

[Written for the DESERET NEWS.
SALT LAKE VALLEY.

BY JOHN LYON.

Part Third.

High on the north bench lie our friends most dear,
To mingle with the dust among the dead,
And in the distance nods the glass-cased bier,
The last vain show of earth, behind it spread
A train of mourners, whose sad eyes have shed
Tears of remembrance grief could not restrain.
The aged patriarch's and the infant's bed
Is made alike in peace, there to remain
Until, the bleaser and the blessed, they'll meet again.

Far down the State Road, where the cupel's smoke
Darkens the air—around how bright the view—
Fields bearing grain, orchards, kine, and fleecy flock
Dot the fair landscape with a lovelier hue.

There farmers, millers ardently pursue
Their line of labor with the plow and sieve,
A richer mine of wealth, and safer too,
Than boring in the rocks like moles, to give
Some speculator means a gentleman to live.

No alms-house greets the muse's prying eye,
Nor lazar homes for lepers o'er the plain,
That drain the world's well-meant philanthropy,

Supporting folly, idleness, and pain;
Here few destroy their body or their brain
With alcohol or lewdness and run mad;
Hard toil and purer morals here maintain
That flow of health that wantonness makes sad,
And turns the pauper thief and everything that's bad.

Ah! could we sing of soft refreshing showers,
And dews, the elixir of early spring,
No mountain land could bear such pretty flowers,

Or trees, or herbs, or grain at harvesting,
Though yet, withal the drought that now does fling

Its arid brownness o'er the thirsty soil,
The yield is oft abundant and will bring
The farmer pay for irrigating toil,
That stouter hearts than "Mormons" at it would recoil.

Ye Gods who rule the destinies of man,
And brought him here to sweat and toil in pain,

Inspire him with the mind and skill to plan
Artesian wells, or places to retain
The surplus water flowing through the plain,
That, thus reserved and kept for irrigation,
May be a substitute for dews and rain,
When drought might otherwise produce starvation,
But with it bloom with ev'ry kind of vegetation.

And this is Zion's first and best of stakes,
Where honest men for peace and safety came,
Self-banished far 'mong hills and dreary lakes,
Here made their homes, and raised its desert fame,

The blessed of God, the persecutor's shame,
Despised, yet followed by a ruthless band
Who would annul their birthright and their claim

To worship God, as they best understand—
The right of ev'ry citizen throughout the land.

THE DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

A Strange Story of 1852 and 1863.

BY GENERAL J. W. REVERE.

Arriving at New Orleans, in 1852, I was soon on my way up the Mississippi and Ohio. Among my fellow-passengers on the steamer was Lieut. Thomas J. Jackson, of the United States army, who seemed, at first, a remarkably quiet, reserved, although very intelligent officer, and with whom I soon became acquainted; for there is everywhere a sort of camaraderie among officers of the two services which attracts them to each other in a crowd of strangers. For several days the inland voyage continued; and our nights were partly spent upon the hurricane-deck of the steamer, engaged in conversation. One of these conversations was so peculiar, it fixed itself in my memory, and subsequent events proved it worthy of record; although I confess, I hesitate to put in writing anything which seems to border so nearly on the marvelous.

One clear starlight night, as we glided along the calm river, our conversation turned upon the firmament and its countless orbs that looked down upon us. Jackson asked me if I had ever been induced to take a flight from the study of nautical astronomy, practiced by all naval officers, into the realms of astrology. I replied that I had always been interested, more or less, in those mathematical studies required in nautical calculations; and that, from the exact rules demanded for working the various problems of the ephemeris, I

had, sometimes, to amuse the idle hours of a sea-life, worked out the nativities of my shipmates. I had even taken Zadkiel's almanac, and used his rules, but without believing in the science of judicial astrology. Jackson, however, was not so incredulous; although it was evident that he had not decided fully within himself as to the truth or falsehood of this exploded science.

Before we parted at Pittsburgh, a day or two after this conversation, I had given Jackson the necessary data for calculating a horoscope; and, in the course of a few months, I received from him a letter, which I preserved, inclosing a scheme of my nativity. As any one who may have calculated these schemes by the rules must know, a horoscope may be interpreted in various, even contradictory terms, by different persons; and this was no exception to the rule. The only reason I had for remembering it at all was that our destinies seemed to run in parallel lines; and, so far, it was remarkable. It was this peculiarity that caused Jackson to communicate with me, and the reason why I laid it carefully aside for a re-examination.

The several planets were placed in their respective houses above and below the horizon; and Saturn being near the meridian, and approaching a square with the moon, great danger was to be apprehended by the native at the period when the aspect became complete. Mars also bore a threatening aspect; while Jupiter was below the horizon, and semi-sextile, which was not altogether unfavorable. There was no trine, and the sextile was weak. Altogether, from the evil aspect of the square of Saturn, which threatened an opposition—that most dreaded of all the evil aspects of the heavens—the scheme was quite dangerous and malign. The precise time and nature of the threatened danger, requiring a second calculation, accompanied the scheme prognosticating the culmination of the malign aspect within some ten years, or during the first days of May, 1863; at which time the native ran great risk of life and fortunes; but, in case he survived the peril, the ominous period would never again recur.

In his letter Jackson says: "I have gone over these calculations several times, as their result is almost an exact reproduction of my own. * * * It is clear to me that we shall both be exposed to a common danger at the time indicated." Having but little faith in the almost forgotten and altogether repudiated science of astrology, I took little heed of either his scheme of nativity or his letter, regarding the former as ingenious, but as merely a proof of an ardent and somewhat enthusiastic temperament; while I little imagined, at that time, that the rather unpolished and rugged exterior of Lieut. Jackson concealed a character destined to become famous among his countrymen.

I served in the army in 1861-2-3 until after the battle of Chancellorsville, participating in all its important engagements, and, the greater part of the time, commanding a brigade. At the battle above named, I was an involuntary witness of an event which had an important bearing on the issue of the war, and which had been the subject of prolonged controversy. I refer to the death of Stonewall Jackson. The circumstances under which I acquired the right to give testimony in the matter were somewhat remarkable; and I here give a full statement of them. The left of my brigade lay near the plank-road at Chancellorsville; and, after night had fallen, I rode forward according to my invariable habit, to inspect my picket-line. The moon had risen, and partially illuminated the woods. I began my inspection on the right of the picket-line, progressing gradually to the left where I stopped to rectify the post of a sentinel not far from the plank-road. While thus engaged, I heard the sound of hoofs from the direction of the enemy's line, and paused to listen. Soon a cavalcade appeared approaching us. The foremost horseman detached himself from the main body, which halted not far from us, and, riding cautiously nearer, seemed to try to pierce the gloom. He was so close to us, that the soldier nearest me leveled his rifle for a shot at him; but I forbade him, as I did not wish to have our position revealed; and it would have been useless to kill the man, whom I judged to be a staff-officer making a reconnaissance.

Having completed his observations, this person rejoined the group in his rear, and all returned at a gallop. The clatter of hoofs soon ceased to be audible; and the silence of the night was unbroken, save by the melancholy cries of the whippoorwill, which were heard in one continued wail, like spirit voices;

when the horizon was lighted up by a sudden flash in the direction of the enemy, succeeded by the well-known rattle of a volley of musketry from at least a battalion. A second volley quickly followed the first, and I heard cries in the same direction. Fearing that some of our troops might be in that locality, and that there was danger of our firing upon friends, I left my orderly, and rode toward the Confederate lines. A riderless horse dashed past me toward our lines; and I reined up in the presence of a group of several persons gathered around a man lying on the ground, apparently badly wounded. I saw at once that these were Confederate officers, and visions of the Libby began to flit through my mind; but reflecting that I was well armed and mounted, and that I had on the great coat of a private soldier, such as was worn by both parties, I sat still, regarding the group in silence, but prepared to use either my spurs or my sabre, as occasion might demand. The silence was broken by one of the confederates, who appeared to regard me with astonishment; then speaking in a tone of authority, he ordered me to "ride up there and see what troops those were," indicating the rebel position. I instantly made a gesture of assent, and rode slowly in the direction indicated, until out of sight of the group; then made a circuit round it and returned within my own lines. Just as I had answered the challenge of our picket, the section of our artillery posted on the plank-road began firing; and I could plainly hear the grape crashing through the trees near the spot occupied by the group of Confederate officers.

About a fortnight afterward, I saw a Richmond newspaper at the camp at Falmouth, in which were detailed the circumstances of the death of Stonewall Jackson. These left no doubt in my mind that the person I had seen lying on the ground was that officer, and that his singular prediction—mentioned previously—had been verified. The following is an extract from the newspaper account:

"General Jackson, having gone some distance in front of his line on Saturday evening, was returning about 8 o'clock, attended by his staff. The cavalcade was, in the darkness, mistaken for a body of the enemy's cavalry, and fired on by a regiment of his own corps."

Then, after detailing what took place after the General fell from his horse, the account proceeds:

"The turnpike was utterly deserted, with the exception of Captains Wilbourn and Wynn; but in the skirting of the thicket on the left, some person was observed by the side of the wood, sitting on his horse motionless and silent. The unknown individual was clad in a dark dress, which strongly resembled the Federal uniform; but it seemed impossible that he could have penetrated to that spot without being discovered, and what followed seemed to prove that he belonged to the Confederates. Captain Wilbourn directed him to ride up there and see what troops these were—the men who fired on Jackson—and the stranger rode slowly in the direction pointed out, but never returned with any answer. Who this silent personage was is left to posterity," etc.

Jackson's death happened in strange coincidence with this horoscopic prediction made years before; but the coincidence was, I believe, merely fortuitous; and I mention it here only to show what mysterious "givings-out" we sometimes experience in life.—Kael and Saddle.

DASTARDLY.—We have been informed of a dastardly attack on an inoffensive Chinaman a day or two since by about half a dozen rough boys. The Chinaman was coming towards town while the boys were going towards the eastern part of the city, on South Temple Street. The latter stopped the Chinaman on the sidewalk near the residence of Mr. Samuel Neslen, and would not allow him to pass. They used the most disgusting language towards him and when he attempted to move on by pushing one of the boys aside, one of the latter struck him violently over the mouth with his clenched fists, causing blood to flow. Mr. and Mrs. Neslen remonstrated with the young ruffians, but only received abuse for their trouble. There was something said about notifying the police and having the boys arrested, when the latter went on their way, using the most disgraceful language.

Boys that would abuse an inoffensive stranger should be ashamed of themselves and are deserving of severe punishment. Such occurrences as the above should tend to make parents and all having the care of youth in any way, to inform themselves with regard to the habits of their charges, and where they are bad to do all in their power to correct them.

AGRICULTURAL.

SOILING FARM STOCK.—There are so many advantages in soiling, or feeding farm stock in stables and under sheds in Summer, rather than graze them at large, that the practice is certain to become common in the South at no distant day. Mr. Rham, (high English authority,) says: "A cow or ox requires from two to three acres of pasture or meadow to feed it all the year round, allowing a portion of hay. But by raising clover, lucern, sainfoin, tares and other green crops, three cows or more can be fed with the produce of one acre, especially if a portion is in turnips and other succulent roots. Thus the straw of the white crops is converted into excellent manure and the land kept in a state of fertility."

The above statement shows a five-fold increase of production per acre. That is to say, in place of giving two and a half acres to graze a cow a year, (a part being meadow) that quantity of land by soiling, will keep five cows twelve months, giving five times the quantity of milk, butter and cheese, and five times more manure for the same area of land.

When stock are grazing, it is unavoidable that their droppings should be foul, from day to day, a good deal of grass, which will not be eaten. It is certain, so much of this excrement as is consumed by very numerous bugs, in all our fields, goes to support their lives, not agricultural plants. In this way, a large share of our cattle manure is lost. When the bugs die, we may receive a small return, if their bodies are not devoured by other bugs, and their organic matter carried on indefinitely, till all is consumed to support animal vitality. On Southern farms, the loss of animal manure is great, as we now manage or rather neglect these things. All know that our working stock—mules, horses and oxen, our cows and sheep—are seriously annoyed by many insects, such as blood-sucking flies, bot flies, gad flies, ticks, &c. In a quiet, cool, well-bedded, ventilated stable, with a fair allowance of nutritious herbage, a given quantity of food will return twice the gain in flesh and strength to all "cattle" (using the word "cattle" in its old English sense as applying as well to horses and sheep, as to "neat cattle,") than can be realized when exposed out in open fields. In plain words, our farm stock receive too little protection and care, alike in Summer and Winter. Indian corn, which cannot be grown to any advantage in England, is one of our best soiling plants. Clover, and all the best perennial grasses, are available for the same purpose. Cutting these by horse power, and hauling forage on cheap railways, and manure back on the same track, the cost of handling both stock food and plant food, will be comparatively small. Hence, under the sound doctrine of rich land, of large production alike of vegetable and animal growth, of healthy stock, and the minimum of injury done by insect enemies, with all labor saving machinery brought to perfection, depleting practice, with little or no restriction, must come to a happy end.

It is not the right way to have cows and other stock dropping their excrements on the food which they are to eat. It is not the right way to let bugs consume this food of agricultural plants. It is not the right way to permit swarms of biting flies and other pests to torment our useful quadrupeds, if we can prevent it. It is not the right way to call ourselves either planters, farmers or husbandmen, when we neither plant, farm, nor husband anything as our work ought to be done. We may be, possibly, great land killers, great grumblers at a kind Providence; but we are not first-rate cultivators of the soil.—Ex.

[Per Deseret Telegraph.]

A Murder in Sanpete.

NEPHI, 3.—An inquest was held this morning by coroner Charles Sperry, upon the body of Bengt Swensen, of Santaquin, who died at 4 a.m. to-day. From evidence given before the inquest, the death of deceased was caused by his being struck on the head with a wagon wrench by one Matt Daley, of Payson, while at the coal bed, in Sanpete county, on last Saturday. Brother Swensen's remains were brought here yesterday and left at the house of Brother Jensen by some persons who were present when he was struck. The parties gave no information about the affair, but went on their way home to Provo, and not until yesterday evening did any person know of what had happened. A telegram has been sent to the Mayor of Payson to have the man Daley arrested. It appears to be a cold blooded murder, as Brother Swensen was a peaceable citizen, and was struck by the drunken man, Daley, without any cause, only that he was "a damned Danishman."