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the ravishing power of eloquence, and the glowing flowers of rhetoric have each in turn been offered on the altars of patriotism and in our general jubilee's, when we have made common cause and common purpose to celebrate the recurring anniversaries of our household gods!

Of European birth, and with some idea of the political aspirations of the masses, I may freely state that though native Americans may think that they alone can appreciate the qualities of their sires, and place them upon that pedestal which their merits would demand, there is, throughout that continent and the adjacent islands, a steady current, which, though not loud, is not less deep, of reverential affection for the fathers and founders of that great superstructure erected by their wisdom and sagacity (with the blessing of heaven) upon this land; it is this appreciation which has been manifest in the periodic flow of immigration, and which can be felt by all travelers, who may pass among the thousands who are yet groaning in bondage waiting to be delivered, and though the horizon may be clouded, the star of American greatness decline and wane, though the tide of emigration may appear to be checked, and the hopes of myriads blighted, yet it is instinctively understood that the rainbow is visible to some, and that the day of deliverance will again dawn upon the nations, and the songs of freedom again be heard in the land!

The stereotyped phrases and set forms of speech common to the anniversary we now celebrate, fall on the cultured ear with an undefinable feeling, so manifestly hollow, so decidedly parrot-like, that we would almost avoid the very mention of the date and the associations connected therewith, we would rather (if not liable to be considered unpatriotic) retire into the inner sanctuary of the heart and ponder on that marvelous scenery which opened with the sailing of the Mayflower, assumed a more striking phase at Lexington and Concord, and rolled through the fire of Fort Sumter, to the present day, we would forget for the moment "our most glorious Constitution," and our chartered privileges, and seek to comprehend the whole; formed of ten thousand sections, joined together by a master hand for a sublime purpose, we would lay aside our supposed individual importance, and perfectly realize and comprehend that there is a future to the ever past, that every thing pertaining to national as well as individual life is governed by silent but eternal law, thus as we sow so shall we reap; we have nationally accustomed ourselves to think that there exists but two potentates in the universe; the Yankee—the master of creation—and the almighty dollar, these have constituted our Alpha and Omega, these have been the Lords we worshipped, we have ignored the Great Ruler, repudiated his claims, dispensed his blessings, and history shows upon its emblazoned page that we have laid aside the principles that made our revolution justifiable and secured to it unfading lustre, individualism is rampant, mob force has been counted law, the altars of truth and truthful life have been hid by the glare of expediency and custom, treason has flourished in high places, speculation among our rulers and chief men, office has been sought for profit and not for patriotism. The genius of the Constitution—liberty, freedom, etc.—has been denied to millions; we have braved the verdict of the wise and good, now we are in the valley of humiliation and the shadow of death, this is for our national sins, for this the birthright is set aside; and the rule must pass to other hands, who will wield the scepter in righteousness, and guarantee to every man his individual and inherent rights; braggadocio shall reign no more in this land, his throne by Jehovah's whirlwind has been swept away, his crown and scepter buried, hereafter if any glory, he shall glory in him who exalts nations at his pleasure and depresses them at his will. We mean no disrespect to our government, we do not dispute the authority of the law or the principles which form the foundation of our national being, but we reverence the past. Despising much of the present, cultivating a glowing hope for the certain future, in the full assurance that the Judge of all the earth will still do right: 'Tis but the life of a man since our revolutionary era, and perhaps the generation is hardy passed away who participated in that memorable struggle, but we do lament (to use a common proverb) that that which sprung to heaven like a rocket should fall to earth like its stick. We could look with sorrow, and perhaps afford some active sympathy to the down-trodden Pole, and prophecy of his deliverance from the grasp of the Russian Bear; we could weep with the prod, the conquered Magyar, and pray for his deliverance from the talons of the Austrian eagle, we could cheer the brave Garibaldi as he led the Italian hosts battling with powerful imbecility for national unity and national name, and we could almost anticipate a deliverance for the gay and joyous people of France from the heartless rule of the third Napoleon; we might even dare to wish for those who are subject to aristocratic rule in our native land a little relaxation of power and extension of right; but for a people in the eyes of the world, who are seeking to commit moral and national suicide, we speak more in sorrow than in anger, the people in all lands mourn the glory is so soon departed; and the despots, tyrants and aristocrats rejoice, for they, by the follies of Democracy, have secured to themselves a lengthened lease of life and power.

Happy are the people under that government in which they can confide, under those rulers whom they can sincerely trust, whose judges are above suspicion and reproach. There rebellion will not lift its hydra head, there secession can never come, there no law prohibits the untrammelled exercise of an earnest, righteous, religious faith, there the sunshine for ever rests; but where the wicked rule, the people mourn; no doubt, throughout the length and breadth of the land there will be a vast amount of genuine union and constitutional feeling and sentiment manifest this day, but nowhere, we are free to believe, will there be the unanimity which characterizes the people of this Territory. We would only cherish the hope that as the days of our responsibility are gliding toward us with increased rapidity, the rising generation, male and female, will be so thoroughly saturated with the law of right, the principles of true liberty, and the history of our nation and its difficulties that unitedly (as a second Hercules) they will not only be able to strangle the serpents, ignorance and wrong, but that they will be able, with the blessing and power of the heavens, to cleanse the Augean stable of our government of the accumulated corruption heaped there by wicked and designing men and thus purify the elements which surround the heart of the nation, that its action may become normal, healthy and vigorous, all its functions harmoniously diffusing, (even to the utmost extremities of the body politic,) the spirit of continued existence, for the consummation of the designs of Providence, the securing of the great happiness of the greatest number!

We have met this day as on former occasions, but the spirit of gladness languishes, the song of joy is scarcely heard, in the mental panorama we can picture the glory of the past, we can think of Washington and Jefferson, of Patrick Henry and Franklin, of Lee and Randolph, of Pendleton and Paine and we are startled from our reverie, we have lost the dream of their stately step, the music of their earnest voice, and the dignity of their presence has passed away, their unselfish patriotism and sterling honesty, their sagacious statesmanship and electrifying eloquence are among the things that were! Sacrilegious hands have grasped the vessels of the temple, and we see their graves dishonored, their dag insulted, their trust betrayed, the spirit of patriotism well nigh extinct, the voice of freedom stifled, the song of liberty hushed, and the great American eagle, which soared in the azure blue, and bathed its pinions in the noon day sun, now lags chained, (Prometheuslike) on the rock of sectionalism, with vampires sucking his blood and vultures at his vitals, while crowned cormorants wait but for the moment of his dissolution that they may divide the spoils. The Philistines are on thee, Samson! They have bound thee with green withs, hoodwinked thee with the stars and stripes, and stars and bars, till but few have the moral courage to exclaim, Oh, Lord, how long; Oh, Lord, how long!

And I heard a voice saying: the generation shall be wasted, the spirit of wisdom shall pass away; her voice no more be heard in the streets, the political traitor shall go to his own place, the Judas covenant breaker shall seek but never find his rest in hell, and they who have speculated, fattened on the life blood of the people shall be known no more for ever. Their riches shall become rusted, and their name blotted out, all who have sold their birthright shall become as chaff and the land shall be redeemed by blood, then shall the downtrodden of the earth again lift up their heads, while myriads of the honest of every nation shall flock to the land of the setting sun, science and art shall flourish and bear their blessed fruit, the sails of our commerce shall whiten every sea, the treasure of all lands shall pour into the lap of Joseph, and the leaves of the tree shall be for the healing of the nations, the arts of peace shall supersede the arts of war, the widow's moan and the children's tear shall not deplore their slain; in place of death shall be found moral, social, political, religious and intellectual life, joyous, exuberant, bounding life, till the spirit of rule falls on the land of Joseph, and the spirit of national life shall be transfused from thence into the worn-out nations of both hemispheres. This shall be the jubilee of manhood, the golden age, the reign of peace, toward this the weary wheels of time for ever turn; for this the best and wisest of our race have toiled; politicians, philosophers, philanthropists, prophets with bleeding feet have trod the earth, their lives a perpetual psalm, their end a blessed benediction, their grave a sacred spot of earth, where the sunlight lingers and the angels keep incessant watch; peace to their names, till the day dawns, and the shadows flee away; then shall they receive the resurrection of the just, their monuments in every land, their names on every tongue, and the praise of all shall be given to that great God who brings from chaos, order; from the darkness, light; sending forth in their times and seasons, those who stand as landmarks in the path of progress on the plains of time, the sturdy pioneers of an enduring, because unperverted nationality!

The Nauvoo Brass Band played "The Fine Old Irish Gentleman."

The Hon. Frank Fuller, being invited to address the assembly, delivered an eulogium on the character of Washington. The Acting-Governor was both eloquent and poetic, and only displeased his audience by his brevity.

On resuming his seat he was warmly applauded.

Governor Young delivered a short address, and was followed by Wm. Clayton, Esq., Sup. Doty, and Fred. Cook, Esq., who expressed their unity of feeling with the people in celebrating the great day of the nation's birth. As

"The hours flew by on angel's wings," the latter speakers were very brief; but the points of their addresses, expressing the hope that Territorial Utah would speedily be immersed in the State of Deseret, were warmly applauded by the people.

The Chaplain, at half-past twelve o'clock, dismissed the assembly with his benediction, and with the characteristic order of the people, the congregated thousands quietly separated, while the bands played several lively airs, and the artillery again thundered forth its salutations.

THE LUNCHEON.

On the invitation of His Honor, Mayor Smoot, the Officials of the State, Territory, County and City, together with a number of invited guests, partook of a luncheon in the Globe, at 2 o'clock. A very pleasant, social hour of chit-chat was afterwards spent, which was much enlivened by a serenade from Ballo's Brass Band.

THE BALL.

The committee of arrangements completed the day's entertainment by a very select ball in the Social Hall, to which were invited as many of our citizens as could be comfortably convened in that fine building.

From early morning of the Fourth till the termination of the ceremonies of the day, we had the honor of sharing in the courtesies extended by our worthy Mayor and the City Council, in honor of the Fourth of July, and we believe we do but reflect the sentiments of the whole people when we say that the day passed without leaving a regret. Every man in authority was at his post and discharged his duty, preserving order everywhere and contributing to the general entertainment of the whole. We have since frequently heard many of our outside friends express their satisfaction in celebrating the Fourth in the Mountains, where they heard nothing to offend the most delicate ear, or witnessed anything but peace, sobriety and innocent rejoicing.

May God bless the people and their rulers in our Mountain Home, that peace, joy, and unalloyed happiness may ever be their characteristics.



APPLICATION OF MANURE.

There seems to be a good deal of diversity of sentiment in regard to the best time of the year to apply manures. Such earnest advocacy of opposite opinions, many of which are the results of experience, shows that the time of the application of manure is not of essential importance. I think the vital point is, not whether the manure should be put on in the spring, fall or winter, but to be sure and put it on.

I have seen great effect from that which was put on in the spring, even if it had large quantities of straw in it; and certainly it is good to put on about the first of September, either on wheat or meadows. The plan of spreading manure on grass land in the fall, which was to be ploughed for corn the next season, I have tried with marked success, and I do not doubt but it is well when convenient to draw it out in winter. Perhaps it may be the true system to give a dressing to cold grass land in the spring, especially if the manure has in it a good deal of grass seed. Very coarse manure, even clear straw, is beneficial applied at this time. About the first of April is the best time, as it gets washed in to the soil by the early rains, and the grass seeds germinate readily. But we do not miss much if this is applied early in the fall, unless some of it has been allowed to waste in the summer. On dry and cultivated land it seems quite as well to make the application in the fall. On wheat of course it is.

I think that some are misled in their estimate of the superior value of manure which has been lying through the summer by its being concentrated, so that what is a load in the fall was two or three loads in the spring, and of course the same bulk or weight is more valuable. The value of two or three is condensed into one.

There has been a change in the practice of some farmers here, and I judge from reading the discussions on the subject in your paper, of many in other parts of the country, which

is to apply the manure more directly to grass than as formerly to grain. The immediate result of this practice is a diminished crop of grain, and perhaps a diminished income from the farm a year or two, but the result in a few years is the increased fertility of the soil, and consequently an increased product of grain also. This change in the practice of farmers here has been brought about partly by their estimate of the value of the grass crop by many as almost equal to the grain crop. The relative importance of grain and grass in a system of farming is certainly changed in favor of the latter and the most important advantage of this change is the improvement in the fertility of the soil.

Therefore the manure should be applied to the benefit of the grass chiefly. Those who raise wheat will apply their manure at the time of sowing and near the surface, to the very highest advantage of the succeeding grass. Where corn is a principle crop the manure should be put on, if possible, at the seeding of the land in anticipation of the corn crop. A heavy growth of grass fed off by stock is the best preparation for corn. N. Reed, America, Dutchess county.—[Country Gentleman.]

MANAGEMENT OF THE BLACK-BERRY.

At the late meeting of the Illinois Horticultural Society, C. Merritt, of Battle Creek, Mich., said he had been very successful with the New Rochelle—had an acre of the plants, but they needed winter protection. This he accomplished by first cutting out the bearing shoots, when with the help of two men with spades he laid down the whole in a day. The earth is loosened with a rake on the side towards which they are to be laid down, when they are pushed over with the rake, and the two men throw on earth, and a little rough litter is added. They are planted six feet apart, and cultivated each way. They are staked in spring. "Before laying down in autumn," says the owner, "I cut off the main stalk nearly down to where it bends over, and the side branches to fifteen or eighteen inches. Where there is no snow, I would cover the stalk. Last spring when I got ready to plow, I found that I had only about half enough canes on the acre. I manured in June with a wheel-barrow load to every two hills. They were a 'sight' when they blossomed. The crop was estimated at from 100 to 150 bushels and I am confident was not less than 100. I picked 60 bushels, and sent them to this market; brought \$4.50 to 5 per bushel. Four stalks in a hill are enough. I sell the sprouts or cut them down. I think from 120 to 150 bushels can be raised on an acre. Some of the ground I mulched with cut cornstalks, which was an improvement. My soil is a gravelly sand with loam, sub-soil gravelly and open, but not leachy. The berries were uniform in size, except in the last of the season."

Novices should understand that summer pruning is in most instances essential to success, that is, pinching off the leading stem when $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 feet high, to induce the growth of side branches, which also must be pinched off, if they extend far—the object being to produce that short stubby growth which best favors fruitfulness. Boys who pick wild blackberries at the east, have often observed that such bushes as the cows have browsed partly down, are loaded with berries; and this summer pruning is on the same principle, although in not quite so rough a style.—[Country Gentleman.]

SALT FOR CABBAGE.—A correspondent last month speaks of the benefits arising from the use of a dressing of salt for turnips. Last year I tested the value of salt on cabbages. I watered them two or three times a week with salt water, which contained about fifteen grains of salt to the pint. The cabbage grew beautifully, and head d up very finely; while those which had no salt given them, produced loose open heads, which were unfit for any other purpose than boiling. Rain water was given them at the same time, and in the same quantities, as the salt water. I do not know how strong a solution of salt the cabbage would bear without injury, but I am fully satisfied that a solution no stronger than I used is decidedly beneficial. We are familiar with the fact that it is decidedly fatal to cold blooded animals. This desirable property makes it doubly valuable to cabbages, which suffer greatly from the ravages of insects.—[Farmer and Gardener.]

A BISHOP'S LADY.—Our plain words man, woman, child, wife and husband, are nearly, if not quite, banished by the highly genteel people. We have, instead, such words as parties, individuals, characters, females, and ladies constantly used. In high society it is always in good taste to speak of one's "wife." Old King George III. seldom said "my queen" it was always "my wife, Charlotte." Dukes and earls are content to speak of their wives, but a petty squire or a shopkeeper speaks of his lady. The Bishop's spouse, in the story, tried to get admission to a gallery on a private day.

"Not admit me!" said she indignantly to the porter, "don't you know who I am? I am the Bishop of—'s lady."

"Can't help it, marm; couldn't admit you if you were his wife!"

"—Do well, but don't boast of it, for that will lessen the commendation you might otherwise have deserved."