

ready, to suppress the least efforts to disturb the quiet of those intellectual sanctuaries.

*That interesting gazette is being published in London, in Russian and French. It criticizes the government of Russia with the mental acumen of rue genius, and a witty sarcasm that caused its suppression even in Germany.

†Dante Alighieri was born in Florence 1265, and died 1321 at Ravenna. His most celebrated work is the *DIVINA COMMEDIA*.

Francisco Petrarca was born at Arezzo, in 1304, and died at Arquà, in 1373.

Giovanni Boccaccio, the friend of Petrarch, was born in Florence, 1313.

Silvio Pellico di Saluzzi the author of *IL MITO PRIGIONE*, and a number of odes, is noted for his participation as a *CARBONARI* in the insurrectionary movements of Lombardy in 1828. He was arrested, for some time confined in the terrible Leadon Roofs of Venice, and for eleven years passed through all the horrors of an imprisonment, at the gloomy fortress of Spielberg, in Moravia, Austria.

‡The Roman Lupericalia were feasts kept in honor of Pan and Juno, and from these Saturnalia the custom of writing Valentines is said to have sprung, other historians attribute it to St. Valentine, a martyr during the reign of the Emperor Claudius.

[For the Deseret News.

IMPORTANCE OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

"Man, know thyself," on Zion's hill was said;

"Man, know thyself," if thou' o heaven rt lead.

MANUSCRIPT POEM.

Although man is blessed with intelligence—with faculties capable of almost an endless extension, yet is he miserable and unhappy if some system is not followed whereby a classification ensues, and he has his resources more readily at hand and under his control. The efforts of the greatest genius amounts to but very little where method is not followed; for bright, erratic and wandering from one flower to another, exhausting scarcely any of their treasured sweets, it beams but for a time, like a comet, frightening rather than conciliating, and accomplishing little if any good.

Life, composed of farce and tragedy, at times with melo-dramatic sentimentality, is a study of more importance than many imagine—a study unexhausted by centuries of philosophical inquiry, every moment opening up new wonders and new sources of information. In general principles the same, yet understood differently by different philosophers—an amalgamation of selfish and generous passions—of epicurean and stoical principles—of the greatest heroism and the most abject servility—of abnegation, self-denial, and a brutal, selfish indifference—and it is properly balancing all these opposites, in giving each its proper weight without an undue influence that mistakes are made and men differ.

Men are more or less alike—the general principles of organization are similar in all, but passions and faculties may vary in intensity and vigor. Some natures are torpid and slow of comprehension, not easily roused to anger nor giving way to passions, and still less to imagination, to reflection or to thought—in fact, almost disqualified to ruminate; whilst others are burning as the tropics—as vivid in imagination and conception, and as rapid in comprehension as the others are dull; and others again range from one grade to another to both extremes, or are, perhaps, an abnormal combination of both, governed more by instinct than by reason.

But, though varying thus in intellectual and physical capacity, the same heaven actuates all, and if we thoroughly comprehend one heart, one soul, and one physical organization, we may boast somewhat of our knowledge of humanity and of the secret spring which actuates its movements. But even in this we speculate, drawing deductions from what we know and judging of things oftentimes guessed at, yet though not literally correct, it is instructive and beneficial, opening up new paths of duties and strengthening the heart by contemplation of future rewards. If we confine our creed strictly to what we really know, we certainly have left but a small field for reflection, and we cast out the major part, if not all, of the principles and hopes that create happiness.

Many confound or mistake the meaning of knowledge, classing moral or mental certainty with it, thus misapplying a term and by arbitrary compulsion putting a meaning to it contrary to fact. A man may be morally certain of the truthfulness of a proposition, but that certainty does not amount to a knowledge, though he might be willing to venture almost anything upon its truthfulness.

Self-knowledge is difficult of attainment, though to a certain degree not impossible. We are, however, too proud to submit even to a self catechizing, trying our utmost, certainly, to the contrary, to clear ourselves of fault—thus hiding what should be eradicated. We are more lenient to ourselves than we would or could be to another, and by this means we contract a species of silent falsifying subversive to candor, and undermining, by slow approaches in its effects, the structure of principle and virtue.

There are, however, some the reverse of this, and if contrition—if inward pain and almost anguished desperation could win atonement for delinquency, then would they have paid the penalty. They look upon the faults of others more leniently by reason of their own failings—instead of scorning they pity—instead of wounding by reproach they take the lesson to themselves, hoping to gain from it superior power to overcome. We are, most of us, wondrous wise in our estimation; and for one who undervalues his worth and his abilities, there are fifty that overrate them.

"Could we but see ourselves as others see us, It would from many a blunder free us."—BURNS.

It is oftener bustling mediocrity that overrates itself than real genius, which needs no puffing, no trifling with principle to raise it in the estimation of the good and the worthy, whose good will is to be desired. As the Poet says, we can seldom see our own faults and follies, but those of others are most glaring—in picking the moat from a brother's eye we pass by the beam in our own—and thus, through lack of reflection, of thought and of self-knowledge, we blunder on from day to day, perhaps to the end of our lives, without properly appreciating one single blessing we possess, or understanding a single duty we should perform.

What makes the steam engine exert such a wonderful power? It is by the concentration of parts; were the same quantities of water and of heat, instead of being concentrated or confined to a certain area, allowed to waste themselves in the surrounding atmosphere, no result would follow; so it is with the mind—it needs a concentration of energy and of talent to ever accomplish anything of importance or of value to the human family; with the lever to assist and aid ability, there is scarcely anything impossible—scarcely anything but what we can reasonably expect. Without it we may look in vain for blessings, our powers are wasted on empty nothings, and a morbid misanthropy robs us even of peace.

Self-knowledge will enable us to more readily accomplish this concentration; method will beget facility and pliability, and they in turn will obtain for us an increase of strength. Thus we see present advancement achieves or secures future pleasure, and the ability and desire to do good increasing in durability and strength, opens after triumphs to our view. Can we acquire a knowledge of ourselves? We can to a greater or lesser extent as our observing powers are acute or obtuse—as we can comprehend motives or judge actions; but even the smallest advance in this knowledge will increase our facilities and enlarge our vantage grounds.

Reason is the greatest boon we can boast, and by the proper exercise or an undue neglect, we either make or mar our future life. To mistake passion for reason—interest for exercise of judgment—selfishness for independence of character, forms an anomaly by no means uncommon, but in effect very subversive to liberal, enlightened or philosophical candor, which should guide us in our speculations and our investigations after truth. Did we rightly understand ourselves, we would wonder still more at the beneficence and power of God—wonder would be disclosed to our investigations, and we would each day lose a portion of that exclusive selfishness in which our spirits are more or less clothed, and we would be less sectional, less national in our views, and more desirous of the general good of our species.

The mystery that has shrouded the discoveries of philosophers, the speculations of moralists, is in consequence of the selfish desire for fame, which really defeats its object in striving to attain it; and in the fear of enlightening others has it buried itself and its theories, and the fame of to-day has robbed it of future existence and prolongation.

Indifference is not a virtue any more than a too forward officiousness, and the mean between the two is certainly the most beneficial and wise course to pursue, inclining somewhat to one or the other as circumstances warrant and exigencies call for.

We have heard men say, "We know ourselves sufficiently to know when we do right and when we do wrong; we comprehend our duties and we perform them to the best of our knowledge." Perhaps they do; but that man who ever, at all times, and in all places, does this, is certainly beyond the bounds of common humanity. We can comprehend desire and earnestness in the pursuit of truth, but we doubt the proficiency of those who do no wrong—whose actions are never discordant with justice.

Self-knowledge is certainly the first step towards this proficiency—when attained self-conquest will have been won, and an endless career of felicity is ours, subject to no extraneous circumstance, and liable to none of the trials of mundane life—more ennobling than the gory conquests of an Alexander, whose greatest glory was built upon the anguish and the destruction of the hopes of myriads of his fellow-creatures, whose homes he had made desolate and whose aspirations had been wilted beneath the ensanguined tide of a madman's fame.

ORION.

HEAVEN—HOW MUCH COTTON CAN I GET THERE?—A good anecdote is told of a Federal officer who had been largely engaged in cotton speculation. Falling sick, and becoming half delirious from fever, the chaplain, fearing he might die, was urging him to repentance and a preparation for Heaven. "Dear General," he said, "you will perhaps receive your marching orders soon, and you should have your armor on, ready to obey the order."

Turning over with a sigh, the General responded:

"I am always ready to act when the orders come, but how much cotton can I get there?"

The Chicago Tribune says that a considerable portion, perhaps a majority, of the prisoners at Camp Douglas, devoutly believe that Mr. Lincoln, the President, is a negro. One of them hearing this denied by a Union soldier, the other day, said that he might be mistaken, "but that if Old Abe wasn't a nigger his wife was."

MYSTERY IN MICHIGAN—"SUPER-NATURAL FIRES."

A friend in this city, but who is on a visit to Owosso, Michigan, informs us of a very singular and unaccountable affair that is now transpiring in Bush township, five miles north of Owosso.

A farmer named Stearns, residing in that town, has an adopted daughter by the name of Freeman, who is ten years of age. While this little girl was sweeping the sitting-room, about a week since, she discovered the carpet to be on fire; and the inmates, having put out the fire, undertook to learn its origin. There had been no fire built in the room that morning; no light had been carried into the room; nor could the family in any way account for the fire. In less than an hour flames were seen issuing from some rags in another room. The same day the girl's clothes caught fire, and the next morning a damp towel that Mrs. Stearns had used in wiping her face, upon being hung on a nail, commenced burning. The last occurrence took place in the presence of some twelve persons, some of whom are among the most respectable citizens in the place. Next a straw-stack near Stearns' house was consumed. At one time, when a number of persons were in the house, the falling of some heavy substance was heard in the chamber directly above their heads. Upon going up stairs, it proved to be a bag filled with books and rags, and suspended by a cord to a beam. The bag was on fire, and the string was also burning when the parties entered the room.

Mr. S. and family became so much alarmed by these movements that they left their home. When the furniture was being moved, a trunk, said not to have been opened for more than a year, was discovered to be on fire, and when opened, the flames burst forth, consuming its contents.

The family are now living in a house some three miles distant from their farm, but the mysterious torment, termed by the doubting a "humbug," by the spiritualists the "manifestation of the spirits," by the Millerites the "period of fire and brimstone," and by Dr. Tappan "the works of the devil," is bound to stick to them like a brother.

No sooner had the girl entered her new home than her clothes took fire in three different places. And now, one other family, where she has visited, are as badly tormented as is the family of Mr. Stearns.

In Owosso, as well as in the adjoining village of Cornua, the excitement is most intense. People are flocking from every direction to witness this truly wonderful mystery. Some of the most profound scholars of the State, among whom are Dr. Tappan, Chancellor of the University of Michigan, President Fairchild, of Hillsdale College, and others, have been to "see the sights," and all agree that there are hidden mysteries beyond the depth of the closest observers.

One man remarked that "the judgment of God was about to be inflicted upon the heads of His wicked people." Another says that the cause in which our army is engaged is unholy, and that this is a "fire in the rear," soon to belch forth and devastate the whole North. We suspect, however, that a good practical chemist and a skillful detective could soon unravel the mystery.—[Cleveland Herald.]

CONVERSATION IN THE GRAMMAR FAMILY.

The children of the ancient individual, English Grammar, were holding a confab one day, when their father was absent.

"Truly," said Noun, "although we are so common, no one can say we are not 'proper' in our conduct; while the Verbs are oftener 'imperfect' than 'perfect' in their ideas."

"Well," said a spruce young Verb, "you are certainly 'possessive' of some 'singular' qualities, and there is nothing so 'objective' in our characters as in yours."

"Ah," said little Conjunction, "how you love to quarrel! You would not live 'united' a single day without me and Preposition to show your relation to each other."

"Alas!" exclaimed Interjection, "what 'strong and sudden emotions' I always betray at such conversation!"

"The politeness of all of you," spoke up Adjective and Adverb, as they gazed around with an important look, "would be 'comparatively' nothing without example of such persons of 'quality,' as we are to tell you the 'time,' 'place' and 'manner' of doing things! You do not realize it, but we are a 'positive' advantage to you!"

"And who would conjecture," said little Article, "that so small a child as I could 'limit the signification' of all your haughty Nouns and Pronouns! The Participles, too, are forever telling of their 'past' actions being so 'perfect,' but we all know that all of them who are present now are very 'imperfect,' always ending in i-n-g—just as 'nothing' does."

"So you are having a warm little dispute," said old English Grammar, entering at this moment. "I think I shall lay down about thirty rules for you to obey, and with but few 'exceptions' either.—Seeing as you do, having so many advantages, of language, it is strange you should make such a poor use of them! I am sorry to see so many of you 'improper' and 'irregular,' while you are 'imperfect' also! But it always will be so; a family with the best of training will make a parent more or less trouble!"—[Boston Cultivator.]

—Why is a dog with a sore tail like a locomotive? Because he has a tender behind.

PROFESSIONAL TACT.

!A wealthy lady had a tickling in her throat, and thought that a bristle of her tooth-brush had gone down and lodged in her gullet. Her throat daily grew worse. It was badly inflamed, and she sent for the family doctor. He examined it carefully, and finally assured her that nothing was the matter—it was a mere nervous delusion, he said. Still her throat troubled her, and she became so much alarmed that she was sure she would die. A friend suggested that she should call in Dr. Jones, a young man just commencing practice. She objected at first, but finally consented. He was a person of good address and polite manners. He looked carefully at her throat, asked her several questions as to the sensation at the seat of the alarming malady, and finally stated that he thought he could relieve her. On his second visit he brought with him a delicate pair of forceps, in the teeth of which he had inserted a bristle taken from an ordinary tooth-brush. The rest can be imagined. The lady threw back her head; the forceps were introduced into her mouth; a pick—a loud scream! and 'twas all over; and the young physician, with a smiling face, was holding up to the light and inspecting with lively curiosity the extracted bristle. The patient was in raptures, immediately recovered her health and spirits, and went about everywhere sounding the praise of "her savior," as she persisted in calling the dexterous operator.

FACTS AND FICTIONS.

—At a woman's convention, a gentleman remarked that a woman was the most wicked thing in creation. "Sir," was the indignant reply of one of the ladies, "woman was made from man, and if one rib is so wicked, what must the whole body be?"

—Never run in debt, especially with shoemakers; for then you can't say your sole is your own.

—The Sierra Citizen says that Miss Sarah Sterling, the American giantess now in California, is seven years old and twenty-three feet high. Couldn't you take a few feet off that?

—The Chattanooga Rebel states that the wife of Gen. John C. Breckinridge has made a set of colors from her wedding dress, to be presented to the bravest regiment in her husband's division.

—At a young ladies' seminary, lately, during an examination in history, one of the most prominent pupils was interrogated: "Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the prompt reply, "he was excommunicated by a bull."

—The Louisville Democrat says an unconditional Union man is one who is in favor of every thing in general and nothing in particular.

—At Winchester, Virginia, it is said, whisky sells readily at forty dollars per gallon, while flour is only twenty dollars per barrel.

—Some thousands of weddings were to take place in Great Britain, on Tuesday, March 10, many of the Prince's countrymen having determined to be united in wedlock on the same date with the heir to the British throne. A very graceful compliment is implied in this innocent little superstition.

—"Gosh a' mighty, it's a gall!" I was guine to call that baby A Linkum, but dat's all up wid me now," said Pompey. "Hush up, Pompey," said Dinah, "It's got a name for dat ah baby jist means de same thing, 'zactly. It's gwine to call dat ah baby Abby Lishin." "Jist same thing, Dinah, dat's a fac'."

—In one day in Washington, recently, they had a thunder storm, sunshine, a driving snow storm, sunshine, and rain, at different times.

—A poor fellow went to hang himself, but, finding a pot of gold, went merrily home. But he who had hidden the pot went and hung himself.

—Wisdom is an ocean that has no shore; its prospect is not terminated by a horizon; its centre is everywhere, and its circumference nowhere.

—A Vicksburg army correspondent says:—"Vicksburg, like the kingdom of Heaven, must be taken by force and violence."

—Eleven barrels of whiskey sold in Atlanta, Ga., a few days ago for \$8,000, being more than \$700 a barrel.

—Blessed is the calamity that makes us humble; though so repugnant thereto is our nature in our present state, that after awhile it is to be feared a second and sharper calamity would be wanted to cure us of our pride in having become humble.

—New petroleum springs have been discovered in Canada, and on the river Platte in South America.

—To ascertain the length of the day and night, at any time of the year, double the time of sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of its setting which gives the length of the day. This is a simple method which we guess few people know.

—The Dubuque (Iowa) Times tells of a little girl in that place who went into a large drug store, and walking up to the proprietor said in a half whisper—"If a little girl hain't got no money, how much chawin gum do you give her for nothing?"