

AGRICULTURAL.



THE FLOWER GARDEN.

BY E. SAYERS.

The culture of the flower garden claims the attention of every intelligent person, as a pretty embellishment to our dwellings and places of abode; and as flowers were undoubtedly designed by the Allwise Creator to beautify the earth, and gratify our finer senses, it is essential that flowers are cultivated around our dwellings, that we may daily enjoy their beauty, as each variety comes into bloom in its gradual succession as the season advances.

Every one well knows how the spring is ushered in by the vernal flora, or spring flowers. In many parts of the world the appearance of the snow drop is a true indication of spring-time; indeed winter often lingers in the icy veins of this little modest harbinger of spring. Then comes the primrose, violet, and other pretty spring flowers; even Utah has its native flora, for as soon as the snow leaves our benches, and lower canyons, many pretty native flowers appear which are well worth cultivating and fostering around our habitations. As the season advances, new varieties make their appearance, and by the 1st of May there is generally a pretty variety for our mountain lasses to make garlands, and decorate the "Queen of May." This old and really good rustic enjoyment is kept up in many parts of the world, in commemoration of the poor little chimney sweep being reclaimed on that day by his kind and affectionate sister.

It would be well if the young members of families were encouraged to collect the native plants and flowers in the season, and transplant them around their dwellings. Such rustic amusements are always healthful and cheerful; they also have a tendency to inspire the young mind, to learn and enjoy the beauties of nature, and at a more mature age lead to a true understanding of the use and beautiful organization of the vegetable kingdom.

There is no more sure guide to the intelligent traveler, of a prosperous and benevolent community, than the general appearance of the flower garden, and in many countries, the fine scenery, spoken of by reviewers, is often made up and owes its charms to the simple embellishment of the "cottage garden." Indeed any country may boast of its castellated mansions and halls of the wealthy and great; but it is the rustic cottage, with its garden, and the neat and well kept abodes of the lower orders of society that gives the finish to the picture.

In new settled countries, like Utah, the pioneer's energy is always required for several years to build houses and inclosures, and in cultivating the land in order to create the necessary subsistence; when this end is accomplished, the embellishment of their homes claims attention, and in this the culture of flowers is one of the first considerations.

In commencing the culture of flowers in every country, and in this more particularly, the pretty native plants should be the first collected in preference to tender exotics which are naturally weak and feeble, while our native plants thrive under a less tedious care, and blossom to a better perfection. Hardy varieties of roses, and the hardy perennial plants will also do well to cultivate, as the perennial Phlox, Penstemons, Larkspurs, Piony, and all kinds of plants of the class, these, with a sprinkling of annual flower seeds sown in the season, as the balsam, china aster, mignonette, larkspur, cereopsis, petunias, and others of the class will make up quite a pretty show for the new beginner, with a few hardy shrubs mingled with them: as the lilac, the snowball, syringa, laburnum, mountain ash, etc.

In laying out flower gardens everything will depend on taste, space and circumstances. Two things, however, should always be borne in mind; first, that the ground to be planted is made deep and rich by adding a good portion of well rotted manure, or what is better, leaf mould from the canyon; and secondly, that the beds are so laid out that they can be irrigated readily at the proper season.

The Lost Inheritance.

The train from Paris to Lyons stopped at the station of Joigny, a town upon the route, and after leaving a few passengers, again went on. The station for a moment crowded with railway porters and lookers-on, was soon deserted by all but two individuals. One of them was an old man, dressed in the garb of a well-to-do farmer; the other, a youth of five and twenty, who seemed to be waiting for some one to come and meet him. To this person the old man presently addressed himself:

"May I presume, sir," said he, "to inquire if you are Clement B?"

"Yes, my good man," replied the youth, with a haughtiness of manner, "and I have no doubt you are Mr. Martin."

"At your service, sir," replied the other.

"Well, Mr. Martin," continued Clement, in the same tone, "I began to think you intended to keep me waiting. That would not have been the best manner in which to have introduced yourself into my good graces."

The old man instead of replying, let his head fall upon his breast as if in deep affliction, and conducted the new comer toward a large old fashioned carriage, to which a very rough looking horse was harnessed.

"Here is your carriage, sir," said Martin. "If you will be good enough to get in, I will have the honor of conducting you to the hermitage."

"That my carriage, sir?" cried Clement. "Why, I shall be taken for a traveling peddler."

But a few days before, Clement B., who now put on so many fine airs, was a simple clerk in a crockery warehouse in Paris, and possessed the reputation of being a quiet, unpretending little fellow. What, then, had brought about this sudden and radical transformation? He had become, since the previous day, a rich man, and it may be well understood that the possessor of an income of twenty thousand francs a year finds it difficult to retain the modest demeanor of a poor clerk. On the previous day, while dusting the large piles of crockery under his charge, a letter arrived for him by the post, conveying to him the startling intelligence that one of his uncles, of whom he had often heard as an eccentric and very wealthy old man, but whom he had never seen, had just died at his residence in Burgundy, leaving his nephew, Clement, sole heir to his estates, to the exclusion of many other heirs.

The letter was from a notary in the province, who desired him to leave Paris, immediately, for Joigny, the town near where his uncle had resided, where he would be met by Mr. Martin an old confidential servant of the deceased, and conducted from the railroad to the "Hermitage," the name which the deceased had given to the estate.

Almost driven out of his senses by such an unexpected stroke of fortune, Clement hastened to obey the notary's directions, and on his arrival at Joigny joined Martin, as we have seen.

On jolted the queer vehicle in which our hero had so contemptuously taken a place, until after a ride of several miles, the occupants arrived at their destination. Martin offered the honors of the Hermitage to the new proprietor, called all the servants, and introduced them to their future master, and then conducted the latter to his own apartments.

"This was the sleeping chamber of your uncle," said Martin, as they entered a large apartment, furnished in old fashioned style. "It was in this room that he died, ten days ago."

But the nephew, instead of evincing any emotion upon being shown the chamber of his benefactor, threw upon all around him a look of scorn, and cried:

"Upon my word, I can't say I think much of the old boy's taste! I never saw anything so very ugly in all my life."

"Notwithstanding, sir," replied Martin, "it is the best we have here, and if you cannot content yourself, I really don't know where you will find other lodgings."

"I live here!" exclaimed the young man. "You do not imagine I am such a donkey, I hope! For us young fellows, do you see, Paris is the only place; so I shall sell this old crazy rookery at once, and then be off."

"Sell the Hermitage!" exclaimed Martin; "your uncle's favorite place of residence! Impossible! And we servants, who hoped to end our days under this roof, what is to become of us?"

"Martin," retorted the young man, "let me have none of your complaints, I beg. Get me some dinner, and afterwards you will drive me to the notary's."

After eating a hearty meal, notwithstanding he found the meats insipid and the wines sour, the legatee, still accompanied by Martin re-entered the carriage, and the two started off.

"If I am not mistaken," observed Mr. Clement, after an hour's ride, "we passed this spot this morning; and that," pointing to a building, "is the railroad station. Do we take the train there?"

"You alone will do so," responded his companion, speaking very gravely, and in a manner which caused the young man to tremble in spite of himself. "I, sir, am your uncle, and, happily, I am not dead! Having heard good accounts of your conduct, I had resolved to make you heir of all I possess; but before doing so, I wished to ascertain if you were really deserving of my generosity, and I had recourse to stratagem, which has thoroughly exposed your true character to me. Good-by, Mr. Clement; return to your business, and remember that your arrogance and ingratitude have lost you that which will never again be placed within your reach."—[London Family Herald.

—They have got a quack doctor in jail at Burlington, Vt., not for murder, which would give the case a professional air,—but for petty larceny,—a crime unbecoming a medical man. This fellow who calls himself Dr. Tasker, is the same chap who has figured in various parts of the country as "the celebrated Scotch, English and Indian Physician," a compound of nationalities which must constitute a rather potent mixture! In his advertisements he was accustomed to boast that he could "prescribe for patients hundreds of miles off as well as if they were present"—a statement which, very likely, was no more than the simple truth!

—It is said that Mrs. Lincoln has ordered the United States coat-of-arms engraved on all the plate she has bought for the White House.

CORRESPONDENCE.



FROM ONE OF THE MISSIONARIES.

FLORENCE, April 12, 1851.

EDITOR OF THE DES. NEWS:

DEAR SIR:—Having a few leisure moments, I take the liberty to pen down a few items that may not be uninteresting to your readers. It is now eighteen months since I left my mountain home, in G. S. L. City, during which time I have been to England and performed a very pleasant mission in that country, and returned to this place to assist the Saints, as far as I can, in their preparations for crossing the plains to the great center place of gathering, where all nations can enjoy freedom, and find a shelter from the gathering storm, which is already so dark and foreboding, that the strongest hearts quake with fear.

I returned from England by the way of New York City, where I arrived the 1st day of February last, in company with Elder N. V. Jones, after a passage of thirteen days and nine hours. I suffered much with sea sickness during the voyage, from the effect of which I did not recover for three or four weeks. While in New York City, I had the pleasure of attending several meetings of the Saints, in company with Elders O. Pratt and E. Snow. Their meetings were well attended by strangers who listened attentively, but went away apparently without being able to discern between truth and error, nor between light and darkness.

I left New York City on the 6th of March for this place. On my way I passed through the State of Missouri, and called to see my sister who lives in Caldwell county, four miles from Far West, the city from which the Latter Day Saints were driven in the winter of 1838. While I was there the people wished me to preach to them, I consented, and on the following Sunday, I spoke to a very respectable congregation, who assembled at Plum Creek school house, near the old Bozarth place. They listened very attentively. When it became more generally known that a Mormon Elder was in the place, many were anxious to hear, and wished me to come back and preach again.

I went to Far West and called upon Mr. John Whitmer, who in an early day of the church was a member, and one of its strongest advocates, and was, and is a witness to the Book of Mormon. I spent four or five hours in pleasant, and to me an interesting conversation. He appeared glad to see me and I am sure that I was glad to see him, after a lapse of twenty-two years, during which time Mr. Whitmer has not been a member of the church; notwithstanding which he still remains like an undying monument before the eyes of this generation, in evidence of the truth of Mormonism, and the divinity of Joseph Smith's mission. While I was with him he brought forward a Book of Mormon, one of the oldest editions, and declared that he knew that it was true, and that Joseph Smith translated it by the gift and power of God. He further stated that he knew that Joseph Smith was a true prophet, and believed that Brigham Young was carrying out the principles that Joseph Smith taught before he was martyred. He also stated that he believed that the Elders preached the true gospel when they were sent on missions. He objected, however, to our social system, he could not believe that it was right for a man to have more than one wife, to which I replied, that if it was the law of God in ancient days for good men to have more than one wife, it was possible for men to have more than one wife in this age, and still be good men. He did not seem to harbor animosity or bitterness against our people; I was glad to hear this from his own mouth. I invited him to come to Salt Lake and live with the Saints; his answer was, that he could not say that he would not come out and live with us, for he did not know what he might do hereafter. Mr. Whitmer is growing old, his head is already fringed with silvery locks. It seems a pity that a man who has once occupied so high a place in the kingdom of God should go down to his grave, as a dead branch severed from the tree of life.

I think there never was a better time to extend a general invitation to the wayward sons of men, who once belonged to the kingdom of God, than the present. The condition of mankind in general, together with the political difficulties that are about to destroy our once happy country, causes a fear to creep over the people, and especially those who have once been acquainted with the doctrines taught by the Latter Day Saints, and have not altogether forgotten the predictions of Joseph Smith, the great modern Prophet. However little the people may have thought of the Prophet's words in by-gone days, the facts are now before the eyes of this unbelieving generation. There can be no excuse now: if they have not faith, they can now walk by sight, if they are not totally blind. When the judgments of God are in the earth, men learn righteousness.

Since I came to this place I have been quite astonished to find so many people who once belonged to the church of Latter Day Saints. Many of them are waking up as from a dream and are rubbing their eyes to ascertain if they can see. They have heard the sound thereof since Elders Martindale and Wareham have come down from the mountains. I

have been much gratified to find that Elders Martindale and Wareham have gathered up the remnants which had been left from England, Scotland, Wales, Denmark, Sweden, and from almost every other place under the whole heavens; and out of these scattered and broken fragments, have organized several branches of the church, forming a conference numbering several hundred souls, who are anxious to gather to the valleys of Utah.

There are, at the present time, many more who are inquiring what they shall do and how long they can stay in this country with safety. I have attended several meetings since my arrival upon the frontiers, all of which have been well attended. Many respectable citizens have been present and listened with great attention, and, no doubt, are desirous of becoming acquainted with our principles. Last Saturday and Sunday we held a conference in Bluff city, which was well attended. On Sunday evening, especially, a large number of strangers were present, who listened with profound attention. The prospect is good for a large increase to our numbers. The Spirit of the Lord rested down upon the speakers and the hearers, and we had a good time. Many hearts were stirred up to repentance and almost persuaded to become Latter Day Saints.

I expect to remain in Florence and its vicinity for the present and shall occupy my time in preaching to the people as I may have opportunity. I have at present but little else to do, which will be my situation until I am further advised.

My health is as good as usual, and my spirits are first-rate. All things point to the future prosperity of Zion, and show plainly that the Star of Utah is in the ascendancy, while the bright stars that once glittered in the horizon of American glory are about to set and will rise no more until one by one, they are made to cluster around the great Polar star of truth.

My prayer is that God my heavenly Father will bless his people, and preserve us from all evil. As ever, I remain your humble servant and fellow laborer in the kingdom of God.

J. GATES.

UTAH COUNTY EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION.

The trustees and teachers of schools in the county of Utah, held a convention in Messrs. A. J. & B. F. Stewart's new building in the city of Provo, on the 4th of May, 1851.

At 1 o'clock p. m., the convention was called to order and opened with prayer. C. D. Evans, County Superintendent, was chosen president, and I. M. Coombs, Clerk.

On account of a recent rain storm but few delegates were present. The president made a few introductory remarks, stating the object of the meeting and then called for the reading of the minutes of the last convention.

Hon. C. W. Wandell, of Payson, made a few remarks expressive of his regret at seeing so few in attendance. His sojourn in the county was drawing to a close, but his interest in the great cause of education in this as well as all the counties of our growing and peaceful Territory was as intense as ever.

It was moved and carried that a school teachers' and trustees' association for this county be formed.

On motion, I. M. Coombs, Anson Sheffield and David Canfield were appointed a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws, for the government of said association.

Adjourned to meet the next morning at 9 o'clock a. m., to receive the report of the committee.

At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 5th, the convention was again called to order.

The committee appointed for that purpose reported a constitution and by-laws for the organization and government of the association, which were read and unanimously adopted.

It was moved and carried that Charles D. Evans be the president, and H. E. Hudson secretary of the association for the current year.

On motion, the following named persons were recommended as school teachers, viz:—Hon. C. Wandell, C. D. Evans, H. E. Hudson, I. M. Coombs, J. A. Wright, R. J. Loose, Ann Whipple, and Jane Smith.

Moved and carried, that Charles D. Miller, E. W. Clark, and H. L. Southworth, be received as members of the association.

On motion, the following named persons were appointed to furnish essays, at our next meeting, on the subjects annexed to their names, viz:—Mrs. R. J. Loose, on class instruction; C. D. Evans, on mathematics; H. E. Henderson, on grammar and elocution; C. W. Wandell, on text books and music; J. A. Wright, on the most approved English method of teaching school; I. M. Coombs, on the best plan to be adopted to raise the standard of education, so as to give it credit in the eyes of the people, and J. A. Thompson, on Physiology.

Moved and carried, that Hon. C. W. Wandell have a vote of thanks for his able services in promoting the cause of education in this county.

After a few short and impressive speeches had been delivered by several members, the convention adjourned to meet at 9 o'clock a. m., on the last Saturday of June next, in the Second Ward school house, Provo city.

CHARLES D. EVANS, President.
ISAIAH M. COOMBS, Clerk.

—The Rev. Henry Hovey has been found guilty of drunkenness, and of traveling with women he calls his wife, in Wisconsin.