

Miscellaneous.

THE ADMISSION OF UTAH.

The people of Utah have applied for admission as a State. The proper Congressional committee had the application before it, and is taking testimony in reference to it. It is quite probable that the people of Utah will not be admitted without a "change of heart."

Utah will find the road into the Union a long one to travel.

Brigham Young will be requested to repudiate polygamy by legal enactment. After this shall be done he will be required to repent of polygamy. There will be a committee at Washington who will go over him thoroughly. He will be required to testify that polygamy is abolished. He will find it necessary to show that he never did believe in polygamy. He will be necessitated to prove that there are no men in Utah who ever did believe in polygamy. After this has been done, Utah will be admitted by the present Congress, provide there are abundant guarantees that it will vote the abolition ticket.—*Chicago Times*.

The *Times* does not state all the demands that will probably be made on these Utahites. The Radical Congress is progressive, and will, no doubt, soon come up to the platform of the men who made the present Constitution of Missouri. Consequently these Utah people will have to swear that they never practised polygamy nor sympathized with those who did so, and will be punished by fine and imprisonment for perjury if they take the oath falsely. Besides, their oath will be considered null and void, and as a sufficient reason why they should not be admitted—always however with the secret reservation, that no pains and penalties will be incurred, and that the territory shall come in, if it is ascertained, to what is called "a dead certainty" beforehand, that when a State, it will "vote right." BRIGHAM knows, however, what sort of a bargain he has got to make; and we should not wonder if he made it. If he does, it will remain to be seen whether BRIGHAM or THADDEUS gets the best end of the bargain. If wagering were in our line we should incline to bet on BRIGHAM.—[*Mo. Rep.* April 24.]

WILL KEROSENE EXPLODE?—Three deaths were occasioned recently in Lowell, Massachusetts, by the explosion of Kerosene lamps. Good oil will not explode, but a certain excess of benzine renders it explosive. The following safety test is given as the best: Fill a tumbler three-fourths full of moderately cool water, and then pour one-half tablespoonful of oil on to it; stir it together, then hold a lighted match over it, and if it takes fire from the vapor before the flame comes in contact with the oil, it is dangerous and ought not to be used, as good oil will not thus ignite, and will not burn readily even when a lighted match is thrown into it, but most of the adulterated oil will burn freely.—[*American Flag*.]

PHOTOGRAPHING THE CHANGES OF NATURE.—Among the noble uses to which female genius may be put, is that of watching and copying the subtle changes which pass over the face of nature. Miss Beckly, a daughter of the mechanical assistant at Kew, Eng., is thus employed; her special field of observation being the sun, all the changes on which she records from day to day by means of his light. During the day she watches for opportunities for photographing the sun, with that patience for which the sex is distinguished; and we have the authority of the President of the Astronomical Society for saying that she never lets an opportunity escape her. It is extraordinary that even on very cloudy days, between gaps of clouds, when it would be imagined that it was almost impossible to get a photograph, yet there is always a record at Kew.

PROGRESSING.—The Dutch Flat *Enquirer* of May 5th thus refers to the progress made on the Central Pacific Railroad:

The Central Pacific Railroad Company have broken dirt as far east or summitward as Crystal Lake—twenty miles above this place. Burnham, who is superintending a large force on that division, informs us that the work is progressing satisfactorily and with as much rapidity as the most sanguine friends of the enterprise could have anticipated. The Autumn months, it is thought, will witness the completion of the grading to or near that point. As the work approximates completion below, recruits are immediately dispatched to the "front," and the railroad "goes marching on."

BREAKING UP A SETTING HEN.

"Timothy, that air yaller hen's settin', agin," said Mrs. Hays to her son, one morning at breakfast.

"Well let her set," remarked Timothy, helping himself to a huge piece of cheese, "I reckon I can stand it as long as she can."

"I do wish you would try to be a little more equinomical to cheese, Timothy; I've cut the very last of my every day lot, and its only the first of May. And now, as soon as you've done eating I want you to go out and break up that hen. She's setting on an old axe and two bricks now."

"I hope she'll hatch 'em," returned Timothy.

"If she was set now, she'd hatch the fourth week in May. It's a bad sign; something allers happens arter it. Stop giggling, Helen Maria, by the time you get to be as old as yer ma, ye'll see further than you do now. There was Jenkins' folks, their grey top knot hatched the last of May, and Mrs. Jenkins, she had the conjunction of the lungs, and would have died if they hadn't killed a lamb and wrapped her in the hide while its warm. That was all that saved her."

With such a startling proof of the truth and the omen before him, Timothy finished his breakfast in haste and departed for the barn, from which he soon returned bearing the squalling biddy by the legs.

"What shall I do with her, mother? She'll get on again, and she's cross as bedlam—she skinned my hands, and would be the death of me if she could get loose."

"I've heer'n it said that it was a good plan to throw 'em up in the air," said Mrs. Hays. "Aunt Peggy broke one of setting only three times trying. Spose'n you try it."

"Up she goes, head or tail?" cried Tim, as he tossed the volcano skyward. "Land-a-massy," exclaimed Mrs. H., "she's coming down into the pan of bread that I set out on the great rock to rise! Tim, its strange that you can't do nothing without overdoing it."

"Down with the traitors, up with the stars," sung on Tim, elevating biddy again with something less than a pint of batter hanging to her feet.

"Good gracious me; wuss and wuss," cried Mrs. Hays, and Tim agreed with her; for the hen had come down on the well polished tilt of Esquire Bennet, who happened to be passing, and the dignified old gentleman was the father of Cynthia Bennet, the young lady with whom Tim was seriously enamored.

The Squire looked daggers, brushed off the dough with his handkerchief and strode on in silence.

"Yes, but it's going up again," said Tim, spitefully, seizing the clucking Biddy and tossing her at random into the air. Biddy thought it time to manifest her individuality, and with a loud scream she darted against the parlor window, broke through, knocked down the canary cage and landed plump in the silken lap of Mrs. Grey, who was boarding at the farm house.

Mrs. Grey screamed with horror, and starting up, dislodged biddy, who flew at her reflection in the looking-glass with an angry hiss. The glass was shattered and down came the hen astonished beyond measure, against a vase of flowers, which upset, and in falling knocked over the stand dish and deluged with ink and water a pair of drab-colored velvet slippers, which Helen Maria was embroidering for her lover, Mr. James Henshaw.

Helen entered the room just as the mischief had been done, and viewing the ruin she at once laid it to her brother Timothy. She heard his step behind her and the unfortunate hen she flung full in his face.

There was a smothered oath, and the hen came back with the force of a twelve pound shot.

Helen was mad. Her eyes were nearly put out with the feathery dust and dough, and she went at Timothy with true feminine zeal. She broke his watch-guard into a dozen pieces, crushed his dickey and began to pull his whiskers out by the roots when she suddenly remembered that Timothy had no whiskers to pull out by the roots.

But when she came to look closer she perceived that the man she had nearly annihilated was not Timothy, but James Henshaw.

Poor Helen burst into tears and fled into her chamber, the usual refuge for heroines; and James, after washing his face at the kitchen sink, went home sternly resolved never to marry a woman with such a temper as Helen Hayes had.

The hen, meanwhile, who is our heroine, returned to the barn to establish

herself on the ruins of her nest, determined to set if the heavens fell.

Mrs. Hayes soon discovered her, and she having heard that dipping in water, would cure "broodiness," she set forth for the brook with the fowl in her apron.

Mrs. Weaver, an old lady of very quarrelsome temperament, who resided near, and was at sword's point with Mrs. Hayes; was just coming to the brook for a pail of water, and spied the yellow head of the bird peeping out from Mrs. Hayes' apron.

"There!" she exclaimed, "Now I've found out what puzzled me to death nigh about a week. I've found out where that yellow pullet has gone to.—Mrs. Hayes, I allers knowed you was a wicked, desateful woman, but I didn't think you'd steal."

"Steal? me steal? who are you talking to, Mrs. Weaver?" said Mrs. Hayes, on her dignity.

"I'm talking to you, madame, that's who I'm talking to! You've stole my hen what I got over to Uncle Gillies, and paid for in sassegers. She's a real Dorking. Give her to me right here or I'll use force."

"She's my hen, and you touch her if you dare!"

"I'll show you what I dare!" yelled Mrs. Weaver, growing purple, and seizing the ill-stared fowl by the tail, she gave a wrench, and the tail came out in her hand.

The sudden cessation of resistance upset Mrs. Weaver's balance and she fell backward into the brook, spluttering the mud and astonished polliwogs in every direction.

She was a spry woman, and was soon on her feet again ready to renew the assault.

"Give me my hen!" she cried, thrusting her fist into Mrs. Hayes face, "you old hag and hypocrite you!" and she made a second dive at the bird.

The hen thought it proper to show her colors; and uttering an unearthly yell, she flew out of the covert square into the face of Mrs. Weaver, which she raked down with her nails until it resembled the pages of a ledger, crossed and re-crossed with red ink.

Mrs. Hayes caught a stick of brushwood from the fence—Mrs. Weaver did the same, and a regular duel would probably have been fought if the bank of the creek had not suddenly gave way and precipitated both the indignant women into the water.

They scrambled out on opposite sides and the hen sat perched on an apple tree and cackled in triumph.

The ladies shook themselves and by consent went home. They have not spoken since.

The hen disappeared, and was not seen until three weeks afterwards, when she made her appearance with eleven nice yellow chickens. She found some other fowl's nest, and had set in spite of fate.

But although not "broken up" herself, she broke up two matches—for Cynthia Bennett was not at home the next time Timothy called, and Mr. Henshaw never forgave Helen for having such a temper.

POPULATION OF FRANCE.—Some curious statistics have just been published concerning the population of France. It appears that the females number 18,741,037, and the males 18,645,276, forming altogether 9,054,030 families. There exist 5,009,120 boys under age, and 6,106,321 girls. Of 8,579,016 unmarried persons there are 4,479,850 females. There are 913,023 widowers, and 1,790,126 widows. Of the widowers 81 are only 20 years of age, and there are 820 widows of the same age. France possesses at this moment 1,529,154 girls of from fifteen to twenty years of age, and 1,308,366 boys of the same age. The greatest examples of longevity are supplied by females. Three females out of four unmarried persons have reached the age of 106, and two widows have passed that age. Seventeen thousand three hundred and seventy-one Frenchmen, and only 13,409 Frenchwomen have lost their sight; 12,447 Frenchmen, and only 9,509 Frenchwomen are deaf and dumb; 22,319 Frenchwomen have become insane, and only 2,372 Frenchmen. There are 33,407 male idiots, and only 18,118 female idiots. The female sex prevails in France, while it has constantly decreased in the city of Vienna since the year 1830, in the proportion of three-hundredths every six years.

THE army worm, of which last year myriads were found in all portions of the State, has again made its appearance in the vicinity of Sacramento. Large numbers of them are found on the north side of the American river.—[*Sac. Union*, May 19.]

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w20-1††

AN ORDINANCE

Creating the Office and defining the duties of City Stock Inspector, and to establish a General Stock Market.

Sec. 1. Be it ordained by the City Council of Great Salt Lake City: That the office of City Stock Inspector is hereby created, which office shall be filled by appointment of the City Council.

Sec. 2. Said Stock Inspector shall, before entering upon the duties of his office, take an oath for the faithful performance of the duties thereof, and execute bonds in the penal sum of five thousand dollars, said oath and bonds to be filed with the City Recorder; and he shall report monthly, or oftener if required, to said Recorder, all matters of record pertaining to his duties as defined in this Ordinance.

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of the said Inspector to take charge of the City Stock Market and to receive all stock that shall be taken thereto for inspection or sale; and he shall keep a book in which he shall record a faithful description of all stock inspected by him, together with the marks and brands thereon, also the names of persons bringing such stock to said Market for inspection or sale; and from all persons requiring a certificate of inspection he shall be entitled to receive for one animal the sum of twenty-five cents, and for every additional animal in the same certificate the sum of ten cents, one half of which shall be paid into the City Treasury quarterly, or oftener if required.

Sec. 4. Said City Stock Market is hereby established at Faust and Houtz's premises on Second South Street, between East Temple Street and First East Street, until otherwise provided.

Sec. 5. All persons are hereby prohibited from selling or offering for sale any beef cattle in any of the streets, lanes, alleys or other public place within the limits of the City, without first having the same inspected by the Stock Inspector, under penalty of not less than one nor more than one hundred dollars for each offence.

Sec. 6. All butchers or other persons keeping a slaughter house within the limits of said City, shall have inspected, by the said City Inspector, all beeves slaughtered by them, and shall obtain a certificate of inspection; and any butcher or slaughterman killing animals for beef, without first obtaining said certificate, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be liable to pay a fine in any sum not less than five nor more than one hundred dollars for each offence.

Sec. 7. All persons having license to sell horses, mules and cattle at public or private sale shall, before offering said animals for sale, have them inspected by the City Stock Inspector, who shall record a general description of the same, together with any marks or brands that may be upon them; and any animal so offered for inspection or sale, having any recorded mark or brand of any resident of this Territory and not in possession of the owner of said mark or brand, it shall be the duty of said Inspector to report forthwith to some Police officer the facts relating thereto.

Sec. 8. Any person refusing or failing to comply with any of the provisions of this Ordinance, shall be liable to pay a fine in any sum not less than one nor more than one hundred dollars for each offence.

Passed May 11th, 1866.

DANIEL H. WELLS, Mayor.

ROBERT CAMPBELL, City Recorder. This certifies that the foregoing is a true copy of the Ordinance passed May 11th, 1866.

Given under my hand and the Corporate Seal of Great Salt Lake City, this 15th day of May, A.D., 1866.

ROBERT CAMPBELL, City Recorder.

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