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CALORIC ENGINE—ROPER'S PATENT.

The increasing business of this Office had outrun the profitable use of hand presses, and Adj.-Gen. H. B. Clawson's business trip to the States last season afforded an excellent opportunity for changing our press work from hand to power.

There was little question as to the kind of power press best suited to present requirements, but the kind of power or motor for the new press could not be so well determined here. For this reason it was left with Gen. Clawson to examine, and purchase in accordance with his judgment.

After careful investigation, he very wisely concluded to purchase a Caloric Engine—Roper's Patent—16 inch cylinder, 2 horse power, bought of Crosby, Butterfield & Haven, 22 Dey Street, New York. The engine and press arrived in excellent order, and have thus far given entire satisfaction.

Where a power up to 4 horse, requiring fuel, is needed, Roper's Patent Caloric Engine is certainly the safest and, all things considered, the cheapest we are acquainted with. There is no possibility of an explosion, it requires no engineer to run it, a boy being amply competent to look after it, and it needs but little repair, one repacking of the cylinder being all the engine has required since it began to run last Fall.

A FEW FACTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

It is difficult for a stranger coming into this city to-day, to realize that less than eighteen years ago the place where it stands was a sage plain and a wilderness like those he has recently passed through. The barren aspect of the region through which he has traveled to come here, the rugged canyons, the gaunt and bleak mountains, and the whole air of desert dreariness around him, as he journeys on, with a seemingly endless continuation of mountain and desert, lead him to expect anything but the picture of beauty and loveliness that bursts upon his vision as he first gains a view of our mountain home.

But a few days have passed since the face of nature around us wore a bare and chilling air. The trees were leafless; the orchards sleeping out the last few hours of a long and tedious winter. Now everything is cheerful and pleasant. Our city presents the appearance of a large tract of rich land, dotted with lovely villas nestling in a setting of green foliage, bursting flowers and blooming fruit trees. Yet it is but a few years since this lovely scene was a wilderness, barren of all but the gnarled and stunted sage and its kindred growths, its only tenants being the wandering red-man, the prowling wolf or the shaggy grizzly.

But a people came here, led by a leader whom they had learned to love through many trying seasons of persecution and adversity; not seeking for gold, nor silver, but for the rights and privileges inalienable to all,—the privilege to live in peace, the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, which had been denied to them by so-called civilization and modern Christianity. They came

here, and by untiring industry, unaided,—for the cold world would lend no helping hand but mocked them in their sufferings—by perseverance and unequalled energy, they built up this city, made it what it is, under the providences of God, and have extended their settlements north and south, east and west, for the same purpose, that the desert may be made to bloom and bring forth its bounteous harvests.

Wherever their footsteps have fallen, the marks of industry are to be seen. Go back to the east, and in the midst of the havoc made by fierce internecine war, while the government of our country has been crushing out an unholy rebellion, the monuments of their toil, their industry and perseverance are yet to be seen. Here, in this far off region, they have done a work for the nation,—pioneered the way in the face of every obstacle, for the accomplishment of one of the greatest objects of the age—the binding together the east and the west, the opening a highway between the Atlantic and Pacific, the full value of which will not be realized by the nation for years to come. Canyons thought to be impassable have been opened, roads made, bridges built, commerce encouraged, and, in short, the settlement of this whole western region, rich in the elements of exhaustless wealth, been pioneered, and by whom?

Would you believe it? By a people who are neither industrious, energetic, persevering, righteous, nor good! They cannot be industrious, for they are voluptuous and sensual! They cannot be persevering, for they are vacillating! They cannot be energetic, for their habits are enervating! They cannot be righteous and good, for—they exercise the privilege of thinking for themselves and actually serve God, however unfashionable it may be with the rest of mankind. Is it not surprising that they have accomplished what they have, and reared monuments of taste and industry, such as we see around us. Truly wonders have not ceased!

Though all men may judge us by the particular standards of right and wrong which they have made for themselves, yet all do not think of us nor speak of us alike. There are many who have sympathized with our sufferings, who have admired the heroic patriotism which has characterized us as a people under the most trying circumstances, and who, while professing no faith in our religious belief, see in "Mormonism" a great political, moral and social renovator. There are others who, judging our motives and actions by their own, endeavor to make the world believe that we are the mass of corruption they represent us to be. Ignorant of practical purity themselves, given over to the worst thoughts and desires that take possession of human beings, they are unable to detect the difference between rampant hypocrisy and assumed righteousness and the practical working of that purity and consistent rectitude that have their existence in the inner man moved upon by the Spirit of Life. They try to hide their corruption by sounding words, assuming the appearance of virtues they do not possess, thus unconsciously bowing before the majesty of righteousness; and glossing over the vilest depravity with the flimsiest covering of hypocritical virtuous indignation, strong only in the number of adjectives employed. Like the tinsel of the itinerant showman or the gaudy motley of the clown, their words fail to hide the tatters beneath and the burning misery which consumes the unrighteous. We have no comparisons to make. Truth and virtue cannot descend to institute comparisons with falsehood and vice. What this people are their labors and works declare, and the inane ravings of the most maliciously wicked opponent of truth cannot alter the record.

In the hours of their bitterest trials

their faith in God stood the test, and their loyalty to their country, its institutions and constitution, bore, unflinchingly, demands from which any other portion of its citizens would have recoiled. What they have done, the records of our times will show, and the voice of all honorable and right-minded men will bear testimony to. We have learned that the path we have chosen brings blessings, peace and life, therefore it is that we so steadfastly pursue it; and with the aid of the Almighty we will continue in it to the end. The results of our labors to bless mankind and do good to all will live in all time, and the work for the redemption of the earth and the regeneration of mankind continue till the purposes of Heaven are consummated.

HOME ITEMS.

WELL WORTH TESTING.—We have heard it stated on reliable authority, and one who has tasted the article, that a very good quality of sugar and an excellent syrup can be made from the sap of the quaking-aspen. The discovery is of western origin and quite recent. The process is simple, the sap being reduced to syrup by boiling, and granulated by the same means.

We have an abundance of quaking-aspen easily available; who will try it, and, if successful, confer a great benefit on the community, doing themselves good at the same time.

SABBATH MEETINGS.—Bishop William S. Warren, made a few remarks relative to his recently appointed mission to Europe, connecting therewith a brief review of his experience in the Church.

Elder Henry W. Miller then addressed the congregation for about an hour, during which he reviewed his personal history in the Church until he came to his present mission to southern Utah, when he became truly interesting. He stated that he had selected a location for himself and the company who went with him at a point called Beaver Dam. When they went there last fall the ground was covered with sage and greasewood brush, hence their business was to clear off the brush, put in the crops and dedicate the land to the Lord, which they did with fervency and faith in the God of Saints. He then gave an interesting account of the success that had attended him while on his southern mission thus far.

In speaking of St. George, he said, that although the peaches and other tender fruits were injured by the severity of the winter, plums, apples and the more hardy varieties of grapes were not hurt, and the prospects for fruits and grain were exceedingly good—"Our Dixie" is going to produce its own bread.

He stated that residents there were very much disappointed in relation to the missionaries called to go and strengthen the settlements last fall, and to furnish means to assist the poor in developing the resources of the country, for nearly all of them sent substitutes, and it did really seem to take about twenty substitutes to do the work of one real appointee. The Indians at the Muddy had sown considerable grain, and had a fine prospect for an early and plentiful harvest. Brother Snow had been down there and reported room enough for 300 families. The brethren who had settled at that point had put in corn, cane and cotton, and had planted 400 fruit trees and 4,000 grape vines. Spoke of the inhabitants in the south being able to raise two crops a year and hence the reason they did not require such large farms as in the north. At the Beaver Dam and Muddy settlements the facilities for irrigation are much better than at St. George.

In referring to substitutes again, he said those who had sent them must furnish them something to eat, for nearly all of them were destitute of provisions. He then gave an encouraging account of the supply of good water, firewood, building timber, grass and farming facilities adjacent and convenient to the Beaver Dam settlement.

Bishop Wm. B. Preston then made a few remarks relative to his prospective mission to Europe.

Afternoon.

Elder Charles W. Penrose delivered an address speaking of his past and present labors in the ministry, and expressed his intentions for the future.

President Heber C. Kimball followed with some encouraging and instructive remarks.

SUMMIT COUNTY.—Roads are reported sufficiently dry for pedestrians between this city and Coalville, but so many gulleys and sudden pitches have been made by the departure of the melting snow that loaded teams cannot travel over the road at all.

According to report the old settlers don't consider that high water has come yet. The season is unusually late in that region, the foliage of the trees is only just commencing to make its appearance. Plowing and planting were going ahead rapidly, though not as yet more than half done.

The safest ford across the Weber is said to be opposite Daniel's Station.

PROBATE COURT.—This Court held a short session on Saturday, during which it disposed of seven cases, viz.: four in assumpsit, the others foreclosure of mortgage and divorce. Four of these cases went by default, one was continued till the June term, another by confessing judgment, and the plaintiff who sued for a foreclosure of mortgage got a decree.

DISTRICT COURT.—On the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th the Court attended to the business presented, and on Saturday, 20th, the Grand Jury were discharged with a complimentary and highly commendatory address by the Judge.

Monday, 22.

Gen. Hughes had a statement to make, the nature of which, he said, was very painful to him. He informed the Court that Joseph Holladay left yesterday by stage, contrary to his advice and the advice of all his friends, either through fear, or aberration of mind, and therefore his honor as a professional gentleman compelled him to abandon the case.

Mr. Snow made remarks exonerating Mr. Hughes from any blame in the matter.

Mr. Miner made a few remarks upon the same subject.

The Court granted till Wednesday, the 24th, for consultation between the attorneys upon the Holladay case.

The indictment presented a few days ago against Peter Harlem, for perjury, was allowed to be entered of record, and, on motion of the deputy prosecutor, was quashed.

The Pettit Jury was discharged from further attendance upon the Court.

Court adjourned till Wednesday, 24th, at 10 a.m.

FATAL OCCURRENCE.—A few days ago two young men started from Wanship to go to Peoa, and on the way took in a passenger named Nora Russell. In crossing the Weber river the horses went down, the wagon box capsized, and though the young men tried all in their power to rescue the young lady, every effort failed, and she was drowned. Her body was recovered the next morning about 8 o'clock, and taken to her uncle's at Peoa for interment.

THE FARMS OVER JORDAN. Elder George A. Smith informs us, are in a fair way to be irrigated, through the combined favor of high water and high south winds, which we trust will give the farmers there a chance to finish their canal without loss of crops.

MORE COAL MINES.—Mr. John Spriggs, of Chalk creek, Summit county, has recently discovered another coal bed in Spring creek canyon, and has tunneled into the mountain about 130 feet. The coal is said to be superior in quality, to all other beds yet discovered, for the purposes of making gas and burning in grate or stove.

FIRE CLAY.—A bed of fire clay has been discovered within half a mile of the above named coal mine, which has been tested and proves of good quality. Some gentlemen in Summit county have placed coatings of this clay in their common stoves, and are burning coal in them.

THEATRICAL.—There was a very good house on Saturday night, for the benefit of the Ladies, considering that "everybody" and his helpers are busy in the field, the garden or the orchard.

The Rag-picker of Paris is rather dry in the Prologue and opening scenes, but as the piece progresses the interest increases and the incidents and situations become more exciting. Some of the scenes were very effectively played, including that with the masquerading grisettes, the fifth scene of the first act, the drunken scene by Jean at the close of the second act, and the last scene in the piece. Some other portions went rather slow, consequently, we surmise, on some of the characters having to feel for the words of the text.

Mr. McKenzies' Father Jean was excellent; Mr. Lindsay's Pierre Garousse was well played; Mrs. Gibson's reading of Marie Didier was very careful; though she did not look the character so well as we have seen her do some. The rest of the gentlemen and ladies in the cast filled their parts in their usual style, excepting the slowness we have alluded to. As a whole the piece went extremely well.

Mr. Dunbar's singing drew a hearty encore, How's Your Uncle kept up a roar of laughter till the curtain dropped on it; taking that as the evidence of the success of a farce we can say it was eminently successful.

The Theatre is now closed till the opening of the Summer season.

CEDAR CITY.—By letter from Bishop Lunt to Elder George A. Smith, we learn the following items of news:

The farmers have done an immense amount of work this spring in making a canal to convey the water to the south side of the new survey, and this together with the making of new sets for the proper distribution of water for irrigation purposes has kept them unusually busy.

Bishop Lunt states that he has planted an orchard of 300 trees, all choice selections of fruit. And he further says that although it has for years been the generally received opinion that fruit could not be raised in that locality, he is persuaded to the contrary, and as an encouragement on the 3d inst., there were to be seen apple, peach, plum and cherry trees in blossom.

The weather had suddenly become very warm, and the melting snow was pouring down Coal creek in torrents, the stream having already reached a higher point than ever known before.