

LIFE'S BEST HERO.

BY I. A. HEALD.

In life's great battle for success,
Who are our noblest men—
Those only whom mankind call great
And praise with tongue and pen?

Who never suffer for a cause
But meet success by chance,
As on calm seas and peaceful fields
In sunshine they advance?

I count him nobler, greater far,
Who labors to the end,
A martyr to the cause he deems
His duty to defend;

Who, true to progress, human rights,
Is foremost in the field,
Defies the fates, ne'er sheds a tear,
Can die, but never yield;

And who, regardless of renown,
Can die most truly brave,
Well knowing that his fate will be
To fill a nameless grave.

Life's grandest hero then is he
Who, where his lot is cast,
Not only nobly wins the field,
But holds it to the last!

PACIFIC IRON WORKS,
San Francisco, February, 1873.

—Sacramento Union.

The Fast Young Man.

BY MRS. E. E. A.

There has been so much said
about the fast young lady, that it is
time the fast young man took his
share of the blessings (?)

Go where you will, you will see a
specimen of fast Young America.
Ride in the car or stage, and at the
most fashionable street corner, our
fast young man will get in, and find-
ing the most comfortable seat, will
ensconce himself therein, and then
look around to see if his appearance
has produced the awe he expected.
If a fashionably dressed young lady
enters, how quickly he springs up, at
the risk of ripping his trousers—O! I
meant to say pantaloons, to offer
her a seat. But let a poorly-dressed
woman get in, and he is very in-
tention on watching something out of
the window, and, of course, does
not see her; while if he would al-
ways be polite to rich and poor, old
and young, he might sometime
have a fortune left him, by a poor-
ly-dressed man or woman, as that
seems to be the way most fortunes
are left now-a-days—in the newspa-
pers.

Walk in the streets and on every
corner, holding up the buildings
and lamp-posts, you will see quite a
number of the genus "fast young
men;" some smoking, others making
remarks about every lady that passes
by, and on a good many that do not
pass by. "What a beauty!" "Isn't
that a bully girl?" "I think she's
some,"—these and similar expres-
sions may be heard at almost any
time, and uttered by respectable
young men,—they call themselves.

Go to the theatre, and in the gal-
lery and even in the opera-box you
will find him. He is here, there,
and everywhere. Now daintily
holding his opera-glass, he looks
around the house, and if he sees any
modest, shy-looking girl, stares her
out of countenance. He is on fam-
iliar terms with the actresses and
ballet-girls, and even boasts of his
intimacy with them.

After the play is over, he lounges
around town, stopping here and
there, and finally brings up at home
about "five o'clock in the morning,"
sometimes too gloriously drunk to
find his own room, and, at others,
"only drunk enough to make me
olly, upon honor."

He sleeps next morning until
nearly noon, and then, after fresh-
ly perfuming his hair, brushing his
somewhat seedy hat, and giving a
peculiar twist to his new neck-tie,
sallies out to repeat the perform-
ance of the day before, only varied
by attending a race or church now
and then.

After awhile, when his landlady
becomes impatient for her rent, due
six months or so, and when cred-
itors come thick and fast upon him,
he looks around in search of a wife.
Be she young or old, homely or
handsome, it makes no difference
to him, if she has abundance of the
needful cash. It is not for love he
wants her, but to pay his wine, car-
riage and other bills.

He proposes in the latest style.
Papa consents. A rich touseau is
ordered from Paris, and they are
married in style, in a fashionable
church, without any love-making
on his part, and on her side she
does not care for any. After mar-
riage, he goes his way, she goes
hers, and no questions are asked on
either side. He has some one to pay

his bills, and she has a husband to
redeem her from the odium of being
called an old maid.

After a year or two, they disagree,
find out their "incompatibility of
temper," and in nine cases out of
ten they get a divorce; she goes
back to Papa, and he goes forth in
search of new fields to conquer, or
perhaps to break some poor girl's
heart, and then say, "Poor thing, I
really couldn't help it. How can a
fellow help being good looking?"
No wonder that divorces are so fre-
quent, with such ill-assorted mar-
riages.

Such is a fashionable marriage,
They are well mated in life;
She's got a fool for a husband,
He's got a fool for a wife.

San Jose, Feb. 3d, 1873.

—Golden Era.

Confederate Notables.

The New York Herald makes the
following allusions to the present
condition and movements of ex-
Confederates.

General Albert Pike, a brigadier
from Arkansas, is practicing law
at Washington City, with ex-sena-
tor Johnson of Arkansas, and has
just republished his delicate poems.

General Dick Taylor is probably
the richest of the confederate gen-
erals, and is engaged in banking
and other large operations in New
Orleans, abetting Warmouth.

General D. H. Hill keeps a school
at the town of Hillsborough, and
meantime edits a periodical pub-
lished once a month, called The
Land We Love.

Joe Brown is fifty-five years old
and is the Bismarck of Georgia. He
is pretty rich—is worth anywhere
between \$100,000 and \$2,000,000—
and is president of the Western and
Atlantic Railroad.

Ben. Hill, ex-Confederate, is
practicing law at Atlanta, and is
said to be the best lawyer in the
State. He was a Senator of the
Confederate States, and had a per-
sonal collision with Yancey.

Ex-Senator Robert M. T. Hunter
has a poor farm on the Rappahannock
river, in the tidewater part of Vir-
ginia, and is said to be dispirited,
although his counsel is cheerful at
all times and his intellect retains
its full vigor.

General Cheatham, having made
an unsuccessful run for Congress
against Horace Maynard, has re-
tired to private life, breathing scorn
upon Andrew Johnson, who divid-
ed the Democratic vote with him.

General John C. Breckinridge
lives at Lexington, Kentucky, and
was given an important place at
one time by the Chesapeake and
Ohio Railroad. He shows good
nature and a quiet disposition, but
no great bounce in these piping
times of peace.

The family of William H. Yancey
resides on a farm near Montgom-
ery, Alabama, and are in only
moderate circumstances. Yancey's
tomb is a small affair. It is said
that two of his sons are in Brazil,
whither they emigrated at the close
of the war.

Jeff. Davis is President of the
Carolina Insurance Company at
Memphis, under the patronage of a
Mr. Wick, whose bank recently
went up when the Southern Se-
curity Company drew a check upon
it for an unforeseen amount.

Alexander H. Stephens lives
near Crawfordsville, Georgia, in a
small and not very comfortable
house, which he dignifies with the
name of "Liberty Hall." He is
charitable, and gives away all the
excess he makes after providing
for himself, and he writes long and
abstract books, showing how noth-
ing ought to be as it is, and what
might have been the case had
something else happened twelve
years before.

A Co-Operative Community.

This is an Iowa colony that seems
to come nearer the realization of
man's long dream of peace and bliss
on earth, than any other similar
community that ever existed. They
actually believe they have solved
the problem of combination and co-
operation. They call themselves
"Amanes," and are Germans, dat-
ing back their organization 200
years or more. A colony of them
came to this country about 40 years
ago and settled upon an old Indian
reservation of 6000 acres near Buffalo,
New York. They found it too small
for their numbers and purposes and
moved West. They have now 30,-
000 beautiful acres on the banks of
the Iowa river, about seventy miles
from the Mississippi—woodland and

prairie, pleasantly diversified. They
went to this place sixteen years
ago, and have made wonderful pro-
gress in agriculture and various oth-
er industries. The colony now num-
bers about 1300. They have every-
thing in the way of property in com-
mon, but recognize the accepted
forms of family life, and each family
has a separate house or apartment.
Those who join the community
contribute all their property to the
common stock, and if they become
dissatisfied they receive back just
what they put in, without interest
or wages, and leave. So property
cannot well become a bone of con-
tention, and no one can regard him-
self a prisoner when he is free to go
where he pleases. The objects of
the Amane society are religious as-
sociation, industrial and domestic
co-operation, and the special ad-
vancement of the useful arts. The
members dress plainly, live plainly,
build plainly but substantially, and
are in no respect ornamental. They
have extensive vineyards, make
and drink wine and lager beer, and
drunkenness is unknown among
them. They appear to have no
vices whatever, commit no crimes,
and have no use for courts. There
is, however, a committee of arbitra-
tion to settle minor disputes when
they arise, as they sometimes do.
The government is administered
and the whole business of the com-
munity is supervised by a board of
thirteen trustees, who are elected
by the votes of all the adult popu-
lation, and hold the common prop-
erty. Each department of industry
has its manager, who is responsible
to the board of trustees by whom
he is appointed. This is what they
have done in sixteen years. They
found wild lands, and began their
work just where Nature left off hers.
They have bridged the river, made
good roads, planted hedges of white
willow, built a canal nine miles in
length, nearly parallel with the
river, to supply their needed water-
power; several flouring mills, woolen
factories, machine shops, starch,
sugar and vinegar manufactories,
all fitted out with fine machinery
made by their own machinists.
They have built five villages on
the tract, and two of them are
stations for the Rock Island and
Pacific R. R., which come to their
doors. They have good school-
houses, and plain churches, and
two grain elevators at the railroad
stations, each of a capacity for stor-
ing about 10,000 bushels of grain.
The children are kept at school un-
til they are fourteen; then they are
taught a trade or agriculture, and
their education is continued in
night schools. English is taught,
but German is the medium of com-
munication in business and social
life. Their religious services are
very simple, consisting principally
of reading the scriptures, prayer
and singing, and they have some
good voices for the latter. The wo-
men assist in light out door work,
especially in the vineyards. Early
marriages are discouraged and men
are not considered of suitable age
for wedlock until they attain the
maturity of 35 years. There is a
great deal of intelligence in this
community, but no brilliancy of
any kind.—Missouri Republican.

Horrors of Opium Eating.

An opium eater thus describes
the horrors of his situation. He
says:

I carried about a secret which I
instinctively kept covered and
made painfully burdensome. A
voice in the soul cries out against
any wrongs being done it. My
secret was tinged with a sense of
guilt, or why hide it?

I was in the hand of a coming
enemy. At length I began to ask,
in something of a terror, what is to
be the end? Am I to realize Chas.
Lamb's picture—bound fast at the
root of a tree, my right hand being
nailed to a strong limb, and there a
beautiful being, but as cruel as hell,
applied a serpent to my side? I
read De Quincy's terrific experi-
ence, and his superhuman efforts at
deliverance. I read Coleridge, and
those sorrows of hell, which got
hold upon him, but thus far I only
trembled. My experience was to
come. And come it did.

At first a dark cloud began to let
down upon me—a pall of desolate-
ness to settle upon things. The
aims of life became flat and stale;
motive was being lost; life grew
mechanical; company had no
charm; change of scene no fresh-
ness. I divined the cause of my
condition, and so many desperate
and fruitless efforts to remove it by

the roots, that I finally sank down
into the conviction that no efforts
are equal to the difficulty to be met.
De Quincy said: "It is a chain that
is to be unwound link by link, coil
by coil, back to the beginning."
Fitz Hugh Ludlow tells of one—
perhaps himself—who said, "God
helps in every trouble, but in this,
one must claw himself through liv-
ing fire."

Opium troubles extend to dreams
and night visions. What an idea
that just where it gave the most de-
light, it turns to rend you and exult
over its ruin. The nights, as soon
as the narcotic begins to lose its vir-
tue, become terrible long. Time
loses its element of computation;
minutes become hours; nights know
no ending, but stretch out toward
the crack of doom.

At length came a crisis in 1867.
My physical manhood was a wreck,
a shell. My mind was worse.
Memory had become treacherous,
and hopelessness took possession of
the soul. I came across Fitz Hugh
Ludlow's book, "The Opium Hab-
it," and devoured it to see if I could
find some way of escape. I opened
a correspondence with the author.
Nothing came of it. There was no
return over the long track. The
gates were barred. I felt it. How
long can this go on? Is there no
help? What will be the end?

The writer then goes on to state
the manner of his deliverance,
through the aid of a physician,
from the bondage of the drug.

Chinese in England.

Mr. Francis Phillips, manager of
the Ebbro Vale Company's works in
England, writes to his stockholders
that he has had an offer from an
eminent contractor in San Francisco
to furnish the Company with any
amount of Chinese labor, and con-
cludes with the expression of his
determination not to stand by and
see the Company ruined by a pack
of idle men (who have struck for
higher wages), who will not work
themselves or let others do so.
This is from the London Times of
January 28th:

This deliberate proposal to introduce
Chinese labor into England is neither more
nor less than an attempt to set up slavery.
Plantations of Chinamen among English
workmen! Gangs of Chinamen under
English taskmasters! No words or com-
ments are needed to stamp such a proceed-
ing as a crime of the deepest dye; a crime
against peace and good order, as well as
against the civilization to which we have
attained. * * * * * But
it is not so with people imported from an
Eastern country. They are too strange,
their health and customs are altogether
different; they would constitute a foreign
element, tending to lower and degrade us
and hinder our development; they would
constitute a serious cause of disturbance
and disorder in our present social and polit-
ical condition. Why, we have been constan-
tly told that emigration was to be the cure
or palliative for the social and industrial
evils which press upon us; the cure for ex-
cess of population, for starvation and pau-
perism, and now we are threatened
with an importation of Chinese labor
on a large scale. Chinese miners here would
be slaves. They could be nothing else,
whether the law allowed it or not. Besides,
our laws are stringent enough. There
would be no escape for the Chinaman once
brought over. Once here, it might be found
necessary for Parliament to pass special
penal laws for the Chinese plantations, laws
which in their turn might be applied to the
English workmen. And what would be the
end of this? where would it stop? If Chi-
nese, why not savages?

But we cannot believe that the Ebbro Vale
Company will listen to this inhuman propo-
sal, which invites them to commit an out-
rage against the civilized world. Nor do we
suppose for a moment that Parliament,
which is about to assemble, will allow such
a crime to be perpetrated. But if anything
of the kind is attempted, action must be
taken at once. It must be stopped; it must
be resisted. We earnestly hope that those
capitalists and employers who are friends
to the working classes, and have ever been
true to the cause of labor, will step forward
without delay and say that this shall not be.

This is becoming not only a na-
tional question, but it reaches as
far as the interests of the white race
extend. We are glad to know that
it is attracting the attention of
writers and thinkers, not only in
California, but at the east and in
Europe. As soon as the opinion of
the intelligent world is known and
pronounced, the Chronicle will get
more aid from the California press
than it now has, to combat the in-
troduction here in large numbers of
this most undesirable population.
We wish our local press had the
boldness to even discuss the matter,
but with one or two honorable ex-
ceptions it shrinks from reference
to Chinese immigration in a most
cowardly manner. The Chronicle
will press this discussion till our
newspapers take sides.—San Fran-
cisco Chronicle.

THE New York constitutional
commission has adopted an amend-
ment, making a false return by a
canvasser at an election "Treason
against the state."

Correspondence.

APIA, NAVIGATOR ISLANDS,
December 13th, 1872.

Editor Deseret News:

We arrived here on the 23rd of
October, in thirty-three days from
San Francisco. The islands are not
by any means what they have
been represented. They are moun-
tainous in the interior. Only at the
mouths of rivers is there any land
susceptible of cultivation, and but
a small proportion of that could be
plowed. They are covered with a
dense growth of vegetation, from
the waters' edge to the summit of
the mountains. Cotton only yields
about 1,000 lbs. to the acre in the
seed, 250 lbs. ginned. Cotton has
broken every person that has en-
gaged in its cultivation. Dried co-
conut is the principal article of
trade, which is shipped directly to
Europe, for the oil it contains. It
brings in Europe about \$100 per
ton of 2,250 lbs. This trade is done
mostly by a German firm, who have
been engaged in the South Pacific
Island trade for the last thirty
years.

There is no inducement for peo-
ple to emigrate here from America.
There is no sugar land on the
group, for the reason that it is too
rocky to plow. The land is very
much like the best of timber land
that skirts the base of Mauna Loa
on Hawaii, more rocks than soil.

The natives are a proud race, with
so much nobility among them that
they cannot agree that any one
should be king or governor. Hence
they are incessantly quarreling and
fighting. They have been fighting
for four years, but there has been a
cessation of hostilities since our ar-
rival. They are a good deal like
the old effete nobility of some of
the States of Europe, more nobility
than honor, and they consider a
foreigner a just subject of prey.
They have become great thieves,
either by the influence of foreign-
ers or else by nature. I have my
theory of their becoming so, but
will not express it here. They wear
but little clothing, a piece of cloth
or a braid of leaves wrapped
around the loins, men and women
alike, thus verifying the poet's
dream, that beauty unadorned is
adorned the most. They believe in
fashion, too, and are great on the
blonde. They color their beautiful
black hair a dingy blonde or yellow,
by working into it the milk of
lime, letting it remain for two or
three days, and then washing it out
with sour orange juice. The wo-
men cut their hair close. Some of
the men let theirs grow a foot or
more, which gives their heads the
appearance of huge brushes, and
when in process of coloring they
look as though they had been
dipped in a tub of whitewash. How
much it would have saved the
American beauties if they had
known this simple receipt during
the blonde epidemic.

There is quite a variety of shell
fish here, some of which are very
curious, one that is peculiar to
these islands. Its home is on the
coral reefs and it crawls about the
intricacies and cavities of the
rocky habitations of the coral in-
sect. The shells are very beauti-
ful, and sometimes one can al-
most decipher the characters, as
though they were letters. Indeed
it would require no greater stretch
of imagination than it does to de-
cipher some of our statesmen's com-
munications, or some so-called
spirit writing. But the most curi-
ous part of the creature is its head,
on the top of which (if one may use
the term to a shell fish that grows
on the rocks) is a hard thick convex
piece of shell, much thicker than
the other parts, and exactly fitting
the mouth of the shell, and when
it is drawn in it closes the shell
perfectly water tight, thus present-
ing to its finny enemies nothing
but a hard incrustation that pro-
mises nothing palatable. Another
curious feature of the convex shell
is that it is of a blueish green, sur-
rounded by a strip of white, which
makes this valve look exactly like
the eye of an animal, hence they
are called eyestones. They were used
by the natives as money before the
Americans and other nations of the
east introduced gold and silver coin.
They are much sought after as ob-
jects of curiosity and are worked
into silver buttons and other ar-
ticles of ornament of civilization.

There is a very amusing creature
here, which I believe is called the
hermit crab. This little creature
may be seen on the beach, of differ-
ent sizes. The peculiarity is that na-
ture has not provided it with a
shell. Hence it has the capacity