

SCHOOL BOOKS.—The Superintendent of Common Schools sends us a circular which he has addressed "to Utah merchants and importers of school books," recommending that in their purchases for the Territory the following books be imported:

Willson's series of Readers.
Willson's Speller.
Colburn's Mental Arithmetic.
Ray's Arithmetic—third part and higher.
Pinneo's Grammar—primary and analytical.
Monteith's Geography, second third and fourth parts.
Goodrich's History (late edition).

Mr. Campbell states in the same circular that "the principal teachers" in the city had been consulted before the adoption of the above had been resolved on, and that in order to avoid any disadvantages from the abrupt introduction of new books, the "Eclectic Series" of readers was to be encouraged for this year. We shall be very pleased to see "a uniformity of text books" established, not only in this city but everywhere in the Territory; but we are not so certain of the early realization of the desire of the Superintendent. We have just seen a list of books that a scion requires, dictated by one of "the principle teachers," and there is not a single book in the above list among the number called for. We dislike tyranny in any shape, condition or place, and would be the last to counsel the Superintendent to arise in the greatest of authority to coerce teachers; but we hope that no pedantry and very nice shades of differences in opinion, or any personal considerations will stand in the way of the establishment of the uniformity so much desired. There are, we know, differences between authors and their respective partisans; but we early learn out here to forget differences which are, in reality, very frequently not more than the differences between six and half a dozen.

PASSING THROUGH.—On Saturday evening the Rev. Dr. Benjamin I. Lowe, Minister of the Presbytery of California, and Mr. T. H. Pearne, of the Methodist persuasion, Portland, Oregon, arrived in the city, by Overland Mail Stage, on their way to the east. Mr. Pearne continued his journey on Sunday morning, as he was rather late for the opening of the conference of that body at Philadelphia. Dr. Lowe goes also as commissioner from the church of which he is a member, to the conference to be held about the middle of May, at Newark, New Jersey. We had also a pleasant visit from Wm. H. Gebhard, Esq., of New York, returning east after a year's rambling for pleasure and information.

AT THE TABERNACLE.—On invitation of President Young, Dr. Lowe preached in the Tabernacle, on Sunday forenoon, and delivered a very interesting Christian discourse, on the certainty of a future judgment after death, and the strictness of that judgment. Elder John Taylor followed with some very excellent remarks in continuation of the Doctor's sermon, and on the relationship of man to His Maker. Elder Geo. A. Smith delivered an exceedingly interesting historical address, commencing with the youth of Joseph Smith the prophet, the ministering of the angel revealing the Gospel in the latter-days, the forthcoming of the Book of Mormon, the early persecutions of the Saints, and terminated in pointing to the fulfillment of the prediction of the prophet Isaiah on the gathering of Israel from the nations of the earth to these mountains.

CHANGING.—Our friend Nat. Stein, Esq., who has been in charge of all Overland Stage affairs in this city for something over a year, is, we understand, to represent Ben Holladay, contractor, at Virginia City, Idaho. George S. Adams, Esq., of New York, has recently arrived in the city, and is presently in the Stage Office with Mr. Stein. William L. Halsey, Esq., of New York, who was here some years ago with Mr. Holladay, is now on his way from the east to open the Banking Office of Holladay and Halsey, and will, no doubt, be the chief agent of the Overland Stage Company in this city. Aaron Stein Esq., brother of Nat., is now clerk in the Overland Mail Office. We notice these gentlemen with great satisfaction, as they do not fail to command the respect of all who have business relations with them.

BRISK RECRUITING IN WASHOE.—Large bounties, an increase of patriotism or something else, has given an impetus to the business of recruiting, and it now looks as though all the companies are likely soon to be filled up. Capt. Calder sent down to the Fort [Churchill] a load of eleven men this morning, and there were several others who could find no room in the ambulance. They are now sending down a full load of men every other day, and it appears to be but little trouble to get men to "rally round the flag."—[Gold Hill News.]

TWO SOCIETIES.—There are two societies organized in this city known as "The Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society," and "The Gardeners' Club." We expect that both societies are organized for the good of the entire people, we, therefore, invite the Secretaries to let the public hear from them at any time that they are in possession of any information that can be of advantage to learn. There is a wide field for teaching, and communications to the people will ever be welcome to our pages.

A FARMER'S JOURNAL.—We have received the first three numbers of the Wine, Wool and Stock Journal, published monthly, at San Francisco, \$3 per annum. Typographically, it is a neat quarto, of 28 pages, and when bound in volume will make a very handsome as well as very valuable accession to the farmer's library. It is devoted to wine raising, wool growing, stock raising, and all matters pertaining to agriculture as well as to the mining and other kindred sciences. The numbers received have been submitted to some of our experienced farmers and others who commend it highly. Mr. Thomas Bullcock is agent for the Territory.

We draw attention to the new millinery advertisement of Mrs. Marian Pratt. The lady has many kind friends who will no doubt be pleased to testify their regards by the extension of liberal patronage; no one deserves better encouragement.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

A "Lady Correspondent" of the Sacramento Union writing from Paris treats of the hubbub among Monarchs as the foreshadowing of a "Fratricidal War," and gives the "situation" in a nutshell:—

A few years ago a distinguished Englishman wrote that "there could be no European war that was not fratricidal," and since the troubles in America it has been the one string on which England has harped without ceasing, "that monstrous fratricidal struggle," which only Americans could be guilty of engaging in. Behold what we are called upon to contemplate now! Not a war which can be thus designated in general terms, but a veritable war between brothers and sisters, parents and children, cousins and kindred of every name and degree. The Queen of England thought by establishing her daughters among the various Princes of the continent to secure peace and good will toward herself and people, and between themselves. Alas, how vain her hopes. Prussia, Austria and the smaller States of Germany are making war against Denmark to wrest from her two little Duchies which border the sea upon the continent. Already hundreds have been slain in battle. The wife of the Prince of Wales is a daughter of the King of Denmark. In the Prussian army is the Prince Royal, son-in-law of the Queen of England. In the German army is the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, husband of another English Princess. The Duke of Augustenberg, who aspires to sway the scepter over these little principalities, is cousin of the Queen, and the Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha is the brother of her lamented husband, and besides these there are several relatives by marriage in both the Austrian and German armies.

It is well known that the sympathies of England are with Denmark—that she does not wish to see her reduced to any greater insignificance, for she was scarcely thought worthy to furnish the British throne with a queen as she was; and deprived of half her possessions, it will be almost a degradation to call her the mother of English Kings. Germany has probably thought that she could not fight against her children, and has the more readily taken up arms; but Denmark complains that she is not willing to fight for her children, and the telegraph announces this morning that two millions sterling have been voted by Parliament for war, in case it should be needed.

As yet France says not a word; but all this has not come about without the consent and wish of the Emperor. His finger is in the pie somewhere, and he hopes to march to the Rhine before it is ended—and he probably will. Prince Lucien Bonaparte has departed for Mexico, where it is believed he hopes to reign, and will, if anything should prevent King Maximilian from assuming the crown. It was the ambition and destruction of Napoleon I—the placing his relatives on the thrones of Europe. Napoleon III does not dare to attempt the same, but is not less ambitious to see crowns upon their heads; and so is having them wrought in the mines of Mexico. It is officially announced that the whole country is conquered and ready to receive with open arms a monarch who, it is believed, will immediately "bring order out of confusion" that anarchy will immediately disappear, as by magic, and prosperity be established, no more to disappear. When one sees what monarchs have done, and are doing, in this old world, it certainly is permitted to doubt, if not to fear and tremble, when we see them unfurling their standards on our shores, where they have once been pronounced gone-by institutions.

There is not a throne in Europe now which does not tremble, not a Prince or Potentate who does not fear that his hour is nigh, and we fervently hope that some are seeing their last days. At Rome they feared to permit the ordinary festivities of Carnival. In the Corso, where the mask ball was to be held, kegs of powder were found concealed, and strangers were advised to leave the city. But at Naples it was more gay. Italy is evidently preparing for war; eighty thousand guns have been purchased and ten thousand breeches have been salted the last month at Turin, and a great camp has been formed on the Mincio, which it is feared the Austrians are again determined to cross, as there seems to be unusual bustle in the Quadrilateral fortress, which, for reasons never yet explained, Napoleon allowed them to retain when he made the peace of Villafranca.

[From the Jeshurun.]

THE JEWISH SABBATH.

Amongst all the holy gifts which Judaism hath bestowed on its professors, there is not one so holy, not one so rich in blessings, as the gift of the most ancient Institution on earth—the gift of the Sabbath—the Jewish Sabbath.

Deprive the Jew of his Sabbath and you have robbed him of the richest of all his possessions the pearl above all price. Offer him in its stead what you may, you cannot indemnify him for his great loss. Deprive the Jew of his Sabbath, and you leave him friendless, joyless; and now even numerous the crowd of friends, however varied and great the joys you may bring him, he will not find such a friend as the Sabbath—the enjoyment of every pleasure vanishes like air before the tranquil, sweet, holy happiness to be found in the Sabbath joy alone. For the Sabbath is to the Jew the richest jewel, the truest friend.

God hath espoused the Jew with the Sabbath; hath led to him as a beautiful bride is led to the arms of the envied bridegroom—this his most glorious institution.

If he remain true to her—true with heart and soul, devotedly attached, true to all risks, at any sacrifice—she will be the truest, the most devoted companion; she will adorn his humble cabin so as to make it to him a paradise; she will spread such joy over this terrestrial night, that its darkness and gloom will be changed into the glorious and cheering light of the sun. She will know how to lead him with a sure and steady and loving hand, along the slippery path of life. She will remove every obstacle in his way, dry every tear, heal every wound, assuage every pain. She will lighten the burden of care and sorrow. It is she who maketh rich the poorest, and the rich, true lord and enjoyer of his riches. She maketh the simple wise, and giveth to the wise the true foundation of wisdom. She raiseth up the stumbler, and gives to the strong the source of his strength; to the virtuous, the kernel of his virtue.

Ye who turn your backs upon this true companion and friend, you do not know the value of the blessing you despise. Ye who do not leave this priceless pearl a legacy to your children, you do not know how poor—how very poor—you leave them. Bestow on your children wealth, render them virtuous, upright, wise and clever, and strong and healthy, give them education, and render them honored, and give them a Sabbath too, the ancient Jewish Sabbath, give to them in your teachings, and more so in your example—your joyful earnest example, let them see you are in earnest by the sacrifice you are ready to make, and are making, and then, and not till then, shall you have insured permanency to their riches, support to their virtue, light to their virtue, light to wisdom, strength to their power, you will have given them the pith and marrow of their acquirements, their knowledge and attainments, the real virtue and meaning of their education and their honor.

Lay your hand upon your pillow without anxiety on their account; for should they even lose their wealth, should their virtue stumble, should they cease to be wise and wealthy, should friends forsake them, should you too leave them, and you cannot stay with them forever, far away, helpless, poor, sunk in the depths of misery, the Sabbath will not forsake them, the Sabbath abides by them faithfully, it bringeth consolation and strength, balm and relief, it has in store for them joy and peace, inexhaustible, unspeakable.

But though you may secure to them all these advantages, should you omit to espouse their soul with the Sabbath, you will render their happiness and their peace, their blessing and joy, their wisdom and their virtue, powerless, untenable; you abandon their Judaism to the incalculable uncertainty of chance.

There is a vast amount of good practical sense in the above—without looking at its piety. We commend it to our readers.—[Ed. News.]

PARSON BROWNLOW ESTABLISHING A PROPER LEVEL.—Parson Brownlow is gradually recovering from his illness. He seems destined to fulfil his intention to live and see this rebellion crushed. That he is at present "alive and kicking," the following article from his paper will sufficiently attest:

"For the last forty years Eastern Tennessee has been cursed with an aristocracy, whose headquarters has been Knoxville, and whose conscientiousness of superiority has been sticking out whenever a family has owned from three to ten kinky-headed negroes.

This was an aristocracy founded alone upon the nigger, and so far has it carried its insolence for years, that when one of these 'upper tens' would speak to the wife or daughter of an honest mechanic, or a decent laboring man, they regarded their act of speaking as one of great condescension. It is not sufficient for the world to know that these high-flyers were the descendants in a direct line, from some old foreigners who had been sold out upon shares to pay their passage to this country. It was not sufficient to know that their illustrious predecessors had taken their start in life by peddling in pins and needles, by spading up gardens for other people, or by entering other people's lands, and, by hook or by crook, securing their titles!

Through the mercy of God, the firmness of Mr. Lincoln, and the madness of the Southern Confederacy, we are all about to find a common level, where we can at least boast that the Lord is the maker of us all. He has not heretofore been the maker of us all, but the times are changing. It will require lamps and gas-lights in daytime to find the aristocracy of this town. The dirtiest branch of the concern is following in the rear of Long-street's army: some of them are attempting rapes upon decent women; some are losing what little they had accumulated, by playing cards; and others of them are killing themselves drinking mean whisky. The days of their greatness and glory are over, and they are standing now where their merits, conduct and associations by right have placed them!"

THE DUBLIN RIOT.—The London Times gives the following additional facts relative to the Dublin riot:

"A regular fight commenced on the platform, and simultaneously in several parts of the house the battle raged. With the exception of a few of us who stood on a form at the wall looking on, the whole mass on the platform were engaged in a terrific struggle, flourishing shillee-hs, boxing, throttling, tumbling over the chairs and forms, sprawling on the boards, kicking, yelling. The Fenian men being well drilled and commanded, pressed on in such overwhelming force that they carried the platform in about ten minutes. The O'Donoghues, Mr. Sullivan and some priests, fled; the chairs and tables were broken up and converted into weapons, the reporters were knocked about and quickly lost in the agitated mass. The victory was won, and the Sullivanites were utterly vanquished. The victors seized a piece of green cloth that covered the table, and waved it as a flag of triumph. This put an end to the fighting throughout the room. The Fenians kept waving their flag amid all sorts of noise and uproar for about an hour. A priest attempted in vain to get a hearing.

THE PRESIDENTIAL SQUABBLES IN WASHINGTON.—Plots and counterplots are now the order of the day and night in Washington. The White House itself and its floral offerings are involved in the general intrigues for the prize. The departments are smouldering with the hidden fires of intrigues, and scarcely a levee or reception is given that has not as a motive the successorship. Appointments to and removals from office, the assignment of contracts, the commissions of brigadier, major, and, it is shrewdly intimated, even lieutenant generals, are said to hinge upon the color of a man's sentiments on the Presidential question. The interrogatory, "Is he honest, is he capable?" is no longer put to an aspirant for office; but in lieu thereof it is asked, "Is he Lincoln, is he Chase, is he Seward, is he Fremont, or is he anybody else?" Roving and sinecure commissions are bestowed from Presidential considerations. Hardy, worthy, popular, victorious generals are removed to make place for others, presumed to be sounder on the Presidential goose or to conciliate a faction that may create trouble. Brigades of our brave armies are sent into rebellious States to water with their precious blood the soil that may produce Presidential votes. Not to be decided on the successorship in Washington at this time from the material named is to be unfriendly, if not disloyal and criminal. Washington is a terrible place for plots and counterplots at almost any time; but now, in addition, it is the cauldron in which intrigues for the successor are boiling at double fever heat. Let it boil. The people, in their own good time, will cause it to "simmer down."—[New York Herald.]

THE FLORIDA TRAGEDY.—The details of the Florida disaster scarcely relieve the disgrace of the first accounts. Gen. Seymour was warned by scores of Union men that a large force had been sent on by Beauregard from Charleston, and would intercept him. Even the point of attack was designated. Notwithstanding these warnings, our men were marched into the trap, and the battle was fought by one half of the army, to extricate the other half. The Eighth United States were marred under a cross fire from the rebel and Union batteries, and Colonel Fribey was probably killed by our own guns. The Seventh Connecticut broke, but soon rallied, and afterwards did well. The negro brigade acquitted itself creditably. The object of this expedition was political rather than military, being chiefly designed to ascertain the loyalty of the inhabitants and invite them back to the Union. The result indicates that poverty, fleas, alligators, fire, ignorance and rebellion pervade the State. The single redeeming feature of the affair is that the enemy lost more men by victory, than we did by defeat, and only won by the overpowering force of numbers.—[N. Y. Sun, Mar. 19.]