

## Original Poetry.

## WOMAN.

Address before an Assembly of the  
"Polycephical Institution," in Prest.  
L. Snow's Hall, Salt Lake City.

BY E. R. SNOW.

Before this noble audience, once again  
A Lyre of Zion resumes its strain.  
Thought is a currency—Speech is design'd  
To circulate the treasures of the mind.  
When this Society convenes, this Hall  
Is a grand reservoir, supplying all:  
And constitutes an intellectual mint,  
Where words are coin'd—Ideas take their  
tint—  
Where morals, arts and sciences are taught—  
Mind prompting mind, and thought inspiring  
thought,  
When last assembled, woman's worth and  
sphere  
Were beautifully illustrated here:  
And then the thought suggested to my view,  
That woman's self might speak of woman too:  
But not for "Woman's Rights" to plead or  
claim—  
Not that, in Zion, I should blush to name.

I have apologies to offer here  
For Gentle ladies who disclaim their sphere.  
Having obtained enough of truthful light,  
To see life's strange perversions of the right;  
They seek with noble, yet misguided aim,  
Corruption and abuses to reclaim:  
But all their efforts to remove the curse  
Are only making matters worse and worse.  
They could as well unlock without a key,  
As change the tide of man's degeneracy;  
Without the holy priesthood, 'tis at most,  
Like reck'ning bills in absence of the host.

No more of this. I'll speak of woman now  
When Inspiration's pow'rs, the mind endow—  
Where rules are giv'n to renovate the earth—  
To try all textures and to prove all worth.  
And what is woman's calling? where her  
place?  
Is she destined to honor? or disgrace?

The season's gone when she could set her  
stake  
To which the will of man must bow or break—  
The time is past for her to reign alone,  
And singly make a husband's heart her throne:  
No more she stands with sovereignty con-  
fess'd,

Nor yet a play-thing, dandled and caress'd;  
Neither a dazzling butterfly or mote,  
On light, ethereal, balmy waves to float.  
Her's is a holy calling and her lot  
With consequence most highly, deeply fraught—  
"Help-meet" for man—with him she holds a  
key

Of present and eternal destiny.  
She bends from life's illusive greatness down—  
"She stoops to conquer"—serves to wear a  
crown.

Love, kindness, rectitude, with wisdom fraught  
Form woman's greatness, whoso'er her lot:  
However great, let once her aim be pow'r,  
She sinks—deceases from that hapless hour  
Aspiring brains fictitious heights create  
And seek to clothe in greatness, ere they're  
great:

All dignity is but an idlesport,  
Where goodness forms no pillar for support.

Who thro' submission, faith and constancy,  
Like ancient Sarah, gains celebrity;  
And thus obtains an honorable place;  
A high position may sustain and grace.

That there are rights and privileges too,  
To woman's sphere, and to her duties due,  
Reason and justice—truth and heav'n confirm;  
But they're not held by force nor took by  
storm.

If "rights" are right when they are rightly  
gain'd,  
"Rights" must be wrong when wrongfully ob-  
tain'd:

The putting forth a hand to take the prize  
Before we fairly win it, is unwise.

Let woman then, a course in life pursue  
To purchase man's respect, as merit's due,  
And feeling God's approval, act her part  
With noble independence in her heart;  
Nor change, nor swerve, nor shrink, whatever is;  
Though fools may scoff—impertinence may  
quiz:

Faithful, though oft in faithfulness unknown—  
With no whereon to lean, but God alone.  
Then by the laws which rule the courts above,  
She holds the charter to a husband's love,  
Which built on confidence—by virtue won,  
Will amply—will abundantly atone  
For what she feels at times, neglected now—  
Misjudged and unappreciated too.  
With chaff and tares, wheat may be buried  
low—  
Gold hid indross, where none but angels know.

Wit, youth, and beauty oft a charm impart  
Which throws a magic spell around the heart;  
But 'tis an influence ever prone to wane  
Unless the powers of worth that charm sus-  
tain,  
The jewel, confidence, is far above  
The fickle streams of earth's degen'rate love.

Nature, inviolate holds certain laws—  
There's no effect produc'd without a cause:

Integrity and faithfulness, through hard  
And patient labor, reap their own reward.  
The gains of craft will take their own light  
wings,  
And all assumptions are but short-liv'd things.

As we move forward to a perfect state  
And leave the dross degeneracies create:  
Laws of affinity will closely bind  
Heart unto heart—congenial mind to mind.

Life, order—all things are in embryo,  
And through experience God is teaching how  
To mould—to fashion to the pattern giv'n—  
To show on earth a specimen of heaven.

A calm must be preceded by a storm,  
And revolutions go before reform:  
Faith, practice, heads and hearts must all be  
tried,

To test what can and what cannot abide.  
When shakings, tossings, changings, all are  
thro'—

All things their level find—their classes too;  
A perfect government will be restor'd,  
And Truth and Holiness and God ador'd,  
But ere this renovating work is thro',  
Woman, as well as man, has much to do:  
Responsibilities, however great,  
Advancing onward will increase in weight;  
And she, that she receiving, may dispense,  
Needs wisdom, knowledge and intelligence;  
Of high refinements too, she should partake  
With rich endowments; for her offspring's  
sake.

Queen of her household—authorized to bless—  
To plant the principles of righteousness—  
To paint the guideboard that thro' life will  
tell,

And lead instinctively to heaven or hell—  
To fix the base, the fundamental part  
Of future greatness in the head and heart,  
Which constitutes the germ of what will be  
In the high courts of immortality.

What we experience here, is but a school  
Wherein the ruled will be prepar'd to rule.  
The secret and the key—the spring—the soul  
Of rule—of government, is self control.

Cloth'd with the beauties purity reflects,  
The acknowledged glory of the other sex,  
From life's crude dross and rubbish will come  
forth

By weight of character—by strength of worth,  
And thro' obedience woman will obtain,  
The power of reigning, and the right to reign.

#### ADDRESSED TO ELDER G. E. WALLACE, ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE LYDIA.

Brother Wallace! I would fain present  
The heartfelt tribute of a friend sincere  
In this your hour of bereavement sad,  
And kindly say, Mourn not that she is gone  
To mansions of delight, and blessed rest!  
The gentle tear of love 'tis right to shed,  
But let not one of bitter grief bedew  
The grave that holds thy dear departed wife.  
She was a wife in deed and truth; faithful,  
Enduring, loving to the end of life!  
And, if permitted, she will hover still  
A guardian around your life on earth.  
She was a Mother, whose sweet soul was bound  
In love's eternal bands for evermore;  
Her children were the "apple of her eye";  
Her love and her ambition centered there!  
Will she not hover round their youthful steps?  
Methinks she will, if such employment  
Is bestowed upon the enfranchised soul!  
For all in her was earnest—fond and true,  
Germs, in fruition now immortalized!  
Need I add she was a Saint in very deed?  
The virtues I describe comprise a Saint,  
And that full word embodies all the rest.  
Enough is said. But be ye comforted  
Oh! friend and brother mine!

This life is short:  
Let us prepare to follow her who's gone  
Before us just a little while. We, too,  
The debt of nature soon must pay. May we  
Like her, be ready for the change—prepared  
To meet our loved ones! Oh! extatic thought!  
The loved and lost on earth in Heaven found!  
This gives us strength to cry "Thy will be done!"

March 18, 1869.

HANNAH T. KING.

#### CATCHING SIOUX INDIAN GIRLS.

Polygamy is practiced in the tribe, but  
not extensively. A man may have as  
many wives as he can keep, but he must  
buy them. The universal price of a wife  
is a pony, or for a white man an Ameri-  
can horse. A squaw once bought be-  
comes the immediate property of the  
purchaser, but he must catch her. Men  
have bought wives and never been able  
to catch them. Most of them, however,  
are quite willing to be caught. An In-  
dian, several years ago, took a fancy to  
an officer's horse and tried in every way  
to purchase him; but the officer would  
not part with the animal. Finally, the  
Indian offered his sister, a beautiful  
girl, in exchange for the horse. Fear-  
ing he would steal or maim the animal,  
and not wishing to offend him, the offi-  
cer gave the Indian the horse, but de-  
clined to receive the girl in return. The

young lady, however, was informed  
that she was sold, and so the matter  
stood. After waiting for a long time  
for her husband to come and claim her,  
she one day, as he rode by camp, put  
herself in the way, when, seeing he took  
no notice of her, she naively asked,  
"Why don't you catch me?" The offi-  
cer, who had never seen her before,  
inquired what she meant, when she  
roundly told him she was his wife, and  
not at all pleased that he had not come  
to her. He never claimed her, but she  
was regarded by her tribe as the white  
man's squaw, and at last accounts she  
was still single and waiting for her hus-  
band.

Some of the Sioux are quite rich in  
horses, cattle and furs, and educate  
their children. I am told Spotted Tail  
has two of his daughters now at school  
in the North, and that the Misses Spot-  
ted Tail are very good looking and intel-  
ligent girls. Generally the women are  
homely, being compelled to labor hard,  
while the men do little but hunt, fish  
and make war. Now and then, how-  
ever, a handsome Sioux girl is seen, but  
almost invariably she has lice in  
her head. Cracking lice is one of the  
occupations of the Sioux women.  
If a woman's husband leaves her she  
does not lose caste, but can marry again.  
A man who leaves one wife generally  
finds it difficult to get another. If a girl  
is unfortunate, her lover must pay one,  
two, or three horses, or her friends will  
kill him. In all cases of rape the penalty  
is death.—*New York Tribune.*

#### ANTONY'S BREAKFAST TO CLEOPA- TRA.

After having partaken of Cleopatra's  
necklace, Mark Antony determined to  
devise the costliest breakfast ever given.  
After several days of gastronomical  
meditations, not having found what he  
was looking for, he summoned his cook  
to his presence, and told him that if he  
could get up a dainty breakfast for a la-  
dy, which should be composed of as few  
and as small dishes as possible, and, at  
the same time, be most costly, he would  
reward him accordingly. Several weeks  
after the cook entered Mark Antony's  
study, and told him that he was ready  
to serve the dainty breakfast asked of  
him, and that it was composed of one  
olive only. At the appointed hour the  
cook entered the dining-room, follow-  
ed by 100 men carrying the olive (in its  
artificial envelope) on their shoulders.  
They deposited it on a table made for the  
occasion, and 50 carvers were set to  
work on it. After several hours of hard  
work, the triumphant cook placed the  
olive before the Queen, who looked at it  
with amazement, still with perfect de-  
light. The olive had been prepared in  
the following way: After having been  
stoned, it was stuffed with a rich cus-  
tard then put inside of a boned canary,  
which was used to stuff an ortolan.  
The latter was placed inside of a boned  
oriole, which was used to stuff a thrush,  
which thrush stuffed a boned lark. A  
boned snipe was stuffed with the lark  
and placed inside of a robin, which was  
used to stuff a plover, and which latter  
bird filled a quail, which was then  
placed inside of a pigeon. The pigeon  
filled a woodcock, the woodcock a par-  
tridge, the latter a grouse, the grouse a  
pheasant, the pheasant a chicken, the  
chicken a guinea-fowl, which was  
placed inside of a goose; the goose filled  
a turkey, the turkey a swan, the latter  
an ostrich, which was used to stuff a  
sheep, the sheep a calf, the calf an an-  
telope, the latter a pig, the pig a deer,  
the deer a bear, the bear a heifer, the latter  
an elk, the elk an ox, the ox a hippo-  
potamus, the latter an elephant. The  
olive was then roasted in its envelope,  
which envelope was thrown away and  
the olive only served.—*Galaxy.*

#### VENICE.

Hon. Ellis Roberts, editor of the  
Utica (N. Y.) *Herald*, who has recently  
returned from a visit to Europe, gives  
the following graphic description of  
Venice:

You enter Venice with bated breath.  
Away to the left are the spurs of the  
Alps. You have passed through orch-  
ards and vineyards, luscious with the  
fig and the olive, the nectarine and the  
plum, the pear and the grape. You  
have crossed fields, every particle of  
whose soil is historic. You turn from  
all as you enter upon the bridge of  
more than two hundred arches, crossing  
the large lagoon which divides the main  
land of Italy from the object of your  
dreams. Your eyes and your ears and  
your heart are busy. A confused mass  
of roofs, of towers, just rising out of the

water; the distant peal of bells from one  
of the many churches; watermen in  
strange boats moving lazily about,  
mingle in a marvelous melody of sight  
and sound; then you pass through the  
inevitable appurtenances of a railway  
station; you try your dubious French  
upon an Italian porter; two or three  
assistants assail your baggage; you find  
yourself led to the water's brink, and  
you are seated in a gondola on the  
Grand Canal of Venice.

This water is that of the Adriatic.  
This earth is islands, upon which, hard-  
ly emerging from the sea, refugees, as  
early as 421, hid themselves from the  
incursions of the northern hordes. To  
make themselves homes they drove  
down poles into the marshy soil; the  
narrow channels leading from the  
ocean they gradually walled and fash-  
ioned into canals; their situation edu-  
cated them to seacraft. The islands  
constituted natural divisions, and the  
inhabitants of each made and executed  
their own laws. Three-score republics  
were weak for assault or defense against  
external foes. They chose a leader—a  
doge—and retained their local self-gov-  
ernment. The United Republic of  
Venice arose. The triumph of 1,300  
years of freedom are recorded in these  
proud walls, these marbles speak to  
them. This canvas gives to them an  
immortality forever new. The first  
Napoleon aroused the indignation of  
every scholar, of every lover of the fit  
and the worthy, when he refused to re-  
cognize the neutrality of the Republic,  
and let loose his eagles against it in its  
decrepitude, crushing out the remnant  
of its independence. When on May  
12, 1807, he imposed a new constitution  
upon Venice, after 1,376 years of as  
proud a record as history furnishes for  
so small a territory and so limited a  
population, the Venetian Republic per-  
ished. The Frenchman, the Italian,  
and the Austrian, have in turn domi-  
nated over her and accelerated her deca-  
dence. Now, as an appendage of the  
crown of Victor Emanuel, the rare,  
quaint city, lies listless and mute upon  
her islands, hardly alive, but like some  
mummy preserved by precious gums  
and spices, in whose skeleton and  
whose wrappings we may learn some-  
thing of what she was in the lustiness  
of her beauty and prowess.

#### SCIENCE.

Artificial ebony, now used to a con-  
siderable extent in Europe, is said to be  
prepared by taking sixty parts of sea-  
weed charcoal, obtained by treating the  
seaweed for two hours in dilute sulphur-  
ic acid; then drying and grinding it,  
and adding to it ten parts of liquid glue,  
five parts gutta-percha, and two and a  
half parts of india-rubber, the last two  
dissolved in naphtha; then adding ten  
parts of coal-tar, five parts pulverized  
sulphur, two parts pulverized alum, and  
five parts of powdered resin, and heat-  
ing the mixture to about 300 deg. Fahr.  
We thus obtain, after the mass has be-  
come cold, a material which in color,  
hardness, and capability of taking a  
polish, is equal in every respect to ebo-  
ny, and much cheaper.

An excellent indelible ink may be  
prepared by rubbing up one drachm of  
aniline black with a mixture of sixty  
drops of concentrated hydro-chloric acid  
and one and a half ounces of alcohol.  
The resulting deep blue liquid is then  
to be diluted with a hot solution of one  
and a half drachms of gum-arabic in six  
ounces of water. This ink does not cor-  
rode a steel pen, and is effected neither  
by concentrated mineral acids nor by  
strongly. If the aniline black solu-  
tion be diluted with one and a half  
ounces of shellac, dissolved in six ounces  
of alcohol, instead of with the gum wa-  
ter, an aniline black is obtained, which,  
after being applied to wood, brass, or  
leather, is remarkable for its extraor-  
dinary deep black color.

A discovery has been made by M.  
Sallet somewhat interesting, in these  
days, to gas examiners and makers.  
If any solid body be pressed upon the  
nearly colorless flame of pure hydrogen  
gas, the flame is seen to be suddenly  
colored blue. The cause of this has  
never before been explained by chem-  
ists, but M. Sallet tells us that it is caus-  
ed by the vapor of sulphur in the gas.  
As the Hydrogen is supposed to be pure,  
the question arises, whence comes the  
sulphur? According to our author, it  
comes from the reduction of sulphates  
always in suspension in the air, and  
more particularly from sulphate of sod-  
ium. Soda salts, we know, are every-  
where present in the atmosphere.—  
*American Artizan.*

Australia last year sent \$43,000,000 in  
gold to England.