creed, but held up the Bible as the rule of faith, and advocating those doctrines which had been the subject of his, and Mr. Campbell's investigations, viz: Repentance and baptism, for the remission of sins.

He continued to labor in that vicinity one year, and during that time, his former success attended his labors. Large numbers invariably attended his meetings. While he labored in that neighborhood, he was instrumental in building up a large and respectable church, in the town of Mantua, Portage county, Ohio. The doctrines which he advanced being new, public attention was awakened, and great excitement pervaded throughout that whole section of country, and frequently the congregations which he addressed, were so large that it was impossible to make himself audible to all. The subjects he proposed were presented in such an impressive manner to the congregations, that those who were unbiased by bigotry and prejudices had to exclaim, "we never heard it in this manner before." There were some, however, that opposed the doctrines which he advanced, but not with that opposition which ever ought to characterize the noble and ingenious. Those by whom he was opposed, well knew that an honorable and public investigation, would inevitably discover the weakness and fatality of their doctrines; consequently they shunned it, and endeavored, by ridiculing the doctrines which he promulgated, to suppress them.

This, however, did not turn him from the path which he felt to be his duty; for he continued to set forth the doctrines of repentance, and baptism for remission of sins, and the gift of the Holy Ghost, according to the teachings of Peter, on the day of Pentecost, exhorting his hearers in the mean time, to throw away their creeds of faith—to take the Bible as their standard, and search its sacred pages—to learn to live by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of the Lord, and to rise above every sectarian sentiment, and the traditions of the age, and explore the wide and glorious fields of truth which the scriptures holds out to them.

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Correspondence.

To the EDITOR of the TIMES & SEASONS.

SIR:—Through the medium of your paper, I wish to correct an error among men that profess to be learned, liberal and wise; and I do it the more cheerfully, because I hope sober-thinking and sound-reasoning people will sooner listen to the voice of truth, than be led astray by the vain pretentions of the self-wise. The error I speak of, is the definition of the word "MORMON." It has been stated that this word was derived from the Greek word "mormon." This is not the case. There was no Greek or Latin upon the plates from which I, through the grace of God, translated the Book of Mormon.

Let the language of that book speak for itself. On the 523d page, of the fourth edition, it reads: "And now behold we have written this record according to our knowledge in the characters, which are called among us the Reformed Egyptian, being handed down and altered by us, according to our manner of speech; and if our plates had been sufficiently large, we should have written in Hebrew; but the Hebrew hath been altered by us, also; and if we could have written in Hebrew, behold ye would have had no imperfection in our record, but the Lord knoweth the things which we have written, and also, that none other people knoweth our language; therefore he hath prepared means for the interpretation thereof."

Here then the subject is put to silence, for "none other people knoweth our language," therefore the Lord, and not man, had to interpret, after the people were all dead. And, as Paul said, "the world by wisdom know not God," so the world by speculation are destitute of revelation; and as God in his superior wisdom, has always given his saints, wherever he had any on the earth, the same spirit, and that spirit, as John says, is the true spirit of prophecy, which is the testimony of Jesus, I may safely say that the word Mormon stands independent of the learning and wisdom of this generation,—Before I give a definition, however, to the word, let me say that the Bible in its widest sense, means good; for the Savior says according to the gospel of John, "I am the good shepherd;" and it will not be beyond the common use of terms, to say that good is among the most important in use, and though known by various names in different languages, still its meaning is the same, and is ever in opposition to bad. We say from the Saxon, good; the Dane, god; the Goth, goda; the German, gut; the Dutch, good; the Latin, bonus; the Greek, kalos; the Hebrew, tob; and the Egyptian, mon. Hence, with the addition of more, or the contraction, mor, we have the word mormon; which means, literally, more good.

Yours,

JOSEPH SMITH.

To the EDITOR of the TIMES & SEASONS.

Peradventure a short sketch of our travels and labors will be interesting to the readers of your paper, if you think so, they are at your disposal: Agreeable to counsel, we started on our mission the 12th day of September last, and travelled directly to Gilead Branch, county, Michigan; where we made a stand, and lifted
our voices in the cause of truth, to those who were willing to hear. But few came out at first, being cautioned by their priests, to beware of us, as we were impostors, &c. But we confined ourselves to a small section of country of about thirty miles, travelling back and forth, improving every opportunity where we thought we could bring the engines of truth to bear. Unions of prejudice began to fall, and the people began to come out and investigate the subject for themselves, and we had as many calls for preaching as we could attend to. A few presented themselves for baptism, others acknowledged we preached the truth, and if we would work a miracle they would believe it was of God. We baptised fourteen, organized a branch and ordained two elders, and left the work in a very prosperous condition, and returned home the 20th day of February.

Yours in the bonds of the new and everlasting covenant.

RUFUS FISHER.

THOS. R. KING.

To the EDITOR of the TIMES & SEASONS

CITY OF NAUVOO. May 19th, 1843.

Dear Sir,—With feelings of high consideration and due respect, do I this evening take my pen in hand to address a letter to you, containing a short sketch of my travels in one year past. One year since, I visited a settlement of Norwegians, in La Salle county, Illinois; where, after laboring some time among them, I succeeded in baptising five, and ordained one elder, when I left them for about one month; and then returned and organized the branch, and called it the La Salle branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints; and ordained Brother Goodman Hougas, Elder, a man of a strong mind, and well skilled in the scriptures; he can preach in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, having an understanding of their languages. From thence I returned to Nauvoo, where I found the whole country deluged with falsehood, from the pen of J. C. Bennet, and I immediately returned to La Salle, but the people there, looked upon him as a wicked designing man; his lies continued but a short time, when eternal disgrace fell upon his own head. I soon returned to Nauvoo, and in a few days I was appointed by the special conference, in August, to travel through Illinois, to correct the misstatements of Bennet, in which journey I travelled through eighteen different counties. I was generally successful in convincing the people that Bennet maliciously slandered the innocent. I baptized six in Perry county, Illinois; and returned home in December. In January I left again, and went into St. Clair county, where I was joined by a worthy brother, by the name of Henry B. Jacobs, who baptized twelve, and I baptized a German after he left. I preached in Chester, Sparta and Beville; from thence, I returned home, and again visited Ottawa, La Salle county; spent two weeks, and baptized seven. I found the church there, in good spirits, and in the enjoyment of the spiritual gifts. The La Salle branch now numbers fifty-eight, in good standing. Elder Oley Hayer, was chosen to preside over them, who is well worthy the office. Elder Goodman Hougas, and Brother J. R. Anderson, visited the Norwegian settlement, in Lee county, Iowa, in January last; spent three weeks; baptized ten, ordained one priest, and left them and went home to La Salle county. From thence Brothers Hougas and Hayer, visited a large body from Norway, in Wisconsin territory, and have laid the foundation of a great work, to all appearance. There is now fifty-seven members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints from Norway, and the time is not far distant, when the saying of Micah, 4: 11, will be fulfilled.

In haste I subscribe myself your fellow laborer, in the new and everlasting covenant.

GEO. F. DYKES.

To the EDITOR of the TIMES & SEASONS.

Dear Sir,—As time softly passes along, without respect to place or person, depriving the monarch of his diadem, and liberating the slave from his chains; events occur which bring to our mind joys departed, but the remembrance is still dear, and thus we have pleasure in the thought of past joys. It is now three years since I requested the ordinance of baptism at your hands, in a far distant land, the land of my early days; the land that I was then calculating to live and die in, for I had then no idea of crossing the Atlantic, and from that time I consider a new era was formed in my life; for previous to that, it seems as though I had no knowledge of anything, but just as though it had been a dream, and everthing unnatural. Not that there were no men of parts, but a sort of lunacy seemed to be engendered with the brain. Though perhaps the vapor might be thicker in the atmosphere I was breathing, than that of many of my neighbors, being a member of the Methodist society from my early youth, but it seems to me that it was a sort of Egyptian darkness that could be felt. After being baptized it appeared as though the thick fog had passed away, and I could use my reason and I did so, and declare that some of my old friends appeared—not like trees walking, but—like sleep-walkers, and it would try the patience of a saint to have any thing to say to them. I would not attempt to describe the malady, for
all those who have been afflicted with it, understand, and those who are its victims fancy themselves the most free. Oh! Sir, that is the most awful of all calamities, and ought to be evaded like hell itself; for the man who is laboring under its influence has not got as much rationality as Balaam's charger. An ancient poet endeavors to explain it, and says,

"All men are mad, in spite of all finete.
Madness differs but in more or less."

Indeed, Sir, I think there is no way of shaking off the complaint but by being buried, for the whole frame is affected. That it is a species of lunacy, none can doubt, for I would ask if any man of a sane mind could make use of the following, and fancy he is addressing Deity. Oh Lord save the Mormons, save the Mormons, shake the Mormons; awaken the Mormons! Oh Lord, draw up the flood-gates of hell and let the Mormons see their future habitations! Oh Lord, let the Mormons be cut off, and never come into thy kingdom; and so on, too absurd to mention. He first begins by asking the Lord to save us, and then to cut us off. I suppose they never expect their prayers to be answered, but, however if the Lord had gone and raised the flood-gates at his request, I did not know where to find the flood-gates, so I should have been as much in the dark as ever.

The Rev. Mr. Martindale afterwards sent me a polite request, to spend an hour with him, and told the messenger that he would make me ashamed of myself. I complied and paid his reverence a visit. I saw that he had the above named malady, to more than an ordinary degree, and he was fully equipped for the fight; and his friends ready to take me out when he had made me so ashamed that I could not go myself. He had got Elder Pratt's "Voice of Warning," and the "Book of Mormon," respecting which he had written down eleven questions and had a table full of books with the leaves doubled down, and all was in good order.

The first question brought on the tapi was—"Do you believe the Voice of Warning to be inspiration?" To which I replied that I was of opinion that it contained as much truth as most books of its size. He then wished to know positively, if we believed that the angel spoken of by John, had come in these modern times to reveal the gospel? I answered in the affirmative, at which he pitied me very much, and really thought I had been better informed. I told him that I was altogether unlettered, and admitted his superior talent, he coming from Oxford college, or some other emporium of learning. I told him that none of my brethren were very much skilled in literary lore, and therefore I would thank him to enlighten me on this subject, to which he agreed, provided I would acknowledge before that august assembly, that I knew no better; which I frankly did. He then gravely opened a large family Bible, and there read to me, that this event took place a long time before the creation, for which I thanked him, though I told him that I could not exactly see how it could be, for John lived after the creation, and he said that he was shown things that must shortly come to pass. This, his reverence said was figuratively. I then told him I had but one difficulty more, and then we could proceed to the next question, which was, that God made the heavens and the earth, and all things in them, in six days; how did the angel fly (before he was created) through the midst of heaven, (when there was no heaven) crying to the inhabitants of the earth, (when there was no earth) that the hour of God's judgement had come, when man was not yet made? Mr. Martindale then acknowledged that none could understand the passage, and observed that I was calculated to deceive the very elect. He then remarked, he did not wish to have much to say to me, and therefore would only ask me one more question, which was, if the Book of Mormon was the stick of Joseph? After I had given him my opinion on the subject; I then asked him to enlighten me, which he did, by telling me that the stick of Joseph was a nation or tribe. Here again we got into difficulty, for I could not see how the prophet could write on a nation. He then brought a charge against me of annoticing the sick with oil; this he said was Popery. That was the first time I had ever heard Janes charged with Popery. We soon got into close quarters, and he wished to tell me what he thought of me, and did so, by saying that he really believed that I was one of the false prophets that Paul said should come in the last days. I then asked leave to express my opinion of his reverence, and on obtaining permission, I told him that I believed him to be one of those hireling teachers that Paul said there should be heaps of, to lead the people from the truth to fables, and he had succeeded in a great measure. He seemed a good deal surprised at this, and told me his religion was Luther's; this I believed, and left him, after telling him that mine was Christ's.

Almost endless are the insinuates that might be adduced to prove that a great portion of the world of mankind is tinctured with lunacy, but I have no doubt but you know all about it, and have no need that I should tell you. I will therefore come to the subject I first intended, as a number of people desired to hear from me respecting Nauvoo, and I have not as yet fulfilled my promise to them. It is now
years since I obeyed the requirements of the gospel, and since that time, I have often had to bear my testimony to the truth of it; I do so still, and declare, that to this time, I have seen nothing to shake my confidence. Whether on water or on land, in a storm or in calm, in England or America, in the world or in Nauvoo, I have neither seen nor heard, any thing to cause me to have a doubt, respecting the doctrines taught by the Latter Day Saints. The elders, in general, I have found to be men who fear God and work righteousness. Nauvoo must, in every respect, exceed the expectations of any man who has any knowledge of things at all. Joseph Smith is the wisest, and most charitably disposed man I ever heard of, and I believe, that God ever made; and that he is a prophet of God, I have no manner of doubt on my mind. And I solemnly declare before God, that I believe in my heart, that all the tales derogatory to his character, or the saints in general, are as false as those invented in the days of the Savior, “his disciples came and stole him away while we slept.” Therefore, let all my friends look on this as my solemn testimony.—I rejoice in the gospel being revealed—I rejoice in the work of the Lord, and pray that the truth may go forth as the morning; the honest in heart be gathered out, and a people prepared to meet the Lord at his coming.

I subscribe myself your affectionate brother,

JOHN GREENHOW.

For the Times & Seasons.

A VISIT TO NAUVOO.

BY SAMUEL A. PRIOR, A METHODIST MINISTER.

Mr. Editor:—I feel somewhat unwilling to go from this city, until I have returned my sincere thanks for the kind treatment I have received from all with whom I have had any intercourse, since I first came into this place. I must confess that I left home with no very favorable opinions of the Latter Day Saints. I have had the misfortune to live always among that class of people who look upon a Mormon as being of quite another race, from the rest of mankind, and holding no affinity to the human family. My ears had been so often assailed by the tales of their vice and immorality, that I could not but reflect, in spite of my determination to remain unprejudiced, that I should witness many scenes detrimental to the Christian character, if not offensive to society. My friends crowded around me, giving me many cautions against the art and duplicity of that deluded sect, as they called them, and intreated me to observe them closely, and learn the true state of their community. I set out on foot, making my arrangements to continue there until I was satisfied what kind of beings the Mormons were. It was something over sixty miles, and on the road I often had time to reflect upon the errand of my journey, and fancy to myself the condition in which I expected to find them.

On my arriving at Carthage, I accidentally met an old, and much beloved friend, who was himself, a member of the church. Having been apprised of my design in visiting the church of Latter Day Saints, he very kindly offered to accompany me to Nauvoo, the city of the prophet, but stated that he would be compelled to visit a little town called Macedonia, before he could go up, and wanted me to go with him, as it was only eight miles distant. I kept up a lively discourse upon the subject of Mormonism, and the ready and appropriate answers he gave to the numerous questions I put to him, convinced me that their doctrine was not as bad as I had anticipated. At Macedonia I was kindly received by Mr. Andrews, who, being informed by my friend, who, and what I was, cordially received me, bidding me welcome to his humble abode, with all the feelings of a long absent, though respected brother. This reception, so vastly different from what I had expected, totally enamoured me, and put to blush all my former anticipations of cold, harsh, and morose expressions, which I expected to meet from all who became acquainted with my calling and station in life. I found Mr. Andrews a man of general intelligence, of good moral notions, and correct religious ideas. Although I could not agree with him in all points, yet I found him liberal and open hearted, far beyond my fondest expectations. The next day at 11 o’clock, I had the honor for the first time in my life, to hear the prophet preach; a notice of which had been circulated the evening before. I will not attempt to describe the various feelings of my bosom as I took my seat in a conspicuous place in the congregation, who were waiting in breathless silence for his appearance. While he tarried, I had plenty of time to revolve in my mind, the character and common report of that truly singular personage. I fancied that I should behold a countenance sad and sorrowful, yet containing the fiery marks of rage and exasperation—I supposed that I should be enabled to discover in him some of those thoughtful and reserve features, those mystic and sarcastic glances which I had fancied the ancient sages to possess. I expected to see that tearful looking look of conscious shame, which, from what I had heard of him, he might be expected to evince. He appeared at last—but how was I disappointed, when, instead of the heads and horns of the beast, and false prophet, I beheld