

Well, this man's religious belief is that he can have as many wives as he can honourably and justly maintain. Now, I ask, but at the same time, remember that I am not a defender of Mormonism, who has a right to condemn or oppose his religious belief? I ask you, who has a right to object to your sprinkling or baptism? Ask yourselves, each, that question, and do not be afraid. Look every thing right straight in the eye, and right through and through, and if you have gotten a good sight of the truth, stand by it, "fodder or no fodder." Well, as I said before, it was his religious belief. It is a duty to him to have as many wives as he can maintain. He obeys only his feelings of duty. Conscience regulates all our good emotions and prompts us to duty, continually crying "duty, duty!" It makes a man look right through, and to perform his duty if he has got moral courage. Now what brings me here to night? not money—that, you can all swear to (laughter)—not for fame, for I do not aspire to it—it is duty. When this organ is large and well developed, it is the most beautiful of the organs. The Mormon loves all women, and would marry all the women on God's earth if he could support them. (Laughter.) Now I say, here is a man who may be set down as a good man in the community—a good member of society, and yet this man has three wives and eight children, and he is but thirty years of age. He is an honest man—known everywhere for his honesty. Now, all these wives arouse this man to energy, and give an impetus to all his actions. I say that he is a good member of society; he says he has got all the qualifications to make him such, there is only one point of

difference between him and the great mass of his species, viz., the organ of "Union-for-Life" was not well developed. I have had it in my power to examine a great many Mormon heads, and I certainly found in some cases that the organ existed. As far as my acquaintance goes with the Mormons, I pronounce them honest men. I examined hundreds of their heads—to be sure I found some of them rogues. The women harmonize with these views, and actually prompt their husbands to get a greater number of wives. Their families enjoy themselves more than we do in society. I have this from the testimony of those who do not approve of Mormonism. We therefore may adduce this fact, that there is something in their organism that invites polygamy, and the consequence is that Phrenology invites us to a large share of charity—that charity and love which enable us to bear with our neighbour in all he does, and if we seriously believe that he is in the wrong, to labour to remove it, and by all means through kindness. I will here take the liberty of remarking that this people, occupying the middle of this country—the backbone of the continent—have subdued the wilderness around them, and we should treat them with that forbearance which God himself demands, and without which we cannot hope for mercy ourselves. When we think of these people let us remember that we were not appointed their judges—we made not their laws, and have nothing to do with them. Let us let them alone, unless to do them good. I feel privileged to say that as far as I know, this intolerance and bigotry on your part is not warranted by the circumstances.

HOME INTELLIGENCE—WALES.

STATE OF THE WORK IN WALES—ALSO REMINISCENCES OF PRESIDENT WILLARD RICHARDS AND THE CARTHAGE TRAGEDY.

President S. W. Richards—Dear Brother—Indisposition, which has been increasing of late, has debarred me the privilege of communicating my feelings as often as I have wished, realizing as I do, that from thence emanates my strength and consolation. And although I feel

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something better to-day, brother Daniels having washed, anointed me, &c., yet I am but measurably relieved, my lungs are so affected. By dint of perseverance and some *bed work*, I have been enabled to have out in time the 23rd No. of the *Udgorn*, yet I am far from "giving up the ship," but feel

determined to do what I can, and I am comforted inasmuch as the Lord prospers His work in our midst. It is increasing, though gradually, yet generally assuming a healthful and promising aspect, love and union abounding.

I can, with yourself and thousands, truly lament our loss in the decease of our highly-esteemed father in the Lord—President Willard Richards. He needs no help from man, his *works*, great, heroic, and God-like in the cause of truth, are engraven on the hearts of thousands, and are more stupendous monuments of His greatness than a Pompey's Pillar, or a Cleopatra's Needle, that aspires in the air to proclaim the greatness of mortals.

Many scenes transpired during my acquaintance with him at Nauvoo, over which memory lingers dearly. By him, more than once have I been embosomed in the embrace of the great "Father of Waters" there, at the sacred spot—the deed more so, the dead revere it. Was he benevolent? From house to house, and tent to tent, as they were scattered along the unhealthy "flats," have I seen him administer aid and consolation to afflicted brethren and sisters, and many, in answer to his prayers, were healed by the power of God.

Subsequently, through the rage of mobs, who thirsted for the blood of innocence, did he, like a magnet true to its pole, defend the cause of the injured. I watched his firm, unflinching course amid the rage of Carthage mobs in that never-to-be-forgotten tragedy. Two days and nights in Carthage prison, assailed by the insults, yells, and curses of assassins, his testimony to the truths of heaven, and to the innocence of the incarcerated Prophet, he bore, in the face of those whose bayonets through the iron bar between would fain have run him through.

I, even now, well remember the scene, the facts, when on the last night that the martyred Prophet slept on this blood-stained earth, some four or five true-hearted brethren side by side with him, lay on the floor, while Willard Richards was left in the dark by the last candle accessible, before he had wearied himself in writing in defence of his much loved Prophet; and ere he fell asleep, the

rush of the midnight assassins against our prison door gave each an opportunity to test his strength and integrity.

A few hours before his death, Joseph the Prophet desired me to inform Gov. Ford of the threats of the "guards," to assassinate him "before sun-down," which I did *three different times*, and demanded protection in vain. The guards, aware, refused to let me re-enter the prison. Joseph, Hyrum, all remonstrated, but in vain. I was requested to seek of Col. Deming, a passport for Dr. Richards, which I secured. Failing to force my way in through the guards, Willard Richards came outside, and in private he replied, when informed of the threats of the mobs—"May the Lord protect your life in their midst. Here is a letter. Go, by request of the Prophet."

In all trying scenes, calm but immovable was his course, beyond a parallel.

More recently still, I remember when aspirants would illegally seize the reins of government in the absence of their legitimate owner, his voice, like the roar of a lion in the forest, reverberated through the devoted "Grove," until the fainting hearts of evil-doers quaked like aspen leaves, and dared not recoil from the effect of his rebuke.

I have partly forgotten self, in view of the past deeds of the departed hero; and though these ideas never before blacked the face of paper, nor have others known them all, yet 'tis passing sweet to linger o'er the memory of departed worth, and transcribe with pen on paper what the actor has engraven on memory's tablets, reserved for the archives eternal.

But, it is a fact—he has gone—gone to Joseph and Hyrum, who have doubtless longed to welcome him to his new field of labour. Blessed, thrice honoured be his ever great name, and may eternities successively crown him with the fruits of his labours.

My very kind respects to dear brother Franklin. I saw him the night before last. He looked better than when he had the *ague* here. Also remember me kindly to brother Spencer and brother Little.

Your brother,
D. JONES.

WISDOM FROM ROYAL LIPS.—"You see that the boat in which we sit," said one of the emperors of China to his son, "is supported by the water, which at the same time may rise and overwhelm it; remember the water represents the people, while the emperor is only the boat swimming by its favour."