

SONG.

BY ELDER JOHN PARRY.

TUNE—"Come, come, ye Saints."

Ye Saints of God, and Saints of latter days,
Praise the Lord and the Lamb,
For he has done a great and mighty work
For the Saints in this land:
His outstretch'd arm has brought us through
The mighty deep and deserts too;
And in this Valley of the West,
Great, how great we are blest.

Let's not forget the afflictions which we bore
In Nauvoo,—in Far West,
And how the Lord, from mercy he had in store,
Brought us home to our rest:
His praise we'll sing, our God and King,
And make the hills and valleys ring;
For in this Valley of the West,
There is none to molest.

Lift up your heads, all ye that's pure in heart,
And rejoice throughout the land;
Gird up your loins, ye true born sons of God,
For the day is at hand;
The day that Prophets did foresee,
That Saints should have a jubilee,
Is now at hand, as all may see,
Happy day—happy we.

Then let's beware, and let us watch with care,
Lest we slumber and sleep;
The time is nigh when Christ will burst the
sky;
His commands let us keep:
The morning star doth now appear,
And soon the alarm will strike the ear;
Awake and make your lamps burn clear,
For the Bridegroom is near.

Let us adhere to counsel that we hear
From our Prophet and Seer,
Yea, let's revere our President most dear,
And our God let us fear;
A better man cannot be found,
Though we should search the world around,
With Heber brave, his right hand man;
We'll possess the promis'd land.
G. S. L. CITY, Dec. 22, 1856.

[From the True Flag.]

A Story for Politicians.

BY REBECCA.

A few weeks since, wishing to ride out a few miles from Boston, I called at a stage office. The day was rainy, and I was the only passenger at the office, and I expected, of course, I should be the only one in the stage; but just as the driver started from the door two gentlemen hailed him and wished to ride.

They stepped in, and were apparently engaged in earnest political conversation. Each cast a glance at me, but evidently decided I should be no obstacle to the free expression of their opinions. Of course I should know or understand nothing of the conversation of political leaders.

These gentlemen's countenances were both familiar to me, and I recognized them as Messrs. Smith and Jones, two flourishing, busy politicians of the day. They talked for half an hour, and in that time I learned that there were three candidates then in market, White, Brown, and Green. One, I learned, went for Southern interests, another for Northern, while the third professed a deep interest in both.

Mr. Jones, I soon learned, had decided to go for Green; Mr. Smith for Brown; and they finally became so excited and talked so loud in their quarrel—argument, I suppose they would call it—that everybody we passed stared with open eyes at our vehicle. Mr. Smith said the leaders to the Green party were humbugs; Mr. Jones said Brown's leaders were rascals; and so they kept on until their fever reached its height, and then they began to feel somewhat calmer.

"Now, Jones," said Smith, after a few moments' silence, as he patted him on the shoulder, "you had better decide to go for Brown; there's not the slightest possibility of Green's election."

"You'd better take hold for Green," replied Jones. "A year ago you professed a deep interest in the principles of our party; what has destroyed it so suddenly?"

"I tell you, Jones, it is wasting time to work for Green; you will have your labor for nothing.—Come, take hold for Brown," he continued, in an undertone, "and I'll insure you a living for the next four years, if he is elected."

"You insure me! I don't understand you, Smith!"

"Well, tell me you will go to work for Brown, and I'll engage you shall have an appointment that will pay three thousand a year at least."

Here Smith cast a side-way glance at me to see if I understood; but, as he went on, he probably considered me an original "know-nothing."

"Are you authorized to make any such appointments?" asked Jones.

"I am; and what I say shall be done."

"I have thought before," replied Jones, "that it is throwing time away to work for Green."

"It certainly is, you may depend upon that; you can't unite the North and South—it is an impossibility," Smith replied, his eyes brightening at his success.

"But I look at the principle of the thing," replied Jones, thoughtfully, as he examined the toe of his boot; my sympathies are with Green's party.

"Oh, don't talk about sympathy in politics," replied Smith, "unless you wish to be ridden over, rough-shod, by the majority. You must do what is for your own interests; if you are in the minority, you can see what will be the result."

"Yes, that is plain enough; but if we sacrifice principle to interest, what will be the result?"

"But you are not sacrificing principle; our party is framed upon a principle as sound as ever founded a political party."

"Yes, I must admit that," replied Jones, evidently bewildered by the glittering pile of three thousand and added to his income; "but what appointment are you to have if Brown is elected?"

Smith, in a confidential tone, said something about "seat in Cabinet, appointments," and so forth, and, after a few minutes of earnest conversation, which I made no effort to hear, Mr. Jones replied—

"And you have his promise for this?"

"Yes, and I pledge my word you shall have the appointment if you will take hold and go to work."

"I am not to be bought," replied Jones, with a smile, "but I will examine more minutely into the principles and prospects of each party. I should be as glad as any other man to unite our parties, if it can be consistently done."

Mr. Smith talked a long time upon the perfection of Brown and his party, and Mr. Jones heard it without offering a word against his argument.

The coach reached its place of destination, and the two gentlemen alighted, apparently political friends, although they entered bitter enemies.

A few days after, I saw an account of an enthusiastic "Brown meeting," and among the speakers was Mr. Jones' name. The editor called the attention of the reader to the fact, to show how fast Brown was gaining friends.

Now, if Mr. Brown is elected President of the United States, I shall watch with some interest to see Mr. Smith take his seat in the Cabinet; and when he does so, I shall then watch with equal interest for Mr. Jones' three thousand dollar appointment.

Where, in the depths of self-interest and moral degradation, can you find the principles of politicians? And if our country continues in the hands of such managers, where will her glory be in a few years? Will some one well read in the history of the past, and who can trace cause and effect through a series of years, answer for the benefit of less enlightened ones.

A NEW YORK HOTEL.—The proprietors of the St. Nicholas Hotel have published a description of their immense establishment, from which we quote a few statistics.

The St. Nicholas has a front of 275 feet on Broadway, and a depth of 200 feet, thus covering an area of one acre and three quarters in the most valuable part of the city. The building cost \$1,200,000, and the entire cost of building, furniture, &c., was \$1,900,000. The area of the front wall, which is of marble, is 18,000 feet.

The building will accommodate 900 guests, and has frequently contained over 1,000. It was completely finished on the 1st of March, 1854. The number of rooms in the house is 600, all well lighted, and provided with hot and cold water. These include 100 complete suites of rooms, with baths, water closets, &c., attached.

The three largest dining-rooms in the house aggregate 9,000 superficial feet, and can accommodate 600 guests. The cost of the mirrors distributed about the house was \$40,000, and of the silver ware and plate \$50,000.

The proprietors are Messrs. J. P. Treadwell, J. P. Acker, Peter, and Virgil Whitcomb. The number of servants averages during the year about 320. The hours for meals range through nearly the whole 24, excepting from midnight to 5 o'clock in the morning.

There is a regularly organized fire department in the building, with steam power for forcing water to any portion of it. Eighteen plugs, with 200 feet of hose to each, enable the engineers to flood the building in six minutes from the time the alarm is sounded.

The house consumes 18,000 to 30,000 feet of gas nightly, from 2,500 burners. The gas is made on the premises. The laundry employs 75 laundresses, and can wash and iron 6,000 pieces per day. Steam is the great agent in this process, and is extensively used in the St. Nicholas for boiling, washing, mangling, drying, turning spits, heating water, &c. We are happy to learn that the talent and enterprise, as well as capital invested in this magnificent hotel, are being liberally rewarded. The proprietors are making both money and reputation. —[New York Mirror.]

A MAJORITY ON THE WRONG SIDE.—Several years ago, a celebrated Methodist minister and revivalist, well known for his eloquence and zeal in converting souls, was preaching in Louisville. The feeling had got pretty well up, and one night, after a very "powerful" sermon, he came down from the pulpit for the purpose of receiving the mourners, while the good old hymn of—

"Canaan, oh Canaan, I'm bound for the land of Canaan,"

was struck up and chimed in by hundreds of voices. The hymn was concluded, but there were no penitents at the altar. In vain he exhorted—his words and appeals fell upon the ears of his congregation without exciting an emotion.

At length he concluded to make a bold strike and follow it up with a test, and, resuming the pulpit, after a few words of exhortation, he solemnly announced that he would put a question, upon which he expected all to vote in view of the estimation they placed upon their souls. With finger raised most significantly, and in a most solemn manner, he announced: "All those in favor of Christ will please rise to their feet."

Only some eight or ten responded to the announcement; and while the minister was watching intently for others to signify their position by "rising," a worthy member, who was on his feet, interfered, and suggested that "the reason might be that the true disciples were too modest to vote."

At this juncture, a loud voice was heard in the gallery:—"I say, brother, it's no use a talking or trying to force this vote—this con-

gregation is for the devil by at least twenty-five hundred majority!"

THE BIRDS, "GOD BLESS 'EM."—A gentleman observed in the thicket of bushes near his dwelling a collection of brown thrushes, who for several days attracted his attention by their loud cries and strange movements. At length curiosity was so much excited that he determined to see if he could ascertain the cause of the excitement among them.

On examining the bushes he found a female thrush, whose wing was caught in a limb in such a way that she could not escape. Near by was her nest, containing several half-grown birds.—On retiring a little distance a company of thrushes appeared, with worms and other insects in their mouths, which they gave first to the mother and then to her young; she the meanwhile cheering them in their labor of love with a song of gratitude.

After watching the interesting scene until curiosity was satisfied, the gentleman released the poor bird, when she flew to her nest with a grateful song to her deliverer, and her charitable neighbors dispersed to their several abodes, singing as they went a song of joy.

OLD BACHELORS.—Is there an individual belonging to this dried up institution, that can lay his hand on his heart and say he is answering the end for which he was got up? Is there one of them that supposes he was created for the purpose of using up woollen manufactures, tobacco, cigars, tailors, and liverystable keepers? If he does, he is soulless; and when he dies will simply be annihilated, rot into dust, and turn in time as part of the soil of a cabbage orchard.

Man's destiny is to govern—to rule—to command—to add to the numerical strength of his district, as much as circumstances and good health will allow him; and it is an undisputed fact, that every great man has in the midst of his greatness, a part of his time devoted to the culture of a wife, to the tending of babies, and to the study of medicine, as far as the diseases of young children are concerned. So, ye bachelors—ye that have not withered into sapless, sinewless, hopeless selfishness—brush up the charms of mind and person that are wasting and fading, and make one grand attempt for blissful days, comfortable nights, posterity, and an honest future.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.—A striking instance of the power of curiosity and the proclivity of human nature to indulge in forbidden pleasures, recently occurred in London.

The Times had vehemently denounced a certain opera as "an exhibition of harlotry on the stage," and called upon the people of England, in the name of everything virtuous, fathers of families, mothers and daughters included, to mark their sense of what was right by keeping away from the performance. The "people of England" answered this appeal by crowding Her Majesty's Theatre on the occasion of the performance of the opera, to suffocation, and not even standing room could be found in pit or gallery. Masses of people, principally ladies, it is said, poured into the theatre in a manner not witnessed since the first triumphs of Jenny Lind. Not alone had the house never been fuller than on this occasion, but the audience had never been more respectable!

OLD FASHIONED MOTHER.—Ah! how much meaning is comprised in that simple expression, the old fashioned mother. It carries our thoughts back to those women, whose influence was pure and elevating; who taught their daughters to render themselves blessings to society, by their goodness, their diligence, their useful knowledge. We think of the lofty heroism, the brave endurance, the thousand virtues they inculcated, and sigh at the contrast between the past and the present. How few modern mothers understand or perform their duty in training their children. A smattering of this and the other is considered quite sufficient education, and to show off to advantage is the great business of life. No wonder there are so many desolate firesides, so many unhappy wives, so many drinking and gambling husbands.

A COSTLY TOY.—Rev. John E. Edwards, of Richmond, now in Geneva, Switzerland, visited a jeweler in that city, and says:—"He set out on the counter a box, mounted with massive gold, on the top of which there was seen an enameled tulip, apparently just bursting into full bloom."

He touched a little spring and suddenly the flower expanded into full bloom, and right in the heart of it there sprang up a sweet little bird, of golden plumage, which began to flutter its tiny wings, and sing, as I have thought nothing but a real bird of flesh and bones could do; so cheerful; so birdlike; opening its little beak at every note, and really singing a bird song, such as is sometimes heard singing out in the dewy copse at early morn. The price of this box was \$1000."

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.—The late Lord Nelson held promptitude of measures, and exactness as to time, as most valuable qualities. On a certain occasion he desired a tradesman to send off some articles for him as soon as 6 a.m. On the man's saying, "Yes, my lord, I will be on the spot myself by six o'clock," his lordship mildly touched him on the shoulder, and with a very significant look, added, "Mr. —, a quarter of an hour before, if you please." The tradesman seemed astonished; but stammered out, "Surely, my lord, if you wish it; yes, a quarter before six; yes, a quarter before, instead of six." "Right," said his lordship, "it is to that quarter before the time, that I owe all the good I ever did."

THE NEGRO AND THE NEEDLE.—It is not generally known that in the early progress of the needle manufacture we are indebted to the negro. The earliest record of needle making in this country is

in the year 1545, in the reign of Henry VIII, and it is supposed that this useful branch of industry was introduced by a Moor from Spain. The historian Stowe tells us that needles were sold in Cheapside, and other busy streets in London in the reign of Queen Mary, and were at that time made by a Spanish negro, who refused to discover the secret of his art.

Another authority states that the art of making steel needles was lost at the negro's death, but was revived by a German in 1566. Probably these facts may account for the crest of the needle maker's coat of arms being the head of a negro.—[History of Needle Making.]

A YANKEE GUN.—The English tell some large stories, and justly too, about their heavy ordnance. An American gentleman, who was listening in a London coffee house to a description of one of these monsters, said abruptly—"Pooh! gentlemen; I won't deny that's a fair-sized cannon; but you are a little mistaken in supposing it to be the largest in the world. It's not to be named in the same minute with one of our Yankee cannon that I saw in Charleston last year. Jupiter! that was a cannon! Why, gentlemen, it was so large that the sailors had to employ two yoke of oxen to draw in the ball." "The deuce they did!" exclaimed one of his hearers, with a smile of triumph, "Pray, can you tell me how they got the oxen out again?" "Why, my dear sir," said the Yankee, "they unyoked 'em, and drove 'em up through the vent hole!"

CERTAIN CURE FOR A FELON.—As soon as it becomes apparent that a felon is making its appearance, which is known by a continued soreness and pain proceeding from the bone, and sometimes evincing but little change for the worse for a week or more, take a strong cord of any kind, and wrap it around the finger, above the afflicted part, as tightly as it can be borne. Keep in this condition until the pain can be endured no longer. Now loose the cord, and as soon as the pain or soreness caused by the cord subsides, tighten it again. Continue this for several days, or until the felon is completely blackened and killed. We have never known it to fail. The cord stops the circulation, and thus the soreness has nothing to feed on, and soon dies of starvation. We have faith in this remedy, even after a felon has made considerable progress.

ANOTHER MAMMOTH GROVE.—We are informed, says the Mariposa Democrat, by Judge Burke, who has recently returned from Visalia, that a grove of big trees have been discovered upon a branch of King's River, near the saw mill of O. K. Smith, the Representative elect of Fresno and Tulare counties. The grove contains over 1,000 trees, by actual count, varying in size from eight to thirty-two feet in diameter. Many of them are from 325 to 375 feet high. The species of tree is the same as those in Calaveras county, which are attracting so much attention. Many have, since the discovery of this grove, visited it, and the above statement, we are assured, is no exaggeration. —[Sacramento Weekly Union.]

KEEPING A DEAD HUSBAND COOL.—When an Arab woman intends to marry again after the death of her husband, she comes, on the night before her second marriage to the grave of her dead husband. Here she kneels and prays to him, and entreats him "not to be offended—not to be jealous." As, however, she fears he will be jealous and angry, the widow brings with her a donkey, laden with two goat skins of water.—Her prayers and entreaties done, she proceeds to pour on the grave the water, to keep the first husband cool under the irritating circumstances about to take place, and having well saturated him, she departs.

ANTIQUITY OF GUNPOWDER.—The first Englishman who mentions gunpowder is Roger Bacon, who, about the year 1274, described it as being then in common use all over the world for making squibs to amuse children. It is mentioned by Philostratus, 355 years before Christ; and in the code of Hindoo laws, it is referred to a period co-incidental to the time of Moses. The military use of rockets in the armies of India reaches to a period beyond record.

☞ No man can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely govern, that would not cheerfully become a subject; no man can safely command, that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice, but he that has the testimony of a good conscience.

☞ "There are some members of a community," said the sagacious and witty Thos. Bradbury, "that are like a crumb in the throat; if they go the right way they afford a little nourishment, but if they happen to go the wrong way, they give a great deal of trouble."

CHOLIC IN HORSES.—Dissolve in a quart of pure water as much salt as will thoroughly saturate the liquid, and drench the animal thoroughly until you discover symptoms of relief. This is a simple and effectual remedy, and has been successfully applied in cases of bots.

☞ In London, out of a population of 2,500,000, only 500,000 attend church. In Liverpool the proportion of attendants on public worship is about one-third of the population. The case seems pretty much the same in all great cities.

☞ The Cocoa tree furnishes the Indians with bread, water, wine, vinegar, milk, oil, honey and sugar. And from its leaves, branches and the shells and husks of the fruit, they obtain thread, clothes, vases, cups, baskets, paper boat sails and ropes.