

Asia Minor, and a part of Chinese Tartary. Tarick and Musa completed their conquest of Spain in 714; and had it not been for dissensions among themselves, the probability is, that the crescent would have now surmounted the top of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, instead of the cross.

Christianity had become so corrupt and divided, that none of the Christian princes were willing to unite their power with the Greek emperor to defend themselves against the Mahometan power, or to prevent their overpowering one Christian nation after another, for so they continued to do until division among themselves prevented their increasing; and now their national existence is waning little by little, until it is becoming very weak.

The battle of Tours, in which 370,000 Mussulmen were killed, which prevented the Saracens from not only overrunning France, but all Europe, was fought in the year 732, by the French, under Charles Martel, who was styled in his time, "the hammer," because he struck such hard blows in battle. He seized on a quantity of church revenues to pay his troops, and for this, the Catholics damned him to purgatory, and required his children for generations to pay for prayers for his relief, but he was the great chieftain as far as man is concerned, that prevented the utter annihilation of the religion of the cross, and the constituting in the place thereof that of the crescent.

History is a natural theme with me, and while I have taken so much license of your time in tracing the progress of the history of nations, I will still say to you, that this Mahomet race, this dominant power of the 7th and 8th centuries, were the descendants of Abraham, which Mahometan records show in a straightforward genealogy, from the family of Mahomet direct to that of Abraham, through the loins of Ishmael, the son of Abraham; and in this dominion there certainly was a recognition of the dominion of the sons of Abraham, and just as long as they abided the teachings which Mahomet gave them, and walked in strict accordance with them, they were united and prospered, but when they ceased to do this, they lost their power and influence to a very great extent.

I am aware that it is a difficult matter to get an honest history of Mahometanism translated into any of the Christian languages. One of the best writers I have ever read upon the subject, and one I can put the most confidence in, is Simon Ockley's History of the Saracens; it was a translation of a Mahometan historian named Abu Abdollah Mohammed Ebn Omar Al Wakidi, who wrote 80 years after the flight of Mahomet from Mecca. Ockley prided himself in rendering the Arabic in good style, although his religious prejudices were so strong that he durst not render the sentiments he translated in full force, without rather blinding them a little. He would frequently translate as it ought to be, as high as he could, and then stick down a note in the margin, and say "that was only done out of hypocrisy." He is one of the best authors, or the one I would rather read.

It is a hard matter, as I have said, to get an honest history of any nation or people by their enemies. For instance, read Governor Ford's History of Illinois, and you will find that he will contradict himself half-a-dozen times in one statement, for fear that he will not flatter the prejudices the people had against the Mormons. He would in one place assert that he had never gone anything to favor the anti-Mormons, and then immediately afterwards declare that he could not see why the anti-Mormons could have any feelings against him, when he had done so much for them; and then go on to enumerate how he prevented Backus from arresting the house burners; yet he declares he had never done anything to favor them, and wonders why that party should feel crossways to him. This is the temper of almost all men who undertake to write the history of their enemies.

Just read the reports of different generals on the battle fields of the Crimea, and you will see that every one has a different side to it. These reports have got to be received with great allowance all round.

All the Christian translations of Mahometan history, as well as of the Koran, should be received with a great deal of allowance. I would recommend the reading of Major David Price's History of the Mahometan Empire. He was educated and trained to be a Church of England man, but had not many conscientious scruples on religion; still he had prejudices against the Mahometans, so that when you read it, you must throw your ear a little quartering. I consider Bush's Life of Mahomet written under the influence of a violent Christian prejudice. I would prefer the account in Crichton's Arabia to Bush.

I would like to inspire in the minds of the youth a disposition to study oriental history, because a great deal of human nature is learned therein; how powerful dominions grew up in a short time, and how through the violation of the principles of union, those nations have as quickly come to naught. Many useful lessons are taught on the pages of history.

Within the last 80 years our own republican government has increased its territorial limits about threefold, and it is constantly on the increase.

The fact is, if a man who is in the habit of raising trees makes his top to grow larger in proportion to the roots, and the main trunk of the tree, it will break asunder or be uprooted. The American power is in danger of losing its balance by extending its limits faster than it accumulates strength to consolidate them together.

I will explain one term which I have used. At the time that Mahomet fled from Mecca, July 15, 622, it was the new moon; the Mussulmen therefore adopted the crescent as their religious emblem.

When the Mahometans conquered a Christian church, and turned it into a mosque, they put the crescent on the top of the cross. The old Greek cathedral church of St. Sophia, in Constantinople,

is now a mosque; the cross is surmounted by a crescent. The Russians have conquered and overpowered various countries that were held by the Mahometan power, where you may now find the Greek cross mounted over the crescent, turning many Mahometan mosques into Christian churches. I give this explanation, thinking it may perhaps be information to some of our young people present.

A great deal has been said about some of the religious emperors who have had dominion in the earth being remarkably good men; but if their characters were impartially examined with any degree of criticism, it will be found that many of them used their religion as a matter of policy. As the present pretender to the throne of France of the house of Bourbon, who is so pious that it is said he goes to church six times a day, and that Pope Pius IX has christened him, his own dear son, I suppose he feels that he is honest in heart, but he would like the throne of France, and there is probably a better chance to get it by making a great deal of pretension to religion than by any other process, and if he gets it, he thinks he will have a little better chance to keep it.

Such speculations have a tendency to make men religious. Like men who write to President Young, saying, "I am a physician, and graduated so and so, and I would like you to write to me, and let me know if there aint a good chance for me to make a comfortable living in your place, in case I should embrace your religion, and settle among you." We frequently receive just such communications; these are the principles that are ranking in the breasts of selfish and ambitious men. I say, ever since Adam eat the apple, it has been more or less the case.

There was Constantine the Great, who was the first Christian emperor; his dominion was termed a Christian dominion, or in other words, it was a Catholic dominion, and extended far and wide, and everything that dared to oppose it was made to suffer the most cruel tyranny. The truths of the gospel becoming absorbed and swallowed up by paganism, and Christianity left only in name, there grew out of his administration, Christian division, dispute, war, and distraction, which have continued to the present time.

Look in the history of the revolutions and conspiracies of Europe, and you will find that religion has always a finger in the matter, even in the present great war: it amounts to about simply this—whether the Catholic power shall exclusively control the holy places, or whether the Greek power shall. The probability is, that the Mahometans have got to surrender them to the Christian powers soon; even the mosque of Omar, which is upon the site of King Solomon's temple at Jerusalem, will soon be surrendered to some Christian power; the only thing that delays it, is the Christian quarrel between the Greek and Catholic nations.

I do not consider Great Britain has waged this war so much for the sake of religion as to control the trade of India, and the way to it; England is after the purse. But all the Catholic powers that are in any way concerned in the matter are the leading influence in the business to check the growing power of the Greek church; hence it is a religious war. But the men to whose ancestors God has given priesthood, and to whom in the last days the privilege of receiving it has been conferred, have been abroad and published the principles of salvation, and the voice of the Prophet of God to the world, and now the nations are left to wrangle with and destroy each other. It is an old proverb, and one of long standing, that "whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." Peace is taken from the earth, and wrath and indignation among the people is the result; they care not for anything but to quarrel and destroy each other.

The same spirit that dwelt in the breasts of the Nephites during the last battles that were fought by them on this continent, when they continued to fight until they were exterminated, is again on the earth and is increasing.

I was amused the other day in hearing a relation of a visit of Mr. Barlow to his native State, Kentucky. He said the people are so united in secret conspiracies that every thing they do not choose to uphold, they will proscribe in every way. Says he, if I had mended a clock or a piece of jewelry, it would have been desecrated, and the man that dared to employ me or feed me, would have been proscribed by the community through their secret organizations. That is the spirit that is abroad on the earth, and one party will unite against another, and so on to the utter destruction of every single principle of liberty, human happiness and human right upon the face of the earth, and bring down upon the heads of the wicked a terrible destruction, which has been predicted by the prophets.

I have seen the same spirit operate in the midst of these mountains. I have seen individuals here who are filled with the spirit of contention—who are filled with the spirit of wickedness; I have heard them complain, murmur and find fault, until, by and bye, they conclude Brigham is wrong, the church is wrong, and every thing is wrong; and that they would go to California, and there stay until the great day, when the Prophet should come and set things right.

This spirit will in the end lead a man to destruction; and all that will preserve the saints in the last days from the general destruction in the vortex of ruin to which the world is rushing, will be their unity with each other, their clinging with all their might, mind, and strength to the building up of this kingdom, and making it their only interest, that they may hang together as one; knowing the text we started on, that it is the Lord's business to provide for his saints.

If you excuse me for my Mahometan narrative, I will close my remarks, praying that the Lord may bless you, and lead you in peace to inherit the celestial kingdom in the end; Amen.

BLEEDING GRAPE VINES.—A writer in the New England Farmer says that common hard soap, applied to the end of a recently pruned vine, will effectually stop the bleeding.

GIRL HUNTING.

A HALF LENGTH FROM LIFE.

BY MRS. C. KIRKLAND.

"A theme of perilous risk,
Thou handlest and hot fires beneath thy path,
The treacherous ashes nurse."

"Can't you let our folks have some eggs?" said Daniel Webster Larkins, opening the door and sticking in a little straw-colored head, and a pair of very mild blue eyes, just far enough to reconnoitre; "can't you let our folks have some eggs? Our old hen don't lay nothing but chickens now, and mother can't eat pork, and she ain't had no breakfast, and the baby ain't dressed, nor nothin'."

"What is the matter, Webster? Where's your girl?"

"Oh, we ain't got no girl but father, and he's had to go 'way to a raisin'—and mother wants to know if you can't tell her where to get a girl?"

Poor Mrs. Larkins! Her husband makes but a very indifferent girl; being a remarkably public-spirited person. The good lady is in very delicate health, and having an incredible number of little blue eyes constantly making fresh demands upon her time and strength, she usually keeps a girl when she can get one. When she cannot, which is unfortunately a larger part of the time, her husband dresses the children—mixes stir-cake for the eldest blue-eyes to bake on the griddle, which is never at rest—milks the cows—feeds the pigs—and then goes to his business, which we have supposed to consist principally in helping at raisings, wood-bees, huskings, and such like important affairs; and "girl hunting"—the most important, and arduous, and profitless of all.

Yet it must be owned that Mr. Larkins is a tolerable carpenter, and that he buys as many comforts as his neighbors. The main difficulty seems to be that 'help' is not often purchasable. The small portion of our damsels who will consent to enter anybody's door for pay, makes the chase after them quite interesting from its uncertainty, and the damsels themselves, subject to a well-known foible of their sex, become very coy from being over courted. Such racing and chasing, and begging and praying to get a girl for a month! They are often got for life with less trouble. But to return.

Having an esteem for Mrs. Larkins and a sincere experimental pity for the forlorn condition of "no girl but father," I set out at once to try if female fact and perseverance might not prove successful in ferreting out a 'help' tho' mere industry had not succeeded. For this purpose I made a list in my mind of those neighbors, in the first place, whose daughters sometimes condescended to be girls; and secondly, of the few who were enabled by good luck, good management, and good pay, to keep them. If I failed in my attempts upon one class, I hoped for some new light from the other. When the object is of such importance it is well worthy to string one's bow quite double.

In the first category stood Mrs. Lowndes, whose forlorn log-house had never known door or window; a blanket supplying the place of one, and the other being represented by a crevice in the logs. Lifting the sooty-curtains with some timidity, I found the dame with a sort of tangled reel before her, trying to wind some dirty, tangled yarn; and ever and anon kicking at a basket which hung suspended from the beam overhead by means of a strip of hickory bark. The basket contained a nest of tags and an indescribable baby; and in the ashes on the rough hearth played several dingy objects, which I supposed had once been babies.

"Is your daughter at home, Mrs. Lowndes?"

"Well, yes; Mr. Randy's to hum, but she's out now. Did you want her?"

"I came to see if she could not go to Mrs. Larkins, who is very unwell, and sadly in want of help."

"Miss Larkins! Why du tell I want to know! Is she sick agn, and is her gal gone?—Why! I want to know! I thought she had Lo-i-sy Paddon! Is Lo-i-sy gone?"

"I suppose so. You will let Miranda go to Mrs. Larkins, will you?"

"Well, don't know but I would let her go for spell, just to 'comodate' them. Mr. Randy may go if she's mind ter. She needn't live out unless she chooses. She's got a comfortable home, and no thanks of nobody. What wages do they give?"

"A dollar a week."

"Eat at the table?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Have Sundays?"

"Why, no—I believe not the whole of Sunday; the children, you know?"

"Oh, ho!" interrupted Mrs. Lowndes, with a disdainful toss of the head, giving at the same time a vigorous impulse to the cradle, "if that's how it is, Mr. Randy don't stir a step! She don't live no where if she can't come home on Saturday night and stay until Monday morning."

I took my leave without further parley, having often found this point "sine qua non" in such negotiations.

My next effort was at a pretty little cottage, whose overhanging roof, and neater outer arrangements, spoke of English ownership. The interior by no means corresponded with the exterior aspect, being more bare than usual, and far from neat. The presiding power was a prodigious creature, who looked like a man in woman's clothes, and whose blazing face, ornamented here and there by great hair moles, spoke very intelligibly of the beer barrel, if of nothing more exciting. A daughter of this virago had once lived in my family, and the mother met me with an air of defiance, as if she thought I had come with an accusation.—When I unfolded my errand her *aborb* softened a little, but she scornfully rejected the idea of her Lucy living with any more Yankees.

"You pretend to think everybody alike," said she; "but when it comes to the pint, you're a sight more uppish, and saucy than the r'al quality at home—and I'll see the whole Yankee race to!"

I made my exit without waiting for the conclusion of this complimentary observation; and the less reluctantly for having seen on the table the lower part of one of my silver tea-spoons, the top of which had been most violently wrenched off. The spoon was a well-remembered loss during Lucy's administration, and I knew that Mrs. Larkins had none to spare.

Unsuccessful thus far among the arbiters of our destiny, I thought I would stop at the house of a friend and make some inquiries which might spare me further rebuffs. On making my way by the garden gate to the library where I usually saw Mrs. Stayner, I was surprised to see it silent and uninhabited. The windows were closed, a half finished cap lay on the sofa, and a bunch of yesterday's wild-flowers upon the table. All spoke of desolation. The cradle—not exactly an appropriate adjunct of a library elsewhere but quite so at the West—was gone, and the little rocking chair was nowhere to be seen. I went on through the parlor, and hall, finding no signs of life, save the breakfast table still standing with the crumbs left undisturbed. Where bells are not known, ceremony is out of the question, so I penetrated to the kitchen, where I caught sight of the fair face of my friend. She was bending over the bread-tray, and at the same time telling stories as fast as possible, by way of coaxing her little boy of four years to rock the cradle which contained his baby sister.

"What does this mean?"

"Oh! nothing more than usual. My Polly took herself off yesterday, without a moment's warning, saying she thought she had lived out long enough; and poor Tom, our factotum, has the ague. Mr. Stayner has gone to some place sixteen miles off, where he was told he might hear of a girl, and I am sole representative of the family energies. But you've no idea what capital bread I can make!"

This looked rather discouraging for my quest, but knowing that the main point of table companionship was the source of most of Mrs. Stayner's difficulties, I still hoped for Mrs. Larkins, who loved the closest intimacy with her help, and always took them visiting with her. So I passed on for another effort at Mrs. Randall's, where three daughters had sometimes to lay aside their dignity long enough to obtain some much coveted articles of dress. Here the mop was in full play, and Mrs. Randall, with her gown turned up, was splashing diluted mud on the walls and furniture in the received mode of those regions, where 'stained-glass windows' are made without a patent. I did not venture in, but asked from the door, with my best diplomacy whether Mrs. Randall knew of a girl.

"A gal! No; who wants a gal?"

"Mrs. Larkins."

"She! Why don't she get up and do her own work?"

"She is too feeble."

"Law sakes, too feeble! She'd be as able as anybody to thrash around, if her old man didn't spile her by wain't on!"

We think Mrs. Larkins deserves small blame on this score.

"But Mrs. Randall, the poor woman is really ill and unable to do anything for her children. Couldn't you spare Rachel for a few days to help her?"

This was said in a most guarded and deprecatory tone, and with a manner carefully moulded between indifference and undue solicitude.

"My gals has enough to do. They ain't able to do their own work. Caroline hasn't been worth the first red cent for hard work ever since she went to school to A—"

"Oh, I did not expect to get Caroline. I understand she is going to get married."

"What, to Bill Green? She wouldn't let him walk where she had walked last year!"

"Here I saw I had made a mis-step. Resolving to be more cautious, I left the selection to the lady herself, only begging for one of the girls. But my eloquence was wasted. The Miss Randalls had been a whole quarter at a select school and will not live out again until their present stock of finery is unwearable.—Miss Rachel, whose company I had hoped to secure, was even then paying attention to a branch of the fine arts."

"Rachel Amanda!" cried Mrs. Randall, at the foot of the ladder which gave access to the upper region, "bring that thing down here! It's the prettiest thing you ever seen in your life!" turning to me. And the educated young lady brought down a doleful-looking compound of card-board and many-colored wafers, which had, it seems, occupied her mind and fingers for some days.

"There," said the mother, proudly; "a gal that's learnt to make sica baskets as that ain't a going to be nobody's help, I guess!"

I thought the boast likely to be verified as a prediction, and went my way crest-fallen and weary. Girl-hunting is among our most formidable 'chores.'—[Western Clearings.]

A GLASS CURIOSITY AT THE PARIS WORLD'S FAIR.—A Paris correspondent of the New York Herald says that among other curiosities on exhibition at the World's Fair, Paris, is a lion, who has accidentally set his foot on a boa constrictor, in whose coils he is immediately enveloped, and, astonished and perturbed, he sees the monster's open mouth and forked tongue within an inch of his jaws. The whole is nearly the size of life and in glass—glass spun and colored with such exquisite art that the fur of the lion's skin looks as soft and feathery as if the monarch of the forest stood a living thing before you. The green sward he walks on, the flowers which garnish the borders of the case, are all glass, and are so faithful to nature, that you almost expect to inhale the odor of the beautiful mignonette and moss-rose that fascinates your eye.