

"I HAVE DRUNK MY LAST GLASS."

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

No, comrades, I thank you, not any for me;
My last chain is riven, henceforward I'm free!
I will go to my home and my children to-night
With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight;
And with tears in my eyes, I will beg my poor wife
To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life!
"I have never refused you before!" Let that pass,
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass!

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace,
With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my red, bloated face!
Mark my faltering step and my weak, palsied hand,
And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand;
See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees
Alike warmed by the sun or chilled by the breeze;
Why, even the children will hoot as I pass—
But I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass!

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now,
That a mother's soft hand was once pressed on my brow,
When she kissed me, and blessed me, her darling, her pride,
Ere she lay down to rest by my dead father's side;
But with love in her eyes she looked up to the sky,
Bidding me meet her there, and whispered "Good bye!"
And I'll do it, God helping! Your smile I let pass,
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass.

Ah! I reeled home last night—it was not very late,
For I'd spent my last sixpence, and landlords won't wait
On a fellow who's left every cent in their till,
And has pawned his last clothing their coffers to fill.
Oh! the torments I felt, and the pangs I endured!
And I begged for one glass—just one would have cured;
But they kicked me out doors! I let that, too, pass,
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass.

At home, my pet Susie, with her soft golden hair,
I saw, through the window, just kneeling in prayer;
From her pale, bony hands, her torn sleeves were strung down,
While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath her scant gown;
And she prayed—prayed for bread, just a poor crust of bread,
For one crust—on her knees, my pet darling plead:
And I heard, with no penny to buy one, alas!
But I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass!

For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year old,
Though fainting with hunger and shivering with cold,
There, on the bare floor, asked God to bless me!
And she said, "Don't cry, mammal! He will, for you see,
I believe what I ask for!" Then, sobered, I crept
Away from the house; and that night, when I slept,
Next my heart lay the PLEDGE!—You smile! Let it pass,
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass!

My darling child saved me! Her faith and her love
Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above!
I will make her words true, or I'll die in the race,
And sober I'll go to my last resting place;
And she shall kneel there, and, weeping, thank God
No drunkard lies under that daisy-strewn sod!
Not a drop more of poison my lips shall e'er pass,
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass!

—The Sacramento Record-Union thinks California the coming season will harvest the largest crop of wheat ever grown in that State and plenty of straw to it.

—Almond trees in California attain a height of fifteen feet and a circumference of twelve or fourteen inches in three years.

Correspondence.

A Rough Journey.

KANAB, Kane Co.,

March 5th, 1876.

W. C. Dunbar, Esq.

Dear Brother—We have had a very pleasant trip, but a very rough one. The first game we had was ten miles south of Monroe. In crossing the ridge we had to carry our loading up the hill a distance of half a block, as the road was covered with ice, and our team could not pull it up. We then had good roads thirty miles, plenty of good grass, where we struck Circleville Cañon. We had to cross the Sevier river twice. The first time we crossed on the ice, although very dangerous. The second we had to chop our way through, which took us about three hours. We had met with a company by this time and numbered twenty-five brave boys, but I did not bear an oath, and all got over safe. We then traveled six miles on a very rough and sidling road, when we reached the top of the cañon, feeling satisfied that God had watched over us another day. The weather was very cold and this was the first time we did not sleep warm.

The next day we reached Pangwitch, travelling through eighteen inches of snow. We had been informed there was not a pound of hay in the place, but we both had faith and with the assistance of a little cash we got some.

Next day we started for Hatch's ranch. After traveling three miles I met with a small accident in crossing a rough place and making a sharp turn. Elijah White was thrown from his seat and stopped suddenly upon his nose, was stunned for a few minutes. He got up and felt for his face, as though he had knocked it off, but found the most of it there. His face is quite well now. We reached Hatch's ranch, but a colder trip we never had. It snowed all day. We found a place to stop and cook in, all free of charge. The next morning we started for the divide, a drive of twelve miles, learned it had taken some of our brethren four days to cross, the snow being five feet deep. However we made eleven and a half miles by four o'clock, but it took us till eleven o'clock at night to reach the top of the summit, where we camped, and had to go to bed in our over-coats, and were cold then. Now we expected to find good roads, but were disappointed. It was all down hill, but the stairs in Big Cottonwood Cañon would not compare with it. Some times three animals were down out of the four, and every minute we expected to see an axletree broken, but we got through all safe. This is a fine timber country and there are millions of it. We made eight miles that day, when we reached Orderville sawmill, and thanked God for his watchful care over us.

By this time our money was all gone, and it seemed like the young man in charge there knew it, for he fed us and our animals night and morning, and charged us nothing for it. He was a member of the United Order, and answered us many questions about the order, entirely to our satisfaction. We then left for Orderville City, a distance of nine miles. Here Bishop H. O. Spencer told us to take all the straw and chaff we wanted, and invited us to eat with them as long as we stayed. The Order is carried out to the letter, and there is no contention. They are bound to become a rich and self-sustaining people. We left them with our blessing, having stayed with them two days.

We then started for Kanab, a distance of twenty-five miles, taking us two days, making it three weeks since we left home. Out of this we lay over two days and our team looks well. But now we have the news that the worst has come yet, and we have only 200 lbs. of grain left, and we are in debt \$2.50 to one of the brethren traveling with us.

Capt. Lot Smith left here on Thursday morning. He left word for us to follow. So we shall leave here to-morrow, although it seems like leaving home again, as Brother Bunting came and found us yesterday, and told us to make ourselves at home while we stayed at his house, and I guess we do at the table. Sister B. set before us some of the luxuries of Dixie, in the shape of plum pudding and roast beef, with other nic-nacs, just as good as we got at home. Brother

Bunting stabled our horses and gave us the best hay he had got. He wishes to be kindly remembered to his old friends, and invites all the 20th Ward to come south. He feels first-rate and likes Kanab. His family are all well.

We must say that Kanab is a good country, and especially for raising stock. We find it impossible to get our cow and steer, as the cañon herd is sixty miles from here, but we have traded one of the orders for a nice young heifer, which will have a calf in about six weeks. The other order we will leave with Brother Bunting, who will get the stock for it and forward to us. We have left part of our load here, and so have all the brethren. There will be a chance to send and get what we have left.

Our feeling in regard to our mission is first-rate. We desire an interest in your faith and prayers, that we may fill the mission with honor to God, our brethren and ourselves.

We remain your brethren in the new and everlasting covenant.

ELIJAH WHITE,
AMOS I. LUCAS.

Y. M. M. I. A.

GOSHEN, UTAH, March 21, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

Bros. Young and Hardy, who are now on a tour through the settlements, organizing the Y. M. M. I. A., paid us a visit on Sunday last, when they attended the meeting of the Saints in the morning and delivered a discourse on the principles of the science of life, contrasting the doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints with those of the world at large. They visited the Sunday school in the afternoon, and addressed the children.

In the evening the Y. M. M. I. A. was organized, when the following officers were elected—President, George Gourley; first councillor, William Steel; second councillor, Lorenzo Wilson; Treasurer, Heber Stanfield; Secretary, William Laird; Assistant Secretary, Alexander Jameson, Jr.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN B. JOHNSON.

Sudden Death.

LOGAN, March 21, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

This morning, between the hours of six and seven, Mary Ann Wiseman, wife of Dr. John Wiseman, of Logan City, while in the act of rubbing her husband's shoulder, affected with rheumatism, dropped at his feet and expired in a few moments.

A Coroner's inquest was held upon the body of the deceased, which resulted in the following—

"An inquisition holden at the City of Logan, county of Cache, March 21, 1876, before C. O. Card, Coroner of said county, upon the body of Mary Ann Wiseman, there lying dead, by the jurors whose names are hereto subscribed.

"The said jurors upon their oaths do say that deceased came to her death by apoplexy.

"John Wiseman, C. C. Goodwin, witnesses.

"O. C. Ormsby, M. D., Jacob West, Matthew H. Farnes, jurors.

"Attest, C. O. CARD, Coroner."

Respectfully,
JAMES A. LEISHMAN.

Meetings—Schools—Crops Raised—The Winters—Mails Irregular—Upper Town and Lower Town.

SODA SPRINGS, Idaho,
March 9, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

There are a few Saints here, who are still alive and in excellent health. Our meetings are well attended and perfect union prevails. Our Sunday school is in a healthy condition, superintended by C. G. Rose. Our day school started at New Year's. The settlement being small, the number of pupils is necessarily so limited that it hardly pays a teacher. Our well accomplished teacher, Bro. F. Riblet, who arrived here last Fall from Missouri, was not a member of the Church, but has received the gospel and was baptized Feb. 19. The scholars are progressing fast. A Female Relief Society was organized on the 5th of February.

From what little experience we have had, we think that people could maintain themselves here, having for three successive years

raised wheat, oats, potatoes, and hardy garden truck, such as cabbage, beets, carrots, onions, etc.

We hope that the number of people here will be increased next season, which would make it more pleasant and beneficial to the place. The fore part of the winter being rather mild, stock and sheep did well until the middle of January, and a few are on the range yet, although we have had as much snow as any preceding winters. Soda being called a windy place, we have had more wind this year than ever before, which I suppose makes the place no less healthy.

Our eastern mails have been rather irregular until within the last five weeks and we anxiously await the arrival of every mail, the News and other papers being greatly welcomed.

The lower town also has its own school, the two towns being too far apart for the children to attend one school in the winter season. At that place there has been more or less sickness through the season. An old man living there by the name of Warner, was badly beaten by a young man named Flemmings, and for a while was in a critical condition. The people of that place, although not "Mormons" are very peaceable and friendly to the citizens of the upper town.

Respectfully,
JEPPE G. FOLKMAN.

Religion at a Discount—Catholics and Protestants—Spiritualism—Infidelity—Free Masonry—Don't Want Children—Won't Have Children—Incontinence—Extravagance—Business Dull—Infertility, etc.

PROVIDENCE, Rhode Island,
February 28th, 1876

Editor Deseret News:

I joined Elder E. W. Snow, Jr., of St. George, on the 4th inst. at Northbridge, Mass., and since that time we have been traveling and laboring together, visiting several towns and villages in the southern part of that state and making a tour southward into Connecticut, going nearly to the southern coast of the latter. We have labored principally amongst the retired country villages, away from the infected vicinities of large cities, feeling that we could be more likely to find honest hearts among the country Paritans than elsewhere. We have always been fortunate in finding those who have received us kindly, and listened respectfully to our words, but it is very difficult to arouse any considerable degree of interest in religious matters.

I am much surprised at the state in which I find matters pertaining to religion. I had heard and read so much about the piety of the New England people that I expected to find, particularly in the country villages, a church-going population, but a profession even of piety is the exception instead of the rule, and religion of any kind is at a heavy discount. Occasionally Elder Snow and myself put up with a family who still adhered to the Puritanic custom of reading a chapter in the Bible and joining in prayer before retiring, but that practice, once so universal, is fast falling into disuse, and it is only once in a great while met with now.

There is a great deal of disunion and strife among the people. The first great cause is, of course, politics, and I think I can, in many localities, see a spirit upon this subject that is unprecedented for bitterness. Another subject, which is creating at present most inveterate hatred and high partisan feelings, is the Catholic movement in relation to school funds. All Protestant sects unite in their intense hatred towards the Catholics, while Catholic organs publish proud boasts of what they, by means of their large numbers, and rapidly increasing power in this country, expect soon to accomplish.

This, at first view, might seem to be of comparatively small importance, but its effects prove it to be a stupendous cause of national discord, as I have seen in traveling through Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York and the New England States. The children of Catholics, together with those of Protestants who can be brought under the Catholic influence, by means of schools or otherwise, are rigidly trained in the Romish faith, while the rising generation among Protestant sects are, as a rule, non-church members.

Spiritualism, particularly in the Western States, is very popular and its advocates may be numbered by the hundred thousand. Eastward, Darwin's and other kindred theories are popular, and also the various shades of infidelity, so prevalent among certain classes of French and German philosophers. In conversation with ministers and church members I have learned, and indeed have seen, while mingling in society, that there is an almost unlimited amount of rank infidelity in the church, concealed by feigned piety, and on the whole it looks to me as if much of the non-Catholic population of this country were about to renounce, en masse, all systems of theology, and to cease to fetter their soaring intellects by adopting any religious creed.

The Free Masons are increasing rapidly in numbers, notwithstanding the bitter opposition their progress meets with from religionists, and the anti-Mason question causes much excitement in the Western states.

Catholicism, Infidelity, in and out of the church, and among the rising generation, spiritualism and Masonry, are all great obstacles against the spread of Protestant doctrines and sects, which latter seem to be rapidly succumbing. Still they build very fine churches, and do their utmost to make a show, but their star of supremacy seems to be rapidly waning.

There is one phase of New England society which fills me with horror whenever I think of it, namely, the great scarcity of children and the censurable cause of that scarcity. In all my travels in the New England states I have not seen a family of growing children equal to four in number, born of American parents; and the population of these states is kept up largely by emigrants and their children. These locate principally in the manufacturing towns and cities, so that the school houses in the remote country districts, not replenished by emigration, are almost depopulated. I am often shocked at the coolness with which wedded persons, of both sexes, have expressed to me their determination to prevent offspring, "making no bones" about the delicacy of the subject.

I had expected to find New England villages comparatively free from the licentiousness so prevalent in the large cities, but I am disappointed. Prostitutes infest even the most secluded villages, and advocacy of the gospel of Christ, embracing as it does the doctrine of strict chastity and the duty of multiplying and replenishing the earth, clashes against the practices of an opposite nature, which are so nearly universal among the people. Chastity is a jewel rarely found among the unmarried who are maturing, and indeed there is little danger of overdrawing the picture of the depravity among all classes.

I was born and reared in Utah, surrounded from infancy with the society of Saints, and the contrast I have witnessed since leaving home has been an evidence, strong as that of my very senses, that the people whose religion I am permitted to advocate are the people of God, having the purifying and sanctifying influence of his Spirit in their midst.

Another feature is the extravagance of the people, and of the working classes, who can ill afford it, as few live within their income, indulging in fine houses, costly furniture, high living and extravagant dress, obtained on credit, and when collection day comes, the merchant, dealer or creditor is disappointed, and repeated disappointments cause failures, now more common than fires and usually with much greater loss.

The contaminating influence and example of official thieves are having their effect in inducing dishonesty among cashiers, book keepers, clerks etc., to an alarming extent, and a wealthy corporation is now actually taking steps to establish, in the city of Boston, a kind of an insurance company for the purpose of insuring employers against loss through the dishonesty of employees, upon the same principles involved in fire, life, or marine insurance.

As a result of these and other evils, nearly every department of business is dull and unremunerative. The working population of the Eastern States do not have work more than half the time, and that on very low wages. Had the present winter been as severe as usual, there would have been much suffering among the working classes. As it is, the men out of employ travel on foot through the country begging their living, and many of the towns have been obliged to support houses where these "tramps" can get a meal and a night's lodging.

Seemingly, as if mother earth suffered under the burden of wickedness existing upon her, the land in New England no longer yields its strength, and it seems impossible to raise good crops upon it. Some fruits and cereals, that were once produced heavily, can not now be raised at all. Peach trees will not live long enough to bear, and wheat does not yield the seed planted scarcely. The land is being allowed to grow up to timber, or is being sown to grass, or abandoned as utterly worthless. Hence, nearly all the provisions consumed in the states of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, come from the west, while the populace are compelled to depend on mechanics and manufacture for a livelihood, as cultivating the soil will not pay.

Business is certainly in a deplorable state, and "something must be done," say the workmen. The suggestion that a war would make business lively, by creating a market, is often made, and if the present hard times continue the lower classes will become desperate enough to rush into a war, civil or foreign, if it promises relief by offering them employment and wages.

From this state Elder Snow and myself will proceed to Massachusetts, thence to Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, or wherever an opening offers, and Saints in Utah who have relatives or friends in those states to whom they would like to send the gospel, would oblige us by sending us letters of introduction to them.

Our address will be Box 835, Boston, Mass.

Very Respectfully,
B. F. CUMMINGS, JR.

—John Gamgee, professor of veterinary science, has constructed a skating rink in London, where the water is artificially frozen. Glycerine, treated with ether, is reduced to a temperature of 40 below zero, and run through iron pipes in three inches of water, which is thereby transformed into a sheet of ice. The idea, reduced to practice, proves very successful.

—The week ending March 18 is said to have been the stormiest known in England for 100 years.