

NEVER GIVE UP.

NEVER give up.—It is wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair;
Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.
Never give up, or the burden may sink you,
Providence kindly has mingled the cup;
And in all trials and troubles bethink you
The watchword of life must be "Never give up."
Never give up—there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful, a hundred to one;
And through the chaos High Wisdom arranges
Ever success, if you'll only hope on.
Never give up, for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup;
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword "Never give up."
Never give up, though the grapeshot may rattle,
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst;
Stand like a rock, and the storm and the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.
Never give up, though adversity presses,
Providence wisely will mingle the cup;
And the best counsel in all your distresses
Is the stout watchword "Never give up."

GREAT SALT LAKE, THE REMNANT OF A YAST INLAND SEA.—At our feet, and on each side, lay the waters of the Great Salt Lake, which we had so long and so ardently desired to see. They were clear and calm, and stretched far to the south and west. Directly before us, and distant only a few miles, an island rose from 800 to 1,000 feet in height, while in the distance other and larger ones shot up from the bosom of the waters, their summits appearing to reach the clouds. On the west appeared several dark spots, resembling other islands; but the dreamy haze hovering over this still and solitary sea threw this dim, uncertain veil over the more distant features of the landscape, preventing the eye from discerning any one object with distinctness, while it half revealed the whole, leaving ample scope for the imagination of the beholder. The stillness of the grave seemed to pervade both air and water; and, excepting here and there a solitary wild duck floating motionless on the bosom of the lake, not a living thing was to be seen.

The night proved perfectly serene, and a young moon shed its tremulous light upon a sea of profound unbroken silence. I was surprised to find, although so near a body of the saltiest water, none of that feeling of invigorating freshness which is always experienced when in the vicinity of the ocean. The bleak and naked shores, without a single tree to relieve the eye, presented a scene so different from what I had pictured in my imagination of the beauties of this far-famed spot, that my disappointment was extreme.

Upon the slope of a ridge connected with this plain, thirteen distinct successive benches or water marks, were counted, which had evidently, at one time, been washed by the lake, and must have been the result of its action continued for some time at each level. The highest of these is now about two hundred feet above the valley, which has itself been left by the lake, owing probably to gradual elevation occasioned by subterranean causes. If this supposition be correct, and all appearances conspire to support it—there must have been here at some former period a vast inland sea, extending for hundreds of miles; and the isolated mountains which now tower above the flats, forming its western and south-western shores, were doubtless huge islands, similar to those which now rise from the diminished waters of the lake.—*Stansbury's Expedition.*

A COMFORTABLE ESTABLISHMENT.—A correspondent of the *New York Independent* thus describes the domain of the Duke of Devonshire:—"The domain of the Duke of Devonshire would cover one of our largest counties. The park immediately surrounding the palace is eleven miles in circumference, and contains 3000 acres. The principal garden for vegetables, fruits, green-houses, etc., is twenty-five acres. There are thirty green houses, each from fifty to seventy-five feet long. We went into three or four containing nothing but pine apples, ripe; others contain nothing but melons and cucumbers. One peach tree on the glass wall measured fifty-one feet in width and fifteen feet high, and bears one thousand peaches. It is the largest in the world. The grape houses—five or six in all—are six hundred feet long, and such grapes! We saw pine apples weighing ten or fifteen pounds each. One green house had only figs, another only mushrooms. But what shall be said of the great conservatory, filled with every variety of tropical plants? It is one of the wonders of the world. It covers an acre of ground, is 100 feet high, of oval shape, and cost \$500,000. It is heated by steam and hot water pipes, which in all are six miles in length. The apparatus consumes 600 tons of coal in a year. We saw banana trees twenty feet high, with clusters of fruits, sugar cane, coffee trees, bamboo, and in short, every tropical plant that can be named. Several of the palm trees are from fifty to sixty feet high. The smoke of the immense fire underneath is carried in pipes under ground to an outlet in the woods. The coal is brought in a tunnel 600 yards under ground. One fountain throws a jet of water to the height of 275 feet."

"Where are you driving the pig, Paddy?"
"To Limerick, your honor."
"Limerick! This is the Cork road."
"Hush! Speak low. I'm only pretending. If it knew I was wanting it to Cork, it would take the Limerick road."

THE HOLY GATE.—There is one gate to the Kremlin, in Moscow, called the Spass Verota, or the Gate of the Redeemer. On going through this gate, if the thermometer were thirty degrees below zero, the Emperor would be compelled to take off his hat and keep it off all the way. No one is allowed to go through covered, and dogs are not permitted to pass at all. It is sacred on account of a picture of the Savior which hangs above it, and which is said to have worked miracles to save the gate. Many times, when the Tartars attacked the city, miraculous clouds obscured the entrance from them, while the believers were safe within. In 1812 the French tried to mount up to the picture to obtain the gold from it, but the ladder broke in the middle. Enraged at the failure, they attempted to batter it down with a cannon, but the cannon would not go off; so they built a fire over the vent, but the cannon burst into pieces and the French were killed right and left. If one attempts to pass this gate covered, he hears the sentry cry, "The hat! the hat! father!" and should he persist the interior of a Russian guard-house would be the first interior his eyes would rest upon.

A TENDER PASSION OUT-FATTED!—A new and amusing cure for love has lately been found effective in a fashionable Parisian faubourg. The son of a wealthy nobleman became enamored of his father's concierge, (door-keeper) and determined to marry her. The aristocratic papa opposed; but moved, at last, by the despair of his son, he gave his consent, with the proviso that the smitten youth should go to sea twelve months before the marriage. Shortly after his departure, the father who had previously observed a tendency to *embonpoint* in the young intended, took her under his especial charge, gave her every kind of the most nourishing and succulent food and good wines, forbade her to take exercise, as unbecoming in his future daughter, and, in fact, staid her to such an extent that when the enamored swain returned from his year's voyage, he was horrified to find, instead of the slender, elegant girl he left, an immensely fat woman, as big as two Albonis rolled into one. Of course, the ruse was successful, and the unfortunate victim of good cheer has been pensioned off.

A PULPIT ALTERNATIVE.—The *Atlantic Monthly* says: A young minister who had made himself conspicuous for a severe and denunciatory style of preaching, came to him one day to inquire why he did not have more success. "Why, man," said the doctor, "can't you take a lesson of the fisherman? How do you go to work if you want to catch a trout? You get a little hook and a fine line, you bait it carefully, and throw it in as gently as possible, and then you sit and wait and humor your fish till you can get him ashore. Now you get a great cod hook and rope line, and thrash it into the water, and bawl out, 'Bite or be damned!'"

REMARKABLE PETRIFICATIONS IN CALIFORNIA.—A correspondent residing at Forest City, California, engaged in the mining business, writes us as follows:—"I am located in a mining district where the mining is mostly done by the 'bed rock tunnels.' Many of them are from three to four thousand feet under the mountains, and they have to be worked through the bed rock from ten to fifteen hundred feet before they get through, when they come to and work the channel of an ancient river. I have been in them three thousand feet under ground. In them I saw any quantity of flood wood and some large logs and trees, many of them several feet in diameter, and a portion of them petrified and become like stone. Some of the wood remains almost in a perfect state of preservation. I found a petrified lizard in one of them, some of the wood adhering to him. It is a splendid thing. It had become very much like a sulphuret of iron, a mineral resembling gold. It is about six inches long, and a great curiosity. It is very heavy, or I would send it to you. I will enclose some specimens of the same nature, so you can see them."—*[New York paper.]*

ASSAGY-THROWING.—The assagy is a formidable weapon in the hands of a Kaffir; it is a light spear about five or six feet long; an iron blade, of nearly two feet in length, is fixed in the wood while the iron is red hot, and the socket is then incased with the fresh sinews of some animal, which hold all firmly together as they contract. When preparing to throw the assagy, the Kaffir holds it about an inch on the wood end of the balance; the back of the hand down, the first finger and thumb grasping, and all the other fingers resting on the wood. He continues jerking the assagy about, to give it the quivering motion that renders it difficult to avoid; while he occasionally pretends to throw it, to put the man aimed at off his guard. All this time he continues jumping about, rushing from side to side, but getting gradually nearer. Having generally five assagies, he launches them, one after the other, with great rapidity and certain aim, and with sufficient force to drive the iron through a man when thrown from fifty to eighty yards' distance, while some experts can throw them a hundred yards. An assagy may be dodged when it comes singly, and is seen, but a Kaffir prefers throwing when your back is turned, and generally sends a shower of them. Fortunately, the Kaffir nations consider that to poison spears is despicable. When an assagy is quivering in the hand of a Kaffir, it appears to be alive: the quivering motion given to it just before casting continues to affect it during its aerial course.—*[Sporting Scenes amongst the Kaffirs of South Africa. By Captain A. W. Drayson, R.A.]*

REVENGE.—The noblest revenge we can take upon our enemies, is to do them a kindness, for to return malice for malice, and injury for injury, will afford but a temporary gratification to our evil passions, and our enemies will only be rendered the more bitter against us. But, to take the first opportunity of showing them how superior we are to them, by doing them a kindness, or by rendering them a service, the sting of reproach will enter deeply into their souls; and, while unto us, it will be a noble retaliation, our triumph will not unfrequently be rendered complete, not only by blotting out the malice that had otherwise stood against us, but by bringing repentant hearts to offer themselves at the shrine of friendship.

OWNING UP.—Deacon M. was an honest old codger, a kind, obliging neighbor, and a good church-going Christian, believing in his creed to the fullest extent, but alackaday! this pillar of the church was at times a little "shaky"—in fact, the deacon would get exceedingly "mellow;" and almost every Sunday at dinner, he would indulge in his favorite cider-brandy to such an extent that it was with some little difficulty that he reached his pew, which was in the broad aisle near the pulpit, and between the minister's and the village Squire's. One Sunday morning the parson told his flock that he would preach a sermon to them in the afternoon touching many glaring sins that he grieved to see so conspicuous among them, and that he hoped they would listen attentively and not flinch if he should happen to be severe. The afternoon came, and the house was full; everybody turned out to hear their neighbors "dressed down" by the minister, who, after well opening his sermon, commenced upon the transgressors in a loud voice with the question: "Where is the drunkard?"

A solemn pause succeeded this inquiry, when rose Deacon M., with his face radiant from copious draughts of his favorite drink at his noontide meal, and steadying himself as well as he could by the pew rail, looked up to the parson and replied in a piping and tremulous voice, "Here I am!"

Of course a consternation among the congregation was the result of the honest deacon's response; however, the parson went on with his remarks as he had written them, commenting upon the drunkard and winding up by warning him to forsake at once such evil habits, if he would seek salvation and flee the coming wrath. The deacon then made a bow and seated himself.

"And now," out spoke the preacher-man in his loudest tones, "where is the hypocrite?"

A pause, but no one responded. Eyes were turned upon this and that man; but the most glances seemed to be directed to the Squire's pew, and indeed the parson seemed to squint hard in that direction. The deacon saw where the shaft was levelled or where it should be aimed, and rising once more, leaned over the pew rail to the Squire, whom he tapped on the shoulder, and thus addressed: "Come, Squire, why don't you get up? I did when he called on me!"

SURVEY OF THE BRITISH AMERICAN FRONTIER.—An expedition to survey the Oregon boundary of the British possessions from Vancouver's Island to Lake Ontario, across the Rocky Mountains, has been organized, and will sail on the 1st of next month for their destination, via Chagres, and across the Isthmus of Panama, thence by steam to the Gulf of Georgia, where the expedition will commence its labors by tracing the 49th degree of north latitude. The force consists of Lieutenant Colonel Hawkins, R. E., chief commissioner; Captain Haig, R. A., chief assistant; and 65 non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers, who are surveyors, topographers, photographers, &c.; and 30 Hudson Bay axemen. The expedition will probably require from three to four years to perform their laborious and arduous services.—*London Morning Herald.*

GERMAN MANNERS.—The English race, root and branch, are, what with their natural shyness, their conventional reserves, and their radical uncourteousness, cold and repelling. The politeness of the French is conventional. It seems in part the result of their sense of personal grace, and in part of a selfish calculation of doubt, it is the spontaneous effect of a vivacious nature. There is a deep-seated humanity in the courtesy of the Germans. They seem to be feeling a gentle pressure from the cord that interlaces them with their species. They do not wait, as Schiller says, till you "freely invite" to "friendly stretch you a hand," but the hand is stretched out and the kind deed ready to follow it. This suavity is not limited to any rank or condition. It extends all the way down from the prince to the poorest peasant. Some of our party driving out in a hackney coach yesterday, met some German ladies in a coach with four horses, postilions, footmen in livery, and other marks of rank and wealth. What would Americans have done in a similar position? Probably looked away and seemed unconscious. And English ladies would have done the same, or, as I have seen them in Hyde-park, have leaned back in their carriages, and stared with an air of mingled indifference and insolence thro' their eye-glasses, as if their inferiors in condition could bear to be stared at. The German ladies bowed most courteously to the humble stranger in the hackney coach.—*[Letters from Abroad.]*

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PERSEVERANCE AND OBSTINACY.—The first is a strong will; the second a strong won't.

RUSSIAN LEATHER.—None of the European or American artisans in leather have yet been able to produce an article equal in quality to that which is sent forth from the Russian workshops. Its power of resisting decay in damp situations, and its freedom from the attacks of insects and fungi, are remarkable. It is prepared by tanning the skins of calves, sheep, and goats with a warm decoction of willow bark; the red dye is communicated by a decoction of red sanders wood, and afterwards applying, by a kind of currying process, an empyreumatic oil obtained by distillation from the bark of the birch tree, which gives it its agreeable odor. The hair is said to be loosened by a weak wood-ash lye, of which the active principle is carbonate of potash. The process of manipulation, as carried on in Russia, produces an inferior quality when practiced in other countries.—*[Scientific American.]*

DISCOVERY IN ELECTRICITY.—Dr. C. G. Page, of Washington, has discovered that positive electricity will extinguish the flame of a lamp, and negative electricity will increase it. When the flame of about two inches high is charged positively from a powerful machine, it is rapidly shortened to total extinction. When the flame is charged negatively it is immediately enlarged, a portion of it being impelled down around the wick tube for the distance of an inch, and a portion also elongated above. This discovery, it is thought, may serve to throw some light upon the many unsolved caprices of lightning.

AN EMPIRE AT THE NORTH.—An effort is making to unite the British American Colonies in one grand confederacy, contemplating ultimately an independent government. A conference with the Imperial Government has been had on the subject, and the reply was that Her Majesty would be ruled entirely by the wishes of the colonies themselves on this subject, and in pursuance of this intimation, Nova Scotia has opened negotiations with the other Provinces. The territory embraced in this contemplated confederacy is nearly three millions of square miles, and the population nearly three millions. This is good foundation for another empire.

SELF CULTURE.—It is our business carefully to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the utmost vigor and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots as not to forget we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendships, and to incur enmities. To model our principles to our duties and situation. To be fully persuaded that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious; and rather to run the risk of falling in faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy than to loiter out our days without blame and without use. He trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy. **BURKE.**

RAILROAD IN TURKEY.—The first railway in Turkey, that from Smyrna to Aidin, which will be about seventy miles in length, and which will open out the rich plateau of Asia Minor, has been begun under what appears to be very favorable auspices, considering the novelty of the undertaking and the various problems which had to be practically solved. The Turkish Government and the local authorities have shown the best disposition to promote the work and to prevent extortionate demands for the requisite land.

THE STRASBURG CLOCK.—Galignani says: "The famous astronomical clock of the cathedral of Strasburg reproduced, by means of its machinery, with perfect accuracy, the various phases of the recent eclipse of the sun. This clock, as is known, in addition to declaring the time, presents the heavenly bodies and their movements."

Troubles are like babies, they grow bigger by nursing.

MARRIED:

* At Spanish Fork City, on the 20th of May last, by Bishop John L. Butler, Mr. GEORGE H. GEN and Miss CHRISTINE STEWARD.

Also, at the same place, by the same, on the 25th of May last, Mr. ADOLPHUS BABCOCK and Mrs. HANNAH GOODWORTH.

NEW STORE AT PROVO.

HAVING purchased the large and well selected stock of GOODS formerly owned by Wm. H. Hooper & Co. and Levi Stewart, I am now opening at Provo in the commodious building known as Stewart's old stand, a quantity of dry goods, consisting partly of Jaconet, Swiss mull muslin, plain and figured lawns, nets, blacks, blue and green broad cloth, vestings, hosiery and notions; ready made coats and vests; a large and splendid assortment of hardware, saddlery and cutlery, hay forks, chisels and augurs.

School Books; say McGuffey's, Town's and Parker's series; 2nd, 3d, 4th and 5th Readers, geographies, grammars and arithmetics.

I would call the attention of the public to our large stock of hats, men's shoes and boots, ladies' booties, shoes and slippers, also misses'.

In fact, to enumerate all would be tedious. All of the above will be sold at G. S. Lake prices. Terms, cash or cattle.

No trouble to show goods. Call and see and judge for yourselves. **E. D. WOOLLEY.**

Provo City, 12th May, 1855. 11-6

WOOL CARDING.

THE Subscribers wish to inform the Public that they have procured a new Carding Machine, which will be in operation by the 15th inst., and they trust by doing good work and being accommodating that they will receive a liberal share of public patronage, as the machine is not inferior to any in the Territory.

W. S. SNOW,

GEORGE FRACOCK.

Mail, May 6th, 1855.—10-2m