

Poetry.

(For the DESERET NEWS.)

ECHO FROM THE CELLS.

How varied are the changes we meet on life's highway,
As we jog along together with the crowd from day to day;
Some make mishaps in life as we all are apt to do,
While fortune smiles on others and gently leads them through.
Hoist the flag of freedom—long may it wave
As a terror to the despot, the sycophant and knave.
Should our neighbor near us stumble and cause the world to frown,
Let us extend the helping-hand and never keep him down;
Such deeds will gain us favor, and makes us truly great,
While those who sit and laugh at us no honor shall partake.
Lower down the flag—never let it wave,
Its broad folds of honor, o'er none but the brave.
Let those who have their freedom in every land and clime,
Improve time's fleeting moments and prize the boon divine;
Gather round your family circles and tell them once again
To shun the paths of wickedness, contumely and shame.
Hoist up the flag—long may it wave—
The pride of every free man, the glory of the brave.
Although our lot is lonely we must try and be content,
Until our time is finished or pardon to us sent—
We're young, robust and healthy—a gay and jovial set,
Hoist the flag of freedom—we love to see it wave
Above our country's battlements, defended by the brave.
We'll evermore be honest, and only claim our own,
By such we'll have good credit abroad and when at home;
Our friends may think us stupid, but no matter if they do,
We've formed the resolution to begin our lives anew.
Hoist the flag of freedom—long may it wave,
O'er the homes of the honest, the true and the brave.
Long live our honored Warden—may blessings on him rest,
In happiness contented, may his last days be his best;
May the traitor soon be vanquished, and freedom's flag unfurled,
O'er happy homes united, inviting to the world.
Hoist up the flag, for ever let it wave
In honor to the patriot, the true and the brave.

ALEXANDER ROSS,
Guard at the Penitentiary.

Miscellaneous.

COULDN'T TELL.—A few evenings since, a Mr. Slocum was reading an account of a dreadful accident which happened at the factory in the town of L——, and which the village editor had described in a great many words.

"I declare, wife, that was a dreadful accident over to the mill," said Mr. Slocum.

"What was it, Mr. Slocum?"

"I will read the account, wife, and then you will know all about it."

Mr. S. began to read:

"Horrible and Fatal Accident.—It comes our painful and melancholy duty to record the particulars of an accident that occurred at the lower mills yesterday afternoon, by which a human being in the prime of life, was hurried to that bourne from which, as the immortal Shakespeare says, 'no traveler returns.'"

"Du tell!" exclaimed Mrs. S.

"Mr. David Jones, a workman, who has but few superiors this side the city, was superintending one of the large drums—"

"I wonder if it was a bass drum, such as has 'Eplubust Unum' printed on't?" said Mrs. Slocum.

"When he became entangled. His arm was drawn around the drum, and finally his whole body was drawn over the shaft at a fearful rate. When his situation was discovered, he had revolved with immense velocity about fifteen minutes, his head and limbs striking a large beam a distinct blow at every revolution."

"Poor creeper! how it must have hurt him."

"When the machinery had been stopped, it was found that Mr. Jones' arms and legs were macerated into a jelly."

"Well, didn't it kill him?" asked Mrs. Slocum, with increased interest.

"Portions of the dura mater, cerebrum and cerebellum, in confused masses were scattered about the floor; in short the gates of eternity had opened upon him."

Here Mr. Slocum paused to wipe his spectacles, and his wife seized the opportunity to press the question—"was the man killed?"

"I don't know—haven't come to that place yet; you'll know when I've finished the piece," and Mr. S. continued reading.

"It was evident that when the shapeless form was taken down, that it was no longer tenanted by the immortal spirit—that the vital spark was extinct."

"Was the man killed? that's what I want to come to," said Mrs. Slocum.

"Do have a little patience," said Mr. S., eyeing his better half over his spectacles, "I presume we shall come upon it right away." And he went on reading:

"This fatal casualty has cast a gloom over our village, and I trust it will prove a warning to all persons who are called upon to regulate the powerful machinery of our mills."

"Now," said Mrs. Slocum, perceiving that the article was ended, "now I should like to know whether the man was killed or not."

Mr. Slocum looked puzzled. He scratched his head, scrutinized the article he had been reading, and took a careful survey of the paper.

"I declare wife," said he, "it's curious, but really the paper don't say so."

JACOB SELWYN'S CONSULTATION WITH SQUIRE WYCHERLY ABOUT HIS WIFE'S EPITAPH.—"Her name was Sarah—simply Sarah," said Jacob, as if the fact were a testimony to the modest nature of the departed. "She was of late years—68," he continued, referring, at the same time to an old pocket-book; "but, according to my reckoning, we lost three years or so from not keeping a check upon her birthdays. But put her down at 68; she must have known her own age better than any one else."

Mr. Wycherly wrote "aged 68."

"Would you say 'aged'?" asked Selwyn. "I don't think she would have liked that. Say in her 68th year if you please."

Mr. Wycherly wrote as he was requested.

"She was an excellent cook, Wycherley, and made hams better, I think, than any woman in the country," said Selwyn with a pardonable feeling of pride.

"I don't think we can put that in her epitaph," remarked Wycherly.

"No, no, perhaps not; but it's a pity. It ought to go down, as it might have stimulated other young women to have as much said of them," said Selwyn, adding, after a pause, "She was good at figures, and taught me to cypher when we were first married; but that can't go down either, I suppose? She was a very tidy woman, and made others tidy; broke in a lot of good servants, who never had a kind word to say for her, I dare say; that can't go down I suppose?"

"It would be difficult to express it," answered Wycherly.

"Pickling and preserving, she was a great hand at both," said Selwyn, with an inquiring look; but, receiving no encouraging response from his amanuensis, he took another shot. "Always early with her chickens and turkeys, and pretty nigh found herself in clothes. What do you say to that? That ought to go down?"

Mr. Wycherly replied: "Well, I think all the good qualities you have enumerated, Selwyn, must be comprised in 'She was an excellent wife.'"

"Ah! that she was," said the bereaved husband; "and it's hard she can't have it put stronger than that. She was affectionate, Wycherley."

"Yes, I'm sure of that."

"Sometimes rather too affectionate, and showed a little unnecessary anxiety about me. I used to vex her sometimes on purpose, just to try her temper."

"And how did you find it?" said Wycherly, slyly.

"Well, it varied—sometimes smooth enough; at other times warm, perhaps very warm; but, as her good qualities can't be set out at length, I won't have her little infirmities advertised on the churchyard."—[Mark Lemon's "Loved at Last."

PROVERBS BY THE BILLINGS FAMILY.—PRESERVED BY JOSEPH BILLINGS.—Don't swap with your relations unless you can afford to give them the big end of the traid.

Marry young, and, if circumstances require it, often.

Say "how are you" to everybody.

Kultivate modesty, but mind and

have a good stock of impudence on hand.

Be charitable—three cent pieces were made on purpose.

Don't take anybody's advice except your own.

It costs more to borrow than to buy. If a man flatters you, you can kalkilate he is a roag or a fule.

Keep both eyes open, but don't say mor'n half you know.

When you pray, pray right to the centre of the mark.

Don't mortify the flesh too much; 'twasn't the sores of Lasserus that sent him up to heaven.

If you itch for fame, go inter a graveyard and scratch yourself agin a tume-stun.

Yung men, be more anxious about the pedigree you're going to leave, than you are about the one somebody left you.

As good a way to git rich as any is to run in debt two hundred thousand dollars, and then go to work and pay your debts.

Filossofers tell us the world revolves on its own axis, and Josh Billings tells us that full half the folks on airth think they are the axis.

N. B.—These ere proverbs have stood a hundred years, and haint gin out yet.

CHILDREN IN JAPAN.—The following extract is from a recent letter from Japan: During more than half a year's residence in Japan, I have never seen a quarrel among young or old. I have never seen a blow struck, scarcely an angry face. I have seen the children at their sports, flying their kites on the hills, and no amount of intermingled strings, or kites lodged in the trees, provoked angry words or impatience. I have seen them intent on their games of jackstones and marbles, under the shady gateways of the temples, but have seen no approach to a quarrel among them. They are taught implicit obedience to their parents, but I have never seen one of them chastised. Respect and reverence for the aged is universal. A crying child is a rarity seldom heard or seen. We have nothing to teach them in this respect out of our civilization. I speak from what I know of the little folks of Japan, for more than any other foreigner have I been among them. Of all that Japan holds, there is nothing I like half so well as the happy children. I shall always remember their sloe black eyes and ruddy brown faces with pleasure. I have played battledore with the little maidens in the streets, and flown kites with as happy a set of boys as one could wish to see. They have been my guides in my rambles, shown me where all the streams and ponds were, where the flowers lay hid in the thickets, where the berries were ripening on the hills, they have brought me shells from the ocean and blossoms from the field, presenting them with all the modesty and a less bashful grace than a young American would. We have hunted the fox-holes together, and looked for the green and golden ducks among the hedges. They have laughed at my broken Japanese, and taught me better, and for a happy, good-natured set of children, I will turn out my little Japanese friends against the world. God bless the boys and girls of Nippon!

WHO SHOULD NOT BE A WIFE.—Under this heading some one lays down the law in the cunning guise of questions: Has that woman a call to be a wife who thinks more of her silk dress than her children, and visits her nursery no oftener than once a day? Has a woman a right to be a wife who calls for a cashmere shawl when her husband's notes are being protested? Has that woman a call to be a wife who sits reading the last new novel while her husband stands before the glass vainly trying to pin together a buttonless shirt-bosom? Has that woman a call to be a wife who expects her husband to swallow diluted coffee, soggy bread, smoky tea and watery potatoes six days out of the seven? Has she a call to be a wife who flirts with every man she meets, and reserves her frowns for the home fire-side? Has she a call to be a wife who comes down to breakfast in abominable curl-papers, a soiled dressing-gown, and shoes down at the heel? Has she a call to be a wife whose husband's love weighs naught in the balance with her next-door neighbor's damask curtains or velvet carpet? Has she a call to be a wife who would take advantage of a moment of conjugal weakness to extort money or extract a promise? Has she a call to be a wife who takes a journey for pleasure, leaving her husband to toil in a close shop, and have an eye, when at home, to the servants and children? Has she a call to be a wife to whom a good husband's society is not the greatest of earthly blessings, and a

house full of rosy children its best furnishing and prettiest ornaments?—[Ex.

METALLEROPATHY.—The fashionable remedy for headache at present in Paris, is *metalleropathy*, which in France means a copper saucepan (the original machine employed), applied to the head. A noted physician cured Mrs. D. of a headache by this means, and wrote all about it to the faculty, and the faculty, Drs. Tioussseau and Tardieu at the head, write very learnedly about metalleropathy and its efficacy in certain diseases, especially headache. Mrs. D. aforesaid, who was subject to frightful headaches, as soon as she found the saucepan infallible, had a band of copper made, and puts it on every time she is threatened with an attack, and is invariably cured. It appears that this cure with the hard name has been practiced from time immemorial by the women of Auvergne, who wear as their national headdress a thin copper band, more or less decorated, and give, as a reason for not falling in with the new-fangled modes of decorating themselves, that their metallic ornament has the virtue of preserving them from the pains in the head. Of course, the experience of peasants could not be accepted unless under high sanction, which the late letters of the faculty of medicine accord to it.—[Ex.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT IN SCOTLAND.—If the great mass of the people, environed as they are on every side with Jenkinsons, Percevals, Melvilles, and other perils, were to pray for divine illumination and aid, what more could Providence do in its mercy than send them the example of Scotland? For what a length of time was it attempted to compel the Scots to change their religion? Horse, foot, artillery, and armed prebendaries were sent after the Presbyterian parsons and their congregations. The Percevals of those days called for blood, and this call is never made in vain, and blood was shed; but to the astonishment and horror of the Percevals of those days, they could not introduce the Book of Common Prayer, nor prevent that metaphysical people from going to heaven their true way, instead of our true way. With a little oatmeal for food, allaying cutaneous irritation with the one hand, and holding his Calvinistic creed in the other, Sawney ran away to his flinty hills, sang his psalm out of tune his own way, and listened to a sermon two hours long amid the roughest and most melancholy thistles. But Sawney brought up his unbreeched offspring in cordial hatred of the oppressors; and Scotland was as much a part of weakness of England then as Ireland is at this moment. The true and only remedy was applied. The Scotch were suffered to worship God in their way. No lightnings descended from heaven, the country was not ruined, the world did not come to an end; and Scotland has ever since been an increasing source of strength to Great Britain.—[Sidney Smith.

FASHION AND WOMEN.—The laws of fashion are as inexorable as the laws of Moses. An exchange gives the following view of the matter: "Fashion kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a transgression to the laws of woman's nature, and injury to her physical and mental constitution than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave women will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of her mistresses fade and pass away. The washerwoman, with scarcely a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all die around her. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby. It is a melancholy truth, that fashion pampered women are almost worthless for all the great ends of human life. They have but little force of human character; they have still less power of moral will, and quite as little physical energy. They live for no great purpose through life. They accomplish no worthy ones. They are doll-forms in the hands of milliners and servants, to be fed and dressed to order. They dress nobody; they feed nobody; they instruct nobody; they bless nobody, and they save nobody. They write no books; they set no rich example of virtue and woman-life. If they rear children, servants and nurses do all save to conceive and give them birth; and when reared, what are they? What do they ever amount to but weaker scions of the stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue or power of mind for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great and good men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all spring from strong-minded women, who had about as much to do