

DESERET NEWS.

Truth and Liberty.

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[For the Deseret News.]

TRUTH IS DEARER THAN MY NATIVE LAND TO ME.

TUNE:—"NELLIE GREY."

Oh I mount the car of fancy, onward moved by love the while,
And I rove o'er the mountain and the plain,
O'er the ocean's bounding billows to the sea surrounded isle,
Till I view my native home again.

CHORUS:

Oh, thou land of my birth! as a sacred spot of earth
Cherished ever shall my childhood's country be;
For Truth alone I left thee; Truth of everlasting worth
Is dearer than my native land to me.

Lovely is my native country, rich her wisely cultured soil,
Mighty her dominion on the earth;
Her sons are men of genius, of enterprize and toil:
Proud of the land that gave me birth.

CHORUS:—

Though thy beauties were before me, dear was each remembered scene,
I sighed not when parting from thy view;
Nor regret nor folly swayed me, for my duty came between;
'Twas right to bid my native land adieu.

CHORUS:—

Early scenes and friends of childhood, blest with faithful loving hearts,
The tribute of the memory demand;
Recollection now recalls them, and a tear unbidden starts
As I think of my own beloved land.

CHORUS:—

There are brothers, sisters, parents—honored guardians of my youth,
Whose goodness I for evermore will prize;
Strong the love I cherish for them, stronger still my love for truth;
The principles I value they despise.

CHORUS:—

Here I worship unmolested in the valleys of the West;
For this I left my own beloved shore;
While my home is with God's people I shall be for ever blest,
Though I never view my native country more.

CHORUS:—

EMILY H. MILLS.

G.S.L. CITY, Feb. 1859.

We present to the people the Deseret Alphabet, but have not adopted any rules to bind the taste, judgment or preference of any. Such as it is you have it, and we are sanguine that the more it is practised and the more intimately the people become acquainted with it, the more useful and beneficial it will appear.

The characters are designed to represent the sounds for which they stand, and are so used. Where one stands alone, the name of the character or letter is the word, it being the only sound heard. We make no classification into vowels, consonants, &c., considering that to be of little or no consequence; the student is therefore at liberty to deem all the characters vowels, or consonants, or starters, or stoppers, or whatever else he pleases.

In the orthography of the published examples, Webster's pronunciation will be generally followed, though it will be varied from when general usage demands. All words having the same pronunciation will be spelled alike, and the reader will have to depend upon the context for the meaning of such words.

Since the arrival of the matrices, &c., for casting the Deseret Alphabet, it has been determined to adopt another character to represent the sound of ew, but until we are prepared to cast that character, the characters \ddot{y} will be used to represent the sound of ew in NEW. The characters \ddot{y} are sounded as AI in HAIR, for which one character will also be used, so soon as it can be procured.

DESERET ALPHABET.

Long	Short	\ddot{y}	h	L	eth
\ddot{a}	\ddot{o}	\ddot{t}	p	\ddot{x}	the
\ddot{z}	\ddot{a}	\ddot{d}	b	\ddot{s}	s
\ddot{g}	\ddot{a}	\ddot{t}	t	\ddot{c}	z
\ddot{g}	\ddot{a}	\ddot{d}	d	\ddot{e}	esh
\ddot{c}	\ddot{o}	\ddot{c}	che	\ddot{s}	zhe
\ddot{g}	\ddot{o}	\ddot{g}	g	\ddot{v}	ur
\ddot{k}	\ddot{i}	\ddot{c}	k	\ddot{l}	l
\ddot{g}	\ddot{o}	\ddot{g}	ga	\ddot{m}	m
\ddot{w}	\ddot{w}	\ddot{f}	f	\ddot{n}	n
\ddot{y}	\ddot{y}	\ddot{v}	v	\ddot{e}	eng

22-L19 8108L C17-114.

1. 730 yad x1 y ad hwn
y194 876 g1-p04 24, 10 g

804 w6 829: 1-824-116 y 126
40 42-1004 w6 y194 p0-824
y194 t6 t4 y26-4.

2. 824-p04, y124 88 80-181
824 876, 80 hwn 884 3 14177-
17 g1-p04 8; 16 8 y17-w-04178
80, t4 8 814-1-0w06, 144 t4 8
814018, 817 83 73 y26 010-41
w6 24. 62-41-11, 8 83 14-10
y19, 83 y26 8244 42-1004.

3. 817 y124 88 80-181 876,
124 hwn 82 1217 y144 40 y124
82 421 y144 80-11;

4. 817 824 876 73 g t4 80-
0417: 144 82 p0-824 y194 80-
11 t4 80-0417, y17-8211 010
42-1004 8 0-74-11.

5. 1144 y124 88 743-181,
88 0117 hwn g 16 8 y17-w-
04178 84: p04 83 126 10 743
81714-t11 t4 8 814-1-0w06, 144
t4 8 0w41-246 w6 8 814018; 817
83 73 g 804 w6 24. 62-41-11
8 83 14-10 y19, 83 y26 8244
42-1004.

6. 817 88, y124 88 743-181,
14-124 t4-10 82 0126-17, 144
y124 88 y181 017 82 804, 743
10 82 p0-824 y194 t6 t4 80-
0417; 144 82 p0-824, y194
80-11 t4 80-0417, 010 42-1004
8 0-74-11.

7. 817 y124 y 743, 196 hwn
834 42-11-11-0116, 16 8 y0-824
80; p04 83 1110 817 83 010
g y144 p04 8244 126 870-11.

8. 8 hwn y 824-104 120 14-
10 829: p04 y194 p0-824 40-
11 y124 1116 y 126 144 w6
62-p04 y 180 y19.

9. 01-124 818 114-14 824-p04
743 y: 84 p0-824 y194 804
t4 y26-4, y1-104 g 82 432.

10. 82 011-017 017. 82
1110 g 814 t4 141 16 t4 t6 t4
y26-4.

11. 016 18 818 83 84 83-11
8414.

12. 144 p04-016 18 84 8178,
16 124 p04-016 84 817-246.

13. 144 124 18 hwn t4-10
12171-3-011, 817 82-11-624 18
p4w2 016. p04 824 t6 8 011-
017, 144 8 7824, 144 8 010-41,
p04 26-24. 324.

KANSAS SWEETS.—They are making sorghum suete in Kansas. A letter from Leavenworth says:—"I was in the Quaker settlement some twelve miles from Leavenworth, and saw them making the Chinese sugar cane molasses. The gentleman boiling the molasses told me that the juice only needed reducing two-thirds to make thick molasses, full as thick as New Orleans or sugar-house. He said he could make nine gallons of molasses from seven rods of ground! One man near Leecompton, I understand, would make a thousand gallons. It is expected to sell at fifty cents a gallon. It is engaged at that price."

EXPENDITURES OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT FOR A SINGLE YEAR.—The total expenditures of the British Government for the year ending the 31st of March last, in round numbers, was \$365,000,000, or a million dollars a day. The Army expenditure was about \$64,000,000, and that for the Navy \$42,000,000; miscellaneous civil services, including the d'wry of \$1,000,000 to the Princess Royal, \$35,000,000. For the Persian expedition there was paid to the East India Co. nearly \$4,000,000; and also to the East India Company for the war with China, nearly \$3,000,000.

What's the News? \$6 a year in adv.

PLAIN TRUTH PLAINLY STATED.

[In an able and eloquent address on the Materialism of the Age, before the Association of the Alumni of the Connecticut State Normal School, by Frederic Beecher Perkins, the author calls attention to the prominent causes in operation, destined at no distant day to reduce this great, and proud, and powerful nation to utter demoralization and ruin, unless very soon checked. We extract a few paragraphs.—[Life Illustrated, Jan. 22.]

Look back into the darkness of early times; and as far as you can see, from century to century, the race has always been advancing. One nation arose, was foremost, perished, and was succeeded by another. The Egyptian nation disappeared, and the Assyrian, and afterwards the Persian, succeeded. Those perished, and the Greek followed. That fell and the Roman arose in their stead. That passed away, and the Arabian came after them. That went in its turn, and then came the Empire of Charlemagne, and then all the nations that are living yet, and that are all awaiting their turn to die. Like them, the conclusion from history must be, we too shall disappear from the face of the earth. We have no claim to be considered the flower of humanity, the last and perfect race, the millennial people, the chosen of God.

But it may be said, we of this day have a hold upon life which they had not. Their Paganism was a rottenness within their very bones; a congenial and fatal taint. We have Christianity for a sanctificator and preservative; a sort of chloride of lime, a political charcoal, to keep us sweet and healthy for an indefinite period. Christianity, and the civilization, and social and national systems built upon that, have an entirely new warrant for duration; we need not be so frightened; with this new element in the calculation, no conclusions drawn from old times is applicable to us.

But I reply: Are our government, our nation, our social life, our business, our party politics—which are our only politics—our individual and collective activeness of so many kinds—are all these such wonderful examples of Christianity in practice?

Dishonesty in trade is general. Dry goods retailers say that they find it necessary to lie. They find a large class of customers—mostly women—who absolutely, they say, will not buy unless they can beat down the tradesmen. He must therefore lie, and say that the price of the goods is more, and let himself be beaten down to less, or he must lose his trade. Now I do not say that lying is not necessary; perhaps that would not be wise in me, for the lying interest is a strong one; and how am I to make myself a friend of the mammon of unrighteousness, if I quarrel with his mode of doing business? I do not say that lying is not necessary; but I feel very sure that a prevalence of falsehood in the retail dry goods trade is not an indication favorable to national prosperity. It is a strong indication of rottenness. It takes a pretty small man to lie as a regular business, at the rate of two cents a yard; and a pretty small nation to encourage it.

In the same business—I quote it because it is one of the most extensive of the retail trades—it is well known that there is a common practice of dirtying or wetting unsaleable goods, and selling them as damaged by a fire or shipwreck—usually at uncommon profit. I remember a young man's describing to me, with great glee, how he had wet down the ends of piece after piece of white and colored goods in a mud puddle back of the store, in readiness for the sale of goods damaged by shipwreck, next day.

Adulterations prevail to a great extent in our food. Dust in pepper, sand in sugar, sawdust in ginger, tan-bark in cinnamon, are things, of course, too common to talk about. Both worms and rottenness are ground up in our flour. A respectable man narrated to me a little while ago, how he happened to be on the wharf, and saw a cargo of spoiled and wormy wheat being unladen into carts. He took interest enough in the matter quietly to follow one of these carts; and he watched it to the door of a well-known mill, where it was hoisted in. Now it is possible that the miller took it in with the disinterested purpose of keeping it out of the mouths of society, and that he quietly destroyed it. But, for my part, I confess to the uncharitable belief that he sold it as extra, at fancy prices, if he could, worms and all. Our ready-made coffee is doctored with so many different ingredients that it might be taken to be a new game to the old tune of "Oats, peas, beans, and barley O!" Our baker's bread has alum in it when it is best; and soda, bone dust, chalk, and other luxuries, when it is worse. I hardly know whether to name it as a curse or a blessing that all spirituous liquors are now adulterated—a fact which hardly the liquor-sellers now deny.

But it is a decided evil that the use of strychnine has become so general in making

whisky. Distillery swill has long been fed to New York city cows; and the worst of it has been that their hoofs and tails have rotted off and their teeth have rotted out as they stood in the stalls; that the city children have died by hundreds, and the average length of city life has shortened, under the poison. This has formerly been all, and bad enough. But now, the swill has enough strychnine in it to the barrel to kill thirty men; and it is fed out from Western distilleries to Western hogs, and kills them; the hogs being a delicate creature, and unable to endure as much tobacco or other poison as men can; and the dead hogs make pork and lard which come, more or less, into our Eastern market; and we can run a chance of not only eating pork, which is bad enough, but dead and poisoned pork, which is quite too bad.

But, again, in Literature. We have just passed through a three or four years' whirlwind of shallow duodecimo novels, of which every one of you can remember a score of names, and of which I fear most of you own one or two. Those books were sold just as the stuff is sold which cures thunder humor—if anybody knows what that is—by loud, impudent, lying advertising. The whole of them together did not contain as much mind as a spelling-book. I know no better representation of their real value than was given within my own knowledge, by the author of one of them, in jest; for in jest many a true word is spoken. His mother wanted an early copy of his next book; and accordingly he dutifully sent her a volume. This she opened, and found not exactly what she expected, but still, just as much as was good for anything in any part of the edition. The author had omitted only the useless part. The volume was all of fair blank paper.

Just at present this flood of trash is stayed, and very few sales of books are being made except of standard works. But it will not be long before a new blast of advertising will send out a similar mass of empty matter—vanity will fly—all over the land. The late and present average of intellectual power, in other words, among our native writers, our "popular writers," so called, has been and is disgracefully low; and the fact that we yet have an Irving, a Bancroft, a Hildreth, an Everett, and a Hawthorne, does not impair the truth of my charge; it makes the contrast darker.

Turn to periodicals once more: The United States does not contain cultivated and thoughtful readers enough to maintain one high-grade monthly like Blackwood's Magazine, or one quarterly like the Westminster. Putnam's Monthly, which attempted something of the kind, although at a long distance, is dead, and was never vigorously alive. It was only in its last days, when, for a month or two, it came out as a great picture book, on cheap paper, and with nothing in it but shallow stories, that it gained much in circulation.

The North American Review, which comes nearer the English standard, is voted stupid, and pompous, and prosy, has never paid its own expenses, and is maintained as a labor of love—or a labor of pride, I don't know which. And even if the readers did exist for such a periodical, I do not believe that writers to make it are without. Whether monthly, weekly, or daily, our periodical productions—and this I say both of literary and political writing—are far below those of England in depth and force of thought, in clearness and truth of style, in usefulness and interest.

The success of a literary periodical here, whether it be weekly or monthly, depends upon "thrilling" stories whose enthusiastic readers don't know—as I do—for once I manufactured one—that they are ground out to order, on speculation, by men and women who laugh at the nonsense they scribble, and who deliberately perpetrate these intellectual counterfeits because they can sell them for circulation; upon numerous pictures, the production of a raw engraver's ignorant fancy; upon strings of decayed jokes; upon fabulous amounts expended for advertisement always impudent and often false; upon paid commendations in newspapers. Their prosperity is certain precisely in proportion as they become fuller of wood-cuts, foolisher in stories, readable with less attention, and with less profit too; in short, as they approach the ideal of great picture-books for great babies.

"OUR GREAT REPUBLIC" ABROAD.—An editor of the Utica Herald writes from Heidelberg, Germany, thus:

He who comes to Europe with the belief that all the world is agape with wonder at the greatness of the American Republic; who hugs the sweet unction to his soul that the masses of the Old World have nothing to do but sing hosannas to the American Eagle; who thinks that whenever an American citizen makes his appearance, all Europedom must needs take off his hat, will wake up to find himself the victim of a great and cruel delusion. The fact is, we are not half so much thought of by these

Matthew 6:1-13