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DEATH OF SISTER E. R. SNOW SMITH.

This morning (Dec. 5th) at five minutes past 1 o'clock, in her apartments in the Lion House, this city, there passed away to the Paradise of God, the spirit of one of the noblest, best and purest women that ever graced the earth—Eliza R. Snow Smith.

The news of this event will cause no surprise in the community, as it was generally known that the deceased had been gradually failing for the last year. She was not affected with any special disease, the complaint being simply a decline of the physical powers, superinduced by old age.

Sister Smith's case was a remarkable instance of the power of mind over matter, her mental clearness never forsaking her a moment; she was conscious up to within five minutes of the end. About ten o'clock Patriarch John Smith, who frequently called during her sickness, was by her bedside, and inquired if she recognized him. The customary smile lit up the beautiful countenance, and the reply came in clear and distinct tones—"Of course I do." He blessed her, and she expressed her thankfulness.

Among those who have been assiduous in attentions to her during her illness was Sister Zina D. H. Young. Her brother, Apostle Lorenzo Snow, has been with her a great deal, and was by her side when she breathed her last. Between the brother and sister there has ever existed a most exquisite affection, that has never been interrupted by any incident during the long course of their lives.

Aunt Eliza, as she was familiarly called, has felt for some time the probability of her passing to the sphere beyond, and that same resignation which characterized her course in all the dispensations of providence, was conspicuous in relation to her approaching dissolution. In the presence of the writer a few days ago, she said, in substance: "I have no choice as to whether I shall die or live. I am perfectly willing to go or stay, as our heavenly Father shall order. I am in His hands." While she spoke, her wonderfully lustrous dark eyes shone with more than earthly brightness, and as she conversed with those around her the native intelligence which has so strongly individualized her, was remarkably exhibited, considering the weakness of her body.

The deceased was slightly above medium height and slender build; her bearing was at once graceful and dignified. Hers was a noble countenance, the forehead being unusually high and expansive, and the features, of a slightly Hebrew cast, exquisitely cut as those of an artistic specimen of the sculptor's art. The most striking feature of all were those wonderful eyes, deep, penetrating, full of meaning and intelligence, often illumined with poetic fire. They were indeed the windows of a noble soul. Her conversation was charming, every word being distinctly articulated, while her sentences were admirably constructed. In speech and action she was thoughtful and deliberate. While of susceptible and delicate organism, and in every way womanly, she had great decision of character. So deep were her convictions and potent her sense of morality, that we believe she would more readily have surrendered her life than acted in opposition to them.

Deceased was the daughter of Oliver and Rosetta Leonora Pettibone Snow, and was born January 21st, 1804, in Becket, Berkshire County, Mass. She was consequently aged eighty-three years, ten months and fourteen days. She was the second in a family of seven children, and was of unmixed Puritan stock, all lines of her ancestry running back through pure streams of New England blood. The Snow family from which she was descended was of Massachusetts, while her mother's family, the Pettibones, was of Connecticut. During her infancy her parents removed to Mantua, (Portage County, Ohio, where five more children were born to them. Her father was a farmer by occupation, but much of his time was devoted to public business, and he was under the necessity of enlisting her services in the capacity of secretary, a species of employment for which her natural capabilities rendered her well adapted.

She was well skilled in household accomplishments, such as needlework and the like, but she possessed a literary talent which was destined to eclipse all commonplace acquirements. In early youth she began writing poems for various publications, and had won quite a reputation among some of the publishers whom she had

favoured with the productions of her pen. This is sufficiently attested by the circumstance of her being requested to write, for publication, a requiem for John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, whose simultaneous death, on the nation's natal day, 1826, afforded to the young authoress a theme well fitted for the lofty and patriotic spirit that always characterized her muse. The appearance of this poem, written when she was but twenty-two years of age, was an event that ushered her into fame.

She was thoroughly and carefully educated in the best schools of the region in which she was reared, and in her girlhood became acquainted with Alexander Campbell, the noted scholar and theologian, and founder of the Campbellite sect; and also with Walter Scott and Sidney Rigdon, able collaborators with Mr. Campbell. These were men of erudition, and they took pains to assist her in the study of the Scriptures, especially the prophecies of the old Testament. It is probable that her scriptural studies under their tuition, aided in preparing her mind to receive the Gospel in its fullness.

Early in the year 1835 Sister Eliza's elder sister visited the Saints at Kirtland, and was deeply impressed with their teachings. Her testimony caused Sister Eliza to fear that the news of the proclamation of the Gospel by the Prophet Joseph was too joyful to be true. She pursued her investigations for a short time, with increasing faith, and at length was baptized April 5th, 1835. In the following December she removed to Kirtland and became an inmate of the Prophet Joseph's household, boarding with his family and teaching a select school for young ladies.

On New Year's day, 1837, a painful scene took place in which she was the central figure, and which is virtually described in her poem "What It Is To Be a Saint." On that day she bade farewell to her home, the fond associations of youth and the flattering prospects that were opening before her, being fully determined to unite forever her fortunes with those of the persecuted Saints. It is supposed that she wrote the poem referred to at about this time, and that in it are shown forth mental struggles and experiences of her own. She returned to the home of the Prophet, became governess to his children, and was companion to his wife Emma for a number of years.

Her intimate association with Joseph the Seer, ripened into a holy consummation, and she, in the year 1843, became his wife, in accordance with the sacred ordinance of heaven, and the direct command of God to her husband. She thus became one of the first women in this dispensation to enter the sacred and divine order of plural marriage.

She generously gave her patrimony for the completion of the Kirtland Temple, and when the Saints there, yielding to the pressure of the persecution which raged with increased fierceness after the dedication of that structure, removed westward, she accompanied them, locating first at Far West and afterward at Adam-ondihman, in Missouri. To recount that portion of her life which was passed in Missouri, would be but to repeat the oft-told tale of persecution, wrong and outrage to which the Saints there were subjected. Suffice it to say that Sister Eliza bore a part in some of the most prominent and painful scenes that go to make up the history of those times, and shared in the exodus of the Saints to Illinois. She stopped for a short time at Quincy, and afterwards went to Lima, supporting herself by needlework.

In the summer of 1839 Sidney Rigdon sent for her to go to Nauvoo to teach his family school, and that city was her home until the expulsion from it of the people of her choice. During those years a lofty and prophetic as well as poetical inspiration seemed almost constantly to rest upon her, and shines forth in radiant power in the poems written by her during that period.

In the first organization of a Relief Society, effected in Nauvoo under the personal supervision of the Prophet Joseph Smith, Sister Eliza was chosen secretary; and in the organization of these same beneficent institutions in the various Stakes and Wards of the Church, since it located in the mountains, her's has been in her womanly sphere, the leading part. In connection with her labors among the Relief Societies, she was long and actively engaged in organizing the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement and Primary Associations, taking almost, if not quite as prominent, a part in the work of their establishment, as in that of the Relief Societies.

Early in February, 1846, Sister Smith crossed the Mississippi River, on the occasion of the third great exodus from their homes of her people since her connection with them. She was traveling with the family of Colonel Stephen Markham, a staunch friend of her husband's, and certain incidents and misfortunes occurred to the party which rendered it necessary for Sister Smith to drive an ox team from Mt. Pisgah to the Missouri River. At Winter Quarters she suffered terribly from exposure and sickness, and at one time lay high unto death. Early in June, 1847, she started from Winter Quarters, with the family of Brother Robert Pierce, and in the company led by Jedediah M. Grant, on the weary journey to Great Salt Lake Valley, following closely in the wake of the Pioneers. She arrived at her journey's end early in October. President Brigham Young provided her a home with his family immediately after her arrival,

and she thereafter continued an inmate of his household.

The inspiration which vitalized her pen, and brought from it words as imperishable as the language, was not suppressed even under the most trying and adverse circumstances; and at frequent intervals of her weary journey she produced poems of rare beauty.

Our sister is not dead; she simply sleeps, her intelligent part having gone to that bright sphere where the just await the time of their redemption, when there will be a reunion of the spirit with the body through the power of the resurrection. Having slept in peace, she has secured her title to be among the heavenly throng that will accompany the Lord of glory when He shall come to this creation to take the reigns of its government. She has gone to mingle with the righteous who have kept the faith; to associate with her husband, the great Prophet of the last dispensation, to whom she has shown a sublime devotion that will be appreciated in the eternities to come. She was beloved here, where the memory of her virtues will be cherished, so is she beloved in the sphere to which she has passed.

In a sense she is with us yet. The work she accomplished remains, and its fruits will multiply, as truth begets truth in an unceasing round. The part which she took under the direction of the Priesthood in organizing the little children, the young ladies, and the members of her sex of all ages, and forwarding the work of instruction amongst them still exists, and her spirit permeates all these beneficent associations. Her charitable deeds in administering to the sick, the afflicted and bowed down, still live and bear their fruits, and there are other noble spirits who will continue to carry forward the multiplication of good of the same nature. They have been her faithful associates and counselors while she was in life, and they will continue to emulate the virtues and noble traits with which her whole career has been fruitful to an extraordinary degree.

There was a marked harmony between the qualities of the heart and the gifts of the intellect of this remarkable woman. She was a poet of the first order, all her poetic products being of a most exalted character. Some of them are as sublime as ever were penned. One alone which has been sung times without number, would be sufficient to establish her fame in this direction. The opening lines are:

O my Father, Thou that dwellest
In the high and glorious place!
When shall I regain thy presence,
And again behold thy face!

In thy holy habitation,
Did my spirit once reside?
In my first primal childhood,
Was I nurtured near thy side?

The foregoing poetical embodiment of the doctrine of the pre-existence of spirits is not more striking than the thoughts enclosed in the concluding lines:

In the heavens are parents single?
No; the thought makes reason stare!
Truth is reason; truth eternal
Tells me I've a mother there.

The purity of her life and nature necessarily rendered her a fit medium through whom the Holy Ghost could manifest those gifts and graces of the Gospel of the Redeemer that characterized the disciple of the Church of Christ in ancient times and which also exist in it as revealed anew in this dispensation. It was delightful to the Saints to listen to the exercise by her of the gift of tongues, accompanied always by an influence of inexpressible sweetness and comfort, or to hear her give the interpretation of the manifestations of the same gift operating through herself and others. She also exhibited on occasions the prophetic power. The latest of her predictions in this regard was to the effect that a time of severe trial for the Saints was approaching, beyond which there was a glorious outcome for the faithful. It may be said concerning her that she was indeed "an elect lady."

The services over the remains of the esteemed deceased will be held in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, at 12 o'clock on Wednesday, December 7th. They will be conducted by President Angus M. Cannon. The latter has for many months been assiduous in kind attentions to her, calling upon her frequently and doing all in his power to smooth the declining days of one so highly respected.

It seems to us that a fitting conclusion to this article would be a beautiful poem from the pen of the deceased, which we understood it was her desire should be sung at her funeral, and we herewith present it:

BURY ME QUIETLY WHEN I DIE.

When my spirit ascends to the world above,
To unite with the choirs in celestial love,
Let the finger of silence control the bell,
To restrain the chime of a funeral knell,
Let no mourning strain—not a sound be heard.

By which a pulse of the heart is stirred—
No note of sorrow to prompt a sigh;
Bury me quietly when I die.

I am aiming to earn a celestial crown—
To merit a heavenly, pure renown;
And, whether in grave or in tomb I'm laid,
Beneath the tall oak or the cypress shade;
Whether at home with dear friends around;
Or in distant lands upon stranger ground—
Under wintry clouds or a summer sky;
Bury me quietly when I die.

What avail the parade and the splendor here,
To a legal heir to a heavenly sphere?
To the heirs of salvation what is the worth,
In their perishing state, their frail things of earth?
What is death to the good, but an entrance gate

That is placed on the verge of a rich estate
Where commissioned escorts are waiting
By?
Bury me quietly when I die.

On the "iron rod" I have laid my hold;
If I keep the faith, and like Paul of old
Shall have "fought the good fight" and
Christ the Lord

Has a crown in store with a full reward
Of the holy priesthood in fulness rife,
With the gifts and the powers of an endless
life,

And a glorious mansion for me on high;
Bury me quietly when I die.

When the orb of day sinks down in the west—
When its light reclines in the evening's crest—
When the lamp in the socket is low and dim—
When the cup of life is filled up to the brim—

When the golden Autumn's brief glass has run,
And gray Winter with whit'ning tread moves on—
When the arrow of death from its bow shall fly—
Bury me quietly when I die.

Like a beacon that rises o'er ocean's wave,
There's a light—there's a life beyond the grave;
The future is bright and it beckons me on
Where the noble and pure and the brave have gone;

Those who have battled for truth with their mind and might,
With their garments clean and their armor bright;
They are dwelling with God in a world on high;
Bury me quietly when I die.

A PROPER APPLICATION.

In the proceedings in the suits planted against the Church by the government, before the Supreme Court, last evening an application was made by the defense for an order authorizing parties who may be made defendants to institute such suits as might be necessary against the receiver, without special permission of the court. The reasonableness of this application is self-evident when it is considered that the court some time since granted the same privilege to the other side.

If the plaintiff is to have exclusive privileges and the defense thus be robbed of its rights, then there would be no contest, as on one side would be a combatant armed and equipped from head to heel while the other would be practically without a legal weapon, with his hands bound together behind him. When the same authorization was asked for the receiver as was requested by the defense, the former urged its claim on the ground that the court was not *in session* and it might retard the progress of the receiver if the order was not made. When the same reason is advanced in behalf of the defense the receiver's attorney asserts with an inconsistency that reaches the border of effrontery and amounts to self-stultification, that the sessions of the court are sufficiently frequent for all purposes pertaining to the other side.

The law referred to on the subject by Mr. Rawlins is so direct that one would have imagined, under ordinary circumstances, that the taking of the subject of the application under advisement was a work of supererogation. The statute gives the defendant the right in the premises; therefore why the delay in according it? To deny it would be a flagrant injustice, and would go directly in the face of an equitable claim based on the fact of the other side having been given a similar order, and would be contrary to the requirement of an express statute.

That the defense needs a remedy that is as speedily operative as practicable against possible encroachments of the receiver beyond the limits of his official capacity has already been, according to our view, demonstrated. He has already taken possession of property which, as we understand it, does not now, nor never did belong to the corporation of the Church. According to the standpoint of the plaintiff and court itself it could not belong to the corporation in question, both taking the ground that that body was dissolved simultaneously with the passage of the Edmunds-Tucker law. If one class or portion of property to the custody of which the receiver is not entitled is liable to be seized by him, he may venture further in the same direction to the detriment of private parties whom he might thus make defendants and who should have the speediest practicable remedy within reach.

It appears as if some people had been converted away from the fundamental principle of civilized governments, that the right to property should be inviolate. This right is natural and existed antecedent to the Constitution, that instrument merely re-enacting a natural right, or providing for its protection. If one man takes summary possession of another man's cow, is it in accordance with the institutions of this country that the latter should obtain special permission to enter suit for its recovery? Yet the parallel is complete. The receiver has no more right to take into his possession the property of private parties, to the custody of which he is not entitled, than the man who seizes his neighbor's cow. That he imagines he has a right makes not a shade of difference. The person who seizes another person's animal may also be imaginative in the same way on account of his inability

to distinguish between his own cow and that which is the property of another person. The person subjected in either case to the deprivation should not be compelled to obtain a special permit to have an opportunity to establish his claim.

ON THE BRINK OF AN ABYSS.

The fact that sealed orders have been given to the various military commanders in and around Paris, which are not to be opened unless an outbreak occurs in consequence of the election of a new President tomorrow, may mean a great deal more than the few words conveying the intelligence ordinarily speak. If the orders are merely general directions for each officer to see that his men are at their post with bayonets in place and powder dry, ready for any emergency that might occur, there would be no necessity for hedging the business around and about with so much of secrecy and mystery. Open orders, or, for that matter, a notice posted in a conspicuous place, is all that such soldiers as those of France have ever required to put them on the *qui vive*, even if for a short time they were in any other condition; and why those men should have orders which they themselves are not permitted to know the nature of, is one of the things we cannot know, or even satisfactorily conjecture, till the denouement comes.

In this connection it is well to bear in mind that France is not like any other nation that ever rose or flourished or fell. While upon the surface everything was smooth and placid, with no more indications of a storm than when the sky is unclouded and the air is ruffled only by the gentlest zephyrs, we have seen how in a night a tempest arose which swept the land. It is and has ever been the lurking-place of intrigues, the hotbed of treasons, stratagems and mysteries. Even now the Orleanist Princes are covertly at work, with the hope that has sustained them through so long a period of exclusion and expulsion still glowing in their breasts and directing their every movement—the hope that the hour might come when by one bold stroke the reins of government would be firmly within their grasp. They know that while the masses uphold and sustain the republic, they are still more patriotic than partisan and will give their allegiance to any party or class whose object is first of all the maintenance of the honor and prestige of France; and if the Princes could but once get hold, they fancy that the popular uprising in their behalf would be spontaneous and irresistible. Perhaps that would be the result—either that or the guillotine certainly. The Bonapartists are scattered and have no nucleus around which to cluster, so there is no danger from that source. There is a lingering fear that the proposition made to Boulanger some months ago may have been accepted by him and that the *coup d'etat* will be sprung upon the country just at the time when the confusion resulting from the absence of a head to the government and the contention over a successor is at its height. Whether he can make his reputation as a patriot cohere with the position of a dictator, if he should be so chosen, is what the world would like to ascertain. He was, by implication almost as direct as a personal order, notified to return to his headquarters, but the telegraph has not yet informed us that he obeyed. He is very quiet and keeps out of sight, circumstances which of themselves greatly strengthen the prevailing suspicion.

Who the Senate and Chamber of Deputies will choose to succeed Grevy—if, indeed, they shall be permitted to choose at all—is not even suggested. One name, that of M. Ferry, was mentioned and it created such an outburst of opposition and threats that it is probable he will not be brought forward as a candidate. The state of affairs is not only a crisis, but a vital dilemma. The French are evidently all at sea, with eager eyes looking out not for a safe passage over the tempestuous waves, but for an opportunity to take command themselves. At this hour, when unselfish and patriotic statesmanship in high places is most needed, it seems to be most wanting, and what another twenty-four hours may develop in our sister republic's affairs, not even its own people can tell.

Since the foregoing was written, a dispatch is received announcing that in view of the situation, President Grevy has decided to withhold his resignation at least for today. This may have a quieting effect for the present, but it will scarcely obviate the danger altogether, since the same power that brought the pressure to bear upon him is still there and determined as before. It is very evident that Grevy is willing to serve out his term and would do so if permitted. To withdraw the constraint placed upon him by the radicals seems about the only solution consistent with the present safety of France, and this may be done. We await the outcome with great interest.

The lease has been signed by which the Gardo House has been rented to Bishop John R. Winder for \$75 per month.