

[From the Cincinnati Commercial, June 17.]

The Mormon Hegira

There can be no spectacle so well calculated to excite feelings of the deepest pity as that of a whole people leaving their homes, the places where they have resided for years, the houses, the gardens and the fire-sides, endeared to them by a thousand fond recollections, and wandering off into the wilderness in search of places to begin anew. Whatever may be the motive for such an emigration, the act itself is one that cannot be contemplated without emotion. Men do not readily leave their possessions, the comforts which years of labor have gathered around them, the thousand sources of innocent pleasure which they have constructed and cultivated, and with wives and children seek new homes in a desert, without some powerful and controlling motive that relates to the very foundation of their moral being.

The exodus of a whole people is now being exhibited in Utah. The Mormons are on the move in search of new lands whereon to live in peace—of places where they may hope to worship God in the way that they deem to be right. What are the motives for the movement, we can know but in part. That they are, in the minds of the parties most interested, entirely adequate, we may judge from the effect. We may say that it is fanaticism. It is easy to call things by hard names, but their application does nothing to solve the problem.

Fanaticism alone does not drive men, women and children from their pleasant homes to find shelter in bleak mountains. We may say that they misapprehend the purpose of the government toward them. Who knows? Who knows that the government has any fixed purpose whatever? Who knows that it is not as treacherous, as cruel, as much bent upon violence as it appears to be? A single civil officer conquered Utah, and yet there is a large army marching upon the Territory. That army—it has been said publicly—is not merely a posse, to aid to preserve the peace in an integral portion of the United States. It is a band of religious missionaries, having a doctrinal calling: to convert a people from a false religious faith—a people outlawed and denaturalized in order to be fitted for its extremist ministrations—a sacrament of blood. It has been said, and is said now, and that not merely in prints in the interest of the Administration, that the continuance of the Mormons within the territory of the United States is incompatible with our moral purity.

Within a few days the New York Tribune, with the owliness that suits so well to its peculiar kind of unwholesome stupidity, has seriously discussed the question, What shall be done with the Mormons?—assuming it is a conceded point, that they were either to be converted, cut off, or driven out. The idea has been that they were not merely rebellious subjects of our government, but heaven-defying and hell-deserving reprobates, with nothing but a doubtful forbearance between them and utter extermination. There has been no party, scarcely a press, in the States, to utter a protest against any manner of persecution that might be meted out in their case. The pulpit, professing to speak in the name of a God of mercy and of love, has cried out upon them. Knowing all this—and they do know it—is it any wonder that they are afraid? Ignorant, with the recollection of past suffering strong upon them, cut off from regular means of communication, and their ears filled with vague rumors, is it remarkable that there should be a panic? On the contrary, is there not—knowing all that we do—something yet to fear? Let us remember how much less they know, and how much more they have reason to apprehend, and we shall wonder little at their terrors. 'All that a man hath will he give for his life,' and that the people of Utah think themselves to be fleeing for that which is as dear to them as their lives, there are the strongest reasons to believe. They know that they have been slandered—charged with crimes of which they are not guilty—held up to the abhorrence of the world as monsters of general and individual wickedness; and feeling their want of the opportunity to vindicate, and their want of the power to defend, they take the only course that is left to them, and go into exile.

The picture of a thriving settlement abandoned to desolation, of itself, is sorrowful enough; but this but a little. Houses left tenantless, gardens neglected, here and there a domestic animal without an owner, fields unplanted or unreaped, buildings exhibiting the symptoms of that decay which follows so soon upon the heels of desertion—all these are inducements to melancholy reflection. They are emblems; but who can paint the sadder realities which they signify—the stern sorrow of men, the convulsive agony of women, the clamorous grief of children, turning their backs upon the sacredest thing on earth, home, and forever going forth outcasts, with—so far as they who profess to hold the authority are able to make it so—the curse of God upon their heads; and with scarce, in the whole world, a spoken voice of sympathy for their troubles, or pity for their sufferings. Surely great sin is great sorrow; and if these poor people are the dreadful criminals that James Buchanan and Horace Greeley pronounce them to be—so naked and forlorn in the sight of God, and so obnoxious to his anger and his judgment—there should be here and there one who, conscious of imperfection in himself, can commiserate the burden of sin and shame and misery that rests upon them, and be inclined to pray for their forgiveness as he hopes to be forgiven. Let God be just, and punish if he will; but let the hand of man be light upon his erring brother. We know not what we do when we assume to sit in the seat of the All-wise, and pronounce the decrees of the justiciary of heaven. The thunderbolt is safest in the hand of Him who called it into being; and to record and execute a perfect judgment is only the part of a perfect people. We are in no condition to do it.

'It's so Easy.'

'It's so easy for a woman to be good natured! What cares has she beyond the hearth of home? Man goes forth to fight the battle of life all day long, while she sits quietly by the fireside. What excuse has she, then, for wearing aught but a smiling face to greet his return?'—[All the exchanges!]

Well, here's an audacious piece of cold-blooded heresy! Who would have thought that such a paragraph would have been going the rounds of the public newspapers in such an age of enlightenment as this—in the full noontide glow of the nineteenth century—under the very shadow of forty Woman's Rights Associations?

That paragraph was written by a man, depend on it! No woman ever penned such a piece of outrageous unreasonableness. It bears all the marks of its masculine origin—it is exceedingly like its father, in fact: a man, and a bachelor—an old one, perhaps, and at all events a sour one. We know just how he looks—snuff-dried-solemn and sententious, and if ever we meet him on Broadway we shall identify him straightway, and take him to task for the above expression of his cankered sentiments!

'It's so easy!' is it, sir? Much you know about it. Don't we wish we were your wife?—no, we don't either. Providence preserve us from such a direful fate as that! but don't we wish you and womankind could just exchange 'spheres' for a few hours, to give you a chance to find out who it is occupies the vanguard of the 'battle of life'? We would cheerfully give up our very prettiest new bonnet for the privilege of taking a sly peep at you under those circumstances. Shouldn't we like to hear and see you grumbling because the tea-kettle has boiled over and burned your fingers?—shouldn't we enjoy seeing you dodge helplessly between the cradle and the frizzling mutton chop on the fire, and wouldn't it be the height of human bliss, premising that 'Biddy' had gone round the corner after a sixpennyworth of mustard, to behold your look of consternation on hearing the door bell announce a carriage-load of fashionable visitors just as you had plunged over-wrist-band-deep into the brine barrel in search of a small parallelogram of pork which contrives to elude your touch as deftly as if it were alive and instinct with mischief!

Oh, no! this is nothing at all! The idea of losing your temper at such petty provocations as these! Who but a woman would be such a fool!

'It's so easy for a woman to be good natured,' eh? Yes, we suppose it is, under these brilliantly favorable occasions, for the woman whose brain is patterned after the slow-ticking Connecticut clock—who is content to trot round and round in the treadmill of home duties, like that wretched horse who saws wood at railroad stations everywhere. But did it ever occur to you, Mr. Philosopher, that women now-a-days aspired to be more than mere aimless household drudges? Didn't you know that the race of basques and bonnets have brains almost as good as yours? It sounds ridiculous, don't it? but nevertheless it is a well-established fact.

'It's so easy?' Yes, who couldn't be good-natured? What cares has she, except to tend a crying and feverish baby; hear Johnny's lessons; mend that yawning rent in Mr. Smith's pantaloons; look over the pile of undarned stockings; sweep the sitting-room, because Betty has chosen this blue Monday morning to fall sick on; order the marketing; see that the preserves haven't fermented; take all Mr. Smith's new shirts to pieces, because the collars are a quarter of an inch too high and the sleeves are two hair-breadths higher on the shoulder than they ought to have been; build up the defunct kitchen fire; settle the quarrel between Johnny and Matilda Ann; take care that the washerwomen don't rub the clothes to tatters or drop her old pipe into the bowl of starch; give Jimmy a slice of bread-and-butter; go into the parlor to receive a 'morning-call,' agreeably diversified by the crash of china below stairs and the squalling of the baby overhead; make half a dozen beds; take up the grease-spot where husband knocked over the bottle of hair-oil on the velvet carpet this morning; put off the demands of the clamorous errand boy who presents the bill for Mr. Smith's last box of cigars; and finally to descend, worn and weary, into the kitchen to discover that the perfidious marketman hasn't sent the articles ordered, and that she will have to fall back on the housekeeper's refuge—ham!

Now we just want to know—what earthly excuse has this woman for wearing aught but a smile to greet her husband's return?

Home comes Mr. Smith to dinner, with a couple of friends—it's to be presumed that the Battle of Life progresses tolerably well, for all three are smoking fragrant Havanas.

Husband looks black as an overcharged thunder-cloud at wife during the whole of dinner-time, and no sooner do the 'friends' depart than he explodes.

'Isn't this enough to drive a man distracted, Mrs. Smith? Nothing but that everlasting ham for dinner—potatoes water-soaked—bread sour—no pudding nor pie, when you know I can't make out my dinner without 'em! What do I give you the housekeeping money for, eh? And what do you suppose Jones and Jenkins thought of that baby screaming up-stairs all dinner-time, and Johnny roaring in the hall? Pretty government you have over the children!'

Mrs. Smith tries to apologize—murmurs out something about the baby's teething and Johnny's festered finger, but Mr. S.'s virtuous indignation isn't thus to be cooled off, and he bangs out of the house with an emphasis that makes the front door start on its hinges.

Poor Mrs. Smith! She boxes Matilda Ann's ears, shuts Johnny in the closet, and actually sits down to have a good cry. How absurdly weak! when it's so easy for a woman to be good-natured!

Meanwhile Mr. Smith—the representative of masculine cares and responsibilities—is fighting

that Battle down town in a big arm-chair, his feet elevated on his desk at an angle of forty-five degrees, a cigar in his mouth, and the evening paper before him.

Home he comes at length, after keeping his wife and the tea waiting until both are considerably the worse for wear. 'Cold tea again! This is the second time this has happened in a week—and the muffins as heavy as lead. Upon my word you'll drive me to drink at this rate!'

He indulges in a twilight smoke on the balcony, while his wife, tired and faint, is putting the little Smith-kins to bed up stairs. He wonders, pettishly, why his wife couldn't come down and play for him—she knows he is so fond of music. 'What is the reason that women never practice after they are married?'

He has purchased a ticket for the opera—didn't get any for his wife—didn't think she would care to go, and, to tell the truth, never once thought of her! Brushes his hair extra; ties on his gayest neckerchief; wonders if Georgina and Martin will be there—amazing pretty girl that. If he wasn't a married man, now—by all the powers of Persepolis! here's a button gone from his best white waistcoat!

He rushes madly up-stairs, where his wife, after an hour's course of rocking, lullaby, and singing, has at length succeeded in soothing the fretful baby into a sort of doze, and bawls out, fortissimo, 'S-u-s-a-n! Why, Susan! as sure as I live you've forgotten to sew this button on! Is this what you call being a wife?'

Baby starts into full activity and begins to war like a cag of young lions, kicking its small feet and hands into more a gles than ever Davies' Geometry contained—wife, discouraged and heart-sick, bursts into tears likewise, and husband, with something very like a smothered oath, shoots down stairs, assumes coat and jacket, and strides off down street in a towering rage!

But all this is nothing! These are mere trifles. 'For it's so easy for a woman to be good-natured. What cares has she, beyond the hearth of home? Man goes forth to fight the Battle of Life all day long, while she sits quietly by the fireside. What excuse, then, has she for wearing aught but a smiling face to greet his return?' [at eleven o'clock P. M., his breath strongly perfumed with sherry cobbles!—[Mrs. George Washington Wyllys, in Life Illustrated.]

FRIDAY.—On Friday, August 21, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery.

On Friday, October 12, 1492, he first discovered land.

On Friday, January 4, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which, if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast continent.

On Friday, March 15, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety.

On Friday, November 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, in his second voyage to America.

On Friday, June 13, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America.

On Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VII. of England, gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America.—This is the first American State paper in England.

On Friday, September 7, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States by more than forty years.

On Friday, November 10, 1620, the May Flower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown; and on the same day they signed that august compact, the forerunner of our present glorious constitution.

On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing at Plymouth Rock.

On Friday, February 22, 1732, George Washington, the father of American freedom, was born.

On Friday, June 16, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified.

On Friday, October 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause.

On Friday, September 22, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, which saved us from destruction.

On Friday, October 19, 1781, the surrender of Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms, occurred.

On Friday, July 4, 1776, the motion in Congress was made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United States Colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent. Thus, by numerous examples, we see that, however it may be with foreign nations, Americans need never dread to begin on Friday any undertaking, however momentous it may be.—[Timb's Popular Errors Explained.]

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT TUAM, IRELAND.

Thursday, the 3d inst., having been the festival of Corpus Christi, great numbers were to be seen entering Tuam, to witness the usual procession of the 'Host.' About one o'clock the procession appeared. The host was carried by Dr. M'Hale, under an ornamented canopy, borne by four ecclesiastics, surrounded by a few priests, in rich vestments, preceded and followed by trains of nuns and young girls. When the procession approached the leading entrance, accompanied by a large crowd of persons, with hats off, it was met by the Rev. C. H. Seymour, holding a Testament in his hand, who, when the procession drew near the gate, advanced toward Dr. M'Hale and said, 'I am the minister of Jesus Christ in Tuam, and as such I do solemnly protest against this idolatrous ceremony, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

'I do also declare that 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth,' and that every one who is a sharer in

this idolatrous ceremony is guilty of a sin which will keep him from the kingdom of Heaven.'—On this an official said 'This is the Ark of the Covenant,' and another, 'We have Jesus Christ here.' Mr. Seymour replied, 'Jesus Christ is in Heaven, at the right hand of God, and not there; and it is idolatry to worship God under an image.' An attempt was now made to close the gate by an order of some one in the crowd.—This order was afterward countermanded and the gate thrown open. When the procession returned toward the chapel, an animated conversation took place between Mr. Seymour and some of the people, while others hooted. Soon after Mr. Seymour left, without having been molested by the crowd.—[Irish Paper.]

TEACHING ANIMALS.—The farmer is the 'schoolmaster' of his herds. They are in the habit of doing daily as he allows them to do.—They show training, or the want of it. They fly at his approach, or welcome him. They are gentle, or not, as he teaches them to be. They watch his feet, as if he is accustomed to kicking them. They kick back if he allows it. Nothing adds to the market value of farm stock more materially, with so little cost, as the habits acquired in youth. The cow, the horse, the ox, and the dog are valued according to their habits or education—so is a man. The horse is frequently carefully trained—so is a dog; the ox and cow are as frequently 'walloped into duty' as a y way. I can not see the propriety in offering premiums for well-trained speed horses, and not for plow or draught horses, or oxen and well trained-cows. In real importance to the farmer, the latter are far preferable. I would wish to urge upon the farmer, and the farmer's sons, the importance of careful, thorough training of all farm animals. Use them tenderly and gently, at all ages, and you will see them manifest pleasure, rather than fear, at your presence. In teaching them to work, or to perform any duty, you need to be thorough, not harsh—kind, not cruel—and your forbearance will gain their labor, and your kindness their love.—[Cor. of the Genesee Farmer.]

HARNESS BLACKING.—I send the following recipe for making harness blacking, which I have used constantly:—Take two ounces of beeswax, and cut as thin as possible; cover it with turpentine, and let it remain until dissolved; and add one ounce of ivory black and a teaspoonful of sweet oil. Mix well together. If it gets too stiff add a little more turpentine.—[London Field.]

RADFORD, CABOT & CO.,
SUTLERS 5th Regt. Infantry, U. S. A., are in receipt of their Spring Stock of GOODS, to which they invite the attention of the citizens of this Territory, at the old stand of Mr. Howard.
Great Salt Lake City, U. T., }
5th August, 1858. } 24-26*

ROPES AND TWINE.
W. A. McMMASTER, Rope and Twine Manufacturer, Lasso, girth and net weaver, has again commenced business at his old stand, 11th Ward, G. S. L. City, and those that have hemp, flax, horse or ox hair, or the tails, and want any of the above worked on shares or in any other way, he is on hand to do it. 25-4

JOHN B. MAIBEN,
HOUSE and Commission Agent, has for rent or sale two or three stores in Main street, G. S. L. City; also several houses in good locations, and other desirable property. Enquire at his office, adjoining Geo. Cronyn's new provision store. 26tf

SETTLE UP.
ISAIAH HUNTSMAN takes this method of informing all those who are indebted to him for BLACKSMITHING that he wishes them to call and settle up their accounts immediately. A prompt settlement of these debts will oblige him, as he intends to build and make other improvements, but can not do so until this outstanding means is paid in.
Fillmore City, Aug. 16th, 1858. 24tf

LOOK OUT!
STRAYED from my encampment on Provo bottom, in June last, one red line-back OX, red and white hairs mixed in the face, about five or six years old, branded W B on right hip. Any person delivering said ox to me or giving information about him will be liberally rewarded.
Residence on middle county road, near Big Cottonwood, South Cottonwood ward, G. S. L. County.
26-3 WILLIAM BOYES.

LOST!
A TWO-YEAR old black and white HEIFER; she went out with the rest of my cattle during my stay at Mountainville, on the morning of 19th of June; since that time I have never heard of nor seen her. She was two year old last spring; has some white on the hips, little on the back, black sides, neck and head; short in the legs; brand on the left hip B V, brand upside down like unto this, g A; a hole in one ear, believe it is the right ear. Whoever can give me any information of her whereabouts, I will reward for their trouble.
HENRY P. ROBBINS,
26-3 Kaysville, Davies county.

REMOVAL.
THE Subscribers wish to inform the public generally and their FRIENDS in particular, that they are still alive and in business, on East Temple street, below Cannon's Daguerrean Gallery, where if you will call, you will find their

Museum and Variety Store
open for the reception of customers, consisting of all the Varieties and Curiosities that have heretofore characterized their establishment, with many other additions too numerous to mention. (24-4) A. TAYLOR & SONS.

NOTICE.
WHEREAS, the Partnership hitherto carried on by Jennings & Winder having been dissolved, I take this opportunity of returning thanks to the public for the patronage bestowed upon us; and I also wish to give notice that the Tanning, Boot and Shoe Manufacturing, Saddle Making, &c., will be carried on in all its branches at the same old stand, and solicit inspection of my stock.
WILLIAM JENNINGS.

WANTED.—Bark, Hides, Oil, Tallow, Butter, Eggs, Pork, &c., for which the highest market price will be given. 21tf

NOTICE.
THE undersigned, having obtained a grant for the well-known Herd Ground, West of Bear River, in Box Elder County, propose taking from one to five thousand head of Horses, Cattle and Mules, to herd during the coming Fall and Winter.

For grass and water privileges, the Rancho is not surpassed by any in the Territory of Utah. The proprietors, being men of responsibility, as also experienced Herdsmen, expect to give entire satisfaction to all reasonable persons who may favor them with their patronage.
ABRAHAM HUNSAKER,
WILLIAM GODDARD.

Brigham City, Box Elder County, }
August 3d, 1858. } 24tf