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## Calendar for June: 1866.

Last Quarter, 5th, 11h. 4m. Afternoon.  
New Moon, 12th day, 2h. 38 m. Afternoon.  
First Quarter, 19th day, 4 h. 18 m. Afternoon.  
Full Moon, 27th day. 8h. 6 m. Afternoon.

D of M	W	Moon's place at Noon.	Signification of Signs.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.
1	F	17	20	Knees & Hams	4 31 7 24
2	S	29	58		4 30 7 25
3	S	12	39	Legs & Ankles	4 30 7 25
4	M	25	34		4 29 7 26
5	T	8	46	Feet & Toes	4 29 7 27
6	W	22	18		4 28 7 27
7	T	6	11	Head & Face	4 28 7 28
8	F	20	25		4 28 7 28
9	S	5	0	Neck & Throat	4 28 7 29
10	S	19	52		4 28 7 29
11	M	4	55	Arms, Shouldr's	4 28 7 30
12	T	19	58		4 28 7 30
13	W	4	54	Breast & Stom.	4 28 7 31
14	T	19	32		4 28 7 31
15	F	3	32	Heart & Back	4 28 7 32
16	S	17	46		4 28 7 32
17	S	0	50	Bowels & Belly	4 28 7 33
18	M	13	42		4 28 7 33
19	T	26	10		4 29 7 34
20	W	8	21	Reins & Loins	4 29 7 34
21	T	20	20		4 29 7 34
22	F	2	08	Secret Members	4 29 7 34
23	S	13	57		4 29 7 35
24	S	25	51		4 30 7 35
25	M	7	46	Hips & Thighs	4 30 7 35
26	T	19	49		4 30 7 35
27	W	2	2	Knees & Hams	4 30 7 35
28	T	14	04		4 31 7 35
29	F	26	57		4 31 7 35
30	S	9	41	Legs & Ankles	4 31 7 35

## Miscellaneous.

### HAPPY AT HOME.

The little straws of every day habit, floating slowly and silently down the stream of life, show very plainly which way the tide sets. And when Mrs. Purple says with a groan, "My husband never spends his evenings at home," it is natural to enquire within one's self why it is that Mr. Purple finds other resorts so much more attractive than the household altar.

"I don't see why he can't be a little more domestic," says Mrs. Purple.

Well, why is it? There is a reason for everything in the world say philosophers, and there must be a reason for this.

In the first place, Mrs. Purple is one of those unfortunate housekeepers whose work is never done. There is always something dragging—a room to be swept—lamps to be trimmed—fretful babies to be put to sleep, while one eye is on the boiling meat and the other on the muddy foot-prints unwittingly left by Mr. Purple on the doorsteps. "There, Purple, I knew just how it would be. I wonder if you know the use of a scraper or a door-mat. I should think after all the time I've spent in cleaning up—"

And Mrs. Purple goes off into a monotonous recitation of her troubles and trials that has all the effect of a lullaby upon a baby, however trying it may be to the feelings of the baby's father.

Moreover, Mrs. Purple with all her

"cleanings up," does not understand the first principles of keeping a house neat. Things are always "round in the way;" table-covers put on awry; dust and ashes under the grate, curtains torn away from their fastenings and pinned up until Mrs. Purple can "find time," to re-adjust them. Somehow, it looks forlorn and desolate, and unhomelike when the master of the house comes in at night. Mr. Purple, manlike, can't tell where the defection lies—he don't analyze the chill that comes over his heart as he crosses the threshold—he only knows that "things don't look ship-shape!" And so he takes his hat when his wife's back is turned and sneaks ignominiously off, glad to get away from the dead-alive fire, the dusty room, and Mrs. Purple's tongue. Who can blame the man? Mr. Purple may be lazy, and "careless," very likely he is—most men have a tendency that way—but nevertheless he don't like to be told of it over and over again, in that persistent illogical sort of a way that reminds you of an old hen running from side to side in her coop, and poking her head through the bars in the same place every seven seconds! Mr. Purple naturally wonders why his wife don't occasionally allude to the few good qualities he happens to possess! Mr. Purple has every inclination to be happy at home, if his better half would only give him a chance.

Of all the sweet-tinted pictures of domestic happiness that we find in the pages of Holy Writ, there is none that suggests more quiet comfort than Abraham sitting in his tent door "in the heat of the day" under the shadow of the palm tree of Mamre. Depend upon it, the good old patriarch never spent his evenings away from home. He didn't believe in "just going across the plains to Lot's house," or "running over to Sodom to hear the news." No, Abraham liked to set quietly in his tent door, and very likely Mrs. Sarah would come and lean over his shoulder and chat with him after the Oriental fashion! We have the very best of testimony for knowing that she was very amiable under the ordeal of "unexpected company," when "the calf tender and good" was dressed, and the three measures of meal baked on the hearth.

The idea of looking beyond the sphere of home for enjoyment is at the root of many of our modern evils. Home should be the very center and sanctuary of happiness; and when it is not, there is some screw loose in the domestic machinery! If you want to surround a young man with the best possible safeguards, don't overwhelm him with the maxims and homilies as to what he is and is not to do, but make his home happy in the evenings. Let him learn that however bad and cruel the outside world may be, he is always sure of sympathy and consideration in one place.

THE GERMANS OF ST. LOUIS.—A correspondent of an eastern exchange, writing from St. Louis of the Germans in that city, says: Statements recently published show that they fill nearly all the lucrative offices in this city. Our tax list show their avidity to become land-owners, and the significant facts that their language is taught in all the public schools, and that clerks unable to speak the language have difficulty in securing situations, are sure indications of their present strength and future growth.

JUVENILE BANDITRY.—For several months past a gang of young boys, the oldest not exceeding fifteen years, and the youngest not over ten or eleven, have been ranging along the city front of San Francisco, stealing whatever they could lay their hands on, and disposing of their plunder to various junk shopkeepers and other dealers. The little rascals had affected a magnificent achievement in the line of scientific mining, or civil engineering—criminal engineering might be nearer the term—having "cayotted" under the sidewalk from a shop on Davis street to Sacramento street, and thence along Sacramento nearly up to Front. Through this tunnel they have been conveying the plunder, taking it from the mouth on the inside to the sidewalk in a vacant lot on Sacramento street, and disposing of it at various places around town.—[Reese River Reville.

## TRANSYLVANIA—ITS PRODUCTS AND PEOPLE.

Under this title a London house has published a work which gives a full account of the singular country of Transylvania. The author, Charles Boner, seems to have studied the people with care, and his sketches are piquant.

Of the two million inhabitants of Transylvania 536,000 are Hungarians and 192,000 Germans; but nearly twice as many as both of these, numbering about 1,230,000, are the Wallachians, relics of the old tenants of the soil, augmented by a great many strangers of all sorts. "A Wallach peasant of to-day (says Mr. Boner) will take all the fruit in your garden or orchard—he having none, and being to indolent to cultivate any—and, on remonstrating with him he will not allow it as a theft, 'for what God makes grow must belong to him as much as to you.' By the same mode of reasoning he steals now, as he did three hundred years ago, the trees from his neighbors' forest, and drives his herds into their carefully-kept meadows. It 1599 they bored a gimlet into the backbone of the clergyman of Grossau, and hung him up by it in his own sacristy; and during the late Hungarian revolution they daily committed similar cruelties, if not worse."

Gipsies abound, and one of their settlements is thus described:

### A GIPSY SETTLEMENT.

It consisted of earth huts about seven feet high. You might as well have been in New Zealand, or among the aborigines of Australia, for any signs of culture to be found here. The habitations seen by Livingstone in the interior of Africa showed far more neatness and skill in their construction. Children were running about quite naked, and as dark as Nubians. Nothing can exceed the misery of these huts as human dwellings. Within, on the earth, for cooking purposes or for warmth, they make a small fire; as there is no chimney, the whole interior is filled with smoke. On one side is a board with a miserable blanket or some rags, and this is the bed of the family. The sides of the hut are made of mud, well mixed till it assumes a consistency, and within this place, like a large beehive, squatted on the ground were women and children, occupied with their household work, listless or at play. Asleep on the bare earth was a naked child—a state more befitting a wild animal, the whelp of a beast of the forest, than a human being. But its face was pretty, and it lay with that exquisite grace which is inherent in infancy.

Some of the huts have a division, and the inner part serves as a store-room for corn, an old barrel, as a lair for some of the family. In one hut a mother was on her knees, bathing her babe of a year old in a sort of large wooden tray, and with her hands splashing the warm water over the brown little animal. She was herself very young, and it was a pretty sight to see her delight as the little creature chuckled and enjoyed the rough bath. In each such settlement one man is named the overseer of the colony, and has to keep order and prevent quarrels. In the one where I was to-day it so happened that the son of the overseer had beaten his father, and separating himself from him had gone to live apart in a hut close by. On our approach both parties came to complain of their wrongs, and the mother of the worthless son immediately took part against her husband. The young wife of the delinquent was standing outside her hut, and seemed rather embarrassed at hearing her husband's behavior so publicly canvassed.—[N. Y. Evening Post.

THE Louisiana country papers give sad accounts of the floods and the distress consequent. Provisions are being constantly forwarded. The corn, cane and cotton of three parishes have been destroyed. The work to close Bouligny Crevasse is progressing, but the floods are high. Another crevasse, a hundred feet wide, has broken through below New Orleans, on the right bank, and threatens the Opelousas Railroad. The Red River country and the Ouachita and Atchafalaya Rivers are one vast ocean.

## RUSSIAN-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH.

Major F. L. Pope, the assistant-Engineer of the Russian-American Telegraph, has reported to Col. Bulkley that he has surveyed the country from Lake Tatla to the head waters of the Steekin river, British Columbia, a distance of three hundred miles, and found an excellent route for the building of the telegraph line the entire distance. It proceeds through a fine region of prairie land, and a light, wooded country, where a trail can be opened at a very slight expense. This is the section which was most dreaded by the projectors of the line, as all reports concerning the same led to the belief that it presented formidable obstacles to the successful prosecution of the work. The country north of the Steekin river is of like character, as near as can be ascertained. Major Pope left Lake Tatla on the 19th of February, with one white man and two Indians, and traveled five hundred miles on snow shoes. He descended the Steekin river in a boat from the head of steam navigation to the sea, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles. He reached the ocean, seven hundred miles north of Victoria, V. I., on the 1st of May, having been seventy days out from Lake Tatla. Major Pope has shown great energy in pushing this survey through, resulting so favorably, and is entitled to much credit for his tact and skill in the management of the various Indian tribes in the Northwest, with whom he is on the most friendly terms. Contrary to the expectations of many persons, the natives manifest a disposition to give every encouragement and assistance to the great enterprise now in progress, seeming to recognize its vast importance.—[Alta, June 2.

MAHOMETANISM AND ART.—A remarkable derogation from the law of Mahomet has just taken place at Tangier. The Koran, as is well known, forbids the reproduction by painting or sculpture of any living creatures, and confines those arts to flowers and arabesques. The Cheriff of Onasan, a descendant of the Prophet, and a man held in great reverence by the people of Morocco, has just had his portrait taken by the well-known French artist, M. Landelle. Baron d'Aquin, French minister at Tangier, who possesses a remarkable talent as a draughtsman, has also taken a likeness of the Cheriff and presented it to him.

A CUNNING TROUT.—Readers of the Bulletin who have had occasion to call at the office of the Spring Valley Water Company in this city may have noticed the fine mountain trout there confined in an aquarium. Trout are proverbially cunning, but this specimen seems to be gifted with this faculty almost to reason. Fed with flies by the attaches of the office and visitors, he rises readily to take his food from the surface of the water, or as is often the case, leaps into the air to take an impaled fly from the tip of a broom-corn stalk. Some months since one of the clerks used a steel pen in the impaling process, by which the fish injured its mouth when jumping, in consequence of which he has fallen into disgrace with his troutship. When this clerk offers a fly the fish rises to the surface, sees who the donor is and quickly subsides to his lurking corner, contemptuously waving his tail and paying no attention to the bait. It matters not how hungry he may be or how tempting the fly, the trout will not touch it; but let a stranger come immediately afterwards, the offering is accepted with avidity.—[San Francisco Bulletin.

A JOKE ON BEECHER.—Henry Ward Beecher has lately been pitching into the practice of working railroad conductors and drivers on Sunday. The other day, Mr. Beecher, in his peculiar way, was making inquiries of a conductor, to whom he was unknown, as to whether the Sunday riding could not be broken up. "I think it might be," said the conductor, "but for that confounded fellow, Beecher. So many fancy people from all parts visit his establishment, that it makes the road profitable. If he would only shut up, the thing could be done."