

THE DESERET NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY

NO. 4.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1860.

VOL. X.

THE PRESS.

Written for the "Deseret Typographical and Press Association."

TUNE—"The Star Spangled Banner."

BY E. R. SNOW.

We will sing of the Press: 'tis an organ of light
When invested with sense and conducted by reason,
But if wielded, dear freedom, to crush with its might,
It erects the foul standard of error and treason.
To enlighten or blind—to release or to bind
The Press holds the key of the national mind.
The Press, with the Priesthood's bright banner unfurled,
Is a beacon of truth, and gives light to the world.

The Printers of Zion are skimming the cream
And are feeding the Saints, while their own cups are
filling;
From life's mixtures and fixtures, and mystified steam
They're extracting the essence, by careful distilling.
All good people will bless, and now wish them
success,
And they'll ever be shielded when shielding the Press.
The Press, with the Priesthood's bright banner unfurled,
Is a beacon of truth, and gives light to the world.

The Press, like a fire on the mountains, should be
To announce the glad beams of a new dispensation,
That the noble and wise of all nations may flee
To the standard erected for peace and salvation;
Till mind shall be freed from each fetter and creed,
And the bosom of innocence ceases to bleed.
The Press, with the Priesthood's bright banner unfurled,
Is a beacon of truth, and gives light to the world.

Speak low thro' the Press and the honest will hear—
Call aloud to the wicked in voices of thunder:
Let the haughty ones tremble; ye meek never fear,
Though the judgments of God rend the nations asunder.
The Almighty decrees—He will do it with ease—
To establish a kingdom of glory and peace.
The Press, with the Priesthood's bright banner unfurled,
Is a beacon of truth, and gives light to the world.

All hail to the Press of our own Deseret,
Where the "stars and the stripes" are in majesty
waving—
Where justice and freedom and union have met,
With pure streams from the fount of intelligence laving.
Deep wisdom and might, from their dwellings in
light,
The Gods are bestowing on all who do right.
The Press, with the Priesthood's bright banner unfurled,
Is a beacon of truth and gives light to the world.

[For the Deseret News.]

A Chapter for the Young.

Youth is surrounded with more snares than it is aware of. Ignorance, idleness, bad company, obstinacy, conceitedness, and a hundred other dangers are constantly lurking in ambush like an insidious enemy.

I have to remark here that the most ignorant have always the best opinion of themselves or of their judgment.

The only difference between a wise man and a fool is that the one thinks first and acts afterwards and that the other acts without thinking at all. Now, which is most likely to be right? You must not, however, expect to think well without thinking often. Can any of my young friends expect to learn his trade without practice? Can any expect to learn the use of figures without time and without thought? For the same reason, he who studies his duty will best understand it. Don't be alarmed, however, and think it a hard task, or do not take up the notion that young folks have nothing to do with thinking, and that it will be time enough to begin when you are older; for you may depend upon it that he who once gets into the habit or practice of such excuses, will never begin to think at all.

The youngest among you know what it is to be in a good humor, and in a bad one too. Now, gentle reader, which is the best—to be pleased with yourself and have everybody pleased with you, or to be always grumbling and discontented with everything? Come then, my young friends, and be always happy—happy with yourselves—happy with your relations, happy with your associations and above all be happy with your religion, happy with the favor of God—be happy here and happy forever. All this is to be done by thinking, and this is as fit and necessary for a youth of twelve or fourteen as for a man of sixty; every one in his way, and according to his means and his relations, so that let any one find out the way to be happy, and he must be worse than an idiot if he does not follow it. You would not put peas in your shoes to make you walk easily, you would not thrust your hands into the fire or under a stamp hammer; neither would you practise what you have known and felt has made you unhappy, after having learnt how to remove or avoid it.

It is not, however, expected that old heads should set upon young shoulders, or that my

young friends should be as grave and formal as if they were forty or, as Charles Dickens remarks—like a prim, stiff, sanctimonious undertaker. I am for young folks making the most of their time and enjoying themselves well.

But be merry and wise, youth is the time for pleasure, the spirits flow briskly, the heart is light and easy and the mind knows little or nothing of care and distress. Who was ever pleased to see a boy moping about with his hands in his pockets, dragging his feet after him as if he had got lead in his shoes, and afraid of a good batch of play? Do not be cramped in your harmless amusements, but improve them in the best possible way.

Walk with your head erect, your countenance open and free; tread firmly the ground as it becometh the sons and daughters of the noble freemen of Christ. Be innocent and cheerful in your play, diligent in your work, obedient to your parents, employers and to the Priesthood, be kind to your brothers and sisters, preferring the company of good boys, always speaking the truth, and endeavoring to take a pleasure in your learning; these are the good qualities that will make you beloved now and will best ensure your happiness in future life.

There is a time for all things, and you have to learn that certain things are proper for certain times and places, for instance, you would not be expected to look sad or downcast at a social party, and what is still more absurd to be laughing and playing antics at meetings or lectures. I do not wish to discourage my young friends. I was once a boy myself and remember well what were then my hopes, my fears, my pleasures and my feelings. But though the pursuit of innocent enjoyment is commendable, it must be well-timed, for when you are or should be at work it is cheating your parents, your employers and yourself to idle your time away.

It is very easy for young folks to invent excuses for doing wrong; one has a bad employer, and he won't submit to him; another is a boy of spirit, and he won't be conquered; another sees no harm in a little innocent fun; another has been a child long enough, and won't be in leading-strings any longer; another thinks Utah Territory is too small a place for him, he ought to see the world, and so he goes either to the States or to California and thus often loses his salvation. Hence examine things carefully and rush not headlong into folly. The best way to manage a bad employer is to do your duty; the best way to employ a daring spirit is to strive to excel in goodness; and the best way to enjoy pleasure, is to take a little now and lay by a little for another time; because nothing is so likely to end in pain and disgrace as following pleasure without thinking properly what you are about.

Act always in consonance with the noble cause you have espoused, shun evil, develop your good propensities, suppress your bad ones, inculcate in your mind correct principles and remember that your final exit from this stage of action may be sooner than you anticipate; hence—"Do what is right" and you will gain the crown of eternal life.

FRIEND OF YOUTH.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AND UPWARDS.—The following is a list of persons of one hundred years of age and upwards who have died in the United States during the year 1859:

Feb. 5—Philip Jesse, Virginia	129
" 8—Cesar (colored) Louisiana	138
" 16—Aunt Kandar, New Jersey	103
" 18—Zelphy Schank, New Jersey	119
" 18—Nancy (a slave) Alabama	100
" 22—Sarah Mallory (colored) Va.	129
" 22—Hannah Phillips, New Jersey	118
" 27—Thomas Sweeney, Pa.	122
Feb. 14—Mary Shaugnessy, Mass.	112
" 17—Elizabeth Carter, S. C.	101
" 20—Phebe Christian (colored) O.	118
April 25—Polly Boston (colored) Md.	109
" 25—John Dickson, O.	118
June 22—Virginia Ford (colored) Wash- ington	120
July 14—Anna Pope, Mass.	105
" 16—Sarah W. Hughes, Miss.	113
Aug. 17—Susanna Harvey, R. I.	100
" 20—James Kean, Pa.	105
" 25—Wm. Owens, Va.	106
Sept. 24—Wm. Sims, N. Y.	102
" 28—Elizabeth Gammel, Ga.	115
Oct. 12—John Ultinger, Tenn.	104
Nov. 1—John Wilson, Me.	103
" 17—Philis (a slave) —	100
Dec. 17—Geo. Woodhouse (col'd) Va.	120
" 25—Mrs. Greenly (col'd) Pa.	110

—Garibaldi has written a letter of thanks for pistols, to noble Colonel Colt, of Hartford. He says—"The arrival of your arms will be hailed amongst us not only as the material support sent by a brave man to a people fighting for its most sacred rights, but as the powerful moral aid of the great American nation."

MURAT.

The chivalrous Murat—the veritable beau ideal of a modern soldier, imbued with the most fiery valor; one who would head a forlorn hope, or gallop up to the mouth of grape charged cannon, as gaily as he would walk to a banquet, or lead a fair lady to a ball room. Joachim Murat was born at La Bastide, Frontonniere (department of Lot), March 25, 1768. His father was an inn-keeper. He was destined for the priesthood; but his military predilections speedily introduced him to enter the army.

In 1791, he joined a cavalier regiment and soon became a sous-lieutenant. He so distinguished himself that he rapidly rose and, in 1796, he joined the army of Italy, with a rank of general of brigade. Napoleon, on that occasion, made him one of his aides-de-camp. Throughout the wondrous campaign that ensued, Murat pre-eminently distinguished himself. He followed his future Emperor to Egypt, and at the battle of the Pyramids, where he was seriously wounded, he won his grade of general of division. So valiantly did he subsequently fight in the Syrian war, that Bonaparte officially declared that Murat's cavalry had performed an impossibility.

Returning with Napoleon to France, he zealously aided the projects of his ambitious friend who rewarded him with the hand of his sister, Caroline Bonaparte. He commanded the whole of the cavalry at Marengo in 1800, and in 1801 he forced the Neapolitans to evacuate the States of the Church.

When the empire was established, Murat received his marshal's baton, and early in 1805 was made a Prince and Grand Admiral of France, and Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honor. His next dignity was that of Grand Duke of Cleves and of Berg. He fought with astonishing valor at most of the great battles of this period, and in 1808 became General-in-Chief of the Army of Spain; but when Joseph Bonaparte was placed on the throne of that country, (1st August, 1808) was proclaimed King of Naples and the Two Sicilies, by the title of Joachim Napoleon. Thus, in the space of seventeen years, the inn-keeper's son rose from the grade of an obscure soldier to be an European sovereign, and brother-in-law of the mightiest emperor the world ever knew. His subjects welcomed him with enthusiasm; and with the approval of his imperial master (for, in fact, the Great Napoleon's kings continued his subjects) he commenced a series of reforms and improvements, but after a while he introduced measures which Napoleon strongly condemned.

Murat commanded all the cavalry of the enormous army assembled for the invasion of Russia in 1812, and throughout the horrible campaign, signalized himself by acts of almost incredible daring and sublime valor. When the wreck of the army escaped the pursuit of their pitiless foes, Murat suddenly threw up his command and returned with all speed to Naples. This act has been severely censured. "With the army," it was said, "Murat was not a king, but only a captain; he was a French citizen and not a Neapolitan." This reasoning is plausible, but open to the gravest objections. At any rate, the Emperor was bitterly indignant and denounced Murat's "desertion" in the *Moniteur*, and wrote to his sister, Caroline, declaring that her husband was a traitor, an ingrate, a political fool, and deserving of public and severe punishment. To this Murat replied by a very angry letter; but he did not yet desert France in her hour of need. He fought through the long and disastrous campaign of 1813, and then bade a friendly and last adieu to his illustrious brother-in-law.

On returning to Naples, Murat seems to have been bewildered by his position as a king and ally of Napoleon. He signed an alliance with Austria, January 11th, 1814—signed his own death-warrant! He maintained an attitude of armed neutrality—thus being indirectly hostile to Napoleon. When, however, Napoleon escaped from Elba, all his old spirit and love of his chief revived, and he attempted to head all Italy against Austria, but utterly failed in the desperate struggle. He then fled to France, but never more to draw sword on its soil. After Napoleon's final overthrow, he remained for months hiding for his life.

We have not space to follow in detail his further adventures. Suffice it, that after escaping to Corsica, and being received with acclamation, he had the infatuation to land on the coast of Calabria, after most of his little flotilla had deserted him. We may quote Allison's description of his landing:

"He then ordered his officers to put on their uniform; and as the wind was fair and the day fine, he steered into the little bay of Pizzo and cast anchor on a desert strand at a little distance from that town. His generals and officers, five-and-twenty in number, wished to precede him in going ashore, but the king would not permit. "It is for me," he exclaimed, "to descend first on this field of glory or death; the precedence belongs to me, as the responsibility;" and with these words he leapt boldly ashore.

"Already the shore was covered with groups of peasants, whom the unwonted sight of the barks in the bay, and the uniforms of the officers landing had attracted to the spot.

"Among them was a detachment of fifteen gunners, who came from a solitary guard-house on the shore. They still bore Murat's uniform. "My children," said he, advancing towards them, "do you know your king?" And with these words, he took off his hat; his auburn locks fell on his shoulders, and the noble martial figure which was engraven on their hearts appeared before them. "Yes, it is I," he continued. "I am your King Joachim; say if you will follow and serve the friend of the soldier, the friend of the Neapolitans." At these words the officers in Murat's suite raised their hats, and shouted—"Vive le Roi Joachim!" and the soldiers mechanically grounded their arms; but a few only exclaimed—"Vive Joachim."

Meanwhile the inhabitants of Pizzo, under the direction of the agent of the Duke del Infantado, who had great estates in the neighborhood, and who was ardently attached to the Bourbon family, assembled, and, while Murat was vainly awaiting a movement in his favor, declared against him. While still uncertain what to do, two peasants arrived, and informing Murat of what was going on in town, offered to guide him to Monteleone, where the garrison might be expected to be more favorable, and the possession of a fortified place would open to him the gates of his kingdom. This offer the king accepted, and the party, consisting in all of forty persons, were soon seen in their brilliant uniforms wending their way over the olive-clad summits by which the road passed. They were soon met by a colonel of the royal gendarmie, named Trenta Capelli, a noted chief of the Galabariah insurrection, and the fate of whose three brothers, slain on the scaffold by the French, had inspired him with inextinguishable hatred towards them. Murat knew him, and called him by name to join his cause. "My king," said he, pointing to the flag which waved on the towers of Pizzo, "is he whose colors wave over the kingdom?"

Murat in vain addressed the crowd, which answered by shouts and discharge of fire-arms. Several of his little suite were killed and wounded. The unhappy ex-monarch called out to the captain of his bark to steer inshore to take him on board; "but the perfidious wretch, instead of doing so, put out to sea carrying with him the arms and gold. In this extremity the king threw himself into a fishing-boat, moored at a little distance from the coast, but the bark, stranded on the sand, resisted all his efforts to set it afloat. He was soon surrounded by a furious crowd, which broke into the vessel, and dragged him, disarmed and bleeding, ashore, where the soldiers had the barbarity to strike the wounded hero on the face with the butt-ends of their carbines, and tore from his breast the ensigns of his glory, which he wore in that hour of his fate."

His doom was at hand! Almost immediately tried by a sham court-martial, he was condemned to be shot forthwith. Never had the hero soldier been so heroic as in this last sad scene. He wrote a letter of farewell to his wife and four children, so tender, so loving, so exquisitely affecting, so resigned, so kindly, that no one can hardly read it without tears. No sooner was sentence announced, than execution followed. From his chamber to his death-ground was but a step. He stood so close to the twelve soldiers appointed to execute him, that the muzzles of their muskets almost touched his breast. "Do not tremble," said he to them, "do not strike me in the face; aim at my heart." In his left hand he held a medallion of his wife and children, and was shot dead whilst gazing on their beloved images.

"Poor dear Murat," sighed Byron, "his white plume used always to be the rallying point in battle." Will not every reader of sensibility echo "Poor dear Murat." He was pre-eminently a fighting soldier, and the best and greatest cavalry officer of modern times. He was not a statesman like the emperor; but on the other hand, he was not a despot. His faults were not of the heart but of the head.

LAFFDAY—A LADY.—The word lady is an abbreviation of the Saxon laffday, which signifies breadgiver. The mistress of a manor, at a time when affluent families reside constantly at their country residences, was accustomed, once a week or oftener, to distribute among the poor a certain quantity of bread. She bestowed the boon with her own hands, and made the hearts of the needy glad by the soft words and gentle amenities which accompanied her benevolence. The widow and the orphan "rose up and called her blessed"—the destitute and the afflicted recounted her praises—all classes of the poor embalmed her in their affections as the laffday—the giver of bread and the dispenser of comfort—a sort of ministering angel in a world of sorrow.