

[For the Deseret News.]

REFLECTIONS

Written on reading an advertisement of Liquor of Superior Quality for sale.

Aye, 'tis superior—but for what?
To bless hopes springing flowers;
Where'er its lava stream doth flow,
It scorches and devours.

Superior is its strength to lay
Domestic comforts low,
And o'er each sacred home to spread
Deep and despairing woe.

Superior with its floods to quench
The intellectual fire,
To rouse within the heart and feed
Each fierce and fell desire.

Superior in its power to blight
Each lovely thing and fair,
That in the heart of virtue grows
And fling its mildew there.

Superior by its touch to dim
The light of beauty's eye,
To pluck the rose from off the cheek
And bid it droop and die.

Superior by its serpent spell
To charm the cheerless youth,
And in his unsuspecting heart
To plant its poisonous tooth.

Superior for its skill to steal
Toll's hard-earned gold away;
Superior—pocket, purse to strip
And leave him penury's prey.

Superior by deceitful smiles,
For seeking public good,
And many robbing all the while
Of raiment, home and food.

Superior for its tact to fill
The seller's purse with gold,
The price of sighs, and tears, and groans
And agonies untold.

Superior for its giant strength,
And ruthless arm to bind
With more than iron manacles,
The loftiest human mind.

Superior in its might to dash
The parent's hope to dust,
And deep within the yearning heart
Its murderous steel to thrust.

Superior by its blasting touch,
To walt the social hearth
And make this once clysium spot,
The gloomiest place on earth.

The most superior temper'd blade
Hell's minion ever drew;
The most superior engine, which
Man's hopes e'er over drew.

Avoid the foul superior curse,
The dark insidious foe,
For all who handle, taste or touch
Will reap superior woe.

G. W. MOUSLY.

G.S.L. CITY, April, 1859.

A Piece of Legal Advice.

The ancient town of Rennes, in France, is a place famous for law. To visit Rennes without getting advice of some sort seems absurd to the country people round about. It happened one day that a farmer named Bernard, having come to town on business, bethought himself that as he had a few hours to spare it would be well to get the advice of a good lawyer. He had often heard of a lawyer named Foy, who was in such high repute that people believed a law suit gained when he undertook their cause.

The countryman went to his office, and after waiting some time, was admitted to an interview. He told the lawyer that having heard so much about him, and happening to be in town, he thought he would call and consult him.

"You wish to bring an action, perhaps," replied the lawyer.

"O, no," replied the former, "I am at peace with all the world."

"Then it is a settlement of property that you want, is it?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Lawyer, my family and I have never made a division, seeing that we draw from the same well, as the saying is."

"It is, then, to get me to negotiate a purchase or a sale, that you have come?"

"O, no, I am neither rich enough to purchase nor poor enough to sell."

"Will you tell me, then, what do you want of me?" said the lawyer in a tone of surprise.

"Why, I have already told you, Mr. Lawyer," replied Bernard: "I want your advice—I mean to pay for it, of course."

The lawyer smiled, and taking pen and paper, asked the countryman his name.

"Peter Bernard," replied the countryman, quite happy that the lawyer at length understood what he wanted.

"Your age?"

"Thirty years, or very near it."

"Your vocation?"

"What do you do for a living?"

"Oh! that is what it means, is it? Why, I am farmer."

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper, and handed it to his client.

"Is it finished already?" said the farmer. "Well and good! What is to be the price of that advice, Mr. Lawyer?"

"Three francs."

Bernard paid the money and took his leave, delighted that he had made use of this opportunity to get a piece of advice from the great lawyer. When the farmer reached home it was four o'clock; the journey had fatigued him, and he determined to rest the remainder of the day.

Meanwhile the hay had been cut two days, and was completely made. One of his men came and asked if they should draw in.

"What, this evening?" exclaimed the farmer's wife, who had come to meet her husband. "It would be a pity to begin the work so late since it can be done as well to-morrow."

Bernard was uncertain which way to decide. Suddenly he recollected that he had the lawyer's advice in his pocket.

"Wait a minute," he exclaimed, "I have an advice, and a famous one, too—that I paid three francs for; it ought to tell us what to do. Here, wife, see what it says, you can read written hand better than I."

The woman took the paper and read this line:

"Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day."

"That's it!" exclaimed Bernard, as if a ray of light had cleared up all his doubts. "Come, be quick! get the carts and away! Come, boys, come girls! all to the hay field! It shall not be said that I bought a three franc opinion and made no use of it. I will follow the lawyer's advice."

Bernard himself set the example by leading the way in the work, and not returning till the hay was brought in. The event seemed to prove the wisdom of his conduct, and the foresight of the lawyer. The weather changed during the night—an unexpected storm burst over the valley; the next morning it was found that the river had overflowed and carried away all the hay that had been left in the fields. The crops of the neighboring farmers were completely destroyed—Bernard alone had not suffered.

The success of his first experiment gave him such faith in the advice of the lawyer, that from that time forth he adopted it as his rule of conduct, and became consequently one of the most prosperous farmers in the country. I hope that you, my readers, will take a hint from his success, and 'never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.'

MYSTERIOUS VAULTS IN OHIO.—JACKSON, OHIO, FEB. 21, 1859.—Our village is full of wonder and excitement. Martin Marker, J. W. Hughes and Washington Long, in digging a grave in the cemetery near this village, about ten o'clock this morning, came to a large flat stone about four feet below the surface, which stopped their further progress until they procured assistance and removed the stone from its resting place of ages, when it was found to have enclosed the entrance to a subterranean vault. All efforts thus far have proved unsuccessful, on account of the foul air with which it is filled. By means of a rake, human bones of gigantic size have been raised, and a small chain of silver, with coins attached to each end. The coins, though much delaced by time, have the appearance of those in use among the Romans in the days of Cicero Africanus, though there were evident traces of hieroglyphic devices that cannot be deciphered.

The men at the cemetery have, by means of burning straw, made light in the vault, and though none have the courage to venture any further than the entrance, it has been discovered that there is, immediately to the west of the opening, a chamber about ten feet square, with steps quite dilapidated, down its eastern side. Three other chambers branch out of this; one to the north, one to the west, and the other to the south.

We are all curious, of course, to know when and by whom these vaults were made and filled. Rev. Mr. Hunter, Mr. Armstrong, and Doctor Knouff have examined them, and all gave it as their opinion that these vaults were made by the same people who built the mounds in the southern part of the State.

The questions present themselves to every one: Who made these vaults and filled them? Was our country once the home of giants?

"OUR HAT."—Mr. Slang had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding, Mr. Slang said:

"I mean to enlarge my dairy."

"You mean *our* dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Slang.

"No," quoth Mr. Slang; "I say I shall enlarge *my* dairy."

"Say *our* dairy, Mr. Slang."

"No, *my* dairy."

"Say *our* dairy, say *our*," screamed Mrs. Slang seizing the poker.

"*My* dairy! *my* dairy! *my* dairy!" vociferated the husband.

"*Our* dairy! *our* dairy! *our* dairy!" re-echoed the wife, emphasizing each "*our*" with a blow of the poker upon the back of her cringing spouse.

Mr. Slang retreated under the bed. In passing under the bed clothes, Mr. Slang's hat was brushed off; Mr. Slang remained under cover several minutes, waiting for a calm. At length his wife saw him thrusting his head from under the bed much like a turtle from his shell.

"What are you looking for, Mr. Slang?" says she.

"I am looking, my dear," snivelled he, to "see if I can see anything of *our* hat."

The struggle was over. And ever since the above mentionable occurrence, Mr. Slang has studiously avoided the use of the odious singular possessive pronoun.

SOME SMOKE.—A Scotch lady, who has more reverence for the inspiration she draws from Helicon than that imported from Havana, comes down after the following style upon the patrons of the weed:

May never lady press his lips—his proffered love returning—

Who makes a furnace of his mouth, and keeps its chimney burning;

May each true woman shun his sight, for fear his fumes might choke her;

And none but those who smoke themselves have kisses for a smoker."

HOW TO OVERCOME EVIL.—Johnny Wilson sat on the stairway, crying as though his young heart would break. I took him on my lap, and told him to tell me why he was crying.

"Billy Johnson was just above me in the spelling class, and because I turned him down, he got angry. At noon I was flying my new kite on the plain; he came up, asking me to let him fly it. Thinking it would make us good friends, I let him, but on purpose he let it go into a tree, and tore it. I'll be revenged, yes, I'll be revenged!"

"Do good for evil," said I.

"I will try," came sweetly from Johnny's lips.

That evening, as Johnny was engaged in a "famous" game of ball, Billy came up, and wished to play, but could not, as he was old. "Here, Billy, you can have my place," said Johnny.

Billy looked at Johnny a moment in silence, and then said, "Johnny, I tore your kite; I am sorry; mine is behind that tree, it is yours; and after this we shall be good friends."

That night, as Johnny knelt, and said, "Forgive our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us," he felt he had forgiven one who had trespassed against him.

LOSS OF THREE THOUSAND LIVES.—Near Taganrog, on the Sea of Azof, a catastrophe occurred about the beginning of February last, which involved a loss of life unparalleled except by memorable earthquakes or volcanic eruptions. It appears that some 3,000 inhabitants of Taganrog, relying upon the promise of fair weather made by the genial atmosphere and the cloudless sky, proceeded to the Azof Sea to indulge in the sport of fishing beneath the ice—a favorable pastime of that region. The atmosphere continuing serene, the party were lulled into a feeling of security, and ventured further than usual upon the ice, in the hope of obtaining a good haul. Suddenly a breeze sprung up from the east, which, growing boisterous by degrees, whirled the loose snow and fine particles of ice in all directions, and before long succeeded in detaching the ice from the shore. The large ice-field then broke into numerous pieces, which, with their terrified and helpless human freight, drifted toward the open sea. No assistance could be rendered the unhappy beings by their frantic relatives and friends on shore, and within two hours not a sign of life was visible on the surface to the sea. On the following day a cake of ice drifted in shore, upon which were five of the unfortunates—three of them dead, and the other two numb and insensible. The two latter—a girl and an old man—were restored by means of the usual appliances, the girl, however, survived but a few hours; the man recovered, but lost the use of his tongue—a consequence, probably, of the fright caused by the scene he had passed through. He prepared a written narrative of the occurrences of that fearful night on the Azof. By this catastrophe, at least 3,000 persons found a watery grave.—[Boston Post.]

SUPERLATIVELY EXTRAVAGANT.—A letter writer from Washington states that a Mrs. F., of New York, the wife of a linseed oil manufacturer, wore to the Napier ball diamonds valued at \$100,000, and lace worth \$11,000. Her heavy tiara and necklace were wholly composed of diamonds, and her breastplate was of diamond leaves. She stood "knee deep"—Jenkins' elegant expression—in old lace—an Italian fabric of exceeding delicacy, the secret of the manufacture of which has long been lost. It fell over blue silk from her knees to her feet, and also in graceful folds over her bosom. The lady sat during the whole of the evening by a window opening from a side room into the dancing halls, in a position where the light could fall favorably upon her opulence. But she did not dare to enter the crowd, for fear that the lace might be injured, or the diamonds ravished from her person.

Gov. Hull used to relate, with great humor, the peculiar manner in which old Old President Stiles of Connecticut told him of his only military adventure. Speaking of the war, (of the revolution then raging) the sufferings of our people, and the barbarity of the enemy, he said: "When they came up here, I saw our people all turning out under arms to meet and fight them, but I hadn't fired a gun in twenty years. I knew the red coats had no business here, so I got down my gun, though I hadn't fired it for twenty years. I cleaned it up and followed our people to mark the enemy.—We soon came near them, and the firing begun. I drew up my gun, though I had not fired a gun in twenty years; I drew a fine sight on a red coat, prayed the Lord to take his soul right to Heaven, shut my eyes and pulled the trigger."

THE RICHEST MAN IN PROVIDENCE.—HOW HE LIVED.—The Portland Post, in speaking of a Providence millionaire, recently deceased, says he was, when he died, worth some five millions of dollars, yet he lived poorer than most men worth one thousand dollars. Salt codfish was a standard dish with him, and even in his last sickness, it is said that he upbraided those who had the care of him, for their extravagance in providing delicacies for him and assuring them that he could not afford it. He was a bachelor and a snuff-taker. His snuff he kept in a large box, and bought by the cent's worth. There was but one store in Providence, and that on Indian Point, where he could get his box filled for a cent, and the old man used to patronize that store, more than a mile distant, whenever his box required filling.

NUMBER OF THE HUMAN BONES.—It is a fact, says Mr. Parris, apparently not generally known, that there are thirty two bones, and neither more nor less, in all the divisions of the human body. Thus there are thirty two teeth, thirty two spinal junctions, and so on.—[The Builder.]

USEFUL RECIPES.

BEST THING FOR BURNS.—It may be put down as a settled fact that every best application for all kinds of burns and scalds is an immediate application of dry wheat flour. It is without controversy better than any other and all of the healing salves, turpentine, pain killers, or oils, etc., that can be named. We speak positively on this point, because it is one decidedly by the best physicians, and we have had abundant practical proofs of its efficacy.

Heat disorganizes the flesh, deadens the cuticle or outer skin, and admits air which is irritating. A good coating of flour shuts out the air, soothes the irritation, and dries up the fluid thrown out. Do not imagine that "something healing" must be applied. Not all the salves in the world can mend broken flesh. You can stick together broken glass or wood, with wax or glue. You can weld together severed iron, but no such treatment is applicable to flesh disorganized, cut or burned away. Nature, so to speak has a way of her own, and the only way to repair a breach in the flesh. The healing material comes from within. If the hand be cut, bring the severed parts together, hold them there steadily, cover up the part from the air, and from external injury, and the healing will go on so long as there is no disturbance. If from curiosity, or anxiety, or some other cause, you disturb the half-formed new flesh, a sore will be the consequence.

We repeat, for all kinds of burns or scalds, however severe, put on only a thick coat of flour. If a hard, crusty mass be formed so as to produce irritation, after a day or two wash off the surface carefully with blood-warm water, dry partially, and put on more flour, but never disturb the actual surface of the sore until, when entirely healed, the scab falls off of its own accord. Our word for it, this treatment will best promote the cure of burns.

But a short time since a child upset a dish of boiling water into its bosom, producing a fearful scald upon the whole front of its body. The mother chanced to be a reader of the *Agriculturist*, and noted our remarks on this topic some two years ago. She immediately applied flour and flour only, binding it on with a cloth loosely so as to not produce irritation. The child was soon soothed, and in a very few weeks was entirely healed, with scarcely a scar remaining. This is but one of the many similar instances that have come to our knowledge from time to time.

BORAX IN WASHING.—The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing powder instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, &c., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (required to be made very stiff) a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effects is to soften the hardest water, and, therefore, it should be kept on every toilette-table. To the taste it is rather sweet, is used for cleansing the hair, is an excellent dentifrice, and in hot countries is used in combination with tartaric acid and bi-carbonate of soda as a cooling beverage.—Good tea cannot be made with hard water; all water may be made soft by adding a teaspoonful of borax powder to an ordinary-sized kettle of water, in which it should boil. The saving in the quantity of tea used will be at least one-fifth.—[London Field.]

TO DESTROY BUGS.—Bugs cannot stand hot alum water. Take two pounds of alum, bruise it, and reduce it nearly to powder; dissolve it in three quarts of boiling water, letting it remain in a warm place till the alum is dissolved. The alum water is to be applied hot, by means of a brush, to every joint and crevice. Brush the crevices in the floor and the skirting board, if they are suspected places—whitewash the ceiling, putting in plenty of alum, and there will be an end to their dropping from thence.—[Country Gentleman, October 14.]

HOW TO STOP BLOOD.—Take fine dust of tea, or the scrapings of the inside of tanned leather, and bind it close upon the wound, and blood will soon cease to flow. These articles are at all times accessible, and easy to be obtained. After the blood has ceased to flow, ludanum may be advantageously applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions will save agitation of mind, and running for the surgeon, who would probably make no better prescription, if present.

CURE FOR THIRST.—When at sea on short allowance of water, and you feel thirsty, eat a piece of hard biscuit, with a lump of white sugar. In thirst, the salivary glands of the mouth are paralyzed, but restore their action by severe chewing, and immediately there will be relief. A friend who has been on short allowance of water in warm latitudes, confirms the truth of the above statement.

TO CLEAN PAINT.—Smear a piece of flannel with common whitening, mixed to the consistency of common paste, in warm water. Rub the surface to be cleaned quite briskly, and wash off with pure, cold water. Grease spots will in this way be almost instantly removed, as well as other filth, and the paint will retain its brilliancy and beauty unimpaired.

CURE FOR BURNS.—The *Gazette Medicale* of France says that, by an accident, charcoal has been discovered to be a cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon a burn, the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on an hour, the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple, and certainly deserves a trial.