

object. You have no business here any way." Grow replied in an off hand tone, "This is a free hall, and a man has a right to be where he pleases in it"—still continuing to walk slowly down the aisle. Keitt rushed to the area, and turning round faced up the aisle just as Grow reached the bottom of it. With a swagger, Keitt said to Grow, "What do you mean by the answer you gave me?" Grow coolly replied, "I mean just what I said, that 'this is a free hall, and a man has a right to be where he pleases in it.'" Keitt retorted, "I'll teach you," and seized Grow by the throat. Grow knocked away his hand, stepped back a foot or so, and steadily eyed him. Keitt addressed him in intense anger, saying, "I'll let you know, you damn'd black republican puppy." Grow now retorted, with emphasis, "I have a right to be what I please, and to be where I please in this hall, and no nigger driver can come from his plantation and crack his whip over me either. You are not the regulator of this hall." Instantly Keitt again seized Grow by the throat, and Grow as quickly knocked off his hand with his left arm—which slewed Keitt partly round—and at the same time dealt him a heavy blow with his right fist, which hit Keitt just behind the left ear. Keitt fell as suddenly as if struck with an axe. As he was going down Grow gave him an emphatic shove between the shoulders, which caused him to strike headforemost with his heels upwards, presenting to the galleries the appearance of a man trying to plunge through the floor of the House into the vaults beneath.

A hundred accounts of this affair have gone out. The above I give on the very best authority. The slaveholding version of Keitt's fall is, that he tripped and fell. He was knocked down by Grow.

And now the *melee* became general. As Keitt fell, Grow was seized by half a dozen Southerners, among whom was Barksdale, of Mississippi. They assert that their sole object was to stop the fight. Some believe them. But, in the twinkling of an eye, from forty to fifty republicans came dashing across the hall to the scene of the encounter, headed by John F. Potter, of Wisconsin, who leapt over into the midst of the fight, by the side of Grow, with the bound of a tiger, and commenced hitting right and left among the patriarchs with great vigor. Not exactly appreciating the pacific nature of Barksdale's demonstration, Potter gave him two or three "settlers," which Barksdale, in the pell-mell going on around him, supposed were dealt by Elihu Washburne, who just then happened to be hovering in that vicinity, whereupon patriarch Barksdale set himself in hostile array against puritan Elihu. Just at this juncture the mass of belligerents and peace makers were crowding between Barksdale and Potter, the latter in the meantime having seized the former by the hair—which, by the by, proved not to be the *bona fide* hair of the said Barksdale, but a wig, which the said Potter had torn off, and for the time being converted to his own use. Cadwallader C. Washburne, of Wisconsin, (these Washburnes are all "bloods?") seeing the bald Barksdale in conflict with his brother Elihu, felt his paternal spirit stirred within him, and rushing upon Barksdale brot down one or two blows "on the top his head where the wool ought to grow."

What became of Keitt after Grow set the law of gravity in motion upon him, nobody seems able to tell, except Keitt himself—and he won't. The first that was seen of him after his headlong plunge, he was sitting on a sofa in a safe corner of the hall, pale and haggard, looking like a whipt rooster who feels no disposition to "go in" and renew the fight.

At this time the Speaker was calling loudly to "order," rapping incessantly with his gavel, and shouting for the Sergeant-at-Arms. This colossal functionary seized the mace (which looks like an Indian war-club, with a small metallic eagle perched thereon) and rushed among the struggling, surging, tossing members. Potter, seeing a big fellow with a bludgeon joining in the *melee*, was about to wrench it out of his hands, when the shrill voice of the Speaker (Col. Orr has a voice like a steam whistle) urging on the Sergeant, suggested that the individual might be Glossbrenner, whereupon he struck out in another direction. Potter is an athletic, withy man, at home in a "muss." He got one or two hard hits himself, which he promptly repaid on the spot; and it is believed that the chivalry will give him a wide berth during the remainder of the session.

In the thickest of the fight was seen Parson Lovejoy, and Quaker Mot, struggling to keep the peace; though there was a lurking glance in Lovejoy's eye, which tended to prove, that on due provocation, he would, like him of old, try his hand at hewing Agag in pieces before the Lord.

As evidence of the spirit which pervaded the free men in the hall, I will relate a scene which is said to have occurred between Montgomery, of Pa., and Bocoock, of Va. Their seats adjoin, and are near the spot of the encounter. Montgomery is a Douglas democrat, an able lawyer, and a quiet gentlemanly person. Bocoock is a good hearted fellow, but he feels the blood of the Virginia F. F.'s coursing his veins. As Barksdale seized Grow, Montgomery started towards the aisle. Bocoock seized him by the arm. Turning fiercely upon him—*M. is a very large man—he said to B. (you may fill the blank with a most intense phrase,) "Let go my arm, or I'll knock you down!"* Bocoock abstained.

Some hands were laid on knives and pistols. But none were drawn. One republican member, with a Colt in his pocket, anticipating a bloody issue, mounted a chair, so that he could see to do good service without hitting his friends. A republican reporter in the gallery, who happened to find a long knife in his pocket,

tried to climb down upon the floor; but finding this in vain, he proposed to drop his knife down, when a friend suggested that it might fall into the hands of his enemies, whereupon he laid down his knife and took up his pen.

To detail all this takes some time; and yet, the whole affair occupied only three or four minutes. After it was over, a feeling that a great danger had been shunned, and barely stunned, gave a sombre hue to thoughtful faces. When all had passed, the Speaker, who had borne himself firmly through the wild scene, was pale and nervous. The lips of many anti-Lecomptonites were compressed, and the responsive yea or nay, during the remaining hours of the night, was hissed through some teeth rather than uttered from the mouth. If the mortal struggle, which, at one moment was anticipated, had commenced, and blood had been shed, the anti-Lecomptonites would have made a clean sweep of the hall. All concerned may know that these gentlemen are in no frame of mind to submit quietly to insult.

The South is cowed. I know what I say—cowed. The promptness with which Grow knocked Keitt down in the very midst of the Southern side of the chamber, and the alacrity and fire with which some fifty republicans bounded across the hall to join the struggle, appalled the slaveholders. Father Giddings said to-day, "I have sat in this House twenty years and I never saw the slave power so completely baffled and cowed as during this fifteen hours' contest."

This is the first time the new republican members have been under a steady fire this season. They stood to their guns without flinching. All the New York republicans were present except Messrs. Murray and Matteson. Messrs. Kelsey and Thompson were very sick, and were obliged to leave the Hall early in the evening; but they paired off.

The Lecomptonites admit that the proceedings of last night damaged them seriously—The hypocritical old Pecksniff at the other end of the avenue, with his white cravat and white liver, his head a-crook and his heart awry, is very much disturbed about the perversity of the democratic malcontents in the House.

So stands freedom's battle at the close of the first regular encounter with the slave power.

THE DESERET NEWS.

"TRUTH AND LIBERTY."

ALBERT CARRINGTON, EDITOR.

FILLMORE, WEDNESDAY, MAY 12.

THE NOISY CARRIER, San Francisco, has our thanks for nearly full files of the *N. Y. Herald and Tribune*; also MR. KNIGHT, of San Bernardino, for a liberal package of late dates.

THE CALIFORNIA MAIL reached G. S. L. City on the 4th inst., bringing New York and Washington dates of March 6, and San Francisco of April 2.

THE ADMINISTRATION, at latest dates, had failed to secure an increase in the army, but was still concentrating U. S. troops at Fort Leavenworth.

KANSAS AFFAIRS, March 6, were unsettled in Congress.

"TRUTH WILL PREVAIL."

THE past history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints fully illustrates and confirms the truth of the above. From its commencement on the earth, twenty-eight years ago, until the present time, it has not taken a step in advance without encountering an opposition from the adherents of falsehood and error that threatened it at the time with total destruction. In the beginning, while the people of the church were weak and few in number, and the truths they held were not very widely known, the opposition they had to contend with was comparatively limited; but though limited, yet it was none the less embittered. The opponents of truth hated it as cordially then, and would go to as great lengths to annihilate it and destroy its followers as they would at any subsequent period. The measures taken by them in those early days to prevail over it and arrest its progress were such as they were confident would accomplish what they desired; and to all human appearance they had every reason to think so. Those who have traced the history of this people or who have been connected with them for any length of time, know how often it has seemed, looking at things naturally, that they were so encircled in the toils of their enemies that there was no possible chance of escape; their destruction appeared inevitable. The deepest laid schemes that the fertile brain of the great enemy of truth or the combined ingenuity of hell could concoct or invent have been put into operation to bring about this consummation. Nothing

has been left undone; no falsehood has been too improbable, no slander too absurd to be circulated to prejudice the ignorant and stir up an influence and power that would be successful in crushing this people and triumphing over truth. But though men of all classes and of every grade of ability have from time to time undertaken this labor—have both undertaken it single-handed and banded together in mobs and other wicked combinations, yet all their efforts have been unavailing. Truth has prevailed in every struggle; and every triumph has been more complete and glorious than the one that preceded it.

At numerous times have the enemies of truth exulted in the anticipated success of their plans for the destruction of this church. Every thing seemed so favorable, falsehood, misrepresentation and calumny had been so successfully used in poisoning the minds of the people and in raising a storm of persecution, that they thought surely the time for our downfall had at length arrived. This has been the case so repeatedly, and this church and people have been so often announced to the world as being broken up and destroyed, that it seems strange that the adversaries of truth do not begin to profit by the experience of those who have preceded them in their senseless designs.—Where are they who, at various times, have cut such a figure in the world in opposing the truth and raising a storm of indignation against its adherents? Who can tell their history? Who preserve the record of their deeds, or bestow that immortality they sought to obtain by opposing and overthrowing the truth? For a brief period they have apparently flourished; their falsehoods and misrepresentations have sometimes gained credence, but how short their hour of triumph! They have passed away; their name and acts are almost forgotten, and would be lost were it not that their history is preserved by those whom they sought to destroy. This is not the case with a few individuals alone, but it has been the fate of every one, without an exception, that has presumed to lift his puny arm to arrest the progress of truth: instead of their blows killing or annihilating it they have recoiled upon their own heads and proved the means of their own destruction.

Frequently, however, there have been times in the history of this people that the machinations of their enemies have set in motion a flood of falsehood and abuse that has seemed almost impossible to stem. Then for awhile falsehood and error would appear to be in the ascendant, and truth, however plainly and boldly told, would be unheeded. But this has never lasted for any great length of time. A reaction has always taken place; and the lies, gross slanders and misrepresentations, fabricated by wicked and designing men have been so fully exposed and blown to the four winds, that every one who wished to know the truth of the matter could no longer remain in ignorance. Truth has prevailed; and this people, instead of being destroyed by outrages or crushed beneath the weight of abuse and obloquy that has been heaped upon them, have emerged from the trial with a fairer and brighter fame than they otherwise could have obtained.

Since the winter of 1856-57, particularly, the father of lies and his progeny have held high carnival on the earth in consequence of the success they have had in poisoning the minds and hardening the hearts of the people against the truth. Falsehood has been swallowed greedily as a choice morsel, and the ears of men have been so deafened that they have been impenetrable to the truth. A combined and formidable attack has been made with a determination to destroy this people, and so well arranged were the plans that their enemies have had no other idea but that they would be successful. But again they are to be foiled. The clouds of falsehood and error that have obscured and almost hid the truth, will be dispelled. Those who are disposed to investigate and arrive at the knowledge of the truth will have the privilege. The character of its adherents will be vindicated; and while they will flourish, occupy the attention of the world and progress step by step towards the attainment of that high destiny which awaits them, their opponents and villifiers—those who make and love lies—will sink into oblivion and meet a similar fate with those who have preceded them in their unholly and senseless undertaking. Truth must and will prevail in the present instance as it has ever done; its triumph is certain, and with it the triumph of this people over all their enemies.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Extracts of a letter from Br. Alex. Somerville to Elder Geo. Q. Cannon.]

VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

KYNETON, Dec. 1, 1867.

DEAR BROTHER:—A. P. Chesley was with me one day last week. I had not seen him nor heard of him for several months previously. He believes G. W. Parrish, T. S. Johnson and Thaddeus Flemming are at some diggings known as "Ararat;" but he has had no word from them for several months; he says he is bound for home in eight weeks, if he can get a vessel.—James Phelps was here about a month ago. In South Australia, Z. Snow is alone. In the last letter from him, dated 26th Oct., he says: "The Saints are well and getting along in the old beaten track. I am well and manage to preach some, at least once a week, but it seems to be of little effect; still I hope some good will be done by it."

He makes no remarks as to the probability of any of the Saints getting off soon. In New South Wales, (Sydney) are Elders A. J. Stewart, Amasa Potter, Geo. S. Clark, — Said, L. R. Chaffin, and I believe, J. W. Norton. It was expected some time ago that a company would leave Sydney during this month; I have heard nothing to the contrary yet. I dare say if you have received the papers I have sent you from time to time, you would be able to see something calculated to sadden the spirit of any good, upright man, the state of society in this country is really so deplorable. The papers explain quite enough to satisfy any one on that subject. I have no doubt the testimony of all here, whose attention is not taken up with gold alone, will bear out the truth contained in those papers sent you. I desire to be where I can consider myself at home—among the people I can respect. I aspire to the society of those who can look on what I see here with contempt and can view their attempts at improvement, and see their impotency, and look on their endeavors to legislate, and see the confusion they get into. They cry *peace, peace*, while the great enemy has got them work on his side, though they pretend to serve their God—whom they make out to be a nonentity; however, they seem to be satisfied to get along as they are. I make them heartily welcome to all the pleasure they can possibly get from such a source.

It is only two days since a band of Wesleyan Methodists marched up the street, singing lustily some verses which their priest read out, as he walked before them; they succeeded in collecting a crowd and then addressed the meeting, telling the people to come and be converted, &c., &c. Such a way of going on is strange in that part of the world from which I hail, (Scotland) but I understand it has advanced more towards maturity in England, and if I understand correctly, it has well nigh ripened in America, and perhaps the fruit will soon be gathered by the rightful owner.

There is scarcely one here that will attend to anything pertaining to the truth as it is recorded in the Bible, (which they pretend to believe in, but when anything they do not practice is referred to, that is met with, "Oh, that was meant for the times in which it was written," &c.) and consequently their ideas cannot reach forward to anything which their contracted imaginations does not understand; they think it is sufficient to do as others around; but as to improving in everything, it is quite beyond the powers of their minds.

My prayer to the Lord is, that I with all His Saints may speedily have the opportunity to disentangle ourselves from the ties that connect us to Babylon, and have the privilege of escaping to the Mountains to dwell among His highly favored people.

NEWS ITEMS.

FISTICUFFS, DUELS, WHISKEY AND BORDER RUFFIANISM AT WASHINGTON.—With the transfer of the Kansas agitation from Lecompton to Washington, border ruffianism and all its accessories appear also to have been transferred to the federal city. The late Congressional scrimmage opened the ball, and now bad whiskey, hard swearing, fisticuffs, black-eyes, bloody noses, challenges, rumored duels, and deadly quarrels are the order of the day. The quiet citizens of Washington seem to think, also, that all these border ruffian developments are but the signs of something still more dreadful yet to come. We cannot wonder, then, that Col. Colt has secured the first step towards the extension of his pistol monopoly; for, if we may believe all that we hear, no man is positively safe any longer on Pennsylvania avenue without a six-shooter in his pocket, especially if he be a member of Congress, or of the army or the navy.—[N. Y. Herald, Feb. 23.]

RUSSIA.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Nord* says that the Emperor Alexander, adding example to precept, has resolved to emancipate the whole of the serfs on his private domains, at the same time securing to them all the advantages granted to the peasants of private individuals. He also gives up to them gratuitously all the buildings, with the dependencies in which the peasants reside.

UTAH.—We learn from Washington that the Secretary of War and the General-in-Chief are diligently engaged in arranging the spring campaign against the Mormons. It has been decided not to wait the action of Congress upon the various propositions for increasing the military force, but to withdraw troops from the frontier posts and concentrate them upon Utah. Orders in accordance with this