

# DESERET NEWS.

Truth and Liberty.

NO. 28.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1858.

VOL. VIII.

## The Milliner's Bill

The wax lights illumined a fifth avenue hall,  
And the cheridines whirled in the mazy ball,  
And the persons of fashion were blythe and gay,  
Dancing the hours of rest away.  
The husband beheld with boyish pride  
The beautiful dress of his stylish bride;  
While she, in her fine clothes seemed to be  
The queen of that splendid company.

Oh, the milliner's bill!

'I'm weary of satin,' soon she cried,  
'I'll have a blue velvet, more full and wide;  
And none of my banes suit my face—  
I shall order another of sweet point lace,  
With emerald flowers; and then, dear man,  
You'll let me indulge in a tulle gown?  
And old Bubbles cried, as his wife eyed,  
'The dearest of women is my dear bride.'

Oh, the milliner's bill!

French cambric that morning, green silk the next  
day,  
And white moire antique ere the week passed  
away,  
The richest and newest of stuffs to be got  
The blockhead's wife bought, and he grudged  
them not.

Two years flew by, and the bills at last  
Had arrived at a figure extremely vast.  
And when Bubbles beheld the sum he cried,  
'I'm an old fool, done by a spendthrift bride.'

Oh, the milliner's bill!

At length broke a bark, that had long kept hid  
The dodges by which it the public did;  
And a document long was discovered there,  
The milliner's bill of that lady fair.  
Oh! very much cash it was confessed,  
Had been lent to her lord from the banking chest,  
And when the crash came, vain humbug's doom,  
The bride's display proved his fortune's tomb.

Oh, the milliner's bill!

## AMASA LYMAN'S HISTORY.

[CONCLUDED.]

After a partial recovery from my sickness, I received a discharge from the camp under the hand of Lyman Wight. I then procured through the aid of the brethren a half worn coat that belonged to br. Sidney Gilbert, and on the 23d of Dec. 1834, I started from Clay county in company with br. Haman Tilton Hyde. We traveled and preached by the way, sharing the fate common to those who called upon the wicked to turn from their sins.

We continued eastward as far as Ohio, where we arrived in Kirtland on the 26th of May, 1835. On our way we held sixty-seven meetings and three conferences, and in company with br. Elisha H. Groves we built up a branch of the church in Madison county, Illinois, and baptized others in St. Clair county.

During my present stay in Kirtland, of about three weeks, I was ordained a member of the 1st Quorum of Seventies under the hands of Joseph, Oliver and Sidney. The record of my ordination and blessing made by Silvester Smith are lost.

During this short respite from preaching I married Miss Louisa Maria Tanner, the daughter of Elder John Tanner, our marriage was solemnized, by Elder Seymour Brunson, on Wednesday of the week; and the following Monday I was again in the field.

My present course was eastward, mostly in the State of New York, where my labors were rewarded by liberal additions to the church. My present mission occupied six months of time and extended over 2000 miles of travel, and the preaching of near 200 sermons.

From the time of my return to Kirtland in Dec. 1835, I resided with my father-in-law and attended school through the winter. And in the spring of 1836, I participated in the endowments then given, and in consequence of my ordination to the High Priesthood, previous to my ordination as a Seventy, I was at this time connected with the Quorum of High Priests.

The spring of 1836 found me again on my way to the east, in company with Elder Nathan Tanner; we passed through the field of my previous year's labors in Alleghany county, N. Y., where we were blest in adding several to the church. While here we witnessed the signal manifestation of the power of God in the healing of the sick.

From this place we continued our travels eastward until we arrived in the town of Bolton, the former residence of br. Tanner, here we preached through the country, in which we secured the

attention of the people, but not their obedience to the truth.

While here we met with Father John Tanner, who had been on a mission to the State of Vermont. While here I married Elder Nathan Tanner and Miss Rachel Smith. Br. Nathan remained with his father-in-law, while myself and Father Tanner returned to Kirtland; where I remained the most of the time engaged in work to support my family and in preaching in the country around, once going east as far as Erie county, Pennsylvania.

In this way my time was mostly occupied until the autumn of 1837, when myself and br. Nathan Tanner engaged Mr. Jared Randel to move us to Missouri, where we joined the Saints in the new county of Caldwell. In consequence of my limited means I went to Fort Leavenworth, where I labored during the winter. In the spring I returned and engaged in a job of work on the Court House, in the county of Clinton.

On my return home I engaged in labor for George Walters, from which I was relieved by sickness, which was induced by too severe labor in hot weather. From this indisposition I had mostly recovered, when the difficulties, that eventuated in our expulsion from the State, commenced with an affray at an election in Daviess county, in the month of August. On the first alarm I took the field, which I did not leave, until I left the State, the following spring.

The trouble thickened around us until, on my return from a week's excursion to the north of Far West (in company with br. Justus Morse, with whom my family resided), I learned, that the brethren at De Witt were surrounded by mobs in such a way as to preclude any approach to them by the usual ways, in consequence of which we were left in ignorance of their prospects of danger or safety.

On this account the brethren in Far West committed to me the task of finding a way to the brethren that were in the midst of the enemy. To accompany me I selected br. James Dunn, I then dressed myself in some old soldier pants and an old and somewhat tattered coat made of a Buffalo robe, and overtop all with a red worsted cap closely fitting my head. One pocket of my coat was furnished with a pint flask for the spirits we might use, or the effect its possession might have on those with whom we would be likely to come in contact.

Thus attired in our grotesque and uncouth garb, we started across the country to the Missouri river, at a point somewhere above the ferry crossing the Lexington, we reached the river, and when the mantle of night was over us we commenced our search for a canoe, in which to pass down the river, in this, however, we did not succeed, and when the signs of the coming day were discoverable in the east, we found shelter under the edge of a stack of hay by the way, and caught an hour's sleep, and then were up and away; and traveling down the river we found a br. Benjamin Jones, who gave us some breakfast, after which we passed over the ferry, replenished our bottle and passed on through the town, passing several parties who were engaged in discussing the common topic of the day—the Mormons and their enemies.

From this place we passed down the river some twelve miles, where, near the close of the day, we secured a canoe, in which we passed down the river, until the darkness of night rendered our navigation rather unsafe, we landed, kept ourselves warm with a fire, which we supplied during the night. In the morning we resumed our way and landed at De Witt about noon; but the Saints had all gone, save a few who had been prevented by the loss of stock. Of these were Zenos H. Gurly and br. Simons.

We took dinner with some of the mob residents of the place, and were told by them that being strangers we might be suspected of being Mormons, and consequently unsafe in the place.

Acting upon the suggestion we left the town, on the road leading to Carleton, and found lodging with Mr. Thomas, in the morning we were early on the way, got breakfast with a citizen who lived near the point where the trail made by the brethren when they left De Witt, diverged from the old road to the right. This trail we

were traveling as fast as we could walk, when on turning abruptly around the point of a low ridge, we found ourselves in close proximity to two men on horseback, with arms. They were questioning a br. Clark, as we subsequently learned, who was a stranger in the country, and was on the hunt of stock, a short distance ahead were some twenty men who were armed and mounted, the two dismissed br. Clark and rode to the company, and returned to us with an addition to their number of some half a dozen, and made prisoners of us, asking who we were. We found in the company some men we had seen before in Daviess.

They had, in a wagon, a six pounder, which they were transporting to the north, at a cost of ten dollars per day. On this cannon, in the wagon, they allowed us to ride, at night we helped take the cannon from the wagon and secrete it in the hazel thicket, to prevent a surprise from the Mormons, and then they placed a guard of four men with us, and in this way they kept us four days.

On the morning of the fifth, they told us we could go, but not to our friends, who were within seven miles of where we were. They forced us back on the road we came. We traveled some forty miles, in a light snow, and waded through Grand river. About nine o'clock at night we reached br. York's on Shoal creek. They fed and refreshed us, and in the morning we started for Far West, where we arrived the next day.

And I went directly to Daviess county, where I found the cannon, on which br. Dunn and myself had rode during our captivity, the brethren having captured it soon after our release. While here, we heard that the mob were gathering on the southern borders of our county. On the receipt of the news I repaired to Far West, where I borrowed a horse of some brother whose name I have forgotten.

A company of spies were raised, composed of ten men, and I was appointed to take charge of them. We repaired to Crooked river, and quartered with br. Pinkham.

From this point I went, taking with me br. John Scott, to reconnoiter the country, leaving the residue of the company to keep a watch in the vicinity of their quarters.

We extended our search as far as the mouth of Crooked river, where we found Father Cutler and family, we gave to him and the brethren in that region the best instruction we could in the then existing emergency.

After spending a few days here, the night preceding the battle on Crooked river, I slept at Father Cutler's, about the dawning of day, I awoke br. Scott and told him that the brethren had had a battle, for I had seen it. We arose and saddled our horses and rode ten miles, and stopped with br. Ewing to get some breakfast. While here, the news of the battle was brought by two of the mob residents, who came to advise br. Ewing to give up his arms, but the presence there of myself and br. Scott rendered the difference in our number rather against them. Our breakfast over, we secured the services of a guide, and we traveled directly across the country to Far West.

When the light of day was gone, we were furnished with light from the burning prairie.

We arrived in Far West early on the morning of the 29th of Oct. I called at br. Ridgion's, where I saw br. O'Banion who was dying of his wound, received at Crooked river. Some hours later, in the morning of the same day, the corpse of br. David W. Patten was brought into town.

On this morning a company of men, under command of Col. Hinkle, of which I was one, started out into the country, hearing that there was a large force in the vicinity of Crooked river. When some five or six miles on the way, we learned that there was an army making their way to Far West.

On the receipt of this intelligence we commenced our retreat, in a circuitous route, to Far West. Passing the rear of the enemy while they passed in, on the south of the city, within one mile of which they encamped, while we entered it from the east near night, and joined

our brethren, already formed in line of defence on the south of the city.

While the mob were making their way towards the city, they made a prisoner of Father John Tanner, whom they brutally treated, by striking him on the head with a rifle. From the bleeding of his wounds he was besmeared from head to foot. He was kept one night, and then turned out to carry to his friends the corpse of the murdered Carey.

On the night of the 30th of Oct., we were engaged in preparing for defence, in, and about the city, by throwing up a barricade made of cabin lgs, fence rails, wagons, which were around the city.

Oct. 31st. To-day an invitation was sent for bros. Joseph Smith, Sydney Rigdon, Lyman Wight, Parley P. Pratt, and George W. Robinson, to hold a conference with the officers of the army, which, however, eventuated in their betrayal into the hands of their enemies, who celebrated their success, by a succession of demoniac yells, that might have led one to conclude that hell with all its legions had joined in the triumph. Thus passed the night.

When we supposed that we might have been attacked by our enemies, we were ordered out by Col. Hinkle to lay down our arms by way of surrender to our foes. This ungrateful requirement complied with, we were marched into the city and kept under guard for a time, when our guard was extended to the limits of the city, and we were released from our closer confinement. After our partial release, I made a call on Bishop Partridge, and passing from his residence, in the north, to the southern part of the town, in passing the store of Col. Hinkle, I was pointed out to a party of the mob, who followed me a short distance, arrested me, stating they had orders from General Lucas to bring me to camp.

On my arrival in the camp I found myself associated with the prisoners, so treacherously taken the day previous, and also br. Hyrum Smith, and Alexander McRae. The night was rather an unpleasant one, from the inclemency of the weather, from which we had no protection. During the night was held the far famed court martial, by which we were all sentenced to be shot in the morning. From the execution of this merciless sentence we were saved by the opposition, to the same, of General Doniphan, and long may he live to enjoy the reward of the soul ennobling qualities that exalted him incomparably above the Priestridden, bloody rabble around him.

On the morning of Nov. 2d, we were ordered to take our seats in a wagon, driven by br. Stephen Markham, who had been pressed into their service. As we seated ourselves, William Beaman rushed up to the wagon, with his rifle cocked, swearing that Lyman Wight, who sat by my side, should not leave the ground alive. He was instantly disarmed by the Captain of the guard, whose name was Jackson, and a guard placed, some twenty-five feet from us, with orders to shoot the first who should show a disposition to crowd on us.

From the camp we moved, under a strong guard, into the city of Far West, where the most of the prisoners were allowed to go and say their adieus to their heart stricken and sorrowing families. While we halted here, the father and mother of bros. Joseph and Hyrum Smith came to the wagon, in which we were seated, to see their sons, as they thought for the last time, but the wagon was closely covered, and they were brutally refused the privilege of looking upon their children.

At length we left the scene of our sorrowing friends and started on our way to Independence. When about two miles from the city, we passed the place where my family resided, I was allowed some five minutes to see my wife and get a change of clothing. I left my weeping wife and prattling babe, to encounter my fate, in the land of my enemies. We camped one night before crossing the Missouri river.

Nov. 3d. We crossed the river.

We arrived in Independence in the midst of a heavy rain. We were taking through all the principal streets of the town and exhibited as the