we had any), and our time and abilities to the service of God. Had the law of consecration been presented at that time, without doubt it would have been hailed with joy, as it is in exact accordance with the spirit of our covenants.

According to the order of the celestial world, as revealed to the Latter-day Saints, respecting the property we might possess, we were required to consecrate all to the Lord, and then to be made stewards, as pointed out by revelation in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and were to continue to devote that which might be entrusted to us to the service of God; and so far as we increased the property of our stewardship, we were to devote the same to the benefit of the Kingdom of God, which would be used for the building of temples, emigrating and sustaining the poor, and for carrying on the great work of redeeming Israel. This feeling which we entertained at the beginning was to continue to burn in our bosoms, and we were to be faithful and honest in our professions.

I know that many of us, when we came to the valleys, conformed to this law of consecration, which is now published in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants. We deeded our property, and many were willing, perhaps not all, that, if necessary, every part and portion of it might have been used as the servants of God should have directed. This is the kind of feeling that we *then* entertained, and just so long as we maintained this condition of mind, of willing obedience, it was all that was required. But I fear that this feeling which gave us so much joy—which tended to increase our faith and confidence in

God and in one another, has not continued to grow correspondingly with our general prosperity, experience and knowledge of the Gospel. So far as this is the case, my testimony to you is that we stand this day not wholly approved of God, although we have the privilege of worshiping in this Temple, reared to His holy name. But just so far as this willingness exists in our hearts to appropriate our means which we have accumulated, for the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God upon the earth, and that too without grudging, even as the former day Saints laid theirs down at the feet of the Apostles, so far are we approved and accepted of God. Who, among the Latter-day Saints within the hearing of my voice this day, could fail to comprehend this?

In many of our business relations one with another, there does not exist that spirit of union and brotherly interest which should be maintained. We need to take a course that will enable us to acquire it, and this spirit should prevail throughout all our settlements.

Who cannot perceive the hand of God in bringing us from the turmoil and strife of the business world to these mountain vales, where we have the opportunity and the privilege of building up cities and villages upon the principle of unity which has been revealed to us, thus affording that necessary discipline which we could not have obtained among the cities of the Gentiles? This training cannot be acquired in one year, nor in five years, but its acquisition is enhanced in proportion to our willingness to sacrifice in order to obtain it. By and by the Lord will prepare the way for some to return to Jackson County, there to build up the metropolis of Zion. How easily this work can be accomplished, after we have learned to build up cities and temples here to His divine acceptance! Our present experience is a very needful one; without it we should be totally unfitted for the performance

of such a work.

We read that the temple which Solomon built was erected without the sound of a hammer being heard. There had been a previous preparation, and an experience gained in some distant locality, and a proper training. The materials were accurately prepared elsewhere, and when brought together were ready for setting, each piece to its proper place.

As knowledge and efficiency are obtained gradually, we may expect that the experience we are getting now, in learning how to build up cities in our present condition—conforming as near as possible to the holy order of God, is designed to prepare us to return to Missouri, from whence we were driven, and there build up cities and temples to the name of the Most High, upon which His glory will descend. A condition of willingness to conform our will to the Divine will is what we need.

It might not be deemed policy to enter into covenants by deed, in our property matters, at present, though it may be hereafter. So long as the emotions of our souls prompt us to exclaim, in the language of Joshua, that "I and my household will serve the Lord"—so long as this willingness dwells in our hearts, to give ourselves up entirely to the service of God, we are in the proper condition to ask the Father to hasten the day when His will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven. And further, when the proper time comes to require the use of our property in the interests of the great work we are engaged in, the bare mention of it will be sufficient.

But, we ask, should not the Bishop who operates in our temporal matters be a very wise and good man? Certainly he should, and a man of honor and integrity, full of the Holy Ghost, loving his neighbor as himself, and loving the

Lord our God with all his might, mind and strength. On this, we are told, "hang all the law and the prophets." Blessed is he in whom these two principles are developed, for such an one is without condemnation; he stands the peer of him referred to in the Scriptures, by the Savior, as one "without guile." The people will soon learn to confide in such a man, as he can establish unmistakable proof before God and before his brethren that he obeys these commandments in which are included all that the Prophets ever lived for.

We will suppose further, that such an individual as I have described, who really had obeyed these commandments, was placed to preside over a city of a thousand people, all of whom were also living in the advanced condition referred to; he must bear in mind his important position, high responsibilities and who appointed him to this position—he or they in whom God had vested the authority. Why is such a man called to act as president over a people? Is it in order to acquire an influence and then to use that influence directly for his own aggrandizement? No; but, on the contrary, he is called to act in such a position on the same principle as the Priesthood was given to the Son of God, that he should make sacrifice. For himself? No; but to become the servant, not the master, of his brethren, and to work for their interest and welfare—not to exercise the influence thus obtained to benefit himself, his family, relatives and personal friends; but esteeming all as his brethren, and as having rights in common with himself, and, therefore, seeking to bless and benefit all equally according to the talents and worthiness they may possess, and thus by so doing develop in himself that fatherly feeling which always exists in the bosom of the Father.

At the present time it is too often the case that the men who are called to act in such positions, instead of thus

acting according to their holy calling, use their influence, their Priesthood, the sacred powers conferred upon them, for their own benefit and that of their children and personal friends. This is highly improper; it is wrong and displeasing in the sight of God; and of this sin we are called to repent by putting it away from us, and beginning to live the lives of Latter-day Saints, according the sacred covenants we have entered into.

When you find a man who takes the same interest in those over whom he presides as he does in himself and family, you will naturally begin to have confidence in that individual. But as soon as you find that his feelings by day and by night, and the course of his conduct is such as tend directly to benefit himself and his family, you will say: "What interest has he for us? We must look out for ourselves." But where a man works for the community, he becomes truly a father to that people, working for them with the same feeling, desire and interest as he would for himself. It might be said of him, as it should be said of all men, that he loves his brethren, or in other words, "his neighbor as himself." Now let the man who acts as the presiding Elder of his ward manifest by word and action these fatherly feelings towards those he presides over, and how soon we would begin to perceive perfect confidence restored.

Possibly such a man might not possess financiering abilities, and possibly the people might not have confidence in his abilities to manage or direct temporal affairs. This is quite supposable, for good, sound principled men are not always endowed with great financiering capacities. Yet, from the fact of his having established himself in the hearts of the people, and being known by them for his integrity and honesty, and a disposition to work for the interests of God and the people, willing to make any sacrifice that might be required of him, he

possesses their confidence, and when once in possession of a trust so sacred, what then might he do in order to satisfy the minds of the people, which are more or less progressive? Let him call to his aid those of his brethren who are the most capable, letting them share in his responsibilities. Because, you will find, as a general thing, that talent is diffused through the many, and rarely combined in single individuals; and it only needs opportunity in order to be developed. He might say to one, "Here, Brother B., you are better adapted to fill this or that position than I am;" and to another, "You are the man best fitted to this department;" and so on until he gets the talents of all brought out, and instead of diminishing the public confidence in himself such a course would add to it. Further, he would be doing for his brethren that which the United Order designs to do for all, namely, to afford opportunity to develop the gifts with which nature has endowed us. Therefore, I say that all these matters can be got along with, provided we have the sure and safe foundation, which must be based on honesty and integrity to God and the true interests of His kingdom and people.

With a people of one heart and mind, possessed of the same feelings and aspirations as we were when we first embraced the Gospel, in connection with our present knowledge and experience in the practical workings of building up the kingdom, how easy it would be to establish our home industries or mercantile institutions, and carry them on successfully. Every one would be on hand, like Israel when in the desert, and journeying to the land of Canaan, they were required to build a movable tabernacle for certain sacred purposes, and the people brought their offerings, etc., even more than were sufficient, and Moses had to cry out to the people to stop. So it could be with us, as far as willingness on the part of the people was concerned to take an active part in any general movement

that might be projected. Whatever means or time or property might be devoted by the community for the establishing of any certain enterprise, would be done in good faith, for every heart would be inspired with confidence, every one considering his interest identified with that of the whole.

But it takes time to get the people into this condition. Here, in this southern country, we understand that the people have been endeavoring to work together in the United Order, meeting with more or less disappointment. Because of reverses or failures in our attempts to successfully operate in our temporal affairs, we should not allow such disappointment to detract from the principle itself, but rather let us attribute our misfortunes to human weakness, regarding the principle as divine, revealed for our special benefit and blessing, and in every instance of apparent failure, let us be resolved to "try again."

The principles of plural marriage were revealed for the benefit and exaltation of the children of men; but how much unhappiness has arisen through failure on the part of some who have contracted this order of marriage to conform to the laws that govern it. But does it arise through any defect in the order of the marriage system? O, no; but from ignorance and the folly and wickedness of those individuals who enter into it, who abuse rather than righteously obey it. So in regard to the principles of the United Order. Its principles also are sacred, and I assure you we will never go back to Jackson County, Missouri, there to build up the New Jerusalem of the latter days, until there is a perfect willingness on our part to conform to its rules and principles. Many years have transpired since we received the revelation of the United Order, and in one sense, that long period of time bespeaks negligence on our part in not more fully obeying it. The very principles of that Order, in my estimation, were given for our temporal

and spiritual salvation. In order to derive the benefit that God designed should flow from them, they must be established and systematized on the principle of righteousness, each person learning to love his neighbor as himself. For us to undertake to deal with them on any other principle, would virtually open the way to bitter disappointment.

Then allow me to repeat: let me find a community that is willing to conform to this, bringing to mind the covenants made in the beginning when we received the fulness of the Gospel, willing to bring to mind when they dedicated all they possessed—their property, their talents, their mental and physical powers to the building up of the kingdom of God; remembering the time when we did this, the blessings of the Most High were upon us, and His Spirit burned within us. Then let those who preach in that community of Saints realize what the Priesthood was placed upon them for; let them know and fully sense why they were appointed to fill such and such offices, viz.: that they should act in the spirit of our Master, a servant of all—that they learn to consider and esteem, in the same affectionate interest, the welfare of all as they do that of themselves, and be in very deed fathers to the people. Then will they enter into the spirit of the two great commands, upon which, said the Savior, "hang all the law and the prophets," namely, loving the Lord with all our might, mind and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves. This, in my opinion, is the foundation of our future success, temporally and spiritually, in this United Order. Until we come down to the bed-rock of honesty and sincerity in this matter, dealing with temporal as with spiritual things, whole-heartedly, holding all and ourselves sacred to the service of God, we may expect more or less failure.

Let me say to the brethren who are, and who contemplate connecting themselves actively and entirely with this holy

order, that the Priesthood was bestowed upon you, as upon the Son of God, for no other purpose than that through sacrifice you might be proven, that, peradventure, at the last day, you might stand approved before God, and before perfect and holy beings, and that in order to merit this divine approval, it may be necessary to forget self and individual aggrandizement and seek the interest of your brethren. If you are ready and willing to do this, and if your every-day life and conduct and the spirit within you testify the fact, you will establish confidence in the hearts of those who know you, and with whom you are more immediately associated in temporal matters.

Confidence is ofttimes referred to by our brethren, especially when speaking on the subject of the United Order. It is spoken of and written on by the religious, the political and the financial world, and the present condition of the whole is such as to force itself upon our serious attention. We may confidently anticipate that, as history shall chronicle the developments of this, our progressive world, we shall witness more and more the necessity of it. For as palpable, and what may be termed legitimate, fraud increases, and the whole world ripens in iniquity generally, confidence will lessen and become more priceless and precious. This is quite obvious to all men in whose hearts dwells a spark of that Spirit by which the Prophets foretold the destiny of the nations. Confidence can be acquired only on the principle of righteousness, whether it be applied to the monarch or the peasant, the religionist or the non-religionist; merit alone commands it.

Then let us live the lives of Latter-day Saints, that we may first beget confidence in ourselves, then we shall begin to have confidence in each other—in God and His promises. A people in this condition of progress would know no failures; everything would prosper that they put their hands to; they would grow in faith and in good works.

I tell you in the name of the Lord God, that the time is coming when there will be no safety only in the principles of union, for therein lies the secret of our temporal and spiritual salvation. We have been enabled to establish settlements, towns and villages, and we have been abundantly blessed with the necessaries and conveniences of life, notwithstanding we have been slow to hearken to and obey the commands of Jehovah.

I would to God that every Bishop and presiding officer would, this day, in this holy Temple, covenant and swear before Him, the Lord our God, that they would turn and serve Him with all their might, mind and strength, and work for the interest of the people as they would for themselves; for my greatest desire is to see Zion established according to the revelations of God—to see her inhabitants industrious and self-sustaining, filled with wisdom and the power of God, that around us may be built a wall of defence, a protection against the mighty powers of Babylon; and while the disobedient of our Father's family are contending, and filling up their cup of iniquity, even to the brim, and thus preparing themselves for the burning, we who are the acknowledged children of the kingdom, being filled with righteousness and knowledge of God, may be like the wise virgins, clothed in our wedding garments, and properly prepared for the coming of our Lord and Savior.—*Journal of Discourses*.

# CHAPTER L.

Elijah Box says his parents embraced the Gospel in England. —Came to Nauvoo.—Elijah born in a turbulent time.—Moves to St.

Louis.—To the Bluffs.—To the Valley.—Storm described.—Moves to Brigham City.—Struggle for an education.—How it is obtained.—Called on mission.—A great contrast in Liverpool.—Visits relatives.—In London meets with the Palestine tourists.—How poor Saints manage their Sunday clothing.—An incident.—Closes mission.—In charge of a company of Saints, leaves England.—Reflections.—Reaches home.—Engaged in teaching.—Presides over Improvement Associations.—Counselor to Stake President.

My parents embraced the Gospel in England in 1841, emigrated in 1842, and arrived in Nauvoo in the spring of 1843. My father worked upon the Temple almost from first to last, experiencing very hard times in consequence of the scarcity of the necessaries of life. He was also familiar with all those trying scenes that were enacted during the years immediately preceding and following the martyrdom of the Prophet and Patriarch; and that will live forever in the memories of the persecuted Saints. It was during these times that I was born, January 4th, 1844.

When the Church left Nauvoo, father moved his family to St. Louis, and from there to Council Bluffs, in 1848. The next four years were occupied in procuring an outfit for "the valley," and in 1852 we emigrated to Salt Lake, where we lived three years. While in Salt Lake, I spent the summer months principally in herding stock upon the mountains. While out upon one of those occasions, the sky became suddenly overcast with heavy clouds, and, almost instantly, hail and rain began to descend in torrents; several

herd-boys were drowned—I very narrowly escaped by finding shelter with my sister, living at the mouth of Red Butte.

In 1855 we moved to Brigham City, and my father engaged in agriculture. I labored on the farm during the summer, and spent the winter months in endeavoring to obtain a meagre education, attending day and evening schools as opportunities presented, which was not frequent; up to my twelfth year I had attended school but part of one term. I had a kind mother, however, who saw the great necessity of my having an education, and assisted me much during my boyhood, for which I have always been thankful.

At the age of seventeen, I injured myself by lifting heavy timbers, from the effect of which I suffered several years, until I received my endowments, when I soon recovered my health. At nineteen, I was employed in the mercantile establishment of M. D. Rosenbaum, and afterwards by W. C. Thomas in similar business, for whom I worked until the fall of 1865, when President Lorenzo Snow, Samuel Smith, Bishop Nichols and W. C. Thomas formed a copartnership or co-operation; I was employed by this firm four years.

On Sunday, the sixth of May, 1866, I married Roxcy A., daughter of President Lorenzo Snow, President Snow officiating. We were sealed by President Wells the following November. (See Family Record.)

The winter of 1870-1 I spent in school, under Professor L. F. Monch, where, I may almost say, I obtained my first start in educational matters. By this time I was twenty-seven years old, had a wife and two children to care for, but I saw the great lack of education in myself and others in this locality, therefore, I determined to exert myself to

the utmost, and forego many pleasures that might otherwise be enjoyed. I studied diligently, was greatly assisted by my wife—had an excellent teacher, and made fair progress.

At the April Conference in 1871 I was called on a mission to England. I made immediate preparations to start, though in so doing I had to borrow money to go with. I was set apart for my mission on the first of May, by Apostle Albert Carrington, and on the third of May, in company with President Carrington and some twelve or fifteen other missionaries, left Salt Lake City for England. The trip to New York was pleasant, and without incident other than of an ordinary character. We embarked in the steamship Colorado, Guion line. "Off the banks" we experienced some very heavy weather. On such occasions, man is led to comprehend his own insignificance as compared with other creations of God. The monotony of the voyage was often broken by animated discussions with non-"Mormon" passengers, upon religious topics, plural marriage being the leading one.

After arriving in Liverpool, I was appointed to labor in the Birmingham Conference under the direction of Elder Parry, who afterwards died of the small-pox, he being the second to succumb to that fatal disease in that conference. During my short stay in Liverpool, I learned to appreciate the quiet of our mountain home. In all my life I had never seen so much drunkenness, quarreling, fighting with both male and female, prostitution, and debauchery of every description, as I saw there in the short space of twenty-four hours.

On my way from Liverpool to my field of labor, I called at Manchester to see my wife's brother, Oliver, who had been traveling in that conference the previous twelve months. A few days were very agreeably spent with him in visiting

among the Saints. I then proceeded to Birmingham, where I found the Saints generally very poor, very anxious to gather, but in most instances unable to do so. It was then I could realize the benefits and blessings derived from our system of emigration.

While in this conference, I had an opportunity to visit many relatives and procure genealogies for several generations back. In all instances my friends were pleased to see me, and received me with kindness, but seemed to care nothing for the principles of the Gospel.

My stay in Birmingham was short. In consequence of the illness of Elder Bromley, I was sent to Bristol to preside in his stead. I found the people in this locality in much worse circumstances than where I had previously labored. Farm hands worked for from six to seven shillings per week; and with this small pittance had to furnish their families with all the necessities and comforts of life, if they had them. Often I have seen families make a meal of turnip-top greens and dry bread. I then learned to appreciate the luxuries of Deseret, and the blessings that God bestows upon His people; and if Joseph Smith had actually been an impostor, he still deserves great credit for inaugurating a system of religion that has been the means of bringing so many from a state of wretchedness, and making them comparatively independent.

The Saints of this conference, though poor, were very kind; I made many excellent acquaintances, traveled a great deal on foot, and baptized a few; among them was one Joseph Smith; he had been convinced for many years, but put off baptism until he was so worked upon that he could delay no longer.

It was during my labors here that President George A. Smith and other Palestine tourists landed in England and

held a conference in London, which I attended, and had truly a happy time in meeting the brethren and sisters from home, especially Father Snow and Aunt Eliza. We spent a few days in visiting the principal places of interest in that noted city—the Crystal Palace, the Albert Memorial, etc.

In June, 1872, I was appointed to the Manchester Conference. I found the Saints much as elsewhere, but generally better in temporal circumstances; still the people were so educated to spend what they earned, that whether they received seven, twelve or twenty shillings per week, none could be laid away for any future purpose.

In this conference I rebaptized Brother Moorhouse, who had not been an active member in the Church for a number of years, but as good a soul as ever lived. He afterward died in full fellowship.

I will here relate an incident which will show the amount of interest taken in "Mormonism" by some. Sunday, November 10, 1872, I went from Macclesfield to Longton to fill an appointment with the Saints of the Burslem branch, which was my first visit to that branch. I was met at the station by a Brother Tovey, who piloted me to the meeting house, informing me on the way that they had engaged a hall capable of seating three hundred persons, had placarded the town, advertising E. A. Box, Esq., from America, to deliver two lectures that day, on the principles of the Gospel. This news was somewhat startling; it was the first time I had been advertised as a lecturer, and then to lecture to three hundred strangers, this was the capacity of the hall, and not more than a dozen Saints in the branch; and Brother Tovey was sanguine the hall would be full. I determined to put myself in the hands of the Lord, and if He wished that large congregation converted, He must do it through me. Meeting was opened at 10 a.m., and Brother Platt, president of the branch, and I occupied the forenoon.

Our hearers were seven Saints, three strangers and one apostate. In the afternoon I occupied most of the time; we had present the same number of Saints, with three apostates and one stranger. So much for the ample hall and liberal advertisement.

In June, 1873, I was released to return home. I sailed from Liverpool in charge of three hundred and fifty Saints, on the tenth of July. As land faded from sight, many thoughts passed through my mind. I had been on English soil a little more than two years, had formed the acquaintance of hundreds of Saints, and many strangers of almost all classes, had preached and borne testimony before Saints and sinners, had met and conversed with those who knew not God, had seen many relatives for the first time, had traveled on foot a little more than six thousand miles; and the following questions arose: Have I done any good? Have any believed my report? Have I been the cause of any stumbling in the path of life? Shall I ever set foot on those shores again? The future only could tell, and that was silent.

The trip by sea, excepting one stormy day, was very agreeable. Apostle Erastus Snow crossed the ocean with us, and the time was spent in holding meetings, concerts, etc.

I reached home on the second of August, after an absence of two years and three months; having visited the principal cities of England, Scotland and Wales; had enjoyed myself exceedingly in my missionary labors, with all the consequent hardships and privations; I could recall but one season of despondency, and that was on hearing of the death of my mother and sickness of my two little children. Through the blessing of God, on my return I found my immediate family all alive and well.

I soon engaged in school teaching in Ogden City—moved my family there and remained one year, then returned to Brigham City, where I followed the same profession for several consecutive years.

In the autumn of 1876 I was chosen to preside over the the Mutual Improvement Association of Brigham City, and afterwards, when the city was divided into four wards, I was appointed over the Second Ward, which position I occupy at present (1884).

When Box Elder Stake of Zion was re-organized in 1877 I was chosen First Counselor to Oliver G. Snow, President of the Stake.

My family now numbers ten. In obedience to the law of celestial marriage, I entered into the marriage relation with Sarah Hadley, who is now the mother of two children.

Elijah A. Box.

# CHAPTER LI.

George Dunford.—When in his teens wants to earn living.—Decides on going to sea.—Leaves home without a shilling.—Applies to the Admiral of the British Navy.—Sent to Rio Janeiro.—Officiates as steward for the officers.—The brig Curlew ordered to England.—How he saved his means.—Returns home with plenty of money.—Meets with an Elder.—Convinced

of the truth of the Gospel, and is baptized.—Ordained Elder, presides over two branches.—Emigrates to America.—Presides over the St. Louis branch.—In mercantile business.—Goes to California, St. Louis, and settles in Salt Lake City.—Appointed Bishop of Malad Valley, including six settlements.—After nearly three years, is released.—Expression of fatherly feeling.

I was born at Holbrook House, near Trowbridge, Wiltshire, England. I lived there with my parents, and attended school and Sabbath school until the death of my mother. I was then in my fifteenth year; and my father having a large family to support, I determined to make my own living, and decided to try the fortunes of a life at sea. For this purpose, without a shilling in my pocket, and only one change of underclothing, I left my father's home, went to Portsmouth, and at the dock-yard applied to the admiral of the British navy, soliciting a position. He sent me on board the one-hundred and ten-gun man-of-war, the Queen, and from there I was ordered on board the steamship Ardent, and sent to Rio Janerio, South America.

After arriving at Rio Janerio, I was appointed steward for the officers on board the ten-gun brig Curlew. I remained on the Curlew until she was ordered to England, and there, with the balance of the crew, was discharged from the navy in February, 1844, and returned to my father's house.

While in the navy, I was very prudent and saving of my earnings—determined to accumulate sufficient means to make a respectable start in life after closing my services on the sea. To accomplish this end, I availed myself of every

laudable favorable circumstance; as, for instance, each one of the crew was allowed a certain quantity of liquor per day, or the price of it in cash. I never drank liquor, and at the time of my discharge my liquor rations had amounted to a handsome sum, which, added to what I had saved of my labor wages, to a poor boy was quite a fortune. Although prudent, I was not penurious; I came home well dressed, with my pockets well freighted with the "needful," ready to make my mark among the respectables.

In April, 1844, I married Sarah Jones, and considered myself settled for life; but in the course of the next year I happened to meet with Elder John Halliday, of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and soon became deeply impressed with the truth of the fulness of the Gospel, as revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith. Then, O what a struggle! Then a warfare between feeling and judgment, flesh and spirit, the love of the world and the favor of God, and I must make my choice.

I had been attending meetings for worship in a beautiful little church, the favorite resort of my dear mother in her life time, and could I forsake it? "He that loveth father or mother, wife or children, more than me, is not worthy of me." "If any man will come after me, let him take up his cross daily and follow me." These words of Jesus spoke with power to my understanding; and although the "Pearl of great price" might cost me all I possessed, I determined to make the purchase: and early in 1846 I was baptized and joined the Church under the presidency of Elder Halliday, in my native town.

In those early times I took great interest in Church matters, and devoted much of my time in that direction—was soon ordained to the office of Priest, and soon after, under the hands of President J. Halliday, was ordained an Elder and called and set apart to preside over the branch, composed

of one hundred members, in my native town, which position I held for several years, and in course of time was called to preside over the Stepe-Ashton branch of the Church.

In 1850, I emigrated with my family to America, via New Orleans, and not having means sufficient to accomplish the through journey, we stopped in St. Louis. Soon after arrival, I obtained a situation as clerk in a mercantile house —was appointed to preside over the St. Louis branch of the Church. In 1854, I brought a stock of goods to the Valley, and having disposed of them in Salt Lake City, I went to California, and opened a business in Sacramento. While my wife attended the store I was employed on a steamer on the Sacramento River, also worked some time in the mines. Finally, I resolved to return to St. Louis, and did so by way of Panama and New Orleans.

Again in St. Louis, I embarked in mercantile business— first opened one store on Broadway, then a second, and third, and at length an exclusive wholesale house on Main Street; all of which I carried on at the same time; and in 1866 closed up all of my business affairs, and moved with my family to Salt Lake City, where I have continued business in the mercantile line in different locations in the city, having remained eight consecutive years in my present stand.

George Dunford.

At a conference in Brigham City about the twentieth of August, 1877, Elder Dunford was nominated by President Brigham Young, and sustained by unanimous vote of the congregation, as presiding Bishop of Malad Valley. He cheerfully accepted the appointment, although well aware its fulfilment would subject him to great pecuniary sacrifice, he being engaged in mercantile business, the

management of which he must leave to others.

Early in September he went to his new field of labor in company with my brother Lorenzo, by whom he was set apart for the arduous and responsible duties of the position assigned him in Malad City, in which place he established his office for Church business.

The ward over which Brother Dunford was called to preside consisted of Malad City, Cherry Creek settlement, two miles distant, St. Johns, two miles in another direction, Samaria, eight miles, Rush Valley, twelve, and Oneida, twenty-four miles distant; which subjected him to a great amount of travel in visiting and counseling with the people.

Previous to this time, a spirit closely bordering on apostasy had crept into the hearts of some in Malad City, the headquarters of his mission, and two parties with opposite aims and feelings being connected in their financial interests, added greatly to the labors and difficulties of the newly installed Bishop. All of their co-operative organizations included individuals of these two unharmonizing classes of investors. Bishop Dunford very soon was forced to realize that the situation was a grave one, and required more than human wisdom, and all the saintly patience, forbearance and stability of purpose attainable through humility, faith and prayer. His sympathies were invested in behalf of the Godfearing portion of the people, with a determination to do justice to all, and he devoted himself to the work unto which he was called, at the expense of all personal worldly interest, and with little or no consideration of personal comfort.

While laboring to unite the people, and improve the condition of things in Malad City, he did not neglect the Saints in other portions of the ward, either in their

temporal or spiritual interests, and when pointing out local improvements for their advantage, it was a noticeable feature in his practice to say, "Come, boys," and not "Go, boys," which was proven by instances when he set the example which led to material improvements, by voluntarily leading out in manual labors. To this the writer was an eye-witness, having, during the time referred to, visited most of the locations over which he presided. In fact, his heart was drawn to them with love and affection for the people, and when, in consequence of exposure, fatigue and much travel, after nearly three years' service, he was seized with an affection of the lungs, with which he was so much disabled that it was considered wisdom for him to resign, which he did with great reluctance, after receiving counsel to that effect. He felt the counsel to be correct; but to leave those in whose interest he had so deeply enlisted the warm sympathies of his nature, was like a father withdrawing from his children. He says: President Snow, in counseling with me on the subject, felt that I had honorably accomplished my mission in that country; and in accordance with his suggestion, with great reluctance, I resigned. I say truly with great reluctance, because I had learned to love a great many of them, and I gave my heart to the Lord for the well being of His people in that country.

# CHAPTER LII.

From the *Deseret News*.—A re-union.—A dinner.—Speeches.—Songs.—Expressions of love and union.—Judge Burt reads a lengthy presentation address.—The editor comments.—The address.—

Presents gold watch and chain to Lorenzo.—A testimonial of love, respect and confidence.

The following expressions of love and confidence from those who had struggled together against the long established customs of the age in working up and carrying into effect a system productive of individual and general good, are worthy of being engraven in letters of gold. In commemoration of the inflexibility of the bond of union in which those men were associated, and the esteem in which they held their file leader, we copy from the *Deseret News*, as follows:

Brigham City, January 3, 1881.

*Editor Deseret News*:

On the last day of the old year, 1880, the "Council of the United Order" of this Stake, about sixty in number, had a grand re-union in the Social Hall, where they met and were seated around one large table, spread with an abundance of earth's productions in good style.

Having partaken of a first class lunch, the time for several hours was spent by the brethren in making brief speeches, toasting, singing and relating remarkable incidents. A very warm feeling of friendship and brotherhood was manifest, and will long be remembered.

Judge John D. Burt, at the beginning of these exercises, read a lengthy address, in behalf of the assembly, to Apostle Lorenzo Snow, setting forth in emphatic language the firmness, faithfulness, love and indomitable energy of the Apostle in his long years of labor in the good cause, at home and abroad, his tribulations and victories.

As a fitting testimonial of the love and esteem in which he is held by the brethren, the judge presented him a gold watch and chain, which had been purchased at Mr. Asmussen's establishment, in Salt Lake City, for $245 (two hundred and forty-five), and was a gift from a number of the brethren; after which Brother Snow arose, and, with feelings of emotion, thanked his brethren for this token of esteem, which came to him by surprise, and said he valued the respect and good feelings of the brethren above all earthly considerations. The scene was impressive by reason of the spirit that was present.

A. Christensen.

The following presentation address, by Judge Burt, will show that this interesting community still retained its vitality and enthusiasm, also the high regard and appreciative respect in which Lorenzo is still held as a "social reformer:"

Presentation Address.

*Beloved President Lorenzo Snow*:

We have met here this evening in a social capacity, as friends and brethren in the cause of truth, to while away a few hours in social communion together, and to congratulate each other for the peace surrounding us in our mountain home, and for the rich and abundant blessings of a kind, indulgent and beneficent Creator, which have so eminently crowned our efforts during the past year, and for the favorable and glorious prospects foreshadowing us in the future.

When we contemplate the scenes of poverty, sorrow, persecution, suffering and death heaped upon the Saints by their Christian (?) friends of this generation, and contrast

the present with the past, our hearts swell with deep emotion, thanksgiving and gratitude beyond expression to the Giver of all good for the many and peculiar favors so graciously bestowed upon us since we have resided in these valleys.

And while we are ever ready and always willing to acknowledge the hand of our God and render unto Him our sincere thanks for all the blessings we enjoy, we also recognize the fact that a meed of praise and much honor is due to His servants, the Apostles, who, through their indomitable energy, untiring zeal, and earnest devotion to the cause of truth, have been the favored instruments in the hands of God to bring about and make possible these happy results.

Beloved President: As one of these honored ones, you have occupied a very prominent position. You have traversed sea and land "without purse or scrip" to proclaim glad tidings to an erring and fallen world, and for nearly half a century you have labored incessantly, at home and abroad, in the interest and common cause of humanity, and in the prosecution of this labor you have been required and have cheerfully made many sacrifices for the Gospel's sake.

You have also been a pioneer, and to-day stand in the front rank of co-operative enterprises in this Territory, devoting your time, talent and means for the good of the people; thus seeking to elevate the poor, and bring about an equality and union among the Saints in Zion. Many and arduous have been your labors in this direction, and, although the adversary has been permitted, from time to time, to make invasions, to commit depredations, impose and levy special, grievous and unjust and unconstitutional burdens upon you, thus aiming to undermine and strike with paralysis and death the noble enterprise you have so zealously and industriously erected and fostered in the

midst of your brethren here in this city; you have never faltered, but with sterling fidelity, unflinching purpose and unshaken confidence you have faced the frowning billows of adversity, and the howling tempest of anti-Christian hate, and, in divine strength and with heroic fortitude, and Godlike determination, you have met and withstood the shock, weathered and outridden the storm, and in an eminent degree have been successful in the achievement of the grand object in view—the union and consolidation of the interests, efforts and feelings of those whom God has entrusted to your care.

Now, in consideration of the many and valuable services you have rendered this community, and for the frequent acts of courtesy and kindness bestowed upon us as individuals, permit us, beloved brother, as a humble testimonial of our regard, to present you this watch and chain, which we trust you will condescend to accept as the grateful and voluntary offering of a few of your friends, who have clustered around you on this occasion, desiring to manifest their approbation, and to recognize your past services in their behalf.

Earnestly hoping that your life may be spared, and that you may be permitted to wear this slight token of our esteem for many years yet to come, we will still continue to invoke the blessings of the Just One to rest upon you and yours forever and ever.

# CHAPTER LIII.

Chester Loveland a modern Ajax.
—Drives the Sheriff and his posse.
—Holds a mobocratic jury.—

Brings them to terms.—Captain in "Nauvoo Legion."—Comes to Utah.—Goes to Carson.—A scene of suffering.—Commissioned Probate Judge.—Is left to preside. —Mission to the States.—John A. McAllister called on mission to Europe.—Interesting time on the steamer.—Why the "Mormons" were driven from Nauvoo.—Is sent to the Orkney Islands.—Stops at his uncle's in Glasgow.—Missionary labors.—In Dundee and Newcastle-on-Tyne.—Visits London.—Returns home.—Is elected County Recorder.

Chester Loveland, one of Lorenzo's sons-in-law, who was baptized in Kirtland, June 27th, 1837, has had several hair-breadth escapes in defense of his brethren, in the most turbulent scenes through which the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has struggled. In one instance a leaden ball, designed to take his life, in passing his head came so close as to graze the side of his face, scorching it sufficiently to cause the skin to peel off.

A stranger to fear, he never shunned positions of danger where duty called or danger to his brethren prompted. In his physical development evidently formed for a champion —tall, robust, he might well pass for a modern Ajax in strength and agility.

The apostates, aided by our most bitter Gentile enemies abroad, established a press in Nauvoo, and commenced the issue of a periodical entitled *The Expositor*, in which appeared the most flagrant, scurrilous, libelous articles against the leading authorities of the Church. The mayor,

in connection with the city council, declared it a nuisance, and by their order it was demolished; after this, the deputy sheriff called on our hero to assist in arresting the mayor, Joseph Smith, and the city council, and he positively refused. The next day the sheriff came with a posse and demanded his assistance, saying he had orders from the governor of the State. Mr. Loveland understood the trick; he knew there was no possible means by which orders from the governor could have been obtained, as he was far distant, and at that time communication by telegraph was out of the question. The sheriff insisted, and the more he did so the more Mr. Loveland's anger was aroused, till, grasping his arms, he rushed single handed towards the mounted posse, when with the fear of treacherous cowardice, riders and horses decamped with hurried pace.

He entered into plural marriage in January 21, 1846, having a second wife sealed to him at that time in the Nauvoo Temple.

A serious, and, at the same time, rather ludicrous incident, in which Brother Loveland was connected, which transpired in Nauvoo, is worthy of record as a specimen of mobocratic times with the Latter-day Saints, as related by himself.

He says: I was on the jury when some of our brethren who had been falsely accused were brought to trial before eleven mobocratic jurors, and I held that jury thirty-six hours, until they were nearly starved. Two bills were before us—one "guilty," the other "not guilty." The eleven signed the "guilty" verdict, and insisted that I should follow suit. I said: "No, gentlemen, before I will sign that paper, I will die here on this floor, and the red ants may pack me out through that keyhole." The result was, every man signed the verdict of "not guilty," and the innocent went free. He was appointed captain of the "Nauvoo

Legion" in its first organization in Nauvoo.

He arrived in Salt Lake City in September, 1850. In 1853-4, was appointed lieutenant-colonel by President B. Young, then governor of Utah Territory, with instructions to organize a regiment in the northern part of the Territory, and was subsequently commissioned colonel by one of the Gentile governors of Utah.

At the spring conference in 1855, Colonel Loveland was called to go to Carson Valley (which at that time was a portion of Utah) and assist Apostle Orson Hyde in settling a colony. After their arrival in Carson, he, with six other brethren, went to Walker's River in search of a good location, and when there another point, thirty miles distant, was highly recommended as being exceedingly favorable for a large settlement. Prompt to the suggestion, they went, but to their great disappointment, found they had been imposed upon, and instead of anything favorable, only a salt marsh, without a drop of fresh water, surrounded them.

They had traveled thirty miles without water for either man or beast, and now to take their back track and return to the river was their only alternative. They started, but were overcome with thirst long before they reached their destination. So intense were their sufferings that every man's tongue was swollen out of his mouth, and some of their tongues blistered. Their horses, through extreme exhaustion, refused to carry them; whenever mounted they would lie down, and the men in their suffering condition must either walk or die by the way.

Providentially, some Indians, well acquainted with the country, who saw them going from the fresh water, and suspecting the result, met them about five miles out, with about six gallons of water for their relief. Never was a humane act better timed, nor more gratefully appreciated.

The six gallons were distributed among the famished men, barely sufficing till they reached camp, but enabling them to do so. As a grateful expression to those poor red men of the forest for the relief extended, the brethren clothed them in new suits from head to foot.

When Elder Hyde returned to Salt Lake, he left Colonel Loveland in charge of the mission, and while there he received from Brigham Young, then governor of Utah, a commission as probate judge. After his return from Carson, when that settlement was discontinued, he performed a mission to the Eastern States.

John A. McAllister, son-in-law of Brother Lorenzo, was born in England, and when quite young came to America with his parents, who left their native country for the Gospel's sake. His father being by trade a saddle and harness maker, John learned and followed the same occupation—married Clarissa Snow, a lovely girl, and settled in Logan, Cache County.

In May, 1880, he was called, and early in June started on a mission to Europe, after having been blessed and set apart by Apostle Lorenzo Snow.

Having come to Utah when very young, everything in the world abroad was new to him, and when he arrived in Chicago sight-seeing was to him intensely interesting; after spending a few days in gratifying his curiosity, he proceeded to New York, viewed some of the sights, and on the 22d inst. took steamer and started for Liverpool in gay spirits, filled with enthusiasm and admiration of the grandeur of the mighty ocean as it spread out before and around him, unconscious of what was awaiting him.

With a sound appetite he partook of a hearty supper; went to bed, but when he awoke, none but those who have

experienced seasickness need attempt to describe the change. To repeat his own words: "I felt as the Irishman said, that I was 'not myself at all.' I had lost my appetite, the spirit of excitement was gone, and I felt queer." In all probability he felt much as Captain Morgan told me when I was crossing the ocean on the Minnesota, that seasick passengers, for a day or two, felt afraid they would die, then, after that, they felt afraid they would not die.

After our missionary recovered from seasickness, as per journal, he says: About this time it began to be noised around that there were "Mormons" on board. I was engaged in playing checkers with an old gentleman from Yorkshire, England, one of the radicals on the subject of "Mormonism," and he so expressed himself as we were playing for the amusement of scores of bystanders who were watching our movements. I made no reply to his rabid expressions, but paid strict attention to our game, in which I beat him several times in succession, which rather chagrined him, and I concluded to quit. I then arose and gently patting him on the shoulder, said, "My friend, when you get home to England, you may tell your people that you were badly beaten at checkers by a young 'Mormon,'" which created surprise, especially on the part of my checker-playing friend, who exclaimed, "What, sir! are you one of those 'Mormons?'" Then the gathered crowd began to ask questions, some in the spirit of ridicule, others for information.

Among the rest was a little old man, who began to boast that when a young man he was one of those who fired the first guns that drove the "Mormons" from Nauvoo. I cannot describe my feelings at this juncture. He said the "Mormons" fought bravely with their old wooden cannon, etc. I then asked why he and others committed such crimes —murdering men, women and children in cold blood. He replied, "Well, the people said that the 'Mormons' stole

their cattle and horses." I asked him if he ever knew of any of those crimes having been proven against them. He said, "No, can't say that ever I did; but the real fact of the matter was, those 'Mormons' all voted the Democratic ticket, and if we had let them alone they would have carried the State." Our controversy lasted about an hour, when the bell rang for lunch.

The journal continues: After landing in Liverpool, I went directly to the *Millennial Star* office, where I was kindly received by President Budge, who appointed me to the Orkney Islands, Scotland, with permission to spend a few weeks in Glasgow, where I arrived on the sixth of July; went to the residence of my uncle, which gave him and his family a surprise, as they had no intimation of my coming. While I remained here in company with the president, Brother D. C. Dunbar, I visited most of the Saints in the Glasgow Conference, and obtained many items of interest pertaining to missionary labors, which proved very beneficial to me.

On the twenty-seventh of August, on my way to the islands, when I arrived at Perth, all was bustle and excitement; Her Majesty Queen Victoria and suite having arrived, *en route* to Balmoral Castle, a large crowd was awaiting anxiously to see them, and prompted by the same feeling, I located myself in a convenient place, where I remained about a half hour, although encumbered with a large valise in each hand, an overcoat and umbrella under my arms, when I had the gratification of beholding a live queen, a prince and princess, which of course was something to a young American.

After stopping over night at Inverness, I proceeded by train to Thurso, situated on the shore of the North Sea, three hundred and sixty miles from Glasgow; here I met Brother J. Finlayson, with whom I was to travel—found but one

family of Saints, who, although poor, were very kind. We sailed from Scranton among the islands until we reached the Island of Pomona, and landed at the town of Kirkwell. Here we found the people superstitious and priest-ridden. So far as we could learn, our Elders had visited there but once, and that long ago, and then without success.

We engaged a room in a boarding-house, commenced distributing tracts, and all the stale stories about "Mormonism" were soon going the rounds; but we disabused the minds of the people of the malicious tales wherever we could gain access. After much solicitation and paying ten shillings, we succeeded in engaging a hall, and had an attendance of about two hundred and fifty persons, probably some of them prompted by curiosity, but we attributed our success in gaining an audience to our earnest prayers to our heavenly Father, so anxious were we to bear our testimonies of the Gospel, and I can truly say that never, either before or since, have I felt so great outpouring of the Holy Spirit as on this occasion, but this proved to be our only chance; so great was the opposition that a place for meeting could not be obtained for love or money. So much for the journal.

The most that could be accomplished in the way of missionary labors was in distributing tracts; for this purpose Elder McAllister managed to get a quantity published, and as he went from place to place, from island to island, where he could do no more in consequence of prejudice and bigotry, he scattered those printed testimonials. By permission he spent Christmas and New Year in Glasgow, attending conference, visiting the Saints, and assisting in baptisms and confirmations of new members. Labored in Dundee, and on the 1st of March received appointment to Newcastle-on-Tyne. Here he labored with much satisfaction, baptized several, and in visiting the scenes of boyhood in this his native place, he

says: After the novelty had passed, although my father was in prosperous circumstances when he left for America and a home with the Saints of God, if ever I felt thankful to my heavenly Father for our deliverance from Babylon, I was ten times more so then, as I saw the wickedness, corruption and the temptations to which I should have been exposed by remaining in that country.

During his absence he visited London, where he spent several days pleasantly and profitably, and was released to return home with the company of Saints which embarked for New York on the 17th of May, 1882, and on his arrival home rejoiced to find his family in life and health; and yet he pronounces his mission abroad the most important period of his life.

On his return he resumed his former quiet occupation, and at the last general August election received the appointment of county recorder, and is now officiating in that capacity.

# CHAPTER LIV.

Discourse by Apostle Lorenzo Snow at the General Conference, Salt Lake City, April 7, 1882, Reported by George F. Gibbs.—Reference to Moses and ancient Israel.—Distrusting results the effect of ignorance.—Latter-day Saints have more faith.—No such thing as standing still.—Move on, trusting in God, the watchword.—Persecutions of the Latter-day

Saints.—Move on and work on.—If we do our part, God will do His.—How the Lord overruled in our coming to the mountains.—Plural marriage.—Good resulting from the Edmunds bill.—The great worth of the Gospel.—Move on, move on.

The speaker read from the ninth to the fifteenth verses, inclusive, of the fourteenth chapter of Exodus, and then said: A very important lesson is contained in those verses, applicable not only to this community as a whole, but to every individual. At the time referred to, the children of Israel were but little acquainted with the Lord—His ability to carry out His purposes—not having had the opportunity for spiritual enlightenment as the Latter-day Saints. They had witnessed some miracles wrought in their partial deliverance, but their hearts were not affected, nor their understandings enlightened by the intelligence of the Holy Spirit as has been the case with the Latter-day Saints; therefore, when they approached the Red Sea, which to every human appearance was impassable, and saw the armies of the Egyptians pressing closely upon their rear, their hearts failed them.

The Latter-day Saints have been placed in circumstances very similar, where it was necessary to rely on their knowledge of God and their faith in His promises. It is not strange that the Israelites on that occasion, considering the little knowledge they possessed, should have been alarmed and manifested such folly and ignorance as they did in expressing to Moses their doubts of the propriety of persisting in his efforts to deliver them from Egyptian tyranny, notwithstanding they had been treated with such great rigor and barbarity. They had so little faith in the word of the Lord, through Moses, they were willing to

return and remain slaves rather than continue under the direction of the Almighty. They wished to know if there were not sufficient graves in Egypt that it became necessary to be destroyed in the wilderness by the army of Pharaoh, and chided Moses for the course he had pursued. I scarcely imagine the Latter-day Saints, in any period of their history, have displayed such lack of faith and cowardice; however trying their circumstances may have been, they have never been guilty of such weakness and foolish conduct. When the mob arose against us in Missouri, we were but few, and our circumstances so forbidding, it was impossible to expect deliverance except through the intervention of the God of Israel. It is true there may have been some Saints at that time who faltered under the peculiarly trying situation, but they were few.

The Latter-day Saints had received the Gospel, accompanied by the Holy Spirit; therefore they had confidence, and could exercise the gift of faith and entertain pleasing hopes in the confident expectation of their ultimate deliverance. They did not exhibit that weakness and folly which were manifested by the children of Israel on the occasion to which I referred. There were a few, however, who wished to escape the ordeal and return to Babylon.

In reading ecclesiastical history, we discover that Prophets exhibited more or less weakness and want of faith in times of peril; and I have thought Moses, perhaps, manifested a little on this occasion. He beheld the difficulties, and, although he had more faith and knowledge than the people whom he was leading, yet there seemed to be a fault in the course he advised on this particular occasion. With the Red Sea in front, and the hosts of Pharaoh threatening in the rear, the state of affairs certainly wore a fearful aspect; and while the people were bewailing their condition, Moses gave instructions, saying, "*Fear ye not*"—that so far was

good, and should apply to the Latter-day Saints, and indeed always will be applicable in whatever position we may be placed; but the remainder of the counsel I would think hardly consistent, and certainly would not be applicable to us in any situation or under any circumstances, namely, "*Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord*." It appears that Moses began to cry unto the Lord for deliverance, and the Lord answered him, saying, "Wherefore cryest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they *go forward*." It was not proper to stand still. We are required always to move on—never stand still: while there remains one step forward that can be taken, that step should be taken.

In this example before us, it was not good for Israel to stand still waiting for the Lord; they had not exhausted their own abilities; there was still room to move on in the direction God, through Moses, had appointed, and neither were they, nor are we, justified in ceasing to press onward in the path of our duty while we possess the ability. Never stand still, never suspend our efforts, however insurmountable may seem the obstacle ahead, however fierce and threatening the enemy.

When driven from Jackson County, from Kirtland, from Missouri and Illinois, by mob violence, the Kingdom was still moving on—the purposes of God being accomplished, and the work of the Lord undergoing changes necessary to its growth and progress, and the trials and afflictions incident thereto were required for proving the Saints and advancing them in the knowledge of God. I would say, let this motto be that of every Elder in Israel, and of every person worthy to be called Saint, *Fear not—never stand still—move on*. Let the farmer go forward making improvements—plow, sow and reap; let those engaged in proper and useful enterprises continue their operations, and every man be faithful and very diligent in observing his

covenants and keeping the commandments of God, and in cultivating a desire to do all the good possible; and if, in reflecting on the past, we discover we have not acted strictly in accordance with the dictates of our consciences, let us make ourselves right before God and man that we may be fully prepared for every emergency.

Let the building of Temples and houses of worship and education go on; let the Saints continue to school their children, bringing them up in the fear of the Lord; and let the Gospel still be carried to the nations afar, Israel be gathered, and the people be found always moving on as the purposes of God continue to roll forth.

Do not stand still looking for the salvation of God, but move ahead while there remains a step to be made in the direction which He has commanded; then shall we see the salvation of the Almighty. This is truly the work of God; He is directing its course and progress, and to promote its interests should ever be uppermost in our minds, that we may exhibit to the world our faith and confidence, and our devotion to the divine principles we have embraced. And because of this exhibition of our faith, confidence and integrity during our past trials and afflictions, God helped us in a marvelous manner to go through the fiery ordeals which indeed appeared to the world unbearable, though to us were not so grevious; the Spirit of God was with us, even the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. Our experience at those times was like that of the three Hebrew children when cast into the fiery furnace, the angel of God appeared and walked with them, side by side, to and fro, in the midst of fiery flames; and when Daniel was cast into the den of lions, God sent him a comforter in the person of an holy angel. Those men, instead of faltering in the path of duty, and waiting for the Lord to deliver them, moved on, and were irrepressible in their course. They possessed the knowledge of God through the Holy Ghost, which also

imparted unto them a divine confidence and faith, enabling them to persevere. They knew that in Him, whom they were worshiping and obeying, were the issues of life and death; that to die in Him, is to live—live eternally—go on, though it lead through martyrdom to the realms of glory and immortality. This principle of faith and fidelity was exhibited by the Latter-day Saints when forced, at the point of the bayonet, to sign over their property to the mob in Missouri, and advised to disperse, scatter, and not venture to gather together, but live as other people.

We ignored that counsel, fled to Illinois, built the city of Nauvoo, and secured a charter from the legislature, embracing more favorable provisions than those of any other city in the State. We did not stand still, but with divine faith and hope, kept pressing forward, the Lord doing as He promised, namely, softening the hearts of rulers and impressing them to favor Zion.

I am not of the mind of some, that good cannot come out (Nazareth) Washington. We occasionally speak rather harshly of some politicians of our country, and, no doubt, deservedly; notwithstanding their illiberal and unjust measures, I believe they can do us good, especially if the Lord operates upon their minds as He has in the past and will do in the future, in granting us favors that many little imagine.

The circumstances which led us to these mountain vales are well known, and need not be related. After having submitted to the necessary chastisement, through failing to give heed to the counsels of the Priesthood, the Lord moved upon our national government to accord us favors and privileges. They granted what is called the "Organic Act," a bill of rights as good, perhaps, as could have been expected. Furthermore, what was rather surprising, they appointed our Prophet, Brigham Young, Governor of our

new Territory. Who would have thought it? Had any man dared to predict such an extraordinary change of tactics at the time we were driven by a merciless mob, legalized by the executive of Missouri, he would have been pronounced, to say the least, an enthusiast. And besides, they selected one of our Elders, and made him United States Judge, and another prominent Elder, Secretary of the Territory. Now, who did this? Our dear "Uncle Sam."

Well, now, I do not propose to speak much against "Our Uncle," for as we see, occasionally, he has taken a notion to act the part of a pretty fair uncle. We perceive, in all this, the hand of God working out these changes; and for one, I am willing to admit that good can be brought out of (Nazareth) Washington. We certainly can afford to suffer a little when we discern, now and then, some kindness and humanity exercised in our behalf by the authorities of the nation.

In former generations, the Lord sometimes inspired heathen kings to favor His people, and He is the same God now as then, and He will do in the future as in the past, inspire our rulers to favor Zion, notwithstanding the means now employed to deprive us of our political and religious rights.

We talk about the Edmunds bill; what that law will accomplish, I do not pretend to say, neither do I imagine that its framers and abettors know exactly how far it will affect the Latter-day Saints. One thing, however, I have noticed, that congressmen differ widely in their ideas with regard to certain of its provisions, and that being the case, perhaps it would be policy to wait and watch. But there is one singular feature in it relating to plural marriage. In regard to that doctrine, allow me first to say I have a knowledge of it as a principle, revealed from God, belonging to the religion we have espoused. I was

personally acquainted with Joseph Smith, the Prophet, during twelve or fourteen years, by whom I was first taught this doctrine, and knew him to be a man of truth and honor. But then, I am not dependent on his word for my knowledge of plural marriage; the Lord gave me a divine testimony confirming His teachings, which no man can give nor take away.

And now, as there is more or less good to be found everywhere, the Edmunds law, also, is not without its advantages; therefore, let us accept the good and be grateful. There is a provision in that extraordinary statute which legalizes the issue of our plural marriages up to the first day of January, 1883. Now, who could have expected so much good to come out of Nazareth? "Uncle Sam," after all, is occasionally a pretty fair uncle. [Laughter.] And, mark you, the framers of that law have been so considerate and generous as to provide, distinctly, that the children thus legalized, must be the offspring of marriages performed exactly according to the rites and ceremonies of the sect known as the Latter-day Saints. In the language of the little boy, I say "good enough." [Laughter.] Now, if any of our Gentile friends, in the past, have been indiscreet or should hereafter take mistresses (their usual custom), their offspring, of course, are not so favored. [Laughter.] We ought to be thankful for this kind legislation, and, no doubt, we are.

Really, I never anticipated the law makers of our nation would legalize our plural marriages performed in the last thirty years or more. If the Lord is able to work in this manner, through men who framed that odd and singular statute, our open and avowed enemies, what may He not do in our favor if we continue faithful in keeping our covenants. The Lord, very possibly, will permit a heavy pressure to bear upon us, such as will require great sacrifice at the hands of this people. The question should

be, Will we be prepared? This is the work of the Almighty, and the blessings we look for, which have been promised, will be given after we have passed through the ordeal and proved ourselves. I have no special word for the Saints that there is, or is not, approaching them a fiery ordeal which they must endure; the question with me is, Am I prepared to receive and put to proper use every blessing and ability the Lord bestows, and thus be ready to make such sacrifice as He may require? I will close my remarks by exhorting one and all—*move on, move on, and never stand still*.

# CHAPTER LV.

Eli H. Peirce.—Called on a mission.—Thoughtless of religion.—Taken by surprise.—Throws aside pipe and novel.—What his associates said.—What Moses Thatcher did.—Eli starts forthwith.—In New York.—To the coal regions, Pennsylvania.—Great success.—A testimonial.—Baptizes and administers to sick.—The power of God attends.—Organizes branches.—Heavenly messenger appears.—Release.—A second mission.—On the frontier.—Baptized a Sioux.—From *Deseret News*.—A third mission.—With B. Morris Young.—Meets with success.—Opposition.—Close of mission.—Happy expression.

On the fifth day of October, 1875, at the Semi-annual

Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, I was called to perform a mission to the United States.

Just why my name was suggested as a candidate for this mission, and presented at conference for approval or rejection by the people, I cannot say. My mind prior to that time had been entirely given up to temporalities. I had never read to exceed a dozen chapters of the Bible in my life, and little more than that from either the Book of Mormon or Doctrine and Covenants, and concerning Church history was entirely ignorant. Had never made but one attempt to address a public audience, large or small, and that effort was no credit to me. Had been engaged in the railroad business for a number of years, and this occupation would have deprived me of meetings and religious services even had my inclinations led in that direction, which I frankly confess they did not. I had become almost an inveterate smoker, and bought cigars by the wholesale, a thousand at a time. Was addicted to the use of language which, if not profane, was at least vulgar and reprehensible. Frequently visited saloons, but was not an habitual drinker. Was not proficient at billiards, but squandered considerable money in acquiring what little knowledge I possessed of the game; and pool frequently cost me more for drinks than my board bill came to. Though these indiscretions were common and frequent, thanks to a mother's sagacious training, they never led to grosser or more alluring ones.

Nature never endowed me with a superabundance of religious sentiment or veneration; my region of spirituality is not high, but below the average. A phrenologist once said to me: "You are too level-headed to ever make a sanctimonious church member." With this list of disqualifications, which serious reflection helped to magnify, is it surprising that I marveled and wondered if

the Church were not running short of missionary material?

One of my fellow employees was at the conference; I was not, because I did not care to be. He heard my name called, abruptly left the meeting and ran over to the telegraph office to call and tell me the startling news. This was the first intimation I had received that such a thing was contemplated. At the very moment this intelligence was being flashed over the wires, I was sitting lazily thrown back in an office rocking chair, my feet on the desk, reading a novel and simultaneously sucking an old Dutch pipe, of massive proportions, just to vary the monotony of cigar smoking.

As soon as I had been informed of what had taken place, I threw the novel in the waste basket, the pipe in a corner and started up town to buy a catechism. Have never read a novel nor smoked a pipe from that hour. Sent in my resignation the same day, to take effect at once, in order that I might have time for study and preparation.

Remarkable as it may seem, and has since appeared to me, a thought of disregarding the call, or of refusing to comply with the requirement, never once entered my mind. The question I asked myself a thousand times, and which seemed so all-important, was: "How can I accomplish this mission? How can I, who am so shamefully ignorant and untaught in doctrine, do honor to God and justice to the souls of men, and merit the trust reposed in me by the Priesthood?"

Some of my companions ridiculed me for entertaining sentimental thoughts; some mocked and derided, whilst others predicted that I would tire of working for glory before I had been out six months, and seek my level by uniting with some comedy troupe or minstrel show; but no word of encouragement from any of my associates.

The first man to congratulate me and offer words of comfort and cheer, was President Moses Thatcher; he not only strengthened me with kind words and fatherly advice, but handed me a fifty-dollar note with his blessing, wished me every success, and expressed a fervent desire for my welfare.

I was rebaptized, confirmed, set apart, ordained a Seventy and started on my mission, all within a month from the time I was called. Went direct to New York City, where I remained several days visiting places of interest. Saw the great tragedian, Edwin Booth, in his favorite character of Hamlet. Met with the Saints at Williamsburg, New York, but contrived to get out of preaching. My traveling companion arrived and we went up to the coal regions of Pennsylvania. At a meeting of the Bellevue branch, I made my maiden effort as a preacher of the Gospel. I stammeringly told the Saints that I had never received a testimony that would justify me in declaring to them a knowledge of the work of the latter days.

Elder McKean was unexpectedly called into New Jersey, and I was left alone. In December was joined by Elder David Evans, Jr., of Lehi, Utah, who became my missionary companion. Our labors were confined exclusively to the State of Pennsylvania, mostly in the counties of Luzerne, Tioga and Bradford, and our circuit extended over two hundred miles.

Through prayerfulness, humility and a persevering faith we soon obtained the coveted testimony; were greatly blessed of the Lord in freedom of speech and delivery, and we became known in that locality as "the boy evangelists."

The following from the pen of a well-to-do farmer, residing near Towanda, will convey a fair impression and serve to illustrate the liberality of feeling with which we

were generally received:

Towanda, PA., Sept. 12, 1876.

*Friend Eli*:

I feel that your presence in our midst has been a God-given thing, an oasis in the desert of our lives, and while I sincerely regret your departure from among us, I know there are broader fields for your missionary labor. I believe you to be a true messenger of God, endowed with power which, when fully developed, will seldom have been equalled in the pulpit.

Hoping that you may live long to reap a reward,

I am, your friend,

G. D. Mace.

Aunt Sally Mace was a venerable name, widely known and universally esteemed and respected. She had heard that we were in the neighborhood, and sent her son, the writer of the above, several miles, on a cold December night, to attend our meeting and bring the boy preachers home with him. We found Aunt Sally very low and suffering greatly from nervous prostration; said she could not live another night and endure the excruciating pains that had racked her body the past few days. We told her of the restoration of the primitive Gospel, with all attending gifts, blessings, etc. She believed our testimony and requested us to administer to her before retiring. We complied with her wishes, the Lord heard our prayers, and she was greatly and lastingly blessed. This called forth the following from her daughter, Mrs. S. J. Cole, an influential lady of the city of Towanda:

To Elder E. H. Peirce.

Dear Elder, your mission of love is fulfilled,
The Gospel of truth as of old we've received,
Supported by God's holy word.
You show to us miracles now in our day,
And that the believers have only to pray—
The prayers of the righteous are heard.

We thank thee, dear friend, for thy labor of love;
A savior of life to our mother you've proved,
Through gifts God our Father has given.
May the Lord whom you serve keep you ever from sin;
May I, through His mercy, be, too, gathered in,
And meet you, a brother, in heaven.

Throughout our entire mission we were greatly blessed, comforted and strengthened by "signs following." Anointings and healings were of frequent occurrence, many of which appeared miraculous even unto ourselves. Evil spirits were likewise submissive to the will of the Priesthood, when rebuked in the name of Jesus. In one locality these manifestations were so common that the faith of the people amounted almost to a superstition.

The departure of the old year chronicled our first baptism —that of three persons at Kingston, on December 31st, 1875, and the centennial year was ushered in with bright prospects soon to be realized.

At Plains, on January 1st, we baptized eight souls; five on the fifteenth, and on the sixteenth organized a branch, baptized and confirmed three additional members into the branch the same date. This baptism took place at night, and I think the coldest I ever experienced; we chose a secluded spot, under the trestle work of a railroad bridge, in a tributary of the Susquehanna. The stream was frozen over, and we were obliged to take an axe and chop the ice before we could get to the water. While we were baptizing, a party of Irishmen passed over the bridge, and, seeing us in the water, one of them called out, "Is it in schwimmin ye are? Be gorry, it's purty cold onneway." There being no reply, they passed on. We learned next day that this same party belonged to that secret organization known as the Molly Maguires, the terror of the coal fields, and were then on their way home from an Irish wake they had been attending. They subsequently boasted of what they would have done had they suspected our motive or mission.

Baptized one at Providence, three at Plymouth, five at Miners, and, April 6th, organized another branch. This is the anniversary of our birth as a Church and the ushering in of the dispensation of the fulness of times.

Up to this date we had blessed six children and held meetings regularly in Luzerne and Bradford counties, with but little molestation. Two schoolhouses had been closed against us, but in both instances friends threw open private houses, so that those who came to hear were not disappointed. A few times our services were interrupted by the unruly element, but they never succeeded in breaking up a meeting. Some mischievous boys attended one of our gatherings, bringing their pockets full of peas, which they continued to flip at us until the supply was exhausted, making targets of our noses. Some of them were pretty good marksmen, and, as a consequence, we tired of the sport long before they did, but took it all in good part

throughout. We never had a more attentive audience than assembled at the same place the following night.

In April we started north for Tioga county, preaching by the way. Visited Nauvoo, a small town founded by a few old-time Saints, and named after the beautiful city on the banks of the Mississippi. Baptized one and blessed three at Covington.

Returned to Bradford county, baptized six at Monroeton, six at Greenwood, three at Creighton and one at Franklin; blessed five children and organized the Bradford branch. Some of those baptized were confirmed at the meeting, and strangers present were moved to tears by testimonies of the newly initiated, so full were they of earnestness and the power of God.

I returned to Luzerne county; Elder Evans remained in Bradford. Baptized three at Plymouth, three at Kingston and two at Plains. Was called in to administer to the youngest child of one of the branch presidents. The mother, an apostate, seriously objected to anything of the kind in her presence, and she refused to leave the bedside of the dying child. Not wishing to intrude, we retired to an upper room to pray, and she, designing our motives, sent her little girl to spy upon us. In a secluded chamber we knelt down and prayed earnestly and fervently, until we felt that the child would live and knew that our prayers had been heard and answered. Turning round, we saw the little girl standing in the half open door gazing intently into the room, but not heeding our movements. She stood as if entranced for some seconds, her eyes fixed immovably upon a certain spot, and did not stir until her father spoke. She then said, "Papa, who was that other man in there?" He answered, "Brother Peirce." She said, "No, I mean that *other* man." He replied, "There was no other, darling, except Brother Peirce and myself; we were praying for

baby." She shook her head, and, with perfect composure, said, "Oh, yes, there was; I saw him standing between you and Mr. Peirce, and *he was all dressed in white*." This was repeated to the mother, who tried every means in her power to persuade the child that it was a mere delusion, but all to no purpose. Entreaties, bribes, threats and expostulations were alike unavailing. She knew what she had seen and nothing could shake that conviction.

The baby was speedily restored to perfect health. Made it a point to meet a second time with the Saints at Bellevue and let them know that "hope was at length merged into sweet fruition." The long sought testimony had been received and repeatedly confirmed.

Baptized three at Plains in September, and on the twenty-seventh of this month I received an honorable release from my mission for a birthday present. Did not come directly home, as I perhaps should. Went down to Philadelphia to do the centennial, where I remained two weeks. Stopped at Chicago and other places, loitering on the way, and the consequence was, when I reached Council Bluffs, Iowa, I met a re-appointment to labor, in connection with Elder James A. Little, until other Elders were sent down in the Spring.

This was a disappointment felt keenly at first, but a feeling of perfect contentment soon followed, and it was not long before I was forced to acknowledge the advantages it possessed over my former mission. In Pennsylvania I had used little else than the New Testament Scriptures, but here on the frontier, amongst apostates and in the very hotbed of Josephism, it became an absolute necessity for me to study up our Church history, modern revelation and points in doctrine.

Rode thirty-six miles one day, on horseback, to purchase

several numbers of the *Millennial Star* and the *Times and Seasons*. We held public discussions with two of the Josephite apostles, so-called.

Baptized fifteen at Council Bluffs, three at Boomer and two in Lewis township; blessed six children and organized a flourishing branch at the Bluffs. These baptisms had all to be performed under an old mill, the streams on the outside being solidly frozen over.

One of our Pottawottamie converts was a Sioux Indian woman, the first, I think, of that warlike tribe that had ever received the Gospel. Never felt the power of the adversary so strongly as at this baptism. A horse we had borrowed, perfectly kind and gentle on ordinary occasions, broke from secure fastenings and ran away three times before we succeeded in getting her into the water. She was well acquainted with Sitting Bull and other noted war chiefs of the Sioux nation; had a moderate education, self acquired, and was deeply interested in the Book of Mormon. Made her a present of mine, and she returned to her people, rejoicing in the truth and impatient to tell them something of their fore-fathers from the record which she bore.

In April, baptized several, blessed one, and received my second release. This time I did not stand upon the "order of going," but went at once.

The following extract is from the *Deseret Evening News* of April 21:

Returned Missionary.—This afternoon we were pleased to meet with Elder Eli H. Peirce, of Brigham City who returned on the seventh instant, from a mission to the Eastern States. He left Utah November 1st, 1875, and proceeded to Pennsylvania, where he labored for about ten months, in conjunction with Elder David Evans, Jr., and

where these two Elders baptized fifty-six persons, about twelve of whom had been previously connected with the Church, and organized three branches. Being released, Elder Peirce proceeded toward home in September, 1876, and had arrived at Council Bluffs, when he received another appointment to labor in conjunction with Elder James A. Little, in Iowa, where he remained until he came home. In the last named field, the labors of Elders Little and Peirce resulted in twenty-seven persons being baptized, and they organized one branch.

"Elder Peirce states that in his labors the word was confirmed by 'signs following,' the power of God being manifested in causing the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk and evil spirits to be cast out. The gifts were also, in some instances, bestowed upon persons previous to baptism, and even upon one who has not yet been baptized.

"In the labors of Elder Peirce, twenty-four children were blessed, and he attended over one hundred and seventy-five meetings, at all of which he preached. He enjoyed himself greatly in his labors, and returns in good health. He is thankful for the experience he has thus obtained in his youth, and he now knows for himself that there is power and efficacy in the Gospel."

Three days after reaching home, I was called upon a second mission, or more properly, a third; it came about in this way: At the regular April Conference, held at St. George, cousin B. Morris Young had been called on a mission to Great Britain. President B. Young, hearing of my return and the success which had attended us, changed his son's mission to the United States and appointed me to accompany him.

Morris was not prepared to start at once, so I resumed my labors on the railroad, but was not so wild and volatile as

before.

In August, 1877, we bid a tearful adieu to kindred and friends at home, and once more went forth to declare the words of life everlasting unto the inhabitants of our own land.

Remained two weeks at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and vicinity, and baptized two. We next went to Ashland, thence to Platte Bottom, Nebraska, where we held protracted meetings, baptized six, organized a branch and blessed four children. The first man baptized into this branch had never heard the sound of the Gospel until an inscrutable Providence directed our footsteps thither. He is now counselor to the Bishop of the Preston Ward, Cache Valley Stake of Zion.

No sooner had we commenced to baptize than priestcraft and the powers of darkness began to join forces against us. Three ministers, all of different persuasions, and two apostates, were imported to oppose us; all at variance to religious tenets, but united in their efforts to crush out and obliterate an unpopular faith. They advertised us thoroughly. The people turned out in such force to hear us and refute their arguments, that on two different occasions the floor sank beneath us; fortunately, however, we were near the ground and no one was hurt.

Failing to accomplish their purpose by fair means, they next resorted to foul. An appointment was out for October 17; upon going to the schoolhouse we found the following anonymous communication lying on the preacher's stand:

"Gentlemen: You are requested not to preach any more in this neighborhood; the people are opposed to it. By leaving immediately you will save trouble, as we may resort to means we do not wish to. We are strong and you are weak,

so govern yourselves accordingly.

(Signed) District No. 4."

We treated this with the silent contempt it deserved, proceeded with our meetings as though nothing unusual had taken place, and gave out another appointment. That night the author of the foregoing, who was a local preacher of the Christian or Campbellite faith, with some of his truly good and pious followers, tore the windows all out of the building and destroyed them. The day school had to be discontinued indefinitely in consequence. We returned to Council Bluffs and baptized one.

President Brigham Young died while we were in Iowa, and we suffered much persecution because of bitter feelings engendered through the publication of scurrilous articles in the local papers.

One evening, after prayers, Brother Mahood said to us: "How is it you have not prayed for President Young the last two days; I never knew you to fail before." This incident was brought vividly to our minds the following morning, when the melancholy tidings came that our beloved President had passed away.

Four Elders arrived from the October Conference, and we prepared to go East. Stopped at Nauvoo and preached there; put up at the Mansion House and slept in the same room the Prophet Joseph once occupied. We interviewed Mrs. Emma Smith Bideman and sought to draw her out. She was not at all communicative, but enough was elicited to know that she felt keenly the one false and fatal step of her life—that of leaving the Church and uniting herself, heart and hand, with an infidel, after having raised a family to one of the greatest and noblest of the creations of God.

Visited the site of the Temple. Like the Temple at Jerusalem, "not one stone is left upon another." We found them in store and dwelling foundations, and on street crossings; in walking up the principal sidewalk, we trod upon what were once corner stones in the Temple of God. Preached some through Iowa and Illinois.

Went to Carthage and through the jail wherein the martyrs died for the testimony of Jesus, and where President John Taylor so nearly lost his life. The property is now owned by Mr. Browning, a relative of the Brownings of Ogden, Utah. The building is used as a dwelling; what was then the prison room is now the parlor. A fine Brussels carpet covers the indelible stain upon the floor made by the life's blood of the Patriarch.

In the corner where once stood the humble cot, now stands a handsome piece of furniture, and the window, through which the Prophet sprang to his death, is heavily hung with rich lace curtains. The well has been filled up and the curbing removed.

Morris went direct to Philadelphia, I to Washington, where I remained two days the guest of Hon. George Q. Cannon. Visited the White House and was introduced to President Hayes. Was shown through the Capitol, the treasury building and other places of national note, and was admitted to a seat on the floor of the congressional chamber, all through the courtesy of President Cannon, Delegate to Congress.

Went to Philadelphia, where we remained a month doing much fireside preaching, but no chance for public demonstration in the "city of brotherly love." However, we anticipate a harvest from the seed thus humbly sown.

Early in January we took up our line of march for Luzerne

county. Re-organized the Plains branch, thence to Bradford county, where we held circuit meetings regularly alternate nights. We had great joy in visiting the sick and comforting the afflicted; the Lord heard our prayers and healed many.

On March 22d we were called in to the bedside of a dying friend, and requested to pray for her; not for her recovery, that she had no desire for, but that her sufferings might be alleviated, her pains removed and she be permitted to die in peace. In the midst of this petition, while all were kneeling at the deathbed, we were led to pray that the daughter, who was present, might be inspired to go forth and perform the labor necessary for her own and her mother's salvation. Agreeable to the mother's expressed desire and our humble prayer, Mrs. W. passed tranquilly away the same night; a few moments before dissolution she audibly spoke our names.

The funeral services were conducted by Minister B., Methodist; his sermonizing amounted to simply this—that as the deceased had died outside the pale of any church, notably his own, she could never be redeemed from her fallen condition; she would be banished from the society and denied the affiliation of her Christian friends for ever and ever, worlds without end. Amen. This was a little unexpected to the mourners, and they refused to be consoled and comforted. The daughter came to us and asked for an interpretation of our strange prayer. After it had been explained, she requested that we call another meeting and preach upon the subject, announcing it as another funeral sermon. We did so, dwelling upon repentance after death, the Savior's mission to the spirits in prison, and baptism for the dead, showing how broad and expansive is the Gospel of Christ when contrasted with the narrow and contracted theories of man-made religion. The house was full, and a spirit of sympathy prevailed. The

daughter believed, was baptized, and is to-day in the faith.

Baptized four in the Susquehanna River at Wysauking. Went to Philadelphia, Morris expecting a release. Baptized four Philadelphians, but had to cross the Delaware River to the New Jersey shore and wait for the tide to come in. Received a letter releasing Morris, but instructing me to remain in the field until relieved by other Elders from home.

June 19th, attended the centennial celebration at Valley Forge, the decisive battle ground of the Revolution. Saw Washington's headquarters, his breastworks and entrenchments still remaining and can be traced for miles.

Tried to hire the little church in which the Prophet Joseph used to preach, in Philadelphia, but was unsuccessful; the deacon declared it should never again be so polluted and defiled. Baptized two, one a relative; blessed two and started north. Baptized six and blessed two in Bradford county.

At my valedictory I was annoyed several times by a man who sat near the stand, but did not heed his interruptions. Finally he stood upon his feet and said he wanted it distinctly understood by all that he was a Bible believer, and knew more about the Scriptures in a minute than this young preacher did in a month. He said I had mentioned something about a devil; he defied me, or any living man, to point out one solitary instance wherein the Bible taught a personal devil.

I replied that Jesus chose twelve Apostles, "*and one of them was a devil*;" if he could convince other Bible believers in the congregation that Judas was not a person, I would admit that he knew a little something about the Bible. He abruptly took his seat, and from that time was an

attentive listener.

Received my release in July, and in August was succeeded by Elders Siddoway and VanTassel. Stopped at the Bluffs long enough to baptize one, bless one, and solemnize one marriage; reached home in September.

Though my missions cost me more than a thousand dollars, besides more than double that in wages had I remained at home, I have never, for one moment, regretted the sacrifice; the experience gained more than compensated for time, labor and means; while the knowledge acquired, of the things of God and the testimony of Jesus, I hold as invaluable. And now, after years have passed, I repeat, in words of soberness, and in all sincerity, that the happiest period of my life, as well as the most profitable, was spent in the Master's service.

Recapitulation: Baptisms, 108; ordinations, 11; children blessed, 37; branches organized, 5; branches re-organized, 1; marriages, 1; meetings held, 249; miles traveled, 9870; total cost, $1320. Eli H. Peirce.

# CHAPTER LVI.

Alphonso Snow.—Letter from President Taylor.—Called on mission.—In Tennessee.—Strange dialect.—Travels and preaches.—Organizes a Branch.—Opposition.—Ordered to leave.—A dastardly letter.—Opposition promotes good.—Professors of religion the persecutors.—What a Deacon said.—Presides over a Conference.—In Georgia.—Alphonso released.—Visits relatives.

On the 23d of February, A.D. 1881, I was somewhat surprised to receive a letter from President John Taylor, requesting me to take a mission to the Southern States. Surprised I certainly was, for my mind up to this time had not been turned to religious matters, and my maxim was, "I sought no change." But from the moment I received the appointment I was determined to fulfil my mission to the best of my ability.

I was, at that time, engaged in teaching school, and after a few weeks of preparation, I bade adieu to my kindred and friends, and soon found myself among strangers and those "who know not God." Thrown thus entirely upon my own resources, I now commenced to search the Scriptures, and the germ of the Gospel, hitherto undeveloped, sprang apparently into life.

My field of labor was in the States of Tennessee and

Kentucky, principally in the former. I found the country people far behind my expectation, both intellectually and financially. However, I entered actively into the work, and soon found much to interest me in my labors and in the people themselves. Their peculiar phraseology was often truly amusing; such expressions as "tote," "reckon," "we 'uns," "you 'uns," etc., were household words. I remember shortly after my arrival at my destination, while stopping with one of the "good families," the lady of the house sent her son-in-law, Dr. ——, to call me to dinner, when he accosted me thus: "Elder Snow, I have been requested to *carry* you to dinner"—carry being a common term for fetch. I at first thought he was jesting, but glancing up and seeing an earnest expression on his face, I replied: "Do you think you can do it?" It was now his turn to be surprised, to have an utter stranger, when politely asked to dinner, reply, "Do you think you can do it?"

During the summer of 1881, Elder B. H. Roberts, my traveling companion, and myself held as many as six and seven meetings a week, often walking from twenty to thirty miles each day in the hot, broiling sun, to fill our appointments. At first we met with little success, but later in the summer those who believed offered themselves for baptism, and we organized a branch of the Church, consisting of forty-four members. Up to this time, in the fall of 1881, we had received but little persecution, but when we commenced making converts the people became enraged, and many threats were breathed against us. Notices were posted up on trees and schoolhouses requesting us to leave the county forthwith. About this time, while left alone with the Saints, upon going to the post office for my mail, I received the following note:

Shooters' Hamlet, September 14, 1881.

*Most Infamous Scoundrel*:

You are warned to leave this county in one week; if you remain it will be at the peril of your life. We have measured the ground; go, or we will hang you like dogs.

Indignant Citizens.

No attention was paid to this threat, and the only effect it had was to increase the supply of Mr. H.'s buckshot. The author of this letter was the son of a Presbyterian minister, a portion of whose flock had been added to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I had often read of the persecutions and death of our Savior, which was brought about and accomplished by religious sects, those who professed to follow strictly the rites and ceremonies of Moses and the Prophets; this was often a mystery and a source of astonishment to me; nor could I understand, until my brief experience among the modern Pharisees, how those who professed to be so good and holy could perpetrate such horrid deeds. A deacon in one of the popular sects of the day, while visiting our host, who, by the way, was not connected with any religious society, the subject of "Mormonism" being broached, said: "Mr. H., if I could raise a mob to-day I would drive those Mormon Elders from the county or hang them to a tree." "You would," replied Mr. H., "well, I'm not a religious man, as you are; in fact I'm what you *good* people please to term a wicked man, but *I* would not commit such a bloody deed as you propose doing; and, further, I expect those Elders to my house to-night, and if you insult them, say nothing of hanging, I'll shoot you deader than h—l!" The deacon left prior to our arrival.

Upon many other occasions when meeting and school-houses were closed against us, when we were threatened to be attacked by night, and pistols were handed us for our protection, never upon one occasion, when we took time to

investigate, did we fail to trace the cause of these persecutions to a religious source. The persecution of the Elders in the Southern States is commonly of a more sanguine nature than in most other parts of the world. And though this is so, on the other hand our friends usually are as determined to protect us. Here the the Southerner sallies out against the "Mormon" Elder with hickory withes, knives and pistols. In the Northern States, for example, it is of a milder nature, as being rotten-egged, tarred and feathered, etc. Here, also, our host usually says, "If they injure you it will be over my dead body," while elsewhere the Elders' friends are often half-hearted; though even here there are exceptions to the rule, for I myself have had firearms handed me for my protection, while the family retired to a back room.

In October of 1881, I was called upon to assist President John Morgan in the correspondence of the mission. The headquarters were then at Nashville, Tennessee, and much of my time subsequently was spent in that city, especially during the absence of President Morgan, when I was expected to look after the general affairs of the mission.

In the spring of 1882, I was appointed to preside over the East Tennessee Conference. During the summer I traveled into middle Tennessee, in Hickman county, and spent a pleasant month with "Uncle" Robin Church, who embraced the truth many years ago, and upon one occasion went hunting with David Patten when he was preaching through the south.

In the fall of the same year I was called upon to accompany a party of Saints to Colorado. Accordingly, about the middle of November, I left with over one hundred emigrants, and after a tedious journey of five days, we reached Manassa, Colorado, where the Saints were settling, and were met at the depot by the people,

who received us with the hospitality proverbial of the southern people. Though the valley, the San Luis, had been but newly settled, still much headway had been made, and the people were enjoying themselves both temporally and spiritually.

I spent the remainder of the winter in Chattanooga and the northern part of the State of Georgia, looking after the general affairs of the mission, during Elder John Morgan's absence to Salt Lake.

In the spring of 1833, I was honorably released from my mission to return home at my earliest convenience. I took a trip up through the Carolinas to Philadelphia, visited Independence Hall, etc., and then up to New York. In the latter city I met a number of our Utah people, among others, Bishop John Sharp, John W. Young, and Elder James Hart. I accompanied the latter to Williamsburg, and addressed the Saints there on Sunday afternoon. From New York I took train for Auburn, Ohio, to visit my relatives. I found many of my father's cousins in good circumstances, financially, but not desiring, as a rule, to investigate the truths of the Gospel, though I was treated with marked respect and attention. After spending about three weeks with my father's relatives in Ohio and in the city of Chicago, I left for my "mountain home," not perhaps with such haste as Irving describes Ichabod Crane—that a game of marbles might be played on his coat tail, but it seemed the cars moved westward slowly indeed. I reached Salt Lake in time to attend April Conference, having been absent on my mission just two years to a day. A. H. Snow.

# CHAPTER LVII.

Introductory.—Letter from Lorenzo's son-in-law on the Sandwich Islands.—The weather.—Cane crop.—Five hundred and forty-nine baptisms.—King David Kalakauna is coming to visit the Saints.—Great preparations for his reception.—Houses decorated.—Inscriptions.—Breakfast is waiting.—The steamer comes.—The King is escorted between two files of men, women and children.—Cheers.—Introductions.—Breakfast, then to the meeting house.—Reception.—Singing choirs.—Dedication prayer by President Partridge.—The King speaks approvingly of the Saints.—Meeting adjourned.—A "big feast" prepared by the natives.—What composed of.—How the King was seated.—How he ate.—How they all, numbering one thousand, ate.—The King escorted to the steamer.—A national custom.—Splendid conference.—Number of the Saints.

As an incidental jotting of the present, and as a family historic item in connection with the preceding reports of missionary labors, we here introduce a letter which my brother has received from a son-in-law, now on his second mission to the Sandwich Islands. When sent on his first mission to the isles, he was quite young, and went as a lone boy; now he has his family, consisting of a wife (my brother's daughter), and two children with him. He was

called at the last April Conference, and started soon after its close. This is Morris Young's third mission abroad.

Laie Plantation, Oahu, Honolulu,

Hawaiian Islands, October 11th, 1883.

*President Lorenzo Snow, Brigham City, Utah*:

My Dear Father.—I take pleasure in writing you, and hope this letter will find you all well, as it leaves us. With occasional pleasant showers, the weather here is delightful. I presume you at home are all preparing for a cold winter.

Our cane crop is growing finely, a portion of which will probably be ready to take off in December, when we expect to commence grinding.

For several weeks past I have worked very hard, finishing up the painting of our new meeting house, attending many meetings in the afternoons and evenings.

Last week the brethren were very busy rebaptizing and confirming the people, numbering in all, including new members, five hundred and forty-nine. We took turns in baptizing. I baptized seventy-two—fourteen of this number were new baptisms. I baptized one woman whose weight is two hundred and sixty, and several who weigh over two hundred.

Saturday, October 6.—Hundreds of people were out early in the morning. Prior to this, we had received the announcement that the king, David Kalakauna, would honor us with his presence, and now the word is that the steamer on which he sails will land here at Laie at six a. m.

Every possible preparation had previously been made for the reception of His Majesty, and the plantation is now

dotted all over with people. The women are dressed in all colors—some in silks and satins, some in native manufactured material, and all in their very best.

I have been assisting in making and decorating a crown, to be placed over an archway, through which the king will pass. In the archway is written in large letters, "*E ola morn ka Moi*"—in English, "Forever live the King." This motto is on the Makia side of the arch, and on the Mauka side is written "*Hui hooulu Lahue*," which means "To increase the nation." The arch is beautifully decorated with ferns and flags. The large gate near the sea is also nicely decorated with ferns, leaves and shrubs.

The "Mission House" is fancifully ornamented with ferns and flowers—the posts, railings and ceiling of the porch are all draped with braided ferns, bountifully interspersed with flowers, which gives it a very beautiful appearance.

We have a fine liberty pole in the center of the grounds, on which the Hawaiian flag is floating. The new meeting house is truly grand; it is set off with three chandeliers, a large clock on the center of the gallery at the east end, and on the west, over the stand, hangs my father's likeness, elegantly draped. On the right-hand wall is written, in large letters, in the native language, "He that endureth to the end shall live;" and on the left, "He will remember the isles of the sea." The stand, the gallery, and the aisles in the body of the building, are spread with neat Chinese mats.

After this cursory glance at the meeting house, we will return to the Mission House, where we find breakfast all in readiness, waiting the arrival of the king. Nine o'clock a. m., the steamer is in sight, about twenty-five miles out—eleven a. m., steamer arrives at Laie, anchors in the harbor some forty rods from land, and at twenty minutes past eleven, the king landed in a row-boat, and was carried

from the water's edge, three or four rods, to his horse. His Majesty's party consists of three ladies and one gentleman. Whether these all belong to the royal family I do not know. The party have several servants in attendance. An escort of about fifty horsemen are at the shore to meet the king.

The following committees are at their posts, viz: Committee on reception at the beach, Elders Reed, Meldrum, Brim, Marchant, Kinimakalahua and Kaleohano; captain of the horsemen, Samuel Woolley; committee on reception at the Mission House, President Partridge, Young, Fox, Hansen, Farrell and Partridge, Jr.; committee on programme, H. A. Woolley, Gardner and Pack.

The people are now in line on either side of the road for a long distance. Sunday schools, relief societies, young men's and young ladies' mutual improvement associations, Elders, Priests, Teachers, Deacons, and the Saints generally, all out in honor of the occasion.

About twenty-five minutes past eleven a. m., the king mounted his horse, and was escorted to the Mission House amid a volley of cheers, "Hip, hip, hurrah! hip, hip, hurrah!" from the delighted multitude. Elder H. A. Woolley received His Majesty at the archway, where the king and party dismounted, and were conducted into the house, where they had introduced to them President Partridge, Mrs. Partridge, Mrs. Young, and many of the brethren. President Partridge welcomed the king to the location, etc., who seemed very pleased with the reception given him.

The party partook of the breakfast in waiting. During this time the people gathered to the new meeting house, which was densely crowded; although it accommodates about five hundred, half of the assemblage was outside the building. Breakfast over, the king and party, President

Partridge and wife, and B. M. Young and wife started for the meeting house. On entering, the congregation arose, and three choirs sang a national air of the Hawaiian Islands, entitled, "*The crowned King*." One of the choirs came from Honolulu City, one from the town of Kahana, and the other belongs to Laie. His Majesty was invited to the stand—his party occupied a position near the stand, with Sisters Partridge and Young. After singing, the king took his seat, and the congregation followed suit.

Meeting was called to order by President Partridge. Singing by the Laie choir. Prayer by Elder Gardner. Singing by the Kahana choir. After which, President Partridge made a few remarks, also read a report of donations for the new meeting house, and of cost of the building, to wit: $7,947.58. Next in order was singing by the Honolulu choir, then the dedication prayer was offered by President Partridge, when the Laie choir sang a hymn composed for the occasion; after which, the king was invited to speak to the people. His remarks were very good —he exhorted the people to continue their good works, and to carry out the teachings they receive from the Elders in our Church. Said we were the only denomination in his kingdom that kept the laws of the land, etc. Singing by the Honolulu choir. A few remarks were made by Mr. Cummings, one of the party. I think he is owner of the steamer. After singing by the Kahana choir, President Partridge stated that arrangements had been made for a big feast, prepared by the natives for the king and party, the Utah Elders and wives, and for the whole people on the island, which would be partaken of at the old meeting house, where a long bowery was erected for the accommodation of all the people. Singing. Conference was adjourned until to-morrow morning (the 7th) at ten o'clock.

Now to the "big feast"—the old meeting house is not taken by surprise, but is trimmed and tastefully fitted for the

doubly interesting occasion. On each side of the house tablecloths are spread on the floor, with plenty of ferns scattered around for the people to sit on; and on the tablecloths are spread *poi* in callow baskets, beef, pork, chicken, watermelons and bananas, on plates, but *no plates, no knives and forks, and no spoons* to eat with. We all ate as the Hawaiians do, *with our fingers*.

At the head of the tablecloths, the king had a bedspread and pillow to lounge on; his party was seated next him, on each side, then the brethren and sisters from Utah, then the natives. His Majesty and all ate *poi* and meat with their fingers. The king was very sociable and agreeable, much more so than when he was here before.

The finger process of eating was so entirely new to Meda, I thought she might feel a strong repugnance, but she said she "rather enjoyed it." There were at least one thousand who partook of the feast, but not all at the same time.

The king and party returned to the steamer at twenty minutes to four p.m. The people escorted him to the beach, and, in accordance with Hawaiian custom, he received presents from the natives, such as poi, pigs, chickens and bananas. The sea was very rough when the steamer came in and when it went out, in consequence of the heavy breakers, which are sometimes very dangerous at this harbor. The day was pleasant although windy.

Conference adjourned on the 8th. We held seven meetings —two evening meetings; the house is brilliant when it is lit up.

Over one thousand people were present; they came from all the Hawaiian Islands. We had a splendid conference. There are three thousand six hundred eighty-nine Saints, children and all. Two hundred and eighty-six have

received the Gospel since last April.

Armeda joins me in love to you and the family. Please remember us to all inquiring friends.

I remain your obedient son,

B. Morris Young.

# CHAPTER LVIII.

Expression of appreciation creditable.—Lorenzo speaks of his wives.—Their nobility.—How he made choice of them.—His earthly prospects.—How they accepted the position.—The Editor explains.—They prove superior to circumstances of trial and hardships.—Are comfortably situated.—Step forth as mothers in Israel.—Their positions.—Questions to the defamers of Latter-day Saint women.—Lorenzo's independence of character.—Where credit is due.—Wife-missions.—Success attributed to God.—Testimonials of love and respect.

The following expression of appreciation, which I am most happy to find recorded in my brother's journal, does no more credit to the recipients of the enconiums, than to the heart that prompted, and the head that indited them. The

acknowledgment of true merit is a virtue as well as a duty.

In the journal, Lorenzo, speaking of his wives, says: After years of companionship, I can truly say I have been perfectly satisfied, and have never, for one moment, felt that I had the least reason or occasion for regret. In making choice of wives—in view of continuing the relationship, not only through time, but through endless eternity, realizing my own lack of wisdom and incompetency of judging in this important matter, it has been my invariable practice to seek in humble, earnest prayer, the mind and will of God; and I acknowledge His guiding wisdom in this respect, and realize it impossible for me to feel sufficiently thankful for the good, noble-minded women He has given me, which applies to each without one exception.

Previous to marriage, I explained my position as a public servant, a minute man—one to whom was committed a dispensation of the Gospel of the Son of God; and gave them to understand definitely that so far as this world's goods were concerned, my prospects were not very flattering, and to their praise be it written, their minds were elevated, and the desires of their hearts lifted far above the gross yearnings of frail humanity after perishable objects, and they have proven themselves superior to the hardships, privations, poverty, and even perils which the Saints, in the earlier periods of the history of the Church, experienced.

Possessing, as they did, that rare gift—the gift of sound common sense, my wives all acted in concert, mutually assisting each other; and with all the inconveniences, hard work, and privations, to which, while raising our children, they have experienced through my frequent, and, at times, long absence, like the brave Altnomock, they "scorned to complain," and never have they, at any time, sought to detain me, or prevent my fulfilment of public duties; but on the other hand, have been and are co-laborers with me in

the great work of the last days. This testimony of my true and faithful wives I would fain have "engraven with an iron pen, in the rock forever," as I bear record in this my journal.

When, by the cruel hand of persecution, the wives of my brother and the Saints generally were homeless and destitute of all conveniences, and most of the comforts of domestic life, at times living in tents and wagons, in storm and sunshine—at others, in temporary houses or huts, my brother, feeling the weight of responsibility as husband and father, with all the warm sympathies of his nature aroused, had to suppress and struggle against his feelings in view of the circumstances.

It was at such times that the nobility of soul, of heart and mind, of his wives shone out, approaching almost to sublimity. In the most gloomy times, when all was toil and privation, their cheerfulness and courage, in which they arose superior to trials, were like sunbeams shining though dark, threatening clouds, and really seemed to warm the cold hand of poverty which, apparently, was extended in every direction toward the Latter-day Saints.

Through the blessings and overruling hand of God, the Saints have had a season of comparative peace and temporal prosperity, and the circumstances of my brother's wives have greatly changed, exhibiting a striking contrast to those in bygone days. Through Lorenzo's exertions, industry and economy, God has wonderfully prospered and bestowed upon him means, insomuch that his wives have within their reach not only the necessaries but conveniences and comforts of life. Instead of tents and wagons, they now live in good, well furnished houses, with plenty of food and clothing, and wherewith to entertain their friends, and instead of the hurrying, bustling scenes of other days, congenial quietude.

And now, instead of merely fulfilling their very important duties as wives and mothers of children, they step forth into the broad arena of public life and officiate in the wider sphere, and with increasing responsibilities, as mothers in Israel; thus, in connection with the faithful discharge of home duties, they are actively engaged in various organizations as presidents, counselors, secretaries, teachers, etc.; and some of them have the pleasing satisfaction, even now, of seeing their daughters following, in this direction, in their footsteps, occupying important positions. Mary Adaline, the eldest of my brother's wives, during the trying scenes through which we have passed, has been as a mother to all his family. Naturally of a cheerful disposition, all within her sphere were recipients of her motherly, comforting and encouraging influence. Now age is tracing its lines on her still cheerful face.

Harriet Amelia, after having been for some length of time president of a ward relief society, has been for several years past, and is at present, a very efficient president of the relief society of Box Elder Stake of Zion, also president of the general monthly meetings of the four branch (ward) societies of Brigham City.

Sarah Ann has, for two successive years, performed the duties of teacher in the relief society.

Eleanor has been, and now is, acting as teacher in the relief society in the Second Ward of Brigham City.

Mary Elizabeth is president of the relief society in the Second Ward, Brigham City, also Stake secretary.

Phebe Amelia, for several years Stake secretary for the relief society, in which she was efficient, has now turned her attention to promoting the interests of the primary association.

Minnie, for some time president in branch (ward) capacity, now presides over the young ladies' mutual improvement associations of Box Elder Stake of Zion; she also officiates as organist for the tabernacle choir.

Are these women "down-trodden?" Are they ignorant? Are they enslaved? Do the foregoing expressions of their husband indicate that he estimates them below his own status, as slaves to do his bidding, or as dupes to gratify his passions?

Let the defamers of Latter-day Saint women hide their faces in shame and confusion. Well may ignorance blush and persecution cower beneath the cloak of apostate Christianity; and well might the corrupt, foul-hearted and foul-mouthed calumniator of "Mormon" women retire to the depth of a lone solitude, and there bewail the day of his birth, else, *forever hold his peace*.

The staunch feeling of independence, a peculiar trait exhibited in my brother's character in early youth, has marked his career through all the vicissitudes of his active and eventful life. Although it greatly augmented the trial of his nature in going forth to preach without purse or scrip, particularly the purse, it has fortified and many times enabled him to rise superior to circumstances.

During forty-eight years he has been engaged in the work of the ministry, either at home or abroad. He has crossed the ocean eight times, and traveled over one hundred and fifty thousand miles, and withal raised and supported a large family—many of his children having become fathers and mothers of families. However, much credit is due his wives—a compliment which he fully endorses. In fact, it is a conceded point that when the husband and father is abroad and performing missionary labors, the wife or wives and mothers, with all the family cares and

responsibilities devolving upon them, have quite as much of a mission at home. Notwithstanding my brother's frequent sudden calls abroad, and at times under pecuniary embarrassments, his wives have never solicited nor received assistance from any source, nor have they ever accumulated debts for their husband to cancel on his return.

In going to his fields of labor, he has invariably borne his own expenses, even when on some occasions obliged to borrow money at a heavy and exorbitant percentage. When on his English and Italian missions, the Saints in Europe contributed liberally in furnishing means which he expended in the translation and publication of the Book of Mormon and other works; also in introducing the Gospel into different countries, but no gratuity from the Church.

In meeting the heavy expenses of the Sandwich Islands and Palestine missions, his good friends in Brigham City generously contributed.

A few years since, at a conference in Salt Lake City, in view of the constant spiritual labors of the Twelve Apostles, the Saints voted them a certain specified amount, to be drawn from the tithing funds. With the foregoing exceptions and small gifts occasionally slipped into his hand as testimonials of friendship, my brother and his family have managed to take care of themselves; but to accomplish this and gratify their commendable independent ambition, has required very careful management, and, at times, rigid frugality and strict economy, contenting themselves for years with the common necessaries and dispensing with many of the ordinary conveniences of life.

I have been prompted to bear this testimony as a rebut to the frequent untruthful charges of our opponents that the

"Mormon" Elders and their families are supported by tithing of the Saints.

That my brother and his family have been thus successful, he acknowledges the overruling hand of God; and in recounting His constant aid and the wonderful manifestations of His special favors and kindness, his heart swells with gratitude beyond the power of language to express.

"Honor To Whom Honor Is Due." Some two years after my brother's return from the Italian mission, as a grateful expression of their love and their appreciation of his efforts, devotion and faithfulness in opening up the Gospel to them, and in establishing the Church of God in that far distant nation, the Saints in Switzerland forwarded to him, as an affectionate memorial, a magnificent gold chronometer.

The rich and beautiful gift was received with corresponding feelings of love and sincere, heartfelt gratitude, and Lorenzo, for a season, took pride and pleasure in wearing it, out of respect to those who so generously presented it; and afterwards, feeling that President Brigham Young, more than any other man living, was worthy of the costly tribute, presented it to him, and he manifested his appreciation by having the presentation with the donor's name inscribed in full on the interior, and I think he carried it till the close of his life.

Some years after the above presentation, my brother being in Salt Lake City on a visit, President Young sent a note, requesting him to call at the office of the latter; he did so, and was invited by the President to accompany him to his carriage house, which was occupied by a number of carriages. By this time my brother was in quite a quandary, silently wondering "what was up," when, to his great

surprise and astonishment, President Young, pointing to a very substantial and beautiful one, said, "Brother Lorenzo, that carriage is for you; I shall send it on your return to Brigham City." The carriage was nearly new—had been purchased at the manufactory at a cost of five hundred dollars. Feeling almost bewildered with surprise, Lorenzo protested against its acceptance, but on his arrival in Brigham City, he received a message that the carriage had been shipped on the Utah Central railroad.

# CHAPTER LIX.

Start for Fort Hall Agency.—Meeting in Portage.—In Malad.—Reach the Reservation.—Meet Indians.—Pitched tent.—With two Bishops Lorenzo visits the agent.—Describes Mr. Cook.—Lorenzo asks the privilege of preaching to the Indians.—Prevarication.—An incident.—A discussion.—Mr. Cook says nothing so much needed as a farmer.—Brother Snow proposes to furnish one.—Mr. Cook will not accept.—Grows uneasy and will not have preaching.—A grave responsibility.—Mr. Cook shoulders it.—The school teacher enters and "brothers" Mr. Cook.—The brethren start for camp.—Meet Indians.—Visit school.—Little Chief, wife and daughter.

We now transcribe from Lorenzo's journal, as follows: I started for the Fort Hall reservation, June 15th, 1883, accompanied by Bishop I. E. D. Zundel, his brother, Elder Abraham Zundel, Bishop Hoskins, and Elders May and Jones, traveling with one carriage and one baggage wagon. Two intelligent Lamanite Elders joined us at our Indian colony.

We held meeting at West Portage, and three very interesting meetings on Sunday, at Malad City, Idaho. On reaching the reservation, we traveled but a short distance before we enjoyed opportunities for renewing acquaintances with our dusky brethren and sisters—all manifesting the highest pleasure at this, though unexpected visit. Several who had not been baptized expressed a willingness whenever an opportunity presented.

We told them we were now going to visit Mr. Cook, the agent, requesting the privilege of holding meetings on the reservation, to preach, also baptize those wishing to embrace the opportunity.

We pitched our tent and camped on the banks of the Portneuf, seven miles from the agency. The next morning, in company with Bishops Hoskins and Zundel, I proceeded to the agency, where we found Mr. Cook in his office. After introducing ourselves, we entered into conversation, which continued nearly three hours.

Mr. Cook is about sixty years of age, affable, intelligent and prepossessing in appearance. A variety of questions were asked and answered in reference to the management and prosperity of our Indian colony, after which the conversation turned upon general topics, carried on in a pleasant, sociable spirit. He professed acquaintance with the president and professors of Oberlin College, with whom I had formed acquaintance while there—had

traveled and done business in the vicinity of my birthplace in Ohio—was born and brought up within thirty miles of where Joseph Smith discovered the plates from which he translated the Book of Mormon. Mr. Cook said he was acquainted with the early history of the "Mormons," and had attended some of their meetings.

Having established friendly relations, I ventured to approach the subject, which, to us, was the all-absorbing proposition, viz.: Will you allow us to preach on the reservation? I remarked that I supposed the Indians possessed very crude notions of revealed religion, having little opportunity of improving themselves in this direction; though I think, said I, you had a minister living at the agency not long since, but none at present. Mr. Cook replied, "A Methodist minister came since I took charge of the agency—remained three or four days, and having observed our surroundings and the primitive state of affairs, left in disgust, not wishing to forego the pleasures of cultivated regions and civilized society for the gloomy outlook which here forced itself upon his tender and delicate nerves. But," continued Mr. Cook, "government has now changed its policy and placed the reservation in the keeping of political men, instead of professors of religion, as formerly." I replied that I had been pleased in hearing of this change of policy, being confident it would result in greater good to the Indians occupying the reservations; and that no partiality would now be allowed to one religious denomination at the expense of another, and all would enjoy equal privileges in their endeavors to reform and civilize these unfortunate people.

Mr. Cook immediately changed the drift of conversation by remarking that the farming interests on the reservation were in a deplorable condition—the wagons, harnesses, plows, harrows, reapers, mowers, etc., were not properly cared for, there being no suitable person to oversee or

instruct the Indians in these matters, especially how to farm properly, as the government was too stingy and niggardly to appropriate means for employing a farmer; in fact, he continued, there is nothing which would conduce so much to the interest of the Indians of this agency as a good, intelligent and experienced farmer.

I then said to Mr. Cook, "We will furnish you just such a man as you have described—one of large experience, and who will feel an interest in this calling, who will follow your counsel and observe your rules, subject to immediate dismissal upon neglecting to carry out your instructions. Of course, Mr. Cook, I suppose the man will be what is called a 'Mormon,' but from your remarks, I understand you are a politician and not biased by sectarian influences or religious bigotry, therefore, his being a 'Mormon' will be no detriment." He hesitated a moment, then replied, he believed there might be such an opening, and that he would lay the subject before the Indian Department, to which I replied, "Mr. Cook, there is no necessity for delay in applying to the department; this man shall be furnished without expense to you or the Indian Department." At this he appeared to be much confused, and said, "Mr. Snow, the man certainly cannot afford to employ his time for nothing." Said I, "Mr. Cook, there are thousands of our people who have labored years for those less deserving such sacrifices than these poor, simple sons of the forest, without emolument, except the consciousness of doing their duty, and such a man will be furnished, as I before stated, and without expense." This closed that branch of the conversation.

His looks of uneasiness plainly indicated the idea was not relished. I then concluded to bring him directly to the point, and said, "Mr. Cook, Mr. Zundel is here to talk with the Indians, desirous first to obtain your consent." He was puzzled for an answer; finally said, "Mr. Snow, I do not

know how I can allow you to preach on this reservation without exposing myself to censure and jeopardizing my position." "Are you forbidden," I asked, "to allow ministers of the Gospel to preach to these Indians?" "O, no," said he, "our school teacher, who is a Presbyterian, preaches occasionally." "Yes," said I, "ministers of every denomination are allowed this liberty on all the reservations." "That, I suppose is true," said Mr. Cook, "but your people are made an exception—the government is jealous and suspicious that the influence which you might gain over the Indians would be employed against the interest of the nation, on some future occasion; and furthermore, you teach plural marriage, which the government now is exerting itself to suppress among the Indians."

I then said, "Mr. Cook, when we use such influence against the government, we will then talk about it; as yet it never has been done, and there are no grounds for such suspicion. And as to teaching plural marriage to the Indians, it never has been done, and we do not now propose to begin; there is no occasion even should we wish, as they already practice it from the influence of long established customs before the white man was known upon this western continent."

Mr. Cook then drew a paper from his secretary, containing instructions, in which he was required to assess a fine of twenty dollars and twenty days' work against every Indian on the reservation guilty of second marriage, and upon a repetition of the offense, a deprivation of their portion of meat, flour, sugar, tea, coffee and clothing—in fact of every gift and advantage which they received from government. He said he employed Indians as policemen, but suffered no polygamist to occupy that or any other official position—that he had just discharged a polygamist from officiating as policeman, and, "in fact," said he, "I

furnish no employment for that class of Indians."

I said, "Forbidding the preaching of the Gospel to people living in a land over which float the 'stars and stripes' of our boasted republic, looks to me to be a *grave responsibility*. Will you allow us to see those instructions in which our people are denied this privilege?" He said it would require some time to find the paper, as it was mixed with many others in his secretary, but was reading it not long since—that those instructions were given to Mr. Danielson, former agent, against some grave accusations against the "Mormons," for having influenced the Indians to leave the reservation; and complaints of this serious nature have been entered against you since I came: one in the case of an Indian boy, another (mentioning the name) was influenced to leave this reservation, I have been informed."

Bishop Zundel explained that the Indian boy referred to had come to his colony voluntarily, saying there was no school at Fort Hall agency, and begged admission to his school, but stopped only three or four weeks. Concerning the other case the Indian was a transient, roaming here and there, as fancy led. Respecting the charges made by Mr. Danielson, they were unfounded, as he had proven to his entire satisfaction by visiting the colony and finding none of his Indians; and he left a written statement to that effect, which he, Bishop Zundel, now had in his possession.

I then said to Mr. Cook, "Will you oblige us by looking over that paper again, for I am satisfied those instructions relate only to those groundless charges of inducing the Indians to leave the reservation; and as to any fear of our influencing them to abandon their reservation, we have no place for them, nor can we imagine where they could live any length of time away from the agency."

"Well, Mr. Snow," said he, "I will write to Washington for more explicit instructions, and inform you of the result; but, in the meantime I cannot feel authorized to permit you to preach; I was told to be careful regarding this Mormon question relative to the Indians, etc., etc."

At this point Mr. Bristol, the schoolmaster, *alias* Presbyterian minister, entered the office. After introductions, he turned to our political (?) friend, saluting him, "Brother Cook," which *brothering* being constantly repeated, surprised us and exceedingly annoyed Mr. Cook, who, as he asserted, owed his position solely to his political status. This circumstance annihilated all hopes of obtaining favor from that quarter.

I spent a few moments in pleasant conversation with Mr. Bristol—asked him permission for myself and party to visit his school the next day, which was cheerfully granted. We then repaired to our carriage and proceeded to camp.

We had gone but a short distance when we were met by a large party of Indians, mounted upon fine horses; they were chiefs and head men, and very happy to meet us, and their hearts warmed in clasping our hands in theirs. They turned and accompanied us to our camp, where we enjoyed an interesting conversation. They were exceedingly incensed at Mr. Cook's refusal to allow us to preach, insisting persistently that we should return and talk the matter over in their presence. We pacified them as best we could, saying, Mr. Cook promised to write to Washington, asking the authorities to grant us the privilege; when he received a favorable answer, we hoped to have an opportunity of returning—of stopping and preaching. They stayed until dark and some remained until the next day, when they were joined by many others, some of whom were also chiefs and head men.

According to appointment, we visited the Indian school, composed of four girls and six boys (a sufficient number to cheat Uncle Sam out of a fat salary), who were put through their exercises with considerable credit. Their copybooks were neat, and their acquirements in arithmetic exhibited mental culture.

While encamped at the Portneuf, Little Chief, with his wife and daughter, visited us. He stated that while at the agency the day before, with many other Indians, for the purpose of drawing their rations, Gibson Jack, *alias* Weiragan, one of their principal chiefs, asked Mr. Cook, that inasmuch as he had refused to allow us to baptize their men and women, would he permit us to baptize their children? He answered, *No*, they must have nothing to do with the Mormons; if they did, their fate should be as ours: *when we were sent to prison, they should be sent to prison; when we were killed, they would be killed; if they wished to be safe, they must neither follow or listen to us for a moment*.

Little Chief said it made the Indians feel bad when Mr. Cook threatened them in that way and talked of shedding blood.

# CHAPTER LX.

In Bannock Valley.—Happy meeting with Indians.—What Lorenzo said to them.—Lamanite Elders speak.—All shake hands.—Lorenzo describes the Agency.—What the Secretary of the Interior says.—A comparison between the two colonies.—The one at

Washakie.—How located.—Sunday School.—Meeting exercises.—How Lamanites are taught.—How presided over.—Their Co-operative Store and Sheep Herd.—White families.—A re-action.—An Adage.—The United States Supreme Court decides.—Telegrams to Hon. L. Snow.

Having remained in this locality as long as we thought proper, we moved in a westerly direction some eight miles and pitched our tent in the valley of the Bannock, still on the reservation, three or four miles from the western boundary and sixteen from the "Neely Settlement," situated about four miles below the American Falls. About one hundred and fifty Indians are settled in this valley, many of whom have been baptized. They cultivate about one hundred acres of land. They greeted us with warm hand-shaking, while their dusky faces were beaming with joy. One Indian came to our tent saying he was very sick, and requested us to administer to him by laying on of hands, which we did.

The reservation is now, evidently, under Presbyterian rule, and whatever we do our motives will be misrepresented and every possible effort will be made to destroy our influence and root out from the heart of the Indian every good seed sown.

As we were about to leave the reservation, we thought it due the Indians that we explain our reasons for departing so soon and without holding meetings. Accordingly we informed them if they would come together at our camp the next day, Sunday, we would give them an explanation. Prompt to the word, Sunday morning, about ten o'clock,

they were gathering together, some coming in wagons, on horses, and some on foot; the young men and women gaily dressed—ornamented with beads, ribbons, feathers, etc., etc., some carrying parasols shielding their brown faces from the scorching sun, all in their best and most attractive attire, and neat in appearance. We improvised a booth of green boughs, while our Lamanite friends were engaged in arranging the bowery just in front, by means of wagons, poles and green bushes. Thus prepared and ready to commence meeting, our hearts overflowed with gratitude to our heavenly Father for the opportunity, as we gazed on this peculiar scene—an assembly of the children of Lehi, anxiously awaiting our message, and we felt the Spirit resting upon us as we bowed before the Lord in earnest and solemn prayer.

I then arose and told them Bishop Zundel would explain the position each of us occupied in the Church; then I would tell them our object in making this visit. Brother Zundel having thus explained, I informed them that we had come to visit them, that we felt a lively interest in their welfare and happiness, and would like to have visited them sooner but circumstances prevented. We applied to Mr. Cook for the privilege of holding meetings and preaching, but have been refused. He promised to write to Washington to inquire if the authorities there would give us the privilege. We were greatly surprised and disappointed in Mr. Cook in forbidding us to talk and preach to our Lamanite friends and brethren, but as he had seen proper to do so we should respect his orders, go home and wait till we hear from the head men at Washington.

I said I hoped they would not be angry with Mr. Cook for his refusal, but endeavor to respect him in his position, and if they would do right, be patient and prayerful, the Lord would overrule all these matters for their good and best interest; that we had not seen them for a long time, and

were now pleased to renew our acquaintance and find that the good Spirit they received after baptism was still warming their hearts, and we did not intend so long time would pass until we again should visit them; that we desired them to be good and kind to one another, not to swear or gamble, nor commit whoredoms. I exhorted the husbands to treat their wives kindly, to be industrious, learn to cultivate the ground, raise their grain and vegetables, and as much as possible make their own living, etc.; that if they would remember and do these things, love one another, be humble and attend faithfully to their prayers, keep the good Spirit in their hearts, the Lord would deliver them from poverty and bondage. And many other words of exhortation and consolation were spoken as I felt led by the Spirit.

Our two Lamanite Elders then addressed the meeting with inspired words of comfort and good counsel. During the entire services there was profound silence and the most marked attention, not a whisper and scarcely a move.

Having closed the meeting with prayer, I informed our friends we would like to shake hands with all of them, for which purpose we placed ourselves in line and received them one by one, till each had given us a warm, friendly grasp of the hand, women and children following in the rear, all eager, and performing the parting salutation with spirit and animation, imparting life to the ceremony.

The Fort Hall reservation is situated in Snake River valley, Oneida County, Idaho, and contains, it is said, 1,233,329 (one million two hundred and thirty-three thousand three hundred and twenty-nine) acres, with thousands of acres of as good farming lands as can be found in the west.

And with all this, everything about the agency wears a gloomy and forbidding aspect; very little land is cultivated,

and that little very poorly and sluggishly. No marks of industry or enterprise are anywhere visible. There is no one to lead out and set the example, and there are no inducements offered those poor Indians to stimulate to industry, and apparently no effort to improve their morals, cultivate their intellects or correct their stupid and false notions of Christianity.

On specified days in the week they gather to the agency, where Mr. Cook's servant doles out to each his small pittance of meat and flour furnished by the government. So long as they draw this meagre supply, sufficient to keep them alive in a half starved state, with no stimulating influence to industry, they will not rise above their present condition.

Their buildings are mostly low huts, huddled together without regard to taste, order or convenience. Mr. Cook informed us the population of the reservation, including all ages, was but 1,500 (one thousand five hundred), and constantly decreasing.

From the report of the Secretary of the Interior, we gather the following: "In February, 1880, a school was opened, which has been continued up to date [which we visited, consisting of four girls and six boys], save the usual vacations." The report also says: "Notwithstanding the fact that this school is costing the government some $1,700 (one thousand seven hundred) per annum for teacher and employees, in addition to food and clothing for the pupils, the fact still remains that not one Indian on the reservation can read a word. Of revealed religion their ideas are about as crude as they are of letters, save what they have learned of their brother polygamists, the Mormons, who have quite a following among them." So much from my brother's journal.

We now wish to show, by comparison, the wide contrast between the condition and prospects of a colony of Indians cared for and supported at great expense by the United States government, and our little colony, numbering two hundred and fifty men, women and children, located in Washakie, Box Elder County, Utah Territory.

These Indians receive no appropriations from government. The colony is located on lands purchased of the Brigham City Mercantile & Manufacturing Association, and is conducted on the same principles, so far as practicable in its present growth.

About four months since, in company with Brother Lorenzo and his son Alphonso, the writer visited the Washakie colony, arriving on Saturday evening, forty miles from Brigham City. Next day attended Sunday School, where white and red scholars intermixed, and was exceedingly gratified with the exercises, the order and interest strikingly manifest and the progress of the classes.

We also attended meeting in the afternoon and were not a little surprised to mark the effect on savage customs, savage looks and manners, produced by a constant exercise of kindness, patience, good instruction and good examples, prompted by the love and spirit of the Gospel. The meeting was opened by the choir, all Lamanites, and the prayer offered by a Lamanite brother. My brother addressed the congregation, and the rapt attention of the red brothers and sisters during the services indicated the importance they attach to devotional exercises.

The colony have built a good frame house, 24x40 feet, with vestry added. It is well seated, and fitted for school as well as religious purposes, and they own a good library.

These Indians are very industrious, are taught all kinds of

business—farming, fencing, brick making, house painting, and in fact all of the ordinary branches of home industry.

The day school is taught by Elder J. J. Chandler, who is also superintendent of the Sunday School, an experienced and successful teacher. His day school has numbered as high as fifty-five, with an average attendance of forty-seven. The Indian scholars are only taught the primary branches. Their great progress in penmanship is complimentary of well developed organs of imitation.

These Indians are presided over by Bishop I. E. D. Zundel, with his counselors, Abraham Hunsaker and Moroni Ward.

This season they have raised about six thousand bushels of wheat, besides a large amount of hay. They have a co-operative store of from $1,500 to $2,000 capital stock, and a sheep herd of one thousand five hundred head.

All white men laboring in the colony have their families with them, thus placing in the midst of the red people telling examples of cultivated and refined domestic life, which is producing happy results.

A Re-action.

"Better late than never," is a true adage when applied to the triumph of right over wrong, of justice over injustice, as in the case of the late decision of the United States Supreme Court against the unjust, illegal and oppressive act of O. J. Hollister in levying an assessment on the scrip of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile and Brigham City Mercantile Manufacturing Institutions.

The circumstances attending the assessing of the Brigham City Co-operative scrip have been briefly narrated in a former chapter.

The following telegrams need no comment, they speak for themselves:

Salt Lake City, March 17, 1884.

*Hon. Lorenzo Snow, Brigham City*:

Dear Brother.—A telegram just received from Hon. J. T. Caine, Washington, D. C., tells us that to-day the Supreme Court of the United States decided the scrip tax case in our favor. This virtually decides the Brigham City case in your favor. Please accept my congratulations, and believe me,

Truly yours,

(Signed) Thomas G. Webber,

Secretary and Treasurer Z. C. M. I.

Ogden City, March 18, 1884.

*To Hon. Lorenzo Snow, Brigham City*:

A telegram from Hon. F. D. Richards, from Salt Lake City, last night, informs me that the United States Supreme Court affirmed the judgment in favor of Z. C. M. I. against O. J. Hollister, yesterday, so your judgment against Hollister will be good for the whole amount, without any necessity for compromise. I shall, to-day, write to my old friend Walter Evans, commissioner of internal revenue, at Washington, D. C., in relation to the matter, and do hope that the money will be paid at once. When I hear from Evans, I will inform you.

You and your company can well be congratulated on the long delayed but ultimate success for at least a partial recovery from a great injustice.

Truly, your friend,

(Signed) R. K. Williams.

The following closes our historical sketches of the official labors of Brother Lorenzo:

Logan Temple.

This temple, the fourth which the Saints have completed, although two others are in progress, is known as the Logan, Cache County, Temple, and was dedicated on the 17th day of May, 1884, just seven years from the time of the dedication of the ground on which it is located.

A few months previous to his demise, President Brigham Young selected the location, and, in connection with his brethren of the Priesthood, dedicated it for that sacred purpose. He also organized the three Stakes, Cache, Box Elder and Bear Lake, into what is known as a "Temple district," with the understanding that the Saints in those Stakes or counties should, in a general sense, be held responsible in furnishing the necessary means and labor for building.

Subsequent to the President's death, Apostles Charles C. Rich, Lorenzo Snow and Franklin D. Richards were appointed "Temple committee," as general supervisors of this important work; in which capacity Lorenzo Snow and Franklin D. Richards continued until its completion. Charles C. Rich was early prostrated by a lingering illness which terminated in his death, my brother serving as chairman of committee in his stead.

# CHAPTER LXI.

Circular to the heads of families.—Names of Committees.—Exercises for Wednesday, a. m.—Wednesday, p. m.—Thursday, p. m.—Friday, p. m.—Prompt attendance.—Letter from H. A. Hendrickson.—Extracts from eastern communications.—Weather propitious.—Children amused.—The hall.—How occupied.—Invited guests.—Table scenes.—Bachelor group.—The Re-union indescribable.—Article from *Deseret News*, by C. W. Penrose.

This chapter, and the chapter of addresses which follows, very briefly report the unprecedented re-union which my brother had contemplated for months, and which, in its recent performance, resulted in a magnificent success, even beyond his most sanguine anticipations.

Grand Re-union And Anniversary Celebration.—Part First. —Circular.

*To the Head of each Branch of my Family*:

For some time past, my mind has been considerably impressed with the subject of a family re-union, including my wives, my sons, my sons-in-law, my daughters, daughters-in-law and grand children, numbering considerably over one hundred, now living. The more I reflect upon this subject, the greater are my anxieties and desires for a family gathering, that I may see you all once in my life, and give you a father's blessing.

On the third of April next, if my life is spared, I shall be

seventy years of age, and I think the seventieth anniversary of my birth a suitable time, and its celebration a fitting occasion for the contemplated re-union.

In view of the third of April being so near our annual Conference in Salt Lake City, also of that early season being subject to cold and stormy weather, I have decided on the seventh, eighth and ninth of May, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. I request every one to be in Brigham City as early as Tuesday night, in order to join in the exercises of Wednesday morning.

To make this family meeting pleasant, amusing and profitable to both old and young, I shall spare neither time nor expense, that every one may feel at home, free and sociable. Ample provisions will be made to make all comfortable for food and lodging, etc., as soon as they arrive. Programmes will be drawn with care and consideration, keeping in view the different ages and requirements; all to be carried out with life and spirit, for the gratification of the little ones as well as the amusement and edification of the older ones, that all may be interested and happy.

I shall forward you a copy of the programmes, and I trust you will consider no labor nor expense too much; and that you will allow nothing to prevent your attendance and that of your children, except the most serious and insurmountable obstacles, as it is very probable that this, our family re-union, will be, not only the first, but also the last we shall have in this state of existence.

Affectionately,

Lorenzo Snow.

Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Jan., 1884.

Names of Committees.—First evening—Parlor entertainment, by the children; Committee, Mrs. Minnie J. Snow, Mrs. Abigail S. Rosenbaum, Mrs. Eliza S. Dunford. Second evening—Theatrical performance; Committee, Mr. Elijah A. Box, Mr. George F. Gibbs, Mr. Eli H. Peirce, Mrs. Lydia S. Peirce. Third evening—Family dance; Committee, Mr. Alphonso H. Snow, Mrs. Sylvia S. West, Mr. Leonidas T. Peirce, Mrs. Lydia S. Peirce, Mrs. Ida S. Gibbs.—Committee on Decorations, President Oliver G. Snow, Mr. Lorenzo Snow, Jr., Mr. Frank Snow, Mrs. Sylvia S. West, Mrs. Huldah J. Snow, Mr. M. D. Rosenbaum.

Programme for Wednesday, a. m.—Bell-ring, half-past 9; assemble at 10. Order of exercises: Singing, "Welcome to all" (organ accompaniment), by the family; prayer, President O. G. Snow; singing, "Greeting song" (organ accompaniment), the small children; opening address, President Lorenzo Snow; address (extempore), Mrs. Adaline Snow; address (extempore), Mrs. Harriet A. Snow; organ solo, Miss Parintha Snow; address (extempore), Bishop George Dunford; address (extempore), Mr. Orville Hendrickson; "My mother's dear old song" (organ accompaniment), Mrs. Clara S. McAllister; address (extempore), Mrs. Sarah A. Snow; address (extempore), Mrs. Abigail S. Rosenbaum; singing, "Hard times come again no more," the family; address (extempore), Mrs. Phebe A. Snow; singing, "Bye and bye," all; benediction, Mr. Elijah A. Box.

Wednesday, p. m.—Exercises: Singing, "Gospel call," by the family; prayer, Bishop G. Dunford; singing, "Glorious things," etc., the family; poem, Mrs. E. R. S. Smith; recitation, Miss Roxcy Lana Snow; "Cuckoo song" (organ accompaniment), Mrs. Huldah J. Snow; address (written), Mr. G. F. Gibbs; "My little German home across the sea" (organ accompaniment), Miss Dora Snow; address

(extempore), Mr. E. A. Box; "Under the daisies" (organ accompaniment), Mrs. M. J. Snow; "The bells" (recitation), President O. G. Snow; piano solo, Mrs. Ida S. Gibbs; address (extempore), Mrs. Eleanor H. Snow; "How the old horse won" (recitation), Mr. Alvirus E. Snow; song (organ accompaniment), Miss Virginia Snow; song, "Good night," the small children; benediction, Col. C. Loveland.

Thursday, a. m.—Blessing meeting.

Thursday, p. m.—Exercises: Singing, "What shall the harvest be?" by the family; prayer, Mr. G. F. Gibbs; singing, the family; address (written), Mr. M. D. Rosenbaum; piano duet, Mrs. I. Gibbs and Mrs. M. J. Snow; "Eugene Aram's dream" (recitation), Mr. Leslie W. Snow; "The white canoe" (organ accompaniment), Mrs. Rosetta S. Loveland and Miss Dora Snow; "Sheridan's ride" (recitation), Mr. George F. Gibbs; "Schneider's ride" (recitation), Mr. Eli H. Peirce; song, "Eilene Allanna," Mr. Leonidas T. Peirce; address (poem), Mr. Orion Snow; piano solo, Miss Virginia Snow; address, Mr. Frank Snow; "The two cousins" (vocal duet), Miss Parintha and Mrs. Huldah Snow; address (extempore), Mr. Alphonso Snow; "His mother, the boy's best friend" (song), Mrs. Sylvia West; address (written), Mrs. M. P. Young; "Jane Conquest" (recitation), Mrs. Ida S. Gibbs; "Peace upon the waters," Mr. Eli and Mrs. Lydia S. Peirce; address (impromptu), Mr. Charles W. Penrose; singing, "The crowning day," the family; benediction, Mr. F. H. Snow.

Friday, a. m.—Blessing meeting.

Friday, p. m.—Exercises: "Shall we gather at the river?" by the family; prayer; singing, the small children; organ duet, Mrs. M. J. and Miss Dora Snow; address (extempore), Mrs. Mary H. Snow; Trio, "Come, rise with the lark," President O. G., Mrs. Mary P. and Dora Snow;

address, Mrs. Minnie J. Snow; song, "Sweet Evangeline" (guitar accompaniment), Mrs. Eliza S. Dunford; address, Mr. Hiram Hendrickson; song, "Lillie Dale" (organ accompaniment), Mrs. Roxcy S. Box; address, Col. Loveland; parting address, President Lorenzo Snow; singing, "Sweet bye and bye," all; benediction President Lorenzo Snow.

In prompt response to the circulars issued by Brother Lorenzo, the members of his family, with very few exceptions, were present at the opening exercises of his birthday celebration and family re-union. The unavoidable detentions were surmounted with promptitude, and the delinquents put in their appearance in eager haste, in all possible cases.

The following, from Mrs. Mary Adaline's eldest son, by her former husband, is the expression of a noble, honest and appreciative heart:

> Parowan, Iron County, May 5, 1884.
>
> *Hon. Lorenzo Snow*:
>
> Dear Father.—It is with the greatest reluctance that I am compelled to say I shall be unable to attend the coming celebration of your seventieth anniversary. I have delayed making excuse until this late moment, in the vain hope that something would occur which would enable me to be present.
>
> However, if I may not be present in person, I certainly shall be in spirit, desiring that everything on that occasion may bring to you, honored sir, an

increase of joy, honor and praise.

In reviewing your life-labors and sacrifices, I am almost constrained to write encomiums, but I forbear—I will leave that for a more worthy hand; but permit me to say that the examples set before me in your life are not altogether lost. I feel their impress every day I live; and whatever I have of hope, of aspiration or ambition, seems to rest on a worthiness of a name and place in your family.

When I see you, I doubt not, I will be able to give sufficient and satisfactory reasons for my absence from the family re-union.

With good desires and well wishing,

I remain, affectionately yours,

Hiram A. Hendrickson.

Extracts from two letters written by non-"Mormon" relatives in the East, in response to invitation circulars from Brother Lorenzo:

Chicago, May 1st, 1884.

Dear Cousin Lorenzo.—Your kind invitation to your family re-union was duly received, and we are truly grateful for your remembrance of us. After due and thoughtful consideration, we cannot see our way clear to join you. We are very loth to relinquish our hope of

commingling with you on an occasion so full of promise, and of congratulating you and cousin Eliza on the blessed privilege you will enjoy in thus uniting in social re-union.

We have no one here to whom we can safely entrust our cares—more especially the responsibility of our young family, and we feel compelled to forego the happiness we should fully appreciate. Our aged mother is now with us, and wishes me to express her warmest regards and love for you all. * * * * * *

Hoping and firmly believing that at no very distant day I shall visit you at your home, and wishing you and yours much joy and many happy re-unions,

I remain, most sincerely yours,

Taylor A. Snow.

Auburn, Geauga County, Ohio, May 2, 1884.

Dear Cousin Lorenzo.—With mingled feelings of pleasure and regret, I now write you. It is pleasure to be the recipient of an invitation to a great event, and with feelings of deep regret we are obliged to decline the invitation. After the receipt of yours, for weeks we neither talked, dreamed or thought much of anything but going to Salt Lake.

> Alonzo, myself and our wives decided on coming, but Alonzo's son-in-law, who had been in a decline, was taken worse, and his condition became so alarming, we could not leave; and at this writing his death is hourly anticipated. * * * I must close by sending our love and good wishes to you and your magnificent family. May you live to enjoy many anniversaries.
>
> Wishing you success in all your undertakings, and hoping we may yet visit you and your family,
>
> I subscribe myself, your cousin,
>
> Oliver F. Snow.

The programmes, which had been pre-arranged, were carried out with very few alterations, and were, without one exception, executed in the most gratifying manner. Even the elements seemed to participate in the arrangement; Nature, by refulgent smiles and harmonious bearing, contributed much to the enjoyment of the auspicious occasion. It was a striking and very noticeable coincident, that the weather, which for a long time previous had been drearily stormy and threatening, even up to mid-day before the opening, on that momentous morning presented a cloudless sky and calm atmosphere, which continued till after the close of the festival.

Our new-styled Patriarch apparently lost sight of nothing that would add to the innocent and laudable gratification of all ages and capacities. On the evening preceding the opening of the general entertainment, for the special amusement of the little folks, who were in groups

frolicking on the lawn in front of his residence, he had a variety of fantastic Chinese lanterns suspended in convenient proximity; the novelty of the queer illumination of those swinging orbs, with the small children, to whom the sight was new, created convulsions of laughter and merriment, in which some of "larger growth" participated through sympathy with the youngsters.

The upper hall of the court house, in which the devotional and intellectual exercises were performed, is 45x65 feet, with a gallery extending across one end. A platform twelve feet wide, extending the width of the hall—raised one foot above the floor, was occupied by the family, with the exception of from twenty to twenty-five small children; these were seated in double rows beside the platform; and having been prepared by careful training, sang sweetly, as none but children can sing, to the no small gratification of all present. Near one end of the platform (one on each side of the speaker's table), stood a piano and organ. The brass band occupied the stage on the left; the auditorium, including the gallery, on the right, was filled with guests.

With the exception of the family dance on Friday evening, in the Social Hall, the "COUNCIL OF THE UNITED ORDER OF BRIGHAM CITY," with their wives, were invited guests during the three successive days and evenings. In view of contributing, so far as consistent with the peculiarities of the occasion, to the happiness of many, Brother Lorenzo reached beyond his own family circle and the "Council," by increasing the audience to the full capacity of the auditorium, inviting as many of the citizens of the city and vicinity as could be accommodated.

The entire exercises were performed by Brother Lorenzo and family, with the following exceptions: brass band; Elder C. W. Penrose, editor of the *Deseret News*, and intimate friend of my brother, by special invitation being

present, gave an eloquent extempore address on the platform—also a humorous speech at the table, which elicited much applause. Mrs. M. P. Young, whose son is now a missionary on the Sandwich Islands, with his wife, Armeda S., was invited as their representative, and responded to the programme in a well written address; also the writer in a poem written for the occasion. At the conclusion of the table convivial on Friday, several of the gentlemen who had politely and genteelly served as hosts, were called on for speeches, and each appropriately responded, eliciting hearty cheers.

The after-dinner-table scenes were truly exhilarating, and added greatly to the ever-varying enjoyment. There perfect freedom, untrammeled by restraint, ruled the festive hour, when toasts, speeches, conundrums, and whatever would conduce to free, jolly, innocent amusement, interspersed with refined, high-toned sentiment, was in order.

Mr. Charles Kelley, a gentleman of proverbial amiability, and fully competent, superintended the table arrangements. The dining hall, 22x45 feet, had commanded the attention of the decorating committee. Two tables, extending the whole length, were amply spread with the bounties of the earth, and artistically decorated with flowers, and with beautifully mottoed cakes, fresh from the hands and plastic molds of skillful confectioners. The adults were seated at one table, and the little people, as chatty as magpies, and apparently as loving as doves, at the other, reserving a sufficient number of seats at the head of the table to accommodate the "bachelor group," over which one of the unmarried daughters presided.

The appended article, from the gifted pen of the editor of the *Deseret News*, which we copy from that paper, in his own eloquent style, touches the really indescribable subject —Lorenzo's family re-union. Any attempt at pen and ink

representation, which necessarily fails to include the spirit and pervading influence of that entirely unique and unprecedented social entertainment, must fall short of reality, from the fact that human language is inadequate to express the inspiriting sensations and emotions of the head and heart. To say the least, everything moved with the precision of clock-work, and proved a grand and complete success; every one, even to the little three-year-old, was fully up to his and her part in the programme of exercises.

GATHERING OF THE SNOWS.

On the 3d of April, 1884, Apostle Lorenzo Snow reached his seventieth year. Few who have noted his upright form, his quick, active step, his ready mind and his sharp, intelligent eye—reading small manuscript without glasses —have been aware that he was near upon the scriptural age of three score years and ten. He had been impressed for some time with a desire to gather around him his family and connections on the occasion of this birthday, but recognizing the fact that it was close to the time of the general conference, and commonly a season when travel is difficult because of the spring rains, he fixed upon the 7th, 8th and 9th days of May for the family re-union. Invitations were extended, therefore, to his wives and children, sisters and brothers, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, with their little ones, to meet on those days in the court house, Brigham City, which was placed at his disposal for the purpose. The writer was present by special invitation, and greatly enjoyed the festivities.

At 10 o'clock, local time, the family met, numbering a hundred and ten persons present, and were called to order by Apostle Lorenzo Snow, who explained the object of the gathering, and announced the programme which had been arranged. He was assisted by his son, President Oliver G. Snow, in the management of the exercises. Speeches were

made by the several wives of the honored Patriarch, expressive of their good wishes to him and their veneration for the principles of celestial marriage by which they were united to him and to each other; songs were sung and recitations given by daughters and sons, and at noon, in one of the lower rooms, tables were spread with a rich collation for the whole party. Here a speech was called for and responded to, impromptu, by C. W. Penrose, of Salt Lake, and pleasant sentiments were expressed by the company.

At 2 p. m. the exercises were resumed, the court room being filled with invited guests, and songs, recitations, written addresses, a very fine poem by Sister Eliza R. Snow Smith, extemporaneous speeches, etc., were delivered until 5 o'clock.

During the proceedings, the following telegram was received from Brother Snow's brother, a non-"Mormon:"

> Santa Barbara, California, 4:30 p.m., May 7, 1884.
>
> *Lorenzo Snow*:
>
> Hail, brother, sister! Love, peace, happiness, God's blessing on all. Samuel P. Snow.

In the evening an entertainment was given by the little folks of the family, in the same place, which was filled with invited guests. Little children four years old and upwards recited, danced, sang, played on musical instruments and performed a pleasing play, introducing a fairy spectacle that gave an opportunity for the smaller children to display their talents. The costumes were elegant and appropriate, the performance was excellent, and

everything passed off without a jar. The confidence and aptitude exhibited by the very little ones in coming out upon the stage alone to recite, making their bow and retiring with grace, was really remarkable as well as pleasing in the extreme.

On Thursday the family met again at a general dinner, at half-past 12 o'clock, when toasts and sentiments were called for from nearly every member of the family but the grandchildren, and none failed to respond. Wit, humor, good wishes and benedictions filled up the time rapidly until 2 o'clock, when the entertainment was continued, the court room being crowded to its utmost capacity. Some most excellent impromptu speeches were delivered and recitations and poems declaimed. In the evening, "Love's Sacrifice" was splendidly performed, all the actors being members of the family, sons or sons-in-law, daughters or daughters-in-law of the honored Patriarch.

The general talent displayed was really exceptional. Every one called upon, down to the little girls scarcely able to speak plainly, responded without hesitation, and none were unable to perform their respective parts in a manner that would do credit to well trained professionals. It is indeed rare to find so much talent in one family. Usually gifts of this kind are possessed but by one or two members, but the Snows seem all to be musical, poetical or dramatic, or all combined. Some most excellent addresses, written and impromptu, were made during the festivities, and we only regret that we have not space to reproduce them.

On Friday another family dinner was given, at which the sallies of wit, in toast and conundrum, were brilliant and humorous, and all the remaining adult members of the family who had not previously contributed to the after-dinner exercises responded to calls from the President. A number of young men between the ages of eighteen and

twenty-four were seated together at the head of one table as the bachelors' group, and were the objects of much pertinent advice. But they were fully able to return the retort courteous and added much to the general enjoyment.

In the afternoon, most of the family assembled on the east porch of Brother Snow's residence, facing the co-operative store, and were photographed in a group. In the evening a grand ball was given in the upper room of the court house, when the public part of the proceedings was brought to a close in a most enjoyable manner. During the intervals between the exercises, lasting three days, Brother Snow, as the Patriarch of his house, bestowed blessings upon the heads of many members of his large family, intending to continue before they separated for their respective homes, to lay his hands upon and bless them until all received his administrations, as it is unlikely that they will ever enjoy another re-union of this kind in this state of existence. But in the great eternity before us all, they expect a re-union of a far more extensive and pleasing character. When the head of this family, having gained his exaltation, and holding the keys of eternal lives and endless increase, will gather around him all that belongs to his house, saved, redeemed, resurrected, glorified to reign over them as a king and a priest unto God for ever, when there will be no trial, no weakness, no pain, and no death, and where perfect union and unfading affection will bind all together in the perfection of bliss and the majesty of the glorified sons and daughters of the Eternal Father.

In conclusion, we repeat the sentiment we expressed on the occasion: Health, blessing and peace to the Snows of our mountain valleys, with their head, chief and Patriarch! May they be as numerous as the flakes that fall in winter, as firm and solid as the snows of our loftiest peaks in the defence of right and the maintenance of true principles; as resistless as the mighty avalanche in sweeping away error

and rooting up iniquity; and shining in the sunlight of celestial glory, remain forever the emblem of all that is pure and beautiful and good!

# CHAPTER LXII.

Our father's birthday.—Prose address by F. H. Snow.—Poem by M. D. Rosenbaum.—Prose address by G. F. Gibbs.—Poem by O. W. Snow.—Prose address by A. H. Snow.—Poem by E. R. S. Smith. —Closing address by Lorenzo Snow.

GRAND RE-UNION AND ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.—PART SECOND.

This chapter of addresses opens with "Our Father's Birthday," which we composed for the occasion. The prose addresses are epitomized—the poems given in full.

OUR FATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

We fain would decorate this day
With garlands choice and sweet;
Of rich ambrosia we would lay
A tribute at your feet.
But nobler gifts we now impart,
Embellished with our love,
And trust the incense of the heart
May not unwelcome prove.

CHORUS.

Hail, hail, all hail to your natal day!
May it many times return;
And your life-lamp, glowing fresh and gay,
With health and vigor burn.

Long may you live our lives to bless,
And our young steps to guide,
Until with Zion's righteousness,
Your soul is satisfied—

Till you fulfil your great desires,
In your life-labors done;
When up to all that God requires
His people shall be one.

CHORUS.

Hail, hail, all hail to your natal day!
May it many times return;
And your life-lamp, glowing fresh and gay,
With health and vigor burn.

ADDRESS BY FRANK H. SNOW.

In rising to address my honored father in the presence of my several mothers, my brothers, sisters, and the family in general, I will commence by saying that this is one of the most honorable positions I have ever had the privilege of occupying. Where is there a wife, a son or a daughter, that would not feel proud of the beloved and honored parent that had been instrumental in bringing into the world the numerous posterity—those who now sound forth their praises to the great Jehovah for having been permitted to come forth upon the earth and receive their bodies through such an honorable parentage? The honored parent to whom

I refer is our aged father, who now sits in the midst of his numerous posterity.

Our father, like unto Abraham of old, sits as a great High Priest, surrounded by his family on earth, which now numbers over five score and ten, and like the ancient patriarchs, is waiting the time when the Lord will call him up, to become a God in eternity, not merely to reign over hundreds, but thousands and tens of thousands.

While the members of this family now look upon our honored father, we, his children, all, with one accord, feel to say, Father, the many silvery locks that adorn your venerable head number thousands, but your many noble deeds number tens of thousands.

It has often been remarked that children should excel their parents in goodness and noble deeds; but I say, may we, the sons and daughters of this, our aged father, make for ourselves as honorable record as that of his, and have before us, at the age of three score and ten years, as great a testimonial as surrounds him on this grand and glorious occasion.

Inasmuch as we are considered worthy to feast with our father on earth, may we prove ourselves more worthy to feast with him in eternity, when this earth shall have passed into its glorified state, and when our father will be surrounded by multitudes of his noble posterity who have obeyed the first commandment of multiplying and replenishing the earth.

I pray the Lord to pour down blessings upon each member of the family, and that in his declining years our father may look with as much pride and cause for gratitude upon a noble posterity as he does on this grand occasion.

ADDRESS BY MORRIS D. ROSENBAUM,

SON-IN-LAW OF LORENZO SNOW.

I've come, responsive to your call, dear friend,
And heartfelt tribute cheerfully extend
On this, your seventieth anniversary,
And gladly honor this, your jubilee.

I fain would cherish all men's noble deeds,
Without regard to nations or their creeds;
I'll never harbor malice in my heart—
From truth and virtue I will not depart.

In the grand cause of truth and human right,
You've labored long—you've worked with all your might,
In aiming Zion's children to unite;
The Lord has blest you with unrivaled light.

You've traveled much abroad o'er land and sea—
The Gospel standard raised in Italy;
Journeyed in Asia's far-off sunny clime,
And testified to men in Palestine.

A sacred record, by the ancients written,
You once presented to the Queen of Britain;
In various ways you've worked for

Zion's cause,
Withal assisted framing Utah's laws.

You long have known that truth alone will stand;
You know God's kingdom yet will fill the land;
You see it rolling forth in might along,
And yearly in these mountains growing strong.

You've bravely toiled through many joys and fears,
Until your age o'erreaches seventy years;
On this occasion I rejoice to see
You thus enjoy your well-earned jubilee.

Since nightly rest is unto labor given,
And one day set apart in every seven,
'Tis right that you should have a jubilee
Of rest, and bless your own posterity.

I wish a thousand blessings and good cheer
To you, with all your family now here,
For what you've done and what you've suffered too,
With life so pure, and with a heart so true.

In fervent prayer I ask the God of grace
To smooth your pathway in your onward race;
And unto you may special grace be given

To help you walk the "narrow way" to heaven.

May many years of true prosperity
Be added on to your past seventy,
With peace and plenty in your mountain home,
Is the wish of your friend,

M. D. Rosenbaum.

ADDRESS BY GEORGE F. GIBBS.

Much Honored Sire: Thankful for the opportunity, I cheerfully respond to the programme and offer a few sentiments on this highly interesting occasion.

Family gatherings are time-honored customs. The presence of a man's children (especially when his family is numerous) around the old homestead, besides affording social pleasure, administers to his manly pride—a characteristic marked and deep-seated in the hearts of all men worthy the appellation of Patriarch. But the present gathering is unique; its counterpart has been entirely unknown for many generations.

Your wives, children, and children's children, numbering in all one hundred and twenty souls, have assembled to do you honor on this, your seventieth anniversary, and to receive a husband's and father's blessing.

The position you occupy in relation to your family is strictly and emphatically patriarchal—a position which has been lost sight of for centuries past. It is your right by virtue of the family ties you have formed, and the holy Priesthood you hold and honor, to stand at the head of your posterity—it is your privilege to call them together to

instruct them, and to place your hands upon their heads and bless them; and it is their privilege, through their worthiness, to receive blessings at your hands. When the government of God is fully established on the earth, the patriarchal order will be recognized and will obtain among the Saints.

The patriarchal is the only form of government that can guarantee the full degree of liberty that God, in the beginning, designed for His children; and this is in keeping with man's development from his low to his high estate.

It has been truly said, before a man can attain to the position of ruler, he must first learn to govern himself, and we may add, before he is competent to govern his own family organization, he must submit to family government —he must practice obedience—he must respect authority. He that humbleth himself, God will exalt, and he that exalteth himself, God will abase. How admirably this principle is illustrated in the life of our great Prototype; He was the servant of all.

As we may naturally expect the well-trained, obedient child to do honor to man's estate, we may admit that the well-governed family, in which the members make life and its object their aim and study, will, in time, assume the proportions of a mighty kingdom, reflecting the wisdom of the Gods, to whose increase there will be no end.

To the principle of plural marriage, revealed by the Lord in our day, you are indebted for the extraordinary scene that now presents itself to our gaze. When that principle was first whispered in your ear—when it came trembling, as it were, from the Prophet of God, you must well remember how it struck deep against your traditions and prejudices, even as the axe is laid against the root of the tree. It was hardly possible in that early day for you to look into the

future only some forty years and imagine these the results of your obedience and faithfulness. Beholding, as we do this day, what God has wrought through you in so short a time, let us ask ourselves, What pen can write, what tongue tell the outcome? This is left to be produced by "the wise," who stand in mute admiration of the wisdom of God, who, having subdued and relinquished their own will, are ready to exclaim, All Thy ways are wise, O Lord! All Thou doest is for the good of those that truly love and serve Thee.

It was ever the case that great truths, especially such as involved the salvation of humanity, had to struggle for recognition among men. This is especially significant when it is remembered that the most enlightened ages are not exceptions. Even Jesus, the Redeemer of our race, to whom was given all power both in heaven and earth, upon whom was bestowed the Spirit, even that of intelligence and truth, without measure, who was purity personified, in whom His bitterest foes found no guile, and who spake as never man spake; who came to redeem a fallen world, which none but a God could ransom—even He and the great truths He taught were cruelly treated and rejected, very few receiving Him and accepting them.

There is a reason for this aversion to saving truths, which is deep hidden from the world, and cannot be divined by the philosopher, alone and unaided—it cannot be understood by man's wisdom. The operations of the Holy Spirit on the mind, mysterious as they may be to us now, alone can prepare the way for the reception of such truths. Were it possible for man, by his own wisdom, to fathom the plan originated in the councils of heaven for his salvation, which plan is eternal, being the same through which the peoples of all worlds and planetary systems have effected their redemption and exaltation—were this possible, he would be independent of his Creator, and as a matter of course would assert his independence, amounting

to no more nor less than rebellion—the sure forerunner of destruction and death; all of which would be incompatible with the divine economy affecting the fall and redemption of man.

Nations, like men, have from the beginning lived and died; but it is the design of God now to establish "the kingdom" spoken of by Daniel the Prophet, which is to stand the test of time and live forever. This He has already commenced to do; and as marriage lies at the foundation of society, He revealed to His Prophet, Joseph Smith, the celestial order of marriage, which secures eternal unions. This law, or order of marriage, appeals to us, not so much on our own account because of immediate results, as to the good that will come to posterity. As the Puritans of England, our Pilgrim Fathers, were inspired to come to this far-off land, to found a new nation, so the Lord permitted us to be driven to these mountain vales, to become the founders of a new civilization which is destined to arise in this land. And our "peculiar institution," the plural or patriarchal order of marriage, comes to us from God as the true and sure basis upon which to build society; as the means by which humanity shall be healed of the deplorable afflictions that have been transmitted from generation to generation, in consequence of the sins of the fathers. And by living in accordance with this celestial law, whose special office is to jealously guard and protect the issues of life, by heeding the "words of wisdom" which God has given for the promotion and preservation of health, together with the natural benefits arising from this healthful and mountainous land, which He in His wisdom selected for our occupation, we can, from a philosophic standpoint, augur the results. As sure as an overruling Hand led the Pioneers to this land, and as they have been the means of producing what we now behold, God will bring to pass all that He designed from the beginning. He

will raise up a great and mighty nation, whose God shall be the Lord. He will make honorable His name in their noble and manly frames, and their superior intelligence and knowledge; and He will place His name upon them, and in time give into their hands the rule and government of earth. And as Abraham was tried and proven in the offering up of his son, before he could be counted worthy to stand at the head of the dispensation he inaugurated, and before he could hold the keys of the Gospel, called after his name, even the Gospel of Abraham, we, in order to be worthy of the founders of this new civilization, must endure what appeals to our natural feelings and worldly pride as sacrifices. But as the results of Abraham's trial of faith, and as the results of the so-called sacrifices of the first Elders of the Church have since proved only to be blessings in disguise, so will be the continuation of their works by us. And when we shall get ready to go down with gray hairs to the grave, we will look upon the fruits of our labors and have joy therein, as you, honored sire, this day behold the fruits of your obedience and faithfulness; and at last we, with you, through continued faithfulness, shall be counted worthy to mingle with the great and the wise, the noble and the pure of every age, to rejoice together and to perpetuate the works of our God.

I congratulate you, Father Snow, in having sought and obtained the beginning of true riches, even the riches of endless lives. How well and truly has it been said, in defining true wealth, that it consisted in the number of things a man loved and blessed, and the number of things that love and bless him. How suggestive! How well it describes the wealth of the Patriarch, the man chosen and ordained of heaven to stand at the head of a numerous family! It was the kind of wealth, because it was the very choicest, that was promised to Abraham after he had been tried and proven. It is the heritage of all good and great

men. It is the principle that enthrones God Himself, reigning as He does over His own posterity, as you now preside over yours. And as God our Father is blessed and glorified in your exaltation—the continuation of His works by you, so will you, in time, be honored in the continuation of your works through us. And as we follow in the straight and narrow path, the path of our fathers, the Gods—the path of exaltation and glory, so shall we, according to the golden rule, the higher law, witness our posterity, or, at least a fair percentage of them, following after us. And thus honor will be added to honor, and glory to glory, for endless will be our increase and eternal our progression in the grand science of life, in all that is noble, intellectual and Godlike; extended will be our authority and power, enlarged will be our rule and dominion, even beyond the capacity of our frail comprehension. And we will join in the new song of praise, extolling our Redeemer, whose blood atoned for our sins, and who redeemed us out of every kindred, tongue, people and nation; and who shall make us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth.

Then let honor be conferred on the Patriarchs, with Father Adam at their head! Let blessings for ever and ever be on the heads of the men and women of our own day, the noble spirits who have dared to brook the traditions of the age—who conquer the prejudices of their own feelings in the interest of the dispensation now being ushered in. Bless them, say I, for doing this in all patience and fortitude and in the fear of God, and for teaching their children to do likewise. Let them be hailed as the heroes of the age, as the pioneers of the civilization, and the founders of the commonwealth that is destined to arise and flourish in this free and God-blessed land, and that, in time, is to extend its protecting aegis over the whole earth. Let the men and women who have evinced this moral courage occupy the

chief place and position to which they are justly entitled, and let the bachelor and the confirmed monogamist make way for them! Let their children and children's children, even down to the latest generation, rise up and call them blessed!

And, in conclusion, allow me to say, that as sure as the sun shines and the works of our God are one eternal round, the day will come when the age now living will do you and yours justice. But, as with all true reformers, it will be after you have passed away. You and your co-laborers will then be recognized as the friends of man and protectors of women. You will be acknowledged as living martyrs for unpopular eternal truths affecting the amelioration and uplifting of all mankind—Christian and heathen. And you will take your place with Joseph, our head and front, with Brigham, and John, and John, and a noble company of brave men and true women, at the very vanguard of this the greatest of all dispensations, to continue the work of redemption under the direction, to continue the work of redemption under the direction of Jesus the Mediator, our presiding head, until all is finished.

ADDRESS BY ORION W. SNOW.

This day, kind friends, with pleasure here we meet,
To see, to hear, as we each other greet;
To talk, to sing, in this our social band,
With all the pleasures mutual hearts command.
And yet, though happiness will rule the hour,
One sober thought persistently will lower—
That this glad meeting possibly may be
The last on earth of all this family.

But now we're gathered here from o'er the land,
To form this large and cheerful household band;
From many a different work and place we come—
Some from the city, some from country home,
Some from the school room, some from shop and store,
From many places I could mention o'er.
But some are absent; far away, they've gone
To distant climes, and nations not our own;
But to their friends their memory ever dear
Is just the same as though they all were here.

Full many a pit and many a dang'rous snare
Are strewed within our pathway, here and there;
Where'er we go, whatever way we turn,
There is no royal road that we can learn,
But steadily we all must plod along—
Shun all the bad and make the better strong.
I wish the future of us all to be
As good and great as we can hope to see.

If we but had the power to draw aside
The mystic veils that all the future hide,
And bring the noble deeds and lives to

view,
The greatly good of friends and kindred too—
How long they fought, how firmly kept their place,
How fierce the storm, how toilsome was the race—
But it was run, they won the prize at last,
And all their sorrows were forever past.

The fate of every living soul shall lie
In burning letters which they can't deny,
Wrote down by their own deeds, both good and bad,
The last to fear, the first to make us glad.
This is a maxim and a well tried fact,
Think twice—think thrice before you speak or act;
Let all our thoughts be firm and actions true;
What though in number they are but a few?

This pleasant time we mutually enjoy,
This social happiness without alloy.
When we return unto our homes once more,
Resume the duties we performed before,
When weeks and months and years have rolled away,
In looking back on this re-union day,
We'll muse and wonder at the mighty changes

That have occurred within our family ranges,
And see the course we one and all pursue,
Which we desire may be both good and true.

ADDRESS BY ALPHONSO H. SNOW.

*Father, and Members of the Family*:

I regard this family re-union as important in many respects; not only have we come together for the purpose of eating and drinking, but that we may receive our patriarchal blessings, and that our hearts may be the more firmly united together. The occasion is not dissimilar to that of the Patriarch Jacob, when he assembled his family around him, saying, "Gather yourselves together that I may tell you what shall befall you in the last days."

There has been considerable said about the young men of father's family, who have not, as yet, entered into matrimonial bliss; even at the table we were singled out, placed in a conspicuous position, and oft referred to as the "bachelors." Now, it is my candid opinion that the reason why we have not married before, is in consequence of our native modesty and bashfulness. [Laughter.] At one time I thought it a good plan should father intercede in behalf of his sons; but recalling to mind a circumstance that is reported to have occurred in the south, *i. e*., a certain young man, from timidity procured the assistance of his father to "pop the question" to his lady-love; when the old gentleman was so favorably impressed with the excellent qualities of the young lady, he proposed for *himself*, was accepted, and carried her off in triumph. [Laughter.] Especially have I looked upon this course of procedure with suspicion, since I heard a young lady of good

judgment declare, emphatically, that she would rather, to-day, marry Brother Snow (my father), than any of his sons. [Laughter.]

I recently asked one of my older brothers why he had not increased his family, when he replied that the Scriptures say the time will come when seven women shall take hold of one man, and he thought, at least, that one-fourth of the blame rested with the fair sex in consequence of leap year, and considered it would not be amiss should we have seven, instead of one leap year out of the four. [Laughter.]

I am now looking upon the tenth generation of Snows since the arrival of our forefathers upon the shores of the New England States. They have ever held an honorable place and untarnished name among men; our grandsire was enlisted under Washington. The Snow family moved to Ohio in an early date—heard the Everlasting Gospel, embraced the same, and with the Youngs, Kimballs and Pratts, were worthy instruments in the hands of Providence in rolling on the Kingdom of God. While standing here and gazing upon this numerous posterity of our worthy sire, two pictures present themselves to my view; on the one side I behold a man who has fought bitterly against the truth; on the other hand I see a man whose whole matured life has been spent in furthering the work of truth. The first, a bereaved man mourning the loss of his only daughter, and, as was remarked yesterday, "man's wealth consists in the number of beings and things he loves, and the number of beings and things that love him," then this man is poor indeed. And when he dies, though he may have great pomp and pageantry at his funeral, still, speaking relative to his family and kindred ties, he will go down to his grave

"Unknelled, uncoffined and unknown."

This, the opponent of truth, is Mr. Edmunds.

Look you now upon this picture, and behold a man with hundreds of kindred who love him, wives, sons and daughters to comfort him in his declining years, and scores of kindred to mourn his loss when he passes beyond this mortal state. He is truly rich! The subject of this picture you now behold, past his three score years and ten, honored and beloved by all who know him, and whose snow-white hairs surround his head as areolas of light.

Then let us, his children, imitate his virtues, and accept all that is good and noble in his life; bearing in mind the uncertain tenure and shortness of our earthly existence, it behooves us to so shape our conduct as to be worthy a place with him in eternity, and that we may there participate in a similar family re-union. Would we could exclaim with the poet:

> "Oh that our lives which flee so fast,
> In purity were such,
> That not an image of the past
> Should fear the pencil's touch."

Let us, then, give honor to our noble sire, who came forth and embraced an unpopular doctrine—that which he believed and knew to be true—honor to him who, for nearly half a century, has battled against the prejudices of ages, stood in the breach, and had the manhood to practice what he believed to be true in theory, and as it always happens to those who step forth from darkness and advocate new and true principles, viz., that they seldom, if ever, become popular during life, but whose names are often handed down to their posterity as a rich legacy, so will it be with father, whose name will go down to future generations, and be held in honored remembrance by all the good and noble of the earth, and whose praises will be

sung in "states unborn and accents yet unknown!"

ADDRESS BY E. R. SNOW SMITH.

My Brother Dear, And Family:

We're told
In holy writ, the Patriarchs of old,
When full of years, moved by parental love
And by a holy unction from above,
Convened their offspring—God-given heritage,
Increased to multitudes thro' lengthened age,
And by the right the Priesthood's powers invest,
Their children and their children's children blessed.

Adam, *alias* Michael, won his place
As prince and founder of the human race.
By the great Ruler of the earth and heaven
The first commandment unto Adam given
Was "multiply." And standing at the head
Of all the generations that shall tread
This nether earth—his duties to fulfil
In prompt obedience to the Father's will,
The new-born earth he labored to adorn,
And unto him were sons and daughters born.

We read that Abel, Adam's son, was slain
By his aspiring, jealous brother, Cain;
And Cain was cursed; and yet he wears his "mark"—
As seen by David Patten, he was dark,
When, pointing to his face of glossy jet,
Cain said, "You see the curse is on me yet."
The first of murderers, now he fills his post,
And reigns as king o'er all the murd'rous host.

And time moved on, and Adam's seed spread forth,
Erecting cities on their Eden earth.
Then human life was long, and not as now,
When man comes forth in haste, and makes his bow
Upon the stage of life, and then is gone,
While death, the porter, drops the curtain down.

Once men built pyramids that now defy
The crumbling elements of earth and sky.
The pyramid of Cheops, which now stands
A bold historic problem for all lands,
Has long the wasting power of time defied,
And stands erect in architectural pride.
Good men had time their skill to gratify,
And wicked ones their impudence to

ply,
As they on Shinar's plains in wrath essayed
To climb to heaven without Jehovah's aid.

Then centuries defined the age of man
Which now is measured by a narrow span.
The course of time, long ebbing downward low,
The Gospel fulness soon will cause to flow;
All ebbing tides must to progression bow—
*Upward and onward* is the watchword now;
Prophetic record tells us, "*as a tree*,
*In time to come, the life of man shall be*."

The eternal fiat had been sealed on high,
Adam a law had broken—he must die.
Long centuries with him had multiplied,
He fain would bless his offspring ere he died

In Adam-Ondi-Ahman, where he dwelt,
Where at a sacred altar oft he knelt,
On which he oft had offered sacrifice,
But knew not why till from beyond the skies
An angel came and gave the reason why
God thus commanded: 'twas to typify

The sacrifice of God's beloved Son,
Which was to be in time's meridian.

Abroad to all the cities on the earth
A royal proclamation issued forth.
Responsive, lo! their numerous offspring come
To mother Eve's and father Adam's home.
Clothed with the Priesthood's power, the Patriarch stood
And blessed the reverent, waiting multitude,
In Adam-Ondi-Ahman, Eden's mart,
Zion's metropolis and priestly court.

With retrospective pride we're wont to praise
Illustrious characters of former days,
While here, the fact can never be ignored,
The ancient order is to *us* restored;
For here, a father standing at the head,
Treads the same path as did the ancients tread.

While age is tracing furrows on his cheek,
And silver locks increasing years bespeak,
As Adam, Noah, Abra'm, Jacob, blessed
Their offspring *then*, he *now* has been impressed
To call together all his kindred line,
To instruct and bless by right and power divine;

And Time's historic pages yet will know,
As Patriarch, our own Lorenzo Snow.
In coming generations yet unborn
Shall mighty men of God his line adorn;
Pure, noble minded men, who shall possess
The sterling worth that lives mankind to bless,
Who, through obedience and sacrifice,
Will to the glories of the Godhead rise.

And holy women, full of faith and love,
Who'll train their offspring for the courts above;
Mothers of men—mothers in Israel, too,
True to themselves—to sacred cov'nants true.
This life's beginning points to where it ends;
The first direction up or downward tends;
Hence, on the mother's impress much depends.

And may his sons and daughters ever be
Unrivaled samples of integrity,
Clothed with the power true Gospel faith imparts,
To heal the sick and cheer desponding hearts—
His sons be numbered with the valiant ones,
Who fought the fight of faith and won

their crowns;
His daughters filled with wisdom, truth and grace,
Do saintly honor to their noble race.

All hail to Brother Snow! Long life and cheer,
With blessings multiplied from year to year.
May his posterity, increasing, be
As numerous as the sands beside the sea,
"And as the stars of heaven for multitude."
The well-wrought model of his life shall be
A motive guide to his posterity;
A monitor to which, if they give heed,
To endless increase, endless lives will lead.
And yet his life, with conscious wrong unspotted,
Is more or less with imperfections dotted.
No mortal man, though staunch in that direction,
But fails to reach the zenith of perfection.

* * * * * * * *

His organizing skill has brought to bear
The strength of union—potent everywhere.
With these[1] good brethren, working side by side,
Through mighty effort he has changed

the tide
Of narrow, individual policy,
For the broad base of conjoint unity—
To make the Saints, in temporal interests, one,
And independent of old Babylon.
You've proved the *possibility*; the fact
Which you've developed will remain *intact*.
And yet the Order lives! 'Tis truly so,
Its healthy breathings and pulsations show;
And late transpiring indications tell
The Association's heart is beating well.
It operates, though on a smaller scale
Than ere O. J. H. did its rights assail.

Long-waiting Justice now comes boldly on,
And vetoes what aggressive force had done—
Shows up the assessment in a fitting light,
Affirming B. C. Co-op. scrip was right;
Bids "Uncle Sam" retrieve the cruel blunder,
By paying back, with interest, all the plunder.

And now, Lorenzo's children, just a few
Of my reflections I address to you.
The powers of darkness now are all astir;
"Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer."
Choose well your parts—mark where true valor lies,

And set your stakes to win the highest prize;
Honor to whom 'tis due, be prompt to give,
And in return, you honor will receive.
Rein up your courage, boldly stem the tide
Of worldly folly and of worldly pride.
Let love and union, your fraternal pledge,
Bolt every passage from the severing wedge.
Pursue no object when it downward leans—
Trust no result to sanctify the means.
Beware of jealousy, the green-eyed elf,
That makes the food on which it feeds itself;
And scorn hypocrisy, the infernal bane,
That prays like Abel and performs like Cain.

On earth exist two counterpoising firms,
And each proposes its peculiar terms.
Two, *only two* exist. O, then, be wise—
Know for yourselves in which your interest lies;
One, *only one*, will stand the trying test,
In this your all you safely may invest.

Who seeks for happiness in worldly gain
May be successful, yet succeed in vain,
And prove the adage sadly true, in which
"Our very wishes give us not our wish."

Search o'er the world; you'll find the happiest hearts
Are those who most of happiness impart.
The key to happiness is well expressed
In these few words, "IN BLESSING BE THOU BLEST."

Review your father's life since first he took
Upon himself the Great Redeemer's yoke.
From duty's post and God's eternal law,
No threat can drive him, and no bribe can draw;
Whether at home on missions, or abroad,
'Tis all the same with him—the work of God,
His wise example unto you will be
A rich behest—A ROYAL LEGACY.

LORENZO SNOW'S CLOSING ADDRESS TO HIS FAMILY.

In the various meetings of the family, and in the capacity of Patriarch, while engaged in conferring blessings upon its members, much fatherly counsel, instruction and admonition were given by Brother Lorenzo to his wives, sons and daughters.

After explaining the object of the re-union, and expressing his pleasure and gratitude to God that he now enjoyed the happiness of beholding the pleasant and smiling faces of his large family, and the good he anticipated would result from this re-union, he said:

About forty years ago I was an unmarried man, and to this day would have remained so, had I not received an understanding of the law of celestial marriage—its object and necessity in securing eternal glory and exaltation. My heart and soul—all my energies and ambition were enlisted in the service of God, and I thought I could not better please or serve Him than by employing my entire time, unburdened by family cares, in the great field of missionary labor. Joseph the Prophet, in a private interview at Nauvoo, on the banks of the Mississippi, gave me a full explanation of the principles of celestial marriage, and pointed out to me clearly my duty and privileges in reference to that law. This numerous, intelligent and honorable family assemblage is the result of my conformity to the knowledge, advice and counsel received in that important interview.

Peculiar feelings and reflections are naturally aroused in contemplating the past and the singular circumstances in the providence of God, which have brought about this wonderful change in my present condition and prospects. Forty years ago, a lone bachelor of some thirty years, under the influence of erroneous views on the subject and necessity of marriage, its eternal blessings and crowning glory; no loving wife to say, "Dear husband;" no child to lisp the endearing words, "My papa;" and now surrounded by and in the midst of wives, a host of children and grandchildren. What a grand and glorious transition! My heart is filled to overflowing with warmest feelings of gratitude to my Heavenly Father for these marvelous blessings. And let me say, my dear children, that your father's obedience to this sacred law of celestial marriage, at that day, was attended with embarrassments and dangers of no ordinary magnitude. We were surrounded by our enemies, and in our midst were many half-hearted, ignorant Saints, and some of the most wicked apostates,

seeking to betray us into the hands of our bitter foes. When I look upon this extensive family—intelligent and gifted sons and daughters, half a score or more of the former having been called, sent forth and performed many years of arduous missionary labor among far-off nations, and upon distant islands; and also behold many of my daughters honored wives and mothers in Israel, surrounded by healthy and happy children, and feel that all this is through the mercy and kindness of God, and the work of the Great Jehovah—what shall I say? Language is powerless to express the deep feelings of my heart for this holy and sacred opportunity on this the celebration of my seventieth birthday, of standing here and beholding this glorious and heavenly inspiring spectacle.

But it was not Lorenzo, it was not his wisdom that wrought this marvelous change, but the Lord our God. You, my children, should keep in lively remembrance that you are the fruits of my obedience to the law of plural marriage—that it is your duty to honor and magnify this law as you may have opportunity. I trust your mothers will employ no influence on the minds of their children to cause feelings to grow up in their hearts against these principles.

Allow me here to express my gratification in the consideration that most of you, my dear family, observe the Word of Wisdom, and no one is in the habit of using wine or strong drink, nor guilty of the filthy practice of using tobacco, and that you are accredited with the reputation of living moral, upright and honorable lives; and I trust it may always be truthfully said that you sustain this reputation. Remember, children, to honor and obey your parents, that you may be entitled to the promise, "That your days may be long in the land." Treat your father's wives kindly and respectfully. God has called them to be associated with him through time and eternity, to assist in his duties and responsibilities and share his glory and

dominion.

This is the last family re-union we have reason to expect this side of the spirit world. May the God of our fathers help us to keep His laws, live honorable lives, preserve inviolate our virtue and integrity, listen to the whisperings of the Holy Spirit, and seek diligently to purify ourselves, that not a single member of this family be lost by deviating from the straight and narrow path, but may we all prove ourselves worthy to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, crowned with glory, perpetuating in immortality the family union, and continue to increase down through the endless ages of eternity.

You may expect, if your lives are spared to the common age of man and womanhood, to encounter obstacles in the path of life, which will task to the uttermost your best resolutions, and some of you may be tempted to swerve from the path of truth and honor, and, like Esau, feel to relinquish the glories of eternity for a few passing moments of gratification and pleasure; then, my dear children, seize your opportunity to emulate the example of our Savior when offered the glory of this world, if he would stoop to an act of folly; he replied to his tempter, "*Get behind me, Satan*!" Try, keep trying daily and hourly in all your avocations, in all your walks of life, in all your associations, to be perfect, even as our Father in heaven is perfect. Be upright, just and merciful, exercising a spirit of nobility and godliness in all your intentions and resolutions —in all your acts and dealings Cultivate a spirit of charity, be ready to do for others more than you would expect from them if circumstances were reversed. Be ambitious to be great, not in the estimation of the worldly minded, but in the eyes of God, and to be great in this sense, "*Love the Lord our God with all your might, mind and strength, and your neighbor as yourself.*" You must love mankind because they are your brethren, the offspring of God. Pray

diligently for this spirit of philanthrophy, this expansion of thought and feeling, and for power and ability to labor earnestly in the interest of Messiah's kingdom.

We came into the world for a great purpose, the same as Jesus, our elder brother, to do the will and works of our Father; in this there is peace, joy and happiness, an increase of wisdom, knowledge and the power of God; outside of this are no promised blessings. Thus let us devote ourselves to righteousness, help each and all to be better and happier; do good to all and evil to none; honor God and obey His Priesthood; cultivate and preserve an enlightened conscience and follow the Holy Spirit; faint not, hold fast to what is good, endure to the end, and your cup of joy shall be full even to overflowing, for great shall be your reward for your trials and your sufferings under temptations, your fiery ordeals, your heart yearnings and tears; yea, our God will give you a crown of unfading glory, and make you kings and queens in the midst of your posterity, to rule in righteousness through the countless ages of eternities.

### Footnotes:

1. Members of the Council.

# CHAPTER LXIII.

GENEALOGIES.

Births and deaths of our parents.—Their children.—Genealogies of Lorenzo's wives, children, grandchildren, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law.—Mary Adaline's children by her first husband.

Births And Deaths Of Our Parents.

Oliver Snow, born 18 Sept., 1775, in Becket, Berkshire Co., Massachusetts. died 17 Oct., 1845, in Walnut Grove, Knox Co., Illinois.

Rosetta Leonora Pettibone Snow, b. 22 Oct., 1778, in Simsbury, Hartford Co., Connecticut.

d. 12 Oct., 1846, in Walnut Grove, Knox Co., Illinois.

Their Children.

Leonora Abigail, b. 23 Aug., 1801, in Becket, Berkshire Co., Mass. d. 11 Feb., 1872, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah.

Eliza Roxcy, b. 21 Jan., 1804, in Becket, Berkshire Co., Mass.

Percy Amanda, b. 20 April, 1808, in Mantua, Portage Co., Ohio. d. 27 August, 1848, in Henry Co., Illinois.

Melissa, b. 24 July, 1810, in Mantua, Portage Co., Ohio. d. 16 Dec., 1835, in Mantua, Portage Co., Ohio.

Lorenzo, b. 3 April, 1814, in Mantua, Portage Co., Ohio.

Lucius Augustus, b. 31 Aug., 1819, in Mantua, Portage Co., Ohio.

Samuel Pearce, b. 22 Aug., 1821, in Mantua, Portage Co., Ohio.

Genealogical Record Of Lorenzo Snow's Family.

LORENZO SNOW

married CHARLOTTE, daughter of Charles Merrill and

Charlotte Smith Squires. b. 19 Nov., 1825, in Bainbridge, Geauga Co., Ohio. d. 25 Sept., 1850, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Their children. Leonora Charlotte, b. 23 Jan., 1847, in Mt. Pisgah, Iowa. d. June, 1847, in Mt. Pisgah, Iowa.

Roxcy Armatha, b. 14 Dec., 1849, in Salt Lake City.

ROXCY ARMATHA SNOW

m. ELIJAH ARNOLD, son of William and Olivia A. Box, who were born in England,

b. 4 Jan., 1844.

Their chil. Charlotte Olivia, b. 22 Aug., 1867, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah.

Roxcy Estella, b. 4 Jan., 1870, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah.

Ada Trieste, b. 7 Feb., 1875, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah.

Dora Viola, b. 29 Oct., 1878, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah. d. Sept., 1879, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah.

Ella Armeda, b. 31 Oct., 1880, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah.

Eliza R. Snow, b. 21 Jan., 1884, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah.

LORENZO SNOW

m. MARY ADALINE, dr. of Dan and Percy Amanda

Pettibone Goddard, b. 8 March, 1812, in Hartford, Connecticut.

Their chil. Rosetta Adaline b. 7 Nov., 1846, in Mount Pisgah, Iowa.

Oliver Goddard, b. 20 Feb., 1849, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Isadore Percy, b. 24 Feb., 1855, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

ROSETTA ADALINE SNOW

m. CHESTER LOVELAND, b. 30 Dec., 1817, in Ashtabulah Co., Ohio.

Their chil. Lorenzo Chester, b. 9 Jan., 1868, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah. d. 14 July, 1874, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah.

Mary Adaline, b. 19 Dec., 1869, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah.

Rosetta Abigail, b. 7 Aug., 1875, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah. d. 12 Nov. 1875, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah.

Myrtie Adell, b. 17 April, 1878, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah. d. 1 Sept., 1878, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah.

Oliver George Morris, b. 2 Oct, 1882, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah.

OLIVER GODDARD SNOW

m. MARY B., dr. of Eli Harvey and Susannah Neff Peirce, b. 21 Sept., 1853, in Salt Lake City, Utah,

Their chil. Mary Orilla, b. 8 Dec., 1874, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah.

Oliver Goddard, b. 9 June, 1876, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah. d. 10 Feb., 1879, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah.

Eugene Peirce, b. 27 Feb., 1878, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah.

Eliza Roxcy, b. 3 Nov., 1879, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah.

Lionel Vivian, b. 19 Oct., 1881, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah.

Clyde Virginius, b. 27 May, 1883, in Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah.

ISADORE PERCY SNOW

m. HOMER S. WOODWORTH.

Their chil. Lottie Lucien, b. 13 Sept., 1875, in Nebraska. d. 26 Oct., 1876, in Brigham City, Utah.

Mary Adaline, b. 8 Feb., 1878, in Brigham City, Utah.

LORENZO SNOW

m. SARAH ANN, dr. of John and Polly Tillotson Prichard, both in Mass. b. 29 Nov., 1826, in Nelson, Portage Co., Ohio.

Their chil. Eliza Sarah, b. 30 Nov., 1847, in Mount Pisgah, Iowa.

Sylvia, b. 16 Jan., 1850, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Lorenzo, Jr., b. 7 July, 1853, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Parintha, b. 5 Oct., 1855, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Laurin Alvirus, b. 2 Dec., 1863, Brigham City, Utah.

ELIZA SARAH SNOW

m. GEORGE, s. of John and Mary Blair Dunford, b. 18 Dec., 1822, in Trowbridge, Wiltshire, England,

Their chil. Georgie, b. 20 March, 1871, in Salt Lake City. d. 30 Oct., 1872, in Salt Lake City.

Venice, b. 7 Jan., 1873. in Salt Lake City.

Sarah Estella, b. 31 July, 1875, in Salt Lake City.

George William, b. 1 Jan., 1878, in Salt Lake City. d. in Salt Lake City.

Lorenzo Snow, b. 8 Dec., 1879, in Salt Lake City.

Rupert Algernon F. Isaac, b. 10 Sept., 1882, in Salt Lake City.

SYLVIA SNOW

m. CHAUNCEY, s. of Chauncey Walker and Mary Hoagland West, b. 3 Aug., 1849, in Salt Lake City.

Their chil. Sarah Claudine, b. 7 March, 1869, in St. George, Washington Co., Utah.

Mary Frouie, b. 25 July, 1872, in Brigham City, Utah.

Chauncey, Jr., b. 13 Sept., 1875, in Brigham City, Utah.

Sylvia, b. 21 April, 1880, in Brigham City, Utah.

LORENZO SNOW, JR.,

m. HULDAH, dr. of J. P. and Sarah Jensen, b. 4 March, 1860, in Brigham City, Utah.

Their chil. Lorenzo, 3d, b. 16 Oct., 1881, in Brigham City, Utah.

LORENZO SNOW

m. HARRIET AMELIA, dr. of Aaron and Elizabeth P. Squires, b. 13 Sept., 1819, in Aurora, Geauga Co., Ohio.

Their chil. Abigail Harriet, b. 16 July, 1849, in Mount Pisgah, Iowa.

Lucius Aaron, b. 16 Dec., 1851, in Salt Lake City.

Twins, Alonzo Henry, b. 15 Feb., 1854, in Salt Lake City. d. 1 Nov., 1854, in Salt Lake City.

Amelia Henrietta, b. 15 Feb., 1854, in Salt Lake City. d. 30 Oct., 1854, in Salt Lake City.

Celestia Armeda, b. 2 Dec., 1856, in Salt Lake City.

ABIGAIL HARRIET SNOW

m. THOMAS CALDWELL, b. 8 Feb., 1842, in Glasgow, Scotland.

Their chil.

Twins, Thomas Sylvanus, b. 5 Feb., 1866, in Brigham City, Utah.

Lorenzo Sylvester, b. 5 Feb., 1866, in Brigham City, Utah.

ABIGAIL H. SNOW CALDWELL

m. MORRIS DAVID ROSENBAUM, b. 11 July, 1831, in Fordam, Prussia.

Their chil. Harriet, b. 2 March, 1869, in Brigham City, Utah. d. 2 Aug., 1871, in Brigham City, Utah.

Moses, b. 19 Aug., 1871, in Brigham City, Utah. d. 22 July, 1874, in Brigham City, Utah.

Nettie May, b. 13 Oct., 1873, in Brigham City, Utah.

Alice Maud, b. 4 May, 1876, in Brigham City, Utah.

Morris, b. 3 March, 1878, in Brigham City, Utah.

Minnie Mabel, b. 19 March, 1880, in Brigham City, Utah.

Lucius, b. 23 June, 1882, in Brigham City, Utah.

LUCIUS AARON SNOW

m. ELIZABETH WILSON, b. 1 Sept., 1856, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Their chil. Lucius Wilson, b. 22 Sept., 1876, in Brigham City, Utah. d. 20 Jan., 1879, in Brigham City, Utah.

Luella, b. 23 June, 1878, in Brigham City, Utah.

Frutilla, b. 12 July, 1880, in Brigham City, Utah.

Lauredo, b. 13 Sept., 1882, in Brigham City, Utah. d. 18 Aug., 1883, in Brigham City, Utah.

CELESTIA ARMEDA SNOW

m. BRIGHAM MORRIS, son of President Brigham and Margaret Peirce Whitesides Young, b. 18 Jan., 1854, in Salt Lake City.

Their chil. Alice Armeda, b. 13 Feb., 1876, in Salt Lake City.

Brigham Morris, b. 28 Feb., 1878, Brigham City, Utah.

Franklin Snow, b. 13 Feb., 1881, in Brigham City, Utah. d. 14 Feb., 1881, in Brigham City, Utah.

Lucius, b. 10 April, 1882, in Brigham City, Utah. d. 5 March, 1883. in Brigham City, Utah.

LORENZO SNOW

m. ELEANOR, dr. of Christian and Susan Pauling Houtz, b. 14 Aug., 1831, in Pennsylvania.

Their chil. Amanda Eleanor, b. 19 April, 1850, in Salt Lake City. d. 21 Oct., 1850, in Salt Lake City.

Ida, b. 2 Jan., 1854, in Salt Lake City.

Eugenia, b. 5 July, 1856, in Brigham City.

Alphonso Houtz, b. 13 Oct., 1858, in Salt Lake City.

Susan Imogene, b. 4 May, 1861, in Brigham City. d. 16 Oct., 1864, in Brigham City.

Roxcy Lana, b. 22 Oct., 1863, in Brigham City.

Hortensia, b. 17 July, 1867, in Brigham City.

Chauncey Edgar, b. 8 July, 1870, in Brigham City.

IDA SNOW m. GEORGE FRANCIS, son of George D. and Ellen P. Gibbs, b. 23 Nov., 1846, in Haverford, Pembroke Co., South Wales.

Their chil. Georgie Winnetta, b. 14 Aug., 1877, d. 30

April, 1878, in Brigham City.

George Snow, b. 14 March, 1879,

Eleanor Snow, b. 4 May, 1881, in Salt Lake City. d. 28 July, 1881, in Salt Lake City.

Ralston, b. 7 June, 1883, in Salt Lake City

EUGENIA SNOW m. LEONIDAS THOMAS, son of Eli Harvey and Susannah Neff Peirce, b.

Their chil. Leonidas Eustace Baudine, b. 11 Oct., 1877, in Brigham City. d. 8 May, 1879, in Brigham City.

Eugene Laran, b. 29 Oct., 1879, in Brigham City.

Eugenia, b. 28 April, 1882, in Brigham City.

LORENZO SNOW m. CAROLINE HORTON, b. 25 Dec., 1828, in England, d. Feb., 1857, in Brigham City.

Their chil.

Twins, Clarissa Caroline, b. 19 July, 1854, in Salt Lake City.

Franklin, b. 3 Feb., 1857, in Brigham City.

Sarah Augusta, b. 3 Feb., 1857, in Brigham City. d. 17 Feb., 1857, in Brigham City.

CLARISSA CAROLINE m. JOHN ARCHIBALD, son of Charles A. and Mary Haig McAllister, b. 22 Aug., 1851, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, Northumberland, England.

Their chil. John Archibald, Jr., b. 10 April, 1872, Brigham City, Box Elder Co., Utah.

Lorenzo Charles, b. 3 March, 1874, in Logan, Cache Co., Utah.

Roy Snow, b. 5 Sept., 1876, in Logan, Cache Co., Utah.

William Lucius, b. 19 Sept., 1878, in Logan, Cache Co., Utah.

Mary Jean, b. 15 Nov., 1880, in Logan, Cache Co., Utah.

Frank Snow, b. 21 March, 1883, in Logan, Cache Co., Utah.

LORENZO SNOW m. MARY ELIZABETH, dr. of Jacob and Lydia M. Houtz, b. 19 May, 1840, in Penn's Town, Union Co. Pa.

Their chil. Lydia May, b. 21 Jan., 1860, in Salt Lake City.

Jacob E. Fitzroy, b. 31 Oct., 1862, in Salt Lake City. d. 2 Dec., 1862, in Salt Lake City.

Virginia M. Marian, b. 30 Jan., 1864, in Salt Lake City.

Mansfield Lorenzo, b. 8 Sept., 1866, in Salt Lake City.

Mortimer Joseph, b. 19 Nov., 1868, in Brigham City.

Flora Bell Birdie, b. 19 July, 1871, in Brigham City.

LYDIA MAY SNOW m. ELI HARVEY, s. of Eli Harvey and Susannah Neff Peirce, b. 27 Dec., 1852, in Brigham City.

Their chil. Pearl Snow, b. 17 July, 1883, in Brigham City.

LORENZO SNOW m. PHEBE AMELIA, dr. of President Wilford and Phebe Carter Woodruff, b. 4 March, 1842, in Nauvoo, Hancock Co., Ill.

Their chil. Mary Amanda, b. 4 Sept., 1860, in Salt Lake City. d. 6 Sept., 1860, in Salt Lake City.

Leslie Woodruff, b. 6 Feb., 1862, in Salt Lake City.

Orion, b. 6 Sept., 1866, in Salt Lake City.

Milton, b. 7 Feb., 1869, in Brigham City.

Phebe Augusta Florence, b. 7 Aug., 1870, in Brigham City.

LORENZO SNOW m. MINNIE, dr. of J. P. and Sarah Clawson Jensen, of Denmark and Germany, b. 10 Oct., 1855, in Brigham City, Utah.

Their chil. Clarence Leroi, b. 26 Aug., 1876, Brigham City, Utah.

Minnie Mabel, b. 23 May, 1879, Brigham City, Utah.

Cora Jeane, b. 16 Feb., 1883, Brigham City, Utah. d. 11 Aug., 1883, Brigham City, Utah.

*Children by First Husband.*

MARY ADALINE, dr. of Dan and Percy Amanda Pettibone Goddard, m. GEORGE WASHINGTON HENDRICKSON, 6 March, 1834. b. 8 March, 1812.

Their chil. Hiram Ackley, b. 15 Dec., 1834, in Akron, Summit Co., Ohio.

Orville Daniel, b. 4 Nov., 1836, in McDonough Co., Ohio.

Jacob Wayne, b. 15 Dec., 1839, in Coles Co., Ohio.

HYRUM ACKLEY HENDRICKSON m. ELIZABETH, dr. of Christian and Catherine Clapper, b. 4 Sept., 1837, in Ray Co., Mo.

Their chil. Elizabeth Adaline, b. 30 May, 1857, in Brigham City, Utah.

Hyrum Marcellus, b. 23 Aug., 1859, in Brigham City, Utah.

Horace Byron, b. 12 Sept., 1861, in Brigham City, Utah. d. 2 Sept., 1878, in Brigham City, Utah.

Catherine Rosetta, b. 16 Jan., 1869, in Brigham City, Utah.

ELIZABETH ADALINE HENDRICKSON m. MANUS JOHNSON,

Their chil. Vivian Oretta, b. 21 Dec., 1876, in Parowan, Iron Co.

Lawrence M. Ackley, b. 12 Dec., 1878, in Parowan, Iron Co.

Irving Percy, b. 10 June, 1881, in Parowan, Iron Co.

ORVILLE DANIEL HENDRICKSON m. EMMA SMITH BOLTON, b. 1 Jan., 1842, in New York.

Their chil. Orville Bolton, b. 7 May, 1862, in Mill Creek Ward, S. L. Co.

Mary Emma, b. 10 Jan., 1864, in Brigham City.

George Edwin, b. 22 June, 1866, in Brigham City.

Albert Edgar, b. 3 May, 1868, in Brigham City.

Charlotte, b. 23 July, 1870, in Mill Creek Ward, S. L. Co. d. 23 July, 1870, aged ten hours.

Charles Lewis, b. 27 Oct., 1871, in Mill Creek Ward, S. L. Co.

Vivian, b. 12 May, 1874, in Mill Creek Ward, S. L. Co.

Genevia, b. 8 Sept., 1876, in Mill Creek Ward, S. L. Co.

Imogene, b. 23 Nov., 1878, in Mill Creek Ward, S. L. Co.

Leonidas, b. 22 Aug., 1880, in Mill Creek Ward, S. L. Co.

Lilian, b. 3 Jan., 1884. in Mill Creek Ward, S. L. Co.

JACOB WAYNE HENDRICKSON m. ABBY BRANDON.

Their chil. Jacob Wayne, b. 7 Aug., 1868, in Brigham City. d. 13 March, 1869, in Brigham City.

Isola Isadore, b. 12 March, 1870, in Brigham City. d.

JACOB WAYNE HENDRICKSON m. SARAH JOSEPHINE RITTER, b. 30 Dec., 1849, in Salt Lake City.

Their chil. Mary Adaline, b. 23 July, 1878.

# SUPPLEMENT TO BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

On the 26th of October, 1872, my brother Lorenzo left home on a tour to Palestine. A short time previous to this, President Brigham Young suggested to his first counselor, President G. A. Smith, to select a company for that purpose, and to go to Jerusalem; the object of which the following epistle briefly explains:

Salt Lake City, Utah Territory,

15th October, 1872.

*President George A. Smith*:

Dear Sir.—As you are about to start on an extensive tour through Europe and Asia Minor, where you will doubtless be brought in contact with men of position and influence in society, we desire that you observe closely what openings now exist, or where they may be effected, for the introduction of the Gospel into the various countries you shall visit.

When you get to the land of Palestine, we wish you to dedicate and consecrate that land to the Lord, that it may be blessed with fruitfulness, preparatory to the return of the Jews, in fulfilment of prophecy and the accomplishment of the purposes of our heavenly Father.

We pray that you may be preserved to travel in peace and safety, that you may be abundantly blessed with words of wisdom and free utterance in all your conversations pertaining to the holy Gospel, dispelling prejudice and sowing seeds of righteousness among the people.

(Signed) Brigham Young,

Daniel H. Wells.

When on this interesting tour Lorenzo wrote a series of descriptive letters which were forwarded from time to time and published in the *Deseret News*, in Salt Lake City. After our return, we compiled his letters, with those of other members of the party, and had them published in a neat volume of nearly four hundred pages, entitled "Correspondence Of Palestine Tourists."

We think his biography and autobiography would be incomplete were this mission of my brother entirely ignored; but to avoid breaking the thread of our preceding narrative by inserting this correspondence in chronological order, we have decided on the alternative of a supplement; and, having already enlarged this volume beyond our original design, we shall omit a portion of his communications.

When on our return from Palestine we reached Vienna in time to witness the grand opening of the "world's fair" of 1873. Before leaving that city, my brother was informed, through the press, of his appointment at the general conference as one of seven counselors to President Brigham Young, which position he held until the death of the President.

# Letter I.

National Monument.—Its construction.—One hundred and eighty marble statues.—Lofty spire set with thousands of gems.—Embossed globe.—Statue of Prince Albert.—Tower of London.—Queen Elizabeth's Armory.—Torture rooms.—Ann Boleyn.—Earl of Essex.—Lady Jane Grey.—Executioner's axe.—Instruments of torture.

London, England, November 28TH, 1872.

*Editor Deseret News*:

Through the blessings of a kind Providence, we have safely crossed the Atlantic, and are now in London. We have visited the Prince Consort National Monument. It is situated in Kensington Gardens, in the central part of the metropolis. It is designed to perpetuate the name of Prince Albert, also to show the high estimation in which he was held by the British nation, likewise, to represent allegorically, by sculpture and Mosaic pictures, the arts and sciences which he fostered, and to point to some of his important undertakings, the great National Exhibition being the foremost.

For grandeur of design and excellency and beauty of workmanship, I believe it excels every other structure of a commemorative character in any part of the world. In approaching it, I was struck with astonishment by its beauty and magnificence. A vast column, covered from base to pinnacle with beautiful sculptures, rich carvings,

embossed and Mosaic work of the most elegant description, beautiful foliage of beaten metal, fine enameling, the whole being set out in artistical order with twelve thousand gems sparkling like stars in the firmament.

This monument, including the foundation, rises one hundred and eighty feet above the surrounding ground, terminating in a large ball, embossed, supporting a magnificent cross. It commences with a mass of concrete sixty feet square, seventeen feet thick, overlaid with two courses of thick stone; upon this is erected a substructure of massive brick work, upon which the great column is based. The base of this column, or "podium," as it is termed, is about twelve feet high, surrounded by one hundred and eighty marble statues about six feet in height, representing men of all ages, distinguished in the arts and sciences. This podium, built of massive blocks of granite, forms the foundation for the "shrine" or tabernacle, a vast canopy about fifty feet high, richly ornamented, beneath which, upon a lofty pedestal, will be placed the colossal statue of the prince. This tabernacle is supported by four clusters of pillars of finely polished granite of various colors. Several of these pillars are two feet in diameter, held together, in part, by an ornamental band of bronze, set with polished "gem-like stones;" and in part are cemented by a dove-tail groove to the central core, around which they cluster. The tabernacle is terminated by four gables, ornamented with Mosaic pictures and decorated with carvings and enamel work and polished gem-like stones, some of them nearly four inches in diameter. Upon this tabernacle is reared a lofty spire of cast iron work, ornamented in the most magnificent style and set with thousands of gems. Out from this tabernacle, near its angles, arise four small structures built in imitation, in many respects, of the principal one, being enriched and

highly ornamented from base to pinnacle. This column, or spire, the same as the tabernacle which forms its base, is surrounded with statues at successive heights, standing in its ornamented niches, and at their angles.

Four of these figures, standing in niches above the base of the spire, are eight and a half feet high, the four at the angles are seven and a half in height; far above them the spire is flanked by statues, six and a half feet high, representing angels; and still higher, other figures six feet in height, with a like representation. These sixteen statues are all of copper.

This lofty spire is crowned with a magnificent globe, beautifully embossed, supporting a great cross highly ornamented.

A vast pyramid of granite steps surrounds this monument. The total length of these steps is equal to two miles and a half, and the number of steps is eighteen hundred and three. Several of the blocks of granite in the base of the column and in the pillars weigh fifteen tons each; the working of each of these stones occupied twelve men sixteen weeks. The iron girders which bear the spire weigh twenty-three tons, and the weight resting upon them is two hundred and ten tons. The spire is made of iron, built up in stages, and bolted together; the girders are of wrought iron. The gems and inlays are formed of vitreous enamel, spar, agates and onyxes, more than twelve thousand in number; two hundred of these are *real* onyxes, many of them nearly four inches in diameter.

The general features of the design are thus delineated: The prince is to be represented by a colossal statue seated upon a lofty pedestal beneath this magnificent canopy; around and above him are gathered in series and in groups the most beautiful works of man, illustrating the arts and

sciences which he promoted, and the subjects to which he devoted his attention. Upon four large pedestals, composed of blocks of granite, at the outer angle of the steps, the four quarters of the globe are represented by groups of marble statues. Upon the pedestal forming the angles of the podium, or base of the tabernacle, are groups of marble statues, illustrative of agriculture, manufactures, commerce and engineering. Again, still above, on pedestals of polished granite, are statues in bronze, representing astronomy, chemistry, geology and geometry. Above these is another set or order of bronze statues representing rhetoric, medicine, philosophy and physiology. The four sides of the podium contain one hundred and eighty marble statues, representing eminent artists in printing, sculpture, architecture, music and poetry. From the base to the roof of this tabernacle, the whole range of arts and sciences is illustrated. The column above is devoted to illustrating virtue and religion. The four statues in the niches of the spire point to the Christian virtues—Faith, Hope. Charity and Humility. The four figures at the angles represent the moral virtues—Fortitude, Prudence, Justice and Temperance. The four angels above them are in attitudes signifying resignation of worldly honors, while those above, surrounding the base of the cross, are in attitudes as if desiring celestial happiness.

Here I will close my sketch of this curious and wonderful specimen of intellectual and physical effort, so happily and beautifully displayed in this magnificent monumental structure.

Yesterday we visited the houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, Westminster Bridge—thence, per underground railway, to Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square.

If one wishes to indulge in melancholy or the sympathetic,

he should visit the "Tower of London," and devote an hour or two in examining its mouldering records and crumbling inscriptions, pointing to heart-rending scenes enacted in past ages within its dark and gloomy walls. In company with others of our tourists, I visited this place, although not for the purpose above mentioned.

It is a sombre mass, consisting principally of antique walls, gates, portcullis, bastions, moat and twelve towers. None of the excellency, beauty, splendor and grandeur is exhibited in these structures as is seen in Prince Albert's monument. Simplicity and solidity are characteristics of its architecture; I was impressed with no other, with the exception of oppressive gloominess.

About thirteen acres are enclosed by the moat surrounding the Tower, and a double line of walls and bulwarks encircles inside the moat, with a street running between, except on the south.

The White Tower, or citadel, the most important edifice, occupies the central part of these premises. It is one hundred and sixteen feet by ninety-six, and ninety-two in height, with walls fifteen feet in thickness. It was built in the latter part of the eleventh century, nearly eight hundred years ago, and is a specimen of Norman architecture. It is divided from base to summit into various compartments by walls seven feet in thickness. The smallest apartment is now occupied by what is termed Queen Elizabeth's Armory. On one side of this room, formed in the wall, is a cell eight feet high by ten, without light except at its entrance—formerly the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh, Ralstone, Fane and Culpepper. Above this apartment is St. John's Chapel, another specimen of Norman architecture. A chaplain was formally engaged to perform service here for about twelve dollars per annum. The most spacious room on the upper floor, in former ages, was used by the

kings as a council room, where their courts were held. It is said to have been here that, when the council was assembled, the Duke of Gloucester demanded Lord Hastings' immediate execution. This chamber and the banqueting room are used at the present time as depositories for small arms. Great artistic skill is displayed in the arrangement of some of these arms and their implements, in form of floors, aquatic plants appearing in streams of water, luminous stars, and the sun rising in splendor.

We were conducted to the Horse Armory, which is nearly one hundred and fifty feet in length by thirty-four in breadth, filled with objects of curiosity and historical interest. There were equestrian figures, others on foot, dressed in armor of different periods embracing over two and a half centuries. It is curious to trace the development of the idea relating to armor and weapons, as exhibited in the multitude of those specimens. The conception in its perfect development, in regard to armor, was strikingly illustrated by a full suit on a life-sized effigy of Henry VIII, mounted on a horse. The suit of armor was made of plated metal, artistically arranged in sections overlapping one another, and turning upon pivots, so as to afford the body, head, neck and limbs free motion, without exposing any portion. It is ponderous, weighing, as nearly as I recollect, about one hundred and twenty pounds. This armor is elaborately worked—inlaid with gold and very beautiful. We were shown a rough suit he wore at the age of eighteen, which weighed ninety-two pounds.

The first specimens of armor manifested the idea as rather confused: leather cut in pieces in the form of fish scales and sewed on cloth or deer skins. The next stage of development appears in a specimen made of small rings of steel sewed on to the same material. Again, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, a higher point of

development was reached—armor was constructed of vast quantities of small rings intersecting one with another, so as to form a connected garment. After this, another improvement was introduced—mixed chain and plate being worn on the arms and legs. And thus invention progressed to its full development as represented at the period of Henry VIII.

We saw various specimens of weapons invented at different periods, commencing with the cross-bow, the spear and battle axe, exhibiting step by step successive improvements represented in the matchlock, improved matchlock, flintlock, improved flintlock, percussionlock, improved percussion, double-barreled gun, improved double-barrel, revolving cylinder, cylinder improved, until we have reached the most perfect weapon now known.

The twelve towers of this fortress were erected, principally, in the early part of the thirteenth century; some of them, however, were built about the close of the eleventh. The strange scenes enacted in past ages, beneath these frowning battlements, form a dark and bloody page in English history. Observing the multitude of objects bearing distinct marks of those terrible events, my mind was almost overpowered with sad and gloomy reflections. In these dark and loathsome dungeons, kings and queens, after having been divested of their crowns and robes of royalty, were forced to make their ignominious abode.

These walls bear traces of having echoed the sighs and groans of illustrious men while gasping for life beneath the bloody instruments of horrid torture, also of princes and nobles having been thrust into these dungeons and ended their lives by means shrouded in mystery! Tradition speaks of secret passages, of torture rooms and hidden recesses within and underneath these walls where I stood. Many eminent personages left inscriptions upon their prison

walls, which yet remain—sad mementoes of themselves and their sufferings. Queen Ann, having enjoyed a few years of pomp and splendor, basking in the smiles of Henry VIII, was forced to exchange queenly habiliments for the prison costume, in which she passed from this loathsome captivity to the executioner's block. Queen Elizabeth's favorite, the Earl of Essex, the pride of the English court, was immured within one of these towers previous to being beheaded upon the scaffold. The beautiful, amiable and accomplished Lady Jane Grey was incarcerated here. "Jane," engraved by Lord Dudley, her unfortunate husband, on the stone walls of his prison, which I saw, reminded me forcibly of the melancholy circumstance. Two princes, sons of Edward IV, while suffering captivity in what is termed "the bloody tower," were secretly murdered, and afterwards their bodies found mouldering beneath its walls.

We were shown the executioner's axe, the heading block, thumbscrews, iron collars and other horrid instruments for human torture. We were conducted to a small enclosure, surrounded with iron palings, where many illustrious men and women of distinction and royalty had been privately executed. Lorenzo Snow.

# Letter II.

At Haarlem.—Two thousand people executed.—Wonderful organ.—A Dutch wedding.—Amsterdam.—A city on piles.—Formidable army of worms.—One hundred islands and two hundred and eighty bridges.—Palace on

piles.—Diamond cutting.—Charitable institutions.—Antwerp.—Notre Dame.—Masterpiece of Rubens.—Royal Palace.—Brussels.—St. Nicholas.—Singular marriage.—Royal Theatre.—National Palace.

Antwerp, Belgium, December 7th, 1872.

*Editor Deseret News*:

We arrived at Haarlem *en route* to Amsterdam, on Wednesday, the fourth of December. It is a town of considerable importance, containing thirty thousand inhabitants—in former periods the residence of the Counts of Holland. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, during the Spanish war, the citizens of Haarlem, after suffering seven months' siege, in which they endured the severest hardships, were forced to capitulate. Ten thousand people on that occasion perished by famine or lost their lives in the terrible encounters of those bloody struggles. The commandant and the Protestant clergy, together with two thousand townspeople, were barbarously executed, after having surrendered. Frederick of Toledo, son of the Duke of Alva, commanded the besiegers, and had given solemn assurances of life and honorable treatment. We saw traces of a striking character still remaining as sad mementoes of the atrocious deeds.

St. Bavon, erected about three hundred and seventy years ago, is the principal church in Haarlem. This is a magnificent structure, four hundred and twenty-five feet in length; its nave is supported by twenty-eight massive columns, eighteen feet in circumference. This church is renowned for its famous organ, which, for a long time, has been considered the largest and most powerful in the

world. It has four key boards, sixty-four stops, five thousand metal and two thousand wooden pipes; the largest of these pipes is thirty-two feet long, and fifteen inches in diameter. It is very beautiful—adorned with marble statuary, life size, and in attractive attitudes, representing personages playing on instruments of various descriptions. We employed the organist and three or four blowers to exhibit its merits. Imitations of different tones of the pianoforte, the trumpet, whistle, battle call, sacred music, closing with a tremendous thunder storm, all were executed with admirable accuracy, fully satisfying us as to its wonderful capabilities.

We saw a cannon ball, which was nearly buried in the wall, having been thrown through an opposite window from a Spanish gun during the siege above mentioned.

While exploring this church for objects of curiosity, we were interrupted by the approach of a wedding party, which afforded some diversion, especially to our young tourists, who had never witnessed a Dutch wedding. The bride and groom were accompanied by a grave clerical gentleman, to whom we bowed with becoming reverence, and with smiles of our hearty approval to the happy groom and blushing bride. As we discovered nothing in the ceremonies surprisingly characteristic, I omit description.

In front of this church is a bronze statue of Koster, formerly a citizen of Haarlem, representing him as the inventor of the art of printing.

Having spent two hours in that interesting town, we took cars for Amsterdam, where we arrived about half-past 3 p.m. Amsterdam is the great commercial city of Holland, numbering two hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants, of whom fifty-seven thousand are Roman Catholics, and twenty-eight thousand Jews. It is built over

a salt marsh, upon piles driven from forty to fifty feet into the ground. We were informed that one house only, in this city, stands on any other foundation. These people apparently feel as secure upon these wooden posts as if founded on solid ground, although at one period this faith in their safety was fearfully shaken. While busied in making canals and windmills—smoking their pipes, unsuspicious of danger, the enemy in vast numbers had succeeded in securing a lodgment beneath the city and commenced mining and sapping the entire substructure—penetrating and cutting into the very heart of these underpinnings. These fearful invaders were *wood worms*! They were honeycombing the wooden piles with alarming rapidity, threatening to tumble all Amsterdam into the great salt marsh. The whole city was in consternation. Every Dutchman's ingenuity and military tactics were called into requisition to devise measures to rout the enemy. Some of the crusaders were captured while working the trenches, and submitted to the inspection of zoologists, in hopes of discovering some vulnerable point susceptible of attack, but all to no purpose—still they were mining and sapping, boring and eating, and, by millions, doubling and quadrupling. At last, however, these belligerents ended their hostilities after the same fashion as Bonaparte's army in Russia—the Holland winter finished them, It appears that these insects had been imported by some vessel from a warm climate—the colder regions of the north compelling them to succumb and leave the honest Dutchman to smoke his meerschaum in peace and security. Living specimens of these insects are preserved in the Cabinet of Zoologists in Amsterdam, where they may be seen by the tourist.

The expense of these foundations for building frequently exceeds that of their superstructures. The neglect of proper attention to this matter is liable to result in disaster. An

extensive warehouse, containing three thousand five hundred tons of grain, was precipitated into the marsh, in consequence of the inefficiency of the foundation.

The city is about nine miles in circumference—intersected by numerous canals, dividing it into nearly one hundred islands, which circumstance, in connection with other resemblances, has given it the title of the "Venice of the North." Many of these canals are very broad—flanked with avenues of tall elms, presenting a handsome and picturesque appearance, comparing favorably with the finest streets in any city we have visited. Two hundred and eighty bridges form the crossings of these canals. A reservoir about thirteen miles distant supplies the inhabitants with drinking water, which is conveyed in pipes.

We visited the Museum, which contains many valuable paintings, chiefly the works of the old Dutch school. The finest edifice in Amsterdam is the "King's Palace," which rests on a foundation of thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty-nine piles; its length is two hundred and eighty-two feet—two hundred and thirty-five in width, and one hundred and sixteen feet high. Its tower is sixty-six feet high, containing a splendid set of chimes. The interior of the palace is grand and beautiful—its principal apartments, through which we passed, are constructed of white marble, and many sumptuously decorated. The "Council Chamber" is one hundred and twenty feet long by sixty broad over the entrance, and opposite to it we noticed flags and trophies wrested from the Spaniards and other enemies. We also visited the Navy Yard, and were conducted through the different departments of shipbuilding. Steamers, monitors and ironclads were in course of erection. We were amused in viewing the operation of their ponderous and complicated machinery. By a downward stroke chunks over three inches in diameter were punched

out of cold iron plate above an inch in thickness. Ponderous iron pillars were pared, polished and grooved, blocks of iron eight inches thick were turned and twisted into every desirable shape. It seemed impossible that any projectile could be forced through an eight inch block of iron; we were, however, shown one of this description which had been perforated by a cannon ball after having passed through a covering of oak at least one foot in thickness.

The most remarkable trade in this city is that of diamond cutting, which is done almost exclusively by Jews. The stones are cut or sawed through by means of wires covered with diamond dust and polished by being pressed by the workmen against a rapidly revolving iron disk, moistened with a mixture of oil and diamond dust. The last material has proved to be indispensable in this work, as no other substance will make impressions on the diamond.

Amsterdam is celebrated for its numerous charitable institutions. It has upwards of forty designed for the benefit of the sick, aged and indigent, lunatics, foundlings and widows, all being supported by voluntary contributions. Upwards of twenty thousand poor are sustained at the expense of private individuals. We saw a number of establishments for the poor, which appeared more like palaces for the rich than dwellings for the destitute. This city, as well as many others in Holland, is famous in its liberal arrangements for educating the poorer classes. The "Society for Public Welfare," founded in 1784, by a Baptist minister, is an admirable institution, having for its object the education and moral culture of the lower classes, and extending its operations throughout the kingdom of Holland. It comprises fourteen thousand members, who subscribe two dollars annually. It educates teachers, publishes schoolbooks, establishes Sunday schools, reading rooms and libraries, publishes works of literature,

bestows rewards, and confers public distinctions on persons who have made themselves conspicuous by their generosity and philanthropic conduct.

Paris, France, December 12TH, 1872.

We arrived in the city of Antwerp, Belgium, seventh of December. It is one of the finest cities in the kingdom, embracing a population of one hundred and thirty-three thousand. It is the principal seaport of the country, carrying on an extensive traffic with Great Britain and Germany. Among other objects of interest, we examined the celebrated cathedral, Notre Dame, three hundred and ninety feet in length and two hundred and sixteen feet in width, the most magnificent Gothic structure in Belgium. It was commenced in the middle of the thirteenth century, and completed one hundred years after. It is the only church in Europe that has six aisles. Its skilfully executed and elaborate carvings, numerous paintings by celebrated artists, Mosaic work of the finest description, marble statues of exquisite workmanship, gorgeous gildings, and decorations of the most costly character, altogether form a scene of great beauty and magnificence. The tower is four hundred and two feet in height and is ascended by six hundred and twenty-two steps. It affords a splendid view of the city and surrounding country. Its chimes are among the most complete in Belgium, consisting of ninety-nine bells, the smallest of which is but fifteen inches in diameter, the largest weighs eight tons.

We also visited the Museum, containing a collection of five hundred and sixty pictures, possessing great merit, the productions of celebrated masters. One of these by Rubens, which I consider the most perfect, particularly attracted my attention. It represents Christ crucified between two thieves; Longinus, the Roman officer, mounted on a grey horse, is piercing the Savior's side with a lance; the

penitent thief, a grey-haired man, is invoking the Savior for the last time. In the foreground stands the Virgin Mother, whom Mary, the wife of Cleophas, in vain endeavors to console. Farther back, St. John leans against the cross of the impenitent thief, weeping; Mary Magdalene on her knees, at the foot of the cross, implores Longinus to spare the sacred body of her Master.

The whole is drawn with almost startling accuracy; indeed, I never saw a life scene on canvas so strikingly illustrated. The writhing agony of the impenitent malefactor, whose legs have just been broken by a Roman soldier, while on the contrary, the composed expression of the other, though worn by suffering—all depicted with such marvelous exactness, impressed me for the moment with a feeling that I was witnessing the reality of this shocking scene.

Antwerp justly boasts of many public edifices of great beauty and magnificence. The royal palace, erected over one hundred years ago in fantastic pompadour style, drew our attention, though perhaps failed to excite our admiration. This city has a splendid theatre, its interior handsomely decorated with paintings, and busts in marble and bronze of eminent composers and dramatists, among whom are Shakespeare, Moliere, Euripides and Mozart. The Zoological Garden contains a fine collection of animals, which, with its garden and beautiful park, is considered one of the best in Europe.

We left Antwerp the following afternoon and arrived at Brussels in the evening. Brussels is the capital of Belgium, the residence of the royal family, and contains a population of one hundred and seventy thousand, only six thousand of whom are Protestants. This city has many points of resemblance to Paris, the capital of France, so much so that it is frequently called "Paris in miniature." The majority of the citizens speak the French language; the Flemish is

chiefly spoken by the lower classes.

As usual on entering Catholic cities, we paid our respects to its celebrated cathedrals, of which St. Nicholas is the most prominent. It is of Gothic structure, and presents an imposing appearance. Its interior embraces characteristics similar to other Catholic churches—images, elaborate carvings, fine marble statuary, sumptuous gildings, magnificent decorations, together with paintings in almost endless variety. Some have rather singular representations, such, for instance, as the "Expulsion from Paradise," done in carved wood, with great skill and at vast labor and expense. Among the beautiful foliage are seen all kinds of animals—a bear, dog, cat, eagle, vulture, peacock, owl, dove, squirrel, and lastly, an ape eating an apple. These are surmounted by the Virgin with the Child, who crushes the head of the serpent with the cross.

In one of these churches, an old lady was holding a stock of wax candles, some of which she insisted on our purchasing, that we might burn them for the benefit of our dead friends. In another we saw a gentleman of respectable appearance doing penance in a prostrate position upon the floor of the church, before the cross and image of the Savior, kissing the stone pavement with great fervor, and wetting it with tears. I imagined he might have committed in secret some great crime; I may have failed to do him justice.

In one of these cathedrals we witnessed a Catholic wedding, which was quite amusing—the bride and groom were kneeling before the altar, a priest with sacerdotal robes, with open Bible, wax tapers, and three silver goblets of wine, was performing the marriage ceremony, reading a sentence or two, repeatedly kissing the cross and quaffing the wine, waving his hands and pronouncing Latin, while in the background a little boy in a white gown, walking to

and fro, swinging slowly, then rapidly, a small censer with smoking incense, accompanied with an occasional jingle of a bell. In the evening we attended the Royal Operatic Theatre, the most noted in Brussels, and the finest and most richly finished and artistically decorated I ever visited. The parquette was furnished with cushioned chairs, elegantly made, and sufficient room to pass without annoyance. Its sixtiered gallery, with elaborate carvings and splendid gildings, presented a grand appearance. I think the performances could not be surpassed.

We visited the National Palace, where the sessions of the Senate and Representatives are held, and were conducted through the various apartments. The Senate Hall is embellished with fifteen portraits of celebrated Belgians. These two halls had the appearance of comfort and convenience, rather than display.

The Hotel de Ville, the city hall, the most remarkable edifice in Brussels, has a graceful tower of three hundred and eighty-six feet in height; on the summit of its spire is a figure in bronze of Michael, the Archangel, eighteen feet high. A portion of this hall is occupied by the city council of Brussels, comprising thirty-one members. We noticed some magnificent tapestry four hundred years old, and a basin with the keys of the city made of beaten gold and silver two hundred years ago. In front of this hall stands a magnificent monument of Counts Egmont and Horn, who were unjustly executed by the notorious Duke of Alva, June 5th, 1568. A portion of this colossal structure contains figures in bronze representing the two counts on their way to execution. In the Hotel de Ville, we ascended by a winding staircase to the summit of its lofty tower, where we enjoyed a magnificent view of Brussels and its environs. Also, from this lofty height may be seen in the distance the "Lion Monument," a vast mound upon the battlefield of Waterloo, erected in commemoration of the

great victory won by the allied powers under the Duke of Wellington.

We visited that memorable locality about ten miles distant from Brussels, spending several hours walking over the fields, still bearing traces of those bloody struggles, examining many points and localities of intense interest; but I will defer this subject for the present.

We left Brussels, Wednesday, December 11, and arrived in Paris the same evening.

Lorenzo Snow.

# LETTER III.

Paris.—Visit to Versailles.—Bois de Boulogne.—St. Cloud.—Attend the National Assembly.—French glory.—Interview with the President of the French Republic. —Paris *Register* speaks of the Party.

Paris, France, December 18th, 1872.

*Editor Deseret News*:

We are pleasantly situated at the "Hotel de Petersbourg," in the beautiful city of Paris, the capital of lovely, sunny France. Too much cannot be said of the beauty and magnificence of this wonderful city. I will not attempt, at present, to describe all that we have seen of its beauty and grandeur. I have just returned from promenading some of its principal streets, viewing it in its evening splendor, lit

up with thirty-two thousand gas burners.

Yesterday we visited Versailles, some twelve miles from Paris. We passed through the forest of Boulogne, admiring the delightful picturesque scenery bordering on the river Seine, passing through a variegated country until we reached St. Cloud, where we alighted from our carriages and walked over the ground where the Prussians planted their artillery to bombard the city of Paris, and where many thousands were slain during the late bloody contest. Every building, except the Cathedral, had been demolished; this was preserved by a body of Prussians, who had been stationed there through the reverential feeling, perhaps, of the Prussian Emperor.

At Versailles we enjoyed magnificent views, comprising objects of almost infinite variety. To me, however, our visit to the National Assembly, then in session, was the most interesting, with the exception of our interview with Monsieur Thiers, the president of the French republic, which I will describe presently. The National Assembly comprises seven hundred and fifty-eight deputies, elected by their respective districts in 1871, constituting only a provisional government. How long they may feel disposed to hold office, or the vacillating minds of the people to sustain them, the future will reveal. The political prospects of France are shrouded in fearful mystery—at any moment the most terrible scenes may burst upon the country. The National Assembly convenes in that portion of the palace formerly occupied as a theatre, when Versailles was reveling in regal pride and splendor. We owed the privilege of admission to the president of the Assembly, through the request of Monsieur Bartholemy St. Hilaire, private secretary to M. Thiers, to whom we had been introduced by Major Lorin. We were accorded seats appropriated to foreign diplomats and embassadors, an honor we appreciated and duly acknowledged. The grave,

sedate, dignified, bald-headed appearance of this great body of French deputies was rather prepossessing. We spent about an hour in listening to their eloquent and animated speeches. I have alluded to Major Lorin—this gentleman distinguished himself as a French officer in the battles fought against Austria and Italy, also in many bloody conflicts between the French and Prussians. In the late war he commanded about three thousand men. On the establishment of peace, only forty-seven remained; the others were either killed or disabled. The Major was covered with French glory—scars and bruises. We had formed an acquaintance with this gentleman, and while visiting Versailles he proposed to present our cards to President Thiers and procure us an audience. We accepted the proposition and drove up to the palace of M. Thiers. In a few minutes the Major returned, accompanied by the president's private secretary, who politely stated that M. Thiers would be happy to receive President Smith and party at half-past 9 p. m.

We repaired to the palace at the hour designated. M. Bartholemy St. Hilaire conducted us to the reception hall and introduced us to President Thiers. He was attended by a number of distinguished French gentlemen, principally his cabinet ministers, anxious and curious to witness the interview between the president of the French republic and the delegation from the Latter-day Saints in Utah *en route* to Palestine. Mr. Thiers' personal appearance impressed us favorably—his dignified bearing, plain and unassuming manners, with a countenance glowing with benevolence and patriotism. He possesses the reputation of being a good English scholar, but I presume the vast crowd of business of late years has allowed him no time to practise the English language, therefore the conversation was carried on in French, Major Lorin acting as interpreter.

After the introduction, President Smith acknowledged our

appreciation of the honor accorded the party, in granting this interview—that we were from Utah, *en route* to Palestine, to study the Bible in the land where its recorded events had chiefly transpired—that we sympathized with the president of the French republic in the great cause he is laboring to establish—a republic in France, and had sought this occasion of expressing our sentiments personally.

Upon this being interpreted, President Thiers replied that he was gratified with such assurances from Americans, and pleased to meet this delegation from Utah, and that he was familiar with the history of our people. We replied that we had been twenty-five years laboring under every possible disadvantage to colonize that portion of our American desert, in order to make a destitute people great and prosperous; that in connection with other objects relating to our tour, we wished to gather information and statistics of the progress of older nations, that through their experience we might more successfully benefit and improve the people we represented.

President Thiers replied that while we remained in France, he should take pleasure in rendering any assistance we might require in the promotion of this object.

We acknowledged our appreciation of this courtesy, and thanked him for favors extended to American citizens since the establishment of the French republic.

President Thiers replied that he hoped the peaceful relations now existing between the two governments would never be interrupted.

The interview closed in the following words by President Smith: "President Thiers, God bless you."

These words inspired M. Thiers with renewed interest; he

requested the Major to give a literal translation of that expression. The honesty, simplicity and earnestness in which this sentiment was delivered by President Smith, not only excited pleasurable emotions in M. Thiers, but also were visible in the features of his ministers who were now crowding around.

President Thiers cordially shook hands with each one of our party. We then repaired to our carriages and returned to Paris the same evening.

Shortly after this interview, the circumstance of our reception was published in several of the French papers. Please accept my regards for yourself and family. Lorenzo Snow.

From the Paris "American Register."

"On Tuesday last, the Mormon party, now passing through Europe on their way to Palestine, visited Versailles and were received in the evening by M. Thiers. The Hon. George A. Smith, leader of the party, gave the president a curious and interesting account of Mormonism in the United States, and stated that the sect which he represents is already composed of about one hundred and twenty thousand members. Mr. Smith and his party started for Lyons on Thursday, and leave that city to-day for Marseilles, where, after remaining a couple of days, they will proceed to Nice.

"Although the Mormon party at present in France disclaim any other motive than that of pleasure and instruction for their proposed visit to Palestine, it is asserted by some who profess to be well informed, that they are going there to explore the ground for the foundation of a new Jerusalem. We see nothing improbable in this assumption. The people who created a paradise in Salt Lake may well aim at

founding an Eden in the land of Prophets.

"The long interview which the Mormon Elders had with the French president, the other day, has, we are informed, seriously disquieted Madame Thiers. Surely at the president's advanced time of life there is no fear of his conversion to Mormon doctrines. As Thiers was born April 16, 1797, and, consequently, will be seventy-six years of age in April next, we sincerely sympathize with Madame in her alarm."

# LETTER IV.

From Paris to Lyons.—Burgundy and its wines.—Famous towns.—Lyons and its silk industries.—Weaving portraits.—Ampitheatre eighteen hundred years old.—Olive plantations and vineyards.—At Venice.—Genoa.—Statue of Columbus.—The cathedral of St. Lorenzo.—Chain that bound John the Baptist.—Turin.—Milan.—Cathedral of our blessed Lady, the grandest religious edifice in the world.—Attend high mass.—Arrive in Venice, the City of Waters.

Marseilles, France, December 23, 1872.

*Editor Deseret News*:

Our route from Paris to Lyons lies through a beautiful and

interesting country, abounding in orchards and vineyards, many of the latter being very extensive. The district of Burgundy, so much celebrated for its excellent wines, embraces an area of two hundred and twenty-four thousand two hundred and twenty-three acres, all in vineyards. These vines are trained upon stakes three feet high, being more thickly set than is commonly practised elsewhere. Their yield differs according to the soil and quality of the vine, some yielding as high as one thousand gallons per acre. Immense quantities of these Burgundy wines are transported annually to foreign countries. They are highly prized by amateur consumers, being considered superior to most other wines in point of flavor and delicious quality. The price of the genuine Burgundy wines where they are manufactured will average about one dollar per gallon.

We passed many towns famous in history for memorable battles fought in their vicinity, or stirring events which have occurred within their walls. Fontainbleau, about forty miles from Paris, is remarkable for the great battle fought in February, 1814, in which the allies were signally beaten by the French under Napoleon. We stopped but a short time at this place.

We passed many elegant mansions, beautiful country seats, chateaux and towns—some of the latter very antique, embracing ancient castles and fortifications crumbling to pieces, or lying in ruins. We also passed many lovely vales, encircled in the distance by low ranges of picturesque hills covered with vineyards and olive orchards, the latter still clothed in rich green foliage. Among these romantic hills, here and there a beautiful villa appears, with its white chapel surmounted by a modest, graceful tower.

We reached Lyons on the evening of the 19th, distant from Paris about three hundred miles. Lyons is the second city

in France, with a population of about three hundred and twenty-five thousand. It is celebrated for its silk manufactures; in quality and variety they are considered superior to any others in the world. In the city and vicinity there are over thirty-one thousand silk looms. Immense numbers of laborers are employed in the business. We visited some of these establishments and were amused and interested in witnessing the skill and ingenuity manifested. Portraits, groups of people, and also landscapes, were woven in silk with as much accuracy in delineation of face and figure as when done by the most skilful artist with paint and brush. We purchased a few specimens of their weaving, including exquisitely beautiful handkerchiefs, portraits of eminent personages, George Washington, M. Thiers and other distinguished individuals. We showed the proprietor of the establishment a photograph of President Brigham Young, and on his proffering to weave the portrait, President Smith made arrangement to have a supply in readiness on our return from Palestine.

We engaged carriages and drove through the principal streets, park and suburbs of the city. We saw remains of walls, fortifications and buildings constructed in past ages by the Romans, together with other objects of curiosity and historic interest. We had a splendid view of the hills of Savoy and also of Mont Blanc, one hundred miles distant, clothed in perpetual snows.

We arrived in Marseilles, about two hundred miles distant from Lyons, in the evening, stopping at the Hotel du Louvre et de le Paix—a very fine establishment. This city contains three hundred thousand inhabitants, and is considered the finest seaport in France. Its harbor is formed by an inlet of the sea, extending into the heart of the city, covering an extent of seventy acres, and will accommodate one thousand two hundred vessels. We found numerous objects of interest and attraction. No finer streets can be

found in any city of Europe—they are broad and many of them bordered with ornamental trees. The park is extensive and the public gardens and promenades are romantic and enchanting to lovers of cultivated nature. To fully enjoy the smiling sun and balmy air of beautiful Marseilles, and also to avail ourselves of an opportunity for gratifying curiosity and gaining information, we perambulated the city. The gardens and parks were ornamented with rich and costly shrubbery, grass plats tastefully encircled with flowers, gravel walks with beautiful borders, ornamental trees trimmed into varied forms, flowers exhaling sweet fragrance around grottos, fountains and cascades.

On one side, at a short distance from the city, lies a vast landscape commencing with rising hills covered with terraces of equal width, planted with olive trees and vineyards, rising in regular gradation one above another, like rows of seats in an amphitheatre, beautiful country seats here and there dotting the summits of these hills, fronted with gardens and groves of orange and lemon tree, loaded with golden fruit. These ranges of hills, continuing one above another, roll away in the distance into lofty mountains, and still onward until their towering peaks are mantled in perpetual snow. Before us, stretching far off beneath the encircling horizon, in calm and sweet repose, slumber the blue waters of the Mediterranean, whose broad bosom is whitened with sails from every land and clime.

We shall long remember our stroll through the parks and gardens of Marseilles, and along the sunny shore of the beautiful Mediterranean.

Venice, Italy, January 4th, 1873.

We left Marseilles by train, December 24th, continuing our route along the shores of the Mediterranean. Some portion of the country is rough and broken into hills and low

mountains, generally covered with vineyards and olive orchards. The soil appears light, yet productive. Much labor has been required to bring this district to its present flourishing condition. A plan was adopted widely differing from that in Holland, which is a system of terracing, accomplished by removing the stones and rocks off the acclivities, and building them up into walls from three to eight feet in height, laterally, so as to form a level, varying in width from six feet and upward, according to the steepness of the hill to be terraced. Soil is gathered upon these levels, in which the vine, the olive, lemon and orange are planted. Mountains from base to summit, adorned by these terraces, like rows of seats rising in systematic order one above another, form a pleasant picture, frequently lovely and fascinating.

We arrived at Nice in the evening. It is a beautiful city, romantically located among the hills bordering the sea. It forms a fashionable resort for people of wealth in quest of pleasure, and invalids in search of health. The environs afford many attractions in promenades, extensive views, luxuriant vegetation, gardens and sloping hills covered with vines, olives, aloes, cypress, palm, together with lemon and orange trees loaded with golden fruit.

After spending two days pleasantly in Nice we left for Genoa, Italy, where we arrived on Friday, the 27th of December. We felt to award a tribute of respect to Genoa, as the birthplace of Christopher Columbus. One of these squares is ornamented with a fine monumental structure erected to his memory.

Sunday morning we attended Catholic service in the Cathedral St. Lorenzo, the most celebrated church in the city. During the worship an officer in uniform waited upon us through the building, pointing out and explaining various objects of interest. He conducted us to a small

chapel enclosed by an ornamental paling, and showed us the "indentical" chain with which John the Baptist was bound while in prison previous to being beheaded, and also his ashes enclosed in a silver urn. Any doubts we entertained of the genuineness of these articles we refrained from expressing. No woman is allowed to enter this chapel of St. John, except one day in the year, because one of her sex instigated the death of this saint. My sister, who happened to be the only lady of the party present, bore this interdiction with her characterestic grace and fortitude.

Monday, 30th, we left for Turin. Some portions of this route were very attractive, in fact, I do not recollect ever having seen a landscape more lovely and enchanting. We arrived in Turin in the afternoon, and left the following morning for Milan, which we reached in the evening of the 31st of December.

Milan contains two hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the river Alono, in the centre of the great plain of Lombardy, and is one of the richest and most beautiful cities of Italy; the streets regular, broad and well paved, the dwellings elegantly built, and commodious. The city embraces capacious squares, promenades and gardens, tastefully laid out and ornamented with fountains and statuary. The Arcade is a splendid structure; we visited it in the evening when lit up with its immense number of gas burners. An English company commenced this structure with speculative views, but after having sunk (so we were informed) nearly one million of dollars, relinquished the project, after which it became government property.

Milan is celebrated for its cathedral, built in honor of "Our Blessed Lady." Galeazo Visconti, Duke of Milan, owing to some cause which we failed to ascertain, made a solemn vow to build a rich and magnificent temple in honor of the

Virgin Mary, and was joined in this undertaking by men of wealth and rank, with the intention of making it the most costly and beautiful ecclesiastical edifice in the world. For this purpose immense sums from time to time were contributed by distinguished individuals—single donations frequently reaching as high as from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars. Kings, popes, emperors and empresses bestowed their princely gifts; one Italian gentleman contributed thirty-five thousand gold ducats. The founder donated, together with other liberal gifts, marble at the quarry, sufficient to build the entire edifice.

This temple has been nearly five hundred years in course of construction, and will probably require another century for its completion. In gazing with astonishment upon the forest of pinnacles and thousands of marble statues, together with millions of rich ornaments and endless works of carved marble, the great tower, with its lofty summit crowned with a colossal statue, one would fail to notice any deficiency or lack in its completion; yet millions are still required to carry out, in full, the magnificent design of the great artist who planned this astonishing specimen of Gothic architecture.

Up to the present about one hundred and ten millions of dollars have been expended, independent of the marble donated at the quarry. The walls are eight feet in thickness, built of fine white marble from Mount Gandoglia. The floors are paved with marble—the roof is formed with marble blocks united by cement. The length of the cathedral is four hundred and ninety feet, its breadth two hundred and ninety-eight, and its height to the summit of the tower is four hundred feet. It is built in the form of a Latin cross, divided into five naves, supported by fifty-two pillars, each about seventy-two feet high, and twenty-four feet in circumference. The interior of the building is decorated with fret-work, carving, statuary and numerous

paintings, the production of the most skilful artists of Europe. The exterior is covered with marble statuary, representing some of the most remarkable events in biblical history—Moses rescued from the Nile by Pharaoh's daughter, Joseph's temptation in the house of Potiphar, the angel driving out Adam and Eve from Eden, Daniel in the den of lions, God appearing to Moses in a burning bush, David holding the head of Goliath, Sampson suffocating the lions, and carrying on his shoulders the gates of Gaza. Fifty-two representations of this character adorn the front of this temple.

Writers differ in their statements of the number of the statues which ornament this building. In a work published by a Mr. Prioli at Milan, the present number is estimated at seven thousand, and additions are constantly being made. The most celebrated artists in Europe have been employed, and are still engaged in embellishing this edifice.

We ascended by a flight of five hundred and twelve steps to the platform of the great cupola, where we enjoyed a magnificent view of the city, and the immense plains of Lombardy, chequered with towns and villages, stretching far away till lost beneath the surrounding girdle of snow-capped mountains. From this lovely picture of nature, we turn to gaze on the countless objects of beauty and splendor, the productions of the highest efforts of human genius, which constitute the exterior decorations of this extraordinary temple. Before us stood a forest of towers—one hundred and thirty-six in number, each adorned with twenty-five marble figures, life size, and thousands of ornamental objects in white marble, imparting to the scene richness, beauty and grandeur. We descended to the interior of the building, where, among the numerous objects which attracted our attention, was a marble statue, life size, representing St. Bartholomew flayed alive carrying his skin upon his shoulders. The artist was eight

years engaged in this work, which is much admired as a specimen of the extraordinary skill and anatomical knowledge of the sculptor. In his right hand the saint holds a figure representing the knife with which his skin was taken off. The veins, arteries and muscles, together with the whole surface of the body and limbs in a flayed condition, are delineated by the hand of the sculptor with marvelous exactness.

We attended high mass in this church New Year's morning, the Archbishop of Milan presiding. But I must hasten to a close.

On the morning of the 3d of January we left Milan and arrived here, in Venice, the city of waters, the following evening.

Lorenzo Snow.

# LETTER V.

Rome and its population.—The seven hills.—Excavations by the Government.—The Forum.—Antony and Julius Caesar.—Where Virginius stabbed his daughter.—Famous obelisks.—Temple of Venus.—The Tarpeian Rock.—St. Peter's.—Call on the American minister.—The Vatican.—Michael Angelo.—Paul III.—Appian Way.—Seneca.—Baths.—Footprints of the Savior.—Naples.—Mount Vesuvius.

Rome, Italy, January 21st, 1873.

*Editor Deseret News*:

We arrived here on the fifteenth inst. This city is built on both sides of the Tiber, about fifteen miles from where it empties into the Mediterranean. In 1867 it contained two hundred and fifteen thousand inhabitants, of whom six thousand were clergymen, five thousand nuns, four thousand five hundred Jews, four hundred and fifty Protestants, seven thousand three hundred soldiers, and, in the winter season, about twenty-five thousand visitors. In the day of its greatest prosperity, Rome exceeded two millions; in the middle of the fourteenth century, it had been reduced by disease, poverty and war to less than twenty thousand people. What is now understood as modern Rome is surrounded by a wall twelve miles in length, about fifty feet high, and built of brick.

The famous "seven hills," on which Rome was principally erected, are now measurably uninhabited. A few churches, monasteries, nunneries, old farm-houses, gardens and vineyards occupy these hills which formerly astonished the world with marble edifices, palaces and magnificent temples; much of this glory and grandeur now lie from ten to twenty feet beneath the surface of the ground. Napoleon III purchased extensive grounds on which a portion of ancient Rome was built, and expended large sums in excavations to aid him in his "History of the Caesars." He made many important discoveries, several of which we saw while exploring the ruins—portions of streets, temples, beautiful edifices, numerous statues, marble and granite columns, which were found buried twenty feet underground. The Italian government is now prosecuting the work commenced by Napoleon, constantly bringing to light Roman history and its antiquities. We saw sufficient of the remains of the ancient Roman forum, the place of

popular assemblies, where the orators addressed the people, to satisfy us of its former grandeur and magnificence. We stood where Antony, in his artful speech over the murdered body of Julius Caesar, aroused the indignation of the populace against the conspirators; and where Virginius procured his knife and killed his daughter to preserve her from slavery. We also walked over the ground where the Sabine women rushed frantically between their husbands and fathers to prevent the impending battle.

In the Piazza di St. Pietro, we saw a famous obelisk, which was brought to Rome by the Emperor Caligula and placed in the Vatican Circus. It was removed in 1585 and erected on its present site under the superintendency of Dominica Fontana. This huge monument weighs nearly one million of pounds. It is said that Fontana, in constructing his machines, had neglected to make allowance for the tension of the ropes, produced by the immense weight, and that at the critical moment, though the spectators had been prohibited, under penalty of death, from speaking or shouting, one of the eight hundred workmen cried out, "*Aqua alle funi!" i. e*., "Water on the ropes," thus solving the difficulty. His descendants were granted important privileges for this hazardous interference. Another obelisk we noticed, called the "Obelisk of the Lateran," of red granite, covered with hieroglyphics, which was brought from Alexandria to the mouth of the Tiber in a vessel of three hundred oars. It is supposed to have been standing in Egypt anterior to the exodus of the Israelites, and probably is four thousand years old. It is one hundred and forty-one feet high, and weighs nearly four hundred and fifty-five tons.

Some portions of the celebrated Temple of Venus and Rome still remain. It was built by the Emperor Hadrian, after his own design. When it was finished, he asked

Appolodoros what he thought of it. The architect replied that it was very good for an emperor, whereupon Hadrian ordered him to be beheaded.

We went to the "Tarpeian Rock," the precipice from which criminals were thrown down; there is considerable rubbish beneath, but it is still sufficiently lofty to insure unpleasant results of a fall from its summit.

There are very few monuments that exhibit more effectually the splendor of ancient Rome than the remains of the celebrated Colosseum. It was commenced by Vespasian and completed by Titus, after his conquest of the Jews. It is said that sixty thousand Jews were engaged ten years in this gigantic antique structure. After it had fallen into decay, it was used as a quarry from which were built churches and palaces until, by its consecration as holy ground, on account of the number of martyrs supposed to have suffered within its walls, this vandalism was discontinued. It seated eighty-seven thousand people, with standing room for twenty thousand. Its inauguration, Anno Domini 81, continued one hundred days, during which five thousand wild beasts and ten thousand captives were slain. Its circumference is one thousand six hundred and forty-one feet, the height of the outer wall one hundred and fifty-seven, the length of the arena two hundred and seventy-eight, and its width one hundred and seventy-seven feet, the whole superficial area, six acres. In the museum of the Capitol, we saw a striking representation of the character of the former scenes enacted in the arena of this amphitheatre. A marble statue of a dying gladiator—a wonderful specimen of the perfection to which the art of sculpture had attained. The figure is in a reclining posture, a deep cut in the side, the blood trickling down, a broken sword lying beside it, the muscles gradually relaxing and strength failing, the lineaments of the face expressing intense anguish, yet determined resolution to conceal pain,

as the poet says:

"I see before me the gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,
And through his side, the last drops, ebbing slow,
From the red gash fall heavy one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him; he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed
The wretch who won."

We visited several celebrated Roman cathedrals, St. Peter's first and foremost. The area of this church is two hundred and twelve thousand three hundred and twenty-one square feet, its exterior six hundred and fifty-one feet in length, its height from the pavement to the cross on the summit is four hundred and forty-eight feet. It contains two hundred and ninety windows, three hundred and ninety statues, forty-six altars and seven hundred and forty-eight columns. The dome rises three hundred and eighteen feet above the roof, and has a circumference of six hundred and fifty-two feet. In the seventeenth century the dome showed signs of giving way, and was strengthened by means of huge iron hoops.

We ascend to the lantern by an easy stairway, where we have a magnificent view of the surrounding country, extending to the blue waters of the Mediterranean. The ball

on the summit affords room for sixteen persons, though from the ground it appears little larger than a man's hat.

Previous to the Papal states being incorporated into the Italian kingdom, it was customary, on certain days in the year, to present from this church a grand spectacle—a vast illumination of the dome, facade and colonnades by four thousand four hundred lamps. It is thought that this great display will never be repeated. The Pope has remained singularly quiet, refusing to officiate at public festivals since Victor took possession of Rome. Some attribute this inaction to a design to awaken sympathy and create a stirring interest in his favor with Catholic communities throughout the world. We were informed to-day that the Pope had just received a delegation of distinguished gentlemen from England, representing a large body of men, who had solemnly engaged to render whatever assistance he might require.

We called at the American minister's to-day; not finding him at home, we left our cards with his secretary. We shall probably have an interview with him before leaving Rome. Our tour under Mr. Cook's management thus far has proved perfectly satisfactory. Our railroad transits have invariably been first-class, and our hotels generally. We remain here three days, then go to Naples.

Naples, Italy, January 28th, 1873.

We were much interested in the Vatican Palace, the residence of the Pope. It embraces an immense area—one thousand one hundred and fifty-one feet in length, seven hundred and sixty-seven in breadth, eight grand staircases, two hundred smaller ones, twenty courts and four thousand four hundred and twenty-two apartments. It contains a vast collection of the most celebrated marble statuary and paintings in the world.

The ingenuity and wealth of the Roman pontiffs during many centuries have been employed to make this palace suitable for the accommodation of the representatives of St. Peter in regard to splendor and magnificence.

The distinguished artist, Michael Angelo, was engaged a number of years in decorating some of these apartments with his best paintings. One of these we noticed in particular was a large picture in fresco, covering one end of a lofty room, fifty feet wide; it is called "The Last Judgment." Michael Angelo labored nearly eight years upon this work. Pope Paul III manifested much interest in this painting, and, to encourage the artist, went to his studio, accompanied by ten of his cardinals, which was considered an extraordinary condescension on the part of "His Holiness." He wished the picture painted in oil, but the artist would not consent, declaring that "oil painting was an occupation fit only for women and idlers and such as had plenty of time to throw away." In the upper part of the picture is the Savior seated in the act of pronouncing judgment, On one side are a multitude of saints and patriarchs, on the other the martyrs with the symbols of their sufferings—St. Catherine with the wheel on which she was broken, St. Sebastian with the arrows by which he was killed, St. Bartholomew carrying his skin, etc. Below is a group of angels sounding the last trumpet and carrying the books of judgment. On the left is represented the condition of the damned—the demons are seen coming out of the pit to seize them as they struggle to escape, their features expressing the utmost despair, at the same time exhibiting passions of rage, anguish and defiance. On the opposite side the saints are rising slowly from their graves, aided by angels to ascend into the regions of the blest.

Paul III was displeased with the nudity of the figures and intended to destroy the whole. On hearing this objection of the Pope, Michael Angelo said, "Tell the Pope that this is

but a small affair, and easy to be remedied: let him reform the world, and pictures will reform themselves." The Pope engaged Volterra to cover the most conspicuous figures with drapery, which caused the Italians to nickname him Braghettone, that is, the breeches maker. Michael Angelo was obliged to submit to the Pope's will, but revenged himself in the following style upon Biagio, master of ceremonies, who suggested the indelicacy of the figures. He represented him in one of the angles of the picture standing in hell as Midas, with ass's ears, his body encircled by a serpent. Biagio requested the Pope to compel the artist to expunge this figure, but he declared he could only release from purgatory.

We made an excursion of several miles in the country, traveling on the celebrated Appian Way, a road built in ancient times by the Romans. They were accustomed to bury their dead beyond the city along the sides of this thoroughfare, for which purpose thousands of monuments were built, thickly studding both sides of the way—a distance of about thirteen miles—many of them massive and lofty, built of brick, stone and concrete, with an external covering of polished marble, ornamented with beautiful statuary, and otherwise magnificently decorated. Among the monumental ruins is one said to contain the remains of Seneca, the great moralist, one of my favorite authors, who unjustly suffered death by the order of Nero. His statue in marble, like a protecting angel, still remains over the crumbling ruins of his monument, and even should this statue also disappear, the elevating moral sentiments he inculcated cannot perish, but will ever perpetuate his memory.

We saw a spacious enclosure, where the Romans practised burning the bodies of the dead, in order to place their ashes in urns or vases, to be deposited in tombs. We were shown the remains of the bathing establishment of Caracalla,

constructed somewhat on the principle of the Turkish bath. It embraced an area of about forty acres, most of which had been covered with arched mason work, now fallen down. A large portion of the wall still remains; some fifteen feet depth of earth has been excavated to show its original plan and grandeur.

We were conducted into a small chapel, held in high esteem by the Catholics through a tradition that Peter, when imprisoned in Rome, escaped in the night, and upon reaching this point the Savior met him and told him he was going to Rome to be crucified the second time, whereupon Peter, taking the hint, returned to the city and suffered crucifixion. On the floor of this church is a marble slab with a fac-simile of the footmark of the Savior, which is pretended to have been made upon the pavement on which he stood.

Rome possesses many obelisks and monumental columns; one, erected by Bernini, formed of red granite covered with hieroglyphics, stands in the Piazza Navona, in the midst of a fountain, on rock work forty feet high; the height of the obelisk is fifty-one feet. I was amused with an anecdote connected with this monument, related by our guide. Bernini had bitter enemies, who insisted that the foundation was inadequate to the support of the column. With the greatest difficulty, overcoming the immense influence against him, he succeeded in erecting the obelisk. One day his enemies raised a tremendous excitement by reporting that the foundation was giving way. The square was soon filled with an enthusiastic populace, every moment expecting the superstructure to go down. Bernini, on hearing this state of things, proceeded to the square in his carriage; arriving in front of his work, disregarding the hisses and groans of the people, he ordered ladders, connected them together, and ascending to the top of the obelisk, drew from his pocket a ball of twine, unwound

until he had four strings, each of sufficient length to reach across the square, and fastened one end of each to the top of the column. He then descended—gathered the opposite ends, walked around the square, fastening each end at opposite points to the buildings, by means of small nails driven into the plaster of the walls. He then coolly stepped into his carriage and drove home. Before he left the square, however, the people, comprehending the joke, honored him with thundering applause, to the great discomfiture of his enemies.

The Forum of Trajan has been partially uncovered, revealing statues, broken columns and many other relics in great numbers. One obelisk, one hundred and twenty-four feet high, still stands in this forum, formerly surmounted by a colossal statue of the Emperor Trajan, now by that of St. Peter. It is covered with upwards of two thousand five hundred human figures, averaging two feet in length. In this forum it is said that Constantine, in the presence of the dignitaries of the empire, and a vast assemblage of the people, renounced Paganism and declared for Christianity; that upon this announcement the Christians present raised a loud and prolonged shout of five minutes' continuation. Some Pagan officers, who were present, looked glum and sullen. The Christians, noticing this, and firing up under the excitement, motioned that every Pagan should be compelled to follow the example of their illustrious emperor.

There has been a slight eruption of Vesuvius in the last twenty-four hours; flames and red-hot stones were projected to a great height all day yesterday, and windows at Castellamare were shaken out by the earth's vibratory motion. There is an unusual volume of smoke issuing from the mouth of the crater, and the instruments at the observatory indicate the presence of strong electrical currents.

Lorenzo Snow.

# LETTER VI.

Naples.—Beggars.—Pompeii.—Earthquakes.—Herculanaeum.—Museum.—"Secret Cabinet."—Ascent of Vesuvius.—Pliny the Elder.—From Naples to Brindisi.—Hardworking women.—Corfu.—Religious service in a Greek cathedral.—Take steamer for Alexandria.—Egypt.—Turkish mosques.—Copts.—Mohammedan schools.—Male and Female attire.—Dervish worship.—Suez.—Red Sea.

Alexandria, Egypt, February 6th, 1873.

*Editor Deseret News*:

The city of Naples contains a population of over half a million. It is beautifully situated on the slope of a range of hills bordering the Mediterranean. Including its suburbs, it is nearly eighteen miles in circumference. The streets, like those of most other cities of Europe, are generally narrow, though some are wide, handsomely paved, and bordered with elegant buildings, five, six and seven stories high. We noticed in many parts of the city that the lower stories are built without windows; air and light being admitted through the door in front, which is generally large, always standing open, except at night, when the occupants retire to rest. These apartments were swarming with laboring

people, many of whom appeared in great poverty. We have visited no city where so much begging is practised as in Naples. In many places beggars thronged us by multitudes.

We visited Pompeii, distant a few miles from Naples, and spent several hours in walking through the streets and examining its interesting and mournful ruins. In the year A. D. 63, the city was partially destroyed by an earthquake. The inhabitants abandoned the town, but returned directly afterwards, and it had regained nearly all its splendor, when, at midday, on November 23d, A. D. 79, the eruption destined to destroy it commenced. The wooden roofs of the houses were either set on fire or broken in by the weight of the matter deposited on them. It is thought that, inasmuch as but few skeletons have been found, nearly all of the inhabitants were enabled to escape. They returned soon afterwards to dig the soil in which the town was buried, and carried away the valuables left in their houses, and some precious objects from the public edifices. The villa of Diomede is one of the largest establishments. The remains of seventeen persons were found there during the excavations. Some of them were shown us at Pompeii, others we saw in the National Museum in Naples. Close by the garden gate of this villa were discovered the skeletons of the proprietor and his attendant—one holding in his hand the keys of the villa; the other, a purse which contained one hundred gold and silver coins.

Quite a large portion of the city is now excavated, exhibiting streets, private buildings, temples, theatres, fountains, wine cellars, public squares, etc., in a wonderful state of preservation. The whole resembles a large, magnificent town, the inhabitants of which had suddenly fled, or gone out on a general excursion.

In returning to Naples we stopped a short time in Herculanaeum, which contains some objects of interest.

The ancient theatre has been excavated, which appears to have consisted of nineteen tiers of seats, sufficient to accommodate ten thousand persons; its orchestra is twenty-six feet below the surface of the present town, Resina.

The next day we spent a few hours very agreeably in the celebrated Museum of Naples, which contains a vast number of apartments richly stored with relics of ancient art and science, and constitutes a general depot of the two ancient cities, Pompeii and Herculanaeum, and other localities of Naples and Sicily. The "Secret Cabinet," which was formerly closed to all visitors, is now open to gentlemen, but is still closed to ladies and the Catholic clergy. Its contents exhibit, in a striking manner, the dissipated public taste and the licentious and beastly practices of the inhabitants of those doomed cities, Pompeii and Herculanaeum, showing that they well merited the terrible judgment meted out to them so suddenly.

We concluded to pay our respects to Mount Vesuvius. It is nearly four thousand feet above the level of the sea. In the eruption of A. D. 79, the elder Pliny lost his life. In 1631 several currents of lava burst forth at once and overwhelmed a number of cities at the foot of the mountain. Resina, partly built upon the site of Herculanaeum, was consumed by the burning torrent, and it is said that four thousand persons perished in the catastrophe. Thirty four eruptions have taken place since 1750, extending to April, 1872. In this last, thirty persons perished upon the mountain, simply through venturing incautiously. We left our hotel in a carriage at 9 a. m., and reached the "Hermitage" at 11:30, situated upon the slope of the mountain, about one mile below the foot of the cone. The road to this point has been built at great expense, is very good, but extremely serpentine, passing over fields

and hills of lava, which have been thrown out from the crater at different periods. We could proceed no further by carriage. President Smith, according to previous arrangement, was carried in an armchair, upon the shoulders of four Italians, to the foot of the cone, while others rode on ponies to the same point, over a tortuous path, in places very narrow and rocky. Here we left our ponies. President Smith, borne upon the shoulders of his stalwart bearers, took the lead, while we followed, assisted by our strong walkingsticks. The ascent was difficult and fatiguing, in places very steep, with ashes and sand nearly one foot and a half deep. We enjoyed a magnificent view of the surrounding country, the long range of the Apennines in the distance, covered with its snowy mantle, the ruins of Pompeii, the beautiful city of Naples and its great bay, dotted with many ships and steamers. We were one hour and a quarter in making the summit after leaving the foot of the cone. The crater was partially clear of smoke, affording a fine opportunity for examining the wonderful abyss. We tumbled a few rocks over the rim, which were more than thirty seconds reaching the bottom. Some of the party tried their strength of nerve by standing upon a craggy point, which appeared to hang over the burning chasm, and thrusting sticks into the smoking apertures, which inflamed in a moment. One of the party also sought to acquire fame in boiling and eating an egg in the midst of the burning heat and sulphurous smoke. It was judged that the mouth of the crater would equal in dimensions a ten acre block. The mountain all around appeared only a thin shell in a heated state, and for a long distance below the summit, here and there, volumes of smoke are issuing. We descended the mountain at nearly a running pace, which occupied only about fifteen minutes, arrived at our hotel at nearly 6 o'clock p. m., and indulged in a remarkably late breakfast the next morning.

We left Naples by train on the thirtieth, for Brindisi. A great portion of the country through which we passed is cultivated by the spade; and we saw here, and also in many other parts of Italy, the women engaged in this laborious employment; in one instance we noticed a company of women repairing a break in the railroad by carrying gravel upon their heads in baskets.

At Brindisi we took steamer for Corfu. We had a pleasant passage—the sea smooth, the weather fine, like spring, and the air pure and bracing. We passed close to the coast of Albania, and had a fine view of Turkish towns and villas, which appeared here and there on the slopes of the mountains.

The city of Corfu contains about twenty-four thousand people, the island some fifteen villages, with seventy thousand inhabitants, and forms a portion of the Grecian government. The olive and grape are cultivated upon the island very extensively.

Sunday morning we attended Greek service in a magnificent cathedral. The psalms, prayers and portions of Scripture were read in modern Greek, and in a very amusing operatic style.

In the afternoon, the capacious square in front of our hotel was enlivened with thousands of promenaders gaily and richly dressed. The fashionable Grecian ladies, however, made no display of the "Grecian Bend." A company of politicians passed us—directly a row ensued, and one was stabbed to the heart a few steps from where we stood.

We took steamer for Alexandria and arrived here early this morning. We had fine weather, a smooth sea the whole distance, and no sickness, a very remarkable circumstance. We remain here four days, and then proceed by rail to

Cairo, one hundred and thirty miles distant.

Port Said, Egypt, February 22d, 1873.

We have now completed our tour in Egypt, which in many respects has proved the most agreeable and interesting of any country we have visited in regard to its physical appearance, and the character, religion, customs and manners of its inhabitants. It occupies the northeastern part of Africa, and embraces nearly six millions of people—Egyptians, Turks, Arabs, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Syrians and Mamelukes. The great majority are husbandmen, and their social condition of a low grade, generally ignorant and uneducated and fond of frivolous amusements. The climate being warm, and their style of living cheap and simple, their habitations consisting chiefly of low mud huts, very little labor or expense is required for the maintenance of families. I noticed, in passing through many of their mud villages, that they appeared to be swarming with children. We were told, and from personal observation believed it to be true, that in Egypt the practice of raising offspring is the general rule and is fashionable and popular, and that the estimation in which the wife is held by her husband, and even by her acquaintances, depends in a great measure upon her fruitfulness and the preservation of her children. By men and women, whether rich or poor, barrenness is considered a curse and a reproach, and it is regarded, also, as disgraceful in a man to divorce, without some substantial reason, a wife who has borne him a child, especially while her child is living. If a woman desires a husband's love, or the respect of others, her giving birth to a child is a source of great joy to her and him, making her own interest a sufficient motive for maternal tenderness. Children here appear to have great respect for their parents. We are informed that an undutiful child is scarcely known among the Egyptians or Arabs, and whenever such an instance does occur, being considered

one of the greatest crimes, its punishment is very severe. It is said that cases are very rare in Egypt of wives being unfaithful to their husbands.

In visiting the Turkish mosques, we observed that there were no pictures, images, statues or altars, which universally decorate the cathedrals in Catholic countries. Friday is their day for worship. The public service commences about noon by reading portions of the Koran, and delivering sermon or addresses by the "Imens." They hold Moses in profound reverence, and also Jesus Christ, but Mahomet as God's last and greatest prophet. Their creed is, "There is no Deity but God, and Mahomet is God's apostle." Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses and Jesus Christ were all God's servants in their various ages, but the greatest and best is Mahomet.

The Copts are avowed Christians, the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and are very numerous. They have regular convents, nunneries, monasteries and about two hundred churches. The other religions are the Greek Church and the Latin or Roman Catholic.

But little attention is paid to education. Parents generally content themselves with instilling into the minds of their children a few principles of religion. The child, as early as possible, is taught to say, "I testify that there is no Deity but God, and I testify that Mahomet is God's apostle." The boys are placed under a schoolmaster to be instructed in a few simple rudiments of education. The common manner of instruction is to sit upon the ground or floor, pupils and schoolmaster, each boy with his tablet in hand or a portion of the Koran or a kind of desk of palm sticks. All the boys recite or chant this lesson aloud, at the same time rocking their heads and bodies incessantly backward and forward, this practice being thought to assist the memory.

While in this country I have not witnessed a single case of intoxication, though I have been in many places of large gatherings for general amusement. On every occasion the people were remarkably orderly—no boisterous speeches, loud talking or laughter. In these large crowds, and at hotels where only Egyptian servants and Arabs were employed, I considered my little effects more secure than at American or European establishments.

The dress of the men of the middle and higher classes consists generally of the following articles: First, a pair of drawers of linen or cotton, tied around the body by a draw-string or band, the ends of which are embroidered with fancy colored silk. The drawers descend a little below the knees or to the ankles. Next is worn a shirt, with full sleeves reaching to the wrists, which is made of linen or cotton, muslin or silk; over this is worn a garment of silk or cotton descending to the ankles, having long sleeves. The costume of men of the lower classes is very simple. These, if not of the very poorest class, wear drawers, or shirt or gown with wide sleeves, and a woolen girdle or broad red belt. Their turban is generally composed of a white, red or yellow woolen shawl, but we saw many different forms of turbans; the common style among the servants consists of several spiral twists, one above another, like the threads of a screw. Those worn by the upper class are of a better style. The dress of the Egyptian ladies is much after the fashion of that of men, but more elegant.

The Mohammedans, like the Christians, are divided into various religious societies, each having its peculiar tenets and practices. The Dervishes constitute an important sect —are very numerous, and in many parts of Egypt are highly respected. Their customs and modes of worship are singular and curious. Sometimes they enter a solitary cell, remain forty days and nights, fasting from daybreak till

sunset, employing their time in imploring forgiveness, praising God, etc. Their religious exercises consist chiefly in the performance of what is called "zikers." Sometimes standing in the form of a circular or an oblong ring, or in two rows facing each other, sometimes sitting, they exclaim or chant "Lailah, Ella-llah!" (there is no Deity but God;) "Allah! Allah! Allah!" (God! God! God!) or repeat other invocations until their strength is nearly exhausted, accompanying their ejaculations or chants with a motion of the head, or of the whole body.

I felt a great curiosity to witness their manner of worship—fortunately an opportunity presented. We took carriages, accompanied by a Dervish guide of some distinction, and proceeded to one of their mosques in Cairo. We were requested to take off our boots before entering the building—their places of worship being considered sacred and holy. About fifty Dervishes were standing in the form of a semi-circle—their head priest in the centre. They were bowing their heads and bodies nearly to the floor, simultaneously and very rapidly, keeping time to miserably wretched music, their long, flowing hair and wild, fanatical expressions, together with their horrible ejaculations and howls, made them appear more like lunatics or demons than rational beings. They continued their exercises about fifteen minutes, until, becoming exhausted, they rested a few moments, then commenced repeating the ceremonies. One of them, either through a high state of religious enthusiasm or vehemence of exertion, with a terrible groan, fell prostrate, foaming at the mouth, his eyes closed, his limbs convulsed and his fingers clenched. The Dervishes were pleased with this occurrence, considering it a divine manifestation, which increased their enthusiasm. At length the presiding Dervish raised the fallen man and placed him in the circle in charge of two of his companions. Another occurrence of similar character

happened previously to our leaving the mosque. While these exercises were going on, two Dervishes stepped inside the circle and commenced whirling around, using both feet to produce the motion, extending their arms and spinning around like tops, with great velocity. I expected every moment to see them precipitated headlong upon the floor, but having continued nearly ten minutes, they joined the circle, apparently but little exhausted.

We were pleased with our visit in Alexandria, and with our Hotel de l'Europe, which nearly equals the first-class hotels in America. Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, the Catacombs, Museum of Antiquities, etc., received a due share of our attention. But little improvement is at present being made in Alexandria, compared with that of Cairo—it seems merely of importance as a maritime city.

In traveling in Egypt along the delta of the Nile, wherever its waters can reach by overflow or irrigation, the soil is remarkably rich, fertile and productive. Heavy growths of wheat, barley, clover, cane, cotton, with now and then a field of flax, also fields of beans, orange, lemon and fine vegetable gardens, with peach trees now in full bloom.

In passing from Cairo to Ismalia, we saw one steam plow in operation but generally the ground is cultivated by rudely constructed plows drawn by oxen or an ox and camel yoked together, sometimes by two camels.

We have visited Suez and looked upon the beautiful waters of the famous Red Sea, and enjoyed a delightful sail over a portion of the great Suez Canal.

This afternoon we leave by steamer for Jaffa, where we arrange for our Palestine tour, which will occupy about four weeks, and be performed on horseback.

Lorenzo Snow.

# LETTER VII.

Jaffa.—Traveling arrangement.—Place where the Ark was built.—House of Simon the Tanner.—Mohammedan funeral ceremony.—Plains of Sharon.—A night in the desert.—Battlefield of David and Goliath.—Rose of Sharon.—Mount Zion.—Mount of Olives.—Jerusalem.—Rachel's Tomb.—Solomon's Pools.—Church of the Nativity.—Studio of St. Jerome.—Shepherds' field.—Jordan River.—Dead Sea.

Jerusalem, February 26th, 1873.

*Editor Deseret News*:

Saturday evening, the 22d inst., we steamed out from Port Said, and the following morning anchored within a half mile of Jaffa, the first seaport of Palestine. In boisterous weather and rough seas, landing is difficult and dangerous—frequently impossible, occasioning much annoyance and great expense to tourists. As we arose at early dawn, our anxiety was relieved by finding we were favored with a smooth sea and fine weather, and we were enabled by means of small boats to disembark with comparative safety. On approaching Jaffa from the sea, it presents a charming and picturesque appearance, being situated upon a high eminence, its streets rising one above another like

seats in an amphitheatre, surrounded by beautiful lemon and orange groves and tall waving cypresses. On entering the custom house with our baggage, some francs bestowed upon the smiling, obsequious Mussulman official, saved the trouble of looking up our passports and occupying time which otherwise would have been employed by officious Turks in ransacking our satchels and trunks. We proceeded on foot to our encampment, carriages being out of the question, through the suburbs of the town, till we came to a Turkish cemetery near the shore of the Mediterranean. We found the arrangements completed for our traveling expedition—two sleeping tents, a separate one for the ladies, a kitchen tent with cook stove, a saloon or dining tent, iron bedsteads, mattresses, clean white sheets, abundance of bedding, carpets and camp stools. We were provided with good horses, saddles, an efficient dragoman, plenty of servants and preparations to serve three meals per day, under the supervision of an experienced cook.

Jaffa is considered the oldest seaport in world; it has a population of about five thousand, principally Arabs, Greeks and Mohammedans.

The interior of the city does not compare favorably in its appearance with its exterior. The streets are narrow, crooked, and filthy in the extreme—the houses uncomfortable, dark and gloomy, and the occupants are certainly unprepossessing in manners and general appearance. This is the ancient Joppa of Bible history, and is supposed to be the place where Noah's Ark was built, the port where the Prophet Jonah embarked when fleeing from the presence of the Lord, and where Hiram, King of Tyre, brought the cedars of Lebanon for the building of the Temple at Jerusalem.

Among other places of sacred interest, we visited the "House of Simon the tanner, by the seaside," where Peter

had the remarkable vision in which the will of God was revealed concerning the Gentiles, by letting down a sheet containing all manner of beasts, etc., and heard the voice commanding him to "rise, kill and eat."

During our encampment we witnessed a ceremony of Mohammedan burial. The corpse of a child, wrapped in white, was borne to the grave, without a coffin, in the arms of a Mussulman, attended by the parents and a few friends. The body was placed in a small enclosure formed at the bottom of the grave by stones placed around, after which, several small paper packages were emptied into the grave; the enclosure containing the corpse was overlaid with flat rocks, the grave filled with earth, then a half bushel of beautiful little sea shells scattered over. Several women, clothed in white, knelt around the grave and commenced weeping and wailing in the most affecting manner, which they continued for several hours.

The next morning our tents were struck and we mounted our horses, following our dragoman in single file along the winding streets of Jaffa, lined with crowds of gazing Arabs and Mussulmen. After leaving the town, we passed through extensive and lovely orange and lemon groves loaded with golden fruit, and presently reached the flowery Plains of Sharon. The atmosphere was sweet and balmy, the gorgeous sun spreading its enlivening rays upon the beautiful country around, the morning lovely as ever dawned upon the holy land of Palestine. We felt that we were passing over the land once occupied by the children of Abraham, the plains once trod by the kings of Israel with their marshaled hosts, the land of the Apostles and Prophets. We were in Palestine! The Holy Land! The consciousness of the fact was inspiring. Hour after hour we rode onward in silent and solemn meditation; at length we reached the city of Ramleh, four hours distant from Jaffa, where we stopped to rest our animals, and partake of

refreshments. Here is "The Martyrs' Tower." We ascended a flight of stairs to its lofty summit, which commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country—the Plains of Sharon, Arab villages here and there upon rising mounds, gigantic prickly pear hedges, olive orchards, and now and then a palm tree rising majestically above the whole, and the mountains of Judea appearing in the distance.

We resumed our journey, passed trains of loaded camels, mounted by half naked Arabs, smoking their long pipes, looking down smilingly from their "ships of the desert," doubtless sympathizing with us in our humbler mode of traveling.

The soil is generally rich and fertile, growing fields of wheat and vegetables. The dews fall profusely, and we were informed that latterly rain is more frequent in Palestine than in former years.

About 4 p. m. we arrived at our encampment, a beautiful basin enclosed by romantic hills at the entrance of the Valley of Ajalon. Through the night we were serenaded by bands of musical frogs, accompanied by howls of jackals in the adjacent hills, relieved by the low plaintive chants of our Turkish guards, and charming songs of cuckoos perched in the branches of olive trees around our camp.

On the following morning, after an early breakfast, with our faces toward the "Holy City," we moved forward, passing through the Valley of Ajalon, and soon commenced ascending into a more elevated region of country, generally rocky and mountainous, producing but little more than is required for the flocks of sheep and goats ranging upon it.

About 12 o'clock we stopped to lunch under the shade of

olive trees, in the Valley of Elah, where it is said David selected stones with which to combat Goliath, while the two contending armies were encamped on the slopes of the adjacent mountains. At a short distance from this locality we were shown the Kirjath-jearim of sacred history, where the "Ark of the Covenant" is said to have rested twenty years.

The Valley of Elah is richly ornamented in the midst of its rocky surface and sparse vegetation with what is called the "Rose of Sharon," a flower of a deep red, velvety appearance, three inches in circumference or thereabout, growing from six inches to one foot in height.

One hour's ride from our lunching place will bring us to Jerusalem. We move on and at length ascend an eminence, and gaze on the "Holy City," Jerusalem. Away to the right is Mount Zion, the city of David. Off to our left, that lofty eminence, with an aspect so barren, is the Mount of Olives, once the favorite resort of our Savior, and the spot last pressed by His sacred feet before He ascended into the presence of His Father. These interesting historic scenes, with all their sacred associations, inspire thoughts and reflections impressive and solemn. Yes, there is Jerusalem! Where Jesus lived and taught, and was crucified, where He cried, "It is finished," and bowed His head and died! We slowly and thoughtfully wind our way down the hill, passing the Russian buildings and other prominent establishments, until we reach the city and enter our encampment.

After remaining one day at Jerusalem, according to programme, February 22d, we struck our tents, resumed our saddles, and started on an excursion of three days to Solomon's Pools, Bethlehem, Convent of Mar Saba, the Dead Sea, the Jordan, returning by the way of Bethany to Jerusalem.

About six miles' ride over a rocky, sterile country, brought us to Rachel's Tomb. It is a small stone building, forty feet long and twenty wide, and is respected by Christians, Jews and Mahommedans. Here we made a detour over a miserable, rocky, tortuous path of some three miles to the Pools of Solomon. These pools consist of three immense reservoirs, situated in a broad valley about three miles from Bethlehem. They are partly excavated in a rocky bed, and partly built of large hewn stones, and so arranged that the bottom of the upper pool is higher than the top of the next, and the same with the second and the third. The first pool is three hundred and eighty feet in length, twenty-five feet deep, and about two hundred and forty feet broad. The second is about one hundred and sixty feet from the upper pool, four hundred and twenty-three feet in length, about two hundred and forty in breadth, and thirty-nine in depth. The lower one, nearly two hundred and fifty feet from the middle pool, is five hundred and eighty feet in length, about two hundred feet wide and fifty feet deep.

These pools receive their supplies from a subterraneous fountain, some distance up the valley. The water from these pools was formerly conveyed in an aqueduct by Bethlehem, in a winding course, to Jerusalem; but at present it only goes to Bethlehem. These pools are supposed to have been built by Solomon. From this point we continued our course over rocky ridges, following a narrow, winding trail, till we reached Bethlehem, the birthplace of our Savior.

This city is pleasantly situated upon a mountain ridge, the slopes of which are terraced with rows of fig and olive trees, rising one above another in regular gradation. The population of Bethlehem is about three thousand, principally Christians. The Church of the Nativity is about the only attraction. We entered it and followed a winding staircase to the Grotto of the Nativity, which is brilliantly

lighted with about thirty silver lamps, kept continually burning. The floor is laid with precious marbles. A white marble slab, placed in the pavement, set around with jasper, in the centre of which is a silver sun, is encircled with the following words: *Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus Est., i. e*., "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Though we had scruples respecting this being the identical spot it represented, still these words, in connection with the peculiar circumstances around, produced impressions never to be forgotten. Near by was pointed out the place where the wise men stood while presenting the Royal Infant myrrh and frankincense. A little distant from this we were shown an altar, which is said to indicate the place where twenty thousand children, murdered by Herod's order, were buried; now called, on this account, "The Altar of the Innocents." A painting directly over it represents the massacre.

We were conducted into a retired, solitary niche of this church, almost devoid of light, the identical Studio of St. Jerome, where he spent most of his life in deep study and produced those works which gave celebrity to his name.

Before leaving Bethlehem it was considered policy to employ a Bedouin sheik, as security against these barbarians, who inhabit the mountains through which we were to pass. These Bedouins chiefly live in tents, their flocks and herds constituting their principal means of support. Their dress is plain and rather primitive—a flowing skirt or gown and a scanty undergarment of coarse calico fastened around the waist by a leather belt, ornamented with rows of cartridges in brass tubes; to these are added a long-barreled shotgun, with flintlock, slung over the shoulder, and knife stuck in the belt. This wandering people cultivate the soil to some extent. In passing over the mountains of Judea, we sometimes saw enclosed patches of cultivated ground near their camps,

and many flocks of sheep and goats feeding in the glens and upon the adjacent mountains. Tourists are not safe in traveling through their country unless accompanied by some of their own people.

We stopped to lunch in an olive orchard, a short distance from Bethlehem, an enclosure called "The Shepherds' Field," where the shepherds watched their flocks by night, when the angels appeared to them announcing the grand and glorious event of our Savior's incarnation.

From here our route was over a rocky, tortuous path, through the wilderness of Judea, scarcely a tree, shrub or bush to be seen in any direction. The whole country is barren and rocky, herbage here and there sufficient only for the sustenance of sheep and goats. The mountain scenery was beautiful and sublime; occasionally I stopped my horse upon a lofty summit to gaze upon the surrounding scenery, a vast wilderness of mountains in an endless variety of form and size. Towards evening we arrived at the Convent of Mar Saba, about ten miles from Bethlehem. We descended a broad, paved staircase to a small platform in front of the massive walls, in which was a small iron door. We were closely watched by a singular looking friar, peeping through a loophole overhead. Presenting our letter of introduction from the Greek authorities at Jerusalem, which was scrupulously examined, we were admitted and conducted through the building by the presiding friar, a tolerably good looking and intelligent gentleman.

This convent, in some respects, is the most singular and extraordinary building in Palestine. It is situated in the midst of the wilderness where John the Baptist commenced his ministry. It is built upon the side of a terrific ravine, and consists of irregular massive walls, towers, chambers and chapels, built upon narrow rock terraces and precipices, advantage being taken of natural caves and

grottos in the rocks and sides of the cliffs, insomuch that we could scarcely tell, as we passed along the narrow galleries and flights of stairs, what was natural and what artificial; the ravine is several hundred feet deep, the side of it covered from top to bottom with these natural and artificial works, woven imperceptibly one into another, forming a fortress of immense strength. It is considered one of the richest convents in Palestine; and the strictest precaution and watching are observed to prevent the wild Bedouins, who are constantly hovering in the vicinity, from entering and carrying off its treasures. St. Saba, the founder of this convent, was born in the year 439. He was a man of remarkable sanctity, and held in such high veneration that he drew thousands of followers to this desolate region. He had around him, at one time, fourteen thousand people in this glen and its neighborhood. He died in this solitary retreat, at the age of ninety-four years. We were shown his tomb in a small, neat chapel, also an apartment containing a pile of skulls of monks who had been martyred by the Persians, and a grotto where St. Saba spent many years of his life, which, according to tradition, was originally a lion's den. We saw a palm tree still flourishing, said to have been planted nearly fourteen hundred years ago by St. Saba.

This convent belongs to the Greek Church. The monks are required to observe the most rigid rules of abstinence and fasting, never allowed to eat flesh, and strictly enjoined to allow no woman to enter their presence or cross the threshold of their establishment. A small, peaceful tribe of Arabs, residing in adjacent glens, are employed by these friars to convey their food and clothing from Jerusalem.

In a small, open square, they spread out upon the pavement their little articles of traffic, consisting of beads, buttons, crosses, walking sticks, etc., inviting us to make investments. About seventy of these anchorites live

together in this building, where everything around exhibits an aspect of gloom and misery, as might be expected where nature is interrupted by the exclusion of the cheering, enlivening and happy influence of woman.

From Mar Saba we proceeded to our encampment, half a mile distant, in a beautiful dell, encircled by stupendous mountains.

The following day, having nine hours' ride before us, we started before sunrise, our path extending over high, barren, rocky ridges, through a wild, desolate region, skirting fearful ravines, and passing along the brink of frightful chasms and precipices, occasionally catching a glimpse of the Dead Sea, through breaks in the distant cliffs; at length we beheld the sacred Plains of Jordan, and there, in full view, the Dead Sea, with its waters sparkling beneath the bright and burning sun.

Having descended into the valley, while passing through a jungle of tall cane and thorns, those of our party in front suddenly encountered a band of armed Bedouins, whose fierce looks and threatening attitude prompted them to turn back very hurriedly. Antonio, our dragoman, immediately rushed up from the rear to ascertain the cause of interruption; on his approach, the Bedouins concealed themselves among the cane and bushes, except three, who stood their ground defiantly. Antonio, some-what excited, hurried the company rapidly through the jungle, then galloped up to the three Bedouins, and, aided by his men, forced their arms from them, and took them as trophies of victory to the Dead Sea. The sheik being in the rear, and not appearing till the affray was nearly over, some conjectured that he dictated the ruse; our subsequent acquaintance with him, however, convinced us that this supposition did him injustice.

The Dead Sea is the most remarkable body of water in the world. It is ten miles wide, forty in length—lying in a deep ravine, about thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, enclosed by lofty cliffs of bare white and grey limestone. We stopped on the shore near where the Jordan empties. We noticed here quantities of driftwood, which had been accumulating for ages; but little else appeared except sterility, dreariness and death-like solitude. We were informed that nothing was to be found upon any of its borders exhibiting life except here and there where a brackish fountain, or little streamlet from the mountain, produces a small thicket of cane, willow and tamarisk. I think the water is more intensely salt than that of any other body of water except Salt Lake. It contains twenty-six per cent. of saline matter, which is sufficient to render it fatal to animal life. It is as transparent as the water of the Mediterranean. Its specific gravity is so great that the human body will not sink, and eggs float when two-thirds immersed.

After spending some time in gratifying our curiosity and in experimenting on the bathing qualities of its waters, we left its dismal shores, steering across a flat, sterile plain, some three miles distant, and stopped under some willows on the banks of the sacred Jordan, near the place where it is supposed the Israelites crossed, and where our Savior was baptized.

# LETTER VIII.

Jordan River.—Sacred localities.—Fountain of Elisha.—Brook Cherith.—Plains of Jericho.—Bethany.—Residence of Mary and

Martha.—Tomb of Lazarus.—Garden of Gethsemane.—Hill of evil counsel.—Mizpah.—Valley of Jehoshaphat.—Absalom's Pillar.—Mosque of Omar.—Solomon's Temple.—Mount Moriah.—Worship of Moloch.—Place of Lamentation.

Palestine, March 6th, 1873.

*Editor Deseret News*:

Our visit to the river Jordan was interesting. As we drank of its sweet and refreshing waters and washed in its sacred stream, our thoughts and reflections recurred to the days of childhood, when we were accustomed to peruse the Holy Scriptures describing the important events which transpired in this locality—the passage of the Israelites when the channel became dry, as the priests, bearing upon their shoulders the sacred ark, stepped into the flowing stream; the dividing of the waters by Elijah when he passed over the dry bed and was taken up into heaven from the plain on the opposite side by a whirlwind; and Elisha, as he returned, took the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and smote the waters, saying, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" thus making the third time the Jordan was divided. But another event of much deeper interest is associated with this place—the baptism of our Savior, referred to in the following language: "John came preaching in the wilderness of Judea, and Jesus came from Galilee to Jordan to be baptized of him;" and we were at or near the identical point where all these memorable events had taken place, standing upon the bank, looking down into the glen, and bathing in the same stream which had borne silent witness of these sublime occurrences.

This stream of Biblical history flows through a glen varying from two hundred to six hundred yards in width, and from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet in depth below the surrounding plain. The bottom of the glen is sprinkled here and there with shrubs; tamarisk, oleander and willows grow on the banks of the stream, which are generally very steep. The Jordan varies in width from eighty to one hundred and fifty feet, with a depth often of ten or twelve feet. It flows through the Sea of Galilee; from the great fountain at Dan, to where it empties into the Dead Sea, its distance in a direct line is ninety-two miles. The Sea of Galilee is about six hundred feet higher than the mouth of the Jordan, and sixty miles distant. This river has a rapid current, making it dangerous to bathers unacquainted with the stream. A gentleman from New York, who joined us at Jaffa, stated that on his previous tour to Palestine, while bathing here, he was suddenly carried down by the force of the current, and at the last moment was saved by a dexterous and extraordinary effort of his dragoman.

A singular custom prevails among the Christian churches of Palestine—that of bathing in the Jordan every year at Easter. They gather in multitudes, putting themselves under the protection of a Turkish escort, headed by the Governor of Jerusalem or his deputy, to protect them from the Bedouin robbers. Starting from the "Holy City," traveling on foot and upon mules, donkeys and camels, through the wild, mountain regions of Judea, they cross the Plains of Jordan, and on reaching its sacred stream, rush indiscriminately into the flowing waters, young and old, men and women, regardless of propriety or even decency. Through this ceremony they anticipate peculiar favors and heavenly blessings.

Having sufficiently examined the Jordan and its surroundings, we proceeded across the plains, making our encampment at the Fountain of Elisha, near the ruins of

Jericho. This fountain consists of several small springs which flow from beneath a large mound. These are the famous waters which were healed by Elisha, as spoken of in Scripture. A stream flows from them of considerable size, which waters a portion of the Plain of Jericho. The Valley of the Jordan, in the direction we crossed, is about ten miles in width, possessing a rich soil, and with proper tillage could be made abundantly productive. A great portion of it, however, is a dreary, desolate region. Some parts of the valley watered by the Brook Cherith and the stream issuing from Elisha's Fountain are covered with lotus trees, interspersed with willows and a prolific growth of weeds. Some distance from these water courses, the trees and shrubbery are more thinly scattered which viewed in the distance resemble an immense park, beautiful and picturesque. These plains were formerly celebrated for their richness and fertility—their palm groves and luxuriant gardens, producing honey and balm, reckoned the most fertile region of Judea. Now nothing of this kind remains. The Plains of Jericho were formerly considered the garden of Palestine; their aspect now is strangely different, nothing is seen but small fields of grain intermixed with thorny bush.

A small village, occupied by Arabs, is the only modern representative of the ancient Jericho. The houses are formed of stone walls, built up loosely without mortar; the roofs flat and covered with brush and gravel; the yards and wretched patches of gardens are enclosed by windows constructed of the bows of thorns; the walls of the village, to protect its shiftless inhabitants from the raids of the Bedouins, are made of the same material. In riding through this disgustingly filthy town, we were lustily cheered by some dozen dirty, half-naked children, collected for this purpose, but more particularly for backsheesh (money). Sheep, children, goats, women and men, all

indiscriminately huddled together, and no doubt this people deserved the profligate character given them, *i. e*., similar to that of Sodom and Gomorrah.

In the evening, some twenty Bedouins appeared in our camp, equipped and prepared to amuse us by their accomplishments in music and dancing, for the purpose of laying claims to our backsheesh. We considered it policy to accept the offer; accordingly we took seats before our tents. They posted themselves in a standing line immediately fronting us, each having a short sword girded under a ragged mantle, all scantily and shabbily clad, making rather a primitive appearance. They commenced their singular manocuvres by dodging forward and back, at the same moment clapping their hands, accompanied with rapid stepping of the feet and a strange chant, occasionally making a whizzing, thrilling whoop, the like of which was never heard but from the throat of a Bedouin, their chief standing in front, twirling and flourishing a naked sword in the faces of his comrades, keeping time with their fantastic motions, steppings, chantings and whoopings, occasionally turning suddenly, making the whole exceedingly impressive by flourishing the naked blade close to our faces. The drift of their songs, we were told, was highly flattering to the ladies and complimentary to the gentlemen —the former for their extraordinary beauty, the latter for their anticipated liberality in bestowing backsheesh. We took the hint, and recollecting several robberies and murders which had occurred in the vicinity, we paid them for this wretched entertainment, constantly adding more, until we excited their admiration. We retired to our tents, reflecting on the strange difference between the present occupants of this locality and those who inhabited it when Prophets converted bitter springs into sweet fountains, and smote impetuous streams, piling up their waters on either side, and walked through on dry ground.

The following morning, after breakfasting and drinking the sweet waters of the Fountain of Elisha, we left the Plains of Jericho, and ascended into a wild, rocky, mountainous region, our path lying along the brink of the most sublime ravine of Palestine. It is many hundred feet deep, where but little else is seen than precipices of naked rocks, containing here and there a grotto seemingly inaccessible to anything but eagles; yet we were informed that these solitary caves were once occupied by hermits, some of whom reduced their bodies to a condition that four raisins per day supplied the cravings of appetite. Down to an immense depth, we discovered a small stream tumbling over the rocks, which we were told was the "Brook Cherith, that is before Jordan," where the Prophet Elijah was fed by ravens, while the famine prevailed in Palestine.

We stopped for lunch under the shade of some crumbling walls and pointed arches, where our generous sheik left us, his services being no longer required. Before leaving, he inscribed, in beautiful Arabic, his official name in my journal. Mounting our horses, we soon reached Bethany, situated about two miles from Jerusalem. Its location is pleasant and romantic, being built on the eastern slope of Mount Olivet, partially surrounded by steep hills, encircled by old, decayed terraces, supporting a few scattered fig and olive trees. It is a poor, miserable village, with narrow, filthy streets; the whole presenting a dismal appearance, yet a place of sacred interest. Here dwelt the sisters, Mary and Martha, with Lazarus their brother. Here Christ raised Lazarus from the tomb and presented him alive to his weeping sisters. Here, too, was the house of Simon the leper, in which Mary anointed Jesus with precious ointment and wiped his feet with her hair. The sites of these events are still pointed out—the house of Simon, that of Mary and Martha and the tomb of Lazarus. The latter is a deep vault, partly excavated in the rock and partly lined

with masonry. We stopped our horses at the front of the entrance. This opens on a winding staircase leading to a small chamber, whence a few steps more lead to a small vault in which the body is said to have been placed. We made but a short stay in this village, much to the disappointment of a crowd of dirty, ragged customers, who clamored fearfully for backsheesh.

As we approached Jerusalem, we descended a steep hill, down a rocky, winding, shelvy path, past an immense cemetery and the Garden of Gethsemane, with its ornamental trees, gravel walks, flowers and shrubbery, then around the towering battlements of Jerusalem, and soon reached our encampment, well pleased with our three days' excursion.

I was much interested in the topographical appearance of the country around about Jerusalem. The city is situated on a broad mountainous ridge, between the two valleys of Hinnom and Kedron. All around, from one to three miles distant, are loftier summits, consisting of irregular, broken ridges, varying from fifty to two hundred feet above the buildings of the city. They slope down, forming into small plains, low valleys, and steep, rugged ravines, presenting a panoramic view, beautiful and sublime. Along the western horizon runs a long range of hills, about the same height as that on which the city stands.

On the south, some distance from the city, is the "Hill of Evil Council," where it is said Caiaphas had a house where the priests and elders met to compass the destruction of Jesus; it is now covered with the ruins of some village. Northwards, rising conspicuously in the distance, is "Neby Samuel," the ancient Mizpeh, which is distinguished by its high towers. On the east, about half a mile from the city walls, the Mount of Olives rises from the Valley of Jehoshaphat, olive trees ornamenting its slopes, its summit

crowned by a mosque, with its high tapering minaret. Some portions of these hills show little else but white rocks projecting from the soil, which is almost as white as the rocks themselves; others are covered with fields of grain, and fig and olive orchards.

The plateaus and vales are generally cultivated, and covered with herbage and fig and olive trees. The ravines, especially the Hinnom and Kedron, in places are so steep and rugged that nothing is seen, scarcely, but a few olive trees here and there, growing upon narrow terraces built upon the rocks and cliffs. The summit of the Mount of Olives rises several hundred feet above the city, affording one of the most commanding views of Jerusalem and its surroundings.

I ascended this mountain, and obtained a favorable position upon the highest point on its summit, spent a happy hour surveying the "Holy City," its environs, and the endless objects of rare and sacred interest which formed the magnificent scenery around. Through the olive trees along the declivity could be discerned the white top of "Absalom's Pillar," and the grey excavated cliffs of Siloam; the high walls of Jerusalem appeared with their square towers; the Mosque of Omar, with its magnificent dome in the centre, occupying the site of Araunah's threshing floor, and Solomon's Temple, around it a grassy area, the whole encircled by olive and cypress trees; the two domes and the strong square tower of the Church of the Sepulchre, the massive towers of the citadel standing upon the Hill of Zion; in the distance a long line of high hills, and low broken ranges of mountains, with intervening vales, plateaus and wild ravines—the whole forming a marvelous picture of varied beauty and magnificence.

It is astonishing, the number of cemeteries we observed

around about Jerusalem. It is truly said, that the "tombs" of the "Holy City" are more numerous than its buildings. Nearly every hill and valley is studded more or less with these monuments.

The slopes of Mount Moriah and Mount Olivet, and portions of the deep valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat, form exclusive burying places. In viewing the multitude of tombs in the rocks and cliffs along the ravines of Hinnom, we were forcibly reminded of the prophecy of Jeremiah: "They shall bury in Tophet till there be no place. They have built the high places of Tophet, which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to burn their sons and daughters in the fire."

Here, at the bottom of the defile, amid its cliffs and rocky steeps and gloomy scenes, the Israelites performed the worship of Moloch, alluded to by Jeremiah. These heathen rites consisted in making a burnt offering of children in the following manner: A statute of Moloch was erected of gigantic proportions, consisting of brass, in the form of a man's body, with a head like that of an ox. The interior was hollow, in which was constructed a large furnace, by which means the whole statute could easily be made red hot. The children to be sacrificed were then placed in its arms, while drums were beaten to drown their cries. It is asserted, however strange it may appear, that Solomon was the first who formally introduced these fearful practices, though previous to this they had been performed occasionally by the Israelites.

Seeing no lake, pond, stream, rivulet, nor scarcely a living well or fountain in or around Jerusalem, we naturally inquired how its inhabitants especially its former dense population, were supplied with water. We were informed that within the walls of Jerusalem living wells and fountains, at present, were comparatively unknown. Three

small fountains, in the lower part of the valley of Jehoshaphat, are said to be the only waters that can be depended upon in the region around.

The city is chiefly supplied by means of its cisterns, every house of any importance having one or more of these, so arranged that the winter rains can be conducted into them, by means of pipes and ducts, from the roofs and court yards. With suitable care the water in them can be preserved pure and sweet during the whole summer. Besides these private cisterns, there are many public tanks, pools and reservoirs in the city and suburbs. We saw the ruins of aqueducts, cisterns and immense tanks, which showed that in former periods great attention and a vast amount of labor had been employed to secure supplies of water.

In every quarter of the site of the ancient city numerous reservoirs and cisterns are discovered—some of immense capacity, excavated in solid rock; others, formed upon the flat surface of the rock, built up around with stones thickly lined with cement. One of these subterranean reservoirs was discovered eighty feet below the surrounding surface. Subterranean aqueducts lead in various directions from the cisterns, frequently formed in the solid rock, extending many hundred yards. How these numerous cisterns were supplied is still a great mystery. Some imagine it was effected by conduits connecting with secret springs and fountains a long distance beyond the city.

The Jewish rabbi, with whom we conversed, stated that many springs and fountains which formerly supplied the inhabitants of Jerusalem, had long since ceased to flow, but he expected the time was near when they would be revived into living waters.

Jerusalem occupies but a small space—its walls are but a

little over two miles in circumference. Its population has been variously estimated; the following particulars I believe are tolerably authentic: Jews, nine thousand; Mohammedans, five thousand; Christians, about four thousand, making a total of eighteen thousand.

The political and financial condition of the Jewish population is not very flattering or prosperous. The people are generally poor and oppressed, without means or opportunity of improving their circumstances. They receive large contributions from Europe and America, to aid in objects of charity, and in making small improvements in the way of public buildings.

In our interview with the chief rabbi, we learned that foreign influence is operating, in a small measure, in their favor toward softening the feelings and moderating the rules of the Turkish authorities; that they are allowed to purchase and hold title to real estate; but they have no money to expend in this direction, and if they had it would be discouraging under the present system of taxation. All kinds of property are heavily taxed, and all private and public enterprise is discouraged. A direct tax is levied on persons, cattle, land and fruit trees; tobacco and silk pay about forty-two cents per pound, and all other articles eight per cent., either in kind or money.

Near where the Temple formerly stood, is a small paved area where the Jews have been permitted, during many centuries, to approach the precincts of the site of the Temple of their forefathers, and lament and wail over the ruins, and the desolation of their nation and sanctuary. In this retired locality, each Friday, Jews of both sexes, of all ages, and from every quarter of the world, are seen weeping, bathing the stones with their tears, and lifting up their voices in loud lamentation. No one can witness this scene without being touched with feelings of the deepest

sympathy, and the poet may well say:

> "Oh, weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
> Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
> Weep for the harp of Judah's broken spell,
> Mourn—where their God hath dwelt, the godless dwell!"
>
> Lorenzo Snow.

# LETTER IX.

The Stone of Unction.—The Holy Sepulchre.—The Chapel of the Angel.—Hill of Calvary.—The hole in which the Cross was planted.—House of Pilate.—"Behold the Man!"—The true Cross.—A terrible Massacre.—Turkish Guards.—Christianity despised by Jews and Mohammedans.—Farewell to Jerusalem.—Gala day.—Arab Agriculture.—Shechem.—Ferocious People.—The Olive.—Samaria.

Palestine, March 8th, 1873.

*Editor Deseret News*:

Among the variety of objects which claimed our attention while at Jerusalem, was the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is an extensive building, with a host of sacred relics and holy places, grouped together within a few yards of one another; among others, the place of the Savior's crucifixion; the spot where His body was anointed for

burial; where the Virgin stood and witnessed the crucifixion; the place where His body was wrapped in linen clothes; the rent in the rock produced by the earthquake; the place where the soldiers cast lots for His raiment; the column to which He was bound when scourged; the place where He was stripped by the soldiers; and the prison in which He was incarcerated previous to being led to the place of crucifixion, etc.

In front of this building is a small area, occupied by a sort of bazar for the sale of sacred relics, and used also as a place of gathering for all classes of pilgrims. Within this building, near the door, surrounded by a low railing, is the Stone of Unction, which consists of a marble slab, on which the body of the Savior is said to have been anointed for the burial. This, we were told, however, is not the real stone, as that was concealed underneath to prevent devout pilgrims from carrying it off or wearing it away by constant kissing, as was the case with the bronze toe at St. Peter's, Rome. Several lamps are suspended over this sacred spot, and kept constantly burning.

We proceeded to the apartment appropriated to the Holy Sepulchre, twenty-six feet long by eighteen broad, ornamented by a dome. We entered first a small apartment called the Chapel of the Angel, where it is said he sat upon the stone which had been rolled away from the door of the sepulchre. A portion of this stone stands upon a low pedestal, though it is asserted that the real stone was stolen by the Armenians, and is now exhibited in their chapel. From this apartment a low narrow door opens into the vault of the sepulchre. It has a dome roof sustained by short marble columns. The place where the Savior's body is said to have lain, is covered by a marble slab, considerably worn at the edges by the continued kissing of pilgrims. A large number of gold and silver lamps are suspended over it, and kept constantly burning. It is fitted

up as an altar; above it are costly gifts, thickly set with precious stones, presented by different sovereigns of Europe.

A Greek priest was officiating when we entered, who signified his recognition of our presence by scattering sweet perfumery in great abundance over our persons. All pilgrims were sprinkled in like manner, who were constantly crowding in upon their hands and knees, kissing the cold marble, sobbing and bathing it with their tears. This is said to have been hewn in the rock, but we could see no rock—the floor, tomb and walls are all marble.

We ascended a flight of steps leading to an apartment or small chapel which is said to cover the Hill of Calvary. Here was shown a rent or hole in the rock, as that in which stood the cross while the Savior hung upon it. Many other places were shown, which it is needless to mention. After leaving this building, we went to the House of Pilate, which is said to occupy the same locality as that of the Roman governor; we saw but little, however, to satisfy us of the identity of the Judgment Hall. We came to a building said to cover the place where Jesus came forth wearing the purple robe and crown of thorns, when Pilate exclaimed to the people. "Behold the man!" The place was pointed out where the Savior sank under the weight of the cross, when Simon the Cyrenian was compelled to take it up, and bear it after Him; also the spot where Veronica appeared with a napkin to wipe the sweat off the Savior's brow, when His portrait was miraculously impressed upon it. This pretended relic is preserved as one of the chief in the Basilica of St. Peter's at Rome.

Religious enthusiasts of opposite sects vied with each other in searching out relics, and places to be reverenced and adored by people of their respective persuasions, performing pilgrimages to the Holy Land, their zeal, in

some instances, carrying them beyond the bounds of honesty, to practising deceit and imposition. Many of these places had been remaining for centuries beneath the gradual accumulations of debris, and could not be identified, either by history or tradition; consequently, divine intimations were sought, miraculous tests applied, and other methods resorted to in order to establish their claims to genuineness.

Helena, the mother of Constantine, when about eighty years old, in the fourth century, is said to have been divinely impressed to proceed to Jerusalem and make sacred discoveries—to search out the true cross, the holy sepulchre, and other relics and localities connected with the crucifixion of the Savior. Accordingly she went to Jerusalem and, enlisting the services of the inhabitants, instituted a search for the cross of the Savior. Digging through the debris, some twenty feet or more, at length three crosses were discovered, together with the tablet, the nails and crown of thorns. The tablet or inscription, "This is Jesus the King of the Jews," being separated from the crosses, therefore the true cross could not be identified. At last a remedy was discovered. A lady of quality was confined upon her bed in Jerusalem, of a fatal disease. The three crosses were successively presented to her; the two first without effect, but on the approach of the third, she sprang from her dying couch perfectly restored. Thus the identity of the true cross was established. The pillar to which Christ is said to have been bound when He was scourged, is carefully secured, that it may not be stolen by pilgrims, who are only permitted to touch it with a small, round stick, some four feet long or more, kept for this purpose. The stick, after having one end put in contact with the sacred relic, is then kissed by the pilgrims with great fervor and vehemence. While present we witnessed many instances of this fervent and striking devotion.

We visited the reputed Garden of Gethsemane, which belongs to the Latin Church. An opposition one has recently been established by the Greek Church. As soon as the trees have sufficiently grown, and other fixtures remained long enough to impart an ancient and venerable appearance, it will then be exhibited to devout pilgrims as the real, genuine Garden of Gethsemane.

The low, sunken condition of Christianity in Jerusalem is pretty clearly illustrated in the following description of scenes enacted in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. On Easter eve, each successive year, it is pretended that holy fire descends from heaven, lighting up all the lamps in the Holy Sepulchre. On this occasion multitudes of enthusiastic pilgrims are assembled from every quarter of the globe, awaiting with burning anxiety to participate in its benefits, and to receive its holy influences. Just before the prescribed moment for this miraculous descent, the Greek Patriarch enters the tomb, alone, and presently gives out, through a hole in the wall, the holy fire, to the eager and excited multitude.

In former years all the churches participated in the performance of these rites, but latterly have desisted, one after another, till, at present, this practice is continued only by the Greek Church. At these extraordinary scenes, very serious accidents frequently occur—old men and women crushed and trampled to pieces, or perhaps quarrels arise between rival sects, resulting in shooting and stabbing one another. In 1834, deplorable and fearful scenes were enacted in that sacred building. While the church was crowded with Christian pilgrims, a contention arose, in which the Turkish guards engaged; the confusion soon became general, and directly grew into a terrible battle. The scene of horror cannot be described. Numbers were bayoneted or knocked down with the butt ends of muskets, and their blood and brains scattered upon the wall and

pavement, each seeming intent to destroy his fellow, or save himself from immediate destruction. Many were pulled down and trampled to death while endeavoring to escape from the building. When order was restored, the dead were lying in heaps around, and even upon the Stone of Unction the bodies of the dead were piled up, and in some places the wounded and dead were thrown together promiscuously, one upon another, five feet high or more.

The Turkish government is obliged to keep a guard constantly watching at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to prevent these contentions and fightings between the rival Christian churches.

These contradictions, contentions and impositions by the rival Christian sects, in Jerusalem, render the Christian religion a subject of scorn and contempt, both to the Jews and Mohammedans, and it is certainly a matter of serious regret that, in this enlightened age of Christianity, such things should exist in this sacred locality where our holy religion was established, and our Savior martyred.

Syria, March 11th, 1873.

Leaving Jerusalem, we ascend by a steep, rocky, winding path to the commanding heights of Mount Scopus, where, turning backward, we take a long, lingering look at the "Holy City"—its noble domes, its high, tapering minarets, and its surrounding mountains. We descend the mountain into a naked, desolate region, our path lying over rocky plateaus, through deep ravines, and over barren hills covered with loose stones and sharp rocks. A small village is seen away to our left on a lofty hill, flags and streamers flying, guns firing, and groups of men and women gaily attired, in open air, rejoicing in the dance. We pass several towns perched among the gray rocks, on the mountain slopes, or crowning the summits of high hills, also several

sites of ancient towns overspread with ruins. Sterility and barrenness form the general features of the country. The trees are few, gnarled and stunted, here and there sticking out from rents and holes in the rocks, and broken, decayed terraces, and still clinging to the cliffs.

The second day we found the hills and glens less rugged, the country improving in general appearance, the soil more fertile and better cultivated. We passed through many winding valleys with landscape beautiful and picturesque, the hills terraced from base to summit, supporting vines, fig and olive trees, the scenery enlivened by wild flowers, bright and gay, springing up from the green, luxuriant herbage. The Arab is seen with his primitive plow and diminutive oxen, breaking up his ground; a Bedouin on his fleet steed, with his brass-bound gun suspended over his shoulder, galloping over the hills; the Mussulman, with his wives and children, scantily dressed, plucking the weeds from his patch of grain; peasants passing in their gay dresses of red and green; long strings of mules, donkeys and camels, winding along the tortuous path; the shepherd preceding his flock of sheep and goals, leading them along the mountain slopes or standing with them clustered around a favorite fountain.

We are now approaching Nablous, a modern town on the site of the ancient Shechem, a name familiar to the Biblical reader. Clambering up a steep, rocky path, we arrive at the crest of a lofty ridge, where we enjoy a lovely, romantic scene—the finest and most pleasing since leaving Jerusalem. Before us lies an undulating plain, stretching far away northward, encircled by picturesque hills, no object on its surface to break the view; around its borders are small groves of orange trees, and here and there clumps and rows of olives, giving it the appearance of a European park. The villages here as elsewhere, instead of being located on the plain, are, for security, built on the crest of

steep hills, or high up on the acclivities.

The people we now meet appear different in character, manners and dress from those occupying the country we have passed. They look daring and ferocious, ready to commence hostilities on the slightest provocation. Armed cap-a-pie with a flintlock shot-gun, a huge dagger sticking in front of their girdle, pistols and a large knobheaded club, they seem pleased in displaying these arms, and, judging from their sturdy, athletic appearance, I have no doubt they could employ them to great advantage. We frequently met these fellows armed in this manner, driving along a miserable looking, half-starved donkey, loaded probably with all they possessed, except arms and shabby clothing. There is, however, a cause for this oddity. A bloody feud, most likely, exists between one family and some other family, which was commenced hundreds of years ago by their ancestors. Some person was killed, and one of that person's family killed another in return; then another was killed in revenge, and thus it has continued until the present. Every member of the family is in danger, and lives in dread—any moment the avenger of blood may pounce upon him. Therefore he is armed at all hours and in all places—when leading his flocks on the mountain, his donkey on the road, or when plowing in the field, ofttimes having to flee from house and home, and abide with strangers. This fearful state of things arises from the following law of the Koran: "O, true believers, the law of retaliation is ordained to you for the slain—the free shall die for the free." I suppose Mahomet drew this from the Old Testament, but failed to make the corresponding merciful arrangements—"cities of refuge."

The second night we camped in a lovely spot, in the suburbs of Nablous. This city, known in Bible history as Shechem, possesses the most charming and picturesque scenery of any site in Palestine. It is situated along the base

of Mount Gerizim, on the south side of a verdant valley, sparkling with streams and fountains, and decorated with olive trees, gardens and fruit orchards. The cliffs, hills and mountain slopes, supporting terraces, rising one above another in regular gradation, growing narrow strips of waving grain, together with fig, olive and orange trees. The valley is clothed in the richest foliage and vegetation. Viewed from different points, the city, with its white-domed buildings, and its mosques and towering minarets, presents a charming picture. Nablous contains eight thousand inhabitants, only five hundred of whom are Christians. The buildings are constructed chiefly of stone; in style and general appearance they are similar to those in Jerusalem. The streets, as in all other towns in Palestine, are narrow, crooked and extremely filthy. The houses project over and cover them, being supported on arches. The inhabitants have the reputation of mistreating strangers, especially ladies. Prompted by curiosity, no doubt, they visited our tents by multitudes. In turn, we perambulated their filthy city, experiencing no illtreatment.

In Shechem, as we learn from sacred history, Simeon and Levi avenged the dishonor of their sister Dinah, by murdering the whole population of the city, having first decoyed them into complete disability of defending themselves. It was the first spot where Abraham pitched his tent in Canaan—"Place of Shechem at the oak of Moreh." Jacob, also, on his return from Mesopotamia, pitched his tent in this then pastoral region. This is the place where Jacob sent his favorite son, Joseph, to look after his brethren. "A certain man found him wandering in the field," and directed him to Dothan, about twelve miles north, where they had removed. Here Rehoboam was proclaimed king over all Israel; and not long afterwards the ten tribes revolted, and made Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, king, and established Shechem as the capital.

Soap, cotton and oil are the chief productions at Nablous. The olive is extensively cultivated, and is seen around every village and hamlet Clothed in midwinter, with their soft, gray foliage, they always impart beauty and add an air of cheerfulness to the landscape. The olive is slow in its growth, requiring from twelve to fifteen years before it begins to pay the expense of cultivation. It is long-lived—one thousand years and upwards. The older ones have a remarkably venerable appearance, with their great gnarled and furrowed stems, especially when representing the last stages of life's decline. Usually the fruit ripens in November and December, and is beaten off with long sticks, and gathered by women and children, who carry it away in baskets on their heads to the press, where the oil is extracted by an apparatus quite rude and primitive. The berries are placed in a round cavity excavated in a rock, when a huge stone is rolled over them by oxen or manual force. The pulp is bound up in mats, placed under the press, which is forced down by a screw or heavy beam. The liquor is partially heated, the oil is then skimmed and put into skins or earthen jars.

From Nablous (Shechem) to Samaria, our next principal point, we pass through a lovely country—over terraced hills, and winding through partially cultivated valleys, with fields of grain two-thirds grown and orchards of figs and apricots. Small villages are seen crowning summits of distant hills or perched high up their rocky sides, seldom appearing in the rich vales below.

Samaria contains about sixty buildings, with four hundred inhabitants. It occupies a narrow, rocky plateau, midway up the side of the steep, lofty hill. In the midst of a gentle shower, we rode up to the village through a narrow, winding path, climbing over large boulders and forked, sloping, conical, shelving and slippery rocks. Halting a few minutes, we then ascended to the summit, on which is an

open area, formerly surrounded by columns, only a few of which are now standing. In descending the mountain, we reached a place on its slope, covered with magnificent ruins—a quantity of columns, some standing, others broken and lying in fragments over the ground. Sixty or more of these pillars, two feet in diameter, eighteen in height, are standing without their capitals, deeply sunk in the ground. It is supposed that these columns were designed to decorate the principal street of the ancient city. Large quantities of hewn stone are strewed around over the plowed fields and orchards in the valley below, and piled into the terraces which partially encircle the hill.

In viewing these immense ruins, I was reminded of the fearful prediction of Micah: "I will make Samaria as an heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard, and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof."

Lorenzo Snow.

# LETTER X.

Famous Scripture locality.—Village of robbers.—Battlefield of Palestine.—Mounts Tabor and Hermon.—Nazareth.—The Holy Grotto.—Table of Christ.—Arab plows.—Cana of Galilee.—Arab school.—Sea of Galilee.—Tiberias.—Bedouin spinsters.—Residence of Mary Magdalene.—Serenaded by Bedouins.—Backsheesh.

Syria, March 15th, 1873.

*Editor Deseret News*:

Leaving Samaria, we wind up a rocky acclivity and pass through an avenue of olive trees, to a smart looking village, located on a stony ridge. Our road now lies over low hills covered with dwarf oak and hawthorn, through rich valleys abounding in wheat fields, fig orchards and groves of venerable olive trees, with gnarled and furrowed trunks, clothed with gray foliage, and along over hills whose terraced sides are covered with vineyards. Several villages are seen dotting the hill sides or crowning their lofty summits. We passed through some low, winding ravines. These are the passes so often defended by the "ten thousands of Ephraim and thousands of Mannasseh," against their northern invaders. In the midst of these hills, the famous Gideon, the hero of Mannasseh, was nurtured and reared; through these passes he marched at the head of

his little army against the Midianites, who were lying in multitudes in the Valley of Jezreel.

We passed a large village surrounded by olive groves. Its inhabitants have a bad reputation. It is said that they will not miss an opportunity of plundering the solitary traveler when found in the neighboring glens.

Friday, 7th, we camped at Jenin, interpreted "fountain of gardens." It contains three thousand inhabitants, chiefly Mohammedans. The town is charmingly situated, commanding a view of the great Plain of Esdraelon. The low hills behind are overspread by shrubbery, with here and there patches of olives. Around the town the landscape is clothed in rich verdure, variegated with flowers of brilliant colors; also fine gardens encircled by hedges of cactus of immense growth, and palm trees here and there raising their graceful heads. The Plain of Esdraelon, the famous battlefield of Palestine, stretches far away, from fifteen to twenty miles to the base of the mountains, below Nazareth, on one side enclosed by the hills of Galilee, on the other by the mountains of Samaria, the whole forming one vast, unbroken expanse of verdure. In all this plain, not a village or hamlet appears, though they are seen dotting the slopes of the surrounding hills, or perched on their rocky summits. Long strings of Bedouin tents are here and there strung along its borders, and numerous flocks and herds are fattening on its luxuriant herbage.

Several fierce looking Arabs visited our tents in the evening, whose appearance failed to impress us favorably respecting their future intentions; our guards occasionally fired a gun during the night, indicating their presence and preparation for defense. The following morning we passed over the Plain of Esdraelon. We now have a view of Mount Tabor, dotted with oaks from base to summit, and Mount Hermon, panoplied in snow. After descending a steep,

rocky ridge, we wind through a dreary glen, opening into the valley of Nazareth. We rode through the crooked, filthy and narrow streets of the city of Nazareth, and pitched our tents near its borders. The town is located in narrow ravines, and on the narrow, rocky declivities by which they are separated. A little valley opens out before it, about one mile long and one-half mile in breadth, engirdled by high, bleak hills. The valley is divided into small, plowed fields, in the centre of which are patches of gardens, enclosed by hedges of cactus.

The Franciscan convent is the most prominent structure, then a mosque with its white tapering minaret looms up from among the low buildings. The city contains four thousand inhabitants, the larger portion of whom are Christians.

Nazareth is remarkable for being the home of the Savior's boyhood—the scenes of his private life. Many objects and places are shown, associated with the Virgin and the Savior—the "Holy Grotto," where the angel announced to Mary that she was favored of the Highest: the "Workshop of Joseph," in which Jesus worked; the "Table of Christ," etc., but having little faith in their identity, I waive description.

We remained over Sunday, and next morning pursued our way, leading over some fine valleys under moderate cultivation. Arabs were plowing the fields. Their plows, and mode of using them, are remarkably simple and primitive. This instrument consists of a crooked stick, four inches in diameter, shod with iron six inches wide, tapered to a point, a wooden peg through the top forming the handle. In the middle of this stick, the end of a small round pole is fastened, the opposite end is attached to the yoke by strings or ropes. The yoke is formed by a short, straight pole, with bows partly of wood and partly of ropes. It is

placed upon the necks of two dwarfed, wretched oxen or cows, the size of our ordinary yearlings. In one hand the Arab holds the handle of his plow, in the other flourishes a long stick, by virtue of which the machine is put in motion, and its velocity regulated. It works into the soil about four inches, breaking the same in breadth. The land, under this mode of cultivation, will yield, per acre, probably six or eight bushels. Under proper management, it would produce five times the amount.

We stopped at an Arab village, known in Bible history as Cana of Galilee, consisting of a few low, dirty dwellings. We dismounted and entered a small, miserable structure, called a chapel, containing some old stone pots, which once, as we were informed, contained the water which Jesus converted into wine, at the wedding. Withdrawing from this place of relics, I entered a hall some fifteen feet in length by thirteen in breadth, divested of door and windows, occupied by Arab children as a schoolroom. Some thirty or forty boys, seated in rows upon the ground, each with a small tablet, covered with characters, were chanting their lessons very loud and with remarkable energy. This chanting and repeating together is the usual method adopted by the Arab teacher in instructing "the young idea how to shoot," it being maintained that it fixes more indelibly the principle in the memory. However this may be, I am certain the chanting scene was strikingly impressed on my memory, and the picturesque appearance and noisy characteristics of an Arab school cannot be forgotten.

At length we reach the summit of a lofty mountain and look abroad on the vale of Gennesareth, and down one thousand feet upon the Sea of Galilee, whose surging waves were once stilled, and the howling tempest silenced, by the voice of the Savior. Descending the steep declivity, we spread our tents among some old ruins, rent walls, and

crumbling towers, directly upon the shore. The effects of the great earthquake of 1837 are everywhere distinctly visible.

The Sea of Galilee is about fifteen miles long, from six to seven broad, though, owing to the remarkable clearness of the atmosphere, it looks much smaller. It occupies the bottom of a deep basin, the sides of which shelve down with gradual slopes from the summits of the surrounding hills. On one side, these hills or mountains rise nearly two thousand feet, intersected by deep ravines. The Jordan flows into it from the east, and passes out at the south. It is about seven hundred feet above the level of the Dead Sea, into which the Jordan empties, after accomplishing a remarkably serpentine tour through the valley which bears its name. I here introduce from the pen of my sister:

AT THE SEA OF GALILEE.

I have stood on the shore of the beautiful sea,
The renowned and immortalized Galilee,
When 'twas wrapped in repose, at eventide,
Like a royal queen in her regal pride.

No sound was astir—not a murmuring wave—
Not a motion was seen but the tremulous lave,
A gentle heave, of the water's crest—
As the infant breathes on its mother's breast.

I thought of the present—the past; it seemed

That the silent sea with instruction teemed;
For often, indeed, the heart can hear
What never, in sound, has approached the ear.

Full oft has silence been richly fraught
With treasures of wisdom and stores of thought;
With sacred, heavenly whisperings, too,
That are sweeter than roses, and honey dew.

There's a depth in the soul, that's beyond the reach
Of all earthly sound—of all human speech,
A fiber too sacred and pure to chime
With the cold, dull music of Earth and Time.

'Tis the heart's receptacle, naught can supply
But the streams that flow from the fount on high,
An instinct divine, of immortal worth,
An inherited gift, through primeval birth.

* * * * * * *

Again, when the shades of night were gone,
In the clear bright rays of the morning dawn,
I walked on the bank of this self-same

sea,
Where once our Redeemer was wont to be.

Where, "Lord save, or I perish," was Peter's prayer;
Befitting the weak and the faithless elsewhere.
And here, while admiring this Scriptural sea,
Th' bold vista of Time brought th' past up to me.

Embossed with events when the Prince of Life
Endured this world's hatred, its envy and strife;
When, in Him, the Omniptent was revealed,
And, by Him, the wide breach of the law was healed.

The gates He unbarred, and led the way,
Through the shadow of death to the courts of day;
And "led captivity captive" when
"He ascended on high, and gave gifts unto men."

Damascus, Syria, March 17th, 1873.

We are tented in the suburbs of Tiberias, which is a small village of two thousand inhabitants. It numbers eight hundred Jews, poor, sickly-looking and friendless, an appearance, unfortunately, too applicable to the generality of this people whom we saw in the towns and cities of

Palestine. They are permitted to occupy a small area in the middle of the town, where they have erected small synagogues, and established some common schools.

Close upon the shore is a Latin convent, which stands on the spot, as we were informed, where the scene of the miraculous draught of fishes occurred. Tiberias was built by Herod, the murderer of John the Baptist, in honor of the Roman Emperor, and was the capital of the province of Galilee.

The next morning we moved camp up the lake six miles. President Smith, Professor Carrington and T. W. Jennings, with two American gentlemen, taking boat and making the excursion by water; the remainder of the company, with myself, mounted horses and followed the shore. Our ride was interesting and cheering, under the influence of a smiling sun, and in an atmosphere of Egyptian balminess, far below the cold breezes of the hills of Galilee. We overtook some Bedouin ladies, each perched on the hump of a camel, traveling in the same direction, chanting their native songs very plaintively. Our young Arab guide, with becoming suavity, engaged them in an interesting conversation, the general features of which he afterwards explained. They informed him that they had no husbands, which circumstance they reckoned a great misfortune. This was attributable, they said, to one cause only. The laws and customs of their country permitted the father to dispose of his daughter for any stipulated amount, the price varying from five hundred to eight thousand francs, according to the beauty and accomplishments of the lady in question; that they could readily procure husbands, but the young gentlemen who fancied them, and whom they wished to favor, were not prepared to meet the exorbitant demands of their fathers; consequently they were not married, which they regretted exceedingly. It was the custom of the ladies, they said, to marry early, at the age of twelve or thirteen

years; that they themselves were rising of twenty, a circumstance which made them uncomfortable and very melancholy.

We passed a cluster of low houses, resembling hovels more than human dwellings. This was formerly the residence of Mary Magdalene, whom the Savior delivered from the power of demons. Our path now lay along the gravelly shore of the sea, and through tangled thickets of thorns, cane and tall nettles, occasionally passing clumps of oleanders, adorned with blushing roses, peeping out beneath their green luxuriant foliage. At length we reached our camping ground, a romantic spot—a pretty patch of green sward, formed of clover and other grasses, near a remarkably large fountain, whose sparkling waters burst forth beneath a large gray mountain and swept down into the sea some yards below. A camp of wild Bedouins, on our approach, comprehending our wishes, generously consented to withdraw to a distant locality. Before leaving, however, they proposed to honor us with a serenade. Their instruments were strikingly rude, and, as we presently learned, better adapted to loud, shrill noise than to musical harmony. Our animals were not excitable under ordinary circumstances, but this was a little too much for their nerves—looking towards the tempestous sounds they commenced snorting, prancing, breaking away, and rushing off in various directions. In this state of things, we saw that, however flattering the serenade might be to our vanity, there was danger of a drawback to our progress as tourists; hence we intimated to our Bedouin admirers that though we appreciated the honors they were laboring to bestow, should it suit their convenience to terminate at once the peculiar entertainment we should consider ourselves eminently favored. They closed the amusement with a modest suggestion that some backsheesh was due for their services, which having paid, our muleteers hurried

off in search of the animals.

Lorenzo Snow.

# LETTER XI.

At Athens.—Plains of Attica.—Hill of Mars.—Galilee.—Scriptural reminiscences.—Fountain of Dan.—Cesarea Philippi.—Damascus.—An unfortunate Architect.

Athens, Greece, April 10th, 1873.

*Editor Deseret News*:

We are in the city of Athens, surrounded by the ruined temples and crumbling walls of ancient Greece; have stood on the lofty summit of the Acropolis, beside the marble columns of the Parthenon, in the midst of broken pillars and fallen temples, looking down on modern Athens, the Plains of Attica, the famous Hill of Mars, and off on the "Flowery Hymettus." We have met the King of Greece on the sidewalk of Athens, cane in hand, and in simple costume, like an ordinary gentleman; have seen the nation's deputies debating in parliament, and have spent an evening at tea with our American minister; have sailed on the classical waters of the Mediterranean, up the Archipelago, among its beautiful islands. We have viewed Constantinople, its numerous mosques with swelling domes and pointed minarets, and promenaded its dark, winding avenues, through its wilderness of bazars, have seen the Sultan—all, and a thousand things else, since

leaving Palestine. Therefore, it is possible an apology is due for continuing my descriptions of the Holy Land. Syria and Palestine, in many respects, we have found the most interesting of any country we have visited, as regards the character and condition of the people, its natural scenery, its having formed the great theatre, where were displayed, during many centuries, the dealings of God with favored Israel, as well as its being the opening scene of the Gospel dispensation; besides embracing the sites and melancholy ruins of ancient cities so familiar to the Biblical student.

I now return to Galilee. I ascended the mountain above "The Fountain of the Fig Tree," to a point overlooking our camp and commanding a view of the Plain of Gennesareth, the Sea of Galilee, and the towering summit of Mount Hermon. Here I employed the passing moments in serious reflections on the associations called forth by the peculiar circumstances around. A great portion of the Savior's life was spent in the region around the Sea of Galilee. After having been expelled from Nazareth, His native city, by His own townspeople, He came down from the hilly country of Galilee, and made his home upon these shores, chose His Twelve Apostles, taught the people in their towns and villages and on the seaside, as they flocked around Him in multitudes. He performed His mighty works in the cities of Chorazin, Bethsaida and Capernaum, which stood on these shores, filled with inhabitants. Eighteen centuries have wrought marvelous and fearful changes in the scenery and condition of this locality. When the Savior and His Apostles were coasting along these shores, addressing anxious multitudes, healing the sick, unstopping the ears of the deaf, giving sight to the blind, and raising the dead, Tiberias, adorned with its numerous palaces and temples, stood in the zenith of its glory, its citizens reveling in splendor and luxury, and its many priests, in imposing costumes, full of studied systematic

knowledge of the law and the Prophets, and glowing with pious zeal to entrap and destroy the Apostles and the Savior of the world. Infamy covers the memory of those priests, and not a single building of that magnificent city remains, and nothing is seen but patches of low decaying walls, a few heaps of hewn stone, and granite columns strewed around. The country about the Sea of Galilee was then densely populated—cities and towns occupied its shores, the summits and slopes of the surrounding hills. Bethsaida, Capernaum, Chorazin and many larger cities were teeming with inhabitants and in the height of prosperity. The Plain of Gennesareth, under the finest state of cultivation, appeared like a paradise of gardens, growing luxuriantly the choicest of fruits. This plain is now overspread with thorns and tall nettles, and everywhere marked by the finger of desolation. Those cities are now left without an inhabitant, and their places covered with heaps of decaying stones and prostrate walls. Capernaum is so nearly annihilated that even the place it occupied is a subject of keenest dispute among travelers; and even now I see before me, in the vicinity of our tents, decaying relics, considered by some to designate the locality of that ancient city.

We left the Sea of Galilee, and continued our route through an improving country, crossed an old Roman road, through fields of grain, beans and lentils, passing several large camps of Bedouins, and for the night pitched our tents at a large fountain, near which a company of Arabs were engaged in digging a sect, to water a rich plain below. This night was characterized by a concert of striking wildness, performed by a great multitude of musical frogs in adjacent marshes, joined by howling dogs in an Arab camp, mingled with loud responses of the hoarse voices of our pack-mules, combined with a hideous chorus of sharp yelping jackals in the neighboring glens.

The next day we passed several long lines of black tents of the Bedouins, and numerous herds of cattle feeding in the plains and rich valleys. They were dwarfed, and were degenerated like the inhabitants of the country. We lunched at the "Fountain of Dan," one of the great sources of the Jordan, in the shade of a venerable tree, remarkable for the immense are covered by its branches. On our departure, two Arabs stopped to enjoy their bread and cheese in its cooling shade. While thus occupied they were surprised by a marauding party of Bedouins, who relieved them of all their little conveniences. While sympathizing in their misfortunes, we were somewhat pleased that we had escaped their experience. We camped at Cesarea Philippi, on the bank of a rushing stream, in the midst of a beautiful grove. Here is the great fountain which forms the main source of the Jordan, the most celebrated of rivers. From this immense fountain the waters collect, and soon form into a rapid torrent, rushing along with great impetuosity, tumbling over rocks, foaming and scattering its spray in all directions. At this place, that remarkable conversation occurred between Christ and His Apostles, in which Peter affirmed that Jesus was "the Christ, the Son of the living God." And Jesus answered and said unto him, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven: And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;" thus securing to every person the privilege of obtaining a like revelation.

The modern village consists of some forty houses massed together with flat roofs, on which the dirty and filthy inhabitants sleep in the summer season, to prevent being eaten by flies and bedbugs, and bitten by scorpions, which they are too lazy to destroy.

The following morning, leaving Cesarea Philippi, we pass

over a well watered country, whose inhabitants possess more energy and enterprise, improving, in a small degree, a few of the natural advantages which surround them. We camped at night near what is said to have been "one of the burial places of Nimrod;" and the next day, after an interesting ride of a few hours, on ascending an eminence, a panorama of great beauty and magnificence burst upon our view—the city of Damascus, "the Pearl of the East," its wide extended plains, on which are a hundred villages, numerous mosques looming up here and there, above the immense, spreading mass of broad, white roofs, their great swelling domes and tapering minarets adorned with golden crescents, the great Plain of Damascus, ornamented with rich fields and beautiful gardens, groves of popular and walnut, orchards of figs, apricots and pomegranates, and numerous vineyards, sprinkled here and there with tall, conical cypresses, and now and then a palm lifting its graceful head, stretching east far away till lost beneath the gray horizon northward, till reaching the mountains of Anti-Lebanon, and away south, where it is bounded by the river Pharpar, of Scripture memory. The picturesque appearance of the circling hills and mountains casts an air of singular enchantment around this profoundly magnificent scenery—the long bare ridge of Anti-Lebanon, the snow-capped peak of Hermon, distant some forty miles, a multitude of beautiful conical hills, and still beyond, a long ridge of pale blue mountains, the "Hills of Bashan."

Passing along this plain, we entered Damascus, rode through some of its principal streets and camped outside the walls, on the banks of the Abana. Much of the richness and beauty of the Plain of Damascus is owing to the invigorating influences of this stream of Bible celebrity, which flows through it from west to east, and is conducted from its channel, and carried on to the plain. Another mode

of irrigation, however, is adopted in places where the Abana cannot be reached. It being rather peculiar, I will describe it: A well is first dug till water is discovered; the slope of the plain is then followed, when another is sunk, forty or fifty yards distant; the two are then connected by a subterranean channel, leaving sufficient fall for the water to flow. In this manner a long line of wells is constructed, and the stream of water thus secured is at last on a level with the surface, when it is ready to be used. The plain has a great number of these curious aqueducts, several of which extend along from two to three miles underground. Where the waters of one are spreading life and verdure over the surface, another below is gathering a new supply, obtaining it, in some measure, from the surplus of the former, which soaks through the soil.

We called on the American Consul, who treated us courteously and assisted us in accomplishing the object of our visit to Damascus. Before we left, he spent an hour under our tent in conversation mutually agreeable. We visited Prince Abd-el-Kader, who, during the invasion of Algiers by the French, fought so valiantly to preserve the freedom of his country. The interview was pleasant and interesting—Mocha, in elegant cups, served in Oriental style, illustrated his good feelings and respectful consideration.

Damascus is supposed to be nearly four thousand years old, the oldest city in the world. Some affirm that it was founded by Uz, the son of Aram. At least, it was a noted place in the days of Abraham—the steward of his house was mentioned as "Eliezer of Damascus." The city is about four miles in circumference, and contains one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants—about eighteen thousand of these are Christians, six thousand Jews, and the rest Mohammedans. The Christian population, previous to the massacre of 1860, numbered about thirty-two thousand.

During the three days of those bloody and heart rending scenes, it is supposed that nearly three thousand Christians were murdered. Their private dwellings and churches were burned, their property destroyed, and the survivors driven forth from their homes penniless, with no means of support. Women and girls were seized and compelled to suffer the most fearful of all forms of slavery. Many of the buildings of these sufferers still lie in ruins. In walking the streets of Damascus, among the staring crowds, I imagined there was discernable, in the sombre countenances of many of the people, similar feelings to those which prompted the massacre of 1860, and that they were only waiting an opportunity.

Damascus is noted for the number of its mosques. We gained access to the principal one, partly through the courtesy of our American Consul, and partly through the stimulating influence of a golden Napoleon. On entering we pulled off our boots and put on slippers. In Catholic countries, on entering places of worship, taking off the hat is the invariable requisition, while in Mohammedan jurisdiction the temple of devotion cannot be entered without taking "off the shoes," while the *chapeau* may remain undisturbed. This ancient structure, the "Grand Harem," as it is termed, is second only to the Mosque of Omar. The Mosque and square cover an area in length of eleven hundred feet, and eight hundred feet in breadth. It has three styles of architecture, and is of great antiquity. It was originally Pagan, then Syrian Christian, and now Mohammedan. On one side it has a court surrounded by cloisters with arches in front, resting on columns of granite, limestone and marble. It has three minarets—the "Western Minaret," the "Minaret of the Bride," and the "Minaret of Jesus." According to Mohammedan tradition, when Christ comes to judge the world He will first appear upon this minaret, bearing His name, He will then enter the

mosque, and summon to His presence men of every denomination. Under this mosque is a cave containing a casket of gold, in which is said to be the veritable head of John the Baptist. Any doubts we may have cherished of its identity we refrained from expressing, the same as when shown similar curiosities in the more enlightened Christian churches. We ascended one of the minarets, where we had a splendid view of Damascus and its environs.

A gentleman who spent several weeks in Damascus, hunting relics and curiosities, related to me the following anecdote concerning the founding of an ancient mosque, which stood in sight of our encampment. The Sultan, wishing to erect a mosque, engaged a distinguished architect, giving him instructions as to the dimension, style and location, fixing the site in the centre of Damascus. The architect, having completed the work, repaired to the Sultan to report his proceedings, and claim his reward. The Sultan enquired if he had followed his directions. He replied that he had built the mosque according to instructions in every particular, that it was beautiful and magnificent, and he felt assured the Sultan would be highly gratified; but he had ventured to depart in one item from his instructions—considering that Damascus had a tendency to spread in one particular direction, he had located the mosque a short distance towards that point, from the centre of the city. The Sultan graciously complimented him on his peculiar foresight, dismissed him with flattering expressions, told him to go home, and a commissioner should be sent to examine his work, and if approved, he should be abundantly rewarded. No sooner, however, had he returned, than an order was sent by the Sultan to have him beheaded immediately, and the following inscription engraved upon his tomb, "Let this architect's head be restored when this mosque becomes the centre of Damascus." The gentleman said he read this

inscription, in Arabic, on a decaying tomb near the mosque.

The external view of the private dwellings of the people is not inviting. The rough mud walls and projecting upper chambers, supported by decaying timbers, have a singularly rickety appearance. The entrance is by a miserable looking doorway through a narrow, winding passage, and not unfrequently through a stable-yard; and around the whole is cast an air of peculiar squalidness. The inside, however, exhibits a better complexion; many are neat and comfortable, and some approach to splendor, and even gorgeousness, have an open court with ornamented pavements, a marble basin in the centre, surrounded with *jets d'eau*, citron, lemon and orange trees, and flowering shrubs, affording shade and filling the air with perfume. The apartments are furnished with chairs and sofas, with soft cushions, sometimes covered with embroidered silk and satin, the walls wainscotted, carved and gilded, and the ceiling covered with ornaments.

A fine macadamized road leading over some fifty miles, from Damascus to Beyrout, constructed by a French company, is the only decent road in Syria or Palestine. We passed over this thoroughfare through an interesting country, possessing natural scenery of peculiar beauty and grandeur, arriving at Beyrout, a seaport on the Mediterranean, in renewed health and vigor, gratified and instructed by our tour through Syria and Palestine.

Lorenzo Snow.

# LETTER XII.

Beyrout.—Protestant college and schools.—Embark for Constantinople.—Island of Cyprus.—Mount Olympus.—Sea of Marmora.—Arrival at the Turkish Metropolis.—Greek Independence Day.—At Athens.—Classical ruins.—Peculiar Greek customs.—Funeral ceremony.

Athens, Greece, April 12th, 1873.

*Editor Deseret News*:

In my last I closed with our arrival at Beyrout. The locality of Beyrout is very beautiful: it stands on a promontory of a triangular form, the apex projecting into the Mediterranean, and its base extending along the foot of the Lebanon mountains. Groves of pine and mulberry are seen on the rising hills, and covering the mountain acclivities; and here and there groups of palm and cypresses. Our hotel, situated close upon the shore, commands a splendid view of the Bay of St. George, on which are floating ships and steamers, the Mediterranean, the finest portion of the city, and some of the picturesque scenery of Lebanon. It is a mental luxury to look from my window, or out from the open balcony, and contemplate these lovely scenes, wrought by the hand of God, and by His inspirations in man.

The city contains over fifty thousand inhabitants—one-third of these are Mussulmen, the rest, Christians, Jews and strangers. Its numerous shops, capacious warehouses, its busy quay and numbers of bazars, ships and steamers, exhibit life and commercial enterprise, forming a striking contrast with the old, threadbare, worn-out and moth-eaten systems of doing business, still practised in the towns and

cities of Palestine. With regard to foreign trade and commerce, Beyrout stands foremost in Syria; the largest imports are for Damascus, it forming the seaport for that city. The chief article of export is raw silk, the trade in which is fast increasing, and every year becoming more important. In the vicinity of the city, and through the region of Lebanon, the country is being filled with mulberry orchards, and little doubt is entertained of its proving a permanent source of business and profit.

The new portion of the city is handsomely built, the private dwellings and public edifices are chiefly constructed of stone, substantially built, with some artistic display. Some of the streets are broad and well paved, and nearly everywhere signs of improvement and enterprise are visible, insomuch that one could almost fancy himself in a European city.

American and English missionaries have established a Protestant college and several schools in Beyrout and in Lebanon. These institutions are accessible to students of every sect and party who are willing to conform to the regulations, which are skilfully arranged with a view to proselyting. All boarders are required to be present at morning and evening prayers, and attend Protestant worship, and college classes upon the Scriptures during the week. The Bible is also used as a text book for common instructions, etc. These educational departments are sustained by contributions from Europe and America. Some seventy students attend the Protestant college. The British Syrian schools at Beyrout number over six hundred scholars, and including the branch schools in Lebanon, rising one thousand.

March 25th, we embarked on an Austrian Lloyd steamer for Constantinople. We passed the Island of Cyprus; had a view, from the deck, of Mount Olympus, the summit of

which was once crowned with the celebrated Temple of Venus; passed the island of Rhodes, where we saw the fortifications of the "Knights of St. John," their bastions, battlements, overhanging buttresses and lofty towers. The Island of Patmos was pointed out in the distance, where the Revelator John received his wonderful visions. We called at Smyrna, the city honored with many euphonious names —"The Ornament of Asia," "The Crown of Ionia," "Sweet smelling Smyrna," etc.; passed the Island of Mytilene, Tenedos; went through the Dardanelles, and were shown the place where Leander, and afterward Lord Byron, performed feats of swimming; then steamed over the Sea of Marmora, and at length arrived at Constantinople, the celebrated capital of the Ottoman empire.

The port was crowded with ships, steamers, barges, ferries and small boats, so numerous that they appeared as if swarming on the waters, numbering many thousands. This magnificent bay accommodates twelve hundred sail, and is sufficiently deep to float ships of war of the largest magnitude.

For advantages of trade and commerce, and for beauty of situation, Constantinople undoubtedly excels all other cities in the world. It stands upon two continents, Europe and Asia, and upon two seas, the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora. Its population is variously estimated at from five hundred thousand to eight hundred thousand; of these about three hundred thousand are Greeks and Armenians, sixty thousand Jews, and thirty thousand Europeans. It contains forty colleges, one thousand mosques, many Jewish synagogues, and numerous Catholic churches.

We visited the American Minister, and spent a few hours in his company very pleasantly. We have made it an invariable rule to call on our American Ministers and Consuls, and, without an exception, have been courteously

and kindly received, and in several instances our company has been solicited. Our cards and letters of introduction from President Young, on every occasion, have been noticed and honored.

While in Constantinople we visited the principal mosques, the tombs of the sultans, the offices of the Sublime Porte, the Treasury, Armory, Mint, Repository of Antiquities, the bazars and the Palace of the Osmanli Sultans, the Royal Seraglio. The Mosque of St. Sophia, which we inspected, in several respects is the most remarkable edifice in the Turkish empire. It is three hundred and fifty feet in length, by two hundred and thirty-five in breadth. It was built for a Catholic temple in the sixth century, by the Emperor Justinian, and was sixteen years in course of construction. At that time it was celebrated as the most remarkable and magnificent temple in the whole empire. In the fifteenth century it was converted into a mosque, through the conquering sword of Mohammed the Second, at the capture of Constantinople. It has two flags suspended on either side of the pulpit, indicating the victory of Islam over Judaism and Christianity, and the Koran over the Old and New Testaments. The roof is constructed in such a manner that it exhibits nine cupolas, the great dome forming the highest summit, and so arranged that it appears as if suspended in the air; the whole seen together presents an appearance of singular grandeur and magnificence. The walls and numerous arches are built of brick; the interior of the building is adorned with the richest and most costly materials—granite, marble and porphyry of every description; black marble with white veins, white marble with rose-colored stripes, green and blue marble, and Bosphorus marble with black veins. We counted eight large porphyry columns, which were taken from the "Temple of the Sun," at Baalbec, and six or eight of green columns of porphyry, which our guide informed us were

from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. The floor is formed of variegated marble with waving lines, imitating the movings of the ocean. The tiles which cover the arches of the cupolas were made at Rhodes, of chalk-white clay of peculiar lightness, being only one-twelfth of the usual weight; and had inscribed upon them, "God has founded it, and it will not be overthrown: God will support it in the blush of the dawn." It has sixteen gates of bronze, adorned with crosses; the spaces between them are decorated with beautiful marble, and above them are mosaic pictures. The central dome is one hundred and seven feet in diameter, with a rise of forty-six feet, and with an elevation of one hundred and eighty feet above the ground, with semi-domes on two sides, of equal diameter. The grand dome is supported by arches resting on four immense piers, supported by abutments. Its numerous arches, pillars and cupolas are all inlaid with marble mosaics of the most beautiful designs. In the cupola are inscribed the following words from the Koran: "God is the light of the heavens and the earth." On ceremonial occasions, during the night, these expressive words are illuminated by thousands of lamps, suspended in circles, one above another, which, aided by attachments of ostrich eggs, and quantities of tinsel, and numerous artificial flowers, are said to produce a wonderful effect.

One hundred architects, during the construction of this mosque, superintended ten thousand masons, five thousand working on one side, the other half at the same time engaged on the opposite side of the building. It is said of the Emperor, that during the progress of the work he paid occasional visits, to inspire the workmen, dressed in coarse linen, a cloth around his head, and a rough stick in his hand. When the walls had reached about six feet above the ground, an expenditure of about twenty-two tons of gold had been incurred; and a traditionary account is given, that

when this extraordinary structure had been completed as far as the cupolas, the funds were exhausted, and the people groaning and murmuring under the heavy burden of imposed taxes; whereupon an angel appeared, and, leading the mules of the treasury to a subterranean vault, loaded them with four tons of gold!

We went aboard an Austrian Lloyd steamer, April 5th, and steered for Athens, the capital of Greece. In going down the Archipelago, the usual dulness and monotony of ocean life was partially relieved by the changing scenery and charming views, constantly exhibited on the numerous islands we were passing. Syra especially attracted attention; the picturesque appearance of its capital city of thirty thousand people drew expressions of surprise and admiration. Stopping a few hours at anchorage gave opportunity of inspecting this locality. The city is built on a gigantic, conical hill, rising steeply from the shore in a semi-circle, over a mile in width, extending to an immense height; its narrow and pointed summit crowned with a large cathedral; the whole hill, with its indentures and depressions, covered from base to summit with elegant buildings painted white, with green window shutters, blue cornices and balustrades.

It chanced to be a holiday with the Greeks—they were celebrating their independence. Flags were floating from the tops of buildings and tall masts of the ships in the harbor. At night, before our departure, there was a grand illumination, in which the entire city and ships at anchor participated. The appearance altogether was very striking.

We arrived at Piraeus, the seaport of Athens, 7th ult., having experienced a favorable passage. We took carriage and drove to Athens, five miles distant, over a beautiful road, skirted with poplar and pepper trees.

Munich, Bavaria, April 22d, 1873.

The whole of the modern city of Athens has been built within the last forty-five years. It is situated about five miles from the sea, on the Plain of Attica. Many of the buildings possess some architectural beauty, which, combined with their yellow-washed stucco, present an agreeable and lively appearance. Olive groves, the scene of Plato's meditations, stretching along the plain, the trees and shrubbery in the Queen's garden, an orange grove fronting the King's Palace, pepper trees skirting the boulevards, a few cypresses and Italian poplars, form the principal foliage which is seen in and around Athens. The Queen's garden attached to the Palace is a beautiful enclosure of several acres, extending along the boulevards and partially encircling the palace, and adorned with rich shrubbery, flowerbeds, luxurious foliage, grass-plats, artificial waters and winding gravel walks. Fronting the palace is a small, enclosed area, decorated with orange trees; in the centre is a fine fountain surrounded with seats for the convenience of promenaders. The trees were constantly dropping their golden fruit here and there, on the gravelly walks, but left untouched by the multitude of pedestrians. The King's Palace is the most conspicuous building in Athens. It is located on a gently rising eminence at the foot of Mount Lycabettis, and facing what is termed the "Square of the Constitution." On this square, September, 1843, the people and troops assembled, and continued ten hours without any act of violence, waiting for King Otho to grant the request of their leaders in signing the constitutional charter, to which, at last, he reluctantly consented. The front of the palace has a portico constructed of marble—the walls of the building are composed of broken limestone faced with cement.

The Acropolis is a vast rock, rising to the height of three hundred and fifty feet above the plain, with a flat summit,

about one thousand feet long by five hundred broad. The Areopagus, or Hill of Mars, is a lower eminence, forming a kind of offshoot to the Acropolis. The remains of the celebrated Temple of Jupiter Olympus occupy a broad square of ground a little eastward of the Acropolis. Fifteen Corinthian columns of immense size are now standing, out of one hundred and twenty-four, which formerly covered a space of three hundred and fifty-four feet, by a breadth of one hundred and seventy-one feet. These marble columns are fifty-five feet in height and six feet four inches in diameter. One of the marble beams, supported by these gigantic columns, is said to weigh twenty-three tons. We noticed one of the pillars which had been thrown down in a high wind—it is formed of eighteen sections. It is estimated that three thousand dollars would be required to set up these sections and restore the pillar to an upright position, which will afford a faint idea of the cost of erecting the entire building.

We ascended the Acropolis to inspect its stupendous and melancholy ruins. When it stood in the fulness of its splendor, the whole summit was occupied with temples, sanctuaries, statuary and monuments; only sufficient now remain to show their former grandeur and magnificence. There were the marble temples of Minerva, Propylaca, Wingless Victory, the Erectheum and the Parthenon; also gigantic statues of Grecian deities, from forty to sixty feet in height, on lofty pedestals decorated with ivory and gold, glistening in the sunlight. Some of these colossal statues could be seen from the decks of vessels, standing a long distance out at sea. A few massive columns of temples are seen sustaining huge marble beams, over twenty feet in length. In the Propylacan Temple, quantities of black marble were used in its construction, and, the same as other heathen sanctuaries, was adorned with costly paintings and historical decorations. The entire expense of

this building has been estimated at about two and a half millions of dollars. The Parthenon is built entirely of marble, and is two hundred and twenty-eight feet long by one hundred and one broad. Its ceiling is supported the same as that of the Propylacan, by huge marble beams, resting on massive columns. One of the doorways is thirty-three feet in height and sixteen feet wide; the head of the doorway is formed of marble lintels, nearly twenty-seven feet in length. The Erectheum has a number of standing columns, supporting massive marble beams and lintels over doorways; most of this temple, however, lies in a heap of superb ruins. The frieze of this building was composed of black marble, adorned with figures in low relief, in white marble. The surface of the Acropolis is mostly spread with ruins, broken pillars, pieces of entablatures and sculptured fragments.

The Greeks have some very peculiar customs. When, after a lengthy absence, friends meet, or when parting for a considerable time, it is usual to kiss one another on the cheek. I have noticed in Athens, the same as in Italy, two gentlemen meeting on the public street, with hats off, demonstrating their affection by hugging and kissing each other in the most violent manner. Many of the Greeks have a habit of carrying in the hand strings of glass or wooden beads, which they manipulate or work with their fingers, while walking the streets or in conversation, the same as the gentleman his watchguard, or twirls his cane, or the lady flirts her fan, having no religious reference as the Catholic in counting his beads.

It is customary to make the sign of the cross in the following manner: Uniting the tips of the thumb and first two fingers of the right hand, and touching alternately the forehead, navel, right breast and left breast, three times in rapid succession, whenever passing a church, seeing the cross, or hearing the name of the Savior spoken. They have

a singular form for burying the dead. I witnessed the ceremony of burying two persons, who apparently had occupied respectable positions in society. The processions were preceded by boys in white robes, carrying a crucifix and other ecclesiastic insignia of considerable splendor, followed by priests, chanting in a low, monotonous, melancholy tone, while all hats were off and every hand was making the sign of the cross, as the solemn train was passing along the crowded thoroughfare; the corpse, with ghastly features exposed to full view in an open coffin, covered with white cloth, variously decorated; the lid of the coffin, painted with a large cross, was carried along in the procession, in an upright position. The corpse was dressed in the clothing customarily worn while living; the head partially elevated, and the hands folded in front of a picture of the Virgin, placed on his breast.

Returning from the Museum, we met the King of Greece, who was walking leisurely along the sidewalk, among the citizens, dressed in plain, ordinary costume. His appearance is rather prepossessing; his figure is slight—of medium size, light complexion, and eyes expressive of both kindness and determination. He has the reputation of honesty and frankness—without affectation, and his domestic life above reproach, and makes the welfare and improvement of his people a direct aim and constant study. He is about twenty-eight years of age—married the daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, and has a family.

The Greek Church and Greek nation may be considered synonymous words, as one cannot exist without the other, being interwoven like cotton and woolen threads in a garment. It is a strong prevailing feeling in the people, that, as the church cannot exist without the people, so the people cannot exist as a nation without the church. The banners of the revolution were constantly blessed by the

bishops, and among the first victims of that revolution was the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople. In fact the first article of the constitution makes the Greek Church the corner stone of the political fabric. It is as follows: "The dominant religion of Greece is that of the Orthodox Oriental Church of Christ. All other recognized religions are tolerated, and the free exercise of worship is protected by law. Proselytism and all other interferences, prejudicial to the dominant religion, are forbidden." Therefore any attempt made by Protestants, in the way of proselyting, is regarded with suspicion.

Mr. Francis, the American minister, invited our party to spend an evening at his residence. We had a pleasant time with the minister, his lady and son, also Mr. Goodenough, the Consul General of Constantinople, who was spending a few days in Athens. In conversation with these people, we gathered interesting items in reference to modern Greece, the king and government. Mr. Francis' fine abilities and conversational talent drew around him many visitors especially Americans. Mrs. Francis is a lady of intelligence, of lively disposition and polite manners.

We left Athens on the evening of the twelfth, on an Austrian Lloyd steamer, for Trieste, Austria, where we arrived on the seventeenth, after a pleasant passage. This is a charming town, built in the form of a crescent, on rounded and conical hills and mountain acclivities. It is surrounded with beautiful scenery. The city has a population of about one hundred thousand. We were shown many objects of attraction and curiosity.

The nineteenth, we took train for Munich, the capital of Bavaria, through the Brenner Pass, by the way of Verona, a town in Italy. Our route led through an interesting country, under an excellent state of tillage—the landscape covered with verdure and rich in luxurious foliage, the

apple, plum, apricot, cherry and chestnut adorned with blossoms, and the vine clothed with leaves; patches of clover, grain in full growth, green pastures and meadows, and off in the distance a long high range of mountains, with summits mantled in snow. We arrived at Verona in the evening and remained over Sunday.

The country from Verona to Munich is in the highest state of cultivation, abounding in fields of grain, vegetable gardens, fruit orchards and vineyards; nearly the whole region is dotted with walnut, apple, cherry, apricot, plum and mulberry, the grapevine stretching from one tree to another, clinging to the branches, while below flourish luxuriant gardens or waving grain. We passed over a narrow, winding vale, extending over seventy miles, skirted by lofty mountains and adorned with towns and villages, and churches here and there, on high plateaus above the plain; streamlets are seen now and then dashing and foaming over rocky steps, producing cascades of great beauty and grandeur. We noticed images of the Savior, nearly life-size, representing His crucifixion, and secured to posts placed here and there along the public road. Women were laboring in the fields, driving plow, spading ground, scattering manure, and some in tops of trees trimming the branches.

Monday evening, twenty-first, we arrived in Munich.

Lorenzo Snow.

# LETTER XIII.

Munich.—Visit to a Royal Palace. —Statue of Bavaria.—Imperial

Wedding.—Vienna.—The Arsenal.—Summer Palace.—The Great Exhibition.—Berlin.—Royal Palace.—Banquet Hall.—Monuments.—U. S. Minister.—Parliament.—Soldiers.—Moral condition of Berlin.—Hamburg.—In London.

Vienna, Austria, May 6th, 1873.

*Editor Deseret News*:

We spent a few days very pleasantly, and I hope profitably, in Munich, the capital of Bavaria. Our hotel accommodations, politeness of host, and the attention of servants, have been nowhere excelled. The general appearance of the people in respect to style of dress, their moral character and education, will bear comparison with that of the first cities in other European countries. The streets, public gardens, parks and squares possess many attractions, but unfortunately the weather was unpropitious for the full appreciation of sight-seeing.

Munich is situated in a barren plain, upon both sides of the river Iser. It contains about one hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants, and is considered the fourth city in Germany in point of population. Many of its parks, squares and public gardens are adorned with fountains, lawns, shrubbery, cascades, grottoes, equestrian figures and colossal statues. In one of these squares is a large obelisk, erected in honor of the Bavarians who were slain in the Russian campaign of 1812, bearing the inscription: "To the thirty thousand Bavarians who perished in the Russian war; erected by Louis First, King of Bavaria, completed Oct. 18, 1833. They died for the deliverance of the country." The park, called the English Garden, nearly five

miles long by a half mile in width, is ornamented at vast labor and expense. We visited the Royal Palace, and spent some two hours in walking through the imperial apartments, inspecting the numerous objects of interest and curiosity—the Audience Hall, embellished with twelve portraits of Roman Emperors; the Green Gallery, with a great number of Dutch and Italian paintings; The Bedchamber, containing curtains of gold brocade, valued at the enormous sum of four hundred thousand dollars; and the Mirror Room, adorned with precious vases of gold and silver, together with chandeliers of immense value. Also the Hall of Marriages, appropriately decorated with fresco work; the Hall of the Emperors, adorned with paintings by the most celebrated masters; the Hall of Charlemagne, with numerous pictures of gigantic size, commemorative of the most remarkable events in his life. The Throne Hall is one hundred and sixty feet long, and seventy-three wide, ornamented on either side by twelve Corinthian columns of white marble, supporting galleries. Between these columns are twelve statues of princes in gilded bronze, each of which weighs nearly one and a half tons; the simple cost of gilding was about twelve hundred dollars each.

The Royal Library is a very beautiful building, comprising seventy-seven rooms, in which are contained more than eight hundred thousand volumes. The Royal Bronze Foundry is much celebrated; monuments have been cast in this foundry for nearly all parts of the world.

In the southwest of the city, on an eminence, in a large meadow, stands the colossal statue of Bavaria. It is placed upon a basement, which is ascended by a flight of forty-eight steps; the height of the statue itself is thirty-two and a half feet, and pedestal twenty-eight and a half. This female statue represents the Protectress of Bavaria, with a lion at her side. In her right hand she holds a sword, and in her left a chaplet. This immense statue was cast at the Royal

Foundry. The interior of the figure contains a staircase of sixty-six steps, which ascend through the pedestal to the height of the knees, and from thence by a spiral stair to the head, within which eight persons can be seated.

One day, hearing that the king, with his suite and royal equipage, was out on an imperial wedding, I set forward, on foot, in company with my sister, to witness the immense attraction, which was drawing all Munich into the streets by tens of thousands. Having submitted to half an hour's journeying, pressing and smashing, by the patriotic and enthusiastic citizens of Munich, finally we secured the honor of gazing a moment on the passing pomp and glory of His Royal Majesty the King of Bavaria, and occupying a point toward which he *smiled* and *civilly bowed*. After narrowly escaping being trodden down by the crowd, I returned to my hotel, wondering how much mathematical skill or philosophical wisdom would be required to determine the exact value of what was gained by this exposure.

We left Munich on the morning of the twenty-ninth, and arrived in Vienna by train the following evening. Vienna, the capital of Austria, is situated at the foot of the Vienna Mountain, in a plain, near the right bank of the Danube. It contains a population of about eight hundred thousand.

A boulevard encircles the city, planted with trees, and bordered with very elegant buildings and beautiful gardens. The city exhibits some very remarkable edifices—the Castle, Cathedral of St. Stephen's, Imperial Palace and many palatial residences of ministers and ambassadors. The suburbs of the city are very populous, containing many splendid edifices, fine promenades, and ornamental gardens. Many of the squares are decorated with various statues and monuments, displaying great skill in design and execution; among these is an equestrian statue of the

Emperor Joseph III, who is represented on horseback, stretching out his hand, and blessing the people. Also an equestrian statue of the Archduke Charles, erected in 1860 —he is represented at the battle of Aspern, in the attitude of raising the flag, to lead the grenadiers to the attack. Also the column of the Trinity, erected in 1679, on the cessation of the plague. This column is composed of white Salsburg marble, and is over seventy feet high; on the pedestal is a rock, upholding Religion, a cherub, overcoming the Master of the Plague, also some has reliefs, representing incidents of sacred history. The Emperor appears in the attitude of kneeling on the summit of the column, and angels rising toward heaven. Another very fine monument, built by Charles VI, consists of a canopy, sustained by Corinthian columns, beneath which is a group, representing the marriage of the Virgin. We noticed, in various parts of the city, many splendid fountains, fine bridges, broad, well paved streets, bordered with linden and chestnut, and skirted with magnificent buildings; and in the city and suburbs, many ornamented squares, public gardens and extensive parks.

Vienna has numerous cathedrals, some of which are fine specimens of Gothic architecture. The Church of the Savior is an elegant structure, decorated in Gothic style— built in commemoration of an attempt to destroy the life of Francis Joseph, in the year 1853. The first stone was laid by the Emperor, which was obtained from the Mount of Olives, in Palestine, in 1856.

We visited the Imperial Arsenal, considered one of the grandest buildings in Vienna; it is very extensive and surrounded by ornamental grounds. It comprises numerous workshops, foundries, machine shops, and a Museum of Arms, containing specimens of weapons of all periods; artillery of brass and iron, and vast quantities of projectiles. It has nine steam engines, and two thousand

men are kept employed within the buildings. It casts eighty cannons per day, and usually makes a run two days in a week.

The Imperial Summer Palace, a short distance from the city, is charmingly located beside a large public park, encircled by ornamental grounds, and has an orangery of seven hundred and forty trees, and a grand parterre, decorated with thirty-two statues, and a large basin, with two splendid fountains. The palace contains fifteen hundred chambers.

Of late years, great alterations and improvements have been made in Vienna, by tearing down old fortifications, erecting public buildings, straightening and widening streets and thoroughfares, and multiplying, enlarging and ornamenting public grounds.

We have spent some days in the buildings of the great exhibition. Everything in relation to it is upon the most magnificent scale. It is supposed that it will exceed, in splendor, variety, extent, perfection of articles, correctness of arrangement, magnificence and universality, any previous exhibition.

In Austria, as in all other countries which we have visited, soldiers, in military costume, are seen almost everywhere, in great numbers.

Perhaps you are weary of these descriptions of what we are seeing in the world—gorgeous churches, museums, picture galleries, mosques, zoological gardens, relics, ruins, antiquities, crumbling temples, statuary, obelisks, sumptuous palaces, odd customs, singular manners of people, religious fanaticisms, trickery and impostures, etc., but in sight-seeing we are confined within the limits of what the pride and vanity of the world have labored to

exhibit, rather than what, in many instances, we should have preferred seeing. It would have been more gratifying to record our inspection of systems, on magnificent and universal scales, designed to remove poverty and distress, which, to a greater or less extent, everywhere prevail; and to give all an opportunity, irrespective of creeds, geographical lines or nationalities, of providing for their own wants and comforts, and of elevating themselves to the highest spiritual, physical, moral and intellectual plane.

Berlin, Prussia, May 12th, 1873.

On the ninth, we started from Vienna by train, and arrived here the following afternoon.

The country between Vienna and this, the capital of the German empire, some five hundred or more miles, is delightful. Its immense undulating plains, here and there forming into low hills and rising mounds, all under a high state of cultivation, present a lovely and picturesque scene. The whole country appeared to be filled with industrious and enterprising inhabitants. Elegant mansions peeping out amid the green foliage of romantic groves, villas, with their respective chapels surmounted with broad domes, or glittering steeples, and cities occasionally appearing in the distance, crowning the rising hills, altogether form a panoramic view that is almost captivating.

On our arrival here we engaged quarters in the most fashionable and aristocratic hotel in the city, in a very pleasant and stirring locality.

Berlin is situated on a sandy plain on the river Spree, and is considered, in several respects, one of the finest and most interesting cities of Northern Europe—the metropolis of knowledge for Northern Germany, and the cultivated nursery of German arts and sciences. It contains about

eight hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants.

Many of the streets are broad and straight—the buildings frequently four and five stories high. The finest street passes our hotel—it is called "Unter den Linden," and is decorated with four rows of lime trees. In the centre of this street is a broad avenue for pedestrians, and, on each side, arrangements for footmen and carriages. This magnificent thoroughfare extends from the Royal Palace to "Brandenburg Gate." This gate is constructed in the style of the Propylacan at Athens. It is sixty feet in height and one hundred and ninety in width, embracing five passages for carriages and footmen. It is surrounded by a figure emblematical of Victory seated in a chariot, drawn by four horses. The height of the group is nearly twenty feet. The expense of erecting this gate was in the neighborhood of a half million of dollars.

The Royal Palace is an extensive building—six hundred and forty feet in length by three hundred and seventy-six wide, containing six hundred apartments. It contains a chapel, which is remarkable as being the place where the baptismal ceremony of Frederic the Great was performed.

The Picture Gallery, which is now used for a banqueting hall, is over two hundred in length and one hundred and twenty-five feet wide. The largest room in this palace is one hundred and five feet in length by fifty-one in width—decorated with a great variety of costly statues and portraits of celebrated individuals. These palaces contain a new chapel, built in 1849, with a cupola measuring eighty-six feet in diameter. The altar is surmounted by a cross of silver seven feet in height, studded with gems, the cost of which is estimated at four hundred thousand dollars. There are several other palaces in the city, and some at Potsdam, a few miles distant, which is called the "Versailles of Prussia."

We have seen several splendid monuments, some of which we think as fine as any we have seen in Europe; also many equestrian statues of skilful and elegant workmanship.

We called on Mr. G. Bancroft, the American Minister—were kindly and warmly received, and enjoyed a very pleasant and sociable interview, at the close of which he cordially proffered his assistance to the extent of his influence, in rendering our stay in Berlin profitable and interesting. He subsequently visited us at our hotel.

Here, we were fortunate in meeting Dr. Schleiden, member of the German Parliament, whose acquaintance we had formed in Salt Lake City and which we renewed in New York, as mentioned in a former communication. This excellent gentleman was delighted to see and introduce us to his intimate friend, Mr. Kapp, also a member of Parliament. These gentlemen have called upon us on several occasions, and have accorded us free access to the House of Parliament, now in session; and have taken much pains in showing us objects of interest, and through interesting localities.

We were surprised to see the multitude of soldiers constantly parading the main thoroughfares and streets in this city. Every day they are marching past our hotel, in battalions, regiments, brigades and divisions, in the most imposing style, with magnificent flags and banners displayed—all led by instrumental bands of musicians in rich shining costumes—the whole performing their evolutions in the strictest order, skill and precision, presenting the finest and most splendid appearance of troops in any country we have visited.

Those fashionable institutions, "houses of ill-fame," are said to flourish and command the patronage of nearly all classes here, as in Paris, the gay metropolis of France; and

some of them are built at an immense cost, and fitted up in fabulous splendor and sumptuousness. The people of Berlin, viewed superficially, are remarkably intelligent, and appear interesting, lovely, beautiful and happy, as though all were conscientious, moral, upright and pure; but, in this city, as well as in most others we have seen, corruption, rottenness, demoralization and misery are underneath.

Considerable sensation was created among the aristocrats in our hotel, through the calls of distinguished gentlemen on our party. Our celebrity reached the public press, where we were creditably noticed, and perhaps somewhat flattered.

London, May 19th.

We arrived here yesterday. Before we left Berlin, Elder Erastus Snow and son bid us adieu, *en route* for Scandinavia, and Elder Schettler in another direction, to attend to some necessary business, while President Smith, my sister and I left for London, *via* Hamburg and the German Ocean.

The country from Berlin to Hamburg is not prepossessing in its appearance. It exhibits no variety nor beauty of scenery—the face of the country is generally low and flat —similar to that of Holland, though not abounding in canals and windmills.

Hamburg contains a population of two hundred and twenty-five thousand, and is the principal place of commerce, and one of the most beautiful cities in Germany. It is situated on the river Elbe, about eighty miles from its mouth. The port is very extensive, and crowded with shipping of various tonnage.

The Bourse, the great rendezvous of merchants and capitalists of every rank, presents a lively, stirring business aspect, between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock p. m., when three or four thousand business people may generally be seen thronging the apartments.

This city affords a beautiful, fashionable commonage along the quay, which surrounds the basin formed by the River Alsten.

The Church of St. James is much noted; it is surmounted by a steeple three hundred and fifty feet in height. The great Church of St. Nicholas is also considerably celebrated; it is ornamented with a magnificent steeple four hundred and fifty-six feet high, which affords a wonderful panoramic view from its summit. The Zoological and Botanical Gardens are represented to be among the finest in Germany.

We left Berlin on the fifteenth, and arrived in Hamburg the following evening, with the intention of remaining one day only. At the railroad station, the proprietor of a commodious hotel, in the most respectful manner, solicited our patronage, conducted us into his best apartments, and bestowed upon us more than ordinary attentions. The next day he officiated gratuitously as our guide through the city, taking particular pains and manifesting deep interest in pointing out and explaining every object of interest and curiosity. At first, we were a little suspicious that these extraordinary attentions were designed to establish heavy claims on the purse, but the mystery was at length revealed; this gentleman had read the German papers, and, at once, recognized us as the "Distinguished Mormon Delegation" from Salt Lake. Our notoriety here brought us acquaintances.

A gentleman who, for many years, had been successfully

engaged, on a large scale, in emigration, obtained an introduction, and very earnestly solicited our patronage, believing that, very soon, we should have a heavy emigration business in that country.

We left Hamburg on the sixteenth, on the steamer Iris, making our way over the German Sea, and arrived at Blackwall, London, on the evening of the eighteenth, after a pleasant and prosperous voyage.

Lorenzo Snow.

# LETTER XIV.

At St. Louis.—Fine scenery.—Visit relatives.—Poem.—Obtain genealogies.—Acknowledgment.

As a connecting link between my brother's letter written in London, and his reception on his arrival at home, we copy the following from "Correspondence of Palestine Tourists:"

St. Louis, June 20th, 1873.

*Editor Woman's Exponent*:

Dear Lulu.—When writing you last, which was on the ocean, I did not anticipate either time or opportunity for communication with you again while on my way home, but in consequence of the extreme piety of this infidel age, we are in this great, live city, detained over Sunday. We arrived here yesterday morning from Kansas, where we found our youngest brother, whom we had not seen for more than twenty years; he was then a boy, now the father

of a large and promising family, and located on a farm one half mile square, in a beautiful rolling prairie country, commanding a view, both grand and magnificent, extending as far as the eye can reach. I think I never saw a finer or more picturesque landscape scenery, while the soil is rich and very productive, situated five miles from Osage Mission, the railroad station for that section.

But more about St. Louis. We, *i. e*., my brother Lorenzo and I, intended leaving last evening, but are detained till 10 to-night, the hour admitted as the close of the Sabbath, which, despite the sacred rest allotted the railroad trains, is decidedly a day of bustle, recreation and hilarity. While writing, my ears are saluted with almost every sound imaginable: bands of instrumental music playing in various directions; the rumble of street cars, which are loaded to their utmost capacity, constantly on the track, conveying gay pleasure seekers to different points; picnics by land and picnics by water being a prominent order of the day; groups of people are promenading the sidewalks, while processions are marching on the streets; but the railroad trains must not profane the Sabbath.

When we left New York, my brother and I proceeded directly to the place, in the State of Ohio, where he was born, and where both were brought up—the place of our childhood and youth—also neighboring towns and counties. I had been absent thirty-seven years; my brother had returned once within that time. Very many of our relatives and friends have "gone the way of all the earth" since we left, and everything of remembrance has yielded to the strokes of the battle axe of changeful Time.

Our former loved associates
Have mostly passed away;
While those we knew as children
Are crowned with locks of gray.

We saw Time's varied traces
Were deep on every hand—
Indeed, upon the people,
More marked than on the land.

The hands that once with firmness
Could grasp the axe and blade,
Now move with trembling motion,
By strength of nerve decayed.

The change in form and feature
And furrows on the cheek
Of Time's increasing volume,
In plain, round numbers speak.

And thus, as in a mirror's
Reflection, we were told,
With stereotyped impressions,
The fact of growing old.

Those of our relatives and acquaintances who remain received us with affectionate cordiality; indeed it was one continued ovation, from first to last, through the counties of Portage, Geauga, Cuyahoga and Loraine, where we went; even children born since we left that country came distances to see and converse with us, the former friends of their deceased parents. Having been so long abroad, we felt anxious to return home; at the same time, being desirous of seeing as many of our friends and relatives as possible, we visited night and day, going from place to place in rapid succession. I am inclined to think that so much visiting was never before done in so little time.

We succeeded in gathering many genealogies both of the dead and the living; and we think, in many instances, have renewed friendships, revived and created associations that will extend into eternity. We feel that God is with us, and

humbly trust that His blessing will attend our efforts.

Eliza R. Snow.

# LETTER XV.

Home again.—Reception by friends.

Brigham City, July 8th, 1873.

*Editor Deseret News*:

About 7 p. m. yesterday, President L. Snow, on his return from the "Holy Land," was met at Brigham Junction, four miles from here, by Judge Wright, Bishop Nichols, the mayor and the city council, together with a large company of ladies and gentlemen, with the Brigham City Brass Band; also a representation of the Sunday School, the superintendent and associate teachers bearing a magnificent banner with appropriate mottoes. On arriving at the station, the Central Pacific train shortly appeared. On President Snow alighting from the cars, welcome strains of music were poured forth from the brass band. As he approached, the gentlemen took off their hats and warmly greeted him. The passengers on the Central Pacific train seemed to be inspired with the spirit of the occasion, as they waved hats and handkerchiefs in concert with those of the reception party.

After President Snow had shaken hands cordially with each one of the company, Judge Wright, in behalf of the citizens, delivered an appropriate address, welcoming him home, etc., to which he briefly responded, returning thanks

for this unexpected honor, and alluded to his tour through many countries, and journey of some twenty-five thousand miles without a single accident; had seen much, and often highly gratified with various scenes and objects of curiosity, but nothing had impressed his feelings so pleasantly as this meeting with his Brigham City friends.

The vehicles were presently in motion, under the soul-stirring music, which loudly echoed along the Wasatch mountains; the procession proceeded for three quarters of an hour in the bright moonlight evening, when it reached President Snow's residence. He was here met by a large concourse of citizens of all ages, anxious to manifest, personally, their earnest feelings of welcome. The ceremonies of reception were here closed by an appropriate tune from the brass band, when all dispersed to their homes.

A. Christensen.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK BIOGRAPHY AND FAMILY RECORD OF LORENZO SNOW ***

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