

Should the exigency require it, nothing would contribute so much to the glory of his administration, and the defeat and confusion of the disorganizing politicians of the day, as the bold and fearless exercise of this power and this discretion to the fullest extent of retrenchment and reform.

Daniel Webster on Politics.

At the seventy-seventh anniversary of the birth of Webster, in Boston, on the 18th of January last, at the Revere House, several of the most distinguished men of the nation were present. Among the many good things said and done on that occasion, was the following, told by Peter Harvey, an intimate friend of Webster. It might be advantageous to many who are now so ardently and blindly aspiring to political fame, if such would profit by the advice here given—the ingratitude of republics is proverbial:—

I will tell you an incident connected with Mr. Webster in the year 1846, during Gen. Taylor's Administration. I was in Washington at that time, living in Mr. Webster's House. It was during the recess of Congress, after the inauguration of Gen. Taylor. It was on a Sunday in June. We went to Georgetown to church. After church we drove across the bridge into Virginia. As we were riding along in Alexandria, he told the coachman to pause before a certain house with a dilapidated and broken gate.

"That house," said he, "is the house where I first came to board when a young man, a member of Congress from New Hampshire. That was the Federal headquarters. There boarded the great Federal leaders, Gov. Gore, Chief Justice Marshall and Rufus King, great men, gone to their reward. We never shall look upon their like again. I shall soon follow them; I care very little how soon." Tears came to his eyes.

I said: "Allow me to say that when you are dead and gone, the places which you have immortalized by your presence and speech, when visited by future generations, will call up reminiscences, the interest of which will be as much deeper than that connected with the reminiscences of the great men you have mentioned, as theirs are superior to your coachman."

Placing his hand upon my shoulder, he said: "That is rather a partial and friendly sort of a speech. But," said he, "I am not aware that I have posthumous fame to live. I am not so modest as to doubt that I have a reputation and fame that will live after me; but it has been hardly earned. Let me say to you, my friend, that politics is a hard road. Keep out of it. I have succeeded, but if I had my life to live over again, I should pursue my profession, and be more at peace. Those public acts of my life that have been most sincere and honest, and the most for the honor and good of the country, have been the ones that have been the most traduced. Political life is a hard one. Sell your iron, my friend, get an honest living, support your family, and let politics alone."

"I have had," said he, "many pleasing reminiscences connected with politics. If it were not so, a man could never live. If I were not conscious of having received the support of the intelligent portion of my fellow citizens, I should sink under it. I know that a large portion of the people of the United States appreciate my labors; but," said he, "it is a hard road; keep clear of it; sell your iron and let politics alone."

He then spoke of some personal matters connected with a request he had made of the Administration. "I have been traduced," said he, "and slandered, and my motives vilified, but the shaft that has sunk deepest here [laying his hand upon his breast] is the refusal of the Administration to grant the trifling request I made. They say that I had my share; but the whole thing," said he, "is too contemptible to think of. John, drive on, let us go home to dinner."

AN ANCIENT OHIO FIGHT.—Upward of a quarter of a century ago, a little affair occurred in high life, in the town of Columbus, which ought not to be allowed to pass into oblivion.

Mr. F——y was Attorney General of Ohio, and Mr. L—— was Chief Clerk in the office of the Auditor of State. The United States Court was in session, and Mr. F. improved the opportunity to explain to a company of constituents, in front of the hotel, the circumstances of a claim which had accrued to the "Sullivan heirs," in consequence of the removal of the Capital of Ohio from Franklin to Columbus. In the course of his remarks, he questioned the statements in the Auditor's books. Mr. L. at once pronounced his statement a lie.

"I can not waive rank," said Mr. F., "and fight this man."

As he proceeded to reiterate his charges, Mr. L. pronounced him, a second and a third time, a liar, when Mr. F., becoming much excited, shouted:

"My fellow citizens, I have concluded to waive the question of rank, and settle the matter at once."

So taking off his coat, he descended from the stand, and immediately received a tremendous "right-hander," which lodged him in a neighboring mud-hole. Getting up, he received a "settler," which brought him to on the same spot. A third time he came to the "scratch," when a well-directed "eye blinder," from the sub-auditor, caused him to turn a complete summersault, and lodged him once more upon his mother earth.

Turning his eyes round, under the evident impression that he had fulfilled the utmost requirements of the "code," he addressed himself to his physical superior, as follows:—

"Before rising from this position, sir, I desire to ask you a question: Do you intend to strike me if I get up?"

"Of course I do," ejaculated his excited adversary.

"Then, sir, I shall not get up."

The spectators now interfered.

[From the Mobile Tribune.]

MIRABEAU.—BY L. E. B.

PART FIRST.

Mirabeau was incomparably the greatest actor in the bloody drama of the French Revolution.—He had the impetuosity of Marat without his cruelty; the audacity and sound understanding of Danton with superior acquirements; and the enthusiasm, vanity and ambition of Robespierre without his fanaticism, cowardice and blood-thirstiness. Intrepid, quick and excitable—more successful in arousing than allaying the passions of men, he was better fitted for a popular leader than for a calm, far seeing statesman.

His ancestors were of Italian origin, and of noble blood. His father was a marquis, and he himself a count.

Very aptly has he been styled "the Demos-thenes of France," for he was peerless in the French forum. Possessing that vivacity and that nervous style so peculiar to the French, he combined with them the genius and passion of the Italians. But the general style of his oratory was decidedly French—his gesticulations, his sententious manner; his energy and impetuosity—all French, mounting up into the highest species of eloquence. It was unlike that of any other orator of modern times. It was emphatically *suigeneris*.

He was not the ready debater that Clay was, nor did he possess the grandeur and impressiveness of Webster; but he united the dashing, headlong style of the former with the force and terseness of the latter.

His eloquence did not consist of high sounding words and lofty epithets; it was not that tinsel kind which, as Walpolesaid of Pitt, "disturbs the imagination for a moment, but which leaves no lasting impression on the mind"—it was the expression of brilliant conceptions, distilled in the alembic of reason, and filtered through the flowers of a glowing fancy; it was the river of thought, dashing along, sweeping all before it.—He had the advantages of a fine education, and his mind, like a well stored promptuary, was filled with varied and extensive information.—He always took the lead.

His *soi disant* manner bore down all opposition.

He appears to have been very familiar with the orators of Greece and Rome, and his speeches abound with quotations and illustrations drawn from the history of those States.

When driven from the convocation of the nobility of Provence (his native county) by an overwhelming majority, he warned them against falling into the error of the Roman patricians in their treatment of the Gacchi and compared himself to "Marius, not so illustrious for exterminating the Gimbri as for overthrowing the Roman aristocracy."

"Lafayette," said he, "has an army, but my head is also a power." In an interview with Marie Antoinette in the gardens of St. Cloud, which terminated in an engagement of his services in support of the monarchy, he said to the Queen, as he was about to take leave of her—"Madame, the monarchy is saved." But the "Pebelian Court," as he was styled, might be pardoned this vanity of his intellectual powers, for it was all that he had to be vain of, save his nobility.

He was hideously ugly. His face resembled more that of an animal of the feline species than that of a human being. Sallow complexion; thick, bushy hair; twisted mouth; pitted cheeks; beetle browsed—the very embodiment of ugliness. Notwithstanding, he was a consummate gallant. Like most Frenchmen, he had an eye for the beautiful, and his esthetic emotions were easily aroused.

But his ugliness faded away before the intensity of the halo of light which his eloquence threw around him.

It was not until about the commencement of the Revolution that Mirabeau gave evidence of that splendid genius which entitled him to a prominent place in history. He was then about forty years of age.

Previous to that time he had achieved nothing but what would have consigned his name to infamy.

He had in early youth acquired some little glory for his bravery as a soldier, but that was dimmed by the licentiousness and immoralities in which he was plunged. At eighteen he fell in love, and determined to marry the object of his affections; but the plans of the precocious count were destroyed by the intervention of his father, who caused him to be confined for one year in the fortress of the Isle of Rhe.

After serving in the war between France and Corsica, he returned home and was reconciled to his father.

A few years after he married a rich heiress, but did not long enjoy the happiness of married life.

His appetite for pleasure, and his indulgence in every species of debauchery, entailed expenses far beyond his means. His friends endeavored to save him from bankruptcy, but neither their exertions, nor those of his relations, were of any avail; and his recklessness and utter disregard of pecuniary obligations were such that his father caused him to be exiled by order of the King. His wife, about this time, separated from him.

Subsequently, he was confined in the Castle d'If, whence, in consequence of a love scrape, he removed to that of Ionx.

His next act was an escape from prison and an elopement with a young married woman—Sophie, wife of M. de Mourin, a distinguished nobleman. They fled to Amsterdam, were detected and brought back to France. She was sent to a convent and he confined in the tower of Vincennes. He never saw his Sophie after this. On the death of her husband, de Mourin, she was permitted to return to her relations. A few years after, she accepted an offer of mar-

riage, but jealousy, excited by the conduct of her lover, caused her to revenge herself *a tu mode Francaise*—to commit suicide by inhaling charcoal vapors.

The sufferings of Mirabeau during the three years of his confinement in the tower of Vincennes are said to have been very severe. He passed his time there in writing, obtaining paper by tearing the blank leaves from the books that were loaned him. So dark was his cell that he was unable to distinguish what he wrote. Sometimes he would compose for hours with closed eyes, from fear of becoming blind from the strain to which they were subjected, and then commit his thoughts to the scraps of paper in characters so small as to be scarcely legible; yet, with all these difficulties, he wrote volumes. His release was effected through the influence of his wife, whom he pitiably implored to interpose in his behalf. The conditions to which she compelled him to submit were that he should keep at a proper distance and not trouble her with apprehensions of his visits. No sooner, however, had he quit his prison bounds than he resorted to law to regain his wife, and with her the possession of her fortune. He pleaded his cause himself.

Notwithstanding his eloquence and his elaborate declamation about the marriage institution, its social effects, its sacredness, the domestic relation of husband and wife, &c., this Protean lover—who had scandalized his own wife and eloped with another; who had charged his wife with infidelity and was at the same time involved in numberless love-scrapes; whose "Sophie" was yet fresh in his memory and he just escaped the heavy penalty, by compromise, which was inflicted on him for his illicit connection with her—of course failed to obtain a judgment in his favor.

Thus did Mirabeau pass the greater portion of his life—in the indulgence of every passion when at liberty, and while in prison in writing books of the most licentious character.

After his release in 1780, he composed several historical and political essays, which attracted the attention of some of the greatest statesmen of France, and having served as a spy for the French Government at the Court of Berlin, with marked success, returned to France and commenced a furious warfare upon Necker, the able financial Minister of Louis XVI, demanding, in strong terms, a reformation in the affairs of the nation.

Then commenced his brilliant career, and then, like the sun bursting forth from the lowering clouds with increased effulgence, he emerged from the comparative obscurity which had enveloped him, beaming with gorgeous magnificence, and the world was dazzled by the contrast which seemed to impart a new lustre to the splendor of his native genius.

Mirabeau had been subjected all his life to despotism, and now he had enlisted his powers in the work of overthrowing it.

Liberty struck the brow of oppression, and the champion of equal rights sprung forth armed for the mighty contest.

A Terrific Cavern.

Mr. J. W. ATKINSON, an English scholar and traveler, recently described, in a lecture, a fearful cavern, with which he met in the course of his travels.

While traveling along the steppe, near the foot of the Altai Mountains, in Asia, he said he came to the brink of one of the dry river beds frequently found in those regions. This was the evident trace of the sudden eruption of a mountain lake, by a fearful earthquake, at some period. Traveling along the bed of the stream, he came to a deep valley, about 15 miles long and 4 miles wide, surrounded by mountains, varying from 5,000 to 7,000 feet in height. That this had been a deep mountain lake, was proved, beyond all doubt, by the sand and shells spread over its bed.

"I also found," continued Mr. Atkinson, "the water line on the cliffs, showing that the depth was five hundred feet. Nearly opposite to the gorge by which we had entered, there was another in the mountains to the north. On reaching it I found this was also a deep and narrow ravine, and no doubt formed by the earthquake; through this the water had rushed, draining the lake, and had formed the great watercourse on the plain.

We shortly entered the chasm, which I found was about 120 yards wide, covered with fallen rocks, among which a torrent was foaming with great fury. Our way was a rough and dangerous one; sometimes several hundred feet above the stream, and then descending nearly to the level of the water. At last we reached a spot beyond which, to all appearance we could not proceed. We were now a little above the torrent, which was hidden from our view, and close in front of us the rocks rose up like a wall to an enormous height. A loud roaring of the water was heard, which induced me to suppose it was rolling over a deep fall. The old guide told me it was Shaitan's Cavern, swallowing up the river.

The mouth of the cavern was formed by a rugged arch, about 50 feet wide and 70 feet high. The river entered this opening by a channel cut into the solid rock; it was about 30 feet wide and 10 feet deep. A ledge of rocks, about 12 feet wide, formed a terrace along the edge of the stream, and just above the level of the water. When my astonishment had somewhat subsided, I prepared to explore the cavern, by placing my packet of baggage and my rifle on a rock, and the two Cossacks followed my example. The guide watched these movements with great interest, but when he beheld us enter the cavern, he was horrified.

Having proceeded about 20 paces, the noise caused by the falling water was fearful, and a cold chilling blast met us. From this point the cavern extended both in width and height, but I could form no idea of its dimensions. We

cautiously groped our way on in the gloom for about eighty yards from the entrance, when we could see the river bound into a terrific abyss—"black Erebus," while some white vapor came wreathing up, giving the spot a most supernatural appearance.

Few persons could stand on the brink of this gulf without a shudder; the roaring of the water was dreadful as it echoed in the lofty dome. It was impossible to hear a word spoken, nor could this scene be contemplated long—there was something too fearful for the strongest nerves, when trying to peer into these horrible depths. We turned away, and looked towards the entrance; for a distance the sides and arch were lighted up, but the great space and vast dome were lost in darkness.

We present to the people the Deseret Alphabet, but have not adopted any rules to bind the taste, judgment or preference of any. Such as it is you have it, and we are sanguine that the more it is practised and the more intimately the people become acquainted with it, the more useful and beneficial it will appear.

The characters are designed to represent the sounds for which they stand, and are so used. Where one stands alone, the name of the character or letter is the word, it being the only sound heard. We make no classification into vowels, consonants, &c., considering that to be of little or no consequence; the student is therefore at liberty to deem all the characters vowels, or consonants, or starters, or stoppers, or whatever else he pleases.

In the orthography of the published examples, Webster's pronunciation will be generally followed, though it will be varied from when general usage demands. All words having the same pronunciation will be spelled alike, and the reader will have to depend upon the context for the meaning of such words.

Since the arrival of the matrices, &c., for casting the Deseret Alphabet, it has been determined to adopt another character to represent the sound of EW, but until we are prepared to cast that character, the characters *ew* will be used to represent the sound of EW in NEW. The characters *ew* are sounded as AI in HAIR, for which one character will also be used, so soon as it can be procured.

DESERET ALPHABET.

Long	Short	φ	h	L	eth
θ	o	+	7	p	8 the
3	a	Δ	g	b	8 s
θ	ah	Δ	7	t	6 z
θ	au	Δ	g	d	p esh
o	o	r	c	che	s zhe
o	oo	q	g	4	ur
Δ	i	o	k	l	l
θ	ow	o	ga	7	m
u	woo	p	f	4	n
φ	ye	e	v	u	eng

21249 8264L C7724.

11. 7p φ 824 804u 86L 40 48

70 848 898 8478 7470 φ494
C48444, 48 77C 704 82L φ494
88844 447C 46 42 4264 848 898
L486 70 827 827 880 447?

12. 8244404 86 L486 4477-
802644 4478 827 24 898 8070
φ494, 80 φ 864 80 70 827; 404
848 46 848 448 8 744φ494.

13. 44774 φ 44 77 8 84437
837; 404 448 46 8 837, 448
8408 46 8 43, 827 488L 70
828444084, 448 244 8244 8
447C 80 44 82444;

14. 82006, 84437 46 8 837,
448 4440 46 8 43, 447C 488L
7470 448, 448 449 8244 8 827
4444 77.

15. 447744 46 4048 744φ-
498, 447C 827 70 φ49 44 8078
820844, 827 447444 83 84
438444 44766.

16. φ 82L 40 827 82 8244
444944; 80 24 8244 84378 46
L0446, 84 4486 46 L486?

17. 864 80 2644 898 748
84444L 404L 898 44494; 827 3
844777 748 84444L 404L 86L
44494.

18. 3 898 748 84444 8444
404L 86L 44494, 44844 844 3
844777 748 8444 404L 898
44494.

19. 2644 748 827 84444L 447
404L 898 44494 46 4444 884,
448 8087 4470 8 444.

20. 44744404, 824444 44498
φ 82L 40 827.