

# DESERET NEWS.

Truth and Liberty.

NO. 47.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1859.

VOL. VIII.

## Little by Little.

"Little by little," an acorn said  
As it slowly sank on its mossy bed,  
"I am improving every day,  
Hidden deep in the earth away."  
Little by little, each day it grew,  
Little by little, it sipped the dew;  
Downward it sent out a thread-like root:  
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot.  
Day after day, and year after year,  
Little by little, the leaves appear;  
And the slender branches spread far and wide,  
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea,  
An insect train work ceaselessly;  
Grain by grain, they are building well,  
Each one alone in its little cell.  
Moment by moment, and day by day,  
Never stopping to rest or to play.  
Rocks upon rocks, they are rearing high,  
Till the top looks out upon a sunny sky;  
The gentle wind and the balmy air,  
Little by little, bring verdure there;  
Till the summer sunbeams gaily smile  
On the buds and flowers of the coral isle.

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,  
"Moment by moment, I'll well employ.  
Learning a little every day,  
And not spending all my time in play.  
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,  
'Whatever I do, I will do it well.'  
Little by little, I'll learn to know  
The treasured wisdom of long ago;  
And one of these days perhaps we'll see  
That the world will be the better for me."  
And do not you think that this simple plan  
Made him a wise and useful man?

## WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH OUR CHARLEY?

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Yes—that is the question! The fact is, there seems to be no place in heaven above, or earth beneath, exactly safe and suitable, except the bed. While he is asleep there, our souls have rest—we know where he is and what he is about, and sleep is a gracious state; but then he wakes up bright and early, and begins tooting, pounding, hammering, singing, meddling, and asking questions; in short, overturning the peace of society generally for about thirteen hours out of every twenty-four.

Everybody wants to know what to do with him—everybody is quite sure that he can't stay where they are. The cook can't have him in the kitchen, where he infests the pantry to get flour to make paste for his kites, or melt lard in the new saucepan. If he goes into the wood-shed, he is sure to pull the wood-pile down upon his head. If he be sent up into the garret, you think for awhile that you have settled the problem, till you find what a boundless field for activity is at once opened, amid all the packages, boxes, bags, barrels, and cast-off rubbish there. Old letters, newspapers, trunks of miscellaneous contents, are all rummaged, and the very reign of chaos and old night is instituted. He sees endless capacities in all, and he is always hammering something, or knocking something apart, or sawing, or planing, or drawing boxes and barrels in all directions to build cities or lay railroad tracks, till everybody's head aches quite down to the lower-floor, and everybody declares that Charley must be kept out of the garret.

Then you send Charley to school, and hope you are fairly rid of him for a few hours at least. But he comes home noisier and more breezy than ever, having learned of some twenty other Charleys, as by magic, the resource for alone kicking up all the commotion that the superabundant vitality of each can originate. He can dance like Jim Smith—he has learned to smack his lips like Joe Brown—and Will Briggs has shown him how to mew like a cat, and he enters the premises with a new war-whoop, learned from Tom Evans. He feels large and valorous; he has learned that he is a boy, and has a general impression that he is growing immensely strong and knowing, and despises more than ever the conventionalities of parlor life; in fact, he is more than ever an interruption in the way of decent folks who want to be quiet.

It is true, that if entertaining persons will devote themselves exclusively to him, reading and telling stories, he may be kept quiet, but then this is discouraging work, for he swallows a story as Rover does a piece of meat, and looks at you for another and another, without the slightest consideration, so that this resource is of short duration, and then the old question comes back: What is to be done with him?

But after all, Charley cannot be wholly shirked, for he is an institution—a solemn and awful fact; and on the answer to the question, What is to be done with him? depends a future.

Many a hard, morose, bitter man has come from a Charley turned off and neglected; many

a parental heart-ache has come from a Charley left to run the streets, that mamma and sisters might play on the piano and write letters in peace. It is easy to get rid of him; there are fifty ways of doing that. He is a spirit that can be promptly laid, but if not laid aright will come back, bye-and-by, a strong man armed, when you cannot send him off at pleasure.

Mamma and sisters had better pay a little tax to Charley now, than a terrible one bye-and-by. There is something significant in the old English phrase, with which our Scriptures render us familiar, a man child—a man child. There you have the word that should make you think more than twice before you answer the question: "What shall we do with Charley?"

For to-day he is at your feet; to day you can make him laugh, you can make him cry, you can persuade, coax, and turn him to your pleasure; you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell with recitals of good and noble deeds; in short, you can mould him if you will take the trouble.

But look ahead some years, when that little voice shall ring in deep bass tones; when that small foot shall have a man's weight and tramp; when a rough beard shall cover that little, round chin, and the wilful strength of manhood fill out that little form. Then you would give worlds for the key to his heart, to be able to turn and guide him to your will; but if you will lose that key now he is little, you may search for it carefully, with tears, some other day, and never find it.

Old housekeepers have a proverb, that one hour lost in the morning is never found all day. It has a significance in this case.

One thing is to be noticed about Charley, that, rude, and busy, and noisy as he is, and irksome as carpet rules and parlor ways are to him, he is still a social little creature, and wants to be where the rest of the household are. A room ever so well adapted for play, cannot charm him at the hour when the family is in re-union; he hears the voices in the parlor, and his play room seems desolate. It may be warmed by a furnace and lighted with gas, but it is human warmth and light he shivers for; he yearns for the talk of the family, which he so imperfectly comprehends, and he longs to take his playthings down and play by you, and is incessantly promising that of the fifty improper things which he is liable to do in the parlor, he will not commit one if you will let him stay there.

This instinct of the little one is Nature's warning plea—God's admonition. O, how many a mother who has neglected it because it was irksome to have the child about, has longed at twenty-five to keep her son by her side, and he would not! Shut out as a little Arab; constantly told that he is noisy, that he is awkward and meddlesome, and a plague in general, the boy has found at last his own company in the streets, in the highways and hedges, where he runs till the day comes when they want their son, and the sisters their brother, and then they are scared at the face he brings back to them, as he comes all foul and smutty from the companionship to which they have doomed him. Depend upon it, if it is too much trouble to keep your boy in your society, there will be places found for him—warmed and lighted with no friendly fires—where he who finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, will care for him, if you do not. You may put out a tree and it will grow while you sleep, but a son you cannot—you must take trouble for him, either a little now or a great deal bye-and-by.

Let him stay with you at least some portion of every day; bear his noise and his ignorant ways. Put aside your book or work to tell him a story, or show him a picture; devise still parlor plays for him, for he gains nothing by being allowed to spoil the comfort of the whole circle. A pencil, a sheet of paper, and a few patterns will sometimes keep him quiet by you for an hour, while you are talking, or in a corner he may build a block-house, annoying nobody. If he does now and then disturb you, and it costs you more thought and care to regulate him there, balance which is the greatest evil—to be disturbed by him now, or when he is a man.

Of all you can give your Charley, if you are a good man or woman, your presence is the best and safest thing. God never meant him to do without you any more than chickens were meant to grow without being brooded.

Then let him have some place in your house where it shall be no sin to hammer and pound, and make all the litter his heart desires and his various schemes require. Even if you can ill afford the room, weigh well between that safe asylum and one which, if denied, he may make for himself in the street.

Of all devices for Charley which we have, a few shelves which he may dignify with the name of a cabinet is one of the best. He picks up shells and pebbles and stones, all odds and ends, nothing comes amiss; and if you give him a pair of scissors and a little gum, there is no end of the labels he will paste on, and the hours he may innocently spend sorting and arranging.

A bottle of liquid gum is an invaluable re-

source for various purposes, nor must you mind though he varnish his nose and fingers and clothes, (which he will do of course) if he does nothing worse. A cheap paint-box, and some engravings to color, is another; and if you will give him some real paint and putty to paint and putty his boats and cars, he is a made man.

All these things make trouble—to be sure they do—but Charley is to make trouble; that is the nature of the institution; you are only to choose between safe and wholesome trouble, and the trouble that comes at last like a whirlwind. God bless the little fellow, and send us all grace to know what to do with him.—[Independent.]

## Congressional Gamblers.

Rev. Dr. Hawks, in his Thanksgiving sermon yesterday, thus referred to a subject which has awakened a fresh interest in the public mind since the late reports of the auction at Pendleton's Congressional gambling-house in Washington:

"Within the last few weeks only, we have had appalling evidence of the downward tendency of that course on which we are traveling, and it requires but a child's foresight to see the certain end.

In the high places of the land—aye, and even among those who sit in the highest councils, almost under the eaves of the very Capitol, and in a city bearing a name which of itself alone, one might think, was sufficient to kindle the warmest glow of patriotism, what have we not seen? The revelations of a gambling hell have told a fearful story. There were found the obligations, unpaid, of some of our highest legislators, for debts contracted at the gaming-table; and the intimation of some of the public prints is no obscure one that on important questions of the deepest national interest, votes have been controlled by means of the power which a professed gambler has wielded in the possession of the moneyed obligations of so-called honorables."

We have no doubt of the accuracy of the picture here presented. The gambling hells of Pennsylvania avenue are the standing attractions of the national capital. The halls of Pendleton and others have been for years constantly attended by Senators and Representatives, whose success or ill success in fighting the tiger, as it is called, would account for not a few of the eccentricities of federal legislation.

About two years ago, when allegations of corruption against members of Congress were the subject of investigation, we remember hearing it stated that the members whose votes on land grants and other schemes were most suspected were the most assiduous attendants at the faro table. Some of them were heads of families, and held respectable positions in society and in the church; but the temptations of the gambler were too strong for the virtue of men living away from the restraining influences of home. Of course, men who have been plucked to the last penny by sharpers, and who see ruin and degradation staring them in the face, are in just the condition to be tampered with. Their personal independence and self-respect are gone, and their official integrity necessarily follows. Forgetting their accountability to their constituents, they become the retained attorneys and lobby agents of speculators and jobbers in public corruption, and sell their votes to the highest bidder.

It was recently stated by a Washington correspondent that the fate of the Kansas bill was settled over the tables of Pendleton; and not without a certain degree of probability, for a great many measures of less moment have undoubtedly been thus determined. We have always questioned the efficacy of laws against gambling, without, however, questioning the right to legislate against gambling houses as nuisances to the community. When, however, these establishments are able to corrupt the source of public law, and to interfere with momentous public interests, the nuisance attains a magnitude demanding the gravest attention.

There is not virtue enough in a Congress some of whose most influential members are so deeply implicated, nor in their pliant and benighted servitors, the mob, of the District of Columbia, to suppress the disgrace, and perhaps the only resource is in holding the more distinguished gamblers up to reprehension by name—in other words, to make a rogues' gallery of Congressional portraits.—[N. Y. Evening Post, Nov. 25.]

THE BRITISH IN INDIA.—Mr. Charles Buxton, M. P., in an address to his constituents at Newport, Isle of Wight, said:

Allow me to say a word or two on our treatment of the Indian rebels, because my speech on that subject vexed, as I feared it would, some of my friends. Gentlemen, I refrained from telling all I knew on that subject. I blushed for our national fame as a humane and Christian people. But down here, in this snug corner, I may mention one or two things that I did not like to relate in the House.

How many persons do you think we executed in the one city of Alahabad? Just realize the awful horror of but one execution—the fearful mental agony of the man who feels the rope tied round his neck, and the drop fall. In that one city we executed in cold blood thirteen hundred persons. [Shame.] In the Punjab, where no outrage whatever was committed, we executed five thousand persons. I read that myself in a letter from Sir John Lawrence.

Is it not awful to think of hanging and shooting five thousand human beings? And if this was done in the Punjab, what must have been done in Bengal, where rebellion really raged? Why, we seem to have put to death, without mercy, any man who took side against us. For instance, a Rajah had saved the lives of Mr. Mitchell and other Europeans. But, under compulsion, as he said, he aided the rebels. He was caught and hanged.

I knew the family of an officer of the Bhopal Contingent. They told me that when the Contingent mutinied, two hundred of them, with great difficulty, saved the life of this gentleman and his brother officers, and also refused to march off and take arms with the mutineers. Well, General—— arrived. And what did he do, but put to death these very two hundred men on the ground that they had not fought against their brethren! And I heard Mr. Layard give an account of their execution, which was heart-rending to hear. [Shame, shame.]

A friend of my own wrote home with glee how he had destroyed eighty villages. I read a letter from a soldier, who said that after a wholesale massacre of their prisoners they flung their bodies into a pit, and covered them over. One of them recovered his senses, and came wandering into camp. He was again shot the next morning. All about Delhi, the head men of every village where the telegraph had been broken were hanged, though they had no more to do with it than I had. I said in the House, and I say here again, that the men who did that, did murder."

## Pennsylvania's Reward.

MR. BUCHANAN'S DIPLOMATIC APPOINTMENTS.  
[Correspondence of the Press.]

WASHINGTON, November 2.—The following list of appointments from Pennsylvania, in the diplomatic and consular service, I have obtained from the proper quarter, after some trouble. It is a curious catalogue:

G. M. Dallas	..... England	\$17,500
P. N. Dallas, Sec. Legation	..... England	2,625
Benj. Moran, Asst. Sec. Legation	..... England	1,800
J. R. Clay	..... Peru	10,000
W. B. Reed	..... China	12,000
F. Beelen, Sec. Legation	..... Chili	1,800

### MINISTERS RESIDENT.

J. G. Jones	..... Austria	9,000
J. R. Buckalew	..... Ecuador	7,500
J. R. Chandler	..... Naples	7,500

### CONSULS.

Mr. Davy	..... Leeds	2,000
H. Keenan	..... Cork	2,000
J. Keenan	..... Hong Kong	3,000
Dr. C. Huffnagle, Con. Gen.	..... B. India, Cal.	5,000
Smith	..... Malaga	1,500
Latimer	..... St. Johns, P. R.	2,000
Stiles	..... Vienna	1,500
Forney	..... Monrovia	1,000
Diffenderfer	..... Paso Del Norte	500
Priest	..... San Juan del Sur	2,000
Game	..... Guayaquil	750
Sarmiento	..... Venice	1,500
Fairfield	..... Port Louis	2,500
Cochran	..... Santiago de Cuba	2,500
Gallagher	..... Ponce	1,500
Glantz	..... Stettin	1,000
Endlich	..... Basle	2,000

The Messrs. Dallas, W. B. Reed, Jehu G. Jones, J. R. Chandler, C. R. Buckalew, J. R. Clay, are well known. Of these only one has been a known friend of the President for ten years past. Dr. Huffnagle, now absent on leave, has been in office some fourteen years. He is a highly accomplished gentleman, and one of the Lancaster family of that name. Mr. F. Beelen, John Bigler's Secretary of Legation at Chili, is a Pittsburgh man, and very competent for his place. General James Keenan, now absent on leave, at Greensburg, in your state, was Adjutant-General under Gov. Bigler. The Consul at Cork is his relative—an uncle, I believe. Dr. J. Z. Forney is of the Maryland family of that name. Mr. Endlich is a Franklin county man. Cochran, Fairfield, Priest, Sarmiento, Davy, Smith, Gallagher, are almost wholly unknown to our people, here and at home.

Besides those contained in the above list, John Bigler, appointed from California; Spencer, appointed agent from New York, after having applied from Pennsylvania; Vezy, appointed from New York to Havre; Morgan, appointed from Ohio to Marseilles, now minister at Portugal; I. R. Diller, appointed from Illinois to Bremen; Gillmer, appointed from