

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

(BY J. G. WHITTIER.)

Pipes of the misty moorland,
Voice of the glen and hill,
The drone of Highland torrent,
The song of Lowland fill,
Not the braves of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the Lowland reaper
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle,
The Scottish pipes are dear.
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glades
But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes at Lucknow* played!

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept,
Round and round the jungle serpent,
Near and nearer circles swept.
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers—
Pray to-day!" the soldier said,
"To-morrow, death's between us,
And the wrong and shame we dread."

Oh! they listened, looked and waited,
Till their hope became despair,
And the sobb'g of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear upon the ground:
"Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum roll,
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true;
"Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?
Will ye no believe it true?"

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call,
"Hark! hear ye no MacGregor's—
The grandest of them all!"

Oh! they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtree
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving,
Mingled woman's voice and man's;
"God be praised! The march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fiercer as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as words at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far off dust cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Round red Dowlat's golden shrine,
Breathed the air to Briton's dearest—
The air of "Auld Lang Syne."
O'er the cruel roll of war drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain;
And the tartan clove the furban,
As the Goomtree cleaves the plain.

Dear to the Lowland reaper
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle,
The piper's song is dear—
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glades
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played!

* A city in India.

SINGULAR SATISFACTION.—We find in one of our exchanges a story of Incledon, the once famous vocalist, which fits "an affair of honor" capiti. Poor Incledon was one of the unsophisticated, and said and did a great many things, out of sheer simplicity, that had been much better left unsaid and undone. Something of this kind gave offence to a gentleman with whom Incledon had fallen in company, and the offended party resolved upon satisfaction. He sought out the singer, accordingly, and was lucky enough to find him enjoying his bottle of port, one fine afternoon, at a noted hotel.

"Mr. Incledon," says the waiter, "a gentleman wishes to see you, sir."

"Show him up, then," says Incledon.

"Sir," said the visitor, in a towering passion, "I'm told that you have been making free with my name, in a very improper manner, and I have come to demand satisfaction."

After some parleying, Incledon rose, put on his hat, and planting himself on one side of the room, began warbling "Black-eyed Susan," in his most delicious style. When he had finished, "There, sir," said he, "that has given complete satisfaction to several thousands, and if you want anything more, I've only to say, you're the most unreasonable fellow I ever met with."

LAUGHING AT LAW.—Horse racing is against the law in Boston, New York; so they call a race a "grand agricultural horse exhibition," and purses are called "premiums." A good people those Bostonians!

THE WAY TO HEALTH.—Walker, in his *Original*, lays down the following rules for attaining high health:—"First, study to acquire a composure of mind and body. Avoid agitation, or hurry of one or the other, especially just before and after meals; and whilst the process of digestion is going on. To this end, govern your temper; endeavour to look at the bright side of things; keep down, as much as possible, the unruly passions; discard envy, hatred, and malice, and lay your head upon your pillow in charity with all mankind. Let not your wants outrun your means. Whatever difficulties you have to encounter be not perplexed, but only think what is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear, without repining, the result. When your meals are solitary, let your thoughts be cheerful; when they are social, which is better, avoid disputes, or serious arguments, or unpleasant topics. 'Unquiet meals,' says Shakespeare, 'make ill digestion;' and the contrary is produced by easy conversation, a pleasant prospect, welcome news, or a lively companion. I advise wives not to entertain their husbands with domestic grievances about children or servants, nor to ask for money, nor produce unpaid bills, nor propound unseasonable questions; and I advise husbands to keep the cares and vexations of the world to themselves, but to be communicative of whatever is comfortable, and cheerful, and amusing."

"FAST" WORK.—"Workmanship in America is mere surface-work. There is no sufficiency, no thoroughness in it. The American workman displays energy, ingenuity, rapidity to a surprising degree; but he lacks utterly the care and completeness of the British tradesman. His work is thoroughly 'unworkmanlike.' It bears all the marks of haste and imperfection; has no appearance of finish or minute care about it. The marble-venered palaces of New York often come down by the run. The clippers of New England sail well, but leak and damage cargo. They are splendid models, but slim in construction. Twenty-five thousand miles of railways intersect the American continent; they cross swamps and mountains, the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi; but their frail tressel-work is continually coming down; their bridges are crazy, their roads often unballasted, their whole apparatus flimsy. The consequence is, you enter their cars with fear and trembling, and thank God at your journey's end. I need not dwell on river and lake steamers; a prudent man makes his will before he goes on board. And so it goes on, down to the minutest article of domestic use throughout this country. There is not a lock that catches, not a hinge that turns; knives will not cut, and matches will not light. The doors will not shut, the windows will not open; and all this is made more striking and provoking by its contrast with the pretension to finish and refinement. You sit down on a fine velvet sofa, and are startled by coming down on a spring as hard as a cricket-ball. The hotel whose doors are creaking and windows gaping is gilt and carpeted like a palace; and the Mississippi steam-boat, on which you are snugged or blown up, is gilt and painted, and goes twenty miles an hour; you cannot sail to destruction in greater luxury or at greater speed."—[Stirby's America.]

ANECDOTE OF GEN. JACKSON.—Old Hickory crossed the Warrior river at the close of a campaign, at Carthage, in Tuscaloosa county. There he halted and rested for the recruit and refreshment of the sick and wounded, a few days. The citizens of Tuscaloosa, then a small village, got up a dinner to the General. A deputation of militia officers, armed *cap a pie*, went to Carthage to extend the invitation to Jackson. They found him busy, on foot, near the main road, dismounted, and with well set phrase they invited him to dinner.—"For how many have you made provision?" asked Jackson; "for all of my men?" "No, only for yourself and officers." "By the Eternal, then," replied the old hero, "I, nor an officer of mine will eat no dinner not provided for all our boys." Then turning on his heel he abruptly left them. The poor militia men were sadly discomfited and mortified at this rebuff. But worse was in store for them. A quartermaster or his assistant, had laid hands on every horse of the delegation, and claimed them for public service. Furious, they appealed to the General. He declined interfering; could make no distinctions. Other men's horses were taken, why not theirs—was surprised at their want of patriotism, not willing to give up their horses for the transportation of sick and wounded soldiers! The case was hopeless—the weather warm—the military trappings, coat, sword, boots, &c., all unsuited for a long march in the hot and dusty weather. No conveyance however could be had. Generals, Colonels, Majors and Captains of the Tuscaloosa militia, all walked to Tuscaloosa.

"And that is the reason," naively added my informant, "why Tuscaloosa always voted against the old General."

LYING.—Lying supplies those who are addicted to it with a plausible apology for every crime and with a supposed shelter from every punishment. It tempts them to rush into danger from the mere expectation of impunity, and when practised with frequent success, it teaches them to confound the gradations of guilt, from the effects of which there is in their imaginations at least one sure and common protection. It corrupts the early simplicity of youth, it blasts the fairest blossoms of genius, and will most assuredly counteract every effort by which we may hope to improve the talents and mature the virtue of those whom it infects.

CHINESE CUSTOMS THE ANTIPODES OF ENGLISH.—The very striking contrarieties in comparison with our own is amusingly given in the following extract from a work published at Macao:

"On inquiring of the boatman in which direction Macao lay, I was answered, being west-north, the wind, as I was informed, being east-south. We do not say so in Europe, thought I; but imagine my surprise when, in explaining the utility of the compass, the boatman added that the needle pointed to the south! Wishing to change the subject, I remarked that I concluded he was about to proceed to some high festival, or merry making, as his dress was completely white. He told me, with a look of much dejection, that his only brother had died the week before, and that he was in the deepest mourning for him."

On landing, the first object that attracted my notice was a military mandarin, who wore an embroidered petticoat, with a string of beads round his neck, and who, besides, carried a fan; it was with some dismay I observed him mount on the right side of his horse. On my way to the house my attention was drawn to several old Chinese standing on stilts, some of whom had grey beards, and nearly all of them huge goggling spectacles; they were delightedly employed in flying paper kites, while a group of boys were gravely looking on, and regarding the innocent occupation of their seniors with the most serious and gratified attention.

Desirous to see the literature of so curious a people, I looked in at a book store. The proprietor told me that the language had no alphabet, and I was somewhat astonished, on his opening a Chinese volume, to find him begin at what I had all my life previously considered the end of the book. He read the date of the publication: 'The fifth year, tenth month, twenty-third day.' We arrange our dates differently; I observed; and begged that he would speak of their ceremonials. He commenced by saying, 'When you receive a distinguished guest, do not fail to place him on your left hand, for that is the seat of honor; and be cautious not to uncover the head, as it would be an unbecoming act of familiarity.'

Hardly prepared for this blow to my established notions, I requested he would discourse of their philosophy. He re-opened the volume, and read with becoming gravity, 'The most learned men are decidedly of opinion that the seat of human understanding is the stomach!'

On arriving at my quarters, I thought that a cup of 'Young Hyson' would prove refreshing, feeling certain that in this, at least, I should meet with nothing to surprise me; imagine my astonishment when I observed that the 'favorite leaf' the Chinaman was about to infuse looked quite different to any I had ever seen, it being, in color, a dull olive, having none of the usual bloom on its surface. I remarked on its appearance, when my attendant quietly said that they never use painted tea in China, but as the foreigners pay a better price for it when the leaves are made of one uniform color, they of course had no objection to cover them with powders. On drinking the infusion made from the pure leaf, I at once resolved to become a convert to this fashion, leaving the other Chinese customs for future consideration."

THE MAHOGANY TRADE.—The extent of the mahogany trade is not generally appreciated. The exports from the port of Coatzacoalcas in Mexico, had in the last year increased to 6,804 tons, and thirty-two vessels were employed. In 1850 only one vessel was employed, and only 230 tons exported. At the average price of \$12 per ton, the value of the exports from that single port, which are estimated at 15,000 tons for the present year, will amount to \$180,000. Three fourths of the wood exported is consumed in the United States, and Americans almost monopolize the business. The Mexican Government receives one dollar for every ton exported, and the same for every tree felled.

THE CHINESE.—The Emperor Hien Fung is now on the throne, and the census which he has had made is thirty-seven years more recent than that executed in the reign of Kia King. During that period of time the population of China has increased in a considerable proportion. In 1815 it was 371,000,000, and in 1852 it had reached 396,000,000. It may now be calculated without exaggeration at 400,000,000.

A FORTUNE AT ONE DIG.—A nugget was recently found in Kingower, Australia. Its form is that of an immense flake of gold, two feet two inches long, about ten inches wide at its greatest breadth, and only from one inch to one and a quarter inch thick. Its weight is 1,743 troy ounces, and it is nearly pure. There was very little other gold round about it, but it was in the line of a lead which has yielded about 10,000 ounces of nuggets. This is the largest mass of gold ever found in one lump. The nugget exhibited at the Great Globe, in 1854, weighed 138 lbs., but contained a good deal of quartz; this has very little quartz, and is valued at \$35,000.

CANDOR.—A foreign medical writer, possessing candor, once asserted that "physic is the art of amusing the patient while nature cures the disease."

VIRTUE IN EXAMPLE.—The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child, is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness beaming through the life of relative or friend, is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's ways, and raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty or warning.

TO PREACHERS.—I have found the following rules to be of much service to myself, and respectfully suggest to my brethren the propriety of testing their merits:

1. Resolve to be brief, as this is an age of telegraphs and stenography.
2. Be pointed; never preach all around your text without hitting it.
3. State your propositions plainly, but do not stop long to particularize.
4. Avoid long introductions; but plunge into your sermon like a swimmer into cold water.
5. Condense; make sure that you have an idea, and then speak it right out, in the plainest, shortest possible terms.
6. Avoid all high-flown language; quote no Hebrew nor Greek; aim to be simply a preacher.
7. Be honest enough to own that you do avail yourself of help from any source. But in using helps, be sure you never make stilts of them, when your own legs are far better.
8. Expect the Father's blessing; you are his servant, and can do nothing without it.
9. STOP WHEN YOU ARE DONE.

Among the many rules given the preacher, I have found it convenient to adopt the above, as being such as were profitable to me.

And now, my brother, if they will do you any good, you are welcome to them.—George C. Bancroft.

BROTHERLY CHARITY.—An avaricious divine seeing a poor boy of a promising appearance in a deplorable condition called him to the door, and giving him a mouldy piece of bread, asked him if he could read, to which he answered in the negative; to the questions, whether he could say the Belief and the Lord's Prayer, the answer was the same. "Well," said the divine, "I will teach you that; say after me: 'Our Father,'" said the instructor. "Our father!" repeated the boy; "what, your father as well as mine?" "Yes, certainly."—Then we are brothers?" "To be sure we are," was the reply. "Why, then," replied the boy, pulling the crust from under his coat, "how could you give your poor brother this mouldy piece of bread?"

DIED.

In Great Salt Lake City, on the sixth inst., JOSEPH, son of Joseph and Jane A. Young, aged 22 years and 3 months.

Joseph was born and raised in the Church; was baptized when he was eight years of age, and from early childhood was nurtured in the spirit and principles of the gospel of our Savior. Farming and attending to the domestic duties of his father's house engaged his time until he was twenty years of age, when he entered the printing office, where he labored for upwards of one year. In August, 1857, he joined the army, and repaired to the mountains, holding himself in readiness to defend with his life, if it had been necessary, the Saints and the interests of the church of God. He was of a willing and devoted spirit, and being of a delicate constitution, the arduous labors and exertions which he there underwent were more than his frame could endure.

His loss is deeply felt by his kindred and friends, to all of whom he was much endeared by his integrity and virtue; but they feel consoled by the reflection that he died in the faith of the everlasting gospel and the assurance of a glorious resurrection.—[Communicated.]

His mortal form the coffin holds,
A stone 'points' out the spot;
And may a flower be planted there
That's called 'Forget-me-not,'
Release'd from illness' painful grasp,
His spirit now soars free;
He meets old friends in purer realms,
And joins their jubilee.

How blessed are the dead in Christ!
They die—then live in peace:
While we have sorrows here on earth,
With them joys never cease. J. S. D.

In Provo city, on the 12th day of May, COLEMAN BOREN, aged 49 years, 6 months and 29 days.

Bro. Boren was born in the State of Tennessee, and baptized in Union county, State of Illinois, January 3rd, 1840, by Zachariah Wilson. In the city of Nauvoo he was ordained a Seventy and organized in the 21st Quorum. He moved to this place in the year 1851.

He left the oldest and finest peach orchard that we have noticed in Utah County, evidencing, among numerous like testimonies, his laudable zeal and successful efforts for improving our otherwise nude valleys.

He left two wives and fourteen children to mourn his loss.

NEW STORE AT PROVO.

HAVING purchased the large and well selected stock of GOODS formerly owned by Wm. H. Hooper & Co. and Levi Stewart, I am now opening at Provo in the commodious building known as Stewart's old stand, a quantity of dry goods, consisting partly of Jaconet, Swiss mull muslin, plain and figured lawns, nets, black, blue and green broad cloth, vestings, hosiery and notions, ready made coats and vests; a large and splendid assortment of hardware, saddlery and cutlery, hay forks, chisels and augurs.

School Books: say McGuffey's, Town's and Parker's series 2nd, 3d, 4th and 5th Readers, geographies, grammars and arithmetics.

Drugs of all descriptions, pills and ointments. I would call the attention of the public to our large stock of hats, men's shoes and boots, ladies' booties, shoes and slippers, also misses.

In fact, to enumerate all would be tedious. All of the above will be sold at G. S. Lake prices. Terms, cash or cattle.

No trouble to show goods. Call and see and judge for yourselves. E. D. WOOLLEY.

Provo City, 12th May, 1858. 11-5

WOOL CARDING.

THE Subscribers wish to inform the Public that they have procured a new Carding Machine, which will be in operation by the 15th inst., and they trust by doing good work and being accommodating that they will receive a liberal share of public patronage, as the machine is not inferior to any in the Territory.

W. S. SNOW, GEORGE PHOOC.

Manti, May 6th, 1858.—10-30