

An Incident in School Life—Never Twit a Boy for what he cannot avoid.

Incidents trifling in themselves often have an important influence in determining the character of a life. A word spoken in season, a cruel taunt, wounding the heart to its core, have been the turning points in destiny, and put a young mind on the high road to fortune, or sent it downward to ruin. Almost every person can recall some occurrence in early life which gave tone and impulse to effort, and imbued the mind with principles whose influence is even now controlling. We give place to the following true narrative, as an illustration of this fact, and because it inculcates a truth which every man, woman and child may profitably bear in mind:

Years ago, when I was a boy, it was customary, and probably is now, to some extent, among district schools in the country, to have spelling schools during the winter term. These gatherings were always anticipated with great interest by the scholars, as at those times was to be decided who was the best speller. Occasionally one school would visit another for a test of scholarship in this regard. Ah! how the little hearts would throb and big ones thump, in their anxiety to beat the whole.

Once on a time a neighboring school sent word to ours, that on a certain day in the afternoon they would meet in our school house for one of those contests. As the time was short, most of the other studies were suspended, and at school and at home in the evenings, all hands were studying to master the monosyllables, dissyllables, polysyllables, abbreviations, &c., &c., which the spelling books contained.

At length the day arrived, and as our visitors were considered rather our superiors, our fears and anxieties were proportionally great. The scholars were ranged in a standing position, on opposite sides of the house, and the words pronounced to each side alternately, and the scholar that "missed" was to sit down. His game was up.

It did not take long to thin the ranks on both sides. In a short time our school had but eight on the floor, and theirs but six. After a few rounds, the contest turned in their favor, as they had four standing to our two. For a long time it seemed as though these six had the book "by heart." At length the number was reduced to one on each side.

Our visitors were represented by an accomplished young lady, whose parents had recently arrived in town, and ours by myself, a ragged little boy of ten summers, who had set up night after night, while my mother, with no other light than that produced by pine knots, pronounced my lesson to me. The interest of the spectators was excited to the highest pitch, as word after word was spelled by each. At length the young lady missed, and I stood alone. Her teacher said she did not understand the word. She declared she did; that the honor was mine, and that I richly deserved it. That was a proud moment for me. I had spelled down both schools, and was declared victor. My cheeks burned, and my brain was dizzy with excitement.

Soon as the school was dismissed, my competitor came and sat down by my side and congratulated me on my success, inquired my name and age, and flatteringly predicted my future success in life.

Unaccustomed to such attentions, I doubtless acted as most little boys would under such circumstances, injudiciously. At this juncture, Master G., the son of the rich man of our neighborhood, tauntingly said to me, in the presence of my fair friend and a number of boys from the other school, "Oh, you needn't feel so big—your folks are poor, and your father is a drunkard."

I was happy no more—I was a drunkard's son—and how could I look my new friends in the face? My heart seemed to rise up in my throat, and almost suffocated me. The hot tears scalded my eyes—but I kept them back; and soon as possible, quietly slipped away from my companions, procured my dinner basket, and, unobserved, left the scene of my triumph and disgrace, with heavy heart, for my home. But what a home. "My folks were poor—and my father was a drunkard." But why should I be reproached for that? I could not prevent my father's drinking, and, assisted and encouraged by my mother, I had done all I could to keep my place in my class at school, and to assist her in her worse than widowhood.

Boy as I was, I inwardly resolved never to taste of liquor, and that I would show Master G. if I was a drunkard's son, I would yet stand as high as he did. But all my resolves could not allay the gnawing grief and vexation produced by his taunting words and haughty manner. In this frame of mind—my head and heart aching, my eyes red and swollen—reached home. My mother saw at once I was in trouble, and inquired the cause. I buried my face in her lap, and burst into tears. Mother, seeing my grief, waited until I was more composed, when I told her what had happened, and added, passionately, "I wish father wouldn't be a drunkard, so we could be respected as other folks." At first, mother seemed almost overwhelmed, but quickly rallying, said:

"My son, I feel very sorry for that, and regret that your feelings have been so injured. G. has twitted you about things you cannot help. But never mind, my son. Be always honest; never taste a drop of intoxicating liquor; study and improve your mind. Depend on your own energies, trusting in God, and you will, if your life is spared, make a useful and respected man. I wish your father, when sober, could have witnessed this scene, and realized the sorrow his course brings on us all. But keep a brave heart, my son. Remember you are responsible only for your own faults. Pray God to keep you, and don't grieve for the thoughts and unkind reproaches that may be cast on you on your father's account."

This lesson of my blessed mother, I trust, was

not lost upon me. Nearly forty years have gone since that day, and I have passed many trying scenes, but none ever made so strong an impression on my feelings as that heartless remark of G.'s. It was so unjust and so unfeeling for.

Now, boys, remember to treat your mates with kindness. Never indulge in taunting remarks toward any one, and remember that the son of a poor man, and even of a drunkard, may have sensibilities as keen as your own.

But there is another part to this story. The other day a gentleman called at my place of business, and asked if I did not recognize him. I told him I did not. "Do you remember," said he, "feeling at a spelling-school at a certain time, and a rude, thoughtless boy twitting you of poverty and being a drunkard's son?" "I do most distinctly," said I. "Well," continued the gentleman, "I am that boy. There has not probably a month of my life passed since then, but I have thought of that remark with regret and shame, and as I am about leaving for California, perhaps to end my days there, I could not go without first calling on you, and asking your forgiveness for that act." Boys, I gave him my hand as a pledge of forgiveness. Did I do right? You all say yes. Well, then, let me close as I began. Boys, never twit another for what he cannot help.

UNCLE JOSEPH.

The Open Sea About the Pole.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK DAILY TIMES:—Much has been said and more imagined of the probable existence and cause of an open sea about the Pole. Dr. Kane has settled the fact of the existence of the Sea, but it is reserved for scientific research to ascertain the cause of this apparent anomaly. It has been found that the range of the thermometer is lower and lower in an almost regular ratio as you proceed from the temperate regions northward, until you arrive within a few degrees of the Pole, when suddenly the order is reversed and the temperature increases, probably until it reaches the Pole itself.

The ice regions prove to be a vast belt, extending northward only a little beyond the point where the temperature begins to increase and inclosing an open sea hundreds of miles in diameter.

When the facts become more fully understood, I think that it will appear that this singular result will be found to proceed from very simple natural causes:—namely, the 'centrifugal force' and the 'internal heating power' of the earth.

The centrifugal force has a tendency to heap up the waters under the Equator, thereby producing a continual surface current toward the South, and a consequent absence of water from the polar regions, which must be supplied, and is undoubtedly by a submarine current.

The waters descend in the temperate regions of the earth, where they are much above the freezing point; their heat is retained and probably increased at the vast depths in which they move, and when they emerge at and about the Pole they produce a warm and open sea, and a warm atmosphere about it.

But in their flow to the South, the superabundant caloric of the water is continually being given off, until they are finally reduced to the freezing point, and ultimately become vast fields of ice. AURORA.

AURORA, Tuesday, Oct. 18, 1855.

FEAST OF THE HUTS OR TABERNACLES.—It was observed yesterday that among our Jewish citizens business was again suspended and that the synagogues were thrown open for worship. This is the occasion of the feast of the Huts or Tabernacles, to commemorate the fact that the Israelites, while in the wilderness, dwelt in huts.

This feast always occurs on the 15th of the seventh month, after the gathering of the corn and wine. Among the ancients this feast was observed for seven days, when every man took a portion of his substance to the sanctuary to be dispensed to the poor.

It was also the occasion for the choosing of judges and officers. At this feast it was the custom to inquire diligently if any had transgressed the covenant, and if so, in the presence of two or three witnesses, they were stoned to death, so that evil was put away from among them.

Yesterday in the synagogues of our city the emblems of the harvest were present, and the exercises were of a very imposing and interesting character. Many of the old customs are not observed at the present day, but the provision for the poor is strictly adhered to, and as the children of Israel were fed in the wilderness so are the poor of the faith gathered together and all their wants supplied. The feast will continue through to-day. On the 4th of October, proximo, will be the feast of palms or branches, and on the 5th will end the ancient feast of the Tabernacles, which will be observed by all the Israelites of the city.

This is one of the most important feasts of the Hebrews and it is regarded with more than ordinary respect. —[Baltimore American.]

GRMS OF THOUGHT.—Never despise humble services; when large ships run aground, little boats may pull them off. To despair is to talk with God. Most men have, like Achilles, a vulnerable spot; but it is in the head, not the heel. Ambition often plays the wrestler's trick of raising a man up merely to fling him down.

There is no happy household but that in which both husband and wife have a generous forbearance for each other's follies. If "Does you would be done by" were made the common law, much less parchment would be used.

Persons will refrain from evil speaking when persons refrain from evil hearing.

With every exertion, the best of men can do but a moderate amount of good; but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his own at the same time.

Beware of the recoil of sinful indulgences; we may break our necks over the orange-peel of our own throwing down.

Promises made in the time of affliction require a better memory than people commonly possess.

The softest pillow, is a good conscience.

The violet grows low, and covers itself with its own leaves, and yet of all flowers yields the most delicious and fragrant smell. Such is humility.

The virtue which requires to be guarded is scarcely worth the sentinel.

A loving heart can give life and soul to dead and senseless things.

The lamp may be made of diamonds, but it dies without oil.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.—Thousands of men breathe, move and live—pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world; and none were blessed by them, none could point to them as the justment of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished, their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, Oh man immortal! Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy.

Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of thousands with whom you come in contact year by year, and you never will be forgotten. No, your name—your deeds—will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven. —[Dr. Chalmers.]

SPEED OF ELECTRICITY.—By Wheatstone's celebrated experiment to ascertain the speed of electric fluid through copper wires, the results indicated a rate of not less than 288,000 miles per second. Thus, while a man walks 2 yards, our swiftest express trains would pass 30 yards, sound would have traveled a quarter of a mile; but the invisible agent of the electric telegraph would encircle our globe eleven times in the same period.

Aristo used to say, that neither a bath nor a lecture did signify anything, unless they scoured and made men clean.

A STRANGE CONJUNCTION.—Among the various curious, and almost incredible things, in connection with the War in the East, which have recently turned up is the following:—

In a lecture lately given by Rev. Dr. Cumming, he quoted the following lines, which he stated that he had copied from an old volume of the fifteenth century:—

In twice two hundred years the Bear
The Crescent will assail;
But, if the Cock and Bull unite,
The Bear will not prevail.
But mark! in twice ten years again,
Let Islam know and fear,
The Cross shall stand, the Crescent wane,
Dissolve and disappear.

Sexton's Report for 1855.

Number of burials in City Burying Ground, 171; as follows:—89 under 5 years of age; from 5 to 15, 20; over 15, 64. Reported to me and recorded, 142. Cause of death of 77; reported as follows:—

Consumption	9	Fever	3
Diarrrhea	9	Worm fever	2
Old age	5	Palsy	2
Teething	6	Still born	2
Inflammation of bowels	4	Cholera morbus	1
Dropsy	3	Supposed cholera	1
Pits	3	Killed in saw mill	1
Drowned	3	Shot himself	1
Inflammation of brain	3	Accidentally shot	1
Bowel complaint	3	Erysipelas	1
Bloody flux	3	Cholic	1
Mountain fever	3	Measles	1
Fever and cancer	3	Gravel	1
Scarlet Fever	3		

99 Lots sold; 40 paid for.

J. GIBSON, Sexton.

MARRIED:
In this City, on the 9th inst., by Elder Win-low Farr, Mr. ORSON P. BADGER and Miss ELIZA JANE GAY.

DIED:
At Parowan, Iron county, U. T., Dec. 30, 1855, at 20 minutes to 11 o'clock p.m., of disease of the heart, after a severe illness of two months, President JOHN C. L. SMITH, aged 33 years, 3 months and 22 days.

John Calvin Lazelle Smith was born in New Salem, Franklin county, Mass., Sept. 8, 1825, and was the son of Calvin and Nancy M. Smith. He received the gospel in the year 1841, at New Salem, and was ordained priest in 1842. He went to Nauvoo in 1843, where he was ordained a seventy, and received his blessings in the House of the Lord. In 1849 he married Sarah Fish, daughter of Horace and Hannah Fish, and remained at Nauvoo, until the saints were driven thence the same year. In 1848 he left Council Bluffs and came to Great Salt Lake Valley, where he lived until he was sent to Parowan, where he arrived May 9th, 1851. In May, 1852, he was ordained a high priest by the direction of the First Presidency, and appointed to preside over all the settlements in Iron and Washington counties, and continued to do so until May, 1855, when the stake was divided, and that of Cedar organized. He still continued to preside over Parowan and Paragonah until his death, and was loved and respected by all who knew him. He was energetic and faithful in the discharge of his duties, and was always

true and steadfast in the cause of righteousness. He received and obeyed the law of consecration with gladness, and died in the full belief of all the principles of the gospel, as taught in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and in the hope of a glorious resurrection.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADVERTISEMENTS to ensure insertion in the current number, must be handed in previous to 1 o'clock p.m., on Tuesday.

JENNINGS & WINDER
WOULD be glad if all persons indebted to them would call and settle forthwith, and all having claims present them.

JENNINGS & WINDER
PAY a good price for Hides and Skins, and will take Bark and all kinds of produce in exchange for Leather, Boots, Shoes, &c., &c.

JENNINGS & WINDERS'
HOME-MADE Strong Stoga Boots, \$5.00; Superior Stoga Shoe, \$3.00; Women's useful Booties, \$2.75 per pair. All warranted.

JENNINGS & WINDER
HAVE found by experience that the best way to advance Home Manufacture is to produce a better article and sell it at the same, or lower price than imported goods can be sold for.

STRAYED,
FROM Mr. Allen's Pasture, a dark CALF, between a black and mouse color; a piece off right ear, and branded H on left hip. If any one has taken it up, please make it known to me in 9th Ward.

NOTICE.
I HAVE a small Corn Mill in operation at my gunsmith's shop, near the school house in the 19th Ward, where corn can be ground in small quantities for persons who may wish to be accommodated.

FOR SALE.
FIVE THOUSAND Adobies, at 68 per thousand. Apply to the Trustees of the 5th Ward District, or to Bishop Winters, or to Mr. Jolly, at Goddard's Store.

TAKEN UP,
ON the 19th of January, 1856, a Red COW, white face, some white on the belly and tail; has a young calf no brands, supposed to be 4 years old. The owner can have her by proving property and paying charges.

Ho! A New Stock of Goods for 1856.

WILL our friends whom we accommodated with a few Goods call and pay us? If you have not the money, call and close your accounts, as we wish to see your clever faces before we leave.

BROKE INTO
THE Inclosure (Jan. 2, 1856) of the Subscriber, a Red HEIFER CALF, about 1 year old, branded on the left hip; some ear marks. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

BROKE INTO
MY Yard in the 17th Ward, about 25th Dec., a dark Red HEIFER, 3 years old, white spot in forehead, some white on flanks, brand on right hip resembling figure 4; has a young calf. The owner can have her by proving property and paying charges.

Important to All—Advancement of Home Manufacture.
JENNINGS & WINDER are pleased to announce to their customers and the public that they can now sell the best quality of Sole Leather at the reduced price of 45 cent per pound, and all other kinds of leather in proportion. Friends encourage us and you shall share the benefit.

JENNINGS & WINDERS'
DESERET MEAT and PROVISION STORE must not be forgotten.

Fresh Meats of all kinds in season; Also superior Sugar Cured Beef, Pickled Tongues, Corned Beef, Pork and Bologna Sausages, &c., &c., on hand, all to be sold according to our motto—small profits and quick returns.

Killing Time is nearly Over!

THOSE Persons who still have Hogs to kill will please save the hair, and not throw it away, but bring it to me, and I will allow them a liberal price for it. A constant supply of horse, scrub, stove, cloth, shoe and furniture Brushes on hand at moderate prices made to wear as well as to sell. Store pay and all kinds of produce taken in exchange.

G. Clement's Brush Factory, East Temple street, opposite Nixon's.

Strayed or Stolen,
FROM G. D. Grant & H. S. Eldredge's

Farm, North Canyon Ward, on 29th or 29th of Nov., 1855, a large, pale Red OX, white under belly, white spots on right side, forehead and bush tail white, a white spot in the form of a T on left shoulder; stag horn, with four W's cut on left horn; branded T.M. on left (invisible but on shedding hair). Whoever will return said ox, or leave information with the proprietors of the farm, or the tenant, owner of the ox.

W.M. WATTERSON, JUN.

Mormon Battalion, Right about Face!

UNDER the sanction of President YOUNG.—The Annual Festival of the Mormon Battalion will be held in the Social Hall, on Feb. 5, 1856, at 2 p.m. It will be conducted on the Pic Nic plan and all who wish to participate will furnish themselves suitably provisioned and cash to meet expenses of room, lights and music.

T. S. WILLIAMS, Managing Committee pro tem.

ELISHA AVERETT, D. B. HUNTINGTON.

STRAYED:
FROM West Jordan, last Spring, a bay mare COLT—one year old last April, large size.

Also, one brindle HEIFER, three years old, hole in left ear.

Also, one piebald HEIFER, white face, hole in left ear and a slit in the right.

Also, one brown and white HEIFER, four years old; hole in the left year; had a red heifer calf when she left, with hole in left ear and slit in right.

The above heifers were branded with a figure 4 on left hips.

For information of said strays, I will pay liberally.

SAMUEL MOORE, 19th Ward.