

## THE DESERET NEWS.

CARRINGTON &amp; LIBERTY.



ALBERT CARRINGTON, EDITOR.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25.

## GLEANNING.

Wheat harvest is close at hand, bread-stuff is still scarce and the owners of fields of grain will probably have a surplus. They generally have much labor to perform, and consequently are apt to harvest in more or less of a wasteful manner. For these reasons wisdom obviously dictates the policy of freely permitting gleaners to follow the rakers and binders, thus opening an effectual way in which the poor will be able to materially contribute to their own support, and saving what will otherwise be lost or go towards further encouraging a slovenly husbandry by tilling soil with self-sown crops.

The Bishops, in each Ward throughout the Territory, are requested to see to it that every grain raiser permits the poor to glean his fields, unless he prefers to glean them himself immediately after the grain is bound; and if any one will not seasonably and properly glean his fields, nor permit the poor to do so, let his Bishop deal with him according to the law of Zion.

BRIGHAM YOUNG,  
HEBER C. KIMBALL,  
JEDEDIAH M. GRANT.

## A Few Facts.

From the British Provinces to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Missouri, and for some distance West of that river and the Mississippi, the United States possess an immense region with an extended sea-board, a fertile soil, vast beds of rich iron, lead, and copper ores, broad coal-fields and extensive forests, all richly diversified with sparkling springs, dancing streamlets and deep rivers, and every acre visited by the timely rains and dews of Heaven. In all this choice region the husbandman has simply to go forth and enclose and till, even though in a rude manner, in order to reap an abundant return.

Oregon and Washington Territories are almost or quite as well provided for, and the mountains and slopes of California abound in that yellow metal which the world so wildly worship, in addition to her other numerous, highly beneficial and desirable facilities for trade, commerce, internal and external improvements, and the enjoyment of a high degree of civilized advancement.

This broad sweep excludes the western portions of Kansas and Nebraska, and the Territories of New Mexico and Utah. Are not these wide domains also integral portions of our common country? Most assuredly, notwithstanding the dreary wastes within their borders, and the many disadvantages of an excessively dry climate. They are also located directly between swarming millions of the older States and the rapidly increasing thousands on the Pacific coast, immediately in the pathway of overland inter-communication between those distant extremes. Is an energetic, industrious, intelligent and law-abiding population a desirable acquisition to any country? This is so much the case that without at least a majority of that description of permanent occupants, no desirable government can be sustained for any considerable length of time. It would seem then that policy should dictate the encouragement, by every laudable and lawful method, of all proper efforts put forth for permanently occupying and improving locations so undesirable, and yet so important to the general weal.

Has such been the even tenor and invariable course of the parent Government? Let her Statesmen, her Congressional acts and appropriations and the recorded doings of her high Officials answer that question.

So far as settlements have been increased by residents within our borders, dating from the landing at Plymouth rock, upon all the fertile lands now occupied, and including even the oases in New Mexico, they have been made upon the principle of purely voluntary choice and action, except in the Territory of Utah. Has this exception arisen through want of loyalty in her population? They never have infringed one hair's breadth upon any national law, and have ever been zealous and laborious in upholding to the utmost our national integrity.

Is it because we have found a location where we have naught to do but to throw sheep into self-made machinery and have them come out in the form of ready-made clothing, dressed

skins and cooked mutton, or to look, from beneath our vines and shade trees, upon self-fenced and self-tilled fields blossoming with the rich products of every clime? Let our lofty and rugged mountains, our barren plains, our timberless wastes, our devouring insects and excessively dry climate answer once for all. Is it because the canvas wings of hosts of merchant vessels bear our products to distant lands, and return to our own seaports laden with the riches and conveniences of foreign exchange? The deepest water known within our boundaries is only thirty eight feet, and our foreign trade is entirely conducted with those excellent, though somewhat antiquated, modes of conveyance known as wagons, pack-animals, oxen and horses, and that too over long and tedious drives through the countries of various savage tribes.

But a truce to such questions, when it is so well and so widely known that we are here, where no others would be short of compulsion, because the fierce hatred and bloody hand of religious persecution, in a government of professedly religious toleration, drove us from the peaceful homes of American citizens upon American soil. We have let the past go by; we have striven hard and long, amid untold disadvantages, and so far successfully, to inhabit a location midway between the borders of eastern and western civilization, and one which it is well known that no other white people could be hired to permanently occupy. All passers-through, and especially the destitute stranger, have been more hospitably entertained and more fairly and justly dealt by, than they would have been by any other people we have ever seen, heard or read of, under similar circumstances.

We have successfully met the hostile red men; we have with like fortitude and success nearly passed through the scarcity caused by the drouth and devourer of the past season and the severity of the winter of 1855-6; we are now patiently laboring, upon scanty meals, to secure our crops from the parching rays of a burning sun, while the produce of many fields has already furnished sustenance and vigor to our enemies the insects, and that of numerous other fields is entirely scorched up, in spite of all our efforts.

In view of these facts, aside from many others of a kindred nature, and also of a commercial, politic and constitutional character, shall Utah's present appeal to Congress be unheeded, or negatively answered? She is asking for admission into the Union, after the form of the most approved and customary precedents; she is widely known to eminently possess the ONLY TWO QUALIFICATIONS prescribed by the Constitution for new States, viz:—"a substantial civil community, and a republican government;" she is occupying a region which others would flee from; she is tamely submitting to the privation of many equal rights, amid all other hardships; and now when merely asking, what is hers of right, the privilege of extending the area of State government, civilization and toleration over a region of wild mountains and desert plains, is it possible that in so enlightened an age the first voice or objection will be raised against her request? We shall see.

CURRENT BUSHES, of the mountain varieties, are literally loaded with fruit, many of the branches being weighed to the ground with their burden, and nearly all of them so full that the leaves have hardly room to grow. The yellow, black and red are the prevailing kinds, and are much larger than any currants we remember having seen in the States. They are now ripening, and the bright yellow variety makes an excellent dessert, even without sugar.

It is a little singular that more pains have not been taken to raise a fruit so early to ripen, so palatable and healthful in many modes of serving up, of which so pleasant a beverage can be made, and which is so easily cultivated.

MINUTES OF AGRICULTURAL MEETINGS.—It would give us pleasure to comment upon the proceedings, meetings, by-laws, premiums, &c., of the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society, in compliance with their request, and also to extend all the aid, within our power, to efforts in so highly a useful channel. But when those minutes are not presented to us until late on Tuesday, it is entirely out of the question to comply with their desires, owing to the interference of other important duties.

To avoid so unpleasant a predicament, the Society must urge upon their Secretary, Mr. R. L. Campbell, the necessity of greater promptness in furnishing copy.

AMUSEMENT.—For the benefit of the orchestra there will be theatrical performances on Saturday evening the 28th inst., in the Social Hall. Mr. D. Ballo will officiate as director, and Mr. J. M. Jones as leader.

Overture - - - Caliph of Bagdad.  
Play - - - The Iron Chest,  
With Mr. B. Snow in the character of Sir Edward Mortimer.  
Song - - - Mr. P. Margetts.  
Flute Solo - - - Wm. Pitt.  
Comic Song - - - H. Maiben.  
Duet from Norma - - D. Ballo and J. M. Jones.

Cavatina, from the Opera of Il Tancrèdi.  
Farce - - - The Race for a Dinner,  
in which Mr. H. Maiben will act 'Sponge.'  
Tickets can be had at Hooper & Williams, Gilbert & Gerrish's, Livingston & Kinkead's, Henifer's Barber-shop and at the door of the Hall for 50 cents, except reserved seats, which are 75 cents.

All who are fond of occasional recreation, and who have had the privilege of hearing the sweet strains of our skillful orchestra, will be pleased with the opportunity now offered for filling the Hall to overflowing, not only for their own relaxation and gratification, but as well for the benefit of those who are so worthy.

15TH WARD TANNERY.—We have lately seen some upper leather from this tannery, manufactured by Mr. A. L. Toussig in what is termed Russia style, which for thoroughness and pliability of tan and beauty of finish we have never seen surpassed; in fact we do not see how it could be made any better. This is very encouraging while leather is so high abroad and cash so scarce at home, and it is to be hoped that our tanners, and all others, will use every possible effort to supply at least home consumption.

Frost nipped vegetation, in the low portions of the city, on the 23d inst.

PENCIL MARKS.—Two or three advertisements, and other writing in lead pencil, now in this office, can be inserted in the "News" when re-written with ink.

PIGS.—Six or eight small pigs wanted on subscription for the "News."

## Minutes of Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society.

Council House, 7 p.m., G. S. L. City, }  
June 18, 1856.

Present: Edward Hunter, Seth M. Blair, W. C. Staines, and C. H. Oliphant, of the board of directors; and J. C. Little, G. D. Watt and R. L. Campbell, officers; also several members of the awarding committees.

Hon. Willford Woodruff opened the meeting by prayer. President Hunter remarked that so far as he was acquainted and had intercourse with the people, there was a universal influence among them to carry out the objects of the society. In relation to stock he considered this people could make an excellent exhibition, and no doubt but in manufactures and produce they would not be behind.

Mr. Staines reported that in consequence of the Governor's multiplied engagements at this present time, he had not been able to see him.

Voted that territorial, county and city scrip be taken for the admission of members, from those unable to pay the cash.

The names of the members of the awarding committees being called, many were absent. The president requested the corresponding secretary to notify them to appear at our next meeting.

Mr. Staines said he would like to suggest to those who had the best strawberries or any other ripe fruit on which they expected to compete for a premium, that they take the same to the chairman of the committee on that class, and let him call his colleagues together and adjudge on the articles thus presented.

On Mr. Blair's enquiring whether the members of the several committees would not be admitted as honorary members, the sense of the meeting generally expressed was to the effect that all would be glad to have the privilege of becoming members of the society by paying, and that it would be honorable to help the society in any way that would further its interests, and thereby benefit this young and thriving territory.

Voted that letters be sent to the different bishops in the various settlements throughout the Territory, requesting them to act as agents—to call meetings, and lay the objects of the society before their people, forwarding the names and admission fee of those who desire to become members, also that the people be instructed that no person is eligible to draw a premium by the rules of the society unless he is a member thereof.

On motion of Mr. Blair voted that the Editor be requested to comment on the note sent to the bishops explanatory of the benefits of the society, and referring the people to the several papers in which the by-laws, premiums, &c., are published.

Voted the meeting be adjourned till Wednesday next at 2 p.m.

## A Night Scene in London.

Under this heading Mr. Dickens describes, in Household Words, what he witnessed one night outside the White-chapel workhouse:

"On the 5th of last November, I, the conductor of this journal, accompanied by a friend well known to the public, accidentally strayed into White-chapel. It was a miserable even-

ing; very dark, very muddy, and raining hard. There are many woeful sights in that part of London, and it has been well known to me in most of its aspects for many years. We had forgotten the mud and rain in slowly walking along and looking about us, when we found ourselves, at eight o'clock before the workhouse, crouched against the wall of the workhouse, in the dark street, on the muddy pavement-stones, with the rain raining upon them, were five bundles of rags. They were motionless, and had no resemblance to the human form. Five great beehives covered with rags—five dead bodies taken out of graves, tied neck and heels, and covered with rags—would have looked like those five bundles upon which the rain rained down in the public street.

"What is this?" said my companion; what is this? 'Some miserable people shut out of the casual ward. I think,' said I. (Mr. Dickens then describes his enquiries in the workhouse. He found that the women were shut out simply because the house was full.) We went to the ragged bundle nearest the workhouse door, and I touched it. No movement replying, I gently shook it. The rags began to be slowly stirred within, and by little and little a head was unshrouded—the head of a young woman of three or four and twenty, as I should judge, gaunt with want, and foul with dirt, but not naturally ugly. 'Tell us,' said I, stooping down, 'why are you lying here?' 'Because I can't get into the workhouse. She spoke in a faint, dull way, and had no curiosity or interest left. She looked dreamily at the black sky and the falling rain, but never looked at me or my companion.

"Were you here last night?" 'Yes; all last night, and the night afore too.' 'Do you know any of these others?' 'I know her next but one; she was here last night, and she told me she came out of Essex. I don't know no more of her.' 'You were here all last night, but you have not been here all day?' 'About the streets.' 'What have you had to eat?' 'Nothing.' 'Come,' said I, think a little. You are tired and have been asleep, and do not quite consider what you are saying to us. You have had something to eat to-day. Come! think of it.' 'No, I haven't. Nothing but such bits as I could pick up about the market. Why, look at me!' She bared her neck, and I covered it up again. 'If you had a shilling to get some supper and a lodging, should you know where to get it?' 'Yes, I could do that.' 'For God's sake, get it then.'

"I put the money in her hand, and she feebly rose and went away. She never thanked me, never looked at me, melted away into the miserable night, in the strangest manner I ever saw. I have seen many strange things, but not one that has left a deeper impression on my memory than the dull impassive way in which that worn-out heap of misery took that piece of money and was lost. One by one I spoke to all the five. In every one interest and curiosity were as extinct as in the first. They were all dull and languid. No one made any sort of profession or complaint, no one cared to look at me, no one thanked me. When I came to the third, I suppose she saw that my companion and I glanced, with a new horror upon us, at the last two, who had dropped against each other in their sleep, and were lying like broken images. She said she believed they were young sisters. These were the only words that were originated among the five."

WHISKEY AND NEWSPAPERS.—SOMETHING TO THINK OF.—A glass of whiskey is manufactured from perhaps a dozen grains of corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A pint of this mixture sells at retail for one shilling, and if a good brand, it is considered by its consumers well worth the money. It is drunk off in a minute or two; it fires the brain; rouses the passion; sharpens the appetite; deranges and weakens the physical system; it is gone; and swollen eyes, parched lips, and an aching head are its followers.

On the same sideboard upon which this is served, lies a newspaper, the new white paper of which cost three-fourths of a cent—the composition of the whole edition costing from ten to fifteen dollars per day. It is covered with half a million of types, it brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe; it has in its clearly printed columns all that is strange or new at home; and even for all this the newspaper costs less than the glass of grog; the juice of a few grains of corn. It is not less strange than true that there are a large community who think the corn juice cheap and the newspaper dear, and the printer has hard work to collect his dimes, when the liquor dealers are paid cheerfully.

How is this? Is the body a better paymaster than the head, and are things of the moment more prized than things of eternity? Is the transient tickling of the stomach of more consequence than the improvement of the soul, and the information that is essential to a rational being? If each had its real value, would not the newspaper be worth many pints of whiskey?—[Detroit Tribune.

MUSIC BOOK.—"We were rustivating a few days since at a farm-house," says a Western editor, "and invited a young lady to favor us with a tune on the piano. Her music book being in the adjoining room, her brother, a young gent of some fourteen summers, was requested to go for it. After the lapse of a few moments, he returned, and placed an egg on the music-stand. On being asked what that was for, he replied that it was the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and that the composer was singing in honor of her production in the fowl-house."

Why is the Devil a perfect gentleman? Because the "Imp of Darkness" can't be Imp-o'-light (impolite).