

the ends of the earth; the gospel picks out all the big souls, out of all creation; and we will get all the big souls out of all the nations, and we shall have the largest city in the world; It works just like a God. We will gather out all the big souls out of every nation: as soon as the gospel catches hold of a big soul it brings them all right up to Zion. There is a thing called an eye star; the gospel is similar; then will have a people big enough to be saved.—Popery could not write what Enoch preached; he told the people the Spirit of God took him up into a high mountain; showed him the distress of the people; the destruction of the world, and he said his heart swelled wide as eternity; but Popery could not receive any thing as large as that. Every society are just like them; God Almighty has made mens' souls according to the society which he lives in, with very few exceptions, and when men come to live with the Mormons, their souls swell as if they were going to stride the planets, as I stride the Republic of America. I can believe that man can go from planet to planet, a man gets so high in the mansions above.

A certain good sister came to my house and she was troubled because she heard so many big things; she thought it weakened her faith. I told her she had too much faith; she believed too much; I will tell you how you may know whether the thing is true or not. When any come to you with a lie, you feel troubled; God will trouble you and will not approbate you in such belief; you had better get some antidote to get rid of it. Humble yourself before God, and ask him for his spirit; and pray to him to judge it for you. It is better not to have so much faith, than to have so much as to believe all the lies. Before this conference closes I want to get all the elders together. I shall make a proclamation: I want to take the line and axe, and hew you, and make you as straight as possible; I will make you as straight as a stretched line. Every elder that goes from Nauvoo to preach the gospel, if he preach any thing else we will silence him through the public print; I want all the elders to meet and to understand, and if they teach any thing but the pure truth we will call them home.

(To be Continued.)

*From the Nauvoo Neighbor.*

#### TWO MINUTES IN JAIL.

Possibly the following events, occupied near three minutes, but I think only about two, and have penned them for the gratification of many friends.

Carthage, June 27th, 1844.

A shower of musket balls were thrown up

the stair way against the door of the prison in the second story, followed by many rapid footsteps. While Generals Joseph and Hyrum Smith, Mr. Taylor, and myself, who were in the front chamber, closed the door of our room against the entry at the head of the stairs, and placed ourselves against it, there being no lock on the door and no ketch that was useable. The door is a common panel, and as soon as we heard the feet at the stairs head, a ball was sent through the door, which passed between us, and showed that our enemies were desperadoes, and we must change our position. Gen. Joseph Smith, Mr. Taylor, and myself sprang back to the front part of the room, and Gen. Hyrum Smith retreated two thirds across the chamber directly in front of and facing the door. A ball was sent through the door which hit Hyrum on the side of his nose when he fell backwards extended at length without moving his feet. From the holes in his vest, (the day was warm and no one had their coats on but myself,) pantaloons, drawers and shirt, it appears evident that a ball must have been thrown from without, through the window, which entered his back on the right side and passing through lodged against his watch, which was in his right vest pocket completely pulverizing the crystal and face, tearing off the hands and mashing the whole body of the watch, at the same instant the ball from the door entered his nose. As he struck the floor he exclaimed emphatically; "I'm a dead man." Joseph looked towards him, and responded, "O dear! Brother Hyrum!" and opening the door two or three inches with his left hand, discharged one barrel of a six shooter (pistol) at random in the entry from whence a ball grazed Hyrum's breast, and entering his throat, passed into his head, while other muskets were aimed at him, and some balls hit him. Joseph continued snapping his revolver, round the casing of the door into the space as before, three barrels of which missed fire, while Mr. Taylor with a walking stick stood by his side and knocked down the bayonets and muskets, which were constantly discharging through the door way, while I stood by him, ready to lend any assistance, with another stick, but could not come within striking distance, without going directly before the muzzle of the guns. When the revolver failed, we had no more fire arms, and expecting an immediate rush of the mob, and the door way full of muskets—half way in the room, and no hope but instant death from within: Mr. Taylor rushed into the window, which is some fifteen or twenty feet from the ground. When his body

# TIMES AND SEASONS.

CITY OF NAUVOO,

THURSDAY, AUG. 1, 1844.

## PERILOUS TIMES.

The ancient prophets and apostles all seem to have had a view of the great troubles of the last days; and, in order the more fully to make the subject plain, they particularized the actors, and the scenes; that the generation which was to experience the vanity of flesh, and the wrath of God, might know of a surety the exact time. To this end, Paul wrote to his son Timothy, in this wise; [2d Timothy, 3; 1—4.]

“This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come; for men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.”

The language of this apostle is so plain that no person of sense can possibly mistake it.—Truce breakers, *false accusers* and *traitors*, come before us in living reality. Peter also who held the keys of the kingdom, says: [2d Peter, 2; 1—3.]

“But there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privately shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction; and many shall follow their pernicious ways; by reason of whom the way of truth shall be evil spoken of. And through covetousness shall they with feigned words make merchandize of you: whose judgment now of a long time lingereth not, and their damnation slumbereth not.”

If the *way of truth* was ever evil spoken of, *now* is the time. This is not all; Peter wrote again that we “may be mindful of the words which were spoken before by the holy prophets, and of the commandments of us, the apostles of the Lord and Savior, knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days *scoffers*, walking after their own lusts.” These predictions coupled with that emphatic declaration of Jesus Christ to “the Twelve;” *that because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold*, are all sufficient indexes to moral men, that *now is the time!*

A sketch of the startling atrocities, out breaks or mobbing, in our once beloved country, for a

was nearly on a balance, a ball from the door within entered his leg, and a ball from without struck his watch, a patent lever, in his vest pocket, near the left breast, and smashed it in “pie,” leaving the hands standing at 5 o’clock, 16 minutes, and 26 seconds—the force of which ball threw him back on the floor, and he rolled under the bed which stood by his side, where he lay motionless, the mob from the door continuing to fire upon him, cutting away a piece of flesh from his left hip as large as a man’s hand, and were hindered only by my knocking down their muzzles with a stick; while they continued to reach their guns into the room, probably left handed, and aimed their discharge so far around as almost to reach us in the corner of the room to where we retreated and dodged, and then I re-commenced the attack with my stick again. Joseph attempted as the last resort, to leap the same window from whence Mr. Taylor fell, when two balls pierced him from the door, and one entered his right breast from without, and he fell outward exclaiming, “*O Lord my God!*” As his feet went out of the window my head went in, the balls whistling all around. He fell on his left side a dead man. At this instant the cry was raised, “*He’s leaped the window,*” and the mob on the stairs and in the entry ran out. I withdrew from the window, thinking it of no use to leap out on a hundred bayonets, then around Gen. Smith’s body. Not satisfied with this I again reached my head out of the window and watched some seconds, to see if there were any signs of life, regardless of my own, determined to see the end of him I loved; being fully satisfied, that he was dead, with a hundred men near the body and more coming round the corner of the jail, and expecting a return to our room I rushed towards the prison door, at the head of the stairs, and through the entry from whence the firing had proceeded, to learn if the doors into the prison were open.—When near the entry, Mr. Taylor called out, “*take me;*” I pressed my way till I found all doors unbarred, returning instantly caught Mr. Taylor under my arm, and rushed by the stairs into the dungeon, or inner prison, stretched him on the floor and covered him with a bed in such a manner, as not likely to be perceived, expecting an immediate return of the mob. I said to Mr. Taylor, this is a hard case to lay you on the floor, but if your wounds are not fatal I want you to live to tell the story. I expected to be shot the next moment, and stood before the door awaiting the onset.

WILLARD RICHARDS.