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OURSELVES AND OUR ENEMIES.

BY ELIZA R. SNOW.

We'll beat the world at ev'ry game, if ev'ry game we play;
But we no juggling chances claim—we'll fairly win the day.

We've sought no trial of our skill: the games we never set;
We've never made a move, until they've forc'd the movement, yet.

Those who salvation's truth believe, but love to disobey—
Who have eternal light receiv'd, and from its precepts stray;

Have turned to wickedness—their hearts are fountains of
deceit;

Apostate "Mormons," in foul parts, the world's low
gamesters beat.

Of all the apostle Paul endured, his perils were the worst,
When with apostate saints of God, "false brethren," he
was curs'd.

The gospel, like the fisher's net cast in the open sea;
Both good and bad, at every haul, draws up promiscuously.

Then marvel not ye demagogues, who're making much
ado,

If you, by searching here, should find some even worse
than you.

Extremes in human life must meet, to form a moral test—
To make gradation's scale complete, we have the worst
and best.

We've females whose intelligence—whose loveliness and
grace,

And virtue, cannot be excelled in all earth's present race.
With honest frankness we confess we have their contrast
too;

But thanks to God and righteousness, the number is but
few.

And we have men by God inspired, and clothed with
power to bless—

Their hearts, with noble purpose fir'd—their works are
righteousness;

They teach the principles of peace, life, faith and purity;
Whereby man may, in God's own path, progress eternally.

High-toned in spirit—in their lives, they're far above re-
proach;

They're just, and who should justice fear, but men who
would encroach?

All men are label'd by themselves—the heart, the actions
prove;

The evil work at evil, and the good in goodness move.

We need no sails for Zion's ship, our foes may pause and
wonder—

They move us on at ev'ry clip, but row their own crafts
under.

They're tools in God Almighty's hand—He needs no other
oar,

To clear the ship from ev'ry strand and surge, along the
shore.

Truth, peace, and equity will claim the prize, and win the
day;

We'll beat the world in ev'ry game, if ev'ry game we play;
Not of ourselves, we would not boast—Jehovah is our
trust;

The Saints are His—His wisdom guides—His arm protects
the just.

G.S.L. CITY, April 21, 1859.

Mr. Henry's Invention.

Some time last year we inserted one or two notices of a very ingenious invention by Geo. G. Henry, Esq., of Mobile, by means of which cotton is spun into yarn from the seed staple, thus saving the delay and expense of ginning, and the injury which the fibre suffers from that process. We have recently seen a sample of the yarn spun by Mr. Henry's novel machine, which appears as perfect as any we have ever examined, and, having fully stood the test of long trial, we think it due to the worthy inventor and his valuable discovery to place in our columns the annexed testimonials of its importance:

[From the Mobile Tribune.]

MR. HENRY'S INVENTION.—Below we publish a letter from Mr. Yerger, one of the largest planters of Mississippi, in relation to Mr. Henry's invention. It is a strong testimonial. It is a proof that the invention is not merely theoretical; that it stands the test of practice. We have already published a detailed account of this extraordinary invention, and have now before us a circular which enters into a minute calculation of the vast increase of wealth to our planters by the adoption of it.

Let it suffice to say that it is calculated to nearly double the income of the planter without necessitating the employment of additional "hands," or the investment of money, except what is necessary for the privilege of using the invention and purchasing the machinery for the purpose. The additional profit secured by the invention every year is twice as much as the cost of the machinery.

It seems almost incredible that this should be; but here is a testimonial from an application of the invention, and that is the truest test; and when one looks at the matter it is not strange, except in the magnitude of its results. If Mr. Henry had claimed only that his invention would add five or ten per cent. to the profit of the planter, no one would have been much surprised. But the claim is that his income will be doubled, and therein is the source of scepticism.

We do not see the reason of this doubt.

There is nothing marvellous in the matter except the results—and they are only marvellous before one looks into the method of producing them. If the invention be what it seems to us to be, this southern country has no limit to its wealth.

With this preface we submit the following letter of Mr. Yerger:

JACKSON, (Miss.) Nov. 16, 1858.

DEAR SIR: I exhibited at our state fair a bale of yarns, from No. 5 to No. 10, spun on my plantation from the seed cotton by means of your patent improved machinery; and it affords me pleasure to inform you that the premium for the best cotton yarn made in the State was unanimously awarded to them.

These yarns were spun by small negroes, from eight to thirteen years, under the superintendence of Mr. T. Gilder.

One of the judges, a practical spinner of twenty years' experience, informed me yesterday that my yarns were nearly double as strong as the yarns in competition with them, and this, I presume, constituted the principal difference.

I am, therefore, satisfied that the opinion expressed by the judges of the American Institute in New York, in their official report, after having carefully examined your machinery, is correct. I have not their report before me, but, according to an extract in your circular, they said:

"And the result is, as the fibre passes by this process immediately from the lap of the hermaphrodite, continuously to the cards, drawing roving to the spindles, avoiding the use of those machines necessary in the factories to open and disentangle it, which are very violent in their operations, the yarn must necessarily be of longer and less broken staple, and be, therefore, stronger and better yarn."

I am satisfied that yarn spun from the seed cotton by the aid of your machinery must be stronger and better than yarn made from cotton after it is compressed; for, in compressing it, sand, dirt, &c., are mixed with the fibre, and it requires machinery to disentangle and get it out, which must, to a considerable extent, break and weaken the staple.

The negroes who spun the yarns which took the premium at the fair had actually been in the factory less than ninety days. Yours, truly,

GEORGE S. YERGER.

Col. George G. Henry.

A NEAPOLITAN DUNGEON.—A Naples correspondent of the London Times gives the following description of the dungeon in which Nicotera, a political prisoner, is confined. Nicotera was sentenced to death for being concerned in insurrectionary movements, but, as the official organ announced, the King, in his clemency, spared his life. The letter referred to says:

His life was saved only with a view to make him taste, drop by drop, the pains of a more horrible death. The executioner would have relieved him of his suffering in a moment, but this would rescue him too quickly from the grasp of those who wished to feed upon his agony and destined him to be the victim of a protracted death.

At first he was shut up, not in the Egastolo of St. Stefano, where the law should properly have kept him, but in the worst dungeons of the Nicotera, Naples.

After a time he was buried in the fearful Colymbia, of Trafina, and afterward, at the beginning of October, at the sepulchral dungeons of St. Catarina, in Naviglio. In past times that fort was reserved for the punishment of state prisoners, but, as civilization progressed it was closed; now, however, it has been re-opened. In that part of the fort called the Fo sa, just above the top of the gate, is this inscription:—"You enter it living, and leave it dead."

By four hundred steps you then descend below the level of the sea, until you arrive at the infernal cavern, where the unfortunate Nicotera is now guarded day and night by two sentinels, without seeing the sky, and with difficulty receiving air from the narrow holes which admit the light. Here there is an insufferable humidity, as cannot otherwise be the case in dungeons under ground—humidity which in a few days is sufficient to rot the clothes on the back of the prisoner. Such tyranny, on the part of a monarch, is almost incredible in the nineteenth century.

PAYING A LEGISLATOR WHAT HE HAD EARNED.

—Joe Whitehill, of Columbus, Tennessee, formerly treasurer of state, was a rough joker, even in his office. Some twenty years ago a verdant member of the general assembly called at the state treasury and said he wanted some money.

"How much do you want?" said Whitehill.

"Well! I—don't—know!" said the member.

"How do you suppose I can pay you money, then, if you don't know?"

"Well, then, pay me about what I have earned."

"Earned!" said Whitehill, "earned! You are a member of the legislature, ain't you? and, if that's all you want, I can pay you off 'what you've earned' very easy. Bob, give this member that \$10 counterfeit bill we've had so long!"

FOUNDER in horses, says a writer in the Iowa Farmer, may be cured by the administration, two or three times a week, of a handful of sunflower seed, mixed with the feed of the horse. It is also a relief to cold or cough.

Girls should Learn to Keep House.

No young lady can be too well instructed in anything that will affect the comfort of a family. Whatever position in society she may occupy, she needs a practical knowledge of the duties of a housekeeper. She may be placed in such circumstances that it will be unnecessary for her to perform much domestic labor; but on this account she needs no less knowledge than if she was obliged to preside personally over the cooking stove and pantry. Indeed, I have often thought it was more difficult to direct others, and requires more experience, than to do the same work with our own hands.

Mothers are frequently so nice and particular in their domestic arrangements, that they do not like to give up any part of their care to their children. This is a great mistake, for they are often burdened with labor, and need relief. Children should be early taught to make themselves useful; to assist parents in every way in their power, and consider it a privilege to do so.

Young people cannot realize the importance of a thorough knowledge of housewifery, but those who have suffered the inconveniences and mortifications of ignorance. Children should be early indulged in their disposition to bake and experiment in cooking in various ways. It is often but a troublesome help they afford, still it is a great advantage to them.

I know a little girl, who, at nine years old, made a loaf of bread every week during the winter. Her mother taught her how much yeast and flour to use, and she became an expert baker. Whenever she is disposed to try her skill in making a simple cake and pies, she is permitted to do so. She is thus, while amusing herself, learning an important lesson.

Her mother calls her "her little housekeeper," and she often permits her to get what is necessary for the table. She hangs the keys by her side, and very musical is their jingle to her ears. I think, before she is out of her teens, upon which she has not entered, that she will have some idea how to cook.

Some mothers give their daughters the care of housekeeping, each a week by turns. It seems to me a good arrangement, and a most useful part of education.

Domestic labor is by no means incompatible with the highest degree of refinement and mental culture. Many of the most elegant and accomplished women I have known, have looked well to their household duties, and have honored themselves and husbands by so doing. —[Southern Homestead.

THE LOVE OF HOME.—It is only the shallow-minded pretenders who make either distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log cabin, raised among the snowdrifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlement on the river Canada. Its remains still exist. I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, and teach them the hardships endured by the generations before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narration and incidents which mingle with all I know with this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are among the living; and if I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof and though the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrank from no toil, no sacrifice, to save his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted from the memory of mankind. —[Daniel Webster.

A VALUABLE OPINION.—Martha Washington, the noble wife of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," used to say:—"It is surely more desirable that young ladies should play, sing, and dance only so well as to amuse themselves and their friends, rather than to practice these polite arts in so eminent a degree as to astonish the public; because a great apparent attention to trivial accomplishments is liable to give a suspicion that more valuable acquisitions have been neglected. As they consist of an exhibition of the person, they are not unfrequently liable to be accompanied with vanity, and tend to extinguish that sweet blush of shrinking timidity, which, in a young lady, is the most powerful of her exterior charms.

"I am also satisfied that, if a young woman cannot partake of the amusements of a ball-room except at the expense of benevolence, of friendship, diffidence, sincerity, or at the sacrifice of any one Christian disposition, or Christian virtue, she has no business there.—To others, such recreation may be innocent; but to her it surely is a sin."

CHURNING IN THREE MINUTES.—About a year ago, an essay on butter-making—we believe from the pen of Maj. A. B. Dickinson—appeared in our columns, not only stating what had been but suggesting what remained to be done to render butter-making perfect.

This essay excited very general attention, and we believe it has already incited several inventions. One, at least, which might have been thus incited is now on exhibition at No. 526 Broadway (basement, entrance in Spring street), where churning is done every day at 3, and again at 7½ p.m. This churn is composed mainly of two metallic rollers, fitted closely to each other, in a horizontal position. A hopper above them receives the milk, which passes down between them as they are rapidly revolved by means of a crank, and falls upon a dasher more slowly rotating below. One person is thus employed pouring in the milk, at the rate of a gallon or so per minute, while another turns the crank—though this might be done by water or any other power. When the milk has all been turned in, the churning is substantially done, though the motion is continued a minute or so longer to gather the butter. A little cold water is then poured in, and the butter taken out, ready to be worked—the whole operation, when we observed it, being concluded within four minutes. The butter is said by those who have used this churn to be decidedly superior in quality to that made in the old way, while its quantity is likewise improved. The buttermilk is just pure, sweet milk, more palatable than ordinary skim-milk, and we judge it more valuable as food. In the West, where cool milk-cellars are scarce and pans not over-abundant, this churn would seem indispensable, while it must everywhere reduce the cost of making butter and of fitting up a dairy. Daniel Johnson is the inventor. —[N. Y. Tribune.

"I'LL REST WHEN I GET HOME."—While walking through a street in the city of —, a few days ago, I passed a man whose head was whitened and body bowed by the hardships of not less than sixty years. His limbs trembled under their heavy burden, and, with much apparent effort, he advanced but slowly. I overheard him talking in a low and subdued voice, evidently mourning over his weariness and poverty. Suddenly his tone changed, and his step quickened as he exclaimed, "I'll rest when I get home."

Even the thought of rest filled him with new life, so that he pursued with more energy his weary way. To me it was a lesson. If the thought of the refreshing rest of home encourages the careless laborer, so that, almost unmindful of fatigue and burdens, he quickens his steps homeward, surely the Christian journeying heavenward, in view of such a rest, should press onward with renewed vigor.

This little incident often comes to mind amid the perplexing labors of the day, and stimulates me to more constant and earnest effort. Each laborer, toiling in his Master's vineyard, bearing the heat and burden of the day, can say, "I'll rest when I get home." Here, let us be diligent in the service of our Lord, remembering that our rest is above. Fellow-traveler, are your burdens grievous to be borne, so that you are ready to faint in the way? Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." To rest from toil is sweet; to rest from sin is heaven.

THE WORLD'S BENEFACTORS.—The productive classes of the world are those who bless it by their work or their thought. He who invents a machine does no less a service than he who toils all day with his hands. Thus inventors of the plow, the loom, and the ship were deservedly placed among those whom society was to honor. But they also, who teach men moral and religious truth, who give them dominion over the world, instruct them to think, to live together in peace, to love one another, and pass good lives enlightened by wisdom, charmed by goodness, and enchanted by religion; they who build up a loftier population, making man more manly, are the greatest benefactors of the world. They speak to the deepest wants of the soul, and give men the water of life and the true bread from heaven. They are loaded with contumely in their life, and come to a violent end.—But their influence passes like morning from land to land, and village and city grow glad in their light. —[Theodore Parker.

ADVANTAGES OF CAMELS.—Major Wayne has written an interesting account of that "ship of the desert," the camel, to the National Intelligencer, and he thus sums up the general advantages that may be derived from the use of camels, as the result of ten years experience and observation.—They will flourish as well in the United States as either horses or mules; they may be introduced at Mobile or Pensacola at rates not greater, certainly not much greater, than present prices for good mules; they are not as expensive to feed as horses or mules; they require no stabling or grooming; they are as tough and hardy as either horse or mule; they save a heavy outlay for wagons, carts, harness and shoes, and a constant tax for their repair; their physical energy is not largely drawn upon for the draught of a wagon or cart, and, therefore, is given more usefully to the transportation of goods, they will do more work at the same cost and keeping than either horse or mule.