

THE DESERET NEWS.



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When the policy is so correct, the great resulting benefits so obvious; the right so clear and the power and means so ample, why not connect our western frontiers with our most western State and Territories by telegraph and railroad, that electric interchange of thought may annihilate the news-space between Washington and San Francisco, and iron bands serve to strengthen and preserve the integrity of our Union? All things considered, according to our comprehension, the first wire and railroad should be commenced at a point on the Missouri River the most suitable for reaching either the South Pass or Bridger's Pass in the Rocky Mountains, and from thence be continued on the most practicable line to Sacramento or San Francisco, California. It may be urged that in such case Utah would be greatly benefited. True, and why not let Utah share in those blessings and privileges which have a tendency, when rightly appreciated and applied, to ameliorate and enlighten the condition of fellow beings? Build a railroad across the Continent, with properly manned and equipped stations at suitable distances, and should a foreign foe ever threaten our western coast, hosts of troops with ample warlike stores could be rapidly forwarded for its protection. And while the road was in progress, aside from a most laudable investment of capital and labor in its construction, desirable locations would be constantly opened to the homeless thousands of our populous cities, inducing them to turn the now unoccupied plains of Kansas, Nebraska, Utah and Eastern California into abodes fitting freemen. A work of such magnitude will require a few years for its completion, but by what other method can results so extensively and lastingly beneficial be so readily and cheaply obtained? And, through opportunity for a more frequent and untrammelled interchange of ideas and the formation of more intimate civil and political relations, another happy consequence may be that those who are now enemies may learn that it is far better to treat Utah as the Constitution requires, and to publish the truth concerning her inhabitants, extending to others those rights they wish secured to themselves.

Another excellent policy for our Government to adopt is to either give or sell to the States and Territories the public domain within their respective borders, thereby placing the primary disposal of the soil with those who will be most apt to manage the affair to the best advantage and with the least expense, and then bid a welcome to the oppressed of every clime, with the faithful guarantee that each State and Territory have the largest freedom to mould their laws and institutions solely to suit themselves, provided only that no clause thereof is in violation of the Constitution and Constitutional laws of the United States. Does not that policy breathe the spirit of freedom and the extension of equal rights to every American citizen of every creed, class, or party?

And while all nations are struggling to buy at the cheapest and sell at the dearest rates in the world's commercial marts, let Congress adopt a wisely graduated protective tariff, placing our manufacturers, artisans, farmers and common laborers, in fine, every producer, consumer and trader, upon as nearly a relative equal footing as the best human judgment can compass in legislating for the prosperity of our country.

But these briefly outlined plans for the promotion of true progress will, even though entered upon, come short of accomplishing the object of their introduction and prosecution by precisely so much as efforts in a commendable direction are fettered, and might and evil are suffered to override right and virtue.

'News' Files.—Those who expect to preserve the present volume of the 'News' will have to take good care of each number, for the demand on the office is far greater than can now be supplied.

PLANTING SUGAR CANE.—A gentleman, who had some experience last season in planting the sugar millet, desires us to say to those who have the seed, and wish to make the most of it, that they will do well not to put more than one seed in a hill. The plant tillers out, as the saying is—that is to say, it sends up several shoots from one root. If more than one seed is planted in a hill, he thinks that but one plant should be left to grow.

Truth is like a torch—the more it is shaken the more it shines.

Georgia Facts and British Fictions.

Just about a year ago an enthusiastic gentleman of Liverpool, one Mr. Arrowsmith by name, fitted a poisoned dart to a very long bow and discharged it into the very centre of the escutcheon of the State of Georgia. He sent to the London Times a most doleful and fearful narrative of the horrible things which he had seen and heard on a Georgia railway train; how he had witnessed half a dozen murders between breakfast and lunch; how he had been forced to acquiesce in the slaughter of a child slain for no other crime than because it had cried when its father was killed; and how all these abominations, worthy the pencil of a Callot, or the pen of a Eugene Sue, had been received as mere matters of course by his Georgian fellow-passengers, and were indeed mere ordinary incidents of life and travel in the State which an Oglethorpe founded and a Wesley loved. England and Europe shuddered at the tale, and we of the United States were at first unappeasably indignant, and then inextinguishably mirthful over it.

It was a very preposterous story, and Arrowsmith, if not a lunatic, was certainly a Munchausen of the first water. But the legend of the murders in the Rue Morgue, and like all especially tremendous legends that have ever won any credence among men, contained a grain of truth. There was a full pennyworth of bread with this intolerable deal of sack; and we Americans who ridicule the tale most loudly, best knew how much of terrible possibility lurked in all its improbable exaggerations.

And with the simple account before us of an occurrence which has just passed into the everyday records of the Southern newspapers, we are half disposed to retract something of the "fool scorn" which we hurled upon all the dupes of the imaginative British broker.

The Charleston Courier, esteemed a grave and conservative journal at the South, and certainly superior in the decorous dignity of its habitual tone to many journals of all sections of the Union, inserts under the caption of 'An Unfortunate Rencontre,' the following indescribable story—which we reprint from the Times of Tuesday last:

An extra of the Brunswick (Ga.) Herald has particulars of a rencontre between Mr. Jacob W. Moore, representative from Glynn County in the late Georgia Legislature, and Colonel Carey W. Styles, conservative candidate for Mayor of Brunswick. The affray occurred at the Academy in that city, on the evening of the 24th, at a citizens' meeting called for the purpose of hearing a speech from Colonel Styles. During his speech, Colonel Styles characterized the action of Mr. Moore in the Legislature as 'dishonorable.' Mr. Moore interrupted the speaker by rising, with his hand in his vest, and saying: 'If you say that I have done anything dishonorable, it is a falsehood.' Whereupon Colonel Styles having ceased, turned in the direction of Mr. Moore, hurled back the falsehood in stronger language, and placed his hand upon his pistol. Mr. Moore retorted and drew. The next moment both gentlemen leveled their pistols and fired, without effect. Then commenced a scene of confusion which it would be impossible to describe. The firing continued between the gentlemen above-mentioned, and others, until six or seven shots were discharged—our worthy Mayor, James Houston, Esq., being one of the persons who fired at Colonel Styles. All at once, Mr. Moore was heard to utter groans and cries of distress, and was discovered to be shot in the abdomen, and died in about one hour afterwards.

This, be it observed, is just an 'unpleasant difficulty.' The leading dramatis personae are, a lawmaker of the State, the executive head of the city of Brunswick, and a candidate for the succession of that office. The latter of this trio alludes in a critical spirit to the past legislative action of the first. His observations provoked the lie direct from the Georgian statesman, and the lie direct provoked the pistol of the candidate. The room is full of people, citizens all, many of them no doubt personal friends of one or another of the antagonists. But such considerations have no weight with these chivalric personages. They forthwith begin to exchange shots. The noise and the smell of powder stimulate the company in general. Weapons are drawn by this man and that, and a promiscuous volley ensues.

In the midst of the confusion, however, one calm superior mind preserves its balance. The actual Mayor, justly described as the 'worthy Mayor' of this worthy City, draws his pistol too, but not in vain. He takes aim at the aspirant to his office, and hopes to settle the election at this preliminary encounter. He is disappointed, it is true, as another 'worthy Mayor' of another city was before him, when he took aim at his would-be successor with an explosive message. Mayor Houston that is, failed to shoot Mayor Styles that longed to be; and the only victim of the fray was the luckless Representative, Moore, whose sensitive honor had first evoked this discord in the Council of the Chiefs.

'Indescribable' we have called this story.—What need is there, indeed, of epithets to make its blank, bald, barbaric horror plain to the public eye of lands in which the law is still supreme and society not yet resolved to chaos? Brunswick is by no means a backwood settlement. It is the second commercial entrepot of the State which so indignantly repudiated the foolish fabrication of Arrowsmith. These men of Brunswick were by no means the 'Dead Rabbits' of the South. They were men of standing—men whom their country honors, after its fashion, and who are the 'conservative' standard of manners and of morals to young Brunswick and its adjacent rural districts. If these are the ways of the upright and the honorable in Georgia, who shall conjecture the customs of the disreputable and obscure? If these are the facts of Georgia life, what fictions of Arrowsmith's or other, the most

idiotic and the most insane, shall hereafter startle the public ear as strange, or be repelled by the public faith as incredible?—[N. Y. Times, Jan. 9.]

[From the Baltimore Weekly Sun.]

"Our Father."

BY MISS PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

'Our Father!' in the calm profound,
Beneath the summer's cloudless sky,
When all is fair and bright around,
How sweet to feel that Thou art nigh;
More balmy seems the gentle air,
More sweet the flow'rets fragrant bloom,
The name of love seems whisper'd there,
Thy goodness breathes in that perfume.

'Our Father,' when the storm is high,
When wild winds sport upon the sea,
When darkness wraps the frowning sky,
We turn for peace and rest to Thee;
The waves are gather'd in Thy hand,
Thy voice can hush the storm to sleep,
The winds can move at Thy command,
And Thou art with us on the deep.

'Our Father,' in the busy throng,
With restless heart and hurrying feet,
Where pleasure tunes her siren song,
And crowds in eager converse meet;
When wearied with the bustling strife,
And fever'd with its noise and glare,
This hollow-sounding sea of life,
We find that Thou art even there.

'Our Father,' on the desert lone,
Where solemn silence reigns around,
Where solitude has reared her throne,
And brooks no human glance or sound;
Yet there Thy viewless presence fills
The blue depths of the slumbering air;
A nameless awe the bosom thrills,
A sense that Thou alone art there.

'Our Father,' as our footsteps roam
These varied paths so far and wide,
O keep us mindful of our home,
And faithful to our gentle guide;
A lonely place this world would be
Unnoticed by Thy watchful eye;
A desert waste—a restless sea,
Spread out beneath a sunless sky.

'Our Father,' in the hour of death,
When suffering pales the wasted cheek,
When fluttering pulse and ebbing breath
Of speedy dissolution speak,—
Then Thou art nigh, forever nigh,
Thy hand supports the feeble head;
The lustre of Thy gracious eye
Sheds glory o'er the dying bed.

'Our Father,' as the last sad tears
Are dried forever by Thy hand,
How bursts upon the ravish'd ears
The music of another land;
Its sweetness wakes the closing eyes,
It lifts the struggling soul away;
And calm and blest the sufferer dies,
As dawning melteth into day.

WHAT'LL THEY THINK?—Who cares what they'll think, or what they'll say, concerning ourselves, so long as we have the approval of our own reason and consciences? So long as we wrong no one, assail no just ordinance, social or other, but earnestly and honestly go on our way, about our own business, and to our own taste, why should we care for folly's derision or fashion's frown? What they'll think and what they'll say, are to us as idle scarecrows, dead carcasses of conventionality, which we hold in abhorrence and contempt. We have not shaped our thought; and acts to so truculent a standard. Let us never shape them to such a standard. No independent soul ever did so demean itself. And yet, how many waste their lives, and fritter away their man and womanhood in the everlasting query, 'What'll they think?' They can do nothing without recurring to this. They are serfs to the world around them—bond-slaves to the whims and caprices of others. They have no self-rule, no freedom of opinion or deed. 'What'll they think?' arranges all their household, fashions their drawing-rooms, their feasts, their equipage, their garments, their amusements, their society, their religion, their everything! Poor, hampered souls, for every breath they draw, there is a measure of apprehension. They are unsolved problems of indefinite calculation how to be nose-led. They suffer perpetual suspense. They do nothing without example and pattern. Society abounds in such.—Men are often enough of the lot, but women oftener. If one hoops, all must hoop; if one flounces, all must flounce. No matter whether it is convenient or prudent, they must follow the lead. 'What'll they think?' if one dares to stand alone, is their withering fear and torment. It is a sort of social perdition, from which they are ever struggling to escape. Independence with them is out of the question. They have lost all desire to be independent. It's how will the Priggses look at it, that determines them. They must just do as the Priggses do. To the dogs with the Priggses and all their retinue! They are emasculating society, confusing weak men's ideas, and making weak women's minds weaker. Let us have done with the interrogatory, 'What'll they think?' Let us cast it out, and bury it with the servile dead past—with the corpses of the bowing, scraping, cringing and fawning of feudal days and universal slave ages.—[Alice Cary.]

GENUINE BEAUTY.—Genuine beauty is over linked with goodness; the two sweet sisters go hand-in-hand, and can not be separated.

Evil company is like tobacco smoke—you can not be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

BE KIND TO SISTERS.—Boys, be kind to your sisters. You may live to be old, and never find such tender, loving friends as these sisters.—Think how many things they do for you; how patient they are with you; how they love you in spite of all your ill temper, or rudeness; how thoughtful they are for your comfort, and be you thoughtful of theirs. Be ever ready to oblige them, to perform any little office for them that lies in your power. Think what you can do for them, and if they express a wish, be ready to gratify it if possible. You do not know how much happiness you will find in so doing. I never yet knew a happy and respected man who was not in youth kind to his sisters. There is a beautiful song which says,

'Be kind to your sister—not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.'

Kindness.

As stars upon the tranquil sea,
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source Divine;
O then be kind, who e'er thou art,
That breathe'st mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

A SMART RETORT.—As James II, when Duke of York, returned one morning from hunting, he found his brother Charles in Hyde Park without any attendants, at what was considered a perilous time. The Duke expressed his surprise at his majesty's venturing alone in so public a place, at so dangerous a period. 'James,' replied the monarch, 'take care of yourself, and I am safe. No man in England will kill me to make you king.'

THE THREE PHYSICIANS.—The celebrated French physician, Duhamelin, on his death-bed, when surrounded by the most distinguished citizens of Paris, who regretted the loss which the profession would sustain in his death, said:

'My friends, I leave behind me three physicians much greater than myself.
Being pressed to name them, each of the doctors supposing himself to be one of the three, he answered:

'Water, Exercise and Diet.'

The local editor of an exchange publishes a punning 'market report,' in which he states that 'tin plates are flat,' lead heavy, iron dull, rakes not much inquired after, champagne brisk; rhubarb and senna are drugs, starch is stiffening, and paper is stationery. There is no life in dead hogs, but considerable animation in old cheese.'

The passengers in a balloon excursion state that at the height of 14,000 feet above the earth, everything spoken distinctly, was returned in about a minute, in an echo as clear and distinct as the words spoken.

The flogging instruments used in the Massachusetts State prison are the 'cats,' having seven lashes; the 'kitten' with four smaller lashes; and the 'switch,' which is called 'tickling.'

The best way to discipline one's heart against scandal is to believe all stories to be false which ought not to be true.

A wise man will stay for a convenient season, and will bend a little rather than be torn up by the roots.

Married:

In this city, by Pres. E. Young, on Wednesday evening, April 14, Mr. JAMES M. WORKS and Miss PHEBE JONES, late of Limington, Eng.

We wish you joy, friend Works; may your lives be endless.

NOTICE.

IN my possession at Farmington, a light brindle OX, about 7 years old, high horns, one of which is forked; no brands. He is on hand for the owner.

8-1 T. LEONARD.

TAKEN UP!

ON SUNDAY evening last, 31st inst., a light brindle COW, 10 years old, a slit in her ears, no brands. The owner will find her with

8-1 A GILLESPIE, 16th Ward.

STRAYED.

LAST October, from the residence of S. M. Blair, a four year old Black Cow, Branded B. J. on left hip and both ears cropped; any one giving information that shall lead to her recovery shall be rewarded by

8-1 J. H. BLAZHERD, 14th Ward.

TAKEN UP

AT Alpine City, Utah county, April 15, 1858, a small dapple bay mare, 5 years old, heavy built, two white feet, blaze in the face, no brands visible, some saddle marks. The owner can have her by proving property and paying charges.

8-1 T. J. McCULLOUGH.

CAME INTO MY PASTURE.

SOMETIME in the middle of past winter, a black horse

8-1 COLT—no brand.

The owner would do well to call and see.

7-21 FRANCIS BIRCH, S. Mill Creek Ward.

CAME TO MY ENCLOSURE.

ABOUT seven months ago a five year old red COW, branded Y. L. on the right horn, and some white on her belly. The owner is requested to call, pay expenses and take her away.

7-21 WM. LANG, Mill Creek Bridge.

STRAYS.

ONE three year old red HEIFER, small notch in right ear, star in forehead, branded H on left hip.

One three year old brown HEIFER, star in forehead, some white on flanks and belly, branded C N on left hip.

One black yearling BULL, no brands; also one red yearling HEIFER, line back, white on belly, no brands.

The above named strays are in my possession. The owner or owners are requested to prove property, pay charges and take away.

7-21 L. GEE, Tooele City, March 21, 1858.