

Selected Poetry.

THE PRAYER-SEEKER.

Along the aisle, where prayer was made,
A woman, all in black arrayed,
Close-veiled, between the kneeling host,
With gliding motion of a ghost,
Passed to the desk and laid thereon
A scroll which bore these words alone:
"Pray for me!"

Back from the place of worshipping,
She glided like a guilty thing:
The rustle of her draperies, stirred
By hurrying feet, alone were heard;
White, full of awe, the preacher read,
As out into the dark she sped:
"Pray for me!"

Back to the night from whence she came,
To unimagined grief or shame!
Across the threshold of that door
None knew the burden that she bore;
Alone she left the written scroll,
The legend of a troubled soul:
"Pray for me!"

Glide on, poor ghost of woe or sin!
Thou leav'st a common need within;
Each bears, like thee, some nameless weight,
Some misery inarticulate,
Some secret sin, some shrouded dread,
Some household sorrow all unsaid:
"Pray for us!"

Pass on! The type of all thou art,
Sad witness to the common heart!
With face in veil and seal on lip,
In mute and strange companionship,
Like thee we wander to and fro,
Humbly imploring as we go:
Pray for us!

Ah, who shall pray, since he who pleads
Our want perchance hath greater needs?
Yet they who make their loss the gain
Of others shall not ask in vain,
And Heaven bends low to hear the prayer
Of love from lips of self-despair:
Pray for us!

In vain remorse and fear and hate
Beat with bruised heads against a fate,
Whose walls of iron only move,
And open to the touch of love.
He only feels his burdens fall
Who, taught by suffering, pities all:
Pray for us!

He prayeth best who leaves unguessed
The mystery of another's breast.
Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes overflow,
Or heads are white, thou need'st not know,
Enough to note by many a sign
That every heart hath needs like thine:
Pray for us!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In an article headed "A Title to which there is no Title," the editor discourses in the following sensible style upon the custom of professedly religious teachers calling themselves "Reverend":

"Why should we prefix 'Reverend' to certain person's names? If a man is truly reverend, it is not from his title but from his character. We know of clergymen who inspire very little reverence; we know of laymen who inspire a great deal. Why attribute to one what he does not possess, and deny to another what he does?"

"And as to the conventional sanctity attaching to the clerical function—the 'divinity that doth hedge' a minister—we cannot see what there is more sacred in one man's standing in a pulpit than in another's sitting in a pew. Why should a priest, any more than a parishioner, be called 'reverend'? Certainly it is a rare fact in the history of any church when the minister proves himself to be the best man in the congregation. He does not derive his flattering title from any real or supposed moral superiority over his brethren, many of whom are more than his peers; and he ought therefore to refuse a designation which makes him apparently say to his fellow-man, 'I am holier than thou.'"

In the scriptures the word is used once, and then in reference to the Lord: "holy and reverend is His name;" and yet men, to surround themselves with an appearance of sanctity, and to impress the vulgar with the idea that they belong to a superior class of beings, arrogate to themselves this title!

We clip the following editorial from the Omaha Herald of the 5th instant. The article is an excellent one, and gives evidence that the writer has bestowed thought upon his subject, and from calm and dispassionate observation adopted his own conclusions. There may be some persons who will not agree with the editor of the Herald in his views; but if they will bear his statements and advice in mind, they will yet be convinced that they are correct. Time will fully vindicate their wisdom and truthfulness:

SALT LAKE CITY.

To the casual visitor Salt Lake City now presents a picture of business activity which is destined to rapidly increase. Searchers after precious silver and the busy bees seeking the nectar of trade and traffic, fill it with a hurly burly aspect which promises no immediate decrease. Men from all States and climes are already pouring into this commercial heart of Utah, and the rush has but just commenced. There is not a branch of business, unless it be silver-making, which will not be overdone in Salt Lake in less than ninety days.

This is our own opinion, and the result will soon verify or impeach it. Regard for truth and for the welfare of those who think trade in Utah is to be so great as not to admit of sharp competition compels this statement. Those who think of locating there in any branch of trade would do well to remember that Utah and Salt Lake are old and well organized communities. Heavy merchants, both Mormons and Gentile, are already there with heavy stocks of goods in all branches of merchandise, which they are able to increase at pleasure. The Co-operative and the Walkers are the representative establishments at which goods are sold to-day as cheap as they are in Omaha. Salt Lake is not a White Pine nor a Helena. The principle that regulates labor there will regulate trade. There will be a large home supply for the increased home demand. This view is our own, and proceeds upon the cautious side. Many new merchants and traders will make money in Salt Lake this season, and next season, but, from the case as we have thus presented and hinted at it, will it not occur that many will fail to make money?

Salt Lake City is a seething cauldron of anxious hopes already, and it will soon reach boiling heat. Many bubbles will swell and burst there under the inevitable excitement of the silver mania. If silver could be picked up in the Wasatch ranges as gold was picked up in Australia and California in the glorious days of the "Gulch Diggings," the case would be otherwise, and so it might be if the silver ores of Utah differed in any striking particular from the silver ores of other silver districts. They are not richer in silver than similar ores are in Nevada, so far as percentage is concerned, but they can be reduced and refined at less cost, because, as we understand it, they are softer and more tractable ores. But this difference will offer no very great advantages to the poor man; it will only increase the earnings of legitimate capital in a country where labor is already cheap. This we assert to be a great advantage, but it is not such as will enable poor men to become very rich in Utah, unless they become so by accident, or in the old-fashioned way. We say these things not so much to discourage as to caution.

One feature of the influx into this hitherto quiet, sober, moral and intelligent Mormon community, carries with it its own comment to the thoughtful. Whisky shops, harlotries, faro banks, and all the attendant forms of vice and iniquity already purvey the way to the changes that are to be wrought up by these silver discoveries. To the lasting honor of the Mormon people and System be it said, that for more than twenty years such machines of moral infamy were totally unknown in Utah. Whatever may be the evils arising in polygamy, and we dare to say that they are not half so great as thousands of deluded people suppose them, great indeed as we hold them to be, it cannot be denied that the Mormons have achieved victories and conquests over the most gigantic evils that curse our race, and which are to-day the chief banes of every civilized State. Already the hydra-headed monsters of infamy are gaining footholds in Salt Lake City. The diamond-gilded gambler, with his alluring cloth of green, is there and so is the woman of the town. It does not alter the fact that she plies her terrible vocation behind the curtains of honest callings, lest Mormon authority punish the crime. The fact is what we state—the damning fact, so creditable to Mormon morality, that it is only by the surreptitious evasion and overthrow of Mormon authority that these and kindred curses now invade the beautiful City of Salt Lake. What the consequences will be upon the Mormon youth and people depends upon the power of the Mormon Church and system to hold them firm against the wiles of gilded temptation, and right here we detect the chief danger to that people at this critical juncture in their affairs.

The following letter, from the Chicago Times, of the 1st instant, will be perused with interest by our readers:

SALT LAKE CITY, Feb. 22.

The sun had risen and the rich golden light of a new morning was streaming down the vast and craggy sides of the Wasatch mountains, making the snow that lay upon them look like molten gold just poured from the clouds. Supreme solitude and silence held this valley, and no human habitation was anywhere herein.

It was the 24th day of July, A. D. 1847, when President Brigham Young led his pioneers down Emigration Canyon and said: "Here we shall abide and the city be builded up." Nothing less than a religious zeal which has no parallel in our day could have prompted that prediction, and nothing less than a strong and courageous mind could ever have caused its verification.

Twenty-four years ago, where I am now writing the sage brush and the tuft grass of the plains flourished undisturbed, and the primeval gloom of the wilderness held undisputed sway. But to-day Salt Lake City contains 20,000 people—happy, contented, industrious, sober, and religious people. Their labors and privations have been gigan-

tic and full of fortitude and faith. Call them what you will, they have shown more faith by their works than any other religious denomination in America. And it is only doing simple justice to acknowledge this truth, and to state fairly and squarely the facts about this peculiar and zealous people. After some days sojourning here, and much candid and patient investigation, I am led irresistibly to the following reflections:

BRIGHAM YOUNG

is their leader. He is the head of the church. He is now seventy years of age. His personal appearance is far different from the stereotyped descriptions which have for many years been going the rounds of the newspapers. Brigham Young is of fine physical structure, rather lymphatic in temperament, small boned, and yet staunchly and compactly built. He stands straightly, about five feet ten inches, shows no sign of age in his walk, and weighs about two hundred pounds. His head is large, well-shaped, well-balanced and covered with a luxuriant suit of auburn hair, among which, here and there, a silvery few may be seen. His forehead is ample and high. His eyes are blue, not large, but sharp, searching, and capable of varied and great expression. His nose is aquiline, quite prominent, but symmetrical, and, with his well-formed mouth, which shuts firmly and tightly together, gives indication of great mental energy and indomitable pluck. And altogether, the face of Brigham Young indicates a man of iron inflexibility, much forecast, extraordinary ability and a vast fund of good humor.

THE HIGH COUNCIL.

When I first met President Young he was surrounded by a portion of his cabinet, or high council. Among them I noticed men of marked ability.

COMPARISONS.

The taxes imposed by the Territorial revenue laws in Utah are only one-half of one per cent. on a low valuation, and so the Mormons exhibit finer public buildings, greater internal improvements, built from and within themselves, than any other community west of the Missouri river. And this further demonstrates the superiority of the Mormon leaders over the radical leaders, because it shows them better and honest financiers. The general morals of Salt Lake City are very far exalted above those of the city of Washington. It would be a very evangelizing affair to send Congressmen, who are useless in the national councils, if it did not leave those bodies without a quorum, out to Salt Lake City, and have their individual habits reconstructed on a thoroughly Mormon basis.

THE RADICAL EVANGELISTS.

With some exceptions the officers of Utah Territory, sent out by the present administration, are a set of political scabs. They are men past the prime of life; men who have failed where they are well known, and who, like old horses with incurable diseases, have been turned out into the mountains of Utah to either recruit or die, with chances in favor of the latter result.

Each one of the officers, considering himself a missionary, or an evangelist, takes great delight in piously proclaiming the immorality of the Mormons. But they are, in most cases, sad examples of the utter security of people who live in glass domiciles and sling stones at their neighbors. And so I conclude that the Mormons are a much better people, taken as a community, than many of those who grow hoarse in their denunciation. In my next I shall portray more minutely the social customs and daily routine of life among the Latter-day Saints.

Mormons and mines are the principal topics of discussion here, and I cannot close without a word upon the latter subject.

THE SILVER MINES

of Utah are different in character from any which have ever been discovered elsewhere. Many of them are very rich, and many are very poor. None of them offer any inducement to adventurers who bring no capital but muscle. All of them require capital for their successful development. Labor is plenty and cheap, as skilled Mormon miners from Wales, England, Sweden, Norway, and other sections of the globe are ready and willing to work, and board themselves, at \$3 per day. And the leaders of the church of Latter-day Saints advise and instruct their followers to accept situations in the mines at that price. Of course, then, it follows that foreign muscle cannot be brought

here from the east, and successfully placed in competition with that which is at home here and abundantly supplied with subsistence of their own production. There are 100,000 Mormons in Utah, and they can supply the labor for all the mines that are now in process of development or that will be worked for many years to come.

The Emma mine is the only one which is now paying largely. The ore from this mine nets about \$150 to the ton after transportation to Swansea, in Wales, for its reduction and refinement. There are, perhaps, a few others which are paying tolerably well. The mountains, and gorges, and canons are now full of snow, and miners cannot prospect at all, nor will they be able to prospect before the 1st of June. That there are vast stores of precious metals hid in the rocky vaults of these mountains I have every reason to firmly believe, but my faith that it will require enormous capital to unlock these vaults and pour their treasures into the channels of commerce is equally strong and well-grounded.

Men who can bring here \$5,000, \$10,000, or \$20,000 each and by association, erect mills for quartz crushing and smelting works can make large gains, enormous profits, and the investment will be a safe one. But poor men, men who have no capital but good health and laborious muscles, can do far better to remain in the States than to seek fortunes in the fastnesses of these frowning mountains.

THE Oshkosh Northwestern of February 21 says:

"Mrs. Sarah C. Doty, widow of the late ex-Governor James Duane Doty, died last evening, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald, in this city, having attained the ripe age of 71 years. The deceased lady was extensively known throughout the State. She came to Green Bay in the year 1824, since which time she has resided not only there, but also in Madison, Washington, Menasha, Salt Lake City, and Oshkosh. It is safe to pronounce her the oldest of 'old settlers,' for few, indeed, have seen so much of Wisconsin in its early days. Her husband having been the first appointee Judge for this part of then the Michigan Territory, she frequently traveled the circuit with him, making the trip from Green Bay to Fort Winnebago—now Portage City—in a canoe, camping out at night in the primitive forest, and supplying themselves with food from thence and from the prolific waters of those early days. Mrs. Doty was a woman of remarkable mind, strong, powerful, comprehensive, and logical, stored with a vast amount of information, and polished with refinement and culture, and withal set in a physique equally strong, active, and vigorous. She was an affectionate mother, a devoted wife, a true friend, and a noble woman. With her life an important part of Wisconsin history has passed into the tomb—never to be recovered."

THE heaviest man in Pennsylvania, Mr. John Boussum, of Schuylkill Haven, died lately at the age of fifty-one years. He was only about five feet ten inches, and weighed at one time 494 pounds. He was as active and supple as the majority of those who carried less than half his own weight of flesh, and has usually enjoyed excellent health. He was a lock-tender on the canal, and slept nightly in his watch-box. It was here he was found dead, and it was found impossible to remove him from there without tearing out nearly the whole end of the building. He weighed, at the time of his death, 460 pounds. His coffin measured inside two feet nine inches wide across the breast, eight feet three inches around, and five feet eleven inches in length, being large enough to hold, in the language of the local paper, four ordinary sized men, with room for a half-a-dozen boys.

The eldest son of the Duke of Grammont, the former Minister of Foreign Affairs under the empire, has gone to France from England, to join the Garde Mobile as a private. The youth is only nineteen years of age, and is said to have taken this step in opposition to the will of his father, who does not wish to have his son fight in the ranks of the republican army. On telling his son of his disapproval of his intention, the latter replied, it was only his duty to sacrifice his blood for his country in a war into which it had been plunged by his father.