

# DESERET NEWS.

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Tone of the New York Herald's correspondence on the defeat of the Omnibus Bill in the Senate:

Most nobly has he fought the fight,  
Although he lost the day;  
And still he wields a giant's might,  
Hurrah for Harry Clay.

And yet, again, we say well done,  
Whate'er may come to pass;  
For wriery, fiery General Foote,  
And staunch old General Cass.

The broad-axe of Old Bullion fell  
Upon it all to kill;  
And Pearce put in the hand granade,  
Which bursted up the bill.

But still the Salt Lake saints are saved,  
We've taken care of them—  
And the Omnibus is safely in  
The New Jerusalem.

Then why lament, or why despair  
Of still a brighter day?  
The Union yet may be preserved—  
Hurrah for Harry Clay!

The example is a glorious one,  
To England and to France—  
That thus we can afford to let  
The Mormons lead the dance.

Then join the ring, and let us sing,  
And bless the auspicious day,  
When the saints bore off the Omnibus,  
And let us Harry Clay.

## FROM THE PLAINS.

We find the following letter from Mr. E. H. N. Patterson, late editor and publisher of the Oquawka Spectator, in the Placer Times of the 31st ult.

Dear Sir—Presuming that your interesting sheet is one of the principal mediums of communicating intelligence to your eastern cotemporaries concerning immigrants to the modern Ophir, I take the liberty of addressing a line, detailing a few incidents of crossing the "Plains."

I started with a large company from Oquawka, Illinois, fitted out with four horse teams. We left the Missouri river on the 26th of April, from Council Bluffs. Up the Platte, a country destitute of

timber, we made a quick trip to Fort Laramie; although we had no grass whatever, the dead grass having been burned by the immigrants ahead of us! Who these men, these friends of their fellows, were, I could not learn. From Fort Laramie we found an excellent road across the Black Hills;—up the Sweetwater, a beautiful stream, we had no difficulty whatever; across the Rocky Mountains we found good grass all the way, and had a rain storm every day. (This will seem almost incredible to last year's immigrants.) On arriving at "Fremont's Place of Mountains" we struck Hudspeth's Cut-off, a delightful road, traversing the most romantic regions I ever traveled. From Raft River to the far-famed Humbolt we met with no serious obstruction; but the trip from Stony Point to El Dorado, I venture to say will not soon be forgotten. Here I witnessed more of suffering than I wish to look upon again; men who had never before known want, having lost their horses from the debilitating effects of the alkaline waters of the Humboldt, were forced to buy provisions at enormous rates—to walk night and day over dusty roads and parched plains; some, again, were entirely destitute of both provisions and money, and were forced to beg and even steal enough to keep alive the vital spark. I will enumerate but a few individual cases. I saw a party of young men who had subsisted for six days on a few pounds of coffee; one man from Wisconsin having lost his provisions in crossing Green river, lived for two weeks on four pounds of pilot bread. But enough of this. Suffice it to say, when on the Sierra Nevada, even some of those who had been heretofore well supplied, having lost by theft, were compelled to dispose of horses for flour,

at the rate of a horse for ten pounds. I saw several horses which had the steaks taken from them—some men, who possessed too much honesty to steal, being forced to this. Our company all came through safely, however, being only reduced to short allowance on the Nevada.

The inquiry will very naturally be made, what was the cause of all this suffering? My answer is, that the immigrants, generally, this year started with not enough provisions, mostly expecting to make the trip in a much shorter time than it was accomplished in. Again, many persons took the "Lawson" or "Greenhorn cut-off;" and, in returning again to the old route, lost much time.

My note is hastily written, and I have omitted many incidents which might be deemed interesting by those who have never taken the trip. I have said nothing of the immense destruction of property; swimming rivers and wading in alkali sloughs for grass; the natural music of the plains; the serenading of the mosquitoes; the lonely waste, with no trace of any green thing, except, perhaps, a few gold-smitten immigrants.—Let these things be buried in the waters of Lethe.

With respect, yours, E. H. N. P.

## A SINGULAR HUMBUG.

Wonders will never cease in Paris. A discovery has lately been made of an extraordinary individual living at the Barriere d'Euse, and who proclaims himself to the world as the heir and successor of Jesus Christ, has created the greatest curiosity among the miracle hunters of the capitol. This man is a peasant of the name of Perimond, about five and forty years of age, of simple and unpretending manners and homely speech. He is, however, manifestly under some extraordinary magnetic in-