

Written for the DESERET NEWS.
SALT LAKE VALLEY.

BY JOHN LYON.

Part First.

Inspiring muse! Come lend your aid, while I
With wond'ring eye look o'er this wizard land—
From the Twin-Peaks, to where the small hills
lie

Above the Dug-Way, down to Jordan's strand
Broke by the strength of Nature's pow'rful
hand,—

On east, and west, high hoary mountains guard
The rugged kanyons, wet, or dry in sand,
Where bold prospectors never yet have dared
To climb those steep, that time's decaying hand
have bared.

The morning sun o'ertops the eastern hills,
Shedding a radiance like pure burnished gold—
Far up the western bench his glory fills
The yawning kanyons as they upward fold
The tow'ring pines, amid the barren cold—
Throwing their shadows to the depths below,—
In frowning pride, majestic, straight and bold,
As if they scorned the everlasting snow
That caps the summits of the hills whereon they
grow.

Dread Mountains! Pyramidically driv'n
Above each other to a dizzy height,
Where streams glide swiftly down your cliffs all
riv'n

By Nature's hand in rude volcanic state.
What mighty pow'r upheaved your pond'rous
weight

And paved a way down deep ravine, and vale,
Where Nature forms a lake, clear, broad and
straight,

The gorgeous splendour of the hidden dale—
Where music with the cooling dove alone prevail.

Upon the left the Salt Lake sparkling gleams
Afar, among the mountains, like the main—
As round the western point in fiery beams,
It glistens, dims, and greens, then glows again
And foaming throws its surge upon the plain
Or shore, where wave on wave is roughly hurl'd,
Then leaves its ebb, in whiteness to remain
The brine of salt by Nature's pow'r unfurl'd
Enough to serve and cure this great corrupted
world.

Down through the centre of the valley flows
The rapid Jordan, like that stream of yore,
Far-famed in Asia, till in quiet repose
'Tis lost like it, nor out-let, has no more—
On the Dead salt sea's dark and leakless shore,
Deep winding through the vale, from south to
north,

There all along its broken banks, and o'er
The sloughs, do show its waters bursting forth,
Where cane-brake and the waving rushes prove
its grazing worth.

Strange land of heights and hollows, carse and
glen,

Deep saleratus springs, and alkali,—
Biling and bursting forth, from rock, and fen,
Crusting the earth in patches seared and dry—
Like snow-wreaths fading in the purer sky—
Cold as an iceberg, or as hot as fire,

Stenching the air, when winds do o'er them
sigh,
Bearing the effluvia of their slimy mire
From out the dark brown sward, growing like
pointed wire.

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

Men accomplish the most when they
co-operate with each other. In order to
do this they must see to it that their in-
terests are the same. Much of the ag-
gregate world is lost, by those of the
same calling working against each
other. When a number of hearts and
hands work with one accord, resolutely
and perseveringly, to accomplish a com-
mon object, their success is as good as
assured.

These were some of our thoughts, as
we drove, one August evening, through
the beautiful and historical Oneida
Valley, after a visit to the famous Com-
munity about which so much has been
said and written. The main body of
this organization, consisting of about
200 members, occupies a three-story
brick mansion, 188 feet in length, and
seventy broad, with towers and Man-
sard roof. In this house are found all
the latest improvements, such as heat-
ing and cooking by steam, water pipes
in all parts of the building, etc., etc.,
and here the Community lives like a
wealthy family overgrown, the mem-
bers working as much as seems goods to
them, and hiring the rest of their labor
done. It must not be supposed, how-
ever, that they allow themselves or each
other to get lazy; everybody has some-
thing to do, be the labor ever so light;
and, so far as possible, every body does
what he or she likes to do best.

Around this mansion, sweeps a mag-
nificent succession of orchard, meadow
and woodland, comprising 650 acres.
The Community, however, do not fol-
low the business of farming; they say it
doesn't pay. They are engaged in sev-
eral branches of manufacturing. They
carry on the business of printing, pub-
lish a neat weekly paper of considerable

size, and do much job-printing for the
surrounding population. We have been
in many country printing offices, but
have yet to find the equal of theirs in
neatness and order. This may in part
be accounted for by the fact that most of
the labor in the office is done by young
women.

Another of their branches of industry
is the steel-trap factory. Here the Com-
munity make traps enough to capture
all the wild animals in creation, if prop-
erly set and baited. In order that this
may be the case, they publish a book
called "The Trapper's Guide," which is
intended to be a complete manual of
forest life, and to encourage the sale of
traps by complete instruction for their
use.

Then there is their silk-factory, in
which they employ 100 girls (outsiders)
from neighboring villages, and turn out
over \$170,000 worth of goods per year;
and their machine-shop and foundry,
where castings for machinery are made.
These businesses have become so exten-
sive that members of the Community
have come to be overseers rather than
laborers, hiring others to do what they
have not time to do themselves. On the
whole there is enough going on about
the establishment to keep every one
from idleness.

The Community has a peculiar mode
of government, but an effectual one. It
consists of the members constantly
telling each other exactly what they
think about each other. If a member
goes wrong they criticise him back into
the right path, with words which are
more effectual than blows. Society in
general has a similar method of
discipline, but it works cumbrously
from the fact that it is applied behind
the back, instead of directly to the un-
derstanding. In such a body as the
Oneida Community, where the senti-
ments of all are expressed to each other
without the least reservation, it would
be impossible for any one at conflict
with its sentiments to stay long. There
are, however, few withdrawals, and
there never has been but one expul-
sion.

They are educating themselves and
each other constantly. They have a
large library, which is common to all;
they have an academy, with competent
instructors and good apparatus; and they
have at the present time some of their
young men at Yale College, where they
are acquiring a liberal education.

The Community has accomplished
that most important requisite to popu-
larity—financial success. Although in
the first nine years it sank \$40,000, it
earned over \$180,000 clear of all expense
during the next ten; and its income is
increasing every year. As we sat down
to supper with its members, in their spa-
cious dining-room and saw the "family"
eating amicably together of "the fat of
the land;" as we wandered through
their beautiful groves, luxurious gar-
dens and beautiful orchards; as we
looked upon the general air of not only
thrift, but opulence, we felt that so far
as this world's goods are concerned, Com-
munism is a success.

Their social views, as is well known,
are contrary to those of society gener-
ally. They are frank in telling them,
and evidently sincere in holding and
practicing them. They are not so bad
as they have been represented; but they
are of a decidedly promiscuous nature,
and such as very few men and women
of this generation would endure. Their
religious beliefs are also peculiar. But,
notwithstanding these facts, it is only
justice to say that the much abused and
persecuted Oneida Community is an in-
dustrious, peaceable, temperate, thrifty,
and intelligent body of people.—W. M.
Carleton in the *Detroit Weekly Tribune*.

FANNY FERN.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

In 1851 Fanny Fern found herself a
widow, with two little girls clinging to
her for support, as well as care. In 1851
it must have been harder for a woman
to suddenly find herself confronting the
world, with only her brain and hands
and loving heart between her and want.
It is appalling enough now for any
woman accustomed to life-long depen-
dence to suddenly find all the respon-
sibilities of bread-winning and house-
hold support devolving on her own un-
aided labor, although manifold oppor-
tunities for that labor were undream-
ed of twenty years ago. At that time
the best educated of American women
were educated for nothing in particular
unless to be school teachers, which, of
course, created at least a dozen teachers
for every school. But death and misfor-
tune have ever been remorselessly in-
different to the fancies of the fastidious

or the prejudices of society. In the ab-
stract, lovely is the theory that a wom-
an should always be protected, always
cared for. But all the same as if they
were never uttered. Every day Death
strikes down the protector or fatal con-
ditions put him forever beyond reach.
Then in the face of the finest theory,
woe to the woman standing alone who
cannot honorably take care of herself.

Fanny Fern, as a school girl in Cath-
arine Beecher's seminary in Hartford,
tore the leaves out of her "Euclid" to
curl her hair with. Hartford still holds
traditions of her girlish escapades, tricks
and manners; but has preserved no re-
cord of her scholarship. In her way,
she probably was about the same sort of
scholar in the Hartford seminary that
Henry Ward Beecher was in Amherst
College—learning as little as possible
from books, but everything from Nature,
from human beings, from her own acute
faculties, electrical temperament, and
deep, passionate heart. What it was
for such a one to find herself suddenly
cast forth from a home of ease, a life of
love and happiness—widowed and poor
no one may tell but she who has sat
down amid the ashes of all earthly joy.

Well, she did not want to go into a
shop. She could not teach school and
live by it; but she could write an essay
that was yet a sketch—dancing, dash-
ing, satirical, witty, human, pathetic—
a sketch which in that day at least was
a need in journalism; a sketch for
which she alone in temperament and
power had received the patent; a sketch
which nobody else on earth could write
but Fanny Fern. She wrote it. With
poverty crouching on the hearth, with
her little girls tugging at her skirts,
with her fiery blood rushing through
her veins, all freighted with love of love
and hate of hate, she wrote it. Then
she put it into a little satchel and sallied
forth to sell it. There was a relief in
writing it. What a delicious little first
vent it must have been for the flood-tide
of wrath and love that came rushing af-
ter. But to go out to seek somebody else
to find it precious—precious enough to
pay money for it; to set a price on it;
that heart throb, to ask a price for it—
that must have been awful. A man
going from office to office to sell a poem
or a leader must be a sorry sight. A
woman compelled to peddle by voice
and eye such a ware must be a
sadder sight. She endured many a
supercilious glance, more than
one rebuff, of course, on her weary
round. A woman trying to sell her own
composition from a bag no doubt ap-
peared childish to these men of affairs.
The curly head, the little satchel, the
little sketch did not look the least like
business. Beholding the three, what
prophet of them all could foresee that
the dainty reticule with its contents
stood for one hundred and thirty-two
copies of a single book? She found an
astute purchaser at last. He liked the
sketch, took it, and paid her for it—
FIFTY CENTS.

Its fresh fearlessness hit the "general
reader;" its veining pathos touched ten
thousand hearts. Fanny Fern had hit
the right nail on the head; it was a
golden one. She struck again, and yet
again, for twenty years—for sixteen
years never missing a single week. She
was fortunate in her publisher. Saga-
cious and practical, she selected one not
for his own fame, who would consider
it quite sufficient to stamp his name on
its title-page and leave her book to take
its chances; but one whose reputation
would in a degree depend upon her own.
Already her "Fern Leaves" were scat-
tered through the length of the land.
People shrugged their shoulders, but all
the more they read and bought. Critics
said they were flippant, sarcastic, irrever-
ent, masculine and bitter. Nobody
said that they were lackadaisical, weak,
or stupid. No matter what was said, all
the more people bought them and read
them. Of the first volume of "Fern
Leaves" seventy thousand copies were
sold in America. "Little Ferns for
Fanny's Little Friends" sold sixty-two
thousand in the United States, while
forty-eight thousand copies were sold in
England alone.

Broadway has given me two pictures
of this woman, which I shall always
tenderly keep. One is of the winter of
1859-60. Each bright day one could see
from afar that haughty head, with its
wealth of golden curls, and that peer-
less step, which had in it a fine disdain,
that I never saw equaled in woman.
Always quietly and elegantly dressed,
she was striking by force of her very
presence. With strongly marked fea-
tures, a noble figure, and elastic step,
which yet carried with it the proud dig-
nity of a queen, she could not fail to at-
tract a second glance even from an un-
thinking stranger. On either side
walked a fair young daughter. One,

much taller than her mother, was es-
pecially noticeable for her wide blue
eyes and long, fair curls. Within two or
three years she married and died, leav-
ing as her dying gift to the mother, whose
heart was broken, a little child of her
own.

In time Broadway gave another char-
acteristic picture of Fanny Fern. In
the bright autumn afternoon she walked
Broadway with the young daughter left
and the baby. Thus I saw it one day in
its nurse's arms. The crowd wedged us
all pat in a corner. Fanny Fern was
talking with baby. Oblivious of all the
world, she saw her kingdom in its eyes.
Such a transfigured face, such baby talk!
The direst Calvinist could not despair of
the "final salvation" of a woman who
could look and talk like that to a baby.
It was of this child that she wrote pri-
vately: "Our little Effie has never been
left with a servant; and, although to
carry out such a plan has involved a
sacrifice of much literary work, or its
unsatisfactory incompleteness, I am not
and never shall be sorry. She is my po-
em."

As a writer she never reached her
own highest mark, never wrote up to
the highest level of her powers. A
passion for truth, a hatred of shams, a
contempt for pretence, slashed with
satire, sarcasm, humor, and wit, all
electrified by an abounding vitality and
an exuberant love of mischief and fun,
marked every utterance which she com-
mitted to print. Yet scarcely less was
everything that she wrote veined with a
deep loving pity for human nature, a
delight in the natural world, of which
she was a happy interpreter. One could
not read the slightest sketch from her
hand without being conscious that it
came from a strong and honest heart,
and from a head of unexhausted power.
Yet the conditions upon which she
wrote made it impossible that she
should concentrate, elaborate, be contin-
uously an artist, although, even as
she wrote, in one form of utterance she
was ever unapproached. It was her lot,
as it is the lot of so many brave, bright
men and women of this generation, to
serve her day, to meet the exigencies of
the hour, to say the word that at present
demanded should be said, without refer-
ence to the future. And she was true
woman enough to recognize the fact,
and to modulate her life upon it, that to
be is higher than to say, even though
your word be said in a form of the finest
art; and to mold an immortal soul is the
divinest work that can come to woman
or man.

THE NICEST WIDOW IN THE BLUE GRASS REGION.

Not far from the Forks of Elkhorn
lived the pretty little widow Fauntleroy,
and one of her nearest neighbors was
General Peyton. The General had look-
ed upon the little widow very much as
he did upon his blooded horse Powhat-
tan—"the finest horse, sir, in the Blue-
grass region."

The pretty Mrs. Fauntleroy had been
a widow more than a year, while the
General, having a great regard for eti-
quette, had waited patiently for the
time to elapse, in order to declare him-
self. But the widow, with her woman's
art, kept her lover at bay, and kept
him in her train.

He had escorted her to this barbecue,
and when returning had expressed his
satisfaction at the prospects of General
Combs, and the success of the Whig
party.

The widow took sides with the Democ-
racy, and offered to wager her blooded
horse, Gypsy, or anything else on her
place against Powhattan, or anything
else she might fancy on the General's
place.

The General's gallantry would not al-
low him to refuse the wager, which he
promptly accepted. By this time they
had reached the North Fork of Elkhorn,
and were about to ford it, (bridges were
not plentiful in those days,) when John
Peyton, the General's only son and heir,
came up at a sharp gait behind them.

The widow turned and bowed to John,
and rode on into the stream, but a little
behind her companion. The east bank
was very steep, and required the horses
to put forth all their strength to reach
the top with their loads.

As luck would have it, good or ill, the
widow's girth broke just at the com-
mencement of the steep part. The
lady, still seated on her saddle, slid
swiftly back into the water, while her
horse went up the bank like an arrow.

John Peyton leaped from his horse,
and in an instant caught the floating
lady and saddle, and before the Gen-
eral had recovered from his astonish-
ment, was at the top of the bank with
his burden. The little widow was
equal to the occasion, for she begged