

RAMBLINGS.

Living some distance from any great centre of influences, where books are scarce and old fashioned ideas prevalent, the political sentiments of the fathers of our republic are often a subject of meditation. Such great changes have taken place in the motive power which operates our governmental machinery, that comparisons are unavoidable, between the character of those noble spirits, the halo of whose glory still lingers, and those dull political lights, whose glimmerings of genius only make the darkness of our national horizon more apparent.

While literature and the practical sciences are represented by a brilliant array of talents, with a few exceptions, mediocrity is stamped on those who figure in the arena of politics. Honest plodding may be reasonably successful, but when mediocrity and corruption are combined, in operating the machinery of government, it not only moves slowly, but soon gets out of order, and inadequate to meet the wants of the people. Politics is becoming a filthy pool, in which honest men, endowed with superior abilities, dislike to dabble; a trade in which office has a financial value, regardless of the public good. In general, its votaries evince more egotism than wisdom, more ambition than brain, and a greater aptitude to serve themselves than the people.

The departed heroes of the field and the forum, whose labors are ceasing to produce their legitimate results, must sometimes sorrow over the departing glory of the land they consecrated to Liberty with their blood, and endowed with their wisdom.

I have a penchant for old books. We learn our own and others' experience in them, the future is a blank, and the present but imperfectly realized. This makes the records of the past peculiarly valuable; and the words of the wise become more precious, as their memories are shaded in the distance of time.

That antiquated record, the Book of Mormon, with its quaint but impressive style, and its many internal evidences of being a truthful narrative, relates several examples of peoples, who, for a time, lived virtuous and happy, and then degenerated into vice and crime, and suffered the terrible reward of that degeneracy in war, pestilence, famine, and final destruction. So far, our national course has been a parallel one, and probably the end will not be an exception. History is a record of repetitions.

Nearly thirty years ago, the prophet Joseph Smith, in an address to the American people, gave his views on the Policy and Government of the United States. In it is portrayed a soul that comprehended the wants of humanity, a love that could sympathize with its sufferings, and an inspiration that could point out the way of redemption. It contains the following prophetic passage: "A hireling pseudo priesthood will plausibly push abolition doctrines and doings and 'human rights' into Congress and every other place, where conquest smells of fame, or opposition swells to popularity. Democracy, whiggery, and eliquery, will attract their elements and ferment divisions among the people, to accomplish fancied schemes and accumulate power, while poverty, driven to despair, like hunger forcing its way through a wall, will break through the statutes of men, to save life, and mend the breach in prison glooms.

"A still higher grade, of what the 'nobility of the nations' call 'great men,' will dally with all rights in order to smuggle a fortune at 'one fell swoop,' mortgage Texas, possess Oregon, and claim all the unsettled regions of the world for hunting and trapping; and should a humble, honest man, red, black or white, exhibit a better title, these gentry have only to clothe the judge with richer ermine, and strangle the lawyers' fingers with finger-rings, to have the judgment of his peers, and the honor of his lords, as a pattern of honesty, virtue and humanity, while the motto hangs on the nation's escutcheon, 'Every man has his price!'"

A violent death awaited the author, while rebuking wickedness in high places and seeking to save his country; and that country's history, which should be a record of only noble deeds, is shadowed by acts of infamy, immortalized by being written in the blood of innocence unatoned for.

JAMES A. LITTLE.

MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY.

THE following, from the Boston *Woman's Journal*, will be interesting to all our readers—

"PRACTICAL DEFEAT OF THE UTAH BILL.

"Thanks to our able and vigorous champions in the House of Representatives, the infamous Utah bill, reported by McKee of Mississippi, Chairman of the House Committee on the Territories, has been referred for further consideration to the committee of the whole. There is no probability that it will be reached before adjournment, and to take it up sooner will require a two-thirds vote, which it will not be likely to obtain."

"The following letter from Hon. Geo. F. Hoar has been received by the editors of the *Woman's Journal*."

H. B. B.

"LETTER FROM HON. GEO. F. HOAR.

"*Editors Woman's Journal.*—I send you a *Record* by which you see that we killed off the Utah bill, pp. 33, 34, by a point of order which sends it to Committee of the Whole. I think it will not be reached there in season to get it through this Congress. The only chance to get it out of the Committee is to move to suspend the rules, which takes two-thirds to accomplish it. I do not think they can get two-thirds. I am, yours faithfully,

GEO. F. HOAR.

"Washington March 5, 1874."

NOT EXACTLY SO.

THE following paragraph is from the *Woman's Journal*—

"The cause of Woman Suffrage is scarcity of husbands," says an exchange. How then does it happen that almost all the women who advocate it are married? Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Wilbour, Mrs. Hanaford, Mrs. White, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Bowles, Mrs. Olympia Brown, Mrs. Hazlitt, Mrs. Hazard, Mrs. Cutler, Mrs. Hooker, Mrs. Longley, Mrs. Churchill, Mrs. Gage, Mrs. Burleigh, Mrs. Cole, Mrs. Bradwell, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Hussey, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Child, etc.; there are not more than half a dozen eminent exceptions. It is true also of the men: Henry Ward Beecher, George Wm. Curtis, Bishop Simpson, George F. Hoar, Senator Sargent, B. F. Butler, Vice-President Wilson, Dr. Loring, Mr. Garrison, Mr. Wendell Phillips, Mr. Blackwell, S. S. Foster, Charles C. Burleigh, Oliver Johnson, George W. Julian, Senator Morton, G. W. Willard, Col. Higginson, Hon. N. White, etc.; these men are all husbands."

We may also ask, how then does it happen that woman suffrage exists in Wyoming? No lack of husbands there. On the contrary, if there is any conjugal lack, it is lack of women of whom to make wives. Also, how then does it happen that woman suffrage prevails in Utah? No lack of husbands here. We never heard of a woman who wanted a husband and could not find one in this Territory. As for the men, the chief complaint preferred against them is their amiable willingness upon the marriage question. Indeed they are ever and anon threatened with loss of liberty and confiscation of property solely on account of their liberally and admirably developed conjugal propensities. Yet they conceded the suffrage to women. Yea, verily, men with several better halves voted to confer on their wives, sisters, mothers, and daughters the coveted boon of the suffrage. This manifested consideration for and confidence in woman-kind, and set a noble example to the whole Union.

Our Young Women.

The young women of America of the present generation seem to have entirely lost the capacity for enjoying the simple and inexpensive pleasures which sufficed for their grandmothers. Unless they can live in an atmosphere of constant excitement they are miserable. Fashion and style, costly dresses and splendid entertainments, palatial residences and ambitious equipages are no longer regarded by them as the luxuries of life, but as indispensable necessities without which existence becomes a hu-

miliation and a burden. Display and extravagance are necessary to enjoyment, and an insane disposition to measure the satisfaction to be derived from any pleasure by its cost pervades all ranks of society. The wealthy give themselves up to the semi-barbarism of ostentatious living, and people of moderate incomes are drawn into the terrible vortex by an inordinate and often fatal ambition. Hence comes the fearful annual crop of defalcations, embezzlements, breaches of trust, and other crimes of a still darker complexion. Hence, in the desperate effort to win fortunes at a stroke, or by a bold risk to avert impending financial ruin, come wild speculations, gigantic swindling schemes and reckless gambling. To this cause may be traced half the suicides which have become so common that they cease to shock us. The extravagance of our living is answerable in a large measure for the corruption of our morals. On the altar of fashion men daily sacrifice their integrity and women their virtue. Unless all current testimony as to American manners and morals in this year of our Lord 1874 are grossly exaggerated, republican New York and republican Washington are not far behind the powdered Paris of the Regent d'Orleans or the libertine London of Charles the Second. And we feel justified in declaring that for this fearful condition of things the women of America are mainly responsible. As a general thing men are not strongly possessed by that kind of ambition which finds its gratification in fashionable extravagance and costly establishments. It is not often that a man of mature years, in the possession of the comforts of life, is so weak as to feel miserable because his neighbor or his friend lives in a more splendid mansion, maintains a more showy establishment, or gives more magnificent entertainments than he can himself afford. It is only to the feminine heart that the pomps and vanities are so dear as to make any sacrifice seem slight that is necessary to compass them. It was the social ambition of a wife that not long ago induced a member of Congress who had borne a spotless reputation to sell his influence as a legislator and left him with a blasted character and ruined career. It was the same fatal thirst for fashionable distinction on the part of a beautiful and accomplished woman that more recently drove a distinguished lawyer and rising statesman to petty frauds upon the Department of Justice, the exposure of which has blighted his future prospects. No one who notes the changes in our social conditions and in the style of living that have been going on for the last twenty years, and more especially since the close of the war, can be blind to the rapid demoralization of what are called "the upper classes" of our society; springing, as the evil undoubtedly does, from certain ineradicable tendencies in human nature, and from causes which are still in active operation, it does not seem easy to prescribe a remedy. The exhortations of the pulpit and the press appear to produce no appreciable effect, and we have little hope of seeing the current stemmed until that class of American women who by their social position and their wealth have the power of setting the stamp of fashion upon such customs and usages as they will, shall unite to wield that power in restoring the simplicity in dress and the frugality in living which prevailed in the days of our grandmothers. Whether any such united and concerted effort on the part of those by whom alone it can be made successful is a thing that can be regarded as among the hopeful probabilities, is a problem for the solution of which we do not at present feel competent.—*S. F. Chronicle*.

Newman Dropped.

We want the Rt. Rev. Major-General John P. Newman recalled. The Capital is losing in interest. Cunningham has been taken from us, the war senator atoned for his inebriated condition by making an elaborate and able argument against inflation, and our native Field, who promised so much, has treated us shamefully by retiring himself from public affairs. In this the Methodist conference, lately in session at Baltimore, concurred with us. In its proceedings we read:

"When the name of Dr. Newman, late chaplain of the United States Senate, was called, Elder John Lanahan stated that Dr. New-

man, who had written to him from Japan, desired the continuance of his supplementary relations with the conference. Bishop Ames wanted to know if Dr. Newman was suffering from temporary ill-health. Mr. Lanahan said he had suffered a fall lately, but he did not refer to it in his letter."

"Bishop Ames. Better pass it as it is at present."

"At a late hour of the conference, when the case of supernumerary ministers was being considered, Bishop Ames made some very positive expressions of his opinions in relation to the propriety of persons, for their own convenience, retaining a relation to the ministry, yet doing little in that field but going to Congress or on foreign missions, engaging in all manner of honest callings (smiles among the pastors). I say nothing about others, but neglecting to do the work assigned them. Such persons would go a thousand miles to vote, and were anxious to control the church; but he felt it was necessary this matter should be attended to; men who wish to be appointed must go to work, and take what the people thought they earned."

It is sad to learn that our reverend friend has had another fall. He had several severe tumbles before he left, the worst occurring when he was thrown with stunning effect upon his theological back by old Orson Pratt, of Salt Lake City, in that celebrated discussion on polygamy, when this great cannon of the church—Newman we mean, a terrible old smooth-bore—had to blaspheme the prophets and denounce the patriarchs as rascally old polygamous polliwogs.

That little hit of the bishop, where he charges Brother Newman with an attempt to drag the Methodist Episcopal Church into the mud of the political arena, was very unkind and too severe. The fact is the Rt. Rev. Maj. Gen. John P. never dragged anything in but himself.

By the bye, a rather good story reaches us about this spiritual adviser of His Excellency. He attempted to enter a court of Justice somewhere in Japan, when the guard at the entrance refused him admission. At this John P. presented his card, that had, in addition to his name, his several offices of chaplain to the Senate, minister of the Methodist Episcopal Metropolitan Memorial church with chimies attached, &c., The animated bundle of bed-clothes disappeared, and directly an official returned, and bowing to the earth before the Rev. J. P., said he regretted there was no official within high enough to receive this father of the moon and brother of the sun.

These Japanese are a very simple sort of people, and remind us of Trinculo when he mistook Caliban for a god.—*Washington Capital*, March 15.

HIGH HATS IN THEATRES.—It is pleasant to visit the theatre now-a-days, especially when a young lady sits in front of you. Her head-dress is of such altitude that, by standing upon your tip-toes on your seat, you can catch a glimpse of the stage. Even when you manage to fix yourself so that you can get a bird's-eye view of the performance between her and the young man who had the pleasure of paying for her admission, your enjoyment is short-lived. She is sure to bend over to inform him that "Mr. Blank looks perfectly lovable," or that "Miss Soandso is delicious in her croquet silk." Or that the low comedian is "too funny—he'll make me die of laughing." Men who go to the theatre will have to carry high stools with them. By perching themselves on them they can get an uninterrupted view of the stage. Perhaps it would be a better way for the managers to arrange that the women should all take one side of the theatre, and the men the other. That would probably be agreeable to both parties. While the men would criticize the acting, the women would have a chance to inspect the style of their neighbors' dress. We know one man who enjoys going to the theatre. He says he can always sleep in peace when there. His wife is so interested in examining head-gear, laces and such things, that she hasn't time to talk any. He's about the only man that we know who enjoys theatres since the Peak of Teneriffe style of hair came in vogue.—*Ex.*

TORONTO, 24.—The legislature has prorogued until the 4th of May.

Pear Culture.

Pear culture is a subject which has been greatly overlooked in Utah. I do not know of any country, State or Territory where pear culture could be more profitably followed than in Utah. Many of our horticulturists have been very successful in the culture of apples, plums and peaches. Yet they seem to have overlooked the pear. The first consideration is, what is the most suitable soil for pears? Practical pear growers in Pennsylvania say that, as a general rule, a fresh clay loam, resting upon sandy or gravelly sub-soil, or a slate-soil, resting upon a similar sub-soil, is found to be most suitable for the pear, especially for dwarfs. To say that pears need no stimulant, to aid in good growth and the development of a good supply of fruit buds, would be folly. The main thing seems to rest on the original formation.

Mr. J. S. Houghton, a large pear grower in the vicinity of Philadelphia, says he uses lime, potash, phosphoric acid, etc., because science tells him to hope and believe that they are useful, and he knows of no other agents which promise so much. He has also followed the following method as laid down in one of our popular works on pear culture, by a former officer of the American Pomological Society—

"Let every fruit raiser, each Spring and Fall, prepare such a compost as the following, and the results of its application to trees will astonish and delight him—

"A pit should be dug and half filled with leaves, swamp muck or peat, or any rubbish of organic matter. Into this should be thrown all the bones and spoiled meat, the carcasses of fowls and animals, all of the old fish and meat brine, night soil and liquid manure from the stables. To the above iron should be added in some shape, and the whole should be covered with a fresh supply of fresh muck. The effect of such a compost applied to fruit trees is almost startling in the rapidity and hardness of growth it induces and in the luscious and highly colored fruit a soil so fertilized will bring forth."

—See *Field's Pear Culture*, pp. 32, 33.

On the strength of the above it seems that pears like rich feed on Mr. J. S. Houghton's plan. Our natural soil contains more or less of those compounds.

Now the thing with us is, which is the best for us to raise—standards or dwarfs? Some of the finest specimens grown are from dwarfs or espaliers, or carefully trimmed pyramids, planted where light crops are raised, and where the soil is lightly worked or hoed, and an annual top dressing of manure, when these trees are planted in deep soil, cultivated close up with cabbages and potatoes or other things, which require deep digging, and consequent destruction of surface pear roots.

The great advantage of dwarfs or espaliers is, they can be easily got at and carefully pruned, the tree being well balanced all over with well developed wood of equal growth, while the standards are generally on the 'let alone system,' and the branches are left starving one another.

Pears were raised in Salt Lake City last season, not only on our bench or gravelly land, but very fair specimens on what is called salt or saleratus land. So there seems to be no excuse for the people of Utah to neglect so important an object. Thousands of dollars are paid to California for fruit, which commands a high price in this market. This is a disgrace to the fruit growers of Utah. Now if some one will start out in this laudable enterprise, there is no doubt there would be many more follow their noble example. It is not to be supposed that a large fortune is to be made, but the saving to this Territory would be immense.

It also appears that fruit growers do not pay as much attention to thinning out their fruit when growing, or in selecting when preparing for market, as they ought to. For instance, in a bushel of fruit a great many scrubs may be found, which spoil the whole. Not that a second class of fruit should be wasted, but by properly selecting the fruit a higher price may be obtained, and the second class can be sold for what it is worth. A walk through our market will convince anyone of the correctness of the following quotation from the pen of our friend Meehan, of the *Gardner's Monthly*, "One half the trees which bear fruit