

THE MORMON QUESTION.

THERE's been a great commotion
About the Mormon war;
It has, throughout the nation,
Set wisest men ajar.
Some think we are rebellious,
Guilty of every crime;
Some think we're hardly dent by;
And have been all the time.

A pack of graceless scoundrels,
Who've been unhung too long,
Said all things bad of Utah,
Said them with trumpet tongue.
And editors and parsons
Caught up the welcome strain,
And made it through the country
Reverberate again.

Buchanan then was seeking
To get an honor'd name;
To win, while he was ruler,
A lasting wreath of fame.
The world said, "Strike the Mormons!"
Though we were not to blame.
He struck! and won confusion,
And everlasting shame.

The courtesy to send us
A word, he was without;
From hearsay and the papers
We guess'd the matter out.
But he sent forth his army
To scare us! Didn't we quail?
And when he could not come it,
His heart began to fail.

We said, "Hold on a moment!
We are not quite prepar'd
To suffer as we've suffer'd,
To fare as we have fared.
With what God has endow'd us—
Our wealth, our strength, our lives,
We will defend our freedom,
Our children, and our wives."

We march'd into the canyons;
But, 'mid the mountain snows,
The fear-struck army winter'd,
As everybody knows.
We left our far-fam'd city,
Our dear-bought mountain home,
All ready for the burning,
If worst to worst should come.

Although Buchanan writhed
At our deserv'd rebuke,
We ask no man's opinion
Upon the course we took.
There needs no special pleading,
No arguing in the case,
No pettifogger's cunning,
No lawyer's brazen face.

The heaven-born sense of justice,
That dwells in honest breast,
Decided ere we acted,
And set the thing at rest.
That verdict is respected
By those who love the right,
And future generations
Will read it as we write.

Next came a grand commission,
[Buck should have thus begun,]
To ask us if we would do
What we had always done.
He sent unask'd for pardon,
But call'd us ill names first.
We are, if those names fit us,
Of characters the worst.

The catalogue of charges
Which he to us has laid,
Is nothing but an insult;
To clear himself 'twas made.
'Tis true, we burn'd his wagons,
And ate his army beef;
So far we'll take his pardon,
And give his soul relief.

Of course we're always ready
To keep all wholesome laws;
For other reputation
We've never given cause.
Our country's constitution
We ever did respect;
'Tis only its abusers
That we outright reject.

We spoke thus. The commission
Said they were satisfied;
That now 'tween us and Uncle
'Profound peace' did abide;
That when they'd tell Buchanan,
No man would be so glad;
For civil war was awful;
No other war so bad.

A hint we would be giving,
Which may be of much use
To great novicial rulers,
And save good folks abuse—
Buchanan had avoided
Much guilt and keen remorse,
If he'd not sent to Utah
The cart before the horse.

One thing we are desirous
Should be well understood—
Just laws we love and honor;
We wish that all men would.
Hear this! who come among us,
Nor let your passions loose;
For sauce fit for the gander,
Is sauce fit for the goose.

Should tyranny pursue us,
Oppression to renew,
The past is but an earnest;
Of what we yet may do.
Here's freedom's rocky refuge!
And surely some have dream'd
We will not leave the mountains
Till Zion is redeem'd.

Logville, June 23, 1858. JOHN JACOB.

EXPLOSIVE PROPERTIES OF GUNPOWDER.—

"There is no instance known of common gunpowder being kindled by a blow from a hammer on an anvil, or an analogous manner." About four or five years ago, when in Dublin, the idea was floating in my mind that gunpowder might be ignited by being placed on an anvil, and struck with a heavy hammer. In order to test it, and set the matter at rest, I went to Mr. Kennan's machine factory, in Fishamble Street, and requested him to allow one of his men to make the experiment. He kindly and promptly did so, placing himself about half a drachm of sporting powder, which he took from a flask of his own, on the anvil. His man struck the powder first with a light hammer, the blow from which did not ignite the powder. He then placed the like quantity on the anvil, and the man struck it with a heavy hammer, when it exploded: this was repeated three or four times without failure. I reported this fact in some of the papers at the time, and lately, when I read the above passage in the *United Service Magazine*, I was determined to re-assure myself of the truth of what I had asserted publicly, and went to the Bandon terminus here, and requested Mr. Barber, the sub-engineer, to try the experiment. I placed, as before, half a drachm of sporting powder—it was Hall's rifle powder—on the anvil; Mr. Barber struck it himself with a heavy hammer, when it exploded with a sharp report. I mention these facts because the idea that gunpowder cannot be ignited by such means, or accidental means similar to it—being promulgated and prestidigitated through the columns of the *United Service Magazine*—might lead to the most disastrous consequences, such as the blowing up of artificial firework store-houses.—[Captain J. Norton.]

TRAINING HEIFERS AND UNRULY COWS.—In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, cows are wild and ungentle from defective breaking at first. The usual method of cornering by the fence, or holding by the horns, is just calculated to produce such cows—cows which must be followed to the fence, find them where you may, or be held or tied, before they will stand for milking.

Higher views of the intellect of cattle should prevail. The secret of training heifers to be gentle, lies in educating them aright—in appeals to their intelligence—in giving them habits of gentleness and confidence in man while young. Heifers can be learned to stand still through the process of milking very easily, if fed from the hand, and petted and tamed, before the hour of service arrives. But if this has been neglected, and the animal, full of spirit, fear and strength, was given over to break for milking, we should advise as follows:

Let the animal be turned into a yard some twenty or thirty feet across—a strongly fenced yard, from which she will not attempt to escape, remember—and then proceed to tame her—gently and patiently tame her, by feeding from the hand, by rubbing, coaxing and patting her, as carefully as a huntsman would a "blooded pup." We should never coax a heifer to stand to be milked by giving her a pail of slop or other bribe, but seek to teach her the habit of standing wherever we come up to her, and there submitting to the milking process. To this end we should avoid cornering her, or any appearance of it, but continue by gentle words and acts, to subdue her fearfulness—to show her our power over her—and to fix the habit of obedience. In this way the wildest heifer can be tamed in a few days. If quite unmanageable at first, she should be kept in the yard spoken of until she manifests more pleasure than fear at your approach. To bring about this, allow her to eat and drink only from your hands; visit her often, and each time with some palatable morsel, all of which would aid in cementing the confidence and friendship which should subsist between the cow and her milker.

For old cows which have had bad habits, the yard alluded to is valuable, and every dairyman will do well to provide one, opening from his barn yard or other milking place. We believe that the "most tormenting old vixen that ever kicked and run" can be broken of their tricks in such a yard, by patient perseverance—at least we have never failed in several trials of our skill. If they continue to kick, put a chain around the body just back of the fore legs; if this does no good, loosen it so as to twist in a lever, and give it turns enough to teach them they must submit. Let this mode of training heifers and unruly cows be tried with the same patience a boy manifests in training his fifty-cent cur, and we believe all who do so will be able to report decided success.—Country Gentleman.

A celebrated writer says: "No woman can be a lady, who can wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultivated she may be, she is, in reality, coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous and polite treatment of all persons, is one mark of a true woman."

THE WEATHER.—When you wish to know what the weather is to be, go out and select the smallest cloud you see; keep your eye upon it, and if it decreases and disappears, it shows a state of the air which will be sure to be followed by fair weather; but if it increases in size, take your great coat with you if you are going from home, for falling weather will not be far off. The reason is this: when the air is becoming charged with electricity, you will see every cloud attracting all less ones toward it until it gathers into a shower. And on the contrary, when the clouds are passing off or diffusing itself, even a large cloud will be seen breaking to pieces and dissolving.

SALT FOR QUINCE TREES.—The

seems to have a constitutional force. We have never seen, says the *Horticulturist*, such superb specimens of fruit, as at Newport, R. I., on the sea coast. A gentleman who noticed this fact several years ago, told us lately that he had profited by the hint, in giving to each of his trees a top-dressing of two quarts of coarse salt every spring. By scattering the salt over the surface it dissolves slowly, and does no harm whatever to the roots, but makes both foliage and fruit much more healthy.

THE SOLITUDE OF THE DESERT.—I found an unspeakable fascination in the sublime solitude of the desert. I often beheld the sun rise, when, within the widening of the horizon, there was no other living creature to be seen. He came up like a god, in awful glory, and it would have been a natural act had I cast myself upon the sand and worshipped him. The sudden change in the coloring of the landscape on his appearance, the lighting up of the dull sand into a warm, golden hue, and the tintings of purple and violet on the distant porphyry hills, was a morning miracle which I never beheld without awe. The richness of the coloring made the desert beautiful; it was too brilliant for desolation. The scenery, so far from depressing, inspired and exhilarated me. I never felt the sensation of physical health and strength in such perfection, and was ready to shout from morning to night, from the overflow of happy spirits. The air is an elixir of life—as sweet and pure and refreshing as that which the first man breathed on the morning of creation. You inhale the unadulterated elements of the atmosphere—for there are no exhalations from moist earth, vegetable matter, or the smokes and steams which arise from the abodes of men, to stain its purity. This air, even more than its silence and solitude, is the secret of one's attachment to the desert. It is a beautiful illustration of the compensating care of that Providence, which leaves none of the waste places of the earth without some atoning glory. Where all the pleasant aspects of nature are wanting—where there is no green thing, no fount for the thirsty lip, scarcely the shadow of a rock to shield the wanderer in the blazing noon—God has breathed upon the wilderness His sweetest and tenderest breath, giving clearness to the eye, strength to the frame, and the most joyous exhilaration to the spirits.—Bayard Taylor.

THE BEAR AND THE HORSE.—Another alleged proof of the bear's sagacity is, that when he has seized a horse, and the terrified prey in his agony drags his foe after him, the bear, in order to stop the headlong speed of the affrighted horse, retains his hold with one paw, while with the other he firmly grasps the first tree they pass—when, owing to the enormous strength of his enemy, the poor horse is at once brought up, and at his mercy. It sometimes happens, however, that if the bush or tree grasped is only slightly imbedded in the soil, it is torn up by the roots—when, for a second or two, at least, the horse, the bear, and the tree may be seen careering together through the forest. Though in general, horses, when attacked by the bear, make no resistance, but trust to their heels. For safety, some are found who will stand gallantly on the defensive, and not unfrequently beat off the assailant. This was the case with a certain mare in Wermland, which was known to have come off victorious in numerous conflicts. But this animal exhibited extraordinary courage, as well as wonderful sagacity; for instinct telling her that her own soft heels would have but little effect on Bruin's iron carcass, she would not, after passing the winter in the stable, betake herself to the woods in the spring, until duly provided with shoes. But when the blacksmith had performed his part, feeling she was then prepared to meet the enemy on equal terms, she would trot off gaily to the depths of the forest. I have also read of a mare at Wuollerim, in Jockmock's Lappmark, that was celebrated for thus combatting wild beasts. For the mere fun of the thing, indeed, she would at times become the assailant. On one occasion she slaughtered three wolves which were prowling in company on a newly-frozen lake. Though I have never seen the horse in conflict with the bear or wolf, I can well understand that he at times proves a formidable antagonist; for, independently of his heels—which with management may perhaps be avoided—his fore-legs are most destructive weapons. About two years ago, a horse thus attacked a valuable pointer of mine—a manœuvre possibly learnt in his combats with wolves—in the most savage manner. No dancing master could have brought his legs into play with more agility; and it was only by a miracle that the poor dog escaped destruction.—Scandinavian Adventures.

PAINT WITH SINGULAR PRESERVATIVE QUALITIES.—By subjecting eight parts, by weight, of linseed oil and one part of sulphur to a temperature of 293 deg., in an iron vessel, a species of paint, possessing singular preservative qualities, is produced. Applied to the surface of a building, with a brush, it effectually keeps out air and moisture, prevents deposits of soot and dirt, and preserves the beauty of the stone, wood, or brickwork to which it is applied.—Staffordshire Advertiser

TAR AND GRAVEL WALKS.—Place the gravel in a pile and pour on as much tar as will mix with it. No boiling is necessary. Five or six inches of this composition will be needed to make a good walk. We have never known it to be injured by frost.—Rural New Yorker.

SHEEP TICK DESTROYER.—Many of my lambs, in order to free their sheep and lambs of that disgusting and troublesome insect, the 'tick,' apply spirits of turpentine, tho' as a most weakening application, and animals are in removing the evil. My plan is to give my lambs, after shearing, a thorough washing in New England rum—a liquid which, while it almost instantaneously destroys the 'tick,' leaves the animals bright and lively, without any subsequent depression or loss of energy and health. This is by no means an expensive application—two gallons of good liquor, worth forty cents per gallon—being enough for fifty lambs, if properly applied. No tick can exist in a lock of wool which has been thoroughly wet in this rum, or any other distilled liquor. Alcohol, in a concentrated state, is sure death to the insect.—Germantown Tel.

FRUIT TREES.—There is a practice among the Swiss and Germans of boring into the ground among the roots of fruit trees, (with an instrument made for the purpose,) and pouring in liquid manure to force the tree forward, and also enable it to resist the drought of dry weather. I have practiced this for four years with some fine Seckel pears, in dry land, with good success. Avoid this after September first, as it will induce a second growth late in the fall, which will be quite irregular and very liable to be winter-killed. The instrument I use is a common iron bar, which can be driven in among the roots without injury. Take for a wash, (as I buy no "special" manures,) to three-fourths of a barrel of water, four quarts of ashes, two quarts of lime, two shovelfull of nightsoil—stir up well, and pour into holes made as above, what the tree requires. Soap-suds are capital for this purpose.—Rural New Yorker.

PETER THE GREAT AND THE LAWYERS.—The law, as a profession, was not to the taste of Peter the Great. When he was in England, he visited Westminster Hall in term time, and was much struck by the array of wigs and gowns. "Who are these people?" said the Czar to Lord Carmarthen, who accompanied him. "They are lawyers, sire!" "Lawyers!" repeated Peter; "why I have only two in all my dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them when I get back!"

If you buy what you have no occasion for, you will soon have to sell what you can not spare.

PRICE CURRENT.

Flour, @ 100lb.	\$10	—	to	—
Corn, @ bushel.	\$3	—	—	—
Barley, @ do.	\$3	—	—	—
Oats, @ do.	\$3	—	—	—
Hay, @ ton.	\$20	—	—	—
Beef, @ lb.	—	12	—	—
Pork, @ lb.	—	30	—	—
Mutton, @ lb.	—	15	—	—
Chickens, each.	—	75	\$1	—
Butter, @ lb.	—	50	—	—
Cheese, do.	—	50	—	—
Eggs, @ doz.	—	40	—	—
Beans, @ bush.	—	5	—	—
Peas, do.	—	5	—	—
New potatoes, @ peck.	—	1	—	—
Cucumbers, @ doz.	—	40	—	—

Doubtless flour will be worth \$15 @ hundred, within six months.

FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.

STRAYED, from Spanish Fork, June 5th, a four year old red STEER, branded J M on the nigh hip, with No. 3 on the nigh side, white star in forehead, point of horns black, end of tail white, branded N W on the nigh fore shoulder. The above reward will be given to any person finding said steer, by William Geddes, at the north east corner of Spanish Fork city, or in Bishop Sharp's ward, G. S. L. City. 20-2

FOR SALE.

A LOT and a Dwelling House containing three rooms, likewise other improvements, consisting of a well of good and wholesome water, out houses and carrels, &c., situated in the fourth ward, two blocks north of Brigham's Square, Provo city. Also a five acre plot of land and produce. The above property will be sold or exchanged for property within or near the limits of G. S. L. City. For further information inquire of

A. TAYLOR.

NOTICE.

BOUGHT, by the undersigned, from the Indians, at Grantsville, Tooele county, the following described horses:—

One bay Mare, white face, one white foot, branded D C on left shoulder and S on left hip.
One grey Horse, branded 25 on left shoulder and church brand on same place, also a Spanish brand on left hip.
One bay Horse with ears cropped, no brands.
One four year old claybank Mare, no brands.
The owner or owners are requested to prove property, pay charges and take them away.
20-1 W. G. YOUNG.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT the Machinery, formerly belonging in the Public Machine Shop, G. S. L. City, has been removed to Parowan, Iron county, and is now in complete operation. All persons wishing to procure new machinery, or get old work repaired, would do well to favor us with a call. Iron, copper, brass, zinc, and all kinds of produce taken in exchange for work.

NATHAN DAVIS, Foreman.

Public Machine Shop, Parowan,
Iron county, July 3, 1858.—18-3

WOOL CARDING.

THE Subscribers wish to inform the Public that they have procured a new Carding Machine, which will be in operation by the 15th inst., and they trust by doing good work and being accommodated that they will receive a liberal share of public patronage, as the machine is not inferior to any in the Territory.

W. S. SNOW,
GEORGE PHAROCC.

Month, May 6th, 1858.—10-3m