

ped, the contents of which ran out and killed the grass. About the same time, part of the mob went to the house that Sidney Rigdon occupied, and dragged him out, and besmeared him with tar and feathers. My father, hearing the outcry of the family, went to the door, but finding it held by some one on the outside, he called for his gun, when those who held the door left; he pursued; and was knocked down; his collar bone was broken; he was taken back to the house, and hands laid upon him by David Whitmer, and immediately healed. A few minutes after this accident, we heard the voice of Joseph calling for a blanket; some person handed him one, and he came in, the tar trickling down his face; his wife was very much alarmed, supposing it to be blood, until he came near enough to see that it was tar. My mother got some lard, and rubbed it upon him to get the tar off, which they succeeded in removing.

Waste, who was the strongest man on the Western Reserve, had boasted that he could take Joseph out alone; at the time they were taking him out of the house, Waste had hold of one foot, Joseph drew up his leg and gave him a kick, which sent him sprawling in the street. He afterwards said that the Prophet was the most powerful man he ever had hold of in his life.

Soon after this persecution, Mason had an attack of the spinal affection. Fullars, one of the mobocrats, died of the cholera in Cleveland. Dr. Dennison was sent to the penitentiary for ten years, and died before the term expired.

[To be continued.]

#### FARMERS' WIVES.

In this country, the wife of the farmer stands at the head of society. She may not know it, but it is as true as gospel. Dating back with the beginning of our social system, we find that she is at the bottom of all the bold and brave enterprises that have made us great, and has sustained the burden and heat of the whole day in our national undertaking. Because she has had the making of the men, training them from the very gristle of boyhood. She has carried the whole fabric in her heart, since upon her have the heroes relied, and to her approbation looked for their chief reward. The wives of the farmers were the women of the Revolution, of whom we cannot say enough in praise. Although it may not be said of them that they first projected or gave shape to our revolutionary plans, yet without their efficient aid we have to acknowledge that little or nothing could have been done.

The wife, in the country, is the one and only being who makes the homestead beautiful. She invests it with an atmosphere of love. She is the single magnet by which husband and children are attracted there. She can make all things lovely and bright, or she can create cloudiness and gloom, put everybody in the sulks, and make the whole household wish they lived anywhere else but there. A woman can do as much as that anywhere, I know; but in a country house she possesses a peculiar power that elsewhere she has not. In the retirement of rural life it is not so easy to get away from a house that is notoriously unpleasant and uncomfortable; but in the crowd and variety of a city it is a very different matter.

Farmers' wives, in our rural districts, are hardly aware of their influence. They under-rate themselves practically, to begin with; they run to one extreme, and think themselves of no consequence in the world; and then they run to another, and declare they are just as good as anybody. That is hardly in character. A little brush—the least particle in the world—of city influence, and they are all in a flutter. In an instant they are willing to forget all the beauty and the charming associations of their country home-life, and grow crazy with envy of their city cousins' flounces and furbelows. The calm, contemplative, really religious existence they enjoy in the heart of nature, they entirely undervalue, and would gladly trade it off for a sight of stony streets, the sound of rattling carts, and the certainty of never again seeing the sun rise and set.

The great trouble with a country woman is, she is made altogether too much of a drudge. It may seem very pretty and very romantic to you, dear madam, to talk of the Arcadian life such a woman must lead away from towns and their influences, as it is by no means such a sort of life as you begin to imagine to yourself. We say that the wife of a farmer is made too much of a drudge. It is expected of her that she shall milk the cows, suckle the calves, and sometimes feed the pigs; always feed the hens and ducks, besides doing various other little 'chores' that are not quite so consistent with her female nature. Then the same hard tasks follow another in the same hard routine from morning till night, and she cannot help offering up an inward thanksgiving when God draws the curtain for mankind to lay their pillows and go to sleep.

English country ladies have a fresh, robust, and hearty look. Ours, however, wear a different appearance. The country ladies in America have a careworn, anxious, responsible air, as if all the interests of the farm, its occupants, and the town, devolved solely on themselves. Half the time they are a good deal smarter than the men, and take the busi-

ness out of their hands. They can reckon you up the cost and the value of a hog or a "critter," without even having access to the slate; whereas their husbands would have to hunt up study all the chalk marks around the homestead, in order to get at what they wanted.

If a majority of our farmers are suddenly asked what they will take for their new beef, they will turn round and answer that they would not like to sell without first consulting "mother"—meaning their wife. In this, and in other ways, the woman in the country becomes gradually unfeminine, loses a certain degree of that sweetness and freshness which so admirably become the female character, mingles in with the roughness, and hardness, and dirt, and drudgery of farm work, and in the lapse of time unconsciously parts with some of those attractive qualities in her nature that should everywhere be found in company with women.

But we are getting too much upon the ground of the essayist. It is our province rather to describe the life of the farmer's wife and companion than to speculate or philosophize upon the character and results of such a life.

Well, then, most farmers' wives are last up at night, and the earliest up in the morning. And although no decent man, fit to call himself an American farmer, would permit his wife to rise first and make the fire on a winter's morning, yet she is thrifty and ambitious enough to be in the kitchen very soon after he is, bustling about the sink, the pots and the kettles, and the table, fixing things generally for breakfast preparations, and arranging for the progress of the day's work. You never catch her idle. She moves twice as quick as her husband, and gets through just about twice as much business in the same time.

Breakfast over, the day's operations begin. And it is not possible to tell what they will be from one day to another, either. Sometimes 'tis one thing, and then it is clearly another. The milk is to be scalded; the butter is to be churned; the dishes are to be washed; in the season, the young chickens are to be looked after; the children must have their faces washed and be sent to school; the luncheon must be thought of for the workmen in the field; dinner must be got into the pot; the table is to be set again; then it must be cleared off; then the sewing must be done; or company rides up to the door; and the little chicks come in again for a share of attention; and the children hurry home, hungry as they can be from school; and the table must be set for tea; and the cows must be milked as soon as they are got home; and the work of the day must be freely talked over with husband, together with the plans for tomorrow; and the little ones are to be got off to bed; and then night comes down for good upon all the household.

This is the very quintessence of routine itself. I know that women in the city can well make complaint on the same score, but this isolated life in the country is routine in the highest concentrated form. There is nothing in the world to break it. Unless the inward resources are ample, the life falls away in spite of yourself into old, formal, dry, unmeaning practices, and not a gush of new feeling or fresh experience ever enters in.

Then in winter it seems harder still, for then the days are—oh! so long, short as they are at the coming of the winter solstice! There would then appear to be nothing to break the tiresome monotony. It is like the extensive fields of snow themselves, stretching away and away as far as the eye can reach, and obliterating every trace of line, mark, boundary, or neighborhood. Well might wives of farmers keep long sticks hanging in their chimney corners, on which to notch these weary days, with pale sunshine, as they slowly pass. It would be a congenial occupation.

The wintry mornings dawn late, with frosty, nipping airs, and too often leaden clouds lying in long, low bars along the horizon. The windows are covered with all sorts of devices in frost-work, and streaming breaths blow out from every open mouth. If a fresh snow has fallen during the night, the whole world seems so still, so entirely hushed, and so buried up, that hardly does the slow snappings of the kindlings on the logs break the solemn silence of the time. Then, whether the fingers ache with the cold or not, breakfast is to be prepared for the household, and very often with only a single pair of hands. The girls may help a little if they happen to be up; but it is not always they are up. They have thoroughly warmed their huge feather beds, and they do hate awfully to get out of them in the morning on the freezing, cold floor. And even now and then the boys take a hand at chopping the mince meat, perhaps, or help peel the smoking potatoes, with great checked aprons tied high up under their chins.

It is nine o'clock, and ten o'clock, and even noon, before work gets fairly in motion; and then, when steams ascended float all around the blackened ceiling of the kitchen, and the savors of stewed pumpkins rise from the ill-covered mouth of the great kettle, perhaps there are sausages to fill, or pork to pack away, or cheese to make, or butter to churn, or some other such labor to be attended to, any one kind of which is enough to require all the energies of any heroic and courageous woman. How the women in our farm houses manage to get through even a tittle of it all is an impenetrable mystery. It certainly requires quite as much generalship as would suffice for the taking of a city, or the administration of government on a grander scale.

The "men folks" may be off at work in the woods, dragging logs and "chopping;" it is true; but they know nothing of these multiplying and ever multiplying cares and perplexities that are sown, thick as thistle seeds, around the steps of the farmer's wife every

day. Indeed, it is a great deal truer than anybody ever yet stopped to think it was, that if a farmer, naturally capable and thrifty himself, gets a slovenly, behindhand, incompetent wife, nothing under heaven will possibly save his farm from slowly, slowly cankering away under the application of mortgages. It is the wife that is the farmer's true support, after all. She makes or unmakes.

It is nothing to the question that he manages to drive good bargains with his cattle, his horses, his muttons, or his field products, unless she who sits at home, and weaves the web of his fortunes about the house, seconds him earnestly, in every one of his plans and purposes; he does but empty the water he draws into sieves, instead of buckets. Thus the farmer's wife stands first in importance in our agricultural affairs; and agriculture, as every one knows who pretends to know anything, is the basis and bottom of society.

Then her influence over the family, the children, and the whole is almost as autocratic, though in a very different way, as that of the Czar of Russia over all his subjects. She forms, moulds, colors, and directs everything. The young character is in her hands altogether. She is the head and front of the family, whether by an assumed or conceded authority. She is the heart of the household always, even if she does not happen to be the head as well. She not only bakes and brews, but she trains boys and girls in those simple, and temperate, and almost Spartan habits, that afterward project themselves with the force of new individual powers upon the destinies of the outside world.

This is the province of the wife of the farmer—no more and no less. It is not her lot to do nothing but make butter and cheese, or knit stockings and spin wool, away in the country solitudes; but all around her she is ever scattering the seed of a choice grain whose fruits are not for a day, but are immortal. If she could but so see it for herself, what a difference would it not work in her tasks and in her lot! How fresh would be her resolution, how invigorating would her purposes become! Instead of bewailing her fortune—such dismal and monotonous retirements—she would seem to herself to sit like a queen at the heart of the earth, fashioning the forces that are by and by certain to control the whole system.

Drudgery—drudgery! all the country wives constantly exclaim; and we hardly wonder at it, either. Yet there is something besides drudgery in it, to one who sets to work to exalt her occupation and ennoble herself. Life, we know, is made up of a good many little things; but even these may be lifted up by the soul of love and made glorious.

But the husband is as much in fault as any one. He exacts, he insists; he lays on the burdens heavily; he tyrannizes; he is the dead weight upon the frail shoulders of the woman. It is not to be denied or set aside—he shifts off too much of the labor upon her, making her the pack horse of the family establishment, the real beast of burden in all his domestic plans. Thence follows, naturally enough, low spirits, an overworked constitution, carelessness about the high ends and aims of life, and a gradual and almost total loss of the true spiritual faculty.

These things should no longer be. They should be mended forthwith. The woman ought to stand everywhere for whatever is pure, noble and holy, not less in the country than in the city; nay, more so in those blessed rural retreats, and amid those sweet and refreshing influences that God sends, like delicious fragrance, to purify the atmosphere in which the soul is obliged for a time to dwell. Especially it is idle to talk disparagingly of the farmer's wife. Her city sister can show her silks and her long list of friends; but what are they all in the light of that sincere simplicity, that serene beauty of life, in which the country wife is privileged to dwell and rejoice all her days?—*Life Illustrated.*

#### Out Door Preaching.

"The miracle of Spring is beginning. Leafless indeed stand the great woods; and shivering in the cool north wind. The joints of rheumatic oaks creak dismally, and there is a moan in the maples; the skeleton orchards are brown and gray upon the southern slopes, but the sun is shining, and the clock of time ticks in the heart of May. A January fire rolls and roars up the chimney's capacious throat; the water-pail is nightly glazed with ice, but the birds are abroad, and the songs are in all the air. Not a wisp of hay remains in the broad, deep 'bay' of the barn, and the cows decline 'to give down,' and the lambs are going where the good lambs go, though the lilacs are budding, and the willows have fringed the streams with green.

"How full of the dear old music of summer, are wood and orchard, and field. Even the great, empty barn, with its ribs of oak, is a twitter with swallows, who dart in and out at the diamond doors in the gable, and the mud-plastered cottages that are built along the rafters. The Robins are singing the self-same songs they sang a thousand years ago, and the Finches are untamished and golden as ever.—Down by the marsh the Bobolinks are ringing their little bells, and swinging to and fro upon the little bushes that sway in the wind. The Brown Threshers have built their nests in the fence corners, and the heaps of brush; a Baltimore Oriole flickered in like a flake of fire through the garden, this morning, and drifted away behind the barn; we frightened up a Whip-poor-will yesterday, from among the withered leaves, and we found a Blue-bird's nest with a single egg, in a hollow stump in the pasture. A little couple are busy building in a cleft of the bar-post, and a little Trojan

in speckled jacket is about to keep house on the loaded end of the well-sweep, that goes up forty times a day, and comes down with a bang. Why didn't the little idiot take up his quarters in the bucket? A fortnight ago, John hung his jacket upon the fence, and to-day he shook out a nest and two eggs as blue as the sky, from one of the pockets. There is a singing everywhere; from the tuft of gray grass, there comes a small tune of two notes and a rest, and then two more; from the second rail of the fence, a gush of melody; from the roof-ridge, a solo; from the depths of the air, as of angel calling unto angel. The birds and the buds make it May, and May it shall be.

"And this bright landscape, as fair as Eden-land unrolled upon a dinner plate, was served up for Love-of-beauty's feast, where fancy sat as guest, and Hope stood by. How earnest Nature is, in all she does; how finished in her works from moss to mountains. The tint on girlhood's ripened lip is well laid on; indeed, but with no greater care than that which set those rubies in the green fields of Messland.

"Take nature at her word, even as the birds that trust her, and so toil and sing, though snows have drifted to the heart of May. Look not abroad for token that the end is near. No telescopic ray shall e'er desecrate time's brown October; but when the birds forget to build their summer home, and bless the woods; when roses lose their fragrance and their flush, when on just such another scroll of mossy landscape, as we are reading now, no promises are made, then know that earnest Nature has wearied of her work, and seeks a Holiday at last."—*Chicago Journal.*

#### The Utah Expedition—Official report from Col. Johnston.

HEAD QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF UTAH,  
Camp Scott, January 4, 1859.

MAJOR: I have the honor herewith to transmit a return of the troops in the field in this department under my immediate command for the month of December, 1857. Not an incident of any military importance has transpired since my last communication, and I have the pleasure to acquaint you with the excellent condition and fine health of the troops.

Accompanying this communication I send a copy of a letter dated 2d ultimo, at Fort Laramie, from the commander, Major Lynde. You will perceive from a perusal of it that there is serious cause to apprehend that there will be a great, if not an entire, deficiency of draught animals to bring on the three months' supply at that post, intended for the army of Utah, and due here by the 1st of June, though it is expected that the rations on hand will last some ten or fifteen days beyond that date.

It is desirable that these supplies should reach here by the 15th of May, to enable the army, if then prepared in other respects, to advance with a good supply of provisions on hand—at least enough to last until the annual supply can reach the main body.

I will order Major Lynde to report directly to general headquarters, by this express, what proportion of the draught oxen of Russell & Co., (contractors) can be relied upon for the transportation of supplies to us in the spring; and should there be a deficiency, it can only be supplied, in time, from Fort Leavenworth, in this way, and there must be activity in the agents of the quartermaster's department to accomplish it. The requisite number of mules, (not two years old or three) must be purchased and sent forward as soon in the month of March as possible. Each team of six mules should haul the subsistence from Leavenworth necessary to sustain it, and two other mules to Laramie, which latter will be useful to replace sick and tired mules at Laramie. On their arrival they will have exhausted their forage, but it is hoped some may be had there; if not, that the grass will then be sufficient to sustain draught animals for short marches through to this place, or to headquarters, and I recommend, not for this service only, but whenever public teams are sent out to the frontier, that at least two extra mules be sent with each team. With such means of relief to lame, sick or tired mules, many valuable animals can be preserved for the public service, which, without a provision of this kind, would be lost.

The greater number of soldiers now on the sick report have been rendered unfit for duty by "frost bite"—a source of suffering to which those who, in this climate, have no other covering for the feet than leather shoes, are very liable when on guard or marching in snow. I have thought that in view of preserving the efficiency of the soldiery during the winter months, as well as to prevent much suffering, the government ought to provide a pair of buffalo over-shoes for each man serving in this climate, and have accordingly approved of the admission of that item in the annual estimate of the chief quartermaster; and, also, of a full allowance of Sibley tents, as a means of protection to the troops against the inclemency of the season, and of health and comparative comfort. The Sibley tent is a good substitute for a hut, with the advantage of using it in all localities, well sheltered from cold and prevailing winds.

Herewith I send you a drawing of the field works, thrown up under the direction of Lieut. Webb and Kensil, for the protection of the depot at Bridger's fort. The zeal, perseverance, and skill displayed by them in the execution of the works, under unfavorable circumstances, and the cheerful alacrity of the non-commissioned officers and men under them, in the performance of their duties during severely cold weather, is worthy of much praise.

I have just heard that a soldier who was then acting as hospital steward of the 10th Infantry, and was taken prisoner by the Mormons early in October, and who has been released and per-