

Poetry of the Puritans.

Their canons of taste have become those of all England, and high churchman, who still call them round-heads and cropped ears, go about rounder headed and closer cropped than they ever went. They held it more rational to cut the hair to a comfortable length than to wear effeminate curls down the back. And we cut ours much shorter than they ever did.—They held (with the Spaniards, then the finest gentlemen in the world) that sad, i. e., dark colors, above all black, were the fittest for stately and earnest gentlemen. We all, from the Tractarian to the Anythingarian, are exactly of the same opinion. They held that lace, perfumes, and jewelry on a man were marks of unmanly foppishness and vanity; and so hold the finest gentlemen in England now.—They thought it equally absurd and sinful for a man to carry his income on his back, and bedizen himself out in reds, blues, and greens, ribbons, knots, slashes, and 'treble quadruple dædalian ruffs, built up on iron and timber (a fact) which have more arches in them for pride than London Bridge for use.

We, if we met such a ruffed and ruffled worthy as used to swagger by hundreds up and down Paul's walk, not knowing how to get a dinner, much less to pay his tailor, should look on him firstly a fool, and secondly a swindler; while, if we met an old Puritan, we should consider him a man gracefully and picturesquely dressed, but withal in the most perfect sobriety of good taste; and when we discovered (as we probably should) over and above, that the harlequin cavalier had a box of salve and a pair of dice in one pocket, a pack of cards and a few pawn-brokers' duplicates in the other; that his thoughts were altogether of citizens' wives, and their too easy virtue; and that he could not open his mouth without a dozen oaths, we should consider the Puritan (even though he did quote Scripture somewhat through his nose) as the gentleman; and the courtier at a most offensive specimen of the 'snob triumphant,' glorying in his shame.

The picture is not ours, nor even the Puritan's. It is Bishop Hall's, Bishop Earle's—it is Beaumont's, Fletcher's Johnson's, Shakspeare's—the picture which every dramatist, as well as satirist, has drawn of the 'gallant' of the seventeenth century. No one can read those writers honestly without seeing that the Puritan, and not the Cavalier conception of what a British gentleman should be, is the one accepted by the whole nation at this day.

In applying the same canon to the dress of woman, they were wrong. As in other matters, they had hold of one pole of a double truth, and erred in applying it exclusively to all cases. But there are two things to be said for them; first, that the dress of that day was palpably an incentive to the profligacy of that day, and therefore had to be protested against; in these more moral times, ornaments and fashions may be harmlessly used, which then could not be used without harm. And next, it is undeniable that sober dressing is more and more becoming the fashion among well-bred women, and that among them, too, the Puritan canons are gaining ground.

But as for these Puritans having been merely the sour, narrow, inhuman persons they are vulgarly supposed to have been, credit Judas. There were sour and narrow men enough among them; so there were in the opposite party. No Puritan could have less poetry in him, less taste, less feeling, than Laud himself. But is there no poetry save word? no drama save that which is presented on the stage? Is this glorious earth, and the souls of living men, mere prose, as long as 'carent vate sacro,' who will, forsooth do them the honor to make poetry out of a little of them (and of how little!) by translating them into words, which he himself, just in proportion as he is a good poet, will confess to be clumsy, tawdry, ineffectual?—Was there no poetry in these Puritans, because they wrote no poetry?

We do not mean now the unwritten tragedy of the battle-psalm and the charge; but simply idyllic poetry and quiet home-drama, love-poetry of heart and the hearth, and the beauties of every day human life? Take the most commonplace of them: was Zeal-for-Truth Thoresby, of Thoresby Rise in Deeping Fen, because his father had thought fit to give him an ugly and silly name, the less of a noble lad? Did his name prevent his being six feet high? Were his shoulders the less broad for it? He wore his flaxen hair of the same length that every one now wears theirs, instead of letting it hang half-way to his waist in essenced curls; but was he, therefore, the less of a true Viking's son, bold-hearted as his sea-roving ancestors, who won the Danelagh by Canute's side, and settled there on Thoresby Rise, to grow wheat and breed horses, generation succeeding generation, in the old moated grange?

He carried a Bible in his jack-boots; but did that prevent him, as Oliver rode past him with an approving smile on Naseby's field, thinking himself a very handsome fellow, with his moustache and imperial, and bright red coat, and cuirass well polished, in spite of many a dint, as he sat his father's great black horse as gracefully and firmly as any long-locked and essenced cavalier in front of him? Or did it prevent him thinking too, for a moment, with a throb of the heart, that sweet Cousin Patience, far away at home, could she but see him, might have the same opinion of him as he had himself?

Was he the worse for the thought? He was certainly not the worst for checking it the next instant with manly shame for letting such 'carnal vanities' rise in his heart, while he was 'doing the Lord's work' in the teeth of death and hell; but was there no poetry in him then? No poetry in him, five minutes after, as the

rapier swung around his head, redder and redder at every sweep. We were befooled by names. Call him Crusader instead of Round-head, and he seems at once (granting him only sincerity, which he had, and that of a right awful kind) as complete a knight-errant as ever watched and prayed, ere putting on his spurs, in fantastic Gothic chapel, beneath 'storied windows richly dight.'

Was there no poetry in him either, half an hour afterwards, as he lay bleeding across the corpse of the gallant horse, waiting for his return with the surgeon, and fumbled for the Bible in his boot, and tried to hum a psalm, and thought of Cousin Patience, and his father, and his mother and how they would hear, at least, that he had played the man in Israel that day, and resisted unto blood, striving against sin and the Man of Sin?

And was there no poetry in him, too, as he came wearied along Thoresby dyke, in the quiet Autumn eve, home to the house of his forefathers, and saw afar off the knot of tall poplars rising over the broad misty flat, and the one great abele tossing its sheets of silver in the dying gusts, and knew that they stood before his father's door? Who can tell all the pretty child-memories which flitted across his brain at that sight, and made him forget that he was a wounded cripple? There is the dyke where he and his brothers shared the great pike which stole the ducklings—how many years ago? while pretty little Patience stood by trembling, and shrieked at each snap of the brute's wide jaws; and there—down that long dark road, ruffling with crimson in the sunset breeze, he and his brother skated home in triumph with Patience when his uncle died.

What a day that was! when, in the clear, bright winter noon, they laid the gate upon the ice, and tied the beef bones under the four corners, and packed little Patience on it. How pretty she looked, though her eyes were red with weeping, as she peeped out from among the heap of blankets and horse-hides, and how merrily their long fen-runners whistled along the ice lane, between the high banks of sighing reed, as they towed home their new treasure in triumph, at a pace like a race horse's to the dear old home among the poplar trees.—And now he was going home to meet her, after a mighty victory, a deliverance from heaven, second only in his eyes to that of the Red Sea one.

Was there no poetry in his heart at that thought? Did not the glowing sun-set and the reed beds which it transfigured before him into sheets of golden flame, seem tokens that the glory of God was going before him in his path? Did not the sweet clamor of the wild fowl, gathering for one rich pean ere they sank into rest, seem to him as God's bells chiming him home in triumph, with peals sweeter and bolder than those of Lincoln or Peterborough steeple-house? Did not the very lapwing, as she tumbled, softly wailing, seem to welcome the wanderer home in the name of heaven?

Fair Patience, too, though she was a Puritan, yet did not her cheek flush, her eyes grow dim, like any other girl's, as she saw far off the red-coat, like a sliding spark of fire, coming slowly along the straight fen-bank, and fled up stairs into her chamber to pray, half that it might be, half that it might not be, he? Was there no happy storm of human tears and human laughter when he entered the court yard gate? Did not the old dog lick his Puritan hand as lovingly as if it had been a Cavalier's? Did not the lads and lasses run out shouting? Did not the old yeoman father, hug him again as heartily as other John Bull, even though the next moment he called all to kneel down and thank Him who had sent his boy home again, after bestowing on him the grace to bind Kings in chains and nobles with links of iron, and contend to death for the faith delivered to the saints?

And did not Zeal-for-Truth look about as wistfully for Patience as any other man would have done, longing to see her, yet not daring even to ask for her? And when she came down at last, was she the less lovely in his eyes, because she came, not flaunting with bare bosom, in tawdry finery, and paint, but shrouded close in coil and pinner, hiding from all the world beauty which was there still, but was meant for one alone, and that only if God willed, in God's good time?

And was there no faltering of their voices, no light in their eyes, no trembling pressure of their hands, which said more, and was more, ay, and more beautiful in the sight of Him who made them, than all Herrick's Dianemes, Walter's Sacharissas, flames, darts, posies, love-knots, anagrams, and the rest of the insincere cant of the court? What if Zeal-for-Truth had never strung two rhymes together in his life? Did not his heart go for inspiration to a loftier Helicon, when it whispered to itself, 'My love, my dove, my undefiled is but one,' than if he had filled pages with sonnets, about Venuses, and Cupids, love-sick shepherds and cruel nymphs?

And was there no poetry, true idyllic poetry, as of Longfellow's 'Evangeline' itself, in that trip round the old farm next morning; when Zeal-for-Truth, after looking over every heifer, and peeping into every sty, would needs canter down by his father's side to the horse-fen, with his arm in a sling; while the patridges whirled up before them, and the lurchers flashed like gray snakes after the hare, and the colts came winning round, with starting eyes and streaming manes, and the two chatted on in the same sober business-like English tone, alternately of 'The Lord's great dealings,' by General Cromwell, the pride of all honest fen-men, and the price of troop-horses at the next Horn-castle fair?

Poetry in those old Puritans? Why not?—They were men of like passions with ourselves. They loved, they married, they brought up children; they conquered. There was poetry

enough in them, be sure, though they acted it like men, instead of singing it like birds.—[North British Review.]

Yankee Watch Manufacture.

At Waltham, Massachusetts, on the south bank of Charles river, and ten miles from Boston, Messrs. Denison, Howard and Davis have in operation the only watch manufactory on this side of the Atlantic.

The proprietors have been five or six years in establishing themselves and their business; first in Roxbury, and then in their present less dusty and more quiet situation; and in that brief time have succeeded in perfecting machinery and educating workmen to such a degree as to make daily ten or a dozen elegant and excellent watches, worth, in silver cases, from thirty to fifty dollars each—in gold cases, double that sum.

They employ about seventy-five hands, mostly young men and young women, but their strongest hand is a steam engine, nominally 12 horse power. Each of these seventy-five pairs of hands has its own work to do, and by being exercised upon one thing for several years, have acquired a skill which would seem miraculous to the novice. The building is divided into many small apartments, and at the time of our visit, in each apartment some different part of the watch was in hand. The whole force of the establishment is now turned upon the manufacture of thirty hour watches in hunter's cases; but we saw a beautiful specimen of an eight day watch which had been manufactured there.

In the first apartment which we entered, the principal brass plates in the watch were prepared for receiving the works. The accuracy with which these plates were made was proved to us by taking a set of them at random and putting them together; they fitted with perfect accuracy, as though the members of that particular set had been made specially for each other; yet each piece would fit equally well in any other set. In other rooms we saw the cases going through their various processes. The metal was rolled into plates, cut into shapes, stamped into concave form, rough polished, pickled in acid, the parts soldered together, and newly polished with finer material, the whole put together, and then subjected to successive polishings until an exquisite luster was obtained.

We also saw the marvelous little machine by which the back of the case is adorned with its singular engraving, wherein the lines that are seen were not engraved, and the lines that were engraved are not seen except by the initiated. A series of concentric waving circles appear, for example, like a series of interesting curves, radiating from a center.

But with watches as with men, the externals are of little importance compared with the internals. We went, therefore, to another part of the building to see the operation of manufacturing the digestive apparatus, by which the daily food of muscular power communicated through the watch key, is elaborated into available form, by which the will, in shape of a main spring, under the guidance of judgment in shape of an escapement, may move the hands to useful purpose.

Here we saw the singularly ribbed pinions cut into proper lengths, turned to proper diameters in their various parts, the leaves re-cut and polished, and the whole pinion pass through successive polishings until the microscope could detect no lack of lustre. In another part of the room brass wheels were stamped out without teeth, the teeth cut by an engine, the wheel with its teeth carefully polished, and then, by a neat and effective machine, the wheel and pinion united forever.

The hands—made of silver or gold—are formed by a series of dies and punches which leaves nothing to be done by other hands but the mere polishing. The little screws used in fastening the parts together were made by beautiful and delicate machines, the perfection of human ingenuity and skill.

After a glance at the springs, and the mode in which they are braced to prevent breaking while the watch is in use, we went through the engraving room, where the brass plates of the watch are ornamented by the gravers' tool.—Thence we passed to the jewelers' room, where garnets, chrisolites, aquamarines, and sapphires are the materials, and diamonds the tools.—Stepping a little further we were shown the watches, without cases, and the brass plates not yet gilt, but real watches, going and keeping time. Further on we saw watches with all the plates splendidly gilt, but not yet clothed with a case. Finally we were shown the watch dressed in silver and gold, and ready to start on its mission in the world.—[Waltham (Mas.) Sentinel.]

THE LONGEST RIVER.—If the lower Mississippi and the Missouri be taken to be, as they properly are, one stream, then have we a river 4500 miles in length—the longest river in the world. It presents, likewise, the longest stretch of continuous river navigation; it being nearly 4000 miles from the Gulf of Mexico to the extreme limit of boating at the falls of the Missouri. The aggregate length of steam navigation upon this river and its tributaries, coursing through the great basin of the Mississippi, is estimated by Col. Long, of the Topographical Engineers, at 16,672 miles.—[Ex.]

ACQUITTAL OF THE AVENGER OF HIS SISTER.—At Washington, July 29th, the young man named Jarboe, who shot Nally, the seducer of his sister, about a month ago, was placed upon his trial on the charge of murder. The case was given to the jury, who, in fifteen minutes, returned a verdict of acquittal. On the announcement of this result the spectators expressed their joy by excessive applause, and eagerly pressed forward to congratulate the avenger of his sister's wrongs. The result has produced general rejoicing.—[Ex.]

MARRIED:

In this city, Oct. 12, 1856, by President Brigham Young, Mr. BRIGHAM Y. HAMPTON and Miss BERTHA M. KING.

There is a boon of richness rare—

To covet which is not excess—

Of this may you forever share;

The priceless boon is HAPPINESS.

In this city, Sept. 3, by Elder Richard Ballantyne, Mr. GEORGE EVANS BOURNE and Miss MARY ANN TAYLOR.

May union and love, like the stars of the sky,

Ever sparkle within you, and guide you on high.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED,

BY the Subscriber, a Peck of Potato Balls, for which I will pay \$5 upon delivery at my office. 33-1 BRIGHAM YOUNG.

ESTRAY.

CAME into my premises, about the 4th of Sept., a white heifer CALF, about 8 or 9 months old, branded S on right hip. 33-1 SARAH JOLLY, 3rd Ward.

STRAY PIG.

A Small Black-spotted PIG came to our possession on the 6th October. The owner is requested to call immediately, prove property, pay charges and take it away.—Inquire for William Moss, 16th Ward. 33-1

REMOVAL.

JOHN GREER has Removed to the Eagle Mansion, corner of State road and Emigration street, and will continue to manufacture Jeans, Plaid, Linsey, weave to order, manufacture on shares, and exchange for wool, wheat, flour, corn, potatoes, butter, &c. 33-3

NOTICE.

ALL concerned will take notice that a SPECIAL SESSION of the County Court for G. S. L. County will be held in the Council House in G. S. L. City, on Saturday the 1st day of November next, commencing at 10 a.m. 33-2 J. W. CUMMINGS, County Clerk.

STRAYED OR STOLEN,
FROM the Premises of the Subscriber (16th Ward) one dark brown PONY, branded S on the left hip, and has a brand on the left shoulder S. Whoever will give information shall be liberally rewarded. 33-3 JOHN COTTAM, 16th Ward.

LOST,

ABOUT six weeks ago, between the Weber and Kaysville, a Round Carved SILVER PLATE from the cap of a carriage wheel. Any one giving information that will lead to the recovery of the same to Chancey W. West, Ogden city, will be liberally rewarded. 33-3

Old Gold and Silver, Watches, CHAINS, &c., bought at the General Trading Store. Also every description of Home Manufactures, Wheat, Corn and Produce in general. H. J. JARVIS, Proprietor.

N.B. Home-made cloths pressed and improved 25c. per yard in value for 21-2c!! 33-1

LOST.

THE Subscriber, during his absence from his residence at Springville, Utah county, lost a pair of silver-mounted SPECTACLES, enclosed in a tin case; the end of the mountings is cut off. If the finder will return them to the subscriber, he shall receive two dollars on the delivery as a reward, and receive the thanks of (33-2) AARON JOHNSON.

J. L. HEYWOOD,

HAT, Cap and Muff Manufacturer, G. S. L. City, continues to keep on hand the choicest assortment of articles in the above branches, suitable to the wants of the people, for which he will receive in exchange all kinds of furs, grain and vegetables, &c.; fire wood, home manufactures, titling orders, Territorial, county and city scrip. 33-3m

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a petition will be presented at the Special Session of the County Court for Great Salt Lake county, to be held on Saturday the 1st day of November next, for the privilege of making a dam in Jordan river at a point between the house of George Allen and the upper end of the Robinson farm, for the purpose of taking out water to irrigate the land on the west side of the river. 33-2

TEETH! TEETH!

W. K. AITKIN, Surgeon Dentist, late from Edinburgh, Scotland, respectfully offers his professional services to those who may require them, and feels confident from his long experience and practical knowledge in every department of dental surgery, that he can give entire satisfaction to his patrons; the perfection of his instruments combined with his own skill in the use of them, guarantee almost painless operations in the most difficult cases. Artificial teeth. Children's teeth regulated, decayed teeth stopped, cleaning, &c., &c. Charges moderate. Office at Jarvis' General Trading Store. 33-2

TO CAPITALISTS & OTHERS.
To be Sold, all that truly valuable, newly erected, well and substantially built dwelling House and Store, known as

JARVIS' GENERAL TRADING STORE, situate 2 blocks west of Temple block, first rate premises and situation either for business or private residence.

Also a good FARM with house and outbuildings and all necessary farming implements complete. The above presents a rare opportunity for any gentleman possessed of the necessary means of purchase. For further particulars apply to 33-3 HENRY J. JARVIS.

HERDING.

THE undersigned have established a HERD GROUND in Rush Valley, and are prepared to take stock to herd; and we feel confident in saying that the range is equal to any in the Territory. The vast amount of Stock lost heretofore through the negligence of herdsmen, and the severity of the weather in other valleys has induced us to locate said herd ground, and enter into the business of herding for the benefit of the people—said valley having proved the best and safest range for stock the past winter there was in the Territory. And we shall hold ourselves responsible to parties for all losses through our neglect of stock placed in our charge.

The convenient location of said valley to G. S. L. City will enable us to receive stock on the 1st and 3d Mondays of each month, at the Estray Pound in said city. We will also be prepared to receive stock on Monday, 26th inst.

WILFORD WOODRUFF,

CLAUDIUS V. SPENCER,

JESSE C. LITTLE,

J. W. CUMMINGS,

R. H. PORTER.

X.B. The Company Herd Brand is on left side. 33m