

[From the New York Despatch.]

LABOR'S DEGRADATION.

BY W. W. H.

Hail, honest yeomen, tillers of the soil,
Hail ye who earn your bread by weekly toil,
For honesty dwells in your manly breasts,
And virtue finds within your hearts her rest;
For you my rustic muse pours forth her strains,
She sings of labor and its galling chains.
True labor is the lever of the world,
The power by which foul monarchies are hurled
Into the dust—and proud republics rise,
And float their banners to all climes and skies.
Ay! labor—without labor Adam's heirs
Would scarce have numbered num'rous as the stars.
'The staff of life' would fail to lend its aid,
And art and science speedy retrograde.
Labor is worthy of the highest praise,
And merits honor from the poet's lays,
And he who spurns the laboring man should feel
The pangs of want and dire oppression's heel.
No one should strive his share of toil to shun,
Labor is pleasure when 'tis rightly done.
In days of yore the 'harvest home' brought cheer—
The merriest time of all the circling year;
The jolly plow-man of his master's grounds,
While at his work trilled forth melodious sounds;
For honest labor, when not over-done,
Gives strength to limbs, and music to the tongue.
Now, to my point. These base 'degenerate days'
Make labor servile to weave golden bays,
To grace the brows of money-loving brains,
Who make mere wealth their highest, only aim;
No more the plow-man blithe and happy sings
His roundelay, until the echo rings.
No more the 'harvest home' spreads life and joy
From gray-haired grandfathers to the prattling boy.
The avaricious masters of the soil
Have shameless crush'd the honest sons of toil—
The farm, the mill, the workshop of the town,
Have each their slaves, by tyrants shackled down.
All these have claims, but I shall only sing
The process of the farmer's underling.
The laboring man, dependent on his toil,
To earn a living from the rugged soil,
With wife and children to be clothed and fed—
Also, to keep a shelter o'er their heads—
Is of necessity, therefore, compell'd
To take low wages, or be quick expell'd.
His lowly hut, scarce fit to shelter hogs,
Built of rough boards, or weather-beaten logs.
The close, exacting farmer claims a rent
Of ninety-one or ninety-five per cent.
The laborer binds himself a year to serve,
With obligations that he must not swerve
'One jot or tittle' from the compact strong,
Else forfeit that which to him does belong;
Yet for all this whole year of toil and care
He gets but bare enough to pay his fare.
The whole subsistence of his little flock
Comes from his master's overflowing stock.
The farmer, shrewd and cautious in his deal,
Weights close each pound of butter, pork and meal;
Each item finds its strict account and charge,
Which often proves unwarrantably large.
The workman at the farmer's table boards,
Thus adding to his master's shining boards.
The morning-dawn scarce lifts the veil of night,
Ere he must rise, regardless of his plight;
But half refreshed, he treads the beaten way
That he has trodden many a weary day.
He gains his master's house, and then begins
A penance fit to wipe out half his sins,
(The 'odds and ends,' denominated 'chores',
Work round about and in the farmer's doors,
Is toll enough to balance half the day—
But these are by the farmer counted play)
Which, having finished with due toil and care,
Sits quickly down unto his morning fare.
Haste is the motto on his master's face—
Each word, each look is plainly speaking haste.
Before his meal is scarce begun, there stands
His eager master, giving his commands—
Thus saving food, as well as saving time,
(A great invention of a little mind.)
His breakfast curtailed, to the field he goes,
Holds the strong plow, or in the meadow mows,
Or wields the cradle o'er the yellow plain;
Urged by his master's haste to save his grain,
The dinner-horn at last groans o'er the plain—
Suggestive to the well-read village swain
Of sweet repose upon the door-yard plot,
And viands smoking from the housewife's pot—
Of friendly chat beneath some rustling bower,
And all the pleasures of the 'nooning hour.'
This once was truth; but now, a romance old,
Sunk in the past by greedy love of gold.
Our laborer hears the semi-welcome sound,
And, toll-worn, treads the intervening ground
No rest for him—for him no 'nooning hour,'
Nor friendly chat, nor rude pastoral bower;
His frugal meal in silence and in haste
Is soon dispatch'd, and that no time may waste
While horses feed, or oxen munch their food,
He weeds the walk, or cuts the kitchen wood,
Or plics the dash within the creamy churn,
Until the product thickens in the urn;
For his keen master's work-inventive mind
Is never baffled for such jobs to find.
Again the field his sturdy efforts claim;
He tells no tale, he sings no rural strain.
Incessant toll has dried the spring of mirth,
And made God's image a mere drudge of earth.
His frugal master skulks his watchful round,
As wily savage scouts the battle ground,
Cognizant of each breach and tardy move,
And eager, willing, ready to reprove.
Slow moves the sun adown the western sky,
The weary laborer casts a wishful eye,
His o'er-work'd frame still struggles with his task,
And strives to do all his shrewd master asks.
The sun at last has sank behind the hills,
And yet we find him delving, toiling still;
But when the twilight gloom makes sad the plain,

And happy birds have sang their evening strains,
He to his master's farm-yard takes his way,
To close the tedious labors of the day.
He milks the cows, and feeds the squealing swine,
Attends the horses, and the lowing kine.
This done, he then partakes his evening fare
Spread by the housewife, with her frugal care;
And when the owl hoots forth its nightly song,
He homeward drags his weary limbs along.
His cottage gained, he seeks his humble bed,
Where, many restless nights, has lain his head;
Sleep plays the coquette—she cannot be won
By o'er-work'd muscles, or by nerves unstrung.
In vain he courts her much-desired charms—
She seems to yield, yet slips from out his arms.
At last, when hope has almost reached despair,
She condescends to banish grief and care;
Yet, discontented still, coquettish seems,
And breaks his rest with sad and fearful dreams.
The dawn returns—again returns his toil—
No social hour the laboring wheel does oil.
Work, work, from dawn until the twilight gloom
Makes indistinct the things about the room.
Day after day, the same eternal toll,
And baneful life, and routine of turmoil.
What time has he, though e'er so much inclined,
To read the Scriptures, or improve the mind?
The tedious year at length has marched its round,
And Spring again resuscitates the ground.
The workman deems that he has frugal been,
And strove the year some little gain to win,
Wherewith to guard against affliction's hour,
Or to protect him from his master's power.
The day of reckoning comes. He glances o'er
The farmer's long and thickly-written score.
Each item shines conspicuous on the page;
If he demurs, his master's in a rage,
He must succumb, he must admit the charge,
Or find his chattels in the street at large.
His master foots the debt and credit side,
And shows him plainly (?) that his thoughts have lied.
What can he do but toll another year,
And strive his small indebtedness to clear?
He has no funds, or time to look around,
And place his prospects on a better ground.
Again he bows his neck unto the yoke—
The arm of toll renews its steady stroke;
And thus his master keeps him in his power,
As true a slave as ever wrought an hour.
What cares his master, if disease and pain
Take greedy hold upon his o'er-wrought frame?
'Tis nought to him. He pays no doctor's fees,
And, sheer regardless, takes his quiet ease.
He has no care, but from his fellow-man,
To wring the sweat that fills his golden can.
The county-house stands ready for the poor;
He pays his tax—thinks he should do no more.
One fact is plain—it cannot be gainsaid—
(And of the truth no one should be afraid)
The degradation of the farmer's slaves
Disgrace the land where Freedom's banner waves.
Our land is foul with men who tyrannize
The laboring poor, and jeopardize their lives,
Yet these same men send yearly forth their mite
To clothe the heathen, and give Christian light;
Rave till they're hoarse or banded flesh and blood—
Pour maledictions like the swelling flood.
Oh! mock philanthropy, for shame, for shame!
Think ye the world knows not your choking game?
Here are your slaves—men needy of your aid—
Give unto them, and close your heart in trade.
Cease to o'er-task the honest laboring poor,
And clothe the needy who surround your door.
Then we shall rise in Christian unity,
And man with man like brothers shall agree.

RECIPES.

WASHING CLOTHES.—I have used for several years a washing fluid, which very much lessens the labor of washing, without injuring the clothes in the least. It is made as follows: take, for one gallon of water, one pound of washing soda and a quarter of a pound of unslacked lime. Put them in the water, and simmer twenty minutes. When cool, pour off the clear fluid into glass or stone ware (for it will ruin earthenware, causing it to crack until it falls to pieces.)

If the clothes are very dirty, put them in soak over night; wring them out in the morning; soap them and put them in the wash-kettle, with enough water to cover them. To a common sized kettle or boiler full, put a tea-cupful of fluid. Boil half an hour, then wash well through one suds, and rinse thoroughly in two waters.

Those careful housewives who have always washed their clothes twice, then boiled them, and then washed them again, will think this a very superficial way of washing; but I know from experience, that my clothes not only wash easier, but look better, and last fully as long, as when I washed in the old way.

This fluid is very good for cleaning paint. A very little put in the water will remove grease or fly-stains, much better than soap. Too much of it will remove the paint also.—[S. S. Rockwell, in Country Gentleman.]

BLACKING FOR HARNESS.—Melt four ounces of mutton suet with twelve ounces of beeswax; add twelve ounces of sugar candy; four ounces of soft soap dissolved in water, and two ounces of indigo finely powdered. When melted and well mixed, add half a pint of turpentine. Lay it on the harness with a sponge, and polish off with a brush.

Here is another recipe:—Take three sticks of the best black sealing wax dissolved in half a pint of spirits of wine; to be kept in a glass bottle, and well shaken previous to use. Applied with a soft sponge.

Another recipe for black varnish, is the following:—Best sealing wax, half an ounce; rectified spirits of wine, two ounces; powder the sealing wax, and put it in with the spirits of wine, into a four ounce phial; digest them in a sand heat or near the fire, till dissolved. Lay

it on warm with a fine hair brush. Spirits of turpentine may be used instead of spirits of wine.—[Ex.]

GOOD BISCUIT.—Rub a quarter pound of butter, sweet and fresh, into three pounds of flour, use as little cold water in mixing it as possible, for the dough must be exceedingly stiff, as stiff as it can possibly be worked. When thoroughly kneaded pound it with a wooden mallet or an axe, rolling it up whenever pounded flat. Continue pounding for half an hour, or until the dough is as smooth as putty, then break off small bits and work into cakes of the size of a dollar, in thickness a quarter inch. Bake from half to three quarters of an hour. The biscuit must be thinner in the center than at the edges, and must be pricked with a fork. If this receipt is good in your sight, I can give some more hydropathic recipes.—[Life Illustrated.]

CREOSOTE FOR WARTS.—Dr. Kainey, of Saint Thomas' Hospital, London, has written an article to the Lancet, detailing the effect of Creosote applied to warts. He applied it freely to an obstinate warty excrescence on the finger, then covered it over with a piece of sticking plaster. This course he pursued every three days for two weeks, when the wart was found to have disappeared, leaving the part beneath it quite healthy. This is certainly a remedy which can be applied by any person.—[Ex.]

USEFUL CEMENT.—J. B. Daines, of London, has obtained a patent for a cement which protects walls from damp. It consists of eight parts of oil to one part of flour of sulphur—which, by being heated to two hundred and seventy degrees, unite. The cement is applied by means of a brush.—[Ex.]

CURE FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.—Take a pound of wheat flour, wrap it tightly in a cloth, and boil it for three hours. When cold, cut off the mucilage and a ball is left resembling chalk. This is to be given to the patient in boiled milk.—[Ex.]

PRESERVED FISH.—When the Russians desire to keep fish perfectly fresh, to be carried a long journey in a hot climate, they dip them in hot beeswax, which acts like an air-tight covering. In this way they are taken to Malta, perfectly sweet even in Summer.—[Ex.]

THE FOUNTAINS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—In some respects, the most wonderful water-works in the world are those just completed at the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, England, for the purpose of playing the fountains there. The water works of Versailles are astonishing, especially when it is considered how many generations ago they were put up; but they yield, in many particulars, even as mechanical contrivances, to those at Sydenham. The latter, however, have a merit even higher than that of the hydrostatic ability they display, for while those at Versailles were erected by a despotic monarch, with the resources of a whole kingdom at his command, these have been constructed by a private company without a cent of aid from the government.

The fact is, to some extent, significant of the progress of civilization. Less than two centuries ago, monarchs only could afford what the people, in voluntary associations, purchase and put up for themselves. Refinement has descended in the direction of the masses, and not only refinement but wealth. God speed its onward progress! But to our description of the Crystal Palace water works.

The most striking features of these works are the two colossal fountains, each throwing a vast jet of water to the height of two hundred and eighty feet. In order to achieve this feat, three different expedients were tried, two of which failed, involving an immense loss in money. Finally, a couple of enormous towers were erected, on the highest part of the grounds, each rising to an elevation of two hundred and seventy-nine feet.

A series of powerful engines pump the water from a well, partly Artesian, five hundred and seventy-five feet deep, up from successive platforms, and finally force a portion of it to the top of each of these towers, whence it descends to feed the two gigantic fountains, the lesser fountains being fed from reservoirs on the different platforms. Some idea of the enormous strength with which the tower had to be constructed may be derived from the fact, that the total weight of each tower, when the fountains are playing, is over three thousand tons, viz:

Two thousand tons of water, two hundred and forty tons of wrought iron, six hundred and thirty-eight tons of cast iron, and two hundred tons of glass, timber, lead, &c. This does not include the vibratory shock of the water, in ascending and descending, which required additional strength to be given to the towers.

In all, there are eleven thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight jets in the entire series of works, and the total consumption of water is one hundred and twenty thousand gallons every minute; for, besides the two colossal fountains, there are ten or a dozen lesser ones that throw jets one hundred feet high, as well as almost countless smaller fountains, in addition to water-temple, cascades, &c., &c.

Ten miles of iron pipes are required to conduct the water that feeds these works, and through the smallest of these pipes a man can crawl. Yet the space, over which the fountains are distributed, is comparatively small. The sight, when they are all in full play, is said to be magnificent.

The spectator sees before him a group of basins, arranged on terraces that rise above each other, the Crystal Palace building crowning the summit; and each of these basins seems alive with jets flashing in the sunshine, and crossing and re-crossing each other, while cas-

cades diversify the scenes, and the two colossal fountains shoot to a dizzy height from the lowest basin of all. As a contribution of modern genius to the beautiful, as well as a triumph of hydrostatic skill, the Crystal Palace fountains deserve to be ranked among the wonders of the world.—[Ex.]

ONE HUNDRED AND TEN PERSONS KILLED BY A COLLIERY EXPLOSION.—A terrible catastrophe occurred at the Cymmer coal mines, near Cardiff, Wales, on the 15th of July, from an explosion of gas or fire damp. At the usual hour in the morning 116 men and boys went down into the pit, and shortly afterwards a fearful explosion of fire damp took place. It is stated that a fire at one end of the pit was known to be burning, and it is suspected there must have been a fire in some other part also, the two causing the explosion.

The catastrophe was soon known in the neighborhood, and a harrowing scene ensued as men, women, and children frantically rushed to the pit's mouth to inquire or to search for sons, brothers or fathers. A few hours after, the coroner's jury descended into the mine to view the bodies. The spectacle in a great majority of cases was frightful, the greater part of the unfortunate deceased having met their deaths from the fire, not the choke-damp, the former causing the body to become charred, and literally scorched to almost a cinder, while the 'damp' causes death by suffocation, and leaves but little upon the countenance, except an expression like that of sleep.

On the following morning the 110th dead body was brought out, and it was left to conjecture whether any still lay in the pit of death. It was supposed, however, that all who perished were now brought up. Only 6 persons were saved from the 116 who went down in the morning. The bringing up of the bodies, and their reception by the wives and mothers at the mouth of the pit is described as being a fearful and affecting sight.—[Ex.]

AMERICAN CLOCK TRADE.—The clock business is at pretty low ebb just now. There are only thirteen clock factories now in operation; two years ago there were thirty-two. The largest factories have failed and are stopped. All this resulted through unwise competition. Only 142,000 clocks will be made this year; two years ago there were 600,000 manufactured in one year.—[Ex.]

MARRIED:

At Kaysville, Sept. 30, 1856, by Elder Edward Phillips, Mr. JAMES OLLIVERSON and Miss CAROLINE ROBERTS.

In Provo City, Oct. 2, 1856, by Pres. James C. Snow, Mr. CLINTON WILLIAMS and Miss MARTHA PORTER.

DIED:

In Provo City, Oct. 4, 1856, of Flux, HARRIET M. daughter of Dominicus and Polly Carter, aged ten months and 7 days.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.**JENNINGS & WINDER**

EXCHANGE Boots, Shoes and Leather for good green Hides, Red Pine Bark, and Oil of all kinds, at their tannery and manufactory. P.S. The Meat and Provision Store is now carried on at the same place. Bees killed and dressed at \$1 per head, or pay \$1 and take the hide.

STRAYED,

FROM City Creek canyon, a large bay PONY, with a glass eye, a white spot on the face and one on the back, branded on the left leg and hip. Whoever will give information that will lead to his discovery shall be liberally rewarded. W. EDDINGTON, Deseret Store.

CHANGE OF TIME.

THE MEMBERS of the 6th Quorum of Seventies will hold a meeting on Saturday evening next, Nov. 1st, at the house of Jacob Pratt, Fourteenth Ward, and thereafter on the first Saturday of every month at the same place. Town and country brethren attend, report yourselves, and come to the time and place of pruning. By order of the Council. 34-3

ESCAPED,

FROM the Stage-driver near Provo City, on the 8th inst., a bay roan HORSE, 15 1-2 hands high, no brands, has a sore back and is marked on the shoulders by a collar, and had a piece of cotton rope round his neck. Whoever will deliver him to James McPherson, mail carrier, or to S. W. Richards, Great Salt Lake City, shall be rewarded. 34-1 WARREN SNOW.

\$5 REWARD.

STRAYED or Stolen, from the Jordan range, a dark brindled OX, rather staggy, a few white hairs on his forehead and a little white on the flank, with E. Rushton branded on the near horn, and S.O. on the off or right hip, not very visible. Whoever will bring the same ox to me, or give information where he can be found, shall receive the above reward. 34-2* EDWIN RUSHTON, 6th Ward.

WANTED,

FOR SALE, at the Deseret Store

Immediately: Planets, Linsey, Yarn, Shoes, Caps, FLAX, Jeans, Satinets, Carpeting, Leather, WOOL, Hair, Cloths, Blankets, Boots, Hats, HEMP, Skins, &c. Also a quantity of CALIFORNIA BARLEY and RYE. W. EDDINGTON.

The 14th Quorum, Attention!

THE Brethren of the 14th Quorum of Seventies are requested to give their punctual attendance the second Friday of each month at the house of Philemon C. Merrill, next door to Thomas S. Williams' residence, G. S. L. City, at six o'clock in the evening. The brethren in the city and near by that do not attend may expect to be dropped. We wish those that have not sent in their genealogy and residence to do the same forthwith, and address to the clerk by letters, post paid. —By order of the presidency. 34-2* EDWIN RUSHTON, Clerk, 6th Ward.