

What is the Work of a Congressman?

What is the work of a Congressman?

To get his pay,
Eight dollars a day,
Work or play—

A difficult work, and wondrous, man!

What other work has the Congressman?

To frank his shirts
To home experts—
Of her deserts

Deprive the Capitol laundress, man!

What other work has the Congressman?

To cram at will,
To drink his fill,

Letting agents and lobby-men pay the bill
Of the jolly good cheer and sundries, man.

—[Ex.]

Great Men in their Domestic Relations.

IMMERSION IN BUSINESS—INTELLECT EATING UP THE SOCIAL QUALITIES OF THE PARENT—CAUSE OF THE MORE LASTING INFLUENCE OF THE MOTHER.

The London Times in a defence of Life Peerages, the other day, apropos of Baron Parks's recent elevation, made a startling declaration about the imperfect manner in which lawyers discharge their duties as fathers. The writer says: "Nothing is more melancholy in general than the history of the succession to law peerages—a topic susceptible of ample illustration, were we to accept Lord Lyndhurst's challenge, and enumerate the melancholy instances of the degenerate, impoverished, and disreputable descendants of great lawyers, whose names encumber the hereditary peerage. The family of a great lawyer is most frequently ill brought up, the father is immersed in business, the mother seldom equal to the position to which she is raised.

When a great lawyer is offered a peerage, he has to consider whether, his oldest son is worthy to succeed him, and whether, if he be, he will starve his younger children to provide him an estate suitable to the dignity. To such a man one would have supposed a peerage for life a most welcome refuge, but vanity carries it against prudence and modesty, and lawyers must transmit their titles to their posterity, even while they are well assured that posterity will disgrace them."

It is but too true that the descendants of great lawyers have rarely, if ever, lengthened the shadow of their ancestral tree. And though we should by no means go as far as to say that they are always a disgrace to their progenitors, we have not been able to call to mind the name of a single eminent lawyer who succeeded in transmitting his genius or his talents to his offspring.

But is the information of the Times any more true of lawyers than of any other class of professional men who achieve eminence through the exercise of the intellect? Have the eminent clergy, orators, poets, historians, philosophers been more fortunate? Milton, Bacon, Shakespeare, Newton, Gibbon, Jeremy Taylor, the leading English representatives of the six great departments of intellectual activity, left no heirs to their genius, and all the exceptions which can be found among their less distinguished followers may be enumerated on one's fingers.

A reason for this, in respect to lawyers, is glanced at by the writer in the Times, and it is equally applicable to the other orders of intellectual eminence.

Such men when they become fathers, are "immersed in business," and are apt to neglect their children. This is one of the almost inevitable consequences of too prolonged and excessive intellectual labor. It produces a morbid activity of the cerebrum, and gradually enfeebles the sentiments and the affections, through which children are able to interest their parents and secure from them the kind of attentions which shape the destiny of the young to good ends. As the strength of the affections becomes feeble, the craving for intellectual enjoyments becomes more engrossing; family duties become more irksome, and disposed of more summarily, and finally are looked upon as a tax to which none but simple minded, common place people, whose time is of little or no value, can afford to submit. Thus, the monument of earthly fame is raised, until gradually its summit is buried in everlasting snows, which no ray of human sympathy ever warms, and where nothing grows but ice. This is the most unadulterated form of human selfishness, and yet it is one for which the world is disposed to be most indulgent. Eminence of any kind is apt to be respected, at whatever expense it is acquired. The mass of men will bow to the sceptre of the intellect, though, like that of Herod's, it cost the lives of all the children of a generation.

Nor is this subordination of the affections to the intellect confined to men of letters. It is quite as common among our men of business, our successful merchants. The pleasure of conducting a large trade soon supplants the joys of the domestic circle, and a father readily excuses himself for neglecting the society of his children by the reflection that he is working to accumulate wealth for their enjoyment. He flatters himself that he toils for his family. It is to gratify that intellectual intemperance to which we have already alluded, which grows by what it feeds on; extirpates the sentiments of love from the soul, and makes monsters of men—monster lawyers, monster judges, monster politicians, monster pulpicians, monster merchants, monster contractors, monster speculators, and many other kinds of monsters, who are worshipped as idolatrously, as ignorantly and as foolishly, within their respective spheres of influence, as those carved and pictured de-

formities which inspire the devotions of the pagan worshippers of China and Japan.

Of course it follows that these intellectual giants are as certain to have obscure parents as to beget degenerate children. This leads us to notice a fact, which a reference to the authorities will verify, that those who have achieved distinction among men were more indebted to the virtues than to the intellectual capacities of their parents. It is a familiar observation that the greatest men have had, not illustrious but excellent mothers. The observation is substantially true; and the reason is, that women generally maintain the equilibrium between their moral and intellectual activity more faithfully than men.

Their sentiments are relatively more cultivated, in Christian countries, than those of the sterner sex; it is their ambition to make their children more worthy of admiration than of being admired themselves. The woman of whom this cannot be said, is generally pronounced a poor wife and worse mother. Such solicitude on the part of a parent works as mysteriously, but as effectively, in developing the youthful character as the genial rays of the sun upon the tender plant.

When St. Augustin was yet a lad, he manifested an inclination to the doctrines of Manicheism, his mother who abhorred this sect, begged one of the bishops to visit him, and lead him back from his heresy. "Go in peace," he replied, "and keep on praying for him; for it is impossible that a son for whom so many tears are shed should ever perish." The love, of which those tears were the sign, is the great power of a parent, and the bishop did not overestimate its efficacy.

When those tears are dried up, and the parent's love for his offspring is converted into love for himself, and when the activity of his nature is transferred entirely from the affections to the intellect, the curse of qualified sterility descends upon him. The power is given him of procreating his selfishness, but not the faculties and talents which, united to it, would make him a calamity to his race.—[N. Y. Eve Post.]

INFIDELITY OF LIFE.—"How much is this a yard?" said a lady acquaintance of mine to the proprietor of a large dry goods store.

"That, ma'am is worth"—and he then held it up for inspection—that is selling for three dollars. It is a beautiful piece ma'am, the best for the price in the city."

"It is more than I am willing to give," said the lady. "I will take it at two dollars."

The merchant went on in the usual style, asserting that it was less than cost, but it being her she might have it.

After the lady had gone, said I, "Why did you sell that without a profit?"

"Why did I? You don't think me so much of a fool as that? I never dispose of goods without a profit."

"But you told the lady so," said I.

"Poh! I tell the same to twenty, every day. I made fifty per cent."

He then went to attend to another customer, and I thought to myself, here is a man reckoned honorable as a business man in good standing as a member of—church, esteemed a benevolent, liberal Christian, and absolutely lying, according to his admission at least twenty times a day, merely to make a good bargain and gain a few pence. Why is he called honorable? Because he will not forfeit his word when overreached by a "cutter man?"

Because he pays all his debts when due, to keep up his credit? Yes. These are sufficient to the business world. Why is he esteemed a Christian? Merely because he owns a pew, is a communicant, and gives liberally to benevolent societies.

Judging from the acts of such, and acts are the most correct interpreter of a person's thoughts, what claims have they to such titles as Christians and honorable men? It is not by those acts expected to come before the discriminating, criticising public that men are to be known, but by those little every day transactions. When the eye of the community is not upon men, is the moment to judge of their honesty. Ask a tradesman why he persists in such a course, and he will readily answer—

"We must do so if we would live."

Has mankind so degenerated that a man of integrity must starve? Are all knaves that we must deal in falsehoods or die? No, God forbid. It is a libel on the human race to say we cannot prosper and be honest. Let me ask those who answer, "We must be dishonest," how many have ever thoroughly tried the opposite course?

Now, have conscience and integrity become barriers to right and success? Each exerts himself to the extent of his sagacity, if not to get the better of a bargain, at least not to get cheated. We need a host of ministers, yes, home missionaries, to preach against the growing faithlessness, this infidelity, not theoretical but practical infidelity—this beggary of faith to preach to each other.—[Waverly Mag.]

MAKING A NEEDLE.—I wonder if any little girl who may read this, ever thought how many people are all the time at work in making the things which she every day uses. What can be more common, and you may think, more simple, than a needle! Yet, if you do not know it, I can tell you that it takes a great many persons to make a needle; and a good deal of time too. Let us take a peep into a needle factory: In going over the premises, we must pass hither and thither, and walk into the next street and back again, and take a drive to a mill, in order to see the whole process. We find one chamber of the shops is hung round with coils of bright wire, of all thicknesses, from the stout kinds used for cod-fish hooks, to that of the finest cambric needles. In a room below, bits

of wire, the length of two needles, are cut by a vast pair of shears fixed in the wall. A bundle has been cut off; the bits need straightening, for they just came off from coils.

The bundle is thrown into a red-hot furnace; and then taken out, and rolled backward and forward on a table until the wires are straight.

This process is called "rubbing straight." We now see a mill for grinding needles. We go down into the basement, and find a needle pointer seated on his bench. He takes up two dozen or so of the wires, and rolls them between his thumb and fingers, with their ends on the grindstone first one end and then the other. We have now the wires straight and pointed at both ends. Next a machine which flattens and gutters the heads of ten thousand needles an hour. Observe the little gutters at the head of your needle. Next comes the punching of the eyes; and the boy who does it, punches eight thousand an hour, and he does it so fast your eye can hardly keep pace with him. The splitting follows, which is running a fine wire through a dozen, perhaps, of these twin needles.

A woman, with a little anvil before her, files between the heads and separates them. They are now complete needles, but rough and rusty, and, what is worse, they easily bend. A poor needle, you will say. But the hardening comes next. They are heated in batches in a furnace, and when red-hot, are thrown in a pan of cold water. Next, they must be tempered; and this is done by rolling them backward and forward on a hot metal plate. The polishing still remains to be done. On a very coarse cloth, needles are spread to the number of forty or fifty thousand. Emery dust is strewed over them, oil is sprinkled, and soft soap dashed by spoonfuls over the cloth; the cloth is then rolled up and, with several others of the same kind, thrown into a sort of wash pot, to roll to and fro for twelve hours or more. They come out dirty enough; but after rinsing in clean hot water, and a tossing in sawdust, they look as bright as can be, and are ready to be sorted and put up for sale. But the sorting and the doing up in papers, you may imagine, is quite a work by itself.—[Ex.]

ABOUT LUCK.—Henry Ward Beecher in a recent lecture says:

I may here, as well as any where impart the secret of what is called good luck and bad luck. There are men who supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in poverty and a wretched old age the misfortunes of their lives; luck forever ran against them and for others.

"One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river where he killed away his time fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employers, to leave him. Another, with lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his own business. Another who steadily followed his trade, as steadily as his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant at his work, erred by perpetual misjudgment; he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by sanguine speculations, by trusting fraudulent men, and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early rising hard working prudent man, careful of his earnings and a strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits and industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalion, creeping out of a grocery late in the forenoon with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave or a tippler."—[Ex.]

REMEDY FOR SCALDS AND BURNS.—In the American Medical Gazette, Dr. Reese thus earnestly reiterates his advice to apply flour to scalds and burns:

"We still see reported, almost daily, an appalling number of deaths, by burns and scalds, not one of which, we take upon ourselves to say, need prove fatal, or would do so, if a few pounds of wheat flour could be promptly applied to the wounds made by fire, and repeated until the inflammatory stage had passed. We have never known a fatal case of scalding or burning in which this practice has been pursued, during more than thirty years' experience, and having treated hundreds in both public and private practice."

We have known the most extensive burns by falling into caldrons of boiling oil, and even molten copper, and yet the patients were rescued by this simple and cheap remedy, which, from its infallible success, should supplant all the fashionable nostrums, whether oil, cotton, lead, water, ice, turpentine, or pain extractors, every one of which has been tried a thousand times with fatal result, and the victims have died in excruciating agony, when a few handfuls of flour would have calmed them to sleep and rescued them from pain and death.

Humanity should prompt the profession to publish and republish the facts on this subject, which are established by the authority of standard medical works on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE NEW SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.—The important scientific discovery—that of extracting poisons from the human system—to which we have already alluded in the Columbian, was illustrated in the Henrie House yesterday morning, in the presence of a number of gentlemen connected with the daily press. Two subjects—one who had, as he had expressed it, "been living for months on blue mass," and the other substances with which it is found necessary, in Wabash county, to purge the system; and the other a plumber, whose body had absorbed sufficient lead to injure his health, were experimented upon. They were

each placed in a bath at the temperature of 100 degrees, Fahrenheit, and so connected with a battery as to force through their system a strong galvanic current. Any mineral poisons that may exist in the body of course adhere to the nervous system; but the water being so medicated as to have a stronger affinity for the poisons than the nerves can have, they are drawn out by the current. The patients were kept in the baths about half an hour, and on being taken out described the process as a very pleasant one. About a pint of water was then analysed, and the coating of mercury and lead which it left on the plates, clearly demonstrated the success of the experiment.

The process is one of peculiar importance, from the speedy and effectual manner in which it will remove these deleterious agents from the system, and thus prevent the long train of chronic diseases which they inevitably produce.—[Cin. Columbian.]

A LORD AND HIS WIG.—The poet Rogers relates in his memoirs a capital anecdote of a great but passionate lawyer:

Lord Ellenborough was once about to go on the circuit, when Lady Ellenborough said she should like to accompany him. He replied that he had no objections, provided she did not encumber the carriage with band-boxes, which were his utter abhorrence. They set off. During the first day's journey, Lord Ellenborough happening to stretch his legs, struck his feet against something below the seat. He discovered that it was a band-box. His indignation is not to be described. Up went the window, and out went the band-box. The coachman stopped; and the footman thinking that the band-box had tumbled out of the window by some extraordinary chance, was going to pick it up, when Lord Ellenborough furiously called out, "drive on!" The band-box was accordingly left by a ditch side.

Having reached the county town where he was to officiate as judge, he proceeded to array himself for his appearance in the court-house. "Now," said he, "where is my wig—where is my wig?" "My Lord," replied the attendant, "it was thrown out of the carriage window."

Rogers relates of the great orator Fox:

It is quite true, as stated in several accounts of him that Fox, when a very young man, was a prodigious dandy, wearing a little odd French hat, shoes with red heels, &c. He and Lord Carlisle once traveled from Paris to Lyons for the express purpose of buying 'waistcoats,' and during the whole journey they talked of nothing else.

HOW THE SABBATH WAS PASSED.—The Frankfort correspondent of the Louisville Courier writes the following:—

"Shall it be told, as we hear it? The first Sabbath of the present Kentucky Legislature was passed, in what manner? Why, an important chairman of an important committee won thirty-one dollars, (and his partner ditto) on yesterday, with small anties!

No room but has its record of visits and imbibitions. The ministers preached and had their usual congregations; but there were very few from the 'assembled wisdom.'

It is said to be pleasanter 'playing poker,' than listening to the sermons of Frankfort divines.

WATER GLASS.—In the city of Lill, France, there is a factory of "water-glass," a compound of fifteen parts of quartz, ten of potash or nine of soda and one of carbon. When dry it is transparent, hard fusible at a high heat. When fine powdered it is soluble in boiling water, and after being boiled for a time with five times its weight of water, makes a syrup which dries when exposed to the air, and makes a beautiful fire proof varnish. Among other valuable properties of the water-glass, it changes chalk into a hard stone, susceptible of fine polish. The invention promises to take a very important place in the arts.

FOLLY.—A learned man of Naples, Martorelli, occupied himself for two years in writing an enormous memoir in order to prove that the ancients were unacquainted with the use of glass for windows; and fifteen days after the publication of his folio, a house was discovered in Pompeii, all the windows of which were paned with glass.—[Ex.]

SUNDAY SLEEPING.—To remedy the Sunday sleepiness which bothers so many good people who want to keep awake, the Christian Intelligencer says, "the patient must hold his foot seven inches above the floor, and hold it there in suspense, without support to the limb."

Repeat the remedy as often as the attack comes on.

CONUNDRUM.—Why ought a fisherman to be very wealthy? Because his is all NET profit.

One Hundred Flat Head Ponies, FOR Sale or Exchange for cattle or grain. Enquire of GILBERT & GERRISH or of the Subscriber at his residence in the 19 Ward Great Salt Lake City. 11-3m E. W. VAN ETEN.

Great Salt Lake City Cemetery.

THE citizens of Great Salt Lake City are respectfully notified, that I am appointed by the City Council, City Sexton, and that I am now ready to dispose of lots in the burying grounds. There are choice lots in the new survey that are not taken up; and as the Corporation design to put up a substantial fence around the grounds, citizens would do well to make early selections, and thereby assist in beautifying "THE CITY OF THE DEAD." A map of the grounds may be seen at my office.

Persons wishing to bury upon their own lots in the cemetery, are required by law to report the same to me previous to burial, stating the cause of death, place and time of birth, and medical attendant, (if any).

Price of lots, including recording, deed, &c., will be from \$5 to \$15
Price of opening grave 2 to 4
Showing lots 1
Coffins furnished at reasonable prices.
15-3m J. C. LITTLE, City Sexton.