

ANGELS' VISITS.

BY W. G. MILLS.

Oh! tell me not that 'Angels' visits
Are few and far between,
Because those pure and holy beings,
To mortals are unseen.

Who have not felt their presence cheer us
Throughout life's chequered day?
Soft as the lightest wings of Zephyrs,
They move around our way.

Clothed with eternal light of heaven,
As messengers they fly,
To minister, protect, and counsel,
Unseen by mortal eye.

Our prayers, our anxious expectations
That from our hearts have flowed,
Our faithful works, and love, and duty,
By them are borne to God.

See the sweet babe, while vacant gazing
On mother's lap of care;
Its happy smile, its arms outspreading—
An Angel visits there.

When in the years of early childhood,
And all seem strange and new,
What lofty thoughts, and words are prompted
By their sweet influence too.

When deep and anxious cares oppress us,
Or trials rack the heart,
That rays of light, and words of solace
They silently impart.

When lone, or by our friends deserted,
The world a dreary waste;
They open the portals of the heavens,
And give our hearts a taste.

When dark presentiments of evil
Harass the human breast,
They drive the phantom from before us,
And set our souls at rest.

When pleasures tempt, and threatening danger,
Around our pathway lie;
We gain relief, oft unexpected,
By some kind Angel nigh.

Have we not felt their glow around us,
Like halo round the sun;
A happiness and peace possessing,
Like heaven on earth begun?

The coming evil oft with kindness
In warning dreams they've told;
Unseen to us our faltering footsteps
Led to the Gospel's fold.

And when reflecting on the future
Our minds are borne away,
We gain an inkling of its glories
By power that they convey.

When wrapt in thought on absent dear ones,
Would share their joy and fear,
How oft in slumbering hours the Angels
Conduct our spirits near.

When ranging o'er the field of nature
To gather truth, and learn
Its laws sublime, then they but whisper
And we the light discern.

When men develop wondrous science,
And arts display new powers,
'Tis what on other worlds existed,
And Angels give to ours.

The Poet's eye describes the virtues
In scenes that round him roll;
Or sings what man and nature should be,
For Angels fire his soul.

What truth, intelligence, and wisdom,
And glowing hearts of love,
Have been bestowed, by those sweet guardians
That round our presence move.

What raptures fill their holy bosoms,
And swell th' angelic lays,
When swift as light they hear the tidings
That man the truth obeys.

But ah! what deep and bitter anguish
Pervade the heavenly host,
When man proved callous, and rebellious
His priceless soul is lost.

And oh! when sickness lays us prostrate
Upon the bed of pain,
Around our hearts like Hope they hover,
And shed their influence then.

And when from Death's repulsed embraces
The spirit takes its flight,
The angel-messengers convey it
To realms of greater light.

Then tell me not that 'Angels' visits
Are few and far between,
Because those pure and holy beings
By mortals are unseen.

G. S. L. City, May 2, 1856.

Retirement of Mr. Macaulay from Parliament.

The following farewell address by Mr. Macaulay was published to his constituents in Edinburgh on Tuesday the 22nd January:—
'To the Electors of Edinburgh:—

Gentlemen—Very soon after you had done me the high honor of choosing me, without any solicitation on my part, to represent you in the present Parliament, I began to entertain apprehensions that the state of my health would make it impossible for me to repay your kindness by efficient service.

During some time I flattered myself with the hope that I might be able to be present at important divisions, and occasionally to take a part in important debates. But the experience of the last two years has convinced me that I cannot reasonably expect to be again capable of performing, even in an imperfect manner, those duties which the public has a right to expect from every member of the House of Commons.

You, meanwhile, have borne with me in a manner which entitles you to my warmest gratitude. Had even a small number of my constituents hinted to me a wish that I would vacate my seat, I should have thought it my duty to comply with that wish.

But from not one single elector have I ever received a line of reproach or complaint. If I were disposed to abuse your generosity and delicacy, I might, perhaps, continue to bear the honorable title of Member for Edinburgh, till the dissolution of Parliament; but I feel that by trespassing longer on your indulgence I should prove myself unworthy of it. I have, therefore, determined to dissolve our connection, and to put it in your power to choose a better servant than I have been.

I have applied to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hun-

dreds, and I have every reason to believe that the new writ will issue on the first day of the approaching session. This notice will, I trust, be long enough to enable you to make a thoroughly satisfactory choice.

And now, my friends, with sincere thanks for all your kindness, and with fervent wishes for the peace, honor, and prosperity of your noble city, I for the last time, bid you farewell.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, January 19.

[From the London News.]

MR. MACAULAY AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

By the retirement of Mr. Macaulay, the House of Commons loses one of the greatest of its literary, and not the least of its oratorical, celebrities. Exactly coeval with the century, Mr. Macaulay recedes from public life at the ripe age of fifty-six—an age at which the faculties of the statesman may generally be supposed to be in the highest state of efficiency and vigor.

At that age the dreams of youth have long been dissipated, the hard scorn with which earlier manhood sometimes takes a pride in showing itself superior to such dreams is toned down into a mellowed justness of a superior wisdom, and the mind which has thought, and the heart which has suffered, through many phases of a variously active life, may fairly be supposed to have arrived at that stage of experience, when the active energies of both may best contribute to the welfare of mankind. At such a period it is that Macaulay quits the arena of politics for the calm seclusion of the study.

We do not say that he is wrong. The first announcement, indeed, of such a change almost unavoidably carries the mind back to the days of his earlier triumphs—to the days when the crack article on Milton 'flamed in the forehead' of the Edinburgh Review for October, 1825—and when some six years later the crack speech of the young member for Calne, in the phrase of honest Lord Althorpe, 'fairly electrified the house.'

In those days of innocent enthusiasm, when 'Astræ Redux' was supposed to have returned to this planet, for the express purpose of inaugurating a millennium of whigs—young Macaulay was everywhere spoken of as 'the man of the epoch.' Brilliant, indeed, for many a year, was 'the dust and light scattered about his chariot as he went.' Season after season the intellectual treat of the day was Macaulay's last article in the Edinburgh, Macaulay's last speech in the House.

At length the inevitable Nemesis prevailed—Dull writers, believed to be profound because they were felt to be obscure, hinted in 'the circles' that the essays owed their sparkle to their shallowness; leaden stutters, the torment of the House when on their legs, the oracles of the clubs when in their arm-chairs, accused the speeches of being mere spoken reviews, the felicitous product of laborious art and a retentive memory.

As is always the case, these strictures had a sufficient basis of truth to render them plausible. Profundity as a thinker, and spontaneousness as a speaker, were not the most prominent characteristics of Mr. Macaulay; and the circles never thought of inquiring whether their want of prominence might not in some degree be owing to the marked superiority of this distinguished man in almost every other gift that constitutes a fine writer and an accomplished speaker.

Still, in a practical assembly like our House of Commons, intolerant of rhetoric, and not over-tolerant of intellectual supremacy, it cannot be denied that the brilliant essayist and orator was somewhat out of his element. Latterly, too, engaged in an absorbing task, comparatively failing in health, and feeling, it may be, the increasing growth of that epicurean indolence in which men of literary temperament, when not stimulated by the spur of necessity or the promptings of the highest genius, are ever prone to indulge, Mr. Macaulay had long shown a growing disinclination to take an active part in public affairs.

For these and other reasons, his retirement, though it may have taken the general public by surprise, has been for some time anticipated by those more familiar with the current rumors of the day. Let him retire. The best wishes of England go with him into his retreat. On political grounds it has often been our lot to differ from him, but we have never failed to recognize the keenness and polish of the blade whose brightness we have not allowed to dazzle us, and against whose glittering sweep we have some times felt called upon to oppose the homely shield of common-sense argument.

On literary grounds we have found less scope for criticism or dissent; and, even when most freely indulging in both, have always felt that the great work on which he is now engaged is intimately connected with the literary renown of our country. Feeling this, we can scarcely regret the announcement that henceforth, having less concern with the present interests of the existing generation, he may have more leisure to devote to the development of England's story in the past and his own fame in the future.

PICTURE OF UNITED STATES SENATORS.—The correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, writing from Washington, Jan. 4th, says:

I looked in upon the Senate to-day. Gen. Cass is a ponderous old fellow, with a massive head, which he covers with a rusty old brown wig, and keeps opening and shutting his mouth, and sucking his breath between his teeth, as if he constantly tasted something disagreeable. John M. Clayton is more enormous than Gen. Cass, and his face, though fat, is magnificent. He is the best looking man in the Senate, and laughs heartily at intervals of from two to five minutes. His hair is

white as snow, and his big eyes glisten all the time with intelligence and humor. Seward is about as stalwart in appearance as a pair of tongs. He does not weigh more than an hundred pounds.—His hair is short, and looks dead, and his eyes are hidden behind a pair of slender gold spectacles.—His face is thin, pale and wrinkled, but its lines are firm, and he appears to be what he is—a man of restless and intriguing intellect. Senator Butler, of South Carolina, is the thickest at the waist-band, though not uncomfortably heavy. His face is bright, and his hair, which he wears long, and in singular confusion, is white as newly-washed lamb's wool. Hale's appearance indicates that he has been fed liberally on fat pork and butter-milk. Pugh looks younger when among the old bald, or white-headed and big-bellied Senators than I ever before saw him. A majority of the Senators have naked patches on the top of their heads, and quite half of them are the opposite of slender. They chew tobacco very much as other folks, so far as I could discover, and immediately after adjournment, several of them lit cigars, and leaning back, appeared to feel comfortable.

[From the Western Standard.]

Receipe for the Nose-bleed.

MR. EDITOR:—Inasmuch as most men, and more especially children, have been troubled at times with the Nose-bleed, I hereby transmit you a receipe which my brother, William T., accidentally discovered upwards of a year since. Having suffered the loss of many gallons of blood, as well as weeks of time with bleeding at the nose, I have tested the matter with both myself and children, and know it to be an easy, sure and quick remedy. From one to five minutes will stop the most obstinate case I ever saw; indeed, I am led to believe a chronic case could be cured in that manner. Here it is:

With your thumb or finger, press in the outside of the nostril tightly against the partition, just below the bone of the nose, pressing upwards at the same time. If one is warm, it takes longer to stop it, than when one is cool. The process stops the flow of blood, and I presume causes it to thicken at the extremity of the vein, hence the cure.

Truly yours,

J. M. HORNER.

FIRES IN FEBRUARY.—The New York Journal of Commerce, of March 3d, says:—

"During the month just closed there were thirty-three fires in the United States (omitting all losses less than \$10,000) of which fifteen destroyed manufacturing property, and the aggregate loss is \$1,244,000. The principal fires occurred at Syracuse, Manchester, New Hampshire; Philadelphia, Wolcottville, Connecticut; Bristol, Rhode Island; Copas Creek, Illinois; Nantucket, Connecticut; Milwaukee, and New York city. In none of these cases was the loss less than \$50,000."

VICTIMS OF THE INDIAN WAR.—The Oregon Times states that since the breaking out of hostilities in that Territory, 128 persons are known to have been killed by the Indians in the southern part of that country. If we add those who have fallen victims in the silent depths of the forest, and those slaughtered at the Rogue River massacre, the number will not fall far short of 200.

REPORTE.—In the House of Representatives, last week, Mr. Giddings, while delivering a speech, said that Mr. Richardson was like Balaam's as—he would not speak. "It is true," said Mr. Richardson, in reply, "I am somewhat like Balaam; when I am in the presence of the gentleman from Ohio, I let the ass speak." This, of course, occasioned much laughter.—[Washington Sentinel.]

"A PALPABLE HIT."—The New York correspondent of the Boston Transcript says:

Some one characterizing society in our cities well remarked that at a stranger's debut in Boston they ask: "What does he know?" in New York, "What is he worth?" in Philadelphia "Who is he?" and in Washington "Is he agreeable?"

QUERY.—Why do some ladies (?) spread their parasols when there is neither sunshine, rain, nor even wind?

Answer to Enigma in No. 7.

I say, brother Bill, between you and me
I think that your surname is Mr. BEEBEE.
Your fourth is an honorable insect of fame;
And if I mistake not, bee is its name.
Although it is a venomous, obstinate thing,
Still it is controlled by its ruler and king.
Your first and your fourth spells your name, we can see,
Although they are simply the letters B B.

NED.

RIDDLE.

It is useful and pretty in various ways,
And by it young men often shorten their days;
Take one letter from it, and then will be found
What young men are fond of all the year round;
If another you take, it will prove without doubt,
What you must be, if you can't find it out.

Answer to Eye-lash's Enigma.

The two first lines mean 'Char'—three words in use,
And then the next means 'He'—I'll bet a goose.

DIED:

In Davis county, on the 16th of March, Sally Call, wife of Cyril Call, aged 65 years.

She was born in Cambridge, Vt. Journeyed with the saints to Missouri in the year 1837. Driven out of Missouri with the saints she settled in Hancock county, Illinois. Her house was burnt in the general conflagration by a mob headed by Lawyer Stevens from Warsaw. Emigrated to the Valley in the year 1850. She died in full faith of the latter day work, leaving a husband and 11 children, members of the church, to lament her loss.—[Com.]

Report of the 15th Quorum,

PRESIDENTS.

Simeon A. Dunn, Box Elder.
Hiram W. Mikesell, G. S. L. City.
Alfred Randall, do
Elijah K. Fuller, Los Vegas.
R. W. Willis, Iron county.
William Meeks, Nephi.
Chapman Duncan, Tooele.

MEMBERS.

Daniel H. Keeler, George Gates, Frances Birch, Charles F. Randall, Willis D. Fuller, Samuel Ogden, William Edwards, William Whitehead, James Palmer, G. S. L. City. Samuel B. Merrill, William Ainscough, Gabriel Mayberry, South Cottonwood.

Amos Gustin, on mission to Canada.
M. J. Snelaker, on mission to the States.
James W. Jones, Levi O. A. Calvin, Elijah Haws, Payson.

Alexander P. Chesley, Edward W. Clark, Hiram Biglow, Nathaniel P. Worden, James Carroll, Provo. Lorenzo Johnson, Joseph Kelley, Springville. Ransom Hatch, Joseph Taylor, Melville Hatch, Sessions' settlement.

James W. Wilkins, Spanish Fork.
John T. Barnard, Malad.
Ephraim Meacham, Dry creek.
William K. Parrish, George Windows, Mantle.
James W. Preston, Mountainville.
Jefferson Wright, Luther Ensign, William Williams, James DeKins, Box Elder.

William Burston, Hiram D. Bayliss, Thomas Davenport, Robert E. Miller, Parowan.
Robert Shepley, Salt Lake county.

Roswell Ferse, Zadoc Parker, Tooele county.
Charles Wilder, Joseph Hunter, William C. Stewart, John C. Weston, George Cory, James Dally, Iron co.

Henry Shaw, Asa Davis, Iowa.
Nathan Butler, James M. Johnson, Rufus B. Laniel, George W. Springer, Silas Nowell, S. S. Davis, Ephraim Cheney, Henry More, Ephraim M. Sherman, residence unknown.

The quorum meets on the first Sunday of every month, at Alfred Randall's, 17th ward, immediately after the morning meeting at the Tabernacle. All the members who can are requested to attend; and those who have not given in their genealogies are particularly requested so to do.

By order of the Council,

L. R. CHAFFIN, Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PIGS!!!

STRAYED, on the 4th of May, a white pig, 7 weeks old. Please give information to D. BULL, Gun Smith, East Temple St., or to me at my residence, 15th Ward. 10-1t

NOTICE.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing between Newman G. Blodget and James Barker, is this day mutually dissolved. 10-1t
Ogden City, May 6th, 1856.

THE EASTERN MAIL.

THE Subscriber offers for sale a splendid two-horse Carriage, for which he will take cash or cattle in exchange. For particulars enquire of Samuel Bringham on Emigration St., or of the Subscriber on Big Cottonwood. 10-2t
WM. BRINGHURST.

WANTED.

A FIRST RATE Boot and Shoemaker—none but a good steady hand need apply. Also, another who understands the manufacture of Leather. I have a small Tan Yard that I will rent, or will take a good steady man, who understands the business, as a partner. 10-3t
JOHN G. WHEELER.
Pleasant Grove City, Utah Co.

\$10 REWARD.

STRAYED or Stolen from the west of Jordan range, a yoke of Oxen, one red and white, ox-lined back, six years old, balled face, bush of tail cut off, branded H C on left shoulder; the other, a pale red, and white, Spanish ox, 6 years old, heart in forehead, branded M on left hip, badly burnt. Any person returning said oxen to GEO. HALES in the 15th Ward, shall receive the above reward; or \$5 for either of them. 10-1t

Jennings & Winder's Quarter.

REMOVAL.

JENNINGS & WINDER have removed the Deseret Meat & Provision Store, to their New Store one door South of Nixon's; Meats of all kinds in season, always on hand.

JENNINGS & WINDER'S

Tannery and Leather department will be continued at the old establishment. We invite all who want Leather, or Boots and Shoes, to call and examine our stock. Best sole leather, 45 cents per pound, other kinds in proportion. Bark and all kinds of Provisions taken in Exchange. 10-3t

Hardy & Goddard's Half.

L. W. HARDY & GEO. GODDARD, LICENSED

Auctioneers and Commission Merchants For Great Salt Lake City,

WISH TO INFORM the inhabitants of this Territory that they intend to establish a Weekly Auction at Goddard's Auction Mart, every Saturday at 10 o'clock, for the sale of all kinds of property, including Horses, Mules, Wagons, Harnesses, Cattle, Merchandise, Furniture, Cooper Ware, &c.

We will either take any of the above named articles or Stock and sell them at public sale on commission, or purchase them for cash and take the risk of the auction ourselves.

The advantages that may be realized by the public from such an establishment are too obvious to need comment. Suppose for instance, you have a wagon, or harness, or anything else that you have no particular use for, and you really need a set of chairs, a churn, wash-tub, or some other useful furniture, but you've no money to purchase them with—what's to be done? Bring your ox, wagon, harness, or horse, and have it sold by auction; and tho' it may not realize more than one third its real value, with that means you may buy your chairs, tables, churns, tubs, &c., (which are also sold by auction) at about one third their real value. In this way you may exchange useless articles for useful ones, and if to obtain them you had to SELL cheap, others have given you the privilege of BUYING cheap.

Many more samples might be given to illustrate the utility and benefit of such an establishment to the community at large; but a hint to the wise is sufficient.

All persons having property for sale to dispose of, by giving timely notice, may have the benefit of an advertisement in the 'News' free of charge.

FLOUR! FLOUR! FLOUR!!!

May soon be obtained for six dollars per cwt, and we advise you to bring on your articles for sale, that you may be ready with Cash in hand to purchase, when it comes.

LEONARD W. HARDY,

GEORGE GODDARD,

Auctioneers.