

be upon him from this day forth and for ever, unless he repents.

Now, brethren, be prepared when the call is made to hand over your money, your shoes and whatever is called for that will be useful to put into the hands of those women and children whose husbands and fathers are preaching the gospel to a dark and benighted world. Let us subscribe and put into this fund all that is necessary, and we shall all be blessed together.

I feel to bless all Israel, wherever they may be in the remotest parts of the earth, and I say, let us continue to increase in everything that is good and heavenly from this time henceforth and for ever. This is my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

(From the Luzerne Union.
W. A. R.)

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

THE DEVIL.

Weil met, good friend, I sought thee even now.

THE SPIRIT OF WAR.

And wherefore greet me with a frowning brow?
Art not content with what I have achieved?
Have I not filled the orders I received?
Have I not scourged the land from shore to shore,
Until its shuddering waters blush with gore;
Until the air is rife with dying groans;
And the earth big with dead men's mouldering bones,

Till night is weary of the widow's wail,
And human sorrow is an idle tale!

THE DEVIL.

Aye, thou hast done all this, and more, I know,
And yet, methinks, thy steps move wondrous slow.
The earth has well nigh made around the sun
Two revolutions since thy work begun
In this fair land, and yet there is but little done.
What are the boasted trophies in thy train?
Behold these now: a hundred thousand slain;
A path of desolation here and there;
The sounds of battle dying in the air;
Fair homes despoiled; the voice of woe and wail;
These give me no sensation—all are stale!
O, out, nor stay the devastating tread
Till thou canst count me full a million dead.
Spill their highways, burn hamlets, villages, towns;
Sack their fair cities, tear their churches down;
Where there are homes to waste or hearts to feel,
Send forth the flaming flag, flashing steel;
Plow up their fertile fields with shot and shell,
Make their fair land the vestibule of hell.
O, out! I long to see the infernal play—
In Hades it shall be a holiday!
O, over hill and valley, river, plain,
Where there is life pour thou the leaden rain;
Leave them no remnant of their just wealth,
No trust in God, no love, hope, strength nor health.
Bring ruin, desolation on the land,
Till famine stalk from ocean strand to strand;
And men shall stand by their unconfined dead,
And vex the ear of Heaven with cries for bread.

ALPHA IN THE DUMPS.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

Were you ever "in the dumps?" Gracious goodness, what a heavy, dull, melancholy sound dumps makes as it falls upon the paper, bringing to my mind musical reminiscences of my Sunday school days, when I used to sing with a chorus of juveniles, "And am I born to die,—to lay this body down."

Does any one ask me if I am in the habit of throwing my words on the paper to hear if they have the music in them? Why, yes, of course. Just like I remember my dear old grandfather used to sound the silver on the counter, to hear if it gave the current jingle. Aye, and then he would put it to a biting test. Between his teeth it must go, and good bye to the metal that would not stand his testing bite, for it did not pass at his shop. So I always sound the words first on my counter—the paper, and then I put them, figuratively speaking, to the biting test, to try their quality. I ought always to do this; but when one is hurried into slovenliness, or when governed by the sublime bread-and-butter considerations, he cannot afford to give a second manuscript to dress his work, he often leaves it too loose to be strictly tight.

If the words possess the music to make the harmony of my passage, and if they embody a proper and discriminating quality, then I allow them to go out of my bank, hoping the discount demanded will not be more than that on "greenbacks."

There now is a lesson on composition, which I offer to those who will accept it "free gratis—for nothing," and I would recommend them never to use any such a word as dumps, unless to express a leady idea, or such a dull state of mind as that which Alpha has caught, or rather, which has caught him.

What! Do you echo he his "in the dumps," and ask for what? What for, indeed! Where is our theatre? Answer that! Gone—shut up—muzzed, until next season; and part of the dramatic association has been off to the sunny grape-growing south, leaving the public without any entertainment and nothing juicy in the city to make the recess a little jolly.

Now, had there transpired in the interval anything ridiculous or extravagant, one could have dragged oneself lazily along and filled up the gap between the theatrical seasons. Say, if there had been, for instance, some nice little episode of romance. Say, had some fair damsel been held captive in the castle of some you g Bluebeard—had some afflicted heart-broken mother conceived the glorious idea of an assault and with heroic exaltation, led the

brilliant crusade to her war-cry of Knight-errants To the rescue!—To the rescue! Say, that the valiant and renowned Knight-errants answer to the glorious voice of chivalry, and with a shout of strong oaths swear to rescue fair lady "dead or alive." Say, they assault, but are made prisoners of war, etc. Say, that at length a wonderful untwining of the knotty knot is found. A Solomon comes to judgment—one as profoundly deep and as deeply profound that he digs deeper in making underground cellars of wisdom than any Solomon had done before. He shall be a sage as verdant as the sage that grows upon the Plains; and all our greenness shall bow in homage before him as he proclaims the glorious emancipation doctrine, that every lady fair under twenty-one must leave the castle of any creature that wears a beard, whether blue, black, or red, and go home to her mother and study the popular question—"Does your mother know you are out?" But who dare tell the extravagant tale that such an episode of romance has occurred to keep us out of the dumps? Here I must return to the eclipse in our theatrical heavens.

Phil's characteristic face is no longer to be seen, except shorn of the halo of stage romance; and Jane Chatterly is non est as well as her Jerry. When will they come back? That is what I want to know. Mrs. Marian Bowring no longer plays her taking Mrs. Pontifex, and no longer holds Elvi a's state. Harry Bowring and Maggie are divorced; for his John Thomas and her Mary Jane have lost—"That Blessed baby." By-the-bye it is really true that his Excellency has found it?

I will beg the privilege of a Yankee's guess, that Mrs. Gibson is studying and practising in private during the interval, just as all the Association ought to do; and one may expect much pleasure from her improvement, and that she will win fresh laurels next season. A critical friend of mine—a person, who, like Alpha is much interested in this lady, has chided me for being unjust in my last critique, in merely saying that she "played with her usual success and her usual falling off in the higher efforts of her characters." He thinks that, in common justice it ought to have been stated in what that falling-off consisted. This reproach of my critical friend has added another shade of gloom to the dreadful melancholy state of mind under which I am so painfully laboring. Not, that a just critic ought to care for anybody's chiding; but as Alpha is highly interested in this lady, who, from her first appearance upon the stage became a favorite of his as an amateur actress of some promise, he does care much in being thought deserving of the reproach of his friend in one whom, as an actress, he is not less interested than himself. I here beg to offer to my friend, and very respectfully to the lady, my views to cover the cause of complaint.

Mrs. Gibson is very suited to the stage, and in those characters where Nature without much training or study has made her equal to the parts, there she has been happy. Hence, in her love scenes with a winning husband like our Alonzo, she is excellent; but when the scenes with Rola come, she has parts full of power, natural grief and genuine distraction. To justify her cruel reproaches, Cora must show the distracted mind, rather than a scornful manner lacking the strong touches of real feeling, and throughout she must make those scenes full of thrilling effects and nice transitions. And when Rola at last brings her the child that has cost his life, after having rescued Alonzo at his own peril, how tame must Cora be if the touches in her character most marked is delight to find her child again? What an opportunity for strong painting of feeling she would lose, showing a consciousness of having done the noble Peruvian hero wrong, with tender regret because thereof, and all to be so nicely mixed with the mother's joy to clasp to her yearning heart Alonzo's child again. Saying that Mrs. Gibson is not so successful in such parts, as she is in her love scenes. I did not intend to depreciate the lady; for, if severely critical, as much could be said of many a professional actress of fair reputation.

Alpha has aimed to carry out his programme and illustrate his conceptions of criticism and the critic—no the fault-finder. He has aimed to be as critical as justice to an amateur corps allowed; for the public owe them many thanks, and they ought to be more liberally praised than severely criticised. If, at any time the decision—not perfect, has been given, it has been colored with consideration and a friendly hand.

I will acknowledge that Alpha has strong instincts for criticism, but, as a rule, he is equally strongly disposed for sympathy. Yet, if the critical bump in his head get provoked or challenged, then he is ready to be as strict as desired; and he has often wished that those who have found fault with him for being too friendly, and much disposed to praise, would themselves come before the public to challenge a critic's severity. They would then find how merciless he can be.

When there is nobody to praise and no one to criticize, then Alpha gets into the dumps, and in case he is thrown out of the paper, some link of relationship is broken. For instance, when the DESERET NEWS threw out his critique on his Excellency's most excellent Thanksgiving Proclamation—excellent for the critic's sake, then there was a fond link broken between Stephen S. Harding and Alpha. What if the lecture did get published when the musical accompaniment was cut off? In some future communication I will relate in full the history of how a strong attachment grew up in me towards his Excellency, and how the

DESERET NEWS was the cause of the cruel divorce between myself and the Gov. of Utah. Gracious goodness! the very thought of that sad breaking up of strong relations makes my dumps the heavier and more leady as I again throw the word on paper.

But to return to the prospective view of theatricals, for nothing less potent can charm my heaviness of spirit.

Next season we shall see again Mr. Malben, a good actor in his peculiar line. I have not seen McKenzie of late, (it's true I haven't been to the tithing office) nor expect to see him until he has finished his study of Shylock, upon which one would like him to be engaged. Dunbar, of course, is learning a new lot of telling songs, as telling as "Who'd be Without a Woman," and much more applicable, for in spite of the fact that somebody has to a dead certainty found the wet rag to wipe us out with the "peculiar institution," that somebody can know that there is not a man in 'Mormondom' who would be without at least two women, unless, like Alpha, he was praying for better times and a day of repentance for the sin of omission.

In spite of the fact that Mr. Simmons, when he last appeared, rushed off the stage with "Never, never, though it should pluck my heart out!" yet I'm confident he will appear again, and that the whole corps will come on—of course much improved in parts.

This time I will not overlook that charming little angel that interested us so much as the child of Damon and the misanthropic Stranger. Will some one please beg her pardon in favor of Alpha for his neglect? It was owing to his not giving his manuscript neither a second copy nor as much as a reading after it was written. The printer's devil was at his elbow and took it away, and he saw it no more until too late, when he found omissions and errors—including Edward Kean for Edmund Kean.

Who is not interested in a child? Who would not apologize to a child? I sometimes wish that all the world were children, or that we all could retain that charming artlessness and beautiful nature of our childhood's days.

Professor Thomas and his excellent corps and Mr. Morris were almost left out in my last "critique," from the aforesaid cause, when they deserved a chapter of praise; but I cannot write that chapter now, for Alpha is in the dumps.

SOME OF THE EARLY STRUGGLES OF AU-THORS.—In a notice of the new novel of Aurora Floyd, by Miss M. A. Braddon, a somewhat new star among English female novelists, the Philadelphia Press refers to her early struggles to gain public favor.

First Miss B. tried to live as a pian-forte player and vocalist, but the public did not encourage her. Next she played a small part or two on the stage, but with equally bad results. Lastly, Miss B. collapsed into pen and ink, and wrote a sketch which with great difficulty, she succeeded in getting a small remuneration for, and an insertion in the Welcome Guest. This encouraged the author, and about a year ago she commenced Aurora Floyd, one of the best of modern novels, in the popular periodical Temple Bar.

The Press says Miss Braddon will now obtain \$15,000 for any work she may offer a publisher. Such are the ups and downs of authorship, and the press adds:

One remembers how Scott's Waverley lay unfinished for ten years in an old desk, because his friend James Ballantyne threw upon it cold water of his hostile criticism—how Charles Dickens had to entreat Mr. Black as a favor to admit his Sketches by B. z into the Evening Chronicle, as they were pronounced not good enough for the morning edition—how William Howitt's Book of Seasons, of which 100,000 copies have been sold, was rejected by every London Publisher, until, in very despair, he took the bundle of manuscript to Waterloo Bridge, determined to consign it to the Thames, but luckily met, on the Strand, Mr. Bentley, the only publisher he had not tried, who purchased the book at once—how Charlotte Bronte hawked Jane Eyre from post to pillar before any one would publish it—how Mrs. Stowe had great trouble in getting Uncle Tom's Cabin printed—how Mr. Thackeray was in the same predicament with Vanity Fair, and seriously thought of burning it, in his anger and despair. Miss Braddon's name may be added to the list.

TALK ROUND IT.—An old lawyer was giving advice to his son, who was just entering upon the practice of his father's profession. "My son," said the counselor, "if you have a case where the law is clearly on your side, but justice seems to be against you, urge upon the jury the vast importance of sustaining the law. If, on the other hand, you are in doubt about the law, but your client's case is founded in justice, insist on the necessity of doing justice, though the heavens fall." "But," asked the son, "how shall I manage a case where both law and justice are dead against me?" "In that case, my son," replied the lawyer, "talk round it!"

WHAT IT COSTS TO "READ" THE LONDON TIMES.—No fewer than twelve individuals are daily employed in what is technically termed "reading" the London Times. The chief "proof reader" receives an editorial salary—but has to forfeit one guinea for every typographical error, even to a turned letter in a day's impression, but if he has marked the error on the proof, the compositor who neglected to correct it, pays the forfeit.

WHAT BEECHER THINKS OF HALLECK

The N. Y. Independent recently gave enunciation to the following castigating criticism of the President and his man Halleck:

Mr. Lincoln understands plain men. He selects wisely among men that have simple common sense. It is only when affairs demand a man of more than industry and routine sense, that he is at fault. He has no affinity for men of genius. They seem to terrify him. He likes to ride a safe, strong, dull horse, that will keep in the road. But a blooded courser that knows how to leave circuitous roads, and make a straight road for himself across the fields, over walls, across ditches, through thickets—such animals Mr. Lincoln sends off to pasture as soon as possible.

It is this fondness for plain men, we presume, that has drawn Gen. Halleck to Washington. He is wise in military history. He knows what has been done, rather than what should be done. If old battles were to be fought over again probably Halleck would be the best general. It is his memory and not his invention that is strong. Unfortunately, for the use of his best gifts, all our campaigns have required new ideas. He is patient and industrious. He pulls at the war with dull ox-like strength. As yet, he has shown nothing of genius. His plans and combinations, so far as developed, have excited no admiration for brilliancy, nor even for efficiency. Opinionated, obstinate, bitter in his prejudices, he seems unable to use to the best advantage the men whom he might command. But he is steady, strong, plain. He is just the man that the President understands and likes; a man without fancy, without novelty of idea, without dangerous impetuosity;—a sober, solid, reading, reflecting, man, who could edit a Military Encyclopedia—if it took him a hundred years. Is it surprising, after all the past, that the people are not so certain of military success as they use to be? For example, should we meet reverses in the army of the Potomac, or at Murfreesboro; in what way could the be repaired? No recruits are raising. The Government has done nothing toward conscriptions. The very officers under the bill have not been appointed. It would not be possible to put new men into the field before autumn, and then they would be raw conscripts.

Is the administration still acting under that insanity of hopefulness that has for two years afflicted the country? Does the secretary of State diffuse in Washington that rosy atmosphere in which it is impossible to see anything as it is, and only as it exists in that shadowless land of phantasy from which come golden dreams and hallucinations?

FROZEN KINDNESS.—The world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all.—The fuel in the stove makes the room warm; but there are great piles of trees laying among the rocks and on the top of hills where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood, in plain sight of these fallen trees, if you had no means of getting these trees home. Just so in the family: Love is what makes the parents and children the brothers and sisters happy; but if they take care never to say a word about it, they keep it a profound secret, as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them; the house will seem cold even in summer, and if you live there you will envy the dog, when any one calls him poor fellow.

MORAL CHARACTER.—There is nothing which adds so much to the beauty and power of a man as a good character. It dignifies him in every station, exalts him in every period of life. Such a character is more to be desired than everything else on earth. No servile tool, no crouching sycophant, no treacherous honor seeker, never bore such a character; the pure joys of righteousness never spring in such a person. If young men but knew how much a good character would dignify and exalt them, how glorious it would make their prospects even in this life; never should we find them yielding to the groveling and base-born purposes of human nature.

HOP VINES AS PAPER STOCK.—The Hop Growers' Journal, contains an interesting article showing that it is quite likely that a very good quality of paper can be made of hop vines. Already pulp has been made of some, which is very white, of fine texture, and gives every indication of being capable of being manufactured into paper of a superior quality. Hon. Mr. Laflin, of Herkimer, has made an experiment with a few vines which proved so satisfactory that he is anxious to procure five tons of them for further experiment.

—Is there anything in the world that can beat a good wife? Yes; a bad husband.

—A sailor dropped out of the rigging on a ship of war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the lieutenant. "Wretch," said the officer, "where did you come from?" "I came from Ireland, your honor."

—If we didn't get Charleston in the late attack, it is some consolation to know that the rebels "got the devil," says the Cincinnati Commercial.

—A Scotch officer sent his little joke across the Rappahannock the other day, penciled on the margin of a Richmond paper containing a report of the Charleston fight and the loss of the torpedo exploder: "We have got your devil and given you h—ll!"