

## A Poetical Dun.

Should you ask me why this dunning,  
Why these sad complaints and murmurs,  
Murmurs loud about delinquents  
Who have read the paper weekly,  
Read what they have never paid for,  
Read with pleasure and with profit,  
Read of news both home and foreign,  
Read the essays and the poems,  
Full of wisdom and instruction;  
Should you ask us why this dunning,  
We should answer, we should tell you,  
From the printer, from the mailer,  
From the prompt old paper-maker,  
From the landlord, from the carrier,  
From the man who taxes letters  
With a stamp from Uncle Samuel—  
Uncle Sam the rowdies call him—  
From them all there came a message,  
Message kind but firmly spoken,  
"Please to pay us what you owe us."

Sad it is to hear such message  
When our funds are all exhausted,  
When the last bank-note has left us,  
When the gold coin all has vanished,  
Gone to pay the paper-maker,  
Gone to pay the toiling printer,  
Gone to pay the landlord tribute,  
Gone to pay the active carrier,  
Gone to pay the faithful mailer,  
Gone to pay old Uncle Samuel,  
Uncle Sam the rowdies call him—  
Gone to pay the Western paper,  
Three and twenty hundred dollars!  
Sad it is to turn our ledger,  
Turn and see what sums are due us,  
Due for volumes long since ended,  
Due for years of pleasant reading,  
Due for years of toilsome labor,  
Due despite our patient waiting,  
Due despite our constant dunning,  
Due in sums from two to twenty.  
Would you lift a burden from us?  
Would you drive a spectre from you?  
Would you taste a pleasant slumber?  
Would you have a quiet conscience?  
Would you read a paper paid for?  
Send us money, send us money,  
Send us money, send us money,  
SEND THE MONEY THAT YOU OWE US!

## REMARKS

By Elder William H. Kimball, Tabernacle, p.m.  
of March 22, 1857.

[REPORTED BY LEO HAWKINS.]

I know that if I claim the Holy Spirit, in the name of Jesus, I may have it, and then what I may be prompted to speak will be words of wisdom, although they may be in weakness, although, as I may say, in fear. My experience in 'Mormonism' has been such as prompts me to endeavor to comply with the wishes of my superiors, but that experience and my natural feelings have had quite a contest, since I was invited to come to this stand. If I had acted as my natural feelings dictated I should have refused, but I am harnessed and am determined to work and do the best I can.

I am naturally a 'Mormon,' for the reason that I cannot bring myself to believe that any other people embrace so many principles pertaining to salvation. I have been cradled in 'Mormonism,' and I know comparatively but little about anything else, though I have had an excellent opportunity, within the last two or three years, to know something about other doctrines than those of 'Mormonism.'

I have scrutinized 'Mormonism' closely, for I have always said, in my weakness, that it was a hard harness to work in; and an easier course, if leading to the same great reward, would be far pleasanter to the natural man. But the more I have examined and experienced, the more confirmed I have become in the truth of our holy religion; and I ask God to strengthen me, that I may never be found upon the back track.

I have rejoiced much this winter in the renewed determination of this people to more closely live their religion, and to extend the blessings thereof unto the children of men—to all who are desirous of the blessings that we are striving to attain. I learned, while absent on my mission to Europe, that when a spirit of oneness prevailed in the bosoms of the Saints in the valleys of the mountains, that same spirit extended to us in the nations of the earth; we felt its influence there. On the other hand, when there is a measure of disobedience here to the commands of God as they are given through his servants, the Elders abroad feel that influence. This I have proved to my satisfaction.

My true interests and best feelings are enlisted for the upbuilding of the house of God and putting down iniquity, that we may receive the blessings in store for the honest in heart from all the nations of the earth. And I feel to thank God that the line he has placed in the hands of his servants has been extended to me; that I have had the opportunity of assisting to draw the line between the righteous and the wicked and ungodly who seek to destroy us. My desire is that this line may be drawn tighter and tighter, until all evildoers and workers of iniquity are rooted from our midst, which may God grant, inasmuch as we prove ourselves worthy so great a blessing.

Last season, while I was in the States, I had a chance to visit some of the dissenters who have broken off from this church, and while with them I felt free, freer than with any other class in the States, and had more of the Spirit of God. Why so? Because I could see more clearly the literal fulfillment of prophecies concerning them. I found that those different branches of dissenters had grasped at every straw that was floating down stream, and every one had sunk with them; they were drifting a course ever downwards, and the contrast was great between them and the Saints in the chambers of the mountains.

I found the dissenters like withered branches,

twice dead, plucked up by the roots; but when with the Saints I have ever felt that the tree and branches were, and the fruit good. I have felt that here we have 'Mormonism' with life in it; and wish that every one who has the Spirit could more and more partake of it and feel its influence.

I have not, outside of this church, found a system that had the substance to uphold me in walking in the path of obedience, and in seeking to prove myself worthy of the blessings God has in store for the faithful.

I pray God to bless us and all the honest in heart among every nation and people, and to enable us to attain unto that which we righteously desire, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ: Amen.

[From Kane's Arctic Explorations.]

## WALRUS HUNTING.

Morton, one of the crew, had joined some Esquimaux to catch walrus:

"The party which Morton attended upon their walrus hunt, had three sledges. One was to be taken to a cache in the neighborhood; the other two dragged at a quick run towards the open water, about ten miles off to the south-west. They had but nine dogs to these two sledges, one man only riding, the others running by turns. As they neared the ice, and where the black wastes of mingled cloud and water betokened the open sea, they would from time to time remove their hoods and listen intently for the animal's voice.

After a while Myouk became convinced from signs or sounds, or both, for they were inappreciable by Morton, that the walrus were waiting for him in a small space of recently open water that was glazed over with a few days' growth of ice; and, moving gently on, they soon heard the characteristic bellow of a bull awuk.

The walrus, like some of the higher order of beings to which he has been compared, is fond of his own music, and will lie for some hours listening to himself. His vocalization is something between the mooing of a cow and the deepest bayings of a mastiff; very round and full, with its barks or detached notes repeated rather quickly, seven to nine times in succession.

The party now formed in single file, following in each others' steps; and guided by an admirable knowledge of ice-topography, wound behind hummocks and ridges in a serpentine approach toward a group of pond-like discolorations, recently frozen ice-spots, but surrounded by firmer and older ice.

When within half a mile of these, the lines broke and each man crawled toward a separate pool; Morton, on his hands and knees, following Myouk. In a few minutes the walrus were in sight. They were five in number, rising at intervals through the ice in a body, and breaking it with an explosive puff that might have been heard for miles. Two large grim looking males were conspicuous as the leaders of the group.

Now for the marvel of the craft. When the walrus is above water, the hunter is flat and motionless; as he begins to sink, alert and ready for a spring. The animal's head is hardly below the water-line before every man is in a rapid run; and again, as if by instinct, before the beast returns, all are motionless behind protecting knolls of ice. They seem to know beforehand not only the time he will be absent, but the very spot at which he will re-appear. In this way, hiding and advancing by turns, Myouk, with Morton at his heels, has reached a plate of thin ice, hardly strong enough to bear them, at the very brink of the waterpool the walrus are curvetting in.

Myouk, till now plegmatic, seems to waken with excitement. His coil of walrus hide, a well trimmed line of many fathoms' length, is lying at his side. He fixes one end of it in an iron barb, and fastens this loosely by a socket upon a shaft of unicorn's horn; the other end is already looped, or as a sailor would say, 'doubled in a bight.' It is the work of a moment. He has grasped the harpoon; the water is in motion. Puffing with pent up respiration, the walrus is within a couple of fathoms, close before him. Myouk rises slowly, his right arm thrown back, the left flat at his side.

The walrus looks about him, shaking the water from his crest; Myouk throws up his left arm; and the animal, raising breast high, fixes one look before he plunges. It costs him all that curiosity can cost: the harpoon is buried under the left flipper.

Though awuk is down in a moment, Myouk is running at desperate speed from the scene of his victory, paying off his coil freely, but clutching the end of the loop. He seizes, as he runs, a small stick of bone, rudely pointed with iron, and by a sudden movement drives it into the ice: to this he secures his line, pressing it down close to the ice-surface with his feet.

Now comes the struggle. The hole is dashed in mad commotion with the struggles of the wounded beast; the line is drawn tight at one moment, the next relaxed: the hunter has not left his station. There is a crack of the ice; and rearing up through it are two walruses, not many yards from where he stands. One of them, the male, is excited, and seemingly terrified: the other, the female, collected and vengeful. Down they go again, after one grim survey of the field; and on the instant Myouk has changed his position, carrying his coil with him and fixing it anew.

He has hardly fixed it before the pair have again risen, breaking up an area of ten feet diameter about the very spot he left. As they sink once more, he again changes his place, and so the conflict goes on between address and force, till the victim, half exhausted, receives a second wound, and is played like a trout by the angler's reel.

The instinct of attack which characterizes the walrus is interesting to the naturalists, as it is characteristic also of land animals, the pachyderms, with which he is classed. When wounded, he rises high out of the water, plunging heavily against the ice, and strives to raise himself with

his fore flippers upon its surface. As it breaks under its weight his countenance assumes a still more vindictive expression, his bark changes to a roar, and the foam pours out from his jaws till it froths his beard.

Even when not excited, he manages his tusks bravely. They are so strong that he uses them to grapple the rocks with, and climbs steep slopes of ice and land, which would be inaccessible to him without their aid. He ascends in this way rocky islands that are sixty and a hundred feet above the level of the sea; and I have myself seen him in these elevated positions, basking with his young in the cool sunshine of August and September.

He can strike a fearful blow, but prefers charging with his tusks in a soldierly manner. I do not doubt the old stories of the Spitzbergen fisheries and Cherie Island, where the walrus put to flight the crowds of European boats. Awuk is the lion of the Danish Esquimaux, and they always speak of him with respect.

I have heard of comiaks being detained for days at a time at the crossings of straits and passages which he infested. Governor Flaischer told me that, in 1830, a brown walrus, which, according to the Esquimaux, is the fiercest, after being lanced and maimed, near Upernavik, routed his numerous assailants, and drove them in fear to seek for help from the settlement. His movements were so violent as to jerk out the harpoons that were struck into him. The Governor slew him with great difficulty, after several rifle shots and lance wounds from his whale-boat."

## SEAL HUNTING.

Kane's Arctic Expedition abounds in adventures like the following, which makes one shiver to read. Dr. Kane and an Esquimaux hunter take a trip after seals:

"I started with Hans and five dogs, all we could muster from our disabled pack, and reached the 'Pinnacle Berg,' in a single hour's run. But where was the water? where was the seal? The floes had closed, and the crushed ice was all that told of our intended hunting ground.

Ascending a berg, however, we could see to the north and west the dark cloud-stratus, which betokens water. It ran through our battle ground, the 'Bergy Belt'—the labyrinth of our wandering after the frozen party of last winter. I had not been over it since, and the feeling it gave me was anything but joyous.

In a couple of hours we emerged upon a plain, unlimited to the eye, and smooth as a billiard-table. Feathers of young frosting gave a plush-like nap to its surface, and toward the horizon dark columns of frost-smoke pointed clearly to the open water. This ice was firm enough; our experience satisfied us that it was not a very recent freezing. We pushed on without hesitation, cheering ourselves with the expectation of coming every minute to the seals.

We passed a second ice-growth; it was not so strong as the one we had just come over, but still safe for a party like ours. On we went, at a brisker gallop, maybe for another mile, when Hans sang out, at the top of his voice, Pusey! pusey-mut! seal, seal! At the same instant the dogs bounded forward, and, as I looked up, I saw crowds of gray netsik, the rough or hipsid seal of the whalers, sporting in an open sea of water.

I had hardly welcomed the spectacle, when I saw that we had passed upon a new belt of ice that was obviously unsafe. To the right and left and front, was one great expanse of snow-flowered ice. The nearest solid floe was a mere lump, which stood like an island in the white level. To turn was impossible; we had to keep up our gait.

We urged on the dogs with whip and voice, the ice rolling like leather beneath the sledge runners; it was more than a mile to the lump of solid ice. Fear gave to the poor beasts their utmost speed, and our voices were soon hushed to silence.

The suspense, unrelieved by action or efforts, was intolerable. We knew that there was no remedy but to reach the floe, and that everything depended upon our dogs, and our dogs alone. A moment's check would plunge the whole concern into the rapid tide-way. No presence of mind or resource, bodily or mental, could avail us. The seals—for we were now near enough to see their expressive faces—were looking at us with that strange curiosity which seems to be their characteristic expression. We must have passed some fifty of them, breast high out of water, mocking us by their self-complacency.

This desperate race against fate could not last. The rolling of the tough salt water ice terrified our dogs, and when within fifty paces from the floe, they paused. The left hand runner went through; our leader, 'Tood-lamick,' followed; and in one second the entire lot of the sledge was submerged. My first thought was to liberate the dogs. I leaped forward to cut poor Tood's traces, and the next minute was swimming in a little circle of pasty ice and water alongside him.

Hans, dear, good fellow, drew near to help me, uttering piteous expressions in broken English; but I ordered him to throw himself on his belly, with his hands and legs extended, and to make for the island by coggling himself forward with his jack-knife. In the meantime—a mere instant—I was floundering about with sledge, dogs and lines, in confused puddle round me.

I succeeded in cutting poor Tood's lines, and letting him scramble to the ice—for the fellow was drowning me with his piteous caresses—and made my way for the sledge; but I found that it would not buoy me, and that I had no resource but to try the circumference of the hole. Around this I paddled faithfully, the miserable ice always yielding when my hopes of a lodgment were greatest. During this process I enlarged my circle of operations, to a very uncomfortable diameter, and was beginning to feel weaker after every effort.

Hans, meanwhile, had reached the firm ice, and was on his knees, like a good Moravian, praying incoherently in English and Esquimaux; at every fresh crushing in of the ice, he would ejaculate

'God!' and when I recommenced my padding, he recommenced his prayers.

I was nearly gone. My knife had been lost in cutting out the dogs, and a spare one which I carried in my trowers-pocket was so enveloped in the wet skins that I could not reach it. I could owe my extrication at last to a newly-broken team dog, who was still fast to the sledge, and in struggling, carried one of the runners' chock against the edge of the circle. All my previous attempts to use the sledge as a bridge had failed, for it broke through to the much greater injury of the ice.

I felt that it was a last chance. I threw myself on my back, so as to lessen as much as possible my weight, and placed the nape of my neck against the rim of the edge of the ice, and then with caution, slowly bent my leg, and placing the ball of my moccasined foot against the sledge, I pressed steadily against the runner, listening to the half-yielding crunch of the ice beneath.

Presently I felt my head pillowed by the ice, and that my wet fur jumper was sliding up the surface. Next came my shoulders; they were fairly on. One more decided push, and I was launched upon the ice and safe. I reached the ice-floe, and was frictioned, by Hans with frightful zeal. We saved all the dogs; but the sledge, kayak, tent, guns, snow-shoes, and everything besides, were left behind. The thermometer at eight degrees well kept them frozen fast in the sledge till we can come and cut them out."

THE SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT OF SIAM.—I had never before seen so large an elephant. His skin was as smooth and spotless and as white as the driven snow, with the exception of a large scarlet rim round the eyes.

The brute was too dignified and accustomed to homage to pay the slightest attention to the intrusion of such unassuming visitors as ourselves, but went on calmly helping himself to leaves and branches from the mighty piles that were heaped up before him. The room itself was an unassuming one, exceedingly lofty, with windows all around the loftiest part; but the flooring was covered with a mat-work, wrought of pure chased gold each interwoven seam being about half an inch wide, and about the thickness of a half-sovereign!

If this was not sin to snakes, as the Yankees say, I don't know what was. The idea of a great unwieldy brute, like the elephant, trampling under foot and wearing out more gold in one year than many hard working people gain in ten! And then the solid mass that this costly carpeting was in, in many parts, would have been sufficient to cause a miser to go off instantly into a fit of insanity.

Several priests were busily engaged in different parts of the room polishing up tarnished spots; others, professionally goldsmiths, were extracting the worn strips, and replacing them with new ones so heavy and so bright that it made our eyes and mouth water to see such infamous waste.—Every one to his liking, however. The sovereigns and potentates of Europe manage to make millions slip through their fingers in the pursuits of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and in indulging every vicious appetite that vicious nature can give birth to.

The man who was so fortunate as to entrap this elephant, got from the King of Siam a pension of one thousand sicels per annum, which pension is hereditary. Besides this, he was raised to a very high office in the kingdom, that of carrying water to the elephant to slake his thirst with; and the jars in which the water is transported, and the trough from which this leviathan drinks, are both more or less flagged and worked with gold.

The elephants are the only dignitaries connected with the court that are permitted to breakfast before his majesty, and if they don't get it early, they roar for it in a very appalling manner. The elephant's trumpeting must certainly drown the feeble cracked notes of the king's bugler.—[Neale's Residence in Siam.]

ACTIVITY.—Activity is one of the everlasting laws of existence. There is no religion without work. Laziness is spiritual death. Whoever acquired anything worth having by lying still and waiting for it to come to him? All things are within reach of man, if he will only go after them; all things mock him who lingers by the way. Who gains money but the man who toils with hand or brain?

Who finds knowledge save by the striving of the understanding? Who knows anything of beauty in nature but he who spurns the morning couch and is on the hill-top while his neighbors are asleep; can defy the snow and the rain, and strain up the mountain summit and endure the noonday heats? And through what watching and lonely wrestling with languor and discouragement the artist leads out human loveliness from the rough marble, and coaxes beauty upon the canvas!

And does not every good man go up to his virtue as Jesus went; like him resist satan in the desert, sweat drops of blood in Gethsemane, and bear his cross up Calvary. Activity is the law of life. Let us be up and doing? Time waits for no man; all things go on; go on with all things, or you will fall out of your rank in the procession of existence, and never find your place again unless through toils that will wring your soul with anguish.—Listen to the voice of the sea, for it is the voice of God, which evermore says, "Work while it is called to-day."—[Christian Inquirer.]

PROFITS OF GRAPES.—In the neighborhood of Cincinnati there are more than two thousand acres of grapes. The profits per acre average taking one year with another, about \$300.—Much, of course, depends on management. The cost of planting ranges from \$100 to 300 per acre.

The expense with ordinary land need not exceed \$150 per acre. When trenching machines come into use on land clear of stones, the cost of planting will be materially reduced. Better profits are made on the grapes sold in the market than on those used for wine.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]