

our boyhood amid the Green Mountains of Vermont. It grew from an imported slip grafted into a wild stock on the 10th of April, and bloomed on the 26th of June. Beat this!

REPORTED ASSASSINATION.—We have seen a short article in the Missouri Republican of May 25, copied from the Van Buren (Arkansas) Intelligencer of May 15, in which it is stated that Parley Parker Pratt was shot by one Hector H. McLean on the 13th of May, and some eight miles from Van Buren. It is also stated that Mr. Pratt lived about two hours after he was shot.

Having no fully reliable information upon the subject and no details, except the meager ones in the article above cited, we are obliged to waive further comment for the present, and print, in lieu thereof, the following poetical narration of Elder P. P. Pratt's testimony, experience, travels and labors, as penned by himself, and Elder John Taylor's 'Response' thereto, published in The Mormon of April 25.

MY FIFTIETH YEAR.

BY P. P. PRATT.

I am fifty years old! I have lived to see Seven times seven and a Jubilee. That period famed in the days of yore As a grand release for the humble poor; When pledg'd estate was again restor'd, And the bondman free'd from his tyrant lord. When man his fellow was bound to forgive, And begin a-new to think, and to live. The nations have hail'd the year of my birth As a Jubilee to the groaning earth.* The triumphs of steam over land and sea Have stamp'd the age of my Jubilee. I have mark'd its progress at ev'ry stride, From the day it was launch'd on the Hudson's tide, Till it conquer'd the ocean,—grasp'd the land And join'd the nations in a common band. I have liv'd to behold the lightnings yield To the mandate of man, and take the field, As a servant-runner to bear the news In an instant, where its lord might choose.

And, scarce less strange I have liv'd to behold A Mormon Sage, with his wand of gold Overtorn the world, and toss it up As a teller of Fortunes would his cup.† All these are facts; but, of little worth, Compared with a prophet, restored to earth. I have seen his day and have heard his voice; Which enraged a world, while the meek rejoiced. I have read the fate of all earthly things: The end of thrones, and the end of kings. I have learned that truth alone shall stand, And the Kingdom of God fill every land. I have seen that Kingdom rolling along And taking its seat 'mid the mountains strong. While the nations wondered, but could not tell To what these wonderful things would swell. I have wandered far over land and sea To proclaim to the world its destiny. To cry to the nations repent and live, And be ready the Bridegroom to receive.

I have wandered far—I have wandered wide, From Maine to the wild Missouri's tide; And over the ocean's sea-girt isles Full many a weary thousand miles. I have tramped the deserts burning sands And the snow-clad mountains of unknown lands. 'Mid the crystal waters of Deseret I have pulled the oar and cast the net. I have climbed the steep 'mid the golden ore, And roamed o'er the lone Pacific shore. I have plowed its bosom many-a-day To visit the nations far away. I have stood on Chili's distant shore, Where the Polar Star is seen no more.

I have gazed on the Andes' heights of snow, And roamed 'mid the flowery plains below. I have toiled with the great in freedom's cause And assisted to give to a State its laws. I have lain in a dungeon, bound in chains And been honored in Courts where Justice reigns. In a thousand joys, and a thousand fears I have struggled on through my fifty years. And now, by the law of God, I am free; I will seek to enjoy my jubilee. I will hie me home, to my mountain dell, And will say to the "Christian" world;—farewell, I have served ye, long—, 'twas a thankless task, To retire in peace, is all I ask.

Another fifty years will fully prove Our message true, and all our motives, love. Then shall a humble world in reverence bow And hail the prophets so rejected now. Kings shall revere, and nations incense bring, To Zion's temple, and to Zion's King. I shall be there and celebrate the day Till twice ten fifties shall have passed away.

*The first steamboat was launched in 1807, on the Hudson River, by Robert Fulton.
†An American soldier, of the Mormon Battalion, discovered the gold mines in California, in 1847.

A Response to P. P. Pratt's "Fiftieth Year."

BY JOHN TAYLOR.

Thou art "fifty years old"—I am glad to see That thou now canst hope for a Jubilee. Go rest thee, my friend, for weary and long Thou hast faithfully strove with a wayward throng; With a world environed with error's chain, Thou hast wrestled and struggled, but not in vain.

On thy native shore, and on foreign land, Thou hast battled for truth with a master hand, And their cities, and towns and hamlets have rung With the sound of truth, with the voice of song; And thousands in Zion do now rejoice, Who've read thy works or heard thy voice, And millions have seen thy bosom swell With celestial truths thou lov'st so well.

Let drivelling sycophants bow the knee To that cemeleon shrine, popularity, And with honey'd lips, bound with mammon's spell, Plaster over the vices they dar'd not tell, And with wheedling, whining, canting tongue, Daub o'er the deeds of a hellish throng. 'Twas thine, the mark from their loathsome face To rend, and exhibit their foul disgrace.

Thou hast grappled with sages in error rife, Thou hast taught to the erring the way of life; With flaming words and a burning pen, Thou hast bearded gaunt priestcraft in his den, And said to Babel's grizzled priests: avaunt! I dare you in your dark, ghastly haunt. And the canting, craven minions fled At the truths thou penned and the words thou said. With Elijah's faith and Elijah's rod, Thou despised their power and defied their god, And made the canting hirelings cower, Beneath the truth's keen, withering power. Thou show'd them their systems were doom'd to fall, That Uparsin was written on Babel's wall. Thou hast spent 'midst their hoards a busy life; Thou art leaving the den of their Babel strife. Let others now 'mid the nations roam, And hie thee away to thy mountain home.

If sleeping at night, the weary may Forget the cares and toils of the day; And if by God to man is given, A day of rest in every seven; If the pledg'd possession could be restored, On the grand release by Jehovah's word; If the debtor's bonds could then be broke, And the slave be freed from a master's yoke, And the very land a partaker be, Of the general jubilant Jubilee; If all bonds were broken on that day, And chains and manacles thrown away; If throughout the land, by every tongue, All joined in the joyous jubilee song; If debtors and slaves and earth were free: Thou oughtest to have a Jubilee.

If a wish from a sincere friendly heart, Can to thee any comfort or joy impart; If a fervent prayer to the God of grace Could smooth thy path on thy onward race, That prayer would be, let grace be given To wend thy onward course to heaven. May'st thou abound in corn and wine, And the blessings of plenty now be thine; May thy family all be free from care, And a husband's and father's plenty share; May thy sun go down with glory rife, And dying may'st thou burst into life; And when sleeping among the silent dead, Have the blessings of millions on thy head; And living with God may'st thou be free, And partake of an endless Jubilee.

GREAT DESTITUTION of provision was experienced at the opening of the Spring in the northern part of Michigan, and in parts of Iowa, Kentucky and Texas. In some places in Texas corn was held at \$2.62 a bushel, and at Keokuk and on the Des Moines river in Iowa it was selling for a dollar a bushel, and upwards.

A SERIOUS RAILROAD RIOT occurred near Baltimore, in the early part of May. The militia were called out, and several of the rioters were killed and many wounded.

SPRING FRESHETS had done much damage in portions of the Eastern, Middle and Southern States.

Summary.

[From the N. Y. Herald from April 24 to May 26 inclusive; April 26 and May 21 missing.]

A terrible storm of wind and rain visited Mobile, Alabama, on the 1st & 2nd of May; two feet of water fell on a level, inundating the city and drowning several persons.

—Fire in Apalachicola, Florida, April 30, burnt the post office, stores, dwellings and other property, valued at \$200,000; and destroyed property in Sandusky, Ohio, on the same date, valued at \$100,000.

—The Chinese difficulties were not settled at latest dates, neither was it known how or when they would be disposed of.

The few remaining items of news contained in the Herald and other papers, in any wise instructive or interesting in our latitudes, will appear among the selected articles, as room can be made for them. Gleaning among the world's papers for information of any real value, is, to use an ancient saying, very like hunting a needle in a hay mow.

[From the Hong Kong Register, Jan. 27.]
The Native Merchants of Canton indict the English.

A MANIFESTO, concerning the continually increasing evils from which they are suffering, submitted by the packhouse owners, shopkeepers,

and householders of more than thirty streets, embraced in the seven wards of Yew-lan, the five wards of Ts'ing-p'ing, and all the wards of Tsung-kwei, on the 6th day of the 12th month of the 4th year of Hien-fung.

In the ninth month of this year, when the English Consul Parkes was stirring up the quarrel on account of the petty dissatisfaction about the matter of the lorcha, he issued and had posted up outside the gate behind the English factories a sugared proclamation to the inhabitants, which we believed to be true, and quietly pursued our avocations as before.

It turned out, however, that immediately after their fort burning and cannon firing, the English soldiers set fire to the packhouses, shops and dwelling houses outside the Tsing-hae and Woon-see gates. At the same time, moreover, without putting any questions, they set to destroy and to hold all the shops in the neighborhood of the factories.

On the evening of the 18th of the (first) month of winter, fire broke out in some of the sheds occupied by the English guards in the middle ward of the Factories (? street), and when parties hastened from the various streets to help to put it out, they were shot down and wounded; and the flames spread to the houses and the foreign residences themselves.

Last of all, on the morning of the 17th day of the present month, again treading in their former ways, and with a still greater poisonous recklessness, English officers led on their soldiers, provided with fire raising apparatus, and applying it east and west, raised a common conflagration. This was done in the sight of all men. All mouths will give the same report of it.

Altogether, at successive times, there have been burned of the people's houses not fewer than several thousand, possessing a value of not less than ten millions of dollars, while it would be lamentable to relate the deaths, wounds, and homeless wanderings of men and women, old and young. Alas! alas! We are packhouse and shopkeepers. We have dealt in foreign goods, and our predecessors and we have had intercourse with foreigners for more than one hundred years. With us there was no cause for enmity or resentment. And yet, in this way, with darkened conscience have they raised fire again and again. Our property has been destroyed, our lives have been injured. Where is heavenly principle?

OFFICE HUNTERS.—A number of politicians all of whom were seeking office under the Government, were seated on the tavern porch talking, when an old toper, named D——, came up to them. Now said D—— is a person who is very loquacious when "cornered," but exactly the opposite when sober. At the present time being "tight," he said if the company had no objections he would tell them a story. They told him to "fire away;" whereupon he spoke as follows:—"A certain King—don't recollect his name—had a philosopher, upon whose judgment he always depended. Now it happened that one day the King took it into his head to go a hunting and after summoning his nobles, and making all the necessary preparations, summoned his philosopher and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told them it would not, and he and his nobles departed.—While journeying along, they met a countryman mounted on a jackass; he advised them to return, 'for,' said he, 'it will certainly rain.' They smiled contemptuously upon him and passed on.

Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a heavy shower coming up, they were drenched to the skin. When they had returned to the palace, the King reprimanded the philosopher severely for telling him that it would be clear when it was not." I met a countryman," said he, "and he knows a great deal more than you, for he told me it would rain, whereas you told me it would not."

"The King then gave the philosopher his walking papers, and sent for the countryman, who made his appearance."

"Tell me," said the King, "how you knew it would rain?"

"I didn't know," said the rustic, "my jackass told me."

"And how, pray, did he tell you?" the King asked in astonishment.

"By pricking up his ears, your majesty."

The King now sent the countryman away, and procuring the jackass, he placed him in the office the philosopher had filled.

"And here," observed D——, looking very wise, "here is where the King made a great mistake."

"How, so?" inquired his auditors.

"Why, ever since that time," said D——, with a grin on his phiz "every jackass wants an office!"

Trip to Iron County.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, }
June 19, 1857. }

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DESERET NEWS:

Dear Sir: For the last two months I have been on a visit to the extreme southern settlements; and have thought it advisable to furnish a few items for insertion in the 'News.'

Having been kindly invited by President C. C. Pendleton to accompany him as far as Parowan, Iron county, I accepted the invitation, and arrived in that elevated region of country after ten days easy travel, in company with Elder Isaac Laney and lady.

A homemissionary being a rare visitor there, you may judge my reception was of the most welcome and pleasing kind.

As President Dame was absent with the Governor (North) and the brethren had not been catechised, preparatory to the renewal of their covenants, it was thought advisable, by Bishop Tarleton Lewis, (who was one of the wounded at the

Hauns' Mill massacre) and the authorities that I should catechise and baptize them, which duty I attended to.

I visited, in company with Mrs. Pendleton and Dalton, jr., the noble piñery in the first left hand canyon, which presents the appearance of splendid parks, reaching to the summits of the highest mountains; some of the pines are 5 feet across the butt; very lofty and free from knots.

In the mountain heights around Parowan there seems to be enough firewood within five hours reach of wagons and oxtams to supply the inhabitants of this Territory for years to come. On account of the elevated position of Parowan—1381 feet above this city—the air is much cooler; and the winds blow with much force and frequency.

I visited Fort Harmony and explored the mountains around Ashcreek and the Rio Virgin on foot in company with Mrs. Peter Shirts, Ingram and an Indian. We discovered a large mound of crystallized gypsum in broad sheets and other forms.

From information received from one of the brethren who had been visiting at the new cotton farm, he stated that the company were well satisfied with the location; that the indigo seed which I brought from the Upper Provinces of India, sent by Governor Young in advance of the company, had been put in—was up and flourishing; that a dam had been made about a mile above the intended settlement and that good pasture and firewood had been found within 10 miles distance.

They have commenced building on the site of the new city, brother Wm. Wesley Willes and others having taken the lead. Bishop Smith has commenced a large Tithing Office and Store House and the Saints are all on the alert for moving to the new location, a short distance from the one now occupied. I also visited Johnson's Fort, and Shirt's creek, small settlements for farming and grazing.

The new settlement on Beaver creek, 210 miles south of this city, where there are already quite a number of families, presided over by Bishop Philo Farnsworth, bids fair to soon realize the predictions of Pres. H. C. Kimball respecting its capabilities and prosperity; though only a year old it presents most of the pleasing features of much older settlements. For water, land, timber and grazing privileges it stands second to none in the valleys. Br. Thompson and others are erecting a saw mill.

I also paid passing visits to Buttermilk Fort, Nephi City, Summit creek, Battle creek and Spanish Fork; where all the pleasing signs of improvement are visible.

At Spanish Fork, Bishop Butler and the brethren had united in building a timber bridge across the principal stream, which was accomplished in a week and at a cost of twelve hundred dollars.

I visited the Sabbath and daily schools in the different settlements, which are conducted in a very orderly and creditable manner, considering the many disadvantages they have to contend with in respect to the supply of school requisites.

In conclusion it may be remarked that as a general thing a most excellent spirit prevails among the Saints in the different settlements, of which the Indians partake; and many of them are industriously assisting the brethren in farming operations and canyon work. Ammon is farming extensively at Beaver; has built him a log cabin, keeps his sheep and chickens; calls his squaws 'women,' talks English as much as possible and strives to be one with the brethren.

A short time ago, he dreamed that he met the Great Spirit, with whom he walked on a very handsome, slippery pavement, that the Great Spirit shook hands with him, and told him if he would quit stealing, when he died, he should be in the same place with him, but if not he should never enjoy that privilege. At Harmony on the death of a squaw, the friends applied to Bishop Davis for a coffin and the privilege of burying her among the 'Mormons.'

From the observations I have made I am of opinion that there is a much better chance for the working man in the south than in and near the city; unless it be among those who are imperatively required to assist in the public works.—The only complaint I heard is, 'we are so far from head quarters;' but then say they, 'the reports of the discourses of the authorities which we read in the 'Deseret News,' in some measure make up the deficiency. I remain yours faithfully, in the Kingdom of God. WM. WILLES.

SOAP SUDS FOR CURRANT BUSHES.—A correspondent of the Indiana Farmer says: 'I have found the cultivation of currants to be very profitable. By care and attention I greatly increased the size of the bushes and the quality of the fruit. My bushes are now about six or eight feet in height, and are remarkably thrifty. The cause of this large growth I attribute in a great measure to the fact that I have been in the habit of pouring soap suds and chamber lye around their roots during the summer season. I am satisfied, from my own experience and that of some of my neighbors, that the treatment will produce a most astonishing effect upon the growth and product of the bushes, and would advise others to give it a trial.'

BEST SEED.—Having for a number of years been acquainted with gardening, I have frequently found the best seed that I obtained from the seed store, was a good share of it, very small and poor; therefore, I concluded to cultivate my own seed, and to avoid the evil of having poor, small seed, adopted the following method with success: While the stalk and branches are thrifty and growing, and a good share of seed is formed, I, with a pair of scissors, clip about an inch from the end of each branch, which will prevent any more seed forming. The consequence is, I find the remaining seed all large and plump. Now is the time. Try it, seed growers.—[Dollar News-paper, June 24.]