

[For the *Deseret News*.]
**ADDRESSED TO SISTER BARBARA
 NEFF MOSES.**
 ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

I would not chide the holy tear
 That falls so freely from thine eyes,
 Upon the consecrated bier
 On which, in death, thy parent lies.
 Let nature freely have her due,
 Her sovereign rights are rights divine;
 Then Lady! let me say to you
 Let nothing cause thee to repine.
 The Saint is simply summoned Home
 To dwell beneath his Father's smile;
 He has not left thee all alone,
 For God is with thee all the while.
 Threescore and ten, and some few more,
 Thy noble parent sojourned here;
 His earthly pilgrimage is o'er—
 He revels in a holier sphere.
 Methinks I hear his voice to thee,
 Speaking in accents full of love—
 "My Barbara! weep no more for me,
 My Home is with my God above!
 And thou, my child, shalt come to me
 Within a few short passing years,
 Where I am, dearest, thou shalt be,
 Then shed no more those bitter tears.
 But if thou weepest, let it be
 As falling dew on evening flowers,
 As token thou dost think of me
 When sitting in thy Summer bowers;
 And, if permitted, I will still
 Be round my dear ones left behind,
 Sustaining them, through good and ill,
 In body, spirit, heart and mind."
 Lady! bow down thy spirit ear
 And listen for the "still small voice,"
 In loving accents it will cheer,
 And make thy drooping heart rejoice.
 An honest man! the poet wrote,
 The noblest work of God displays!
 Thy father's life did this denote,
 In all his words and all his ways.
 This picture was his own—and he
 Rewarded is—eternally!

HANNAH T. KING.

Salt Lake City, May 12, 1869.

Correspondence.

SALT LAKE CITY,
 May 12th, 1869.

Editor Deseret News:—I have noticed your generous and stout advocacy of all the elements of progress, in its largest and most extended sense, and have admired your policy.

The early closing of the places of business was a step in the right direction, for no class of men needed the potency of the pen and press more than those who are known as Dry Goods Clerks. Laws are passed prescribing eight to ten hours as all that should be required of the mechanic; and at the expiration of the stipulated hours, he drops the tool and hastens home to rest, read, or to adorn his habitation; and if he does work "over-hours" he receives extra pay therefor. But the dry goods clerk is expected to be punctual from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m., then adjust, open goods, etc. Where are his hours for the refinement, the culture and qualifications so essential for his position? he has none; for no parks, no pleasure grounds, no public library, are provided, and if they were provided he has no time to avail himself of them.

I have heard of dry goods philanthropists providing libraries and recreations, pic-nics, etc., free of cost. These had the right cue, for the benefit is mutual. It is an undoubted assertion that to insure permanent success in any business the employer must be respected by the employee; the first cannot do without the second, and when the second is reduced by long, tedious hours of servitude, by the ever manifest demand for work, he feels no other reciprocity but the contempt shown for this unceasing demand for work; whereas could he be released at early eventide retire to home, garden, or a lecture room, he would be freed from business, cares, and relaxed in body and mind, and when morning came around he would spring anew to work and perform his duty with alacrity.

In this connection, Mr. Editor, I have often thought that if some of our taxes and convict labor were employed in the beautifying of some green spot, near to some water, for a pleasure garden, a park, a public resort, arranged, kept in order at the city cost, would it not be a desideratum, would it not be a blessing to young and old?

Look at our garden city! there is no place to ramble about; and the hills are naked and unattractive. True, you can see gardens, and every man, if he has the necessary skill, ability, or means,

can have one; but the sociability, the let down of caste-bars, the happy commingling, so essential to Democracy, cannot be enjoyed. We have our Theatre, but the clerk or artizan cannot afford this expensive luxury very often; besides, he does not want to be parboiled in summer, he wants air, free, bracing air. He wants to read, to hear bands of music, paid by the city to play once or twice a week; he wants a chance to see his children, to hear their prattle, to help to educate them. Can he do this if he is occupied from 7 a.m. to 8 p.m.? Again we query, How shall he qualify himself to be a clerk? Advocate our cause!

ITEM.

Many of the views of our correspondent "Item," are good, and the early-closing movement in behalf of the dry goods clerks, recently started in this city, was much needed. The dry goods clerks have hitherto been far too closely confined, and have had probably, fewer opportunities for relaxation and self-improvement than any other class in the community. As far as regards public parks, libraries and lecture rooms, they are all excellent, and will come along in good time. Our city is still very young; and when the public improvements already made are considered, in connexion with the fact that the municipality does not owe a cent, we think that in point of progress the comparison with any city in the world would be in our favor. As for bands of music, and other good things, equally desirable, at public expense, we would rather wish and wait for them than to have taxes increased and the city involved in debt to pay for them.—ED. D. E. N.

WESTFIELD, STOKES CO., N. C.,
 May 3rd, 1869.

Editor Deseret News:—Dear Brother, Perhaps a few lines from "Away down South in Dixie," would be acceptable to your readers.

Everywhere we travel now, there seems to be a better feeling manifested toward Latter-day Saints. Surely the Lord has softened the hearts of the people, and turned away some of the wrath of man from His Saints! We seem to meet with a degree of respect from the people, greater than that which we formerly received at their hands; at least this is my experience. The people have found out to a great extent that their old stories that used to be so current, are false, and therefore any new ones are not so readily believed in and received as formerly; and there is more of an honest spirit of inquiry prevalent among the people than heretofore. A faithful Elder now can go anywhere and find plenty to do, and be respected, and be able to sustain himself in the ministry. There are more calls for preaching than we can possibly fill.

We have just had a good visit from Elders D. M. Stuart and W. N. Dusenberry; their visit and teachings were very much enjoyed; and the Saints here and in Virginia have received the same gladly, and in return have administered to their wants and furnished liberally for their traveling expenses. We parted with these brethren at Wytheville, Va., on the 24th ult. They took the 11.40 train for Washington via Lynchburg. Bro. Coray and I returned to our N. C. field of labor, leaving Elder T. B. Lewis, permanently, in possession of the Va. field of labor. We believe that Bro. Lewis will do a good work in his district of country, as he is faithful in the ministry, and has great influence wherever he goes. Elders Stewart and Dusenberry are doing a good work in their preaching tour through the States, and there seems to be a great opening for many Elders to go through these States and find all they can do, and be sustained. We have opened fields of labor in Tazewell, Smyth, Bland, Russell, Franklin and Patrick counties of Virginia; and in Surry and Stokes counties in North Carolina. The counties of Franklin and Patrick of Va., are connected with the N. C. district of this conference.

The work here is on the increase, and the number baptized is increasing weekly. Some two hundred of the Saints and their families are wishing to gather up this season, but not more than half that number will be able to dispose of their property, so as to be able to do so.

We have had a very mild winter here, and summer is coming on apace; the forests are now clothed in all the gorgeous beauty of Spring. Brother Coray joins with me in love to you and family and all the Saints.

As ever your brother in the Gospel,
 HENRY G. BOYLE.

ENTERPRISE, May 5, 1869.

Editor Deseret News:—Sir.—Will you, through your columns, enlighten me and many others on the following subject? Query:

Can a boy, whose father has resided in America for, say 7 or 8 years, and who was naturalized before the boy was 21 years old, be considered as an American citizen and be entitled to rights and privileges as such in the pre-emption of land, &c. In the particular case I refer to both father and son have resided in America about 7 or 8 years. An answer to this in the *EVENING NEWS* will much oblige, yours very truly,

J. L. BURNE.

Yes!—Ed. D. E. N.

THRILLING SCENE IN A MENAGERIE.

A jungle scene, which is common enough among the thickets and forests of the "wild world," but which few can ever witness, was enacted lately at Liverpool. A large menagerie had been exhibiting its stock of feræ nature, and among them two fine leopards. It is the custom of the keepers to separate the animals by iron slides at the hour for feeding, as they are especially quarrelsome at such a time. The two leopards were particularly sharp-set on the occasion in question, and the sight and smell of the raw meat destined for their dinner made them savage. While the slide was in preparation, the beasts, which had been guarding and snapping at each other, suddenly gave a ferocious howl of anger, and rushed together in combat. The battle which ensued is described as terrific. The maddened animals stood face to face with flashing eyes and jaws distended, lashed their sides with their tails, and then, springing simultaneously, with a horrible roar, they fastened their fangs in each other, and rolled over the floor of the den, locked in fight. The attendants in vain tried to separate the infuriated creatures. Tearing and clawing, yelling and gnashing, they fought up and down the cage, not in the least regarding the blows which were rained upon them by the keepers. Once, indeed, they parted, panting, but only to renew the engagement; and, this second time, each leopard caught the other in a deadly grip, the larger getting the fore-paw and shoulder of his antagonist between his jaws, and the smaller beast fastening upon the loin of his enemy. In this position they kept their hold for several minutes, mutually crunching the hide and flesh, and rolling over and over without relinquishing their grasp. After a time the iron slide was introduced, and a heavy blow from one of the scrapers used to clean out the cage, obliged the larger beast to let go, and crouch so far away from his foe that the partition could be thrust into its place. The larger leopard was already sore, hurt, and bleeding copiously from the muscles of the back; while the smaller lay gasping where he had been left. His yellow-spotted skin was rent into ribbons all down the fore-quarter; one of the claws was torn clean away from the fore-paw, the shoulder-bone was literally smashed, and the leg-bones, from the knee to the foot, were so chewed and mangled by the awful teeth of the other beast, that there was not a piece of more than two inches long which had been left unfractured. A leopard is worth a good deal of money to a showman; such creatures are hard to take alive, and it is difficult to keep them healthy in our cold weather. But nothing could be done with the defeated felis, except to put it out of pain. A strong dose of prussic acid was therefore procured and administered to the miserable beast, which soon expired in the pool of blood flowing from its wounds.—*Liverpool Courier*.

GOOD DIGESTION IS PROMOTED BY CHEERFULNESS.

Nothing is better understood than that there is a connection between cheerfulness and good digestion; and the trite expression, "to laugh and get fat," undoubtedly has its origin in observation, if not in philosophy. What an astonishing amount and variety of food can be disposed of, and perfectly digested, at one sitting of two or three hours, by a company of cheerful and happy, not to say jolly and merry, old friends, and

that without alcohol, or any other unnatural stimulants, to help digestion. I venture to say more than three times as much as the same individuals could eat and digest in the same time if each took his meals by himself.

And this one fact is worth more than all else I can write to show the dependence of the digestive powers on the state of the mind, and to prove that he must be lean and haggard who, keeping his mind constantly on his business, bolts his meals in silence and solitude, even in the presence of his family. I commend it to the careful consideration of uncomfortable mortals who never properly digest their food, and whose bones are too poorly clothed with flesh, and too poorly protected even to allow them quiet rest, and who, therefore, envy "fat, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep of nights."—A. J. Bellow, M. D.

TRANSPLANTING LARGE TREES.—About transplanting large evergreens and half-grown fruit trees that we may get out of the way, the *Ohio Farmer* says: Don't go at it as a short job that can be done some morning before breakfast. Take time and see to the work yourself. See that the pit is spacious, but if in clay soil, no deeper than is necessary to take the tree in as low as its present standing. Get half a dozen wheelbarrow loads of fine soil, such as the tree loves, and have it ready at the pit. When you come to the tree, spade a trench around it at the very extremity of the roots and then work down and under. Be careful and injure the roots, even the smallest of them, as little as possible. The earth will shake from them but never mind this. When the tree is undermined, if it is a large one put a rope carefully under it and bring the ends up and tie them over a bar. With one to steady the tree, and enough to carry it, it can then be set safely in its place. Now the fine earth should be carefully packed in; each root should be brought out horizontally, and all the fibres spread out, and thus the work should go on until every root is planted. The top roots should be nearly on a level with the surrounding surface and over them should be placed a few inches of loose soil pressed firmly down. When all is done anchor the tree with three strips of scantling, or poles set a few feet from the tree and at equal distances from each other so that their tops will meet in the top of the tree. These should be fastened together firmly and then the tree fastened to them.

"ONE day as I was returning to Tallahassee from a hunting excursion in Florida," says a recent traveler, "we were rowing along by the shore, about sunset, when suddenly a strange, grave, and prolonged sound struck my ear. At first I thought it must be a drone, or fly of extraordinary magnitude; but seeing nothing, I questioned my guide as to what it could be. 'Oh, massa,' replied he, 'dat is de fish what sings. Some call it siren, or mermaid fish, and others musico.' A little way on we heard a greater chorus of these strange voices, reminding me faintly of the music of church organs. I stopped the canoe, the better to study this strange phenomenon; when at my request, my sable oarsmen threw a net into the water, and soon laid at the bottom of the boat about a score of little fish, each about ten inches long, resembling the gray mullet very closely in outward form. 'Dese de mermaids, massa,' said the negro; 'but in the name ob hebben, don't eat them.' 'Why not?' quoth I. 'Because they hab de lub poison.' 'Lub poison! And pray what's that?' 'Yes, massa; when you eat one ob dese fish, you fall so deep in lub you can neber get out again.' I tried to laugh my black friend out of his notion, but in vain. In spite of what he said, however, I had my musicos fried that evening, and found, as I expected, that I was none the worse for the experiment. The musician fish is white, with a few blue spots near the belly. It is about sunset when these fish begin to sing, and they continue their music during the night, imitating the grave and sonorous droning of an organ, just as it reaches your ear when you stand outside a church."

The *New York Post* says the Union Pacific Railroad Company propose to keep an account of the through passengers this year, who intend simply a visit to the Pacific Coast—so far as such a list can be obtained. From applications for passage already made they count on fifteen thousand "visitors" to this coast—most of them "persons of leisure," and a majority of them have named in their programme a visit to Yosemite.