

are the sensible forms of thoughts and of a spirit which draw men.

And so the wise are not mere talkers—for their words are few and fitting—but are also good listeners.

For the encouragement of their companions and for their own instruction, they lead them to talk upon those subjects with which they are most familiar, they draw from them some part of their experience, and thus often chance to find a treasure of virtue or of wisdom.

The wise man is wise in everything—in thinking, in hearing, in speaking, in acting. He is careful, deliberate, serious, earnest, conscientious. He looks forward considering the impending result and doing nothing rashly. He looks backward that he may discern his faults and correct them. Pure thoughts, right words, good deeds are the natural fruit of his character.

The gist of the subject is contained in these words of Solomon: "The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright; but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness."—[H. M., in Life Illustrated.

The War in the Caucasus.

The news received from the Caucasus by the last mail is diametrically opposed to that forwarded from St. Petersburg a few days since. Sefer Bey announces that 10,000 Circassians, under the command of Mehemed Bey (the Hungarian Bangya) and M. Stankajevich, (a Belgian officer of artillery) have totally defeated General Filipson on the banks of the Kuban, which river divides the country inhabited by the Tchernowarisch Cossacks from that part of the Caucasus which is peopled by the various tribes popularly known as "the Circassians."

The Russians, who are said to have been pursued as far as Rostoff and Tamor, lost 6 guns and 64 pack horses.

The foregoing intelligence may or may not be correct, but Schamyl's subjoined proclamation must be considered a kind of proof that some advantages of importance have been obtained over the Russians on the Caspian coast of the Caucasian isthmus. The tale told is, that Schamyl, with an army of 25,000 men, was encamped on the banks of a river called Koyusu, and that the Russians resolved to attempt to dislodge him, as the position commanded the passes of the Tschetschna. Accordingly the Russian army advanced in two divisions, under the command of Generals Nicolai and Rudanoffsky. General Nicolai was kept in check by a chief named Hadji Mourad, but Rudanoffsky was boldly attacked by Schamyl, who, after a battle which lasted ten hours, succeeded in driving his enemy across the Koyusu.

The result of Schamyl's victory was that several blockhouses fell into his hands, fortified places which had been built by the Russians at a prodigious sacrifice of time, money and life for the maintenance of the communication between Kizlar, on the river Terek, and Derbend, on the Caspian. Schamyl's proclamation runs as follows:

"In the name of the great and merciful God and of his sole prophet, I make known unto you, my faithful friends, that I would rather die fighting against the enemies of the true faith than permit them to retain possession of one single piece of our soil.

The fitting moment has arrived, and we have successfully attacked our inexorable foe. It is true that we stand alone; but God is with those who have faith in him. Islam requires no foreign aid; and if during three or four years we refrained from assisting our brethren when they fought against the Russians it was solely because it is displeasing to God that infidels should come to the assistance of Islam. Children of Islam! let us show to the world that the faithful need no aid when they do battle against the enemies of God, of his prophet, and of our holy religion."

As is seen, Schamyl makes his religious principles an excuse for his inactivity during the war; but it is a notorious fact that he concluded an armistice with Russia on very advantageous conditions until April 1, 1857. It is said that 2,000 Russian deserters fought under Schamyl's flag on the banks of the Koyusu.

THE WORST PAUPERISM.—Can there well be imagined a more shameful spectacle than that of thousands of American citizens, who would be indignant if one doubted their honor, independence or respectability, rushing every four years to Washington, to pray the new President, like an army of mendicants, for some support? Just look at it, and see of what pauper stuff our bravest political patriotism is made. From every quarter of the Union the throng of beggars come—as though the national capitol was but a vast alms house—subsisting on the way either upon means of their own, or means borrowed from their friends.

They have all the same story to tell. Each declares himself the most influential man of his region—beggars as he is—and asks that he may have some good fat office, for what? Not anything done for his country, his family, his God, or humanity; but because he has gone deeper into the secret caucus, higher on the demagogic stump, and lower in filth of a thousand kinds than any decent, conscientious man could go—to serve some party, based upon some idea, whose whole purpose was to stand as the centre of organization for such party.

Three-fifths of the claims to office—or a living at public expense—are no better than the one just described, and is he not a wretched pauper in spirit who can bend, and fawn, and pray for a public sop on such grounds—or on any grounds, so long as honest hands can earn an honest, manly living? It is bad enough as things are come to pass, to be made the recipient of a public living—to beg for one, ought to

disfranchise a freeman. Yet what office, now-a-days, is left to be given? What office is not howled after, even as a pack of wolves howl upon the track of a dying stag?

MAM HIBBS' HOSS RACE WITH THE PARSON.—"Mam war ridin' slowly along, thinkin' how sorry she was, cos Chary Dolin, who always led her off, had sich a bad cold, an' wouldn't be able to 'sist her singin' to-day. She war practisin' the hymus, and had got as far as whar it says, 'I have a race to run,' when the passun huy in sight, an' in 'bout the dodgin' of a dieddapper, she found thar war truth in the word, for the colt, hearin' the hoss comin' up behind, began to show symptoms of runnin'; but when he heard the passun holler, 'wo! wo!' to his hoss, he thought it war mam shoutin' 'go!' and sure nuff off they started jis as the passun got up even; so it war a fair race.

Whoop! git out, but it war egsitin'; the dust flew, and the rail fence appeared strate as a rifle. Thar war the passun, his legs fast to the critter's flanks, arms lockt around his neck, face as pale as a rabbit's belly, and the white flag streamin' far behind—and thar war Mam, fust on one side, then on 't'her, her new caliker swelled up round like a bear with the dropsy, the old lady so much surprized she cudden ride stedly, an' tryin' to stop her colt, but he war too well trained to stop while he heard 'go!'

Mam got 'sited at last, and her eyes 'gan to glimmer like she seen her daddy's ghost axin' 'if he ever trained up a child or a race-hoss to be 'fraid of a small brush on a Sunday,' she commenced ridin' beautiful; she braced herself up in the saddle, an' began to make calkerlations how she war to win the race, for it war nose and nose, and she saw the passun spurrin' his critter every jump. She tuk off her shoe, and the way a number ten go-to-meetin' brogan commenced givin' a hoss particular Moses, war a caution to hoss flesh—but still it kept nose and nose.

She found she war carryin' too much weight for colt, so she 'gan to throw off plunder, till nuthin' war left but her saddle and close, and the spurs kept tellin' still. The old woman commenced strippin' to lighten, an' then when she found it war no use while the spurs lasted, she got cantankerous.

"Pass-un," said she, "I'll be eust if it's fair or gentlemanly for you, a preacher of the gospel, to take advantage of an old woman this way, usin' spurs when you know she can't wear em—"taint Christian-like nuther, and she burst into cryin'.

"Wol Miss Hibbs! Wol Stop! Madam! Wol Your son!"—he attempted to say, when the old woman tuk him on the back of the head, and fillin' his mouth with right smart of a saddle horn, and stoppin' the talk, as far as his share went for the present.

By this time they'd got nigh on to the meefin' house, and the folks were harkin' away on 'Old Hundred,' and wonderin' what could have become of the passun and Mam Hibbs. One sister in a long beard axt another brethren in church, if she'd heered anything 'bout that New York preacher runnin' way with a woman old enough to be his mother. The brethrens gin a long sigh, an' groaned 'it ain't possible! marcfil heavens! you don't 'spicion' when the sound of the hosses comin' 'roused them up like a touch of the agur, an' broke off their serpent talk.

Dad run out to see what was to pay, but when he seed the hosses so close together, the passun spurrin', and Mam ridin' like close war skase whar she cum from, he knew her fix in a second, and 'tarmined to help her; so clinchin' a saplin', he hid 'hind a stump 'bout ten steps off, and held on for the hosses.

On they went in beautiful style, the passun's spurs tellin' terrible, and Mam's shoe operatin' 'no small pile of pukins'—passun stretched out the length of two horses, while Mam sat as stiff and strate as a bull yearling in his fast fight, hittin' her nag, fust on one side, next on 't'her, and the third for passun, who had chawed the horn till little of the saddle, and less of his teeth, war left, and his voice sounded as holler as a jackass-nicker in an old saw mill.

But I tell you, ole hoss, Mam won the race, though she lost 'e'en amost everything else, to speak of."

RULES OF HEALTH FOR MARRIED LADIES.—Get up at three o'clock in the morning; clean out the stove, take up the ashes; sweep the front side-walk and scrub the front steps; nurse the baby, put the mackerel to soak, build the fires, grind the coffee, get your husband's things to warm, see the shirt aired, boil the mackerel, settle the coffee, set the table, rouse the house, carry up some hot water for shaving to that brute of a lazy husband, and dry the morning paper.

By this time you will have an appetite for breakfast. Hold the baby during the meal, as you like your breakfast cold.

After breakfast, wash the dishes, nurse the baby, dust everything, wash the windows, wash and dress the baby—(that pantry wants cleaning out and scrubbing) nurse the baby, draw the baby five or six miles in the wagon for his health; nurse him when you return; put on the potatoes and the cabbage, nurse the baby—and the corn beef—don't forget to nurse the baby—and the turnips—nurse the baby—sweep everything; take up the dinner, set the table, fill the castors, change the table cloth—there, that baby wants nursing.—Eat your dinner cold again, and nurse the baby.

After dinner, wash the dishes, gather up all the dirty clothes and put them to soak; nurse the baby every half hour; receive a dozen calls, interspersed with nursing the baby; drag the baby a mile or two; hurry home; make biscuits, pick up some codfish, cut some dried beef. Catnip tea for baby's internal disarrangement; hold the baby an hour to quiet him; put some alcohol in the metre; baby a specimen of perpetual motion; tea ready; take yours cold as usual.

After tea, wash up the dishes, put some fish to soak; chop some hash; send for some more sugar—(good gracious! how that sugar does go—and 13 cents a pound;) get down the stockings and darn them—keep on nursing the baby—wait up till 12 o'clock nursing the baby, till husband comes home with a double shuffle on the front steps, a decided difficulty in finding the stairway, and a determination to sleep in the back yard. Drag him up stairs to bed; then nurse the baby and go to sleep.

Women in delicate health will find that the above practice will either kill or cure them.

A DANDY AND HIS TURKEY.—Justice Marshall was in the habit of going to market himself, and carrying home his purchases. Frequently he would be seen at sunrise, with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other.—On one of these occasions, a fashionable young man from the North, who had removed to Richmond, was swearing violently because he could find no one to carry home his turkey. Marshall stepped up and asked him where he lived, and said, on being told—

"That's on my way, and I will take it for you."

When he came to the house the young man inquired: "What shall I pay you?"

"O, nothing," said the Chief Justice, "it was on my way and no trouble."

"Who was that polite old man that brought home my turkey?" inquired this man of a bystander.

"That," replied he, "is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States."

"Why did he bring home my turkey?" asked he.

"To give you a severe reprimand and to teach you to attend to your own business," was the reply.

True genuine greatness never feels above doing anything that is useful, but especially the truly great man will never feel above helping himself.

STOCKHOLM.—Bayard Taylor says:—"Stockholm has been called the most licentious city in Europe, and I have no doubt, with the most perfect justice. Vienna may surpass it in the amount of conjugal infidelity, but certainly not in general incontinence. Very nearly half the registered births are illegitimate, to say nothing of the illegitimate children born in wedlock. Of the servant girls, shop girls and seamstresses in the city, it is very safe to say that scarcely one out of 100 is chaste, while, as rakish young Swedes have coolly informed me, a large proportion of girls of respectable parentage, belonging to the middle class, are not much better.

The men, of course, are much worse than the women, and even in Paris one sees fewer physical signs of excessive debauchery. Here, the number of broken down young men, and bleary-eyed, hoary sinners, is astonishing. I have never been in any place where licentiousness was so open and avowed—and yet, where the slang of sham morality was so prevalent. There are no houses of prostitution in Stockholm, and the city would be scandalized at the idea of such a thing. A few years ago two were established, and the fact was no sooner known than a virtuous mob arose and violently pulled them down!"

ZOOLOGICAL.—The number of vertebrated animals is estimated at 20,000. About 1,500 species of mammals are pretty precisely known; and the number, according to Professor Agassiz, may, probably, be carried to about 2,000. The number of birds, well known, is 4,000 or 5,000 species, and the probable number is 6,000. The reptiles number about the same as the mammals—1,500 described species—and they will probably reach the number of 2,000. The fishes are more numerous; there are from 5,000 to 6,000 species in the museums in Europe, and the number may, probably, amount to 8,000 or 10,000. There are collections of marine shells, bivalve and univalve, which amount to 5,000 or 7,000, and collections of land and fluviatile shells, which count as many as 2,000; the total number of mollusks would, therefore, probably, exceed 15,000 species. Of the articulated animals, of every species, the probable number is computed at 200,000. Including every living species of the animal creation, the number is set down by Prof. Agassiz at 250,000; and he estimates the number of fossil species to be fully as great.

A MONEY LENDER'S PRAYER.—The Sabbath evening meeting at the Methodist church at Portland, Maine, is a famous resort for the young people, including the girls. The church don't always take them all in, and some of the 'boys' have to stand under the windows outside. Old Deacon Dash is an excellent man in his way. He is a 'money lender,' and 'land shark,' and has an excellent faculty of getting 'ol'fired big rates.' Well, the old man was down for a prayer the other night. The 'brethren' were putting in the tallest kind of amens, and the old man getting on a powerful unction, when lifting up his voice like western thunder, he roared out—"Oh Lord, give us greater interest in heaven!"

A young rascal, outside, under the proppings of the moment, in reply, sang out at the very top of his voice—"Hold on, old man!—You're in for five per cent a month here, and, in God's name, don't cry out for anything worse up there!" The deacon didn't rise any higher on that occasion.

¶ A woman spills more with a thimble than a man can draw with a bucket. Hear that, ye ladies who a "shopping go."

¶ What kind of a face should an auctioneer have? A face that is for-bidding.

CURIOSITY—ROCKING STONE.—About six miles east of Goliad, Texas, on a branch of the Manahuala, there is a rocking stone, one of these curiosities which were the veneration of Drudes and are the puzzle of philosophers. It is a huge flint rock, weighing ten or fifteen tons, which is so nicely balanced that it may be rocked like a candle with a touch of the hand; yet the might of a hundred men would not suffice to move it from its place. When struck it rings with a loud clear sound, which is repeated as if it were struck twice.

A ledge of flint and volcanic rocks crop out of the ground at the same place, forming a hillock which is shadowed with a grove of oaks. Altogether it is said to be a curious and romantic place.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

FURNITURE.

WANTED—In exchange for Furniture—SCRIP, WOOD, LUMBER, PRODUCE, &c. H. W. NAISBITT

ROPE AND TWINE.

W. A. McMASTER, Rope, Twine, Lasso, Girth, Broom and Weavers' Twine Manufacturer, 11th Ward, informs the public that he will break and dress Hemp and Flax, or spin any of the above named to all who wish, on cheap terms, &c. 27tr

J. L. HEYWOOD.

HAT, Cap and Muff Manufacturer, 17th Ward. WANTED in exchange—all kinds of Furs, Sheep and Lamb's wool; also all kinds of produce, County and Territorial orders. 21-tr

SHEEP, CATTLE & HORSES

WILL be taken by us on Bingham Creek south to herd or raise on shares, at the usual rates, length of time immaterial with us. We shall prepare to feed our stock when necessary during the winter. (7tr) BLAIR & BROTHER.

Brand Sheets! Brand Sheets!

NOTICE is hereby given that the Brand Sheets, now nearly bound, can be had by calling at the President's Office, price \$1 cash or wheat at cash price taken in payment. Persons having cattle estrayed, or those purchasing, will find it to their advantage to have the Brand Sheets by them for reference. H. B. CLAWSON, Recorder of Brands. 49tr

W. BALLAN,

WATCH-MAKER, respectfully informs the inhabitants of Great Salt Lake City and vicinity, that he intends carrying on his business in the house formerly occupied by A. L. Hale, North Temple st., 17th ward, and will warrant all work done by him to give satisfaction, as he understands his business in all its branches. Jewelry neatly repaired; charges very moderate. 43-tr

ENGRAVING SHOP

A. T. J. M. BARLOW'S, 1st door east of the Deseret Store, where all kinds of engraving may be done. Names engraved on guns, watches, rings, spoons, knives, &c. Public Hands and others please take notice. Any kind of available pay taken. Terms moderate. DAVID MACKENZIE, Engraver. 25-tr

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber, having purchased the Woollen Factory at Jordan Mills, formerly owned by Mr. Gault, has repaired and fitted it up in good order and has it in successful operation. Carding, Spinning, Weaving, Fulling and Dyeing done to order at short notice, and on reasonable terms. With a new set of cards and good workmen, he flatters himself that he can do as good work as can be done in the Territory. Wool worked up on shares, if desired. 20-tr A. GARDNER.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

HAVING BEEN APPOINTED ADMINISTRATOR of the Estate of Thomas Tennan deceased, by the Judge of the Probate Court for Great Salt Lake county, the undersigned hereby requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to come forward without delay and cancel the same, and those having demands against said estate will please file them with the Judge of the aforesaid Court, properly authenticated, as soon as circumstances will permit and within the time specified by law. DANIEL SPENCER, Administrator. 44tr

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE!!

THE undersigned having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for Great Salt Lake county Administrators of the Estate of A. W. Babbitt, deceased, hereby notify all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to come forward without delay for settlement; and all persons having claims against said estate will please file them with the Hon. Elias Smith, Probate Judge, on or before the first day of June, A.D., 1857.

JULIA ANN BABBITT, W. H. HOOPER, BENJ. F. JOHNSON, Administrators. Great Salt Lake City, Dec. 29, 1856. 42-tr

Cows, Sheep and Herding.

I AM now keeping a herd at Santaquin (or Summit creek) and prepared to take cows and sheep on shares, or any kind of stock to herd, both summer and winter, and to make myself responsible for all losses sustained by neglect or mismanagement. I will give one half the butter, cheese and increase from cows; and one half the wool and two thirds the increase from sheep, and will deliver without expense the butter, cheese and wool as it becomes due. Our range for stock, both for summer and winter, is unsurpassed in the valleys of these mountains. Those in or near G. S. L. City having stock to let or to be herded can inquire of or leave their stock with D. T. Le Baron, Mrs. A. W. Babbitt's residence, G. S. L. City; and any one desiring to trade sheep for good work oxen can by him be accommodated. 6tr E. F. JOHNSON.

WHEAT AND CLOTHING.

BRING along your substantial Clothing and Exchange on liberal terms for wheat, corn, cattle, pork and other domestic products, at the Deseret Store.

For the purpose of a more equal distribution of clothing throughout the settlements, it has been suggested by the First Presidency that clothing of every description be deposited at the Deseret Store, and those who are in need to bring in their grain, &c., and be prepared to make the exchange for the articles needed.

Let everybody look over their wardrobes, turn out their drawers and boxes, and see what can be collected to supply the present wants of a large portion of this community.

P.S. In consequence of the Annual State Fair being held at the Deseret Store, the premises will be closed on Friday the 25th inst. and re-opened for business Oct. 6th.