

NO ENEMIES.

BY B. CLARKE, SEN.

"He has no enemies?" you say;
I pity his condition,
His manhood he has thrown away,
His candor and position.

"He has no enemies?" well then,
The reason is, he never
Has heart enough to act, but when
He sees, "which way's the weather."

His principles are very light,
If he is not contented,
To be traduced for doing right,
When once he has assented.

"He has no enemies?"—Indeed,
Then what has he been doing?
Or, what on earth can be his creed,
What has he been pursuing?

A truckling—vacillating course—
Unmanly, undecided,—
His little puny soul is worse
Than sixpence twice divided!

Then give me one of upright heart,
Who dares the truth to utter,
And act a noble, manly part,
Though enemies do mutter—

A man of earnest, iron will,
Whose enemies are many,
And yet whose virtue, strength and skill
Is undeterred by any:

Whose fearless love for truth and right,
Keeps falsehood at a distance;
And though he may be crush'd by might,
Yet always acts consistent.

Aye! like the sturdy forest oak,
Through which the winds do rattle,
Stands firmer from the heavy stroke,
Prepared for Truth to battle.

Such is the man whose noble soul,
When roused to proper action,
Disdains a sordid, base control,
Or, enemies' detraction:

Who knows, when virtue's lost or fled,
That time is really trying;
For if the man is not then dead,
He truly must be dying!

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY THE STAGE MANAGER, MR. DAVID CANDLE, AT THE CLOSING OF THE THEATER, MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 31, 1856.

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES:—

Before the curtain falls to finally close our dramatic season, permit me on behalf of the Association to take a brief review of incidents.

In presenting ourselves as a company of players, we have done so under such circumstances as characterize no other company in the world. The Deseret Dramatic Association is composed of men and women who have to toil to the best of their ability to fill that vacuum in the inner man so abhorrent to Dr. O'Callaghan. Our ladies have to nurse between acts and scenes the little 'responsibilities' of domestic life. Many of them are distant from the theater, to travel, to learn their parts, to rehearse every night in the week, fit their own costume, particularly the ladies, whom you have complimented to-night, are cogent reasons why you must not measure us by the tape line of Tom, nor expect the finished performances of the gents and ladies who spend years of unremitting toil and study to fit them for the stage.

We flatter ourselves however, as a company of comedians, legitimately our role, (though deviated from in some few instances to gratify the tragic taste of some). Yet even then, we will not yield the palm to please by our efforts, if not to excel.

In speaking thus we fearlessly refer to the finished character of the prying Paul; or the love of pictures and pigs displayed by Cousin Joe and Margery, or the tremor of the victimized victim, Byron Tremaine Pelham Podge, or the clip performed by Margetts.

We have not treated you to a very great variety, simply owing, I believe, to the stoppage of the Eastern mail, so ably conducted; hence no foreign correspondence from Constantinople to our friend Solomon. We are sincere when we say that the *pas de deux* made by Maiben and Mrs. Wilson was light and airy,—two things necessary for health and comfort.

We have endeavored, as the gentle Parthenia drew the sword from Ingomar, to draw your mind from the pressing cares of life and give food for thought and reflection. And while the black Othello, jealous as the devil, with his blacker companion Iago, have been exhibited, the contrast was made more apparent by the fair Desdemona. In all our representations we have been honest in them as the playing copy of any theater in the world, notwithstanding the charges against us of curtailing; 'aye, as honest, I dare be sworn,' as Martha Gibbs' diary, which can only be excelled by the honesty of Mrs. Clawson's excellently played Margery; and though the beaver found by Twitter was disreputable, yet his performance was good, as it always is. And what is true of him is also of the crabbed Dentatus, and the pliancy of the client Caius Claudius and the Grasp of the same good performer; or the bluntness of Colonel Damas, and the mishaps and errors of Hastings, that result in a *paroxysm* of bliss in the conquest of the beautifully played Helen in the Two Bonnycastles.

We are not prepared to promise hereafter anything better than a cursed ragout furnished by the excellent landlord at the Golden Lion for which Double dot will mark two score.

If praise is due any one for the well dressed performers on this stage, much belongs to Clive

and the tongs who ranged the locks and curls of our gents and ladies, and the whole is discoverable only by the brilliant lights of a Derr.

We thank you for your patronage and you should thank us; which is the most amused or benefitted, you or us, I leave the convention, if it ever meets again, if not, the courts of law, to determine this intricate question for the judges.

To the orchestra—here I touch a tender string, and had I time, I would rosin my bow; but gentlemen, in hanging up your fiddles and your bows and taking up your shovels and your hoes, do it Mormon like, and raise, if not strains of sweet music, at least raise bushels of Ireland's staple commodity—potatoes.

May the fair lady singers who have helped to amuse soon warble that nursery song, 'Hush a bye baby, lie still and slumber.'

Have I gone all round? I believe I have, save Lady Leatherbridge; her's was a triumph, not over Gibbs, but over all competitors.

And now, lastly, what more? Ah, myself—pardon the vanity—but I think I hear you say, let his faults be written in sand, and his merits be in our memories Ever green; and if you are slow to accord him this, I can only say you are not up in your parts and need to be prompted by our excellent prompter, Leo Hawkins; and if the machinery of the entire season has moved harmoniously, the credit is due to our worthy president, James W. Cummings. And though time denies me here the chance to mention the long list of worthy assistants, known in the common parlance, 'snaps', yet they creditably as small stars helped the effulgence of the greater ones; but the modern star system we deprecate, for we are all needful, and all help to make a perfect whole.

And now as the husbandman scatters the grain and hopes for gain and profit thereby, so may we be scattered, some to the bench, some to the field, the desk, and some to roam through the world and point poor erring man the way of life, and thus you and us never meet again, but let us hope that whatever part is assigned us in the great drama of life, whether tragic or in the comedy of errors, we may as creditably perform as we have here on this stage, and the Great Stage Manager be as indulgent as our audiences; then when the curtain falls on us and this world we may enter the grand association of the actors behind the curtain, and be welcomed with an unbounded applause. And now for the song, and then good night to all.

Justice in the Mountains.

BY "SIOC."

During a visit to the mountains of Calaveras county, we were witness to the following interesting performance.

Scene, Justice's Court—mining claim in dispute—one party represented by learned counsel, the other pleading his own case.

Justice—Gentlemen, the Court is ready to adjudicate in the case; counsel will please proceed.

Learned counsel proceeded to state that he could prove prior possession of plaintiff; that an illiberal and unjust attempt was being made, with malice aforethought, to defraud his client out of his auriferous possessions, and introduced evidence to support his position.

Defendant—Gentlemen of the Jury, I appear here as my own counsel; supported by an implicit confidence in your sense of justice and the righteousness of my cause. Gentlemen of the Jury, my opponent has summoned to his aid a lawyer attired in a Shanghai coat, and pitted him against an humble but honest miner. Gentlemen of the Jury, is this proper, is it right? I had always been lead to believe that this region of country would resist the introduction of Shanghai coats and narrow legged pantalons. What, then, is my surprise to witness in this august assembly, a gentleman attired in patent leather boots, stand up collar, and coat and pants aforesaid. Any one who claims the assistance of such counsel must be, gentlemen of the jury, devoid of all the rights of said humanity. I don't mean to appeal to your prejudices, but I can and will prove my prior my possession of the claim in question.

Plaintiff—That's a lie!

Justice—I fine you ten dollars, for contempt of court!

Defendant—Assertion is not proof, neither is prediction evidence; and when the plaintiff accuses me of lying he insults the majesty of the law, the sanctity of justice, and the holiness of truth!

The defendant then called witnesses, who proved precisely what had been established by the plaintiff—viz: nothing.

The jury retired to deliberate, but immediately returned with a verdict, that neither of the claimants had proven possession, and that the claim was vacant.

The foreman of the jury had taken a position as near as possible to the open door, and the moment the verdict was rendered, he with the Judge, jury, and loafers, "made a break" for the disputed claim, and a race commenced that would have made Tam O'Shanter's mare stand aghast at the recklessness of their made career.

Possession in this case appeared to be ten points of the law, and with a vigor and a wind that did credit to the inhabitants of Calaveras, they pushed forward for the golden prize.

Supposing in our simplicity that a powder mine was about to explode, we left the building with the velocity of a frightened cat, and turning as we ran to look upon the "wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," we fetched up very unceremoniously against the trunk of a lofty pine, where we experienced the truth of the philosophical maxim that "action and reaction are always the same, although in opposite directions."

Gaining the perpendicular we looked around to see if the lightning had struck any where except in our own neighborhood, and being convinced that it had not, we turned to look upon the competitors, who, headed by the Shanghai lawyer, were fast approaching the golden goal.—In this case, as in many others, we saw legal acumen gaining the advantage over Justice, and when we saw the latter functionary inadvertently turning a somersault over a rugged stump, we could but feel the sympathy that all honest men experience when Justice is cheated of its prey.

When the lawyer was on the verge of gaining a possessory title to the claim aforesaid, we were convinced of the impolicy of wearing Shanghai coat in the mountain region; for, in a desperate effort the defendant seized the lawyer's appendage, and with the aid and comfort thus afforded to the enemy, they pitched head foremost into the claim together; and when we left, the case, as well as the head of one of the disputants, was "in chancery." May God defend the right!—[Sacramento Union.]

EFFECTS OF DRESS.—A certain knight having lost his wife, and not being at all sure as to the locality in which her spirit rested, applied to a devout hermit, who picked up a living by revealing that sort of secret. In our own days, the Rev. Mr. Godfrey professes to get at the same mystery by dint of table-turning. Well; the reverend gentleman's ancestor, the hermit, thought upon the question by going to sleep over it; and when he awoke, he informed the knight that he had been, in a vision, to the tribunal of souls, and that he had there learned all about the lady in question. He had seen St. Michael and Lucifer standing opposite each other, and between them a pair of scales, in one of which was placed the lady's soul, with its select assortment of good deeds; and in the other all her evil actions. A fiend, with all her garments and jewellery in his possession, was looking on. The beam of the balance had not yet made a movement, when the impetuous St. Michael was about generously to claim the soul thus weighed. Thereupon Lucifer urbanely remarked, that he would take the liberty of informing his once-esteemed friend of a fact probably unknown to him. "This woman," said he, "had no less than ten gowns and as many coats; and you know as well as I do, my good Michael, that half the quantity would have sufficed for her requirements, and would not have been contrary to the law of God."

St. Michael looked rather offended at its being supposed that he knew anything about women and their gear, and suggested that too much intercourse with both had been the ruin of his ex-colleague.

"Fier comme un Archange!" was the commentary of the deboshed Lucifer, who according to some old fathers, tempted Eve in very excellent French. However that may be, he added, "the value of one of this pretty wanton's superfluous gowns or coats would have clothed and kept forty poor men through a whole winter; and the mere waste cloth from them would have saved two or three from perishing. Touche fille," he said, addressing the fiend, who carried the finery, "throw those traps into the scale."—The fiend obeyed, by casting them in where the lady's bad actions lay; and straightway down sank that scale, and upward flew the beam which bore the soul and its ounce of virtues. This was done with such a jerk that the soul itself fell into the outspread arms of Touche fille, who made off with his prey, without waiting for further award. Lucifer looked inquiringly at St. Michael; but the latter observed, that though his opponent's aide-de-camp had been somewhat too hasty, he would not dispute the case any further. "But what, may I ask, do you intend to do with her?"

"She shall have a new dress daily, and fancy herself ugly in all."

"Umph!" said Michael, "you certainly are the most exquisite of torturers."

"And Michael," despite his modesty, does know what most vexes a woman!"

"Go to—"; whither, the last person addressed had not time to say. He was interrupted by Lucifer, who remarked,

"I have business upon earth. My affairs at home are well cared for in my absence by a regency."

And so they parted; and the moral of the tale is, that luxury in dress tends to lead to the Devil.—[A French writer.]

VERMONT.—The following account of the baptism of Vermont, is from a work published several years ago, entitled, "The History of the Rev. Hugh Peters, Chaplain to Oliver Cromwell; written by the Rev. Samuel A. Peters, L. L. D., Bishop Elect of the State of Vermont."

"Vermont was a name given to the Green Mountain, in October, 1763, by the Rev. Dr. Peters, the first clergyman who paid a visit to the thirty thousand settlers in that country, in the presence of Colonel Taplin, Colonel Wiles, Colonel Peters, Judge Sumner, Judge Sleeper, Captain Peters, Judge Peters, and many others, who were proprietors of a large number of townships in that colony. The ceremony was performed on the top of a rock, standing on a high mountain, then named Mount Pisgah, because it provided to the company a clear sight of Lake Champlain at the west, and of Connecticut river at the east; and overlooked all the trees and hills in the vast wilderness at the north and south.

"The baptism performed in the following manner and form, viz: Priest Peters stood on the pinnacle of the rock, when he received a bottle of spirits from Colonel Taplin; than haranguing

the company with a short history of the infant settlement, and the prospect of its becoming an impregnable barrier between the British colonies in the south and the late colonies of the French in the north, which might be returned in the next century to their late owners, for the sake of governing America by the different powers of Europe, he continued: 'We have here met on the rock Etam, standing on Mount Pisgah, which makes a part of "the everlasting hill," the spine of Africa, Asia, and America; holding together the terrestrial ball, and dividing the Atlantic from the Pacific Ocean; to dedicate and consecrate this extensive wilderness "to God manifested in the flesh," and to give it a new name, worthy of the Athenians and ancient Spartans; which new name is Vermont, in token that her mountains and hills shall be ever green, and shall never die.' And then poured the spirits around him, and cast the bottle on the rock Etam. The ceremony being over, the company descended Mount Pisgah, and took refreshment in a long-house, kept by Captain Otley, where they spent the night with great pleasure. After this, Priest Peters passed through most of the settlements, preaching and baptizing, for the space of eight weeks; in which time he baptized nearly twelve hundred children and adults.'

CASUALTIES FOR A YEAR.—It is not surprising that in these days of travel and of peril by land and by sea, the chapter of accidents and casualties for the past year should be long and sad. We have gathered from reliable sources the facts and figures which are appended, although it is highly probable that the number of deaths by fatality of travel is somewhat greater than is here represented.

During the year 1855, the number of railroad accidents in various parts of the country, resulting in losses of life or of limb, was 142, by which 116 persons were killed, and 539 badly wounded. More than 60 employees of the railroad companies are included in this number of the killed, of which 20 were engineers and 6 conductors.

The steamboat accidents have not been so numerous, amounting to 27, but resulting in 176 deaths, an increase of 60 over those caused by rail.

The loss of property occasioned by destructive fires has been enormous, amounting to more than \$13,000,000. This is the estimated loss of about 200 extensive conflagrations; the figures do not embrace the vast amount of property destroyed by almost innumerable smaller fires.

Disastrous as these results seem to be, they are happily far less in magnitude than those of the former year, 1854. During that year the railroad accidents numbered 51 more, while the number of the killed was 70, and of the wounded 50 greater than in the last year.

The steamboat accidents of 1854 were 48, diminished in 1855 to 27; the killed were 587; diminished to 176; the wounded 225, diminished to 107.

The number of fires in 1854 was 223, which decreased by 30 in 1855; and the loss of property amounted to \$20,000,000, which was reduced to \$13,000,000 during the last year.—[N. Y. Observer, Jan. 17.]

THE POET AND THE BASKET MAKER.—I am no enemy to learning—no enemy to colleges. On the contrary, I am the steadfast friend of both.—But I am opposed to having them overrated as they are; and the advantages of both so abundantly exaggerated, by the great mass of our people, as if to other learning were valuable, no other knowledge worth having.

I would remind them of the basket maker; the only man of a large crew, cast ashore among savages, who was able to turn his past acquisition to account; while the rest sat twirling their thumbs, liable every moment to be knocked in the head for their ignorance, the basket maker was made chief on the spot, and almost worshipped for his ingenuity.

Or I might remind them of that other crew taken by a Barbary corsair. When they were taken before the Bey, he inquired their several occupations. The riggers, and blacksmiths, and carpenters were all sent off to the dock yard.—The sailors had a comfortable berth provided for them, and even the officers were turned to account one way or another.

At last his highness came to a literary man—a passenger, and a poet—what to do with him, for a long while, his highness could not say, till at last, learning that the prisoner was a man of sedentary occupations, and having them explained by the interpreter, he ordered the poet a pair of feather breeches, and set him hatching chickens.

And now, which of the two was the educated man, the poet or the basket maker?—[John Neal.]

WIT.—A dispute arose between three noblemen, one Irish, one Scotch, and the other English, as to the respective traits of their countrymen. A wager was laid, the Irish were the wittiest, the Scotch the most cunning, and the English most frank.

They agreed to walk out in the streets of London, and the first one of either nation met, should be inquired of as to what he would take, and stand watch all night in the tower of St. Paul's church; pretty soon a John Bull came along, and was accosted thus:—

"What will you take, and stand all night in the tower of St. Paul's?"

"I shouldn't want to do it short of a guinea," frankly answered Mr. Bull.

The next one accosted was a Scotchman; Sandy replied, "And what will you gie me?"

Last, not least, Patrick was inquired of as to what he would take, and stand all night in St. Paul's tower. To which Pat wittily answered:— "An, sure, an' I think I should take a devil if cowl'd!" The wager was won.—[Ex.]