

[For the Deseret News.]

## THE VALUE OF KINDNESS.

There are peculiarities in life—peculiarities in every one, which, to the mind of the observer who seriously considers, and weighs the merit of various actions, afford food for thought; and, if he desires, he can find in them the germ for self-improvement. To condemn a man for one overt act, is both severe and unjust; severe to the feelings he may possess, and unjust to that spirit of discernment and intelligence bequeathed him by God. Few, if any, reach that lamentable period of mental deterioration, in which evil is looked upon as deserving of reward; and in which, a judicious course of treatment, and a kind voice breathing forth words of encouragement and hope, meets not with the success it deserves.

More of the erring might be reclaimed from their sinful, destructive career, did they always meet with those whose hearts were controlled by kindly feeling and forgiving meekness. But they do not. They meet, perhaps, with those who in a moment of irritation, or unthoughtfulness, jeer at their frailty, and who goad them into still greater sin. Cynical disregard for the welfare of others too often prompts our actions, we pride ourselves upon our own purity, without thinking that they likewise are beings like ourselves, who at one time were actuated by pure motives; and who still have lingering deep down in their bosoms, the desire to regain their lost position. Nothing but the uncertainty of their reception hinders them from making the attempt, and while hope is yet struggling to be formed into life, we come, with the chilling reproach of our own wondrous transcendence to wither it with our sneer.

It seems to me there can be no greater sin than to goad a spirit, though an erring one, into a feeling of desperation and fierce regret, which accelerates its progress on the downward path. We are not so confined that we cannot occupy our minds with something else, more instructive to ourselves, and unburdened with that freight of future misery and woe to another. Are we perfect? Not while practicing this injustice to another. It is with the view of illustrating the truth of the foregoing principles that the pen is now used; its effects are more disastrous than many imagine.

John Dutton was the son of poor but honest parents. They were too poor to do anything for him in a pecuniary point of view, and too much occupied with the cares and perplexities of obtaining a livelihood, to teach him the distinction between right and wrong. His father was a good, easy soul, whose intelligence was very limited; possessed of a good fund of droll humor, but totally incapable of training a child, or appreciating the responsibilities of such a charge. He was industrious, but when his day's work was done he imagined his labor was accomplished, and that the hours of relaxation should be passed in animal enjoyment, or listless apathy, regardless or forgetful of the existence of others.

It is true he loved his child in his own rude manner; but the idea of grounding correct principles in the heart of his son, for his future guidance and benefit, was as little thought of as the mysterious motions of the planetary system. Had any one told him that he was laying the foundation for future sorrow to himself, and the blight of his son's existence, it would have been uncomprehended, for his range of thought extended not beyond the present.

John Dutton had many good traits, but the careless, wild existence that he lived, without method, and without object, had a deleterious effect upon his character. Rude in his associations, habit stamped it upon his manners; and, being without the counteracting benefit of a parents love and sleepless vigilance, it was likely to cling to him. The habits we gain in childhood remain with us in our riper years, rendering us, if our companions have been rude and careless, an object more of pity than respect, to our friends.

For a proud spirit to be looked upon patronizingly is galling in the highest degree; the more so if that pride be accompanied by a soul sensitive to the difference between suffering and respect. John Dutton was not a genius, yet he had abilities which, if properly cultivated, might have raised him to a respectable station in society; but which, neglected as they had been, could but prove injurious.

He had never been overburdened with principle, nor had he any one to show him those distinctions which exist between men. He was naturally good hearted, but the company he kept, and the opportunity which idleness gave to indulge in pleasure and mischief, without restraint could but have an injurious effect. At times, when he would indulge in a wilder prank than usual, it would reach the ears of his father, who would, for a short season, rouse from his indolence, not to counsel by loving words, but to reproach, thus adding bitterness to the gall which already filled the heart of his son.

Few parents appreciate the responsibility of properly training the minds of their children. The young naturally thirst after knowledge; not for any definite purpose; but because the spirit likes to encounter and overcome difficulty. To refuse to allay this thirst for information, makes it by force of circumstances, turn inward on itself; and, by harsh words to repel the advances of an ardent, but an erring soul, causes it in still wilder excesses, and in unnatural excitement, to seek repose in sin.

This was the situation of our hero. His existence was a wild, wayward chance, gov-

erned by no laws. His advances cooled by the indolence of his father—the lack of all friendly council and guidance, gave him no aid to rely on but his own turbulent heart, in which all the passions of unrestrained violence soothed in wild gloom and tempest. Instead of being told what was right, trifling faults were harshly censured—his spirit lashed and lacerated by unjust reproach, found refuge in fury.

This being his situation, it is no wonder if, at thirteen, he should be a bold, bad boy, ready to commence a life of wickedness—the seeds of which were already deeply rooted in his abnormal formation. Still could he have been reclaimed, for his heart was not entirely calloused by evil, and could yet have received good impressions. But no one thought it worth while, and the poor, lonely spirit, deserted by all worthy of respect, had to fly to those who would receive it.

It was not long before his wild follies became the talk of his neighborhood, and he was pointed out as the wildest—the most unruly of all. Scandal dearly loves to heighten effect by exaggeration, and John's follies had to be the usual increase of venom; when, in fact, they were black enough before. The cry of the people was taken up at home, and sneers, and unmanly wrath desecrated the sacred hearthstone. No word of council, or approval ever flickered over his life path, brightening his gloomy soul by its warm ray; but the cankering rust of discontent fell like a pall over all his hopes, and his erring footsteps met no friendly barrier to turn them from the precipice before him.

This life became unbearable; no longer looking upon home, as a haven of rest—cheered by no parent's love, he grew to hate the place of his birth, and became disgusted with its associations. If too rudely crowded on his life path by the bustling, struggling world, he had no home of love to retire to, to still his excited passions—he was alone.

He fled from his home followed by no regrets, for to remain was misery, while amid the excitement of a sailor's life he might find peace. Upon the bosom of the briny deep he was dissatisfied, for no one had taught him to govern himself, nor had he learned the value of contentment. The turbulence of the wild ocean, lashed by the tempest, was but typical of his own wild thoughts, and inward struggles.

A man-of-war is a good school, but a severe one in which to teach a fierce spirit obedience; the constant chafing of which is met by the rigid and strict hand of discipline. A severe struggle went on between John and the officers, always, as may be expected, to the disadvantage of the former; his discomforture being but the precursor to punishment; each infliction adding to the gloom which shrouded his mental prospect. Soon he became known as the wildest of that brave but reckless crew, ready for any mischief, and punished with unrelenting rigor. He was reckless and wild in battle, just the one to lead a forlorn hope, or precipitate himself upon the enemies deck unaided. They who noted his bravery, wondered at his folly—not in battle, for that was meritorious, but at his frolics and wildness when unengaged. Few knew the real source of his bravery, which arose, not from the daring of Godlike courage, but from the bitterness of a reckless and unhappy life. Life had no charms for him, for he was met on every hand by reproach and cutting sarcasm, and he came to look upon mankind as his bitterest enemy. It takes more courage to relinquish a certain joy, and face death upon the battle-field, than it does when our lives are sorrowful; for, then we relinquish a certain good, but, in the latter instance, rid ourselves of a clinging curse.

After a battle more hard fought and desperate than any preceding, in which our hero had greatly distinguished himself by his reckless courage, he was publicly applauded by his commander, and rewarded by the office of boatswain's mate. This was the first time he had ever received praise for any action, and it fell upon his soul with genial warmth, dispelling one fold of the gloomy pall which enveloped it. You who have anxiously looked for the first streak of dawn in the dark night of adversity, can perhaps appreciate the feelings of our hero, as this first kindness ever bestowed upon him, cheered his lonely path.

From that moment, there was a change; dawn was appearing upon his horizon, and the deep clouds of hope, once more winged their noiseless flight amid his life atmosphere. His wild, reckless follies were given up, and he became orderly and methodical in his deportment. His captain was a kind and noble man, one of those philanthropists who unpretendingly adorn life's way; quietly and unostentatiously doing good to all.

Every opportunity to improve his uninformed mind opened to receive him, and he zealously applied himself to his studies, he made rapid progress in his profession, for when his energies were bent upon success, he could but succeed. Often did they meet the enemy and success ever accompanied their banner, until John stood upon the quarter deck, commander of the good ship, which had first received his wandering footsteps, and had been the scene of many of his reckless follies.

A warm friendship had sprung up between himself and the former commander, who had been promoted to a higher post in the navy. This man had indeed been a friend to him, for he had awakened his soul to a knowledge of its higher duties, and had laid bare the hidden repository of feeling and affection, warming the sensibilities of a nature fast verging into reckless misanthropy, and forming a man, noble and really beneficial to his fellows.

John looked up to and revered him as a father, and his own parents being dead, he could do so with no compunctions of conscience for duties neglected.

If John looked back upon his youthful follies, it was without the despair with which he had oft-times viewed the future. He regretted them as indiscretions, but they had been atoned for; they had been faithful monitors of the fallibility of mankind, and he could see that perfection was not attainable here. He did not set himself down to mourn the past, but went resolutely to work to reform himself, thinking that the best way to declare his intentions in the future.

It may be supposed that his children were not left to grow up as chance should direct, for he had too dearly paid for his own ignorance, to desire them to live the same rough, wild experience he had felt. He knew the duty they required at his hands, and he performed it, not deeming it a task, but a labor of love which would be richly compensated by the usefulness of their career.

Thus we have briefly sketched one life, imperfect and full of errors, it is true, but of errors which arose, not from natural depravity, but from a lack of proper culture. We have shown the power of kindness—a talisman more potent than the most imaginative can dream, and powerful to eradicate evil. That it is truthful to life, our own experience bears witness, and there is not a heart upon the wide domain of earth, but that acknowledges its sway.

Speak kindly then, and be not too ready to reproach. If you wish the heart to expand and warm with love to you—be kind. If you wish to be respected throughout the circle of your friends—be truthful. If you seek for honor be just; and if you wish not reproach from your offspring, teach them correct principles, and the value of all noble qualities.

ORION.

## NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE.

This is a subject of vital importance, especially to the citizens of Deseret, occupying an isolated position, far removed from trade and commerce, and without the facilities requisite for exportation and importation. This being the case with us, as a community, more than with any other people; it behooves us to rely upon our own resources for the necessities of life, and not to depend upon others. England is now considered one of the most independent nations upon earth; this is in consequence of her vast resources within herself of those things necessary to promote her own prosperity. She has coal and iron, two of the most valuable minerals to any people; for without them it is impossible for any community to prosper and become wealthy. Why? Because they are needed for an endless variety of purposes. It would have been impossible for the powerful engine, that has been brought into requisition for navigating the mighty ocean, to traverse it with that celerity and speed it now accomplishes, had it not been for a combination of those two forces.

They can now make the trip between Liverpool and New York, in nine or ten days, while previous to the introduction of steam engines it took more than twice that time. Then we see the railways that were not known, at least not considered practical, until the steam engine was applied to them; which are now so extensively used amongst civilized nations. We see the engine applied to various manufacturing establishments in order to produce the different fabrics required for the use of man; the different kinds of farming implements necessary to cultivate the earth; and the multitudinous variety required by the mechanic and citizen, in order to produce from the native elements those things which are necessary for the comfort and convenience of a civilized people.

These are only two things, but two very essential ones. They are the first that should occupy the attention of any community or nation, at least such as desire to become free, and not dependent upon others for their support. Here we are, in the midst of the rocky mountains, far away from trade and commerce; yet we have been under the necessity of importing, to a great extent, those articles not produced in this State.

A great many of these articles are absolutely necessary to supply the wants of the people; yet there have been thousands of dollars expended in things that we might have produced and in which the country abounds. Now, in order for this or any other people to become commercially independent or self-sustaining, they must produce within themselves, the articles they need. Say some, we can purchase an imported article cheaper than one made at home. Admit this to be the fact; who will produce the greatest good to the community at large? If you buy an imported article, you enrich one man, and he often a stranger, but if you purchase it at home, you find labor for our citizens, and the money is used for the good of the community, while on the contrary, speculators get the money, as a general thing, who have no interest in the welfare of our citizens, their only object being to amass wealth, and then to leave for some more congenial clime.

Not so with the manufacturer at home; he employs our own artisans, thereby giving employment to those whose interests are identified with ours. All that the manufacturer acquires is again expended in some useful business; something that will benefit the people. We are well aware that there are many obstacles to contend with in order to start any enterprise, yet these must be

encountered and overcome, and the sooner we shall be independent.

It is well known that there is coal and iron in plentiful abundance, in this State; then why not some capitalist, that has the means, engage some practical men; that understand the different processes necessary for the ore to be put through, in order to produce the iron. The ore is here, and also the men who understand the business, and there is no lack of coal. This would be one great victory achieved. Then we could form our machinery of various kinds, to make our own cloth, and to manufacture everything we stand in need of.

The elements are here, and all that is required to produce the articles necessary for home consumption. We can raise cotton, flax, and wool sufficient for clothing, and cane to make sugar; we can produce as fine flour as that of any other country. The various kinds of vegetables and fruits are raised in an abundance, sufficient to satisfy all the wants of nature. We are blessed with a salubrious climate, equal to any in the world; and far away from the strife, contention and bloodshed, now so rife in the United States. Here we are blessed with peace and plenty; surrounded with all the comforts of life, and every thing to bless and happily an industrious people. Then, why not be willing to pay a little higher for these things, that are produced in our midst, if it is necessary to carry on business at the start. It would not be long before we could produce them as cheap as those imported. Let us then encourage home-manufactures, and do away with importation, as fast as possible; for we are satisfied that, if the channel of communication was entirely shut up and no more goods brought into this market, it would prove a blessing to us; not one article that we should have to pass through a great many privations. Then would be the time that the energies of the people would be directed into healthy exercise, to create and bring forth those things that we require. Then why not step forth unitedly, and accomplish this great object, namely—our commercial independence.

ENTERPRISE.

## A Chinaman on Washington.

The following is a translation of a curious Chinese eulogy of Washington, from the work of a Chinese geographer, originally published in 1848, in a work called "Ting Hiran Chilo-lo, i. e., General Survey of the Maritime Circuits; a Universal Geography, by Su Ki-yu, of Wutai in Shansi, Lieutenant Governor of Fuhkien." The translation is by Dr. Bradley, U. S. Consul at Fingpo:

"It is evident that Washington was a remarkable man. In devising plans he was more decided than Ching Shing or Wu Kwan-go. In winning a country he was braver than Tsau Tsau or Liu Pi. Wielding his four feet falchion, he extended the frontiers thousands of miles, and then refused to usurp the regal dignity, or transmit it to his posterity, but first established a rule for an effective administration. Where in the world can be found such a public spirit? Truly the sentiments of the three dynasties have all at once unexpectedly appeared in our day! In ruling the State he promoted and fostered good customs, and did not depend on military merit. In this he differed from all other nations. I have seen his portrait; his air and form are grand and imposing in a remarkable degree. Ah! who would not call him a hero?"

"Washington, having delivered the country, disbanded his troops and wished to return to his farm; but the people were unwilling to excuse him, and made him ruler of the land. He deliberated with all his counsellors, and said: 'for him who has the country to transmit, it to his sons and grandsons will be selfish; to fill the office of the shepherd of a people, a virtuous man must be chosen.' When Washington had made peace with the English, he disbanded the troops, and, ceasing from war, encouraged only agriculture and commerce. He issued his mandate, saying, 'Hereafter, if a President, desirous for, and scheming after the ports and lands of another country, diminishes or appropriates the property of the people, and raises troops to gratify his personal revenge, let all put him to death.' He therefore retained only twenty men of war and ten thousand troops in pay. Since then the borders of the land have greatly extended, and the nation has increased in its resources, so that it is very rich."

A HINT TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Do not despise any honest propitiation, however small, in dealing with your editor. Look to the physical aspect of your manuscript, and prepare your page so neatly that it shall allure instead of repel. Use good pens, black ink, nice white paper and plenty of it. Do not emulate "paper sparing Pope," whose chaotic manuscript of the *Iliad*, written chiefly on the backs of old letters, still remains in the British Museum. If your document be slovenly, the presumption is that its literary execution is the same. Pope to the contrary notwithstanding. An editor's eye becomes carnal, and is easily attracted by a comely outside. If you really wish to obtain his good-will for your production, do not first tax his time for deciphering it, any more than in visiting a millionaire to solicit a loan you would begin by asking him to pay for the hire of the carriage which takes you to his door.—Atlantic Monthly.