

## NOTHING IS LOST.

Where is the snow?  
 'Tis not long ago  
 It cover'd the earth with a veil of white;  
 We heard not its footsteps soft and light,  
 Yet there it was in the morning bright;  
 Now it hath vanish'd away from sight.  
 Not a trace remains  
 In fields or lanes.

Where is the frost?  
 They are gone and lost—  
 The forms of beauty it gaily made,  
 The pictures rare on windows array'd.  
 "Be silent," it said; the brook obey'd.  
 The frost-work's wild pictures all did fade;  
 At the smile of the sun  
 All was undone.

Where is the rain?  
 Pattering it came;  
 Dancing along with a merry sound,  
 A grassy bed in the fields it found;  
 Each drop came on the roof with a bound.  
 Where is the rain? It hath left the ground.  
 What good hath it done,  
 Going away so soon?

Ever, ever  
 Our best endeavor  
 Seemeth to fall like the melted snow;  
 We worked our thought wisely and slow;  
 The seed we sow—but it will not grow;  
 Our hopes, our resolves—where do they go?  
 What doth remain?  
 Memory and pain.

Nothing is lost—  
 No snow nor frost  
 That come to enrich the earth again;  
 We thank them when the rippling grain  
 Is waving over the hill and plain,  
 And the pleasant rain springs from earth  
 again.

All endeth in good—  
 Water and food.

Never despair;  
 Disappointment bear.  
 Though hope seemeth vain, be patient still;  
 Thy good intents God will fulfil,  
 Thy hand is weak; his powerful will  
 Is completing thy life-work still.

The good endeavor  
 Is lost?—ah! never.

Turkish trousers for women are coming into the fashion in Paris.

There is a good deal of bustle in a girls' school.

This is the season of the year when front door steps and seats of breeches acquire a high state of polish by mutual friction at eventide.

Mr. Hensley, of Tennessee, is seventeen years old. Mrs. Hensley is sixteen. The baby born the other day weighed twenty and one-half pounds.

Fifteen thousand dollars in gold will now buy an American lady a decent outfit to be married in and the e is no use talking about pieces going any lower.

Intelligent housemaid: "Oh, please, miss there was a young gentleman called when you was out. He didn't leave a card, miss, but I can show you where he is, 'cause there's three of his photographs in your album."

"My poem is rather lengthy," she said, and maybe you won't have room for it this week." The editor yawned and replied: "Oh, yes, we could find room for it if it was twelve times as long; our stove is a large one, you see."

The women who worked for Stewart have been supposed to be the best cared for in New York City, but this idea has since been discovered to be fallacious, since fines for every trivial shortcoming materially reduced the earnings of all Stewart's employees.

An intelligent foreigner, passing through the streets of Philadelphia, took out his note book at the end of a long walk, and made a little memorandum to the effect that "eighty-nine per centum of the population of Philadelphia are members of the powerful family of Koomstoleit."

A Roman tomb was recently opened at York, England, and enclosed in a stone coffin was found the body of a young girl, admirably preserved by the use of gum-resin, and furnished with what has been considered a modern device—a chignon. This rested upon a pyramid of pods, plants and coils, and, although many hundred years old, is a good specimen of the present fashion.

Lapland mothers are not in the habit of staying at home with their babies. The Laps are a very religious people, and take long journeys to hear their pastors. As soon as the family arrive at the little wooden church, and the reindeer are secured, the father shovels a snug little bed in the snow, and the mother wraps the baby in skins and deposits it therein. Then the father piles the snow around it, and the dog is set on guard, while the parents decorously enter the church. Often as many as thirty babies may be seen laid away in the snow about the church.

Two literary ladies lately were witnesses in a trial. One of them, upon hearing the usual questions asked, "What is your name?" and "How old are you?" turned to her companion and said: "I do not like to tell my age; not that I have any objection to its being known, but I don't want it published in all the newspapers." "Well," said the witty Mrs. —, "I will tell you how to avoid it. You have heard the objection to all hearsay evidence; tell them you don't remember when you were born, and all you know of it is by hearsay." The ruse took and the question was not pressed.

Lawyers are sometimes very particular. The other day one was waited upon by a young man who began by saying, "My father died and made a will—." "Is it possible?" I never heard of such a thing," answered the lawyer. "I thought it happened every day," said the young man; "but if there is to be any difficulty about it, I had better give you a fee to attend to the business." The fee was given, and the lawyer observed, "Oh! I think I know what you mean. You mean that your father made a will and died—yes, yes, that might be it."

## Correspondence.

Preaching in Salem and Marblehead—Lying Editors, etc.

SALEM, Mass., June 8, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

I reached Salem on the 29th ult., having been spending the previous fortnight in Laurence and Georgetown, in each of which places I obtained an opening in a small way. I design visiting those places again soon, as there are in both good prospects.

On reaching Salem, as is my custom on entering a town or city, I made the attempt to get a hall in which to hold a meeting. In other New England towns and cities, my meetings have all or nearly all been held in private houses, but in Salem I succeeded in procuring, at a low rent, a large hall, occupied by the Adventists.

The gentleman having charge of the hall is an Adventist, a free thinker, and a true gentleman, and edits the Salem Observer. He published a notice of the meeting free of charge, together with a short synopsis of the doctrines of the Latter-day Saints, as he obtained it from me during our interview. I have since done some business with him, and have loaned him, at his request, the Book of Mormon. I believe he is the first honest editor I have met with since leaving home, not wishing, however, to libel the whole fraternity, though the majority are so addicted to lying and publishing lies about the Latter-day Saints, that they deserve any title rather than of honest men. The average editor, as my experience has illustrated, would much rather give space in his paper for ten sensational lies about the "Mormons," than for one simple wholesome truth concerning that people or their doctrines. They love to read, make, print and spread lies much better than they do truth, and when justice obtains her own they will be sorely punished.

I obtained the hall for Monday evening, published the appointment in three papers, and circulated a large number of handbills, determined to do my utmost in creating an interest in the truth, by trying to induce the people to come and listen to it. By dint of all these exertions I induced a fair audience to assemble, though the hall would have accommodated twice as many. Those present listened very attentively, and at the close a group of Second Adventists gathered around me, and in answer to their questions I proceeded to read many of the prophecies in support of our views. The Adventists, as a class, are the best scriptural scholars that I have met in my labors. They place a literal construction upon the Scripture, or endeavor to, and do not believe in that vague process of "spiritualizing." The spokesman of the group was evidently puzzled to put a different construction upon the passages I read than I did myself, and finally admitted that we certainly had a great deal of Scripture in support of our views.

On the following day I went to Marblehead, four miles distant, tried to get a room in which to hold a meeting, was twice refused, but being determined to gratify a spirit of enquiry manifested by several citizens whom I met, I resolved to hold an open air meeting, preach truth and repentance to the people, and thwart the devil and his servants the priests, in their efforts to prevent my gaining access to the people. I obtained permission to hold a meeting on a vacant spot of ground, and circulated handbills, setting forth the appointment for last evening.

The spot selected for the meeting was a high, rocky point extending into and overlooking the beautiful harbor of Marblehead. It was mostly covered with grass but there were many jutting boulders and rocks, improvised as seats by the congregation, and it was, on the whole, a most beautiful and picturesque spot for a meeting, affording a fine view of the town, harbor, neighboring islands and headlands, and of several ships then passing the mouth of the harbor. A breeze from Boston to Maine.

The evening was fine, with a bracing sea breeze, and at the hour appointed for commencing services, which was just before sundown, a fair congregation had assembled, which rapidly increased as singing and prayer were proceeded with, until, by the time I had fairly com-

menced speaking, I found it very difficult to speak loudly enough for all to hear. Good order and attention were observed, and the occasion was graced by the presence of a considerable number of ladies. After talking an hour or more, Brother Thomas Proctor, of Marblehead, closed the services with a benediction, when I immediately found myself the centre of a large group of eager questioners and listeners, to whom I talked half an hour longer, answering questions, etc. On closing, by request I announced an appointment for next Sunday evening at the same hour and place.

I am stopping with a faithful brother named Charles Byard. He and Brother Thos. Proctor, of Marblehead, are firm in the faith, and both have rendered me assistance in my labors and in conducting services, which has been doubly acceptable to me, having no companion.

Salem has about 26,000 inhabitants and was, fifty years ago, one of the most important sea ports on the Atlantic coast, north of New York, even competing successfully with Boston in the West India trade. It has a splendid harbor and wharf accommodation, but has now nearly lost all prestige as a maritime city, except in respect to the fishing business, which is still carried on to some extent by Salem parties and vessels.

Marblehead is situated on a peninsula, contains about 8,000 inhabitants and like Salem, once did an extensive maritime business. Now, however, little or nothing is done by that town in this line, though a portion of the male inhabitants find employment in fishing along the coast. Boston has monopolized the maritime and to a large extent the fishing commerce once enjoyed by these two places, much to their loss and detriment.

The scenery in the vicinity of Salem and Marblehead harbors, particularly the latter, is very picturesque and beautiful, and the sea breeze makes these places healthy in the summer, but is detrimental to health in winter.

Very respectfully,  
 Your brother,  
 B. F. CUMMINGS, JR.

Revolutionary Elements in the United States.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA,  
 June 9th, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

Our country having made the most rapid development of permanency and power known to history, we have become rather habituated to pointing with pride to the results of our free institutions and of saying to the rest of the world, Behold our model Republic.

Let us not be too much lifted up in the pride of our hearts, for, looking at it in the light of its history and its present condition, it is not yet past being an experiment.

With the elements of change developed under the peculiar conditions of its early growth, with the present condition and temper of its widespread population and their increasing incongruities, the immediate future must develop great changes. Whatever minor results may be developed, the grand culmination must be either a centralization of power which will add to the sum total of the world's despotisms, or else a higher and more perfect system of free government, with a surer foundation than the present in the hearts of a people living under higher ethics, based on a purer and more practical Christianity, with divine inspiration for its chief corner-stone.

History furnishes no parallel to the age in which we live and a sequence none for the present condition of our country.

No nation of any considerable magnitude has such numerous antagonisms in the great national interests of religion, politics and finance.

When the American people were in a colonial condition, during their revolutionary struggle, and while perfecting their national government, extraneous pressure forced a compromise on these and minor questions. While these compromises were strictly adhered to the principal elements of internal agitation and revolution lay dormant and the country was safe while party politics kept within the bounds of a healthy competition in laboring for the best interests of the country, they perhaps rather stimulate activity and

growth; but when they merge into mere struggles for place and power they bring into action the baser passions of men and develop the elements of decay and dissolution in the body politic.

For some time after the adoption of the constitution the country settled down to the legitimate pursuits of life. Internal peace and prosperity established a confidence between Government and people which was not easily shaken by outside complications, and there seemed promise of security for our institutions for generations to come.

The Hartford Convention of 1815, the result of the agitation of the question of States rights, growing out of the then pending war with Great Britain, was the little cloud in the national horizon which portended future revolution. It is ominous of coming evil that this question should have been first publicly agitated in what has usually been considered the most conservative portion of the nation.

The South Carolina nullification difficulties of 1828-30, in which that state assumed to collect and disburse the revenues which legitimately belonged to the General Government, was a still more decided manifestation of revolutionary elements and indicates that the agitation of this question might become more general than sectional.

The bursting of the storm of civil war, which had been so long gathering force, may be considered the culmination of a successful effort on the part of the North to force a moral question into politics, to assume to judge from its own standpoint of the moral and religious aspect of slavery, and force the issue of that judgment on the South.

While the terrible struggle which followed preserved the form of national unity, it weakened its spirit and power, and left the question of States rights to be solved, as before, by force.

Time will probably develop the fact that the subsequent action of the general government in dictating the internal affairs of the conquered States, and in its disposal of the colored population, has done much to lay the foundation of a future contest between antagonistic elements, which may prove far more comprehensive and destructive in its results than the fiery ordeal through which the nation has recently passed.

Admitting the freeing of the southern slave population to have been a military necessity and an act of justice to the country, the necessity is not so apparent for legislating over 3,000,000 of serfs without any preparation to all the privileges of American citizenship, thus greatly increasing that lower strata of society which was already too numerous, and which is much better fitted for the use of aspiring politicians than for the performance of the duties of enlightened citizens.

Intensified party spirit has ever been characteristic of republics. With our broad domain and consequent growth of sectional interests; with a mixed population the result of foreign immigration, bringing with it a great variety of traditional ideas and customs; with a growing diversity of languages and the tendency of those speaking the same language to concentrate or become localized, and carry foreign ideas and influences into party politics; with no dominant religious principles leading social ethics; with the Christian churches so fragmentary that they are powerless to restrain the licentiousness and great immorality of the times; a bitterness is being developed in party politics, which, regardless of results, is familiarizing the masses with revolutionary ideas, and substituting a spirit of hatred for that of conciliation, and of recrimination for that of compromise.

Force has become a necessary ingredient in the national unity. When the negro was emancipated and raised to all the privileges of citizenship, in accordance with his choice as far as he had the opportunity and intelligence to express it, the political and social conditions of master and slave were measurably reversed. The former was forced into circumstances which he believed to be not only antagonistic to his interests, but, what was still worse, which he felt as keenly humiliating to his pride.

There is no affinity between this condition and republican institutions. Union and harmony have departed. There is a rupture in the body politic, which caustic applications can never heal.

JAMES A. LITTLE.

## MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

MUSIC AT THE WHITE HOUSE—IS THE NEXT PRESIDENT TO HAVE NO MUSIC?

Mr. Harrison—Hr. Chairman, I rise to oppose a feature of the amendment which the gentleman from Alabama thinks is not an important one, it being, at any rate, one to which he has paid no attention in his remarks. It is that part which strikes at the Marine Band, which proposes to abolish this band. I oppose that part of the amendment from two motives, one purely aesthetic and the other purely selfish. If I had time I would like to dwell on the first motive. I would like to tell how, in olden times at Athens, those grand people considered music one of the great educators of youth; how wise fathers regularly carried their children where they could listen to the finest music; how they thought it not only ennobled the heart and purified the soul, but through them beautified the body. I would like to descend upon the beauty of the Athenian maid, the product of music, who stood in her naked loveliness before Praxiteles, and how the shapeless mass of Parian marble burst into the Venus de Medici. I would like to dwell upon the manly beauty of the young hero who stood before Phidias, and how his image sprang from the soulless marble into the godlike Apollo Belvedere. I would like to prove that the beauty of the models for these *chefs d'œuvre* was due in a great measure to music. But, sir, I have not the time. So I will pass by this first motive, and shall confine my remarks to the other; especially as it will come home to the gentlemen on my side of the House more readily.

Mr. Chairman, for fifteen long dreary years at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue the White House has been occupied by a republican, and during the winter months, of evenings, the Marine Band has been up there at receptions, to discourse sweet music for the delectation of a republican President, and for the delectation of his friends. At every reception a republican President has stood in a room receiving his guests, and his pet republican friends in white vests and white cravats have stood behind him enjoying the dulcet tones poured forth from the silver throats of silvered instruments by twenty-four gentlemen in scarlet coats. For long years of summer Saturday afternoons, twenty-four gentlemen in scarlet coats have caused twenty-four silvered instruments on the green in front of the White House to belch forth martial music for the delectation of a republican President. On the 4th of next March, sir, there will be a democratic President in the White House. Sir, is the democratic President to have no music? (Laughter.) I have been there at a Presidential reception. I went in and saw my friends from the other side enjoying the music. I went through a crowd of republicans with one hand on my watch fob and the other on my wallet. I caught now and then the notes of the music, but I could not enjoy it. I was a stranger in a strange land, I felt that I was one too many. But next year, sir, it will be different.

Mr. Milliken—They will have their hands on their watch-fobs, then. (Laughter.)

Mr. Harrison—Very good; but we will be enjoying the music. (Laughter.) Why, sir, the other Saturday evening I was out in front of the White House among the *canaille*, the *sans-cottes*, the men and women without breeches and shoes.

Mr. Townsend, of New York—Was it a democratic meeting? (Laughter.)

Mr. Harrison—And there sat the Chief Magistrate, the republican President, with his feet on the balustrade and his Partaga in his mouth, listening to the Marine Band. His republican friends were about him. Their feet were on the balustrade of the south portico, wreaths of blue smoke curled up in balmy deliciousness from Partagas fresh from the Flowery Isle. I shook a mental fist in their mental faces and whispered to myself that every dog had his day, and I asked myself, "Shall this be ever thus?" And from deep down in my heart came a reply, "No! No! never!" I will see a democratic President in the White House. He shall receive his friends to the music of twenty-four silvered instruments, filled with the breath of twenty-