

DESERET NEWS.

BY W. RICHARDS.

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For the News.

FAREWELL.

I never cast a flower away,
The gift of one who cared for me,
A little flower—a faded flower,
But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu
Of things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling—almost pain,
E'en from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word "Farewell,"
But with an utterance faint and broke;
A heart sick, yearning for the time
When it shall never more be spoke.

M. G. J.

GOING TO LAW.

Two beggars travelling along,
One blind, the other lame,
Pick'd up an oyster on the way,
To which they both laid claim:
The matter rose so high, that they
Resolv'd to go to law,
As often richer fools have done,
Who quarrel for a straw.
A lawyer took it straight in hand,
Who knew his business was
To mind nor one nor t'other side,
But make the best o' th' cause,
As always in the law's the case;
So he his judgment gave,
And lawyer-like he thus resolv'd
What each of them should have;
Blind plaintiff, lame defendant, share
The friendly law's impartial care:
A shell for him, a shell for thee,
The middle is the lawyer's fee.

POOR RICHARD.

"WHERE DO LAWYERS GO TO?"

BY PHIL CHESTER.

It was court time in W——, and the place was crowded to its utmost capacity.—The jolly host of the Black Bear rubbed his hands and stroked his well-developed waistcoat, as room after room in the tavern was filled. The bar-room was as usual stocked with customers, and frequent were the calls made on 'mine host's' supply of liquors. A crowd was congregated in the immediate vicinity of the fire, and seemed in a happy state of mind collectively. Jest and rapartee were bandied from one to the other, and mirth-provoking stories were told.

The chief talker, however, was a smart, dapper little lawyer, who had gained a case that day, and therefore seemed to consider himself as 'something considerable.' He had a smart saying for every one and but few escaped his jest.

His principal victim, however, was Deacon Jones. Many stories he told about deacons,

and inquired if Jones was the deacon, who, when elected to that high office, was so overjoyed that when he arrived at home, happening to meet his cow, he threw his arms about her neck, exclaiming "Oh, Nanny! you are no common cow now; you're a deacon's cow;" and many other questions of like import.

The Deacon stood it pretty well, and bore the laugh like a martyr. At length he said he had a story to tell and demanded a hearing. Silence was obtained through the exertions of the little lawyer, who was overjoyed at the thought of getting a story from the deacon.

"Ye see, Mr. lawyer," began Jones, "last summer when the chadera was round, I catched it. It went mighty hard with me, I tell ye, so that they give me up and I give my family good bye, and I made up my mind to die as only an honest man and a Christian can. I hope when your time comes you can do the same; but I'm afraid! afraid!" and the deacon shook his head solemnly.

"Well, ye see, I didn't 'zactly die, but I came pretty near it. I went off in a trance."

"In a trance!", exclaimed the lawyer.

"Yes, in a trance."

"What were your sensations?"

"That was jest what I was coming to. I thought the angel Gabriel came to my bedside and raised me up, and carried me through the sky, until we stood before the gates of Heaven."

"Then I thought that the angel turned to me and said, 'Mortal, you are brought here to see some of the glories of heaven, and the miseries of hell; then you will return and rejoin your friends on earth, to abide there for a short season, and then you will return to heaven, and partake of the happiness of the elect.'

"Then we entered the gates, and my ears were saluted with sounds of melody and praise. But I won't attempt to describe all I heard and saw. The angel was very communicative, and readily answered all my questions. Wishing to know about a few of my old friends who had gone before me, I questioned him concerning them. Some he called to his presence, and at the name of some he significantly shook his head. I inquired for 'Squire Jasper. The shake was repeated. Supposing he misunderstood me, I again enquired. Another shake.

"He was a lawyer," said the angel, "was he not?"

"Yes," said I.

"We have no lawyers here," was the reply.

A burst of laughter went up from the whole company, and the lawyers themselves participated therein. The deacon continued,

"We then left heaven, and passing through a dark cloud, entered the confines of hell. We paused at the gate and knocked. The door swung slowly back, and we entered.—For a short space I could see nothing but a confused mass rolling here and there; but my eyes soon became accustomed to the sight, and I perceived spirits darting now here, now there, and seeming as if trying to escape some terrific fate.

"The Prince of Darkness himself did the honors, and showed us round. Still wishing to see the Squire, I inquired for him. Satan clapped his finger to his head, as if in a study and slowly exclaimed—

"He is not here!"

"Not here," I replied. "Why he must be here; he is not in heaven."

"He was a lawyer, I believe?" said Satan.

"Yes," I answered.

"Ah! he is not here. We had so many lawyers sent here, that what with their pleas, their demurrers, their motions, affidavits, indictments, &c., my prerogatives were in danger, so that I was obliged in self defence to banish them from my kingdom!"

Thanking his highness for his courtesy, we left. I returned to earth and consciousness, and ever since then have been pondering on the question of "Where do lawyers go to?"

Peal after peal of laughter greeted the conclusion of the deacon's narrative, and the little lawyer was dumb. Next morning he left, as he could not answer the question so often proposed to him of "Where do lawyers go to?"—[Yankee Nation.

AN EDUCATION MISSIONARY.—Congress has appropriated five thousand dollars for the purchase of a library for the Territory of Utah, and the President has appointed Mr. John M. Bernhisel as the agent for its purchase. From a circular from this gentleman now before us, we learn that he adds to his function of agent as above mentioned, that of a kind of missionary in behalf of Utah to solicit books, periodicals, and journals for the information and education of the people of Utah and their children, and will be pleased to have all contributions of such works sent to the Hon. George Briggs, M. C., from this city; or the papers may be sent to the "Deseret News, Great Salt Lake, via Independence." The appeal in the circular is strong, and to those who believe in missions, we say that we know of no better mode of enlightening those who are to become common supporters with us of our republican institutions, than by sending amongst them the same books and journals—the same teachings by which we ourselves are instructed. As to the forms of religious belief, or special tenets, we waive their consideration in this connection, satisfied that good Mormons may be as good Republicans as are any where to be met.—[N. Y. Standard.

A FACT FOR FARMERS.—Dr. R. T. Baldwin has recently made public the result of several years' investigations and experiments upon manures, and various ways of fertilizing the soil. He states that the best and speediest way to fertilize any soil is to cover it over with straw, bushes, or any raw material, so as to completely shade it. The surface of the earth thus being made cool, dark, damp, and close, soon undergoes a chemical process like putrefaction, and becomes highly fertilized. This plan of fertilizing, he says, may be applied with success to any soil whatever, no matter how poor, and the result will be astonishing.