THE CAPITAL OF UTAH

The city of the Great Salt Lake is beautifully laid out, within a short distance of the mountain, forming the eastern end of the valley. It contains eleven or twelve thousand inhabitants, who are mostly engaged in agriculture, though a portion of their time is devoted to mechanical pursuits when understood. The streets of the city intersect each other at right angles, and each block is half a mile square, with an alley from east to west, and north and south. Each block is called a ward, and has a bishop to preside over its government whose duties are to act as magistrates, tax gatherers, and preachers, as well as street commissioners. The city and all the farming land are irrigated by streams of beautiful water which flow from the adjacent mountains. These streams have been, with great labor and perseverance, led in every direction. In the city they flow on each side of the different streets, and the waters are let upon the numerous gardens at regular periods, so likewise upon the extensive fields of grain lying in the south of the city.

There is a field thirty miles long, by six and ten wide, a portion of which is cultivated by anyone who desires. This field was moving with wheat, barley, and oats, nearly ready for the sickle, when we were at the lake, and a finer field of wheat never grew in any country; the berry was large, full, and plump, and of superior whiteness. We were convinced that no country in the world could produce better crops than this valley, or a larger amount to the acre. The system of irrigation prevents any thing like rust or smut striking the crop, to blast the expectation of the farmer. The productive nature of the soil will always insure him a abundant crop. Within the valley, and including three other settlements of the people of the vicinity, there cannot be far from 30,000 inhabitants. Forty miles south they have a village, and another 110 miles further south, among the Utah Indians, Parowan, where fine forests of all kinds of timber abound, while little or none for mechanical purposes excepting pine, grow in the vicinity of the valley.

The character of this people has changed but little since their exodus from the States. The leaders are all appear more "free and easy," and the great body as perseveringly industrious and obedient to the higher powers as ever.

Money is very plenty among them—principally gold, much of which came from the California mines. The religious character of the whole body has degenerated into mere amusement, &c., not even the semblance of true piety is kept up. In the vicinity of the city is a warm spring, which has been brought into the city, and public baths erected. The water is highly medicinal. Each citizen has a building lot appropriated to his use, but is not the absolute owner, as he cannot dispose of it to a Gentile without the consent of the church. Each member is allowed to take up and cultivate as much land as he pleases, but he can only sell such improvements as he may make upon the land. One tenth of the produce of the land, or the accumulation of each individual, as well as one-tenth of his time, belongs to the church, and is rigorously exacted.

The houses are mostly one story, though some of them are neat little cottages. They have nearly completed a spacious court house, which is three hundred feet square. The first story is built of freestone, and the second of sun burnt brick. Houses built of those bricks are very warm in the winter, and cool in the summer; and are well adapted to the climate. They are about to erect a temple and other public buildings. Brigham Young's house is a large two story stone building, some fifty feet by twenty-five feet; yet it is hardly large enough to contain one-half of his numerous wives.

The prosperity of this people is truly astonishing. They have flocks and herds, and most of the good things of the earth in abundance. We saw about three thousand of the finest cattle we ever saw, in the Salt Lake, that we ever saw, upon. In the morning, you may see boys driving hundreds of cows from the mountains on every side, to be herded within two or three miles, and driven back at night.

Flint Enamel Ware.

Some ten or fifteen years ago, Mr. Fenton, a manufacturer of Fire bricks, &c, at Bennington, Vt, commenced a course of experiments on the liquefaction by heat and intermingling in varous proportions of the flint quartz, &c., used in his business or existing in the mountains around him, with an eye to the production of wares adapted to household uses. In these experiments he persevered, until at last he was enabled to produce a ware combining strength, purity, and beauty.—composed entirely of flint, feldspar and quartz, ground together, bolted like flour then formed into a clay or paste, and molded into any shape which taste or use may suggest, then covered with a delicate enamel and baked to a consistancy exceeding that of marble. The enamel is formed entirely of flint, without a particle of the metallic bases which renders much of the ware now in use always dangerous and often virulently poisonous.

The Flint Enamel Ware, though especially prized by us for its capacity to supersede the enameled wares now used for milk pans, stew-pans, coffee-urns, &c is intended to subserve a far wider circle for uses. Among the articles into which it has already been fashioned, are water jars, stove-urns, mantle and other parlor ornaments, lamps and candlesticks, table-slabs, door plates, door-knobs, block-letters, daguerreotype frames, inkstands, pitchers, wash-bowls, bathing-tubs, spittoons, &c, &c.

The usual color of this ware is a rich, dark brown, shaded and flecked or mottled with white and blue, though it is made of pure white when desired. It is harder than marble, and a delicate pitcher may be thrown on the floor with violence without starting the handle. The point of a nail driven smartly against its side with a hammer makes no scratch or dent of any kind. The enamel stands heat perfectly, and all this ware may be, as most of it is made absolutely fire-proof so as to be buried in a pit of burning anthracite and come out of the ashes as good as new. Withal it is nearly as cheap as the "stone ware" now in use. We cannot doubt that it will rapidly find its way into very general use throughout the country. The ware is patented, and agencies for its exclusive sale by counties and towns are being formed throughout the Union

Singular Anecdote of Ethan Allen

Rivington, the tory printer; during the American revolution, was very bitter in his attacks on the rebels and Mr. Washington, as he facetiously called the great General. Nevertheless he thought proper to remain in New York after the departure of the British troops, and it created great surprise when it was openly declared, without any contradiction on his part, that he had been throughout the war a spy for General Washington, and had imparted much valuable information to him, which he could not have obtained excepting by violent abuse of the Americans and their cause. He was generally supposed to be a man entirely destitute of principle, though of courtly manners and address. He had after the war, almost the monopoly of selling the best British publications. Col. Ethan Allen, a powerful man, a brave patriot, a hard swearer, and a harder drinker, was so enraged at Rivington that he swore he would kill him, and Rivington was a little alarmed at the threat. Allen always carried a long sabre, and, after the peace; down he went to Rivington's office, at the corner of Pearl and Wall streets where John Hone used to keep his auction store. "Is your master at home?" said Allen to the clerk. "I'll go and see, sir," was the answer. So the clerk ran up to Rivington's private parlor, exclaiming in great consternation—"Oh! sir he's really and truly come, and is waiting for you down stairs!" "Show him up" said the editor, while he opened the leaf of a table and placed some wine and glasses upon it. Up went Allen, his long sabre dragging up each step. Rivington met him at the door with one of his politest bows and one of his most expressive smiles. "Delighted to see you, my dear sir! Pray take a seat; and allow me to pour you out a glass of wine." Allen tossed off the wine, looking dagger at Rivington. "Sir I came——"

"Not a word, my dear sir, on business until we have finished our bottle. Try another glass." Down went another glass. "Fond of Madeira, sir? Here, Jack, bring a bottle of south side—seven years old, a great favorite of our glorious Washington." Allen's eyes twinkled, and he tossed down glass after glass of that really fine wine, until he forgot that he came to Rivington. He got quit boozy, and they parted excellent friends. Rivington lived in Cherry street, and the house is still standing, and occupied by tenants. Most of the merchants and others of good society lived in that street.—*Sunday Times*

SUPERSTITIONS OF GREAT MEN.—Most great men have been superstitious. The courier bringing a letter from England, in which the death of old physician, Polidori, was stated, Lord Byron remarked—"I was convinced something unpleasant hung over me last night; I expected to hear that somebody I knew was dead; so it turns out. Scott believes in a second sight; Rousseau tried whether he would be damned or, not by aiming at a tree with a stone; Gothe trusted to the chance of a knife's striking the water whether he was to succeed in some undertaking; Swift placed the success of his life on the drawing of a trout, he had hooked out of the water." Byron on another occasion observed—"Several extraordinary things have happened on my birthday; so they did to Napoleon; and a more wonderful thing occurred to Marie Antoinette. At my wedding something whispered to me that I was singing my death warrent. At the last moment I would have retreated if I could have done so. I am a great believer in presentiments. Socrates' demon was no fiction, Monk Louis had his monitor, and Bonaparte many warnings." Byron had also a belief in unlucky days. He once refused to be introduced to a lad because it was on Friday. On the same ill-starred day he would never pay visits.—

A WORD TO BOYS.—The learned blacksmith says: "Boys did you ever think that this world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas and rivers, with all its shipping, its steamboats, railroads, and magnetic telegraphs, with all its millions of groaning men, and all the science and progress of ages—will soon be given over to the boys of the present age—boys like you? Believe it, and look abroad upon your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon its possessions. The Presidents, Kings Governors, Statesmen, Philosophers, Ministers, Teachers, Men of the future all are boys now."

Aristotle speaks of a species of little animals which exist on the river Hypanis, whose age is but a day. Those which die at eight in the morning are in youth, and those which fall away at noon are in their prime; and at night fall they drop away of decrepit old age. What a beatiful miniature of our own existence,—how easy to comprehend—how readily the mind span the brevity!

SHOCKING DEATH.—Joseph Beal, the keeper of a stallion belonging to Joshua Lumpton, was killed by the animal, at Poughtown, last Saturday. It is supposed that he entered the stable imprudently, somewhat intoxicated, and that the horse—a very vicious one—broke his neck by a severe bite. When discovered, he was throwing the body up and tearing the flesh with his teeth. The unruly creature endeavored to get at those who, with great difficulty, succeeded in pulling the body away.—*Winchester Republican.*

True Social Dignity.

To be ashamed of their origan in just now in American society the weakness of the little minds that compose it. The man who rides in his carriage shrinks from the acknowledgement that the money which enabled him to buy that carriage was earned by his father, dollar, by dollar, with toil and patience, in a tan-yard, behind the counter of a shoemaker's or tailor's shop, or by honest industry in some other useful occupation below [so called] the grade of the merchant or professional man, as if the man did not honor the work, and not the work the man. To such let Daniel Webster speak. Hear him:

"It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hill, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make it an annual visit; I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents; which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living, and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it against savage violence and distruction, cherished all domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of seven year's revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind."

"And we will add, that he who is ashamed of the poor father and mother, whose honest labor supported him in a childhood, and whose daily toil was taxed to give him the education by which he has been enabled to rise to a condition above the one they occupied, is unworthy to be the associate of wise and good men. All such will despise him; and no matter how loftily he may carry his head, he is nothing in the estimation of America's true noblemen.—*Home Gazette*

For the Liberia Herald.

Mr. Herald,

Would it be uninteresting to our foreign readers to hear from time to time, of the character of the business done in our courts? If I mistake not, you will find in the English and American journals, regular reports of the proceedings of their courts: and why should we not give to our readers the judicial proceedings of the courts in Liberia? There can, certainly, be no objection to the plan; indeed, the adopting of this course may be of service to many, especially to our commercial interests.

At the last Court of Quarterly sessions, Judge Yates presiding, I attended throughout the session, without having any business there, but I was at leisure, and therefore whiled away my time in listening to the proceedings of the court, which, to me, were amusing, instructive and deeply interesting. After the calling and swearing of the grand jury, and their departure for their room, several cases of small debts were called up and disposed of, and then came charges against several persons residing at Marshall, on the Junk River, for violations of the license law. It appeared that several of these persons had been trading without first obtaining licenses, for which each of them would have had to pay twelve dollars—the fact was clearly proved against them, and they were fined fifty dollars each. These parties employed no council—they defended their own cause and it was truly amusing to witness the circumlocutious manner they entered upon their defence. How indignant they seemed to be at the bare supposition of "their having evaded or trampled upon the laws of their country—"they would not, they said," under any consideration be guilty of such wickedness—and prayed the Court not for a moment, to entertain the idea, that they had offended the majesty of the laws." Among the persons thus accused, found guilty and fined we noticed James C. Payne and Jonas Carey. Evidently these parties had agreed to work for each other;—they certainly did act as friendly as circumstances would allow, they gave evidence for each other; and would appear as ignorant of the crime of the other as possible—it was by close examination that the facts were brought out. There was no trouble in Mr. Carey's case—they were all eager to give evidence against him, indeed, it was through them, that he was accused. They had supposed that it was through him, that they had been arraigned before court—such, however, seems not to be the case.

It may not be amiss to say that the residents at Marshall, there may be few exceptions, are like the citizens in the interior of the United States, measurably holding themselves responsible to no one—there will they hold to be law. This state of things are rapidly changing, and the unscrupulous law breakers, to their cost, will find out that they are amenable to some authority.

Several claims were made by heirs at law, for lands said to have been drawn and improved some twelve to twenty years ago by their parents—the petitioners demanded of the court proper deeds. As far as could then be acertained they were attended to.

A petition was made by N. M. Hicks to be allowed to take the benefit of the act of insolvency—the petition was granted, and commissioners appointed to take charge of his effects. The insolvent confessed that he was unable to pay his debts in 1844. This was a bitter pill to several. In what light would a man be viewed in other countries, that continued to contract debts to large amounts, for eight years after he knew he was unable to pay what he then owed? Certainly he could not be looked at as an honest man.—and it is time that the people of Liberia should look well, and take rigid steps with all who are guilty of such swindling transactions. The debts of the insolvent amount to some ten or twelve thousand dollars I am told, and his assets to less than a thousand dollars.

I am truly, Mr. Herald.

SIMON PURE,

September, 1851.

His Sun Went Down at Noon.—

Was drowned on the 13th, of Sept. at Grand Bassa, J. M. Ellis, son of Rev. H. W. and Celia Ellis, residents of the town of Monrovia. J. M. Ellis was a member of the Presbyterian Church in Monrovia,—about two years prior to his disolution, by the preaching of the word, he yielded to the irresistable power of the love of God, and the Father of Light condescended to visit him with his saving grace and loving kindness, and made him a son of God, and a citizen of the house-hold of faith. Like other young men at the age of twenty, he was in outward apearance somewhat irregular in his christian life, and seemed sometimes to have only the shadow, and not the substance of that repentance which needeth not to be repented of—but we charitably hope he was accepted of the beloved at his last hour.

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