

THE
DESERET NEWS.

"TRUTH AND LIBERTY."

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FORGETFULNESS OF BLESSINGS.

It is a difficult thing for many of this people to realize at all times the greatness of the blessings which the Almighty has extended unto them. We read in the Scriptures about the children of Israel, and wonder how a people who had witnessed the marvellous manifestations of God's mercy and power, as they had, could be so hard in their hearts and forgetful of the mighty deliverances wrought for them by Him. God's hand was so visible, His dealings so manifest in the various circumstances by which they were surrounded, that to the inexperienced it seems scarcely possible that another people could be so blind as they were. But similar instances of blindness and hardness of heart are not wanting among other people. Every record written by men of God that has been handed down to us from past generations, abounds with similar instances of man's forgetfulness of God's goodness and his want of appreciation of the blessings which He has conferred upon him. Neither are these instances confined to ancient days, but they have also been witnessed in these days and among this people.

If the mighty deliverances that have been wrought for this people, and the wonderful manifestations of God's power which they have experienced, had been told to them before they were witnessed, as they will be told to our children and as the children of Israel's are now told to us, they would doubtless have said, "if we pass through such circumstances and experience God's power in such a manner, we will never forget it, never cease to appreciate it nor ever fail to acknowledge His hand in it." They would appear so great when marked out beforehand, so unwonted, and so contrary to what might naturally be expected that they would have felt, "If we experience these things, we will never cease to exclaim, God has done this; let His name be glorified."—"God's ways," however, "are not as man's ways." The manner in which God accomplishes His purposes and designs, is not the way that man would expect Him to accomplish them. The events and deliverances, therefore, which, if related beforehand, would have caused such feelings, have come along so naturally, and been accompanied by so little that the natural and inexperienced man would think to be awe-inspiring or requiring the arm of a God to perform, that it is only in the bosoms of those who are enlightened by the Spirit of God, whose eyes are fully opened to behold His hand, that these feelings are found. It is not the mere witnessing of these things, as we might formerly have supposed, that is sufficient to convince us that God is in this work, and that His hand has performed all that we behold. Neither was it the witnessing alone of the stupendous power of God by the children of Israel, or by any other people, that could convince them that the Eternal Father was the author of all they had beheld. But it was with them as it is with us; it was then, as it is now, by having His Spirit to enlighten the eyes and quicken the perceptions, that man could understand these things or recognize His hand.

Many of this people well remember the feelings they had before these valleys were chosen as a place of gathering for the Saints. They thought then that if the day ever should dawn upon us as a people when we could inhabit a land such as this—a land of health, a land where we could be unmolested and worship our God according to the dictates of our own consciences, without being mobbed, our houses and improvements burned by our enemies, or ourselves shot down, they would never cease to be grateful. If they could ever receive these blessings, nothing should ever tempt them to forego them. If they should have only bread to eat and water to drink, and be where they could have health and security to eat it in peace and far-removed from oppression, they would be satisfied. These were the feelings which filled the breasts of the majority; and could the people have beheld at that time all that the Lord has done during the past twelve or thirteen years in bringing these things about, their bosoms would have over-

flowed with thanksgiving and praise, and they would have felt to say in their hearts, that were they to be so privileged as to behold and participate in these events, they would never forget the Lord their God, nor cease to appreciate His kindness. But how has it been? Have all those who had those feelings under those circumstances continued to retain them? Have those, who while in foreign lands, besought the Lord to grant unto them the greatest desire of their hearts—the privilege of gathering with His Saints in these valleys, continued to estimate it as such after they received it? There are many who have, and who have the feelings now that they formerly thought they would have, and who appreciate all they now enjoy. But there are others who appear to have forgotten all their former feelings, who murmur and are dissatisfied in the very circumstances which they then prayed the Lord to place them in, and who do not seem to perceive the Lord's hand in anything that has happened. They seem to have walked in the dark, and have utterly failed to profit by their past experience. The Children of Israel were not more forgetful than they have been. The flesh-pots of Egypt offered no stronger inducements for them to return to the land of their bondage, than the luxuries of the world have to many of this people to return to theirs.

There is a cause for this, and that cause is to be found in the fact that they have hardened their hearts against the influences of the Spirit of God and not suffered it to grow and increase within them. Had they continued to possess it, they would estimate the blessings by which this people is surrounded at their proper value, and would behold and acknowledge the hand of God in all that has taken place. If the anticipation of these things, years ago, could cause them joy, the realization would produce it far more abundantly, and nothing could have sufficient power to induce them to part with such blessings. As it was with the children of Israel, so may we expect that it will be with us; if we do not appreciate the kindness and tender mercy which the Lord has extended unto us up to the present time, we may reasonably look for scourges and chastisements until we will remember and appreciate these things.

GOLD MINES IN BRITISH AMERICA.

THERE has been great excitement in California of late in consequence of the reported rich strikes being made in gold mining on Fraser River, British America. For the two months preceding the date of our last advices, upwards of twenty thousand persons had left the Port of San Francisco for Vancouver's Island, en route for this new El Dorado; and thousands more were getting ready to depart. Every vessel was crowded. Real estate, mining claims, etc., have depreciated very much throughout the northern part of California, and the excitement is said to have caused men to part with property, especially mining claims, at figures thought to be far below their real value. The accounts in circulation respecting the richness of these new mines were deemed by many of the more sober and calculating to be fabulous, and they feel satisfied the stories are humbugs. There have been so many stories of a similar nature started at one time and another in California, by speculators and others interested in land claims, steam boat lines, stores, etc., that many who have been bitten and learned by bitter and dear bought experience the folly of trusting to every report, are very cautious about swallowing these. All accounts, however, agree in stating that it is a hazardous and expensive undertaking. Numbers have already lost their lives by attacks from Indians. Goods on the river are very high, poor, black flour selling at \$50 per barrel, a middling good article at \$60, and other things in proportion, though there are many articles that can neither be purchased for love nor money.

Verily, the sacrifices the worshippers of mammon make for their god, are wonderful! To obtain possession of the object of their love and adoration they will sacrifice everything—wife, children, home, and even life itself; they will brave the storms of the ocean, scale mountains, immerse themselves in canyons where the light of the sun scarcely ever penetrates, and undergo every conceivable privation and hardship, for the possession of their cherished idol. Priest and people, high and low, learned and unlearned, are all engaged in the great struggle, as though the possession of

what they sought would afford them peace and unalloyed happiness here and eternal felicity hereafter. The world wonder at the strange infatuation of the "Mormons" in making sacrifices for their religion; but the "Mormons," did they not pity their blindness, would smile with contempt at the fatuity and folly exhibited by the world in the selection of their idol and the sacrifices they make for it. To the editors and people of California our conduct and movements have appeared strange; but did we not comprehend them better than they possibly can us, theirs to us would appear inexplicable. To obtain peace and happiness here, to enjoy our rights and liberties in this life and to lay up eternal riches in that which is to come by obeying the commandments of that God who controls the destinies of the universe and every thing animate and inanimate which it contains, we can conceive that sacrifices might cheerfully be made and privations and hardships joyfully encountered. But to undergo all these things for gold—slippery, contaminating, debasing gold—to sacrifice health, life and every comfort to possess a drossy metal that does not increase the real happiness of its possessor or his neighbor, and that he can not, by no stratagem however skillful, possibly smuggle through with him when he passes death's portals, appears folly and infatuation in the extreme to us.

GRAPES.

In 1850, I took a tour through the western portion of Berks county, where there was in all perhaps about fifty acres of grapes (Catawba and Isabella) in bearing. Nearly all were affected, more or less, by the rot, some totally ruined, others half a crop, and some so badly injured as not to be worth gathering. One lot of perhaps half an acre was free from the disease, had a fine crop, and very nearly ripe.

I had noticed all the rest of the vineyards which I visited were kept in neat order; no weeds; had been carefully pruned in the spring and as carefully tied to stakes. But this one, in which no knife, cultivator, hoe, or anything else had been used that year, the grapes which I bought a week or ten days after at \$40 per ton, proved not quite so well ripened as they should have been, but were infinitely superior to others that had received great care and attention. Do we not sometimes work and trim too much?

Last autumn in looking at a friend's vines, his Isabellas were a perfect failure, except one single vine, on the same trellis with the others, had a proud load of splendid grapes upon it. This vine, said my friend, (it being at one end of the trellis,) I forgot to prune in the spring, hence the grapes.

Such results tell a tale which ought to make a knife blush.

Ten years ago I was in Sinclair & Corse's establishment, near Baltimore, and there for the first time tasted native grape wine. I asked them how they treated their vines. Come and see, was the reply. Their vines were trained on trellises some eight or ten feet high, the ground thickly covered with fresh leaves. In the spring, when the frost is out and the ground dried off pretty well, they rake off the leaves, give a top dressing of manure, and I think dig it in slightly, then cover on the leaves again, and what waste there was in a year's decay supplied from the forest. That is all, besides pruning and picking fruit. Isabellas were the principal stock.

And now I will ask a few questions which will no doubt get me into difficulties, but I will venture on it. Where does the exact point end, of foxiness or fragrance, and aroma commence?

A second question is, Must we trench two and three feet deep to obtain the finest grapes, and to have the vines last? If so, why do not our old residents of the forest run their roots deep down, instead of creeping (as a sailor would say) between wind and water; or in other words, close to the surface, under the leaves?

And why do young vines that have been set out in May, in a bed only a foot wide, trenched and manured a foot deep, run their little roots two feet out into the common soil not over three inches from the surface?

And why did my border, five feet wide and three feet deep, filled up with leather shavings, old mortar, leaves, cow dung, &c. &c., keep their three year old roots in its fertile bosom, instead of their sneaking off ten feet and netting themselves under an old hot bed, where they had but one inch of good soil on a hard, yellow clay, to pass through, to get over the path, and that path three feet wide and considerably used?

These things puzzle me considerably, and suggest that a little less trenching would answer as well; less trimming, and a great deal of mulching would pay well. I mean to try it the coming season at all events. I hope some one will answer my queries.—[Mr. Miller is the Horticulturist.]

HOW THE CHINESE PREVENT FINANCIAL CRISES.—Every man in China must pay up his debts at the beginning of the year, and also at the time of a religious festival, about the middle of the year. If unable to settle at these times, his business stops until his debts are paid.

TO PREVENT BAD ODORS.—Both the fluid and solid secretions of men and animals contain nitrogen, a gas which has neither taste, smell nor color, while separated from other bodies, and which has little affinity for other elements, though it is found that those substances most prone to fermentation are those which contain nitrogen in some form, or as an ingredient of their compounds. The fecal matters of all animals owe their disagreeable smell chiefly to a compound of nitrogen, known as ammonia. A curious change is effected, and that spontaneously, too, in these excretions as soon as they cease to form a part of the living organism. They contain nitrogen, the elements of water, viz.: hydrogen, oxygen and carbon. The carbon unites with the oxygen of the water and the nitrogen with the hydrogen, thus destroying the water. These two compounds being simultaneously formed, are set free at the same time, when they now unite, forming what may be termed a compound—carbonate of ammonia—the odorous element of privy vaults, cesspools and barn-yards.

Most decent people would gladly prevent these disagreeable odors from escaping and tainting the whole atmosphere about, if they could procure, cheaply, some effectual absorbent, or deodorizer. There is needed no better material for this than every man finds on his own farm in a greater or less supply—peat, or turf, mingled with the fermenting mass, or spread over the heaps. Leaves and wood's mould, and plaster, make excellent absorbents and deodorizers, and they will add immensely to the fertilizing value of the whole. What better application need be asked for our soil than barn and privy manure, and the contents of the cess-pool, all mingled with peat, turf, plaster, &c., and well crumbled down? There is no better general applications. B.—*Prairie Farmer*, April 22.

MILES ON HORSE-SHOEING.—A late number of the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, contains a paper on this subject by the author of "The Horse's Foot—How to Keep it Sound"—a pamphlet largely circulated in this country. He contends that by good shoeing and care, the horse may be kept in good working order to double the age now usual—summing up as follows:

"If I were asked to account for my horse's legs and feet being in better order than those of my neighbors, I should attribute it to the four following circumstances:—First, that they are all shod with few nails, so placed in the shoe as to permit the foot to expand every time they move; secondly, that they all live in boxes instead of stalls, and can move whenever they please; thirdly, that they have two hours' daily walking exercise when they are not at work; and fourthly, that I have not a head-stall or rack-chain in my stable: these four circumstances comprehend the whole mystery of keeping horse's legs fine, and their feet in sound working condition up to a good old age."

"In regard to fastening the shoe—it is best allowed to expand to the weight of the horse, by placing three nails in the outer limb of the shoe, and two in the inner limb, between the toe and the commencement of the inner quarter; a larger number than five nails can never be required in any shoe of any size, or under any circumstances, excepting for the sole purpose of counteracting defective and clumsy fitting."

BOILED WHEAT FOR DESSERT.—Pick over and wash a pint of white wheat, boil it four hours, put in salt the same as for rice; re-fill with boiling water, if more is needed; stir often the last half hour, being careful not to let it burn; cook it dry. Sometimes it looks starchy when first dished, but that soon disappears. Serve hot or cold, with sweetened sweet cream. This we think an excellent dessert, and very fine for invalids.

Another very rich dish, for dessert, can be made of a pint of wheat, cooked like the above, then boil in a quart of sweet milk, one cup of sugar, one cup of raisins, currants, or any fruit, (raisins are preferable,) two beaten eggs; cook slowly, and stir until it boils; serve cold or hot, without sauce. Or, after the wheat is washed, soak it in warm water over night, keep it wet till time for use, then simmer the water all out of it; then add the milk and other ingredients, and cook as above.—[*Genesee Farmer*.]

TO BOIL POTATOES, let them lie in cold water six hours at least, before boiling, (twelve hours for very old potatoes is not too long.) Then put them in a little water, a little salted, and the water should be kept at a moderate boil till they are done, which should be tested with a fork; then pour off the water and let them stand in the pot till dry. Great care should be taken not to let them boil a moment after they are done, as it will render them watery.

An excellent plan to make old potatoes mealy is to turn them into a cloth and rapidly shake them about, or take them one at a time in a cloth and slightly press them.

The larger potatoes should be put into the pot before the smaller ones that they may be equally done.

It requires from forty to fifty minutes to boil old potatoes. New ones will take about half that time.—[*Genesee Farmer*.]

UNREMITTING KINDNESS.—"Call that a kind man!" said an actor speaking of an acquaintance, "a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing. Call that kindness?" Unremitting kindness," chuckled a wag.