

[From the Country Gentleman.]

"MENE, MENE, TEKEL UPHARSIN!"

I.

'Tis midnight! Low, as one who grieves,
The dark Euphrates murmurs by,
The Palm tree rears her giant leaves
Unquivering to the solemn sky.
The starlight trembles as it falls
On Babel's gay and gorgeous towers,
And, all unholy, mirth enthralled
Her final, fond and fleeting hours.

II.

The dates' rich treasures glowing drop,
And flush the flood wherein they lave;
The flowers, with red lips blushing, stoop
To kiss in love their mirror-wave.
But in those regal towers, high,
Ten thousand shifting torches shine:
The brave are there, and beauty's eye
Beams brighter than the crystal wine.

III.

Around Belshazzar's banquet board,
Around Belshazzar's impious throne,
In lingering lines the mystic light
Hangs beautiful on arch and dome;
But lo!—what means that sudden pause?
'Tis not the votive pledge I hear—
That blazing glare that overawes
The banquet midway in career!

IV.

Behold! upon the shrinking sight
Empyrean lightnings wrap the wall,
Embodying in their lurid light
High Heaven's decree for Babel's fall.
On yon proud flag that hangs so high,
The morn no more its light shall shed;
The Medes are shouting "victory!"
And mighty Babylon is dead!

[For the Deseret News.]

The Last Days of Mozart.—A Historical Sketch.

BY ALEXANDER OTT.

Mozart, noble bard, thy mind was a mirror of the world around, reflecting its objects and scenes, beautified by the prismatic hues of a poetic soul; to descend into the depths of thy own spirit, to unlock its immeasurable riches and to embody thy thoughts in music as the hieroglyphics of human feelings, was thy predominant inclination.

That great *maestro* has now rested long years in the grave! but the remembrance of him and his works moves me yet. His likeness, as I saw it in the Imperial picture-gallery of Vienna, I shall not forget. The calm, dignified, handsome man with his black locks, from whose every feature beamed peace, love and beneficent goodness, is still vividly before me and recalls to my mind the events of his last days.

Mozart's beautiful opera, the *Magic Flute* had been performed with a success almost unparalleled in dramatic history. This wonderful work in which the composer poured out his soul to heaven, as if he were some lost *Peri*, that would fain thus sing its redemption back within the gates of Paradise, improved at last his temporal prospects. A number of the Hungarian aristocracy had promised him an annual subscription of \$300, while the Dutch government increased the funds for the support of the great artist, with the condition of writing every year a few pieces exclusively for the *Amsterdam* stage.

But, alas, Mozart was not permitted to rest long on the laurels of his artistic triumphs. The great exertion he made in writing his grand *Requiem*, that wonderful work the origin of which is wrapped in so much mystery, impaired his health seriously. At the same time a depression of spirit overcame him to such an extent, that nothing could remove it.

How little cause reason has sometimes to exult in her fancied triumphs! Though fortified with every prudent resolve and strengthened by a strong train of consequences, let but sickness appear in full force, she quits her seat, and trembling yields the empire to her powerful adversary. Mozart, who, from the philosophical cast of his mind, generally looked on the bright, sunny side of things, had with a peculiar despondency at the first attack of indisposition, almost fancied himself at the gates of death.

On a beautiful day, while taking a ride with his wife in the famous *Prater*, tears gushed into his eyes, and he said:

"My dear Constance, I feel, I shall soon leave for a better world. I do not know how it is, but I cannot get rid of the idea that some one has given me a slow poison." Whereupon he relapsed into a moody silence.

There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity, but which kindles up and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. It was at such a moment that his wife showed herself the worthy companion of the great *maestro*. Being naturally of a gay, buoyant disposition, she revolted at the gloomy mood of her husband, and clung to the sunny regions of former happiness, in which they had hitherto revelled. She therefore tested all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to his wonted hilarity.

But in vain! The characteristic smile had vanished from his cheek—the lustre of his eyes was quenched with sickness, the once happy heart which beat lightly in that bosom was now weighed down by a gloomy despondency.

Consulting the celebrated *Dr. Closset*, Constance was advised to take her husband to a cottage outside the suburbs near the *Prater*,

remote from all the noise and bustle of a tumultuous city life. Beside that vine-clad cottage which from the many associations with Mozart's last days, has become a classic memento of departed genius, and claims now the passing tribute of the intelligent and fine-feeling traveler, is a stone bridge arching a foaming torrent beneath, farther beyond are the roofs of a village, and towering over all, rises a noble castle, and in the back ground is a chain of blue hills, rising here and there into a peak, while from the Gothic steeple of an old chapel near by ring out the morning and evening chimes—plaintive, soothing chimes that soften the heart to a tender sadness as their music comes floating through the air. Such was the romantic and beautiful spot in which Mozart breathed his last moments.

On his arrival at the lovely cottage, he seemed to improve and declared that the idea of being poisoned was merely the result of his sickness from which he had now recovered. And for a little while his spirits were soothed and relieved by domestic endearments in the little world of love at home, of which he was the monarch. Mozart and his wife were knit together in the strongest affection, and he delighted already in the anticipation of indulging her again in those romantic pursuits and delicate tastes that spread such a peculiar charm around his family circle.

But alas, those two pure and noble hearts, so long one, were to be torn apart. Mozart relapsed again into his gloomy despondency and became seriously ill, so that he was confined to his bed. Still his mind was on the sublime *Requiem*. And so great was the zeal with which he continued his work, that he had each number as soon as finished played and sung in his room, by several of the leading members of the Imperial opera, he generally joining in or conducting the *ensemble*.

His illness assumed at last such an alarming character, that his dissolution was hourly expected. It was a sight touching to tears to see the lingering patient look with a sad smile on her, who, when assailed by the bitter blasts of adversity, had been his stay and solace supporting tenderly his drooping head and binding up his broken heart.

From the application of water on his head, he soon became insensible and remained thus up to his death. Even while in his last moments, his wandering mind reverted to the *Requiem* and he was blowing out his cheeks while trying to imitate the sound of kettledrums and cymbals. Towards midnight, he raised himself up, his eyes glaring and glassy, then bending his head towards the wall he seemed to fall asleep and at 1 o'clock a.m. (December 5, 1790), his spirit had winged his flight to a better world.

The two faithful servants had to perform the melancholy duty of dressing their master whom they not only respected but loved. The corpse, covered with a black pall, was laid out on a common bier in his study near the piano. An inkstand with a pen in it stood on a small table in the middle of the room. The music of the unfinished requiem lay on the piano. A few pictures hung upon the wall recalling memories of dear friends and of past scenes of enjoyment.

All day long the room was crowded with people of every class of society who came to pay their tribute of respect to the great *maestro*; many a tear was shed and many a bosom heaved sorrowfully at the demise of him who had been kind and obliging towards everybody. The people began at last to realize whom they had lost.

Poor, broken hearted Constance, now destined to wander alone over the dark waves of life, her star of happiness had waned and departed forever!

Mr. Van Swieten, the rich and noble patron of Mozart, had the mourning widow removed to a family of his acquaintance, he also attended to the arrangement of the funeral which in consideration of the reduced circumstances of the departed artist, was a plain one. The wealthy nobleman never thought of honoring the great *maestro* so much as to defray the expenses of a decent, respectable burial himself.

On the 6th December, at 3 o'clock p.m., Mozart's body was in accordance with the Roman Catholic rite, consecrated at the cathedral of *St. Stephen*, not in the church itself, but north of the same, in the so called *Cross Chapel* which joins the *Sacristan Church*. The weather was very bad, as it snowed and rained incessantly and the few friends who had met to attend the funeral, stood with umbrellas over their heads round the bier. The procession moved towards the cemetery of *St. Mark*. As the violence of the weather increased, the mourners returned half way. No friend, no relation was at the grave. From mere economy Mozart's remains were deposited in a so-called common grave which generally receives about 20 coffins and which are exhumed every ten years to make room for others.

No monument, not even a single cross designates Mozart's resting place.

The bereaved widow being left with two small children in very reduced circumstances, applied to the Emperor *Leopold* for assistance and received from him an annual pension of \$600 and at the same time \$2000 to pay Mozart's debts which had been incurred in consequence of much sickness.

A firm in Savannah has just received an order for 200,000 feet of pine lumber, for the Holy Land. Portions of the cargo are destined for Jerusalem and Damascus. A similar venture made last year was successful. As the *Savannah Republican* truly remarks, "there is something novel in the thought that the places of the Holy Land are to be rebuilt with materials taken from the forests of Georgia."

Crossing the Arabian Desert.

Mr. Russell, the well-known war correspondent from the Crimea, from India, and from Italy, of the *London Times*, in his *Diary of India*, gives his impressions of the Desert as follows:

"The desert on which we debouched from the rich oasis of Cairo, even now a glorious mass of green, resembles the bed of some deep sea; not level and smooth, but corrugated; tossed into mountains and reefs of sand, seamed with shallow ravines, and inclosing in the sweep of the sand-hills, immense plains, covered with a glistening, even coat of circular and oval stones, varying in size from a nine pound shot to a grape. How they shine in the sun! flashing back its rays from the polished sides, so that, at times, where the plain stretches far away to the tumuli on the horizon, it is scarce possible to believe that it is not a dancing, sparkling sea, which is bounded by the side of the railway. This effect is increased by the waving lines of the rarified air, which give to the verge of the great circle of desolation the appearance of a rough and rapid tideway. No pen can describe, no pencil convey the real sentiment of the 'desert.'"

We watch, with the profoundest interest, a string of camels, mere specks in the distance, which, under the care of two Arabs, are plowing their way over the sand hills toward the horizon, on which stands a solitary date tree. The sense of infinite space is first impressed on one by that which is, we know, definite enough in actuality. But, somehow or other, the sea is bounded in our notions. We see it marked out in maps, and rounded off in the terrestrial globes, so that its vastness is destroyed; but none of us can tell where this great desert ends, where are its bounds, how far it pushes its sandy waves into the sandy heart of the continent. Sir Roderick Murchison may know; Burton may be able to tell us all about it; but is not profitable to remove the feeling of immensity, of vagueness, and of barren grandeur and primeval antiquity, which is produced by the sight of the desert whereon the Israelites wandered, and where the legions of Cambyes found nameless cemeteries. To me there is no sense of barrenness produced by the sea—the desert's first effect is productive of the sensation of a world destroyed—of barrenness, waste, and lifelessness.

"Blanched bones of camels lie in dull whiteness on the sands. Not a bird fans the hot, silent air. Stones and sand, sand and stones, are all and everything and everywhere, stretched out dead and hard under the blue sky and the relentless sun. The rail which conveys us through this desolation is single, and the line is said by English engineers, to be very badly made, as the French engineers, who laid it out, took it over a ridge 1,100 feet high, instead of following a low level near the river, which would have greatly diminished expense and cost of working. The water and coal for the engines has to be carried by the train out to the various stations. So they are like commissariat animals in a barren country, which have to carry their own fodder and diminish their public burthens. These stations are helpless, hot, oven-like erections, generally eked out by old Crimean wooden huts, within the shade of which may be seen an undoubted Englishman, smoking his pipe.

At the twelfth station we coaled; the train ended in the desert here; but at long intervals, for miles in advance, we could see the encampments of Arabs who, for the time, had become navvies, and were engaged in picking and burrowing and blasting through the rocks a way for the iron-horse. In a long wooden shed—the center of a group of tents—were laid out long tables, covered with hot joints of recon-dite animals, papier-mache chickens and lignite vegetables. This was our dinner; it had come all the way from Cairo, so had the wine, and beer, and spirits. If manna and quails were at all eatable, we had envied the food of the Israelites."

A STRANGE STORY.—A letter from Paris tells a strange story of a recent discovery in science, culminating in a melancholy *denouement*. A governess in private families had under her charge a little Russian boy, who had been born deaf and dumb. The gentle disposition of the boy greatly endeared him to the governess, who devoted much of her time to developing his intelligence and enabling him to keep pace with her other pupils. After many sleepless nights and many experiments, the lady finally resolved that sulphuric ether was the talisman to be employed in opening the world to her poor little prisoner. Its application proved perfectly successful; numerous other experiments indicated that the grand secret had been discovered; the Montyon prize was awarded to the lady; and she rapidly rose from poverty and dependence to wealth and fame, as a benefactor of her race. But, alas! the sudden transition was too much for a mind so long overburdened by study and devotion to a single object; the reason of the poor lady gave way, and she has since been conveyed, a hopeless maniac, to Montmartre.

The feeling seemed to prevail in some parts of Massachusetts, that the Cattle Commissioners were spreading the disease rather than abating it, by carrying infection in their clothes. In a debate in the House, one member, with a sagacious shake of his head, remarked, "that he had not yet fully made up mind which was the greatest calamity to the State, the Cattle Disease or the State Commissioners."

In New Orleans, a District Judge has ruled that schoolmasters have no right to inflict corporal punishment on their scholars.

The Columbus Orange Girl.

ANOTHER REAL LIFE ROMANCE.—The citizens of Columbus and visitors at the Capital will recollect a beautiful young girl, apparently "sweet sixteen," who daily carried about the legislative halls and state offices a handsomely wrought basket containing the plumpest and sweetest oranges. Oh, yes! everybody remembers Ettie, the beautiful orange girl, and have wondered in what nook she had hidden for the past two months; for no more her sweet face and girlish form is seen in the Capitol, and interesting clerks with a great admiration for the rotunda, are obliged to forego glimpses of the neatest gaitered foot tripping up the marble stairs.

Everybody about the State House admired Ettie, but it was with a respectful admiration, and if a gruff legislator was tempted to jest with the girl or make light remarks, he was restrained by the modest demeanor and pure soul-look appealing from her heaven-blue eyes.

Ettie always brought a full basket and went tripping home with an empty one, and her scarlet silk purse filled with silver coin. She was the sole dependence of a widowed, palsied mother, and her noble efforts to keep away want were known, and made the fruit in her basket ten times sweeter.

When the great Union meeting of the Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio Legislators was held in Ohio's capitol, the beautiful orange girl was tripping about, disposing of her fruit to the "sons of the South," and receiving the homage of admiring glances from all.

At the end of one of the halls, viewing the noble row of princely residences on Third street, stood alone a youthful member of the Tennessee Legislature, when he was startled by a silvery voice asking:

"Buy an orange, sir?"

"How do you sell them?" said the stranger, looking into her eyes.

"Five cents each," said the maiden, holding a large one towards him.

"Cheap."

"Indeed they are."

This introduction opened the way for a prolonged and serious conversation, in which the girl artlessly revealed to the stranger the poverty of her home, and the necessity of her supporting her sick mother. He was so struck with the girl's manner and singular beauty that he secretly resolved to visit her home and become more intimately acquainted. He did so, and after successive visits won the confidence and love of the maiden, and the mother's consent to their marriage; and when he went back to his southern home it was with a promise to return in a fortnight for his bride. He came, and now the manly southerner and the beautiful orange girl are man and wife. He has taken her, the fairest of the fair, to his southern home, to dwell with him and her aged mother, in opulence. — [Cincinnati Gazette, May 3.]

A Kid-Gloved Samson.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Journal* of the 25th April, relates the following feat of strength to which he was witness:

"On Sunday last, about nine o'clock a.m., as the train westward was within three or four miles of Chicago, on the Fort Wayne road, a horse was discovered on the stilt work and between the rails. The train was stopped, and workmen were sent to clear the track. It was then discovered that the body of the horse was resting on the sleepers. His legs, having passed through the open spaces, were too short to reach the ground. Boards and rails were brought and the open space in front of the horse filled up, making a plank road for him in case he should be got up, and by means of ropes one of his fore feet was raised, and there matters came to a halt.

It seemed that no strength or stratagem could avail to release the animal. Levers of boards were splintered and the men tugged at the poles in vain; when a passenger who was looking quietly on, stepped forward leisurely, slipped off a pair of tinted kids, seized the horse by the tail, and with tremendous force hurled him forward upon the plank road. No one assisted, and indeed the whole thing was done so quickly that assistance was impossible. The horse walked away, looking foolish and casting suspicious side glances towards his caudal extremity.

The lookers on laughed and shouted, while the stranger resumed his kids, muttered something about the inconvenience of railway delays, lit a cigar and walked slowly into the smoking car. He was finely formed, of muscular appearance, was very fashionably dressed, wore a moustache and whiskers of an auburn color, and to all questions as to who he was, only answered that he was a Pennsylvanian traveling westward for his health. The horse would certainly weigh at least twelve hundred."

Lieut. Dudley, late of the dragoon corps serving under Col. Johnston in Utah, has been before the Haskin Committee on Public Expenditures, and testified that a large number of mules, and other property belonging to the Government, were sold at auction in Utah, where a few persons were the purchasers, when, if the same property had been forwarded to California, as it might have been, it would have brought a handsome advance on the original cost.

The best Remedy for Rheumatism—Hall's Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock and Iodide of Potass. 8-6m