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HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

SEPTEMBER, 1842.

Sept.—The following is from the Times and Seasons of September 1st:—

"Let none suppose that God is angry with his saints because he suffers the hand of persecution to come upon them; he chasteneth those whom he loveth, and trieth and proveth every son and daughter, that they may be as gold seven times purified. Rejoice then ye saints of the Most High, for the God of Abraham is your God, and he will deliver you from all your enemies; seek diligently to know his will, and observe to do it; be zealous in the cause of truth, in building up the kingdom of Christ upon the earth, in rearing up the Temple of God at Nauvoo, and in all works of righteousness. And say not, 'the Lord delayeth his coming,' for behold, the day draweth near, the hour approacheth, be ye ready.

Be virtuous, be just, be honorable, be full of faith, love, and charity, pray much and be patient, wait a little season and the voice of God shall thunder from the heavens, his voice shall be very terrible, then the wicked shall tremble and fall back, they shall be taken in their own snares and fall into the pits which they have digged for others; but the just shall live by faith, and shall shine forth as the stars in the firmament, their glory shall be as the brightness of the sun, for they are Gods.

WILLIAM LAW."

Friday, 2.—Spent the day at home. A report reached the city this afternoon, that the Sheriff was on his way to Nauvoo with an armed force.

Saturday, 3.—In the morning at home, in company with John Boynton.

A letter was received from Mr. Hollister to the effect that the Missourians were again on the move, and that two requisitions were issued, one on the Governor of this State and the other on the Governor of Iowa. Their movements were represented as being very secret and resolute. Soon after 12 o'clock, Pitman the Deputy Sheriff and two other men came into the house. It had appeared that they had come up the river side, and hitched their horses below the Nauvoo House, and then proceeded on foot, undiscovered until they got into the house. When they arrived, President Joseph was in another apartment of the house, eating dinner with his family. John Boynton happened to be the first person discovered by the Sheriffs, and they began to ask him where Mr. Smith was. He answered that he saw him early in the morning; but did not say that he had seen him since.

While this conversation was passing, President Joseph passed out at the back door, and through the corn in his garden to Mr. Newell K. Whitney's. He went up stairs, and undiscovered. Meantime Sister Emma went and conversed with the Sheriffs. Pitman said he wanted to search the house for Mr. Smith. In answer to a question by sister Emma, he said he had no warrant authorizing him to search, but insisted upon searching the house. She did not refuse, and accordingly they searched through, but to no effect.

This is another testimony and evidence of the mean, corrupt, illegal proceedings of our enemies. Notwithstanding the constitution of the United States says, Article 4th, "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated; and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

Yet these men audaciously, impudently, and altogether illegally demanded, and searched the house of President Joseph, even without any warrant or authority whatever. Being satisfied that he was not in the house, they departed. They appeared to be well armed, and, no doubt, intended to take him either dead or alive; which we afterwards heard they had said they would do; but the Almighty again delivered his servant from their blood thirsty grasp.

It is rumored that there are fifteen men in the city along with the Sheriffs, and that they dined together to-day at Amos Davis'. Soon after sun down Thomas King and another person arrived at the house and demanded to search, which they immediately did, but finding nothing they also went towards Davis's. Some of them were seen about afterwards, but at about 10 o'clock all was quiet.

It is said that they started from Quincy yesterday, expecting and fully determined to reach Nauvoo in the night, and fall upon the house unawares, but report says, they lost the road, and got scattered away one from another, and could not get along until daylight. This, in all probability is true, as they appeared much fatigued, and complained of being weary and sore from riding.

President Joseph, accompanied by brother Erastus H. Derby, left brother Whitney's about 9 o'clock, and went to brother Edward Hunter's, where he was welcomed, and made comfortable by the family; and where he can be kept safe from the hands of his enemies.

Sunday, 4.—Hyrum Smith and William Law left for the Eastern States.

Monday, 5.—The sisters wrote as follows:—

"To his Excellency Thomas Carlin, Governor of the State of Illinois:—

We the undersigned members of the Nauvoo Relief Society, and Ladies of Nauvoo hearing many reports concerning mobs, threats of extermination, and other excitement, set on foot by John C. Bennett, calculated to disturb the peace, happiness and well being of this community, have taken the liberty to petition your Excellency for protection.

It may be considered irrelevant for Ladies to petition your Excellency on the above named subject, and may be thought by you Sir, to be officious, and that it would be more becoming for our husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons to engage in this work, and in our defence. This, Sir, we will admit in ordinary cases, is right, and that it would be more consistent with the delicacy of the female character to be silent, but on occasions like the present, that our desires for the peace of society, the happiness of our friends, the desire to save the lives of our husbands, our fathers, our brothers, our children, and our own lives, will be a sufficient palliation in the estimation of your Excellency for the step we have taken in presenting this petition in support of the one already sent your Excellency by the male inhabitants of this city.

We would respectfully represent to your Excellency that we have not yet forgotten the scenes of grief, misery, and woe, that we had to experience from the hands of ruthless and blood thirsty mobs in the State of Missouri—the cap of misery was prepared by lying, slander and misrepresentation, it was wrong out and filled by tyranny and oppression; and by a ruthless inhuman mob. We had to drink it to the dregs.

Your Excellency will bear with us if we remind you of the cold blooded atrocities, that we witnessed in that State, our bosoms heave with horror, our eyes are dim, our knees tremble, our hearts are faint when we think of their horrid deeds, and if the petitions of our husbands, brothers, fathers, and sons, will not answer with your Excellency, we beseech you to remember that of their wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters; let the voice of injured innocence in Missouri speak, let the blood of our fathers, our brothers, our sons and daughters speak, let the tears of the widows, the orphans, the maimed, the impoverished speak, and let the injuries sustained by fifteen thousand innocent, robbed, spoiled, persecuted and injured people speak; let the tale of our woe be told, let it be told without varnish, prejudice, or color, and we are persuaded there is no heart but will be softened, no feelings but will be affected, and no person but will flee to our relief.

Far be it from us to accuse your Excellency of obduracy, or injustice; we believe you to be a humane, feeling, benevolent and patriotic man, and therefore we appeal to you.

Concerning John C. Bennett, who is trying with other political demagogues to disturb our peace, we believe him to be an unvirtuous man, and a most consummate scoundrel, a stirrer up of sedition, and a vile wretch, unworthy the attention or notice of any virtuous man, and his published statements concerning Joseph Smith, are barefaced, unblushing falsehoods.

We would further recommend to your Excellency concerning Joseph Smith, that we have the utmost confidence in him, as being a man of virtue, integrity, honesty, truth, and patriotism, we have never either in public or private heard him teach any principles, but the principles of virtue and righteousness, and so we have knowledge, we know him to be a pure, chaste, virtuous and godly man.

Under these circumstances we would petition your Excellency to exert your privilege in an official capacity, and not to suffer him (should he be demanded) to go into the State of Missouri, for we know that if he should, it would be the delivering up the innocent to be murdered—we would represent to your Excellency that we are a law abiding people, a virtuous people, and we would respectfully refer your Excellency to the official documents of this State during our three years residence in it, in proof of this; if we transgress laws, we are willing to be tried by those laws, but we dread mobs, we dread illegal process, we dread fermentation, calumny, and lies, knowing that our difficulties in Missouri first commenced with these things.

We pray that we may not be delivered into the hands of mob or illegal proceedings of the militia, but that we may have the privilege of self defence in case of attack—without having to contend with legalized mobs as in Missouri, and we therefore appeal to the honor, philanthropy, justice, benevolence, and patriotism of your Excellency, to afford us all legal protection, and to grant us our request, and we as in duty bound will ever pray."

THE FAMILY--HOME SCENES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I'll not live in this way!" exclaimed Mrs. Lyon passionately. "Such disorder, wrangling and irregularity rob me of my peace, and make the house a bedlam, instead of a quiet home." "Tom," she spoke sharply to a bright little fellow who was pounding away with a wooden hammer on a chair, and making a most intolerable din,

"stop that noise this instant! And you, Em, not a word from your lips. If you can't live in peace with your sister, I'll separate you! D'ye hear? hush this instant!"

"Then make Jule give me my pin-cushion; she's got it in her pocket!"

"It's no such thing, I haven't," retorted Julie.

"You have, I say!"

"I tell you I haven't," retorted Julia.

"Will you hush?" The face of Mrs. Lyon was fiery red, and she stamped upon the floor as she spoke.

"I want my pin-cushion. Make Julie give me my pin-cushion."

Irritated beyond control, Mrs. Lyon caught Julia by the arm, and thrusting her hand in her pocket, drew out a thimble, a piece of lace and a pen-knife.

"I told you it wasn't there; couldn't you believe me?"

This impertinence was more than the mother could endure, and acting upon her indignant impulses, she boxed the ears of Julia soundly; conscious at the same time that Emily was chiefly to blame for all this trouble by a wrong accusation of her sister, she turned upon her also, administering an equal punishment. The younger children, whose incessant noise for the last hour had contributed to the overthrow of their mother's temper, being frightened by all this, became suddenly quiet, and skulked away into corners; and the baby, which was seated on the floor, between two pillows, curved her quivering lips and glanced fearfully up at the distorted face in which she had been used to see the love-light that made her heaven.

A deep quiet followed this burst of passion, like the hush which succeeds the storm. Alas for the evil traces that were left behind! Alas for the repulsive image of that mother, daguerreotyped in an instant, on the memory of her children, and never to be effaced. How many, many times, in after years, will not a sigh heave their bosoms, as that painful reflection looks out upon them from amid the dear remembrances of childhood.

A woman of good impulses, but with scarcely any self-control, was Mrs. Lyon. She loved her children and desired their good. That they showed so little forbearance—one with the other manifested so little fraternal affection, grieved her deeply.

"My whole life is made unhappy by it," she would often say. "What is to be done?" It is dreadful to think of a family growing up in discord and disunion. Sister at variance with sister, and brother lifting his hand against brother.

As was usual after an ebullition of passion, Mrs. Lyon deeply depressed in spirits, as well as discouraged, retired from her family to grieve and weep. Lifting the frightened baby from the floor, she drew its head tenderly against her bosom, and leaving the nursery, sought the quiet of her own room. There, in repentance and humiliation, she recalled the stormy scene through which she had just passed, and blamed herself for yielding blindly to passion, instead of meeting the trouble among her children with a quiet discrimination.

To weeping, calmness succeeded. Still she was perplexed in mind, as well as grieved at her own want of self-control. What was to be done with her children? How were they to be governed aright? Painfully did she feel her own unfitness for the task.

By this time the baby was asleep, and the mother felt something like that tranquil peace which every true mother knows, when a young babe is slumbering on her bosom. A book lay on a shelf, near where she was sitting, and Mrs. Lyon, scarcely conscious of the fact, reached out her hand for the volume. She opened, without feeling any interest in its contents; but she had read only a few sentences, when this remark arrested her attention:

"All right government of children begins with self-government."

The words seemed written for her, and the truth expressed was elevated instantly into perception. She saw it in the clearest light, and closed the book and bowed her head in sad acknowledgment of her own errors.

Thus for some time she had been sitting, when the murmur of voices from below grew more and more distinct, and she was soon aroused to the painful fact that, as usual, when left alone, the children were wrangling among themselves. Various noises, as of pounding on and throwing about chairs and other pieces of furniture, were heard—and at length a loud scream, mingled with angry vociferations, smote upon her ears.

Indignation swelled instantly in the heart of Mrs. Lyon. Hurriedly placing the sleeping babe in its crib, she started for the scene of disorder, moved by an impulse to punish severely the young rebels against authority, and was half way down the stairs, when her feet were checked by a remembrance of the sentiment—"All right government of children begins with self-government."

"Will anger subdue anger? When the storm meets storm is the tempest stilled?" These were questions asked of herself, almost involuntarily. "This is no spirit in which to meet my children. It never has, never will enforce order and obedience," she added, as she stood upon the stairs struggling with herself, and striving for the victory. From the nursery came louder sounds of

disorder. How weak the mother felt! Yet in this very weakness was strength.

A few moments did Mrs. Lyon stand looking at her children—grief, not anger, upon her countenance. How still all became. What a look of wonder came gradually into the children's faces, as they glanced one at the other. Something of shame was next visible. And now, the mother was conscious of a new power over the young rebels of her household.

"Emily," said she, speaking mildly, and yet with a touch of sorrow in her voice she could not subdue, "I wish you would go up into my room, and sit with Mary while she sleeps."

Without a sign of opposition, or even of reluctance, Emily went quietly from the nursery, in obedience to her mother's desires.

"This room is very much in disorder, Julia." Many times had Mrs. Lyon said, under like circumstances, "Why don't you put things to rights?" or, "I never saw such girls! If all in the room was topsy-turvy, and the floor an inch thick with dirt, you'd never turn over a hand to put things in order," or, "Go and get the broom this minute and sweep up the room. You're the laziest girl that ever lived."

Many, many times, as we have said, had such language been addressed by Mrs. Lyon, under like circumstances, to Julia and her sisters, without producing anything but a grumbling, partial execution of her wishes. But now the mild intimation that the room was in disorder, produced all the effects desired. Julia went quickly about the work of restoring things to their right places, and in a few minutes order was apparent where confusion reigned before.

Little Tommy, whose love of hammering was an incessant annoyance to his mother, ceased his din on her sudden appearance, and for a few moments stood in expectation of boxed ears; for a time he was puzzled to understand the new aspect of affairs. Finding that he was not under the ban, as usual, he commenced slapping a stick over the top of an old table, making a most ear-piercing noise. Instantly Julia said in a low voice to him:

"Don't Tommy, don't do that. You know it makes mother's head ache."

"Does it make your head ache, mother?" asked the child, curiously, and with a pitying tone in his voice, as he came creeping up to his mother's side, and looking at her, as if in doubt whether he would be repulsed or not.

"Sometimes it does, my son," replied Mrs. Lyon, kindly, "and it is always unpleasant. Won't you try to play without making so much noise?"

"Yes, mother, I'll try," answered the little fellow, cheerfully. "But I'll forget sometimes."

He looked earnestly at his mother, as if something more was in his thoughts.

"Well, dear, what else?" said she encouragingly.

"When I forget, you'll tell me, won't you?"

"Yes, love."

"And then I'll stop. But don't scold me, mother, for then I can't stop."

Mrs. Lyon's heart was touched. She caught her breath, and bent her face down to conceal its expression, until it rested on the silken hair of the child.

"Be a good boy, Tommy, and mother will never scold you any more," she murmured gently in his ear.

His arms stole upward, and as they were twined closely about her neck, he pressed his lips tightly against her cheek, thus sealing his part of the contract with a kiss.

How sweet to the mother's taste were those first fruits of self-control. In the effort to govern herself, what a power had she acquired. In stilling the tempest of passion in her own bosom, she had poured the oil of peace over the storm-fretted hearts of her children.

Only first fruits were these. In all her after days did that mother strive with herself, ere she entered into a contest with the inherited evils of her children, and just so far she was able to overcome evil in them. Often, very often, did she fall back into old states, and often, very often, was self-resistance only a slight effort, but the feeble influence for good that flowed from her words or actions whenever this was so, warned her of error, and prompted a more vigorous self-control. Need it be said that she had an abundant reward?

A western writer thinks that if the proper way of spelling tho is though, and ate eight, and bo bean, the proper way of spelling potatoes is Poughtteightaux. The new spelling for setly is psonghleigh.

A coxcomb, talking of the transmigration of souls, said, "In the time of Moses, I have no doubt I was the golden calf." "Very likely," replied a lady; "time has robbed you of nothing but the gilding."

The best capital for young men to start with in life, is industry, good sense, courage, and the fear of God. It is better than all the friends or cash that was ever raised.

KANSAS WHEAT.—The heavy rains in Kansas in the first week in August, seriously injured the wheat crop. It was cut, but not stacked.

"Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes her."