

learned in *The K—Journal* office, the unwarranted attack made upon me there by Skelly, and had come to console and fortify my mind against the false charge of supposed misrepresentation. I learned from him that all in the office were of the same opinion, viz, that I was not the author. Even Skelly had said, that he only made the insinuations to find out who the compiler was, as he suspected that I knew. "But after all is said, I cannot see why it can be false, it is in my estimation," said he, a well got up, truthful narration of facts; a faithful picture of the miserable state of the country, although it reflects no degree of honor on the Magistrates who might have provided employment for the starving people. Their neglect is the only impeachment that can be inferred from it. I read it over carefully this morning, and I knew from the manner and style of its composition, that you were not the author. I thanked him for his kindly call, and complimented him for his discernment.

He had not left above an hour, when a carriage drove up to my door, and who should be the visitant, but Mr. Craik, the Cheap John, Cloth Merchant, and councillor of K— who had employed me to write the essay. He told me all I have rehearsed, and informed me that he had written to the Hon. Member in London of the consternation and bad feeling it had created among the tory party; and that they were determined to prosecute the person who had made their miserable neglect of the poor so publicly known throughout the country. But I will see you all right, only keep quiet, and I will assume the responsibility," he said, giving me a hearty shake of the hand and bidding me good-bye for the present.

The essay entire was republished next day in "the K—Journal" and a lengthy postscript added full of epithets, anything but complimentary to the unknown author, demanding his name and person to answer for his criminal audacity. The reprinting of the essay only augmented the curiosity and spleen of the Whig and Radical parties, and embittered the hatred of the working classes who were perfectly conversant with the facts of the cases therein stated. However, the compiler could not be found, and the paper kept up its abuse on the unknown. One cold winter morning, who should drive coach and four, into the work-forsaken, and destitute town of K— but the Hon. Member himself, just when a parade of thousands of the unemployed were on the streets begging from one house to another of the aristocracy, for money or bread. He stopped his carriage, and after making enquiry respecting their tumultuous gathering, made a short speech, exhorting them to disperse, and seek for supplies in another way than by giving encouragement to disorder and riot, after emptying his pockets of all the money he had, he left them, hardly able to keep the poor emaciated beings from taking out his horses from the carriage and drawing him through the town, as their great and best benefactor.

A strict investigation was immediately gone into, and the varied cases of destitution, taking in the poverty-stricken homes of the families formally represented in the essay, after finding the cases, therein stated to be true, and others of a more heart-rending nature brought under his observation, which had not been noticed, he left K— for his mansion in the country, leaving in the hands of Mr. Craik fifty pounds sterling, for the benefit of the unemployed, and, as a proof of his convictions of the truth of the essay he did not call upon one of the town council before leaving. A few of the committee, who knew that it was not Mr. Craik who was the author (the which he had signified in some of his public remarks) became exasperated at his double dealing, when they called a public meeting, and here I was dragged forth from my obscurity, to acknowledge and receive the thanks of a mob of hungry men.

The *Whig*, and radical newspapers vied with each other in tearing "the K—Journal" to pieces, and praising "The Great Unknown" Forest King who had written from no political motive, no party interest, but, for pay [promised, but never paid.]

I may say, that this affair gave me a new start in the reporting business; often had I burned the midnight oil to produce a column of matter, which ran ten chances to one of being rejected, but now the tables were turned, and Lambda, the fill-up-a-corner-man could find his reports received with pleasure, and paid per charge! And what seemed more curious than any portion of this relation, I was employed permanently by a tory paper, to be their collector and traveling correspondent! Jinks did his part in exposing the meanness of Craik for his pretended authorship. And my friends Snissel and Skelly begged a thousand pardons for their stupidity in not deserving my abilities. In fact, I became rather conceited, and sought the company of men whom I formerly despised, to carouse over nights in taverns, giving and receiving praise for the falsehoods we had vented, and the tales we had written, until the picture of Bellows brought me to a sober recollection of fallen greatness and told me to beware.

No Nose.—A very talkative little girl used often to annoy her mother by making remarks about visitors that came to the house. On one occasion a gentleman was expected, whose nose had been accidentally flattened nearly to his face. The mother cautioned her child particularly not to say anything about his features. Imagine her consternation when the little one exclaimed, "Ma, you told me not to say anything about Mr. Smith's nose. Why, he has not got any!"

FROM PROVO.

Provo City, August, 30th, 1864.

EDITOR OF NEWS:

The members of Gardner's and Mechanic's Institute, of this city, met at Cluff's Hall, on Wednesday afternoon and evening, the 24th inst., to celebrate the first anniversary of our existence as an organized club.

The Hall is a well finished building, 20 by 60 feet (I believe) and appears highly of the energy, perseverance and taste of the Cluff Brothers, who have raised the building with no other capital but their own labor.

On this occasion the Hall was decorated with flowers, paintings by our own artists, furniture of excellent quality; and important among the rest were two or three tables loaded with the choicest specimens of fruits and vegetables, the improvement in this year's specimens was considered in a great degree due to the labors and encouragement rendered by this institution; a very beautiful wreath of flowers was suspended over the stage, with the motto "Union" in ornamental letters across the center of the circle. Another very important item which contributed largely to the enjoyment of the celebration, was a table extending the whole length of the hall, laden with plenty of the good things of life made ready for our earthly comfort. About sixty persons partook, after which, the company enjoyed themselves in "tripping the light fantastic toe" to the time of excellent music, with the exception of a slight intermission until the "wee short hour ayont the twa," at which time the benediction was given by Pres. A. F. Macdonald, and we parted well satisfied with our evening's entertainment.

Would space permit I would enumerate the kinds and qualities of the articles on exhibition, also the names of contributors, but I forbear on this occasion.

Respectfully,

GEORGE W. BEAN,
Sec. Gard. & Mechanic's Institute.

FROM LEHI.

LEHI, Sep. 5, 1864.

EDITOR OF DESERT NEWS:

DEAR SIR:—Presuming that a line from this county would not prove altogether uninteresting, I have ventured to address you on the subject of our improvements, feelings, etc., as a county, so far as I am able to understand them.

Our efforts to bring the waters of the Provo to American Fork you are already acquainted with. Having failed, in consequence of the immense quantity of water absorbed by the soil, to get the water to the settlement this season it is determined to prosecute the work, at every possible opportunity, until it is accomplished.

The benefits that will result to the cities of Pleasant Grove, American Fork and Lehi, from the completion of the work, are, as every one must see, very great.

The wheat crops generally look well, and, I think, from the extreme care exercised in husbanding the grain this season, that very little will be left upon the ground. It is estimated that not less than 1500 bushels of wheat will be gleaned, in Lehi alone, during the present season. A small family of the name of Enuff, of this city, gleaned last season 100 bushels of wheat, and expect to exceed even that quantity during the present fall.

This spirit of gleanings is, I learn, manifested throughout the county. The high prices that have been paid for bread, (in consequence of the scarcity of the article,) during the past year, have taught some a lesson they will not soon forget, and the brethren are determined, that when they sell their grain hereafter, they will not, as heretofore, sell themselves.

Our efforts in providing institutions for the education of the young are not among the least that deserve consideration. Despite the statements of outsiders, that we are altogether so gross and sensual in our feelings as not to be able to appreciate the spiritual or intellectual, and therefore caring nothing for our own, or the intellectual culture of our children, we have built, in this county alone, during the past three years, eleven good school houses, some of which are of no inconsiderable dimensions; the one at Lehi being 61 ft. in length. One of considerable size, at Provo, an octagon, yet unfinished, has from some cause however been very tardy in its progress.

The recently built school house at Payson is an edifice that reflects much credit on that city.

The citizens of Pleasant Grove are erecting an excellent school house, the first that has been built there, but the work on the canal, harvesting, etc., have necessarily impeded its progress during the present summer.

The brethren of Springville are erecting an academy, by voluntary donation. Bishop Aaron Johnson of that place, has contributed thereto \$300, including a lot on the public square, the finest site in the city for such a building. Bros. Mendenhall and Bringham are among the foremost to aid the work. The latter is one of the proprietors of the excellent cotton factory there.

Praying for the development of all that is good and ennobling,
I remain yours, etc.,

CHARLES D. EVANS.

—On the 1st of January, 1865, an English line of steamers will commence carrying the mails from Australia to Panama, connecting therewith the postal line to England. The English have the complete control of the Atlantic in this sense.

[From the New York Sun.]

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

A TALK.

Colonel Nelmore, an elderly gentleman, well known in society, with a fine forehead, a strewd, contemptive eye, and an agreeable address, entered the room. To him Nugent poured forth the long list of his grievances, and concluded by begging him to convey a challenge to the best of friends—Captain Balfour. The Colonel raised his eye-brows.

"But, my dear Sir, this gentleman has certainly behaved ill to you I allow it—but for what specific offence do you mean to challenge him?"

"For his conduct in general."

The Colonel laughed.

"For saying yesterday, then, that I was grown a d—d bore, and he should cut me in future." He told Selwyn so in the bow-window at White's."

The Colonel took snuff.

"My good young friend," said he, "I see you don't know the world. Come and dine with me to-day—a punctual seven. We'll talk over these matters. Meanwhile, you can't challenge a man for calling you a bore."

"Not challenge him!—what should I do then?"

"Laugh—shake your head at him, and say—'Ahl Balfour, you're a sad fellow!'"

The Colonel succeeded in preventing the challenge, but Nugent's indignation at the heat of friends remained as warm as ever. He declined the Colonel's invitation—he was to dine with the Lennox's. Meanwhile, he went to the shady part of Kensington Gardens to indulge his reflections.

He sat himself down in an arbour, and looked morosely over the initials, the dates, and the witticisms, that hands, long smouldering, have consigned to the admiration of posterity.

A gay party were strolling by this retreat—their laughter and voices proceeded them. "Yes," said a sharp, dry voice, which Nugent recognized as belonging to one of the wits of the day—"Yes, I saw you Lady Lennox, talking a sentiment to Nugent—how could you waste your time so unprofitably?"

"Ahl poor young man! he is certainly *bien beté*; with his fine phrases and so forth; but 'tis a good creature on the whole, and exceedingly useful!"

"Useful!"

"Yes; fills up a vacant place at one's table, at a day's warning; lends me his carriage-horses when mine have caught cold; subscribes to my charities for me; and supplies the drawing-room with flowers. In a word, if he were more sensible, he would be less agreeable; his sole charm is his foibles."

Prob, Jupiter! what a description, from the most sentimental of mothers of the most talented, the most interesting of young men. Nugent was thunderstruck; the party swept by; he was undiscovered.

He raved, he swore, he was furious. He got to the dinner to-day! No, he would write such a letter to the lady—it should speak daggers! But the daughter, Charlotte was not of the party. Charlotte—oh! Charlotte was quite a different creature from her mother—the most natural, the most simple of human beings, and evidently loved him. He could not be mistaken, there. Yes, for her sake, he would go to the dinner; he would smother his just resentment.

He went to Lady Lennox's. It was a large party. The young Marquess of Austerly had just returned from his travels. He was sitting next to the most lovely of daughters. Nugent was forgotten.

After dinner, however, he found an opportunity to say a few words in a whisper to Charlotte. He hinted a tender reproach, and he begged her to sing "*We met; 'twas in a crowd*," lotte was hoarse—had caught cold. Charlotte could not sing. Nugent left the room. When he got to the end of the street, he discovered that he had left his cane behind. He went back for it, (for he was really in love) of an excuse for darting an angry glance at the most simple, the most natural of human beings, that should prevent her sleeping the whole night. He ascended the drawing-room, and Charlotte was delighting the Marquess of Austerly, who leaned over her chair with "*We met; 'twas in a crowd*."

Charlotte Lennox was young, lovely and artful. Lord Austerly was young, inexperienced and vain. In less than a month, he proposed, and was accepted.

"Well, well!" said poor Nugent, one morning breaking from a reverie; "betrayed in my friendship, deceived in my love, the pleasure of doing good is still left for me. Friendship quits us at the first stage of life, Love at the second, Benevolence lasts till death! Poor Gilpin how grateful he is! I must see if I can get him that place abroad." To amuse his thoughts he took up a new magazine. He opened the page at a violent attack on himself—on his beautiful tale of the "Keepsake." The satire was not confined to the work; it extended to the author. He was a fop, a coxcomb, a niny, an intellectual dwarf, a misérable creature, an abortion. These are pleasant studies for a man out of spirits, especially before he is used to them. Nugent had just flung the magazine to the other end of the room, when his lawyer came to arrange matters about a mortgage, which the generous Nugent had already been forced to raise on his estates. The lawyer was a pleasant, entertaining man of the world, accustomed to the society, for he was accustomed to the wants of young men. He perceived Nugent was a little out of humor. He attributed the

cause, naturally enough, to the mortgage; and to divert his thoughts, he entered first on a general conversation.

"What rogues there are in the world!" said he, Nugent groaned. "This morning, for instance, before I came to you, I was engaged in a curious piece of business enough. A gentleman gave his son-in-law a qualification to stand for a borough, the son-in-law kept the deed, and so cheated the good gentleman out of more than \$30,000 a year. Yesterday I was employed against a fraudulent bankrupt—such an instance of long, premeditated, cold-hearted, deliberate rascality! And when I leave you, I must see what is to be done with a literary swindler, who, on the strength of a consumptive cough, and a suit of black, has been respectively living on compassion for the last two years."

"Ha."

"He has just committed the most nefarious fraud—a forgery, in short on his own uncle, who had twice seriously distressed himself to save the rogue of a nephew, and who must now submit to this loss or proclaim, by a criminal prosecution, the disgrace of his own family. The nephew proceeded, of course, on his knowledge of my client's goodness of heart."

Is his name Gil—Gil—Gilpin?" Stammered Nugent.

"The same! O-ho! Have you been hit, too, Mr. Nugent?"

Before our hero could answer, a letter was brought to him. Nugent tore the seal; it was from the editor of the magazine in which he has just read his own condemnation. It ran thus:—

"Sir—Having been absent from the city on unavoidable business for the last month, and the care of the—Magazine having thereby devolved on another, who has very ill discharged its duties, I had the surprise and mortification of perceiving, on my return this day, that a most unwarrantable and personal attack upon you has been admitted in the number for this month. I cannot sufficiently express my regret, the more especially by finding that the article in question was written by a mere mercenary in letters. To convince you of my concern, and my resolution to guard against such unworthy proceedings in future, I enclose you another, and yet severer attack which was sent to us for our next number, and for which I grieve to say, the unprincipled author has already succeeded in obtaining from the proprietors—a remuneration," etc., etc., etc.

Nugent's eyes fell on the enclosed paper; it was in the hand-writing of Mr. Gregory Gilpin, the most grateful of distressed literary men.

THE END.

A LOCAL EDITORS' CONVENTION.

Upon this subject, "Gris," of the Cincinnati *Times*, makes the following timely and well considered remarks:

We observe a call for a Convention of Local Editors, to be held in Chicago some time this summer. What the object of the Convention is, or what subjects will be brought before it, we do not know. We will venture to suggest the following subjects for discussion:

1. The best way to sharpen lead-pencils.
2. The increasing and alarming scarcity of invitations to smoke or take a drink, caused by the heavy tax on tobacco and liquors. These time-honored customs threaten to cease entirely unless Government lightens the tax on the above mentioned articles. Memorialize! memorialize!
3. The necessity for having established forms for accidents of various grades, etc. These forms should be printed, blanks being left in which to fill our names, dates, etc. This would greatly facilitate the business of itemizing, and afford a uniformity to the reportorial profession which has heretofore been wanting.
4. Necessity for advanced rates in "perquisites." Owing to the increased cost of living, with which salaries have not kept pace, no puff, however brief or obscure, should be inserted for less than \$10. The custom of being favorably impressed by a present of a pair of pants, should be discontinued hereafter. Nothing short of a full suit of clothes should have the least effect upon a local in these days. Hats by the yard and boots by the box might receive a little consideration. Books, magazines and papers should be only valued according to weight, remembering that paper is ten cents per pound. The only papers that would be of general utility, and for which we would engage to employ our entire interest with the press, are "exemption papers."
5. The establishment of an asylum for worn out and infirm locals. The arduous duties of a local editor's life are breaking him down early. This is one reason why his salary is so small. Dying early, (reasons his employer,) he didn't need so much money as others, who have a prospect of reaching a ripe old age.

—Spooner was arrested for drunkenness, and waxed indignant thereat. Spooner is loyal. "Now I axes," says he, "if its right to go and arrest a man for supporting the gov'ment. Every drop of licker I swallows is taxed—taxed to support the war.—'Spouse us fells' was to stop drinkin'—why the war'd stop and the gov'ment'd stop. That's the very reason I drinks. I don't like grog; I mortally hates it. If I follered my own inclination, I'd rather drink buttermilk, or ginger pop, or soda. But I lick for the good of my country, and I set an example of loyalty and virtuous redgation to the rising generation."