

## PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

The Prophet stood beside the sea,  
Looked calmly to the sky;  
Our God in need we call to Thee,  
Make Israel's pathway dry!

He smote the waters with his hand,  
The waves recoiled back at his command,  
The foam-wreaths curled from the wet sand  
Flung back on either side.

The surges piled a mountain high,  
Two icy glaciers, still and white,  
Leaned proudly where the morning light  
Showed Israel's pathway dried.

The pillow of the wave left bare,  
Disclosed what years had garnered there;  
To wake the deep sea grottoes fair,  
Bright shells and shining sand,

Lay, glittering on the summer ray,  
Whose braided glory wreathed the day,  
And lit the pulseless tide that lay  
Piled backward from the strand.

That startled people lifted one  
Quick, wondering glance towards the sun,  
Then looked upon the sea;

They only felt that God had spoken,  
The tie of vassalage was broken,  
And Israel was free!

The Prophet whispers, "Come!"—they go,  
Men with time-whitened hair,  
Matrons, bright youths and timid girls,  
And little children fair;

They hasten thro' that parted tide,  
Haste to the farther shore;  
As tho' they knew the chilled depth sighed  
Impatiently to roar.

And Pharaoh too has dared to come  
Thro' those plowed waters, chained and dumb,  
That ocean thoroughfare;

What, though the cloud above his head  
Breathed thunder whisperings low?

What though the lightning, fiery red,  
Flashed forth at times, as though it said,  
"Man dares not to go?"

What though he felt the firm earth shake,  
And saw the hills with terror quake?

He dares to follow there.

The steed leaps shuddering on the path,  
Urged by his rider's spur of wrath;

Proud plumes are tossed, where frozen spray  
Hangs white and feathery o'er their way;

Those rippled waters lean!  
But Pharaoh's hand is on his sword,

His haughty lip its breath has poured,  
"There's room to pass between!"

Haste, Israel! haste!—they reach the strand,  
The Prophet turns and waves his hand,—

A quick-drawn, shuddering breath—  
A deafening sound as though the sky

Had flung its thunders from on high.  
In one wild shriek of death!

And then the sea lay calm and still,  
As though its heart recalled no thrill

Of the wild tumult past;  
And the low murmers of the wave,

Was sweet as though it held no grudge  
Within its bosom fast.

There is a solemn hush of prayer  
Where Israel bows the knee;

The glance of God beholds them there,  
The ransom and the free.

Then from a people's heart upsprings  
The hymn of praise that Mariah sings:

"Tyrant and slave,  
Under the wave

Rest on the same cold pillow;  
The Lord looked down,  
His smile and frown,

Parted and closed the billow.  
He pushed the wave from His people's path,

And dashed it back on their foe in wrath;  
Hail mighty One and just!

Hail Israel's trust!  
Our God!

"The skeptic proud  
Hath found a shroud,

Wave of the foaming surges;  
His people sleep  
In the wild deep,

Lulled by its tempest surges;  
And Israel's sandal bath won no stain

From the trodden depth of the parted main.  
Hail mighty One and just!

Hail Israel's trust!  
Our God!

S. E. CARMICHAEL.

For the Deseret News.

## STRAY THOUGHTS ON OUR CAREER THROUGH LIFE.

As our frail, feeble life is drifting out upon the mighty sea of time, and wave upon wave rushes against the vessel that holds encompassed in its tender folds the immortal spirit, we but too often discover the glittering phantom of our ambition to be a mirage which is slowly floating away through the dim mazes of the past.

In our youth the golden sunshine of happiness is penetrating the chambers of the heart filling them with inexpressible delight, while by a lovely play of fancy fair-flowered vistas are conjured up from out of the rosy-hued future. The curtain of life's great drama is still down, but a vague, dreamy yearning to behold the mysterious scenery yet hidden in the vast reservoir of time, seizes us. Early we join in the throng swelling through the crowded avenues leading to the arena of life, and before we are aware of it, we witness the remarkable exhibition of the human character in all its chameleon hues.

Thus we frequently find virtue dressed in a simple quaint, half-ludicrous kind of manner, old-fashioned, without paint and hoops, demure and forbidding; while vice is equipped with such glossy tinsel trappings, so irresistible when sweeping peacock-like past you, as a belle, with a ballooned skirt and the stateliness of a would-be *Marie de Medice*, or when stalking as an exquisite of the masculine gender, with well-trimmed moustache and *Henri quatre* and the majestic air of the commander in Mozart's *Don Juan*; in fact so genteel and accomplished that with many it is both a pleasure and a honor to be courted, feasted, imposed upon and ruined by such worthy individuals; in fine so honorable and well-bred, that the blandishment ensnares the inexperienced, and they become proselytes to what is wrong.

With whatever barrier fashionable society may surround itself against low-born intruders, nature still holds its sublime office and endows frequently those with the nobility of reason, intellect, genius and the innate attributes of rank who by the wealthy and aristocratic classes are looked upon as inferior beings. It is well however to remember that those with whom fortune plays the obsequious servant of their caprices, are often only the footstool on which the man of rare gifts and acquirements stands, towering amongst men as an intellectual luminary of more than common order. Hence the aristocrat will receive more lustre from assisting talent and genius to climb up the steep and rugged path of fame than the escutcheon and nodding plumes of chivalry could ever impart to him.

A person of true genius, of uncommon talent, is generally unassuming, childlike, imaging in every action of his, the innate refinement of his mind, and never trying to persuade people that he is destined according to his own estimation, to play a solo-part in the consideration and respect of the community, and that the world has nothing to do but to bestow plaudits on his verdict on everything and receive it as correct.

There is something pleasant, something peculiarly attractive in the golden, genial atmosphere of a truly great person, in whom a kind, amiable and peaceful disposition is basking itself in the sunshine of a brilliant intellect; in whom mind and heart are equally being supplied with the sparkling waters of eternal knowledge; and who with an almost sensitive spirit of friendliness loves to revisit old scenes, to tread again in the paths of youth, to renew the memories of the past and its events. With what affection does he speak of the dead, and how constant is he to his old friendships! He appreciates the slightest token of good-will and lays it up in his memory as a treasure more costly than gold, because emanating from beings, who do not always realize that a man's life ought to be sweet, fruitful and calm, finding in nature's great, visible and palpable operations a ceaseless, silent monitor, showing him that the azure canopy of heaven hangs serenely over the good and the bad, like a visible benediction that the great creator is always profuse in its expenditures, and that by his will the world is gradually forming a cheerful and sublime scene of brightness, intelligence, beauty and abundance.

But alas there are instances on record in which men of great mental endowments and acquirements of a high order, have allowed the hot tide of passion to sweep over them—their life became a shipwreck;—they indulged in wild, bacchanalian orgies;—downward they went—till as poor, shivering mendicants asking alms in the street, death relieved them of their miserable existence, while it is grievous to think that others who stand pilloried by the will of honest, virtuous people may for a time escape the odium that should keep pace with them, and freshen each day the brand of their ignominy.

How true is the saying of the great Napoleon: *De sublime jusqu'au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas* (from the ridiculous to the sublime is but one step.) Significant words which were frequently uttered by that mighty chieftain previous and during the conflagration of Moscow in 1812.

Men who have for years been treading in the prosperous paths of life, are suddenly visited with the most overwhelming reverses of fortune, and as is generally the case they are smitten with a whole series of calamities, as if to awaken them out of their lethargy and change their career entirely, so as to bring their latent faculties into full play.

To him who is thoughtful, who desires to descend into the depths of his own spirit in order to unlock the immeasurable riches thereof, every circumstance appears as a connecting link in the great chain of sequences, because every action is attended with certain results either good or evil, and this mysterious process in the economy of human life is based on principles as correct and eternal as the mathematical ones. How often however are the lessons taught by nature's silent but unerring operations overlooked, with the idea that the dear self is all right, and we are performing our role in the great drama of existence according to the best of our abilities, while all the time we are making errors, by mistaking shadows for substances.

By desiring to appear to be what in reality we are not, we often overstep the bounds of economy which does not consist in driving the closest bargains, in demanding the highest price for everything, but in a union of foresight, frugality, industry and perseverance, and especially by suffering none of our time to run to waste. To learn to become economists of time, of talent, of wealth, of pleasure, of health and of every noble and exalting

principle is to be truly happy and honest—that is honest towards our God, ourselves and our fellow beings.

He by whose industry and perseverance fields are yellow with the waving grain and crimson with the riches of the bending orchard, on whose premises the beat of the flail or the working of the thrashing machine is heard, indicating that the golden treasures of Ceres will soon be properly housed and garnered up; he who in fine endeavors in very deed to surround his family with the comforts of life deserves assuredly more praise than he by whose carelessness and indifference to true economy, fields and premises are becoming neglected, while his houses are in a dilapidated condition with by no means the interesting feature of romantic ruins.

In our career through life we often hear individuals complain of unfavorable circumstances they are placed in, while at the same time they are engaged in more enterprises they can possibly attend to. This reminds us of Charles Dickens' Pickwick Papers, where Mr. Winkle in a very unlucky skating expedition is condemning the skates as very awkward whereupon Samuel Weller, his servant, replies: "I am afraid the gentleman is awkward and not the skates."

As intelligent self-agents and with the privilege of being guided by the Holy Spirit every one is more or less endowed with strength of body and mind. With very few exceptions, we find in every individual some mental and moral stamina which, if properly directed, will materially assist in creating a happy, comfortable home with its singing bird, fireside, table and a tar, making the neat, little cottage resound with the laughing effusions of a happy and contented heart. And what is more satisfactory to the husband than to see his wife who comes to him like the dove returning to its cot, and warms herself there in the gentle sunbeams of affection, enjoying those innumerable little comforts of a happy and well-managed household, and how painful and mortifying if from want of proper economy and industry, the domestic temperature of a home is chilled, so as to freeze the hearts of the two beings that ought to be one.

Under look at the oak, it obeys every law, regularly increases and develops, stretches its shady arms of blessing, proudly wears its leafy coronal and drops faithfully abundant acorns for future oaks,—call then forth your energies, your mental resources and pioneer your path through life as becometh a man.

It is related of Rothschild, the famous German banker, that on being asked one day the secret of his success in business, he replied:

"Honestly, perseverance and the strictest attention to what I undertake, are the moving cause of my fortune. I have always endeavored to carry out my plans to the very utmost. Many fail and turn bankrupts, on account of having too many irons in the fire, which I consider the height of folly in a financial point of view."

Similar remarks have been made by Mr. Solomon Heyne, the great banker of Hamburg, whose father came thirty years ago to that city a poor peddling Jew, while the son by his wealth and connections, having married the daughter of the minister of finances of France, is one of the first millionaires in the world. Baron Sien, of Vienna, Baron von Stieglitz, of St. Petersburg, well known merchant—princes have all proven to the world, that strict honesty, perseverance and good financiering lead to the temple of Croesus.

He who knows how to take care of a cent, will take care of a dollar. He who possesses good, sound sense will never feel too proud to commence his career in no matter how humble a sphere, and on the smallest scale, on the principle that little things lead by good management to great ones and increase as the value of figures does in arithmetic.

## THIS SEASON'S SALT LAKE BUSINESS AT OMAHA.

The Omaha *Nebraskan*, of the 14th ult., furnishes its readers with the following items relative to the "Mormon" emigration. It may not be amiss here to state that, while our trains are all started from Florence, by wagon road six miles above Omaha, the outfitting has mostly been done at Omaha—there being no adequate facilities at Florence for obtaining supplies or merchandise.

Florence, we may state, was formerly well known, to those conversant with "Mormon" history, as Winter Quarters. Like some "banquet hall deserted," it now consists chiefly of what was designed for the most flourishing frontier town on the Missouri, as it was expected to become, by its projectors and other speculators. It has somewhat shared the fate of Kirtland, Nauvoo, and other localities from which the Latter Day Saints have been expelled—whether by the violence of mobs or the bigoted intolerance of agents acting under governmental sanction. They are all emphatically "waste places," notwithstanding the many periodic convulsive attempts which have been made to establish and restore to them their former vigor and renown, when, with only a nominal security, they were occupied by their legitimate settlers and owners—the "Mormons."

We opine that a peaceful occupation, possession and ownership will be restored to the rightful claimants ere they shall be built up, to acquire a prestige as envious as it will be progressive and permanent.

Five trains, sixty wagons to the train, have already left for Salt Lake, loaded with goods and Mormon poor. There are five more trains to leave, making in all about six hundred wagons. It is expected the last train will leave next week. There are already on the plains about two thousand emigrants, and two thousand yet to leave.

The amount of freight leaving here this season for Salt Lake has been immense, far surpassing that of any previous year. Several cotton mills have been freighted out. The last one up, taken out by Gen. H. S. Eldredge, will cost, when delivered in Salt Lake, \$25,000. The freight on the same to this point amounted to \$1,500. The mill is complete in every particular, having three sets of cards, etc., etc. Gen. Eldredge's purchases in the East amount to upwards of \$100,000. Gen. E., upon acquaintance, we find a very intelligent, agreeable and clever gentleman. He is doing much to develop the vast resources of Utah Territory.

Mr. Little, who has had the general supervision in the labor of dispatching the trains, purchase of stock, etc., has been indefatigable, energetic and full of enterprise, and we have no doubt, has discharged his laborious duties to the entire satisfaction of his people. Our old friend, Lewis D. Hill, Esq., has been very attentive to his duties as chief clerk. Messrs. Little, Hill and Eldredge leave next week on the c. ach for the Valley. We wish them a pleasant and agreeable trip.

## GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners do not consist in ease so much as in the art of putting others at ease. They tend to give one a home feeling, and a refreshing sense of freedom in your presence. They put you above the suspicion of being watched, or the fear of offending. They do not consist in attitudes, etiquette, and graceful forms. Good manners are the absence of manners, in the best sense of the word. They allow, to another his own manners. They allow, they invite freedom of thought and behavior. Manipulated manners are usually bad manners, especially when artificial and capricious, and they render one singular, because difficult to imitate and reciprocate. Artificial bowing, measured mechanical movements, the artificial touching of the hat or forehead, rubbing of the hands, a feigned laugh, fashioned politeness, superlative epithets in greeting or parting; much more, giving one the tip of the finger, or left hand, in salutation. All these are bad manners.

Good manner is disinterested; it is self-forgetting. It enters with interest into another's success; it does not arrogate attention to one's own affairs, and monopolize the interest of the company in one's own matters. It is exceedingly bad manners to take it for granted that the company will be most interested by a recital of one's own adventures and successes and to feel no interest in the affairs and successes of another. How often persons suppose themselves the center of all interest; and collapse when the conversation turns upon what another is, or has done, that is praiseworthy, but kindle and glow when the conversation returns to themselves, or their family or affairs!

Good manner is not always watching for improprieties; it is not easily betrayed into the insult of admonishing others of supposed ill-manners. When you are in the presence of one whose bearing or manner constrains you, and cripples you, and hinders free utterance, and makes you feel awkward and uneasy, and seems to say, "I am the standard; I am the model or *beau ideal* of manners, you are in the presence of a person who has yet to learn the first principles of good manners. Good manners are always coupled with modesty; there is spontaneity in them: they give freedom to another; they are good feelings naturally expressed. The reason why genuine simplicity is so rare in this world, is that there are so few persons who can afford to be simple or natural.

A FAIR OFFSET.—A good story is told of a showman, who carried about on exhibition an enormous bear. In a certain town in Vermont, where Bruin was attracting crowds, dwelt a farmer and his wife, and an interesting and multitudinous family of twenty children. The paterfamilias was very desirous of gratifying the commendable curiosity of his offspring; but the price of admission to the show was one shilling, and that multiplied by the number of his olive plants, was too much for his exchequer. He therefore approached the showman, and after some parley concluded a bargain, by which the latter agreed to drive into the farmer's back yard with Bruin's cage, and give a private exhibition to the entire family for one dollar. This was done, to the great delight of the old folks and the children, when the farmer proffered the compensatory dollar to the obliging showman. "Oh! no!" said the latter, "I can't take anything; it is no more of a sight for your family to see my bear, than for my bear to see your family."

—The bridge over the Susquehanna at Columbia, Pa., destroyed by our troops to prevent the passage of the Confederates cost \$200,000.