

CHRISTMAS DAY.

It was Christmas, and up with the rise of the sun
 Got merrily every blithe little one;
 The first thing they did was to rush with a clatter
 Which waked the whole house to know what was the matter,
 To look in their stockings and count up their joys,
 To taste of the sugar-plums, gaze at the toys;
 For their hearts were too full of their wonderful wealth
 To think of their playing, not even by stealth.
 From the depths of these stockings they quickly turned out
 Enough of the good things to silence all doubt.
 There were papers and boxes, with candies so rare
 That the very first opening perfumed the air;
 There were nine-pins and chequers for Walter and Dan,
 Croquet and a sweet little Dollie for Fan—
 A doll that called forth from her dear little eyes
 The sparkles of gratitude, love and surprise;
 For its dress was the brightest and bluest of silk,
 And the trimming as white as the whitest of milk,
 While its boots they were made from the finest of kid,
 And its soft sunny locks by a bonnet half hid—
 A bonnet that by its appearance alone
 Looked much as though fairies had milliners grown.
 And there was a package for Daisy the queen—
 A box with contents such as never were seen,
 For in it were nestled a necklace and brooch,
 And ear-rings that fairly defied all reproach;
 While for Maud and for Del there were oceans of things,
 Such as only at Christmas old Santa Claus brings.
 Books, pictures and puzzles, and wonderful games,
 And things of which I have forgotten the names:
 But all of them charming, and all of them rare,
 Enough to make every little one stare,
 And wish with a mingling of lounging and fear,
 That Christmas would come every month in the year.
 With a chatter like magpies they hurried to dress,
 Mixing up with their joy an occasional guess
 As to what Will and Clara, who lived the next door,
 Had got in their stockings from Santa Claus' store;
 And if cousin May, who had longed for a doll,
 Had got it, or got any present at all,
 So, with guessing, and chattering, and laughing aloud,
 Of a sudden the breakfast-bell startled the crowd;
 But, alas for the breakfast! each frolicksome elf,
 So sated with joy had forgotten itself;
 And, uneaten, the breakfast was left on the board,
 For the pleasures that dwelt in their new-gotten board.
 Oh, then what a row-de-dow, rumpus and riot
 There came from that crowd, who, in general were quiet
 Such Ohs! and such Ahs! and such screams of delight!
 The whole was enough to deafen one quite,
 If it had not been Christmas, when each little throat
 Is permitted to scream its most wonderful note.
 And so, with their games and exchanging of toys,
 The morn passed away with a plenty of noise.
 Until the bell rang, and there came the first guest,
 Followed up by some more; each was dressed in their best.
 There were aunts, and uncles, and cousins, and friends,
 And such other good things as Santa Claus sends.
 For what is there better, when Christmas comes round,
 Than that aunts and uncles and cousins be found
 Filling up at the table each welcoming seat,
 And helping at dinner the pudding to eat?
 And oh, what a dinner! The water runs down
 In a stream from my mouth, as this feast of renown
 Flashes back on my memory, waking a sigh
 For the visions of turkey, of pudding and pie
 That went, as such good things have vanished before,
 Down that very red lane always gaping for more.
 That pudding, a marvellous compound of sweets—
 The pudding that every one, young and old, eats—
 The pudding of Christmas, the pudding of age,

The pudding of youth, of the fool, of the sage—
 The pudding that wakes in the wanderer's brain
 The last latent thought of his home once again.
 Then, after the pudding, what revel and rout!
 What pulling of cousins around and about!
 What a wonderful playing of "blind-man's buff!"
 And of "puss-in-a-corner" they had more than enough;
 Then, "Open the gates as high as the sky,"
 Give a help to the hours just wandering by,
 Until, when the shadows of evening fell,
 There was dancing and songs that we all knew so well
 That we joined in the choruses, roaring our best,
 Long after the sun had sunk down in the west.
 With the lighting of lamps a rumor went round,
 In a whisper, that soon there would be on the ground
 No less of a personage, hearty and true,
 Than Santa Claus proper, and Mrs. S—too.
 The whisper had scarcely got scattered about
 When we heard from the distance a faint little shout:
 The door was thrown open, and there, on my life,
 Stood Santa himself, and his quaint little wife.
 They nodded and bowed, and shook hands all around,
 And did everything in creation but frowned.
 They laughed, and they sang, and made fun for us all,
 And they danced the last dance from the Carnival ball.
 Till we thought that each youngster its but tons would burst.
 As they laughed at the pranks of King Santa Claus First;
 And then, as the evening drew on apace,
 He held up his hand with an exquisite grace,
 And hushing the laughter, he uttered some words
 That sounded to all like the singing of birds.
 He said, "Now, my darlings, I mean you to see
 My latest invention—a real Christmas tree;
 So follow your leader," and off in a trice
 We marched two by two through the room once or twice,
 With him and his jolly old wife at the head,
 And the music kept time to our frolicsome tread,
 The dining-room doors swung back at his knock,
 And the sight that we saw was almost like a shock.
 There, stretching its length in a gorgeous array,
 A feast for the fairies in opulence lay;
 And right in the middle, all studded with light,
 Stood an evergreen tree—a most beautiful sight.
 It was hung from its top to its bottom with toys;
 There were some for the girls and some for the boys.
 And there we ate ices and jellies and cake,
 And drank lemonade till they made our jaws ache;
 And we laughed and we talked, and then, after that
 Mr. Santa Claus drew out our names from a hat,
 And as they were called, each advanced, and was free
 To choose what they liked from the magical tree.
 Oh, merciless Time! could you lend me your wings
 To go back through the pleasuring record of kings,
 I doubt if the seeking would show to a day
 Like that which I sing—and you hurried away;
 For, as life leads us on and you cut short our years,
 We find there's less laughs, but a plenty of tears,
 We find that our pudding has not the same phase
 As that which we ate in our innocent days.
 But ten strikes the clock; it is time to depart,
 Santa Claus and his wife have gone off like a dart;
 And of all that were there not a soul could have said,
 With a certainty, whither the couple had fled—
 Whether out by the door or out through the wall,
 Or up by the chimney, or whether at all
 They had left or had only, by Santa Claus' power
 Just made themselves viewless at that very hour.
 So they kissed all around and bade a "Good night!"
 Some looking worn-out and some jolly and bright;
 But not one of all, though 'most dropping to sleep
 But spake out their wish, and as ardent and deep,
 Said, "May we all live until this time next year,
 And spend CHRISTMAS DAY with you merrily here!"

From the Outcast.—By J. W. WATSON.

Correspondence.

PARIS, Oneida County,
 Dec. 13th, 1872.

Editor Deseret News:

We cannot discourse to you of the "monster's" playfulness during the past season, in consequence (as some insinuate) of Saxey's absence. Be that as it may, it has not appeared to the natives for more than twelve months at least, but we can tell you of what gives a far more general satisfaction; we raised bountiful crops, and are thus saved the trouble and expense of going out to a distance to get supplies. The buying was not the least of the drawback, as the hauling took so much time that we could not possibly improve much at home. Men of experience here have stated that the trouble would end with the grasshoppers, and their prediction has been verified. The soil here is the very best, as a whole, for raising small grain. A little time and with our many facilities, we hope soon to make many additional improvements.

The weather this fall has been the most pleasant, for the time of the year, that I have ever seen in the western country. Frosty nights, but not very cold, with beautiful sun-shiny days, and not snow enough to cover the mountains. Our roads are dry and dusty, and all kinds of labor going on. Our stock are doing splendidly in a boundless quantity of feed, both on bottoms and hills.

Still with all our blessings, we have a great trouble, and a backset, indeed, in respect to it; we think we have been treated most scandalously by our "Uncle Samuel." I refer to our mail service. I don't think that our "Uncle" would have been so neglectful, if it had not been for his servants. He depends on them for information as to the people's wants, and they deceive him, or neglect to tell him. He pays them to tell him how to accommodate the people, but although they remember the pay and draw it punctually, they forget the people. We in this north country have been first forgotten, and then slighted. We are getting to be a numerous people, and we wish the country opened up to commerce. We wish to encourage more enterprising men here, for which so many facilities abound, but business men—should they happen to visit us—must either sell out to their partners or give up business entirely, for when they come there is no way of keeping up a communication with their interests.

In this respect there has been no encouragement to settle or build up the country, and had it not been for the telegraph line having extended as far as this place, not for profit, but the settlers' convenience, through the liberality of the "Deseret Telegraph Company," we would have been living in a kind of banishment.

After a great deal of trouble we had a semi-weekly mail from Franklin to some of the settlements here. I should say we had the promise of it; but in the winter it was often a monthly one; this summer the service has been pretty regular. Lately the mail route has been changed instead of coming from Franklin across the mountains, it now comes from Evanston, through Bear River Valley, and through this valley to Soda Springs. The change of route is good, but we have service only once a week. Just think of it! A mail passing through fifteen settlements, averaging two hundred souls in population, and increasing rapidly from home growth and foreign importation. If we had a daily mail it would help the country, and if we had post agents half as anxious about our postal necessities as they are about quarter day we would have it. This is an old sore with this people, who have been imposed upon by contractors and subs. for years without relief, and now we are favored with a return from semi-weekly to weekly service. I am, &c., WM. BUDGE.

SAINT MARK'S HOSPITAL CONCERT.

REMARKS BY PROF. JOHN TULLIDGE.

Music is the greatest harmoniser in creation. It will soothe the savage breast, and bring its votaries together in union, notwithstanding their different opinions in politics and religion.

The concert of Wednesday evening, Dec. 18th, will fully prove the above stray thought.

Dr. Kippen—a most popular preacher in his day—said in one of his works, that preaching was good, prayer was good also, but music beat them both, as it was an outpouring of a thankful heart for gifts received from the Giver of all good things.

The overture, "Poet and Peasant," was a fine interpretation of the composition, and both the band and Prof. Careless deserve great praise.

The chorus, "Hail to thee, Liberty," was rendered with precision and energy; each part was distinct and well equalized.

The duet, "Cheerfulness," sung by Mrs. Hamilton and Hayden, was a treat; both of these ladies have good voices, well cultivated.

"Shivery Shakery," sung by Mr. Maiben, was encored.

Solo and chorus, "Crowned with the

Tempest," was a powerful and creditable rendition. The solo by Mr. Owen would have been better sung if the gentleman could have been less nervous; however it was a credit to him. Try again.

Overture, "Otello," arranged by Prof. Careless, was a fine display of instrumentation.

Solo and chorus, "Inflammatus," solo by Mrs. Hamilton, was well performed by the choral body, and the singing of the lady proves that she has not only great compass of voice, but easy execution also.

Scotch ballad, "Auld Joe Nicholson's Bonnie Nannie," sung by Mrs. Hayden, proved her versatile talent.

Chorus, "Oh Hail ye, ye Free," was finely rendered; in fact, the whole of the concert gave great credit to the choral body as well as the solo singers.

I should have reviewed the whole, but space will not permit.

BY TELEGRAPH.

EASTERN.

NEW YORK, 24.—Last night was the coldest of the season thus far. There is considerable ice in the harbor.

Simmons, the murderer of Duryea, was removed last night from the Park Hospital to an unknown place of safety by the police, owing, it is stated, to the fact that the police has become aware of the formation of a vigilance committee of some forty men, who intended taking Simmons from the Hospital and hanging him.

Barnum's museum and menagerie, 14th Street, near the Academy of Music, burned this morning.

Henry S. Eigler, was stabbed to death by Frederick Wise in Williamsburg last night. Wise escaped.

Severe weather reported on the ocean. Funk's piano factory and Luck's box factory, 19th street, were burned last night; loss \$40,000. Insured.

The verdict of the Coroner's jury in the case of the employees of the 5th Avenue Hotel suffocated in the recent fire, exonerates the proprietors of the hotel from the charge of neglect in endeavoring to secure the escape of the girls, but reflects upon the manner of the construction of the house, and recommends the proper authorities to inspect every hotel in the city to prevent any similar occurrence.

CHICAGO, 24.—Last night and this morning were the coldest of the season. Thermometer in the U. S. signal office, 20 below zero at 6 o'clock this morning. The present cold snap is the worst and the longest known here for years, the mercury going lower than since the famous cold at New Year's in 1867.

A Washington special states that the Postmaster General says no such decision as that reported concerning the responsibility of postmasters for registered letters has been made, and that neither postmasters nor the post-office department is responsible for the loss of such letters.

WESTERN.

SAN FRANCISCO, 23.—Since December first, 74 bales of cotton have been received in this city, from the Fresno & Turlock field.

It is expected that the Grand Jury will make a report to-morrow of the result of their investigations in the diamond fraud.

SAN DIEGO, 23.—The Texas and Pacific surveying party, under Crawford, arrived yesterday, from Fort Yuma. This party has just finished running lines from San Geronimo Pass to the desert, and from a point in Temacula valley intersecting the Fox line to Fort Yuma, passing through San Geronimo. The party in charge of Mr. Reno finished running a direct line from San Diego to Fort Yuma, and are now engaged relaying some portions. There is scarcely a doubt that the direct line will be adopted.

Advices from San Bernardino say there is great enthusiasm over the railroad project. The reported discovery of coal at New Temacula is confirmed. The specimens shown are of superior quality. This discovery is on the direct line of the San Diego and San Bernardino railway.

DIED.

In the 20th Ward, Dec. 24th, of measles and scarlet fever, ANNA, daughter of Allen and Anna Hilton, aged 2 years, 1 month and 10 days.

Funeral services to-morrow, (Wednesday), at 1 p.m., at residence of parents. Friends are invited to attend.