

The Mormon Creed—Mind your own Business.

BY EMILY HILL.

TUNE: "The Ivy Green."

'Tis a difficult thing, indeed, to stand
And always do just right,
To fully adopt the Mormon creed
With heart and soul and might;
To know just when to hold our peace,
And when to intercede,
When mercy should indeed prevail,
Or justice take the lead—
'Tis a difficult thing, it is indeed,
To fully adopt the Mormon creed.

There's great necessity, I'm sure,
For carrying out this rule,
But some the practise have not learnt,
Though bred in the Mormon school;
Consider him whose eye detects
A fault in every one—
Whose brother's failings and defects
Are ever on his tongue—
You'll own, he is far off indeed
From carrying out the Mormon creed.

But oh! how merciful are they, (?)
The sympathising souls,
Whom false humanity inspires
And all their speech controls;
E'en Lucifer himself they'd save,
Upon that worthy's plan;
Like him their Father's glory crave,
And ransom every man:
Oh yes! they're generous indeed (?)
But they'd better adopt the Mormon creed.

But says one, I never vex myself
With other people's cares—
Whatever may happen—I for one
Attend to my own affairs;
What are the widow's cries to me?
What is the orphan's groan?
To their trouble and cares I cannot see;
I've business of my own;
Ye forget, 'tis part of the Mormon creed
To aid your brother in time of need.

How great is he whose noble soul,
By inspiration's fired!
Who seeks the interest of the whole
And does as he's desired;
Who always seeks to live aright,
That he may clearly see,
And when iniquity appears,
Reprove with equity;
As a friend with his brother alone he'll plead;
And save him because of the Mormons' creed.

Oh! he is blest who seeks to hide
Another's faults from view,
But yet, when mercy fails to save,
Let's justice take her due;
When wickedness is thus destroyed,
Then such an one will ken
That if he speak at all—'tis right—
To echo forth Amen!
Who dare for Zion's foes to plead
Had better adopt the Mormon creed.

'Tis a difficult thing indeed to stand
And always do just right,
Unless we're led by a mighty hand
And walk in the Spirit's light:
By it we'll understand whatever
Our business is indeed,
And press up to, nor go beyond,
The boundaries of our creed;
Yes! through God's Spirit we can succeed
And observe to the letter the Mormon creed.
G. S. L. CITY, Feb. 21st, 1857.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

THE SECOND GRINNELL EXPEDITION
IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN,
1853, '54, '55, BY ELISHA KENT KANE,
M. D., U. S. N. IN TWO VOLUMES.
PHILADELPHIA: CHILDS & PETERSON.
BOSTON: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO.

There is not a man, woman or child in the United States who reads newspapers, that has not heard of Dr. Kane and his Arctic explorations. It is almost superfluous, therefore, to state that the expedition of which this is a narrative, set sail on the 30th of May, 1853, explored the coast of Greenland some degrees farther North than human footsteps had ever before trodden, wintered for two seasons in those inclement regions, and returned in the summer of 1855. All this is familiar to the public.

But the title of what this party encountered and suffered, of what they saw and felt, and of what they achieved, has not been made public until the publication of these volumes. Taking his reader with him on board the Advance, Dr. Kane carries him along day by day, showing him what he saw, making him experience in imagination what he encountered, interesting him deeply in his successes and vicissitudes, enlisting his sympathies in behalf of the expedition, and enchainning his attention to the very close of the volumes. Yet the narrative is plain and unpretending.

There is no attempt at fine writing—no exaggeration of style—no exuberance of fancy. Its attractiveness is to be attributed to the vividness with which it portrays the every day life of the adventurers, and to the extraordinary character of their adventures, rather than to any meretricious ornaments of style.

The expedition of Dr. Kane was one of the most remarkable achievements in a physical point of view, ever attempted by man. It illustrated, most strikingly, the powers of human endurance of fatigue and cold. The little band of adventurers were not called upon to endure for a week or for a month merely. Their physical energies were taxed to the very utmost for many months in succession—nay, during the whole period that they were in the Arctic region.

Gen. Taylor is said to have remarked, in speaking of the conduct of his troops, at the battle of Buena Vista, that they were defeated a half-dozen times, but they did not know it. Just so with the little band of Dr. Kane. They were repeatedly vanquished by the elements. In the ordinary course of nature, every one of them should have laid his bones in the region of eternal snow and ice, but they conquered nature again and again, and returned, after having achieved all that it was possible for human beings to achieve under like circumstances.

We take an interesting episode of Arctic adventure from the first volume, to show how desperate was the contest which Dr. Kane and his party waged with the elements. An advance party had been sent out to make deposits of provisions and stores in readiness for an expedition to the northward as soon as the weather should become more favorable.

Everything looked promising, and Dr. Kane and his remaining companions were only waiting intelligence that the advance party had deposited its provisions in safety to begin their transit. We continue the narrative in the language of Dr. Kane:—[Boston Journal, Nov. 30.]

"We were at work cheerfully, sewing away at the skins of some moccasins by the blaze of our lamps, when, towards midnight, we heard the noise of steps above, and the next minute Sontag, Ohlsen, and Petersen came down into the cabin. Their manner started me even more than their unexpected appearance on board. They were swollen and haggard, and hardly able to speak.

Their story was a fearful one. They had left their companions in the ice, risking their own lives to bring us the news: Brooks, Baker, Wilson and Pierre were all lying frozen and disabled. Where? They could not tell: somewhere in among the hummocks to the north and east; it was drifting heavily round them when they parted. Irish Tom had stayed by to feed and care for the others; but the chances were sorely against them. It was in vain to question them further. They had evidently traveled a great distance, for they were sinking with fatigue and hunger, and could hardly be rallied enough to tell us the direction in which they had come.

There was not a moment to be lost. While some were still busy with the new comers and getting ready a hasty meal, others were rigging out the Little Willie with a buffalo cover, a small tent, and a package of pemmican; and, as soon as we could hurry through our arrangements, Ohlsen was strapped on in a fur bag, his legs wrapped in dog skins and eider-down, and we were off upon the ice. Our party consisted of nine men and myself. We carried only the clothes on our backs. The thermometer stood at 46°, seventy-eight degrees below the freezing point.

We knew that our lost companions must be somewhere in the area before us, within a radius of forty miles. Mr. Ohlsen, who had been for fifty hours without rest, fell asleep as soon as we began to move, and awoke now with unequivocal signs of mental disturbance. It became evident that he had lost the bearing of the icebergs, which in form and color endlessly repeated themselves and the uniformity of the vast field of snow utterly forbade the hope of local landmarks.

The thermometer had fallen by this time to 49° 3', and the wind was setting in sharply from the northwest. It was out of the question to halt: it required brisk exercise to keep us from freezing. I could not even melt ice for water; and, at these temperatures, any resort to snow for the purpose of allaying thirst was followed by bloody lips and tongues; it burnt like caustic.

It was indispensable that we should move on, looking out for traces as we went. Yet when the men were ordered to spread themselves, so as to multiply the chances, though they all obeyed heartily, some painful impress of solitary danger, or perhaps it may have been the varying configuration of the ice-field, kept them closing up continually into a single group. The strange manner in which some of us were affected I now attribute as much to shattered nerves as to the direct influence of the cold. Men like McGary and Bonsall, who had stood out our severest marches, were seized with trembling-fits and short breath; and, in spite of all my efforts to keep up an example of sound bearing, I fainted twice on the snow.

We had been nearly eighteen hours out without water or food, when a new hope cheered us. I think it was Hans, our Esquimaux hunter, who thought he saw a broad sledge-track. The drift had nearly effaced it, and we were some of us doubtful at first whether it was not one of those accidental rifts which the gales make in the surface snow. But as we traced on the deep snow among the hummocks, we were led to footsteps, and following these with religious care, we at last came in sight of a small American flag fluttering from a hummock, and lower down a little Masonic banner hanging from a tentpole hardly above the drift. It was the camp of our disabled comrades; we reached it after an unbroken march of twenty-one hours.

The little tent was nearly covered. I was not among the first to come up; but when I reached the tent curtain, the men were standing in silent file on each side of it. With more kindness and delicacy of feeling than is often supposed to belong to sailors, but which is almost characteristic, they intimated their wish that I should go in alone. As I crawled in, and, coming upon the darkness, heard before me the burst of welcome gladness that came from the four poor fellows stretched on their backs, and then for the first time the cheer outside, my weakness and my gratitude together almost overcame me. 'They had expected me; they were sure I would come!'

We were now fifteen souls; the thermometer seventy-five degrees below the freezing point; and our sole accommodation a tent barely able to contain eight persons; more than half our party were obliged to keep from freezing by walking outside while the others slept. We could not halt long. Each of us took a turn of two hours' sleep; and we prepared for our homeward march.

We made by vigorous pulls and lifts nearly a mile an hour, and reached the new floes before we were absolutely weary. Our sledge sustained the trial admirably. Ohlsen, restored by hope, walked steadily at the leading belt of the sledges; and I began to feel certain of reaching our halfway station of the day before, where we had left our tent. But we were still nine miles from it, when, almost without premonition, we all became aware of an alarming failure of our energies.

I was of course familiar with the benumbed and almost lethargic sensation of extreme cold; and once, when exposed for some hours in the mid-winter of Baffin's Bay, I had experienced symptoms which I compared to the diffused paralysis of the electro-galvanic shock. But I had treated the sleepy comfort of freezing as something like the embellishments of romance. I had evidence now to the contrary.

Bonsall and Morion, two of our stoutest men, came to me, begging permission to sleep: 'they were not cold; the wind did not enter them now: a little sleep was all they wanted.' Presently Hans was found nearly stiff under a drift; and Thomas, bolt upright, had his eyes closed, and could hardly articulate. At last, John Blake threw himself on the snow, and refused to rise. 'They did not complain of feeling cold; but it was in vain that I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded; an immediate halt could not be avoided.'

We pitched our tent with much difficulty. Our hands were too powerless to strike a fire; we were obliged to do without water or food. Even the spirits (whisky) had frozen at the men's feet, under all the coverings. We put Bonsall, Ohlsen, Thomas and Hans with the other sick men, well inside the tent, and crowded in as many others as we could. Then, leaving the party in charge of Mr. McGary, with orders to come on after four hours rest, I pushed ahead with William Godfrey, who volunteered to be my companion. My aim was to reach the halfway tent, and thaw some ice and pemmican before the others arrived.

The floe was of level ice, and the walking excellent. I cannot tell how long it took us to make the nine miles; for we were in a strange sort of stupor, and had little apprehension of time. It was probably about four hours. We kept ourselves awake by imposing on each other a continued articulation of words; they must have been incoherent enough. I recall these hours as among the most wretched I have ever gone through; we were neither of us in our right senses, and retained a very confused recollection of what preceded our arrival at the tent. We both of us, however, remember a bear, who walked leisurely before us and tore up as he went a jumper that Mr. McGary had improvidently thrown off the day before.

He tore it into shreds and rolled it into a ball, but never offered to interfere with our progress. I remember this, and with it a confused sentiment that our tent and buffalo robes might probably share the same fate. Godfrey, with whom the memory of this day's work may atone for many faults of a later time, had a better eye than myself; and looking some miles ahead, he could see that our tent was undergoing the same unceremonious treatment. I thought I saw it too, but we were so drunken with cold that we strode on steadily, and, for aught I know, without quickening our pace.

Probably our approach saved the contents of the tent; for when we reached it the tent was uninjured, though the bear had overturned it, tossing the buffalo robes and pemmican into the snow; we missed only a couple of blanket-bags. What we recollected, however, and perhaps all we recollect, is, that we had great difficulty in raising it. We crawled into our reindeer sleeping-bags, without speaking, and for the next three hours slept on in a dreamy but intense slumber. When I awoke, my long beard was a mass of ice, frozen fast to the buffalo-skin; Godfrey had to cut me out with his jack-knife. Four days after our escape, I found my woolen comfortable with a goodly share of my beard still adhering to it.

We were able to melt water and get some soup cooked before the rest of our party arrived; it took them but five hours to walk the nine miles. They were doing well, and, considering the circumstances, in wonderful spirits. The day was most providentially windless, with a clear sun. All enjoyed the refreshment we had got ready; the cripples were re-packed in their robes; and we sped briskly toward the hammock ridges which lay between us and the Pinnacly Berg.

Our halts multiplied, and we fell half sleeping on the snow. I could not prevent it. Strange to say, it refreshed us. I ventured upon the experiment myself, making Riley wake me at the end of three minutes; and I felt so much benefited by it that I timed the men in the same way. They sat on the runners of the sledge, fell asleep instantly, and were forced to wakefulness when their three minutes were out.

By eight in the evening we emerged from the floes. The sight of the Pinnacly Berg revived us. Brandy, an invaluable resource in emergency, had already been served out in tablespoonful doses. We now took a longer rest, and a last but stouter dram, and reached the brig at 1 P. M., we believe without a halt.

I say we believe; and here perhaps is the most decided proof of our sufferings; we were quite delirious, and had ceased to entertain an apprehension of the circumstances about us. We moved on like men in a dream. Our foot marks seen afterward showed that we had steered a bee line for the brig. It must have been by a sort of instinct, for it left no impress on the memory.

Bonsall was sent staggering ahead, and reached the brig, God knows how, for he had fallen repeatedly at the track-lines; but he delivered with punctilious accuracy the messages I had sent by him to Dr. Hayes. I thought myself the soundest of all, for I went through all the formula of sanity, and can recall the muttering delirium of my comrades when we got back into the cabin of our brig. Yet I have been told since of some speeches and

some orders too of mine, which I should have remembered for their absurdity if my mind had retained its balance.

A MODEL CHAPTER.

Historians are plentiful now-a-days. Every penny-a-liner who happens to fire off a literary squib which by accident makes a hit, instantaneously imagines himself a genius, and thereupon writes a "History" of somebody. Napoleon has been used up. We have had elaborate essays upon his cravat, besides long arguments concerning the height of his boots and the amount of dust gathered upon them.

As for the heroes of political campaigns, the name of their biographers is Legion. And, in reference to Revolutionary heroes, one would imagine that every man, woman and child born during the days of '76, were men and women and children of unexampled greatness, genius and patriotism, the like of whom the world has never before nor since beheld. In compassion to the literary "dishers-up" of famous men, and in consideration of the paucity of brains possessed by most of them, we submit the following chapter as a model, whereby they can manufacture a biography in a style calculated to arouse the sympathies of the public, as well as to relieve the author of a great deal of statistical labor.

Accuracy is not necessary, inasmuch as facts are most generally little better than dry, indigestible crusts, in the literary puddings so popular in these times. We commend the sample to the literati of our country who are so anxious to follow in the illustrious footsteps of Washington Irving. The chapter here presented will answer as the introductory to the history of any great man, by merely changing the names:—

THE BIOGRAPHY OF C. COLUMBUS, Esq.
By BARON GROTESQUE, Fellow of the Royal Submarine College of Antediluvian Fossils, Member of the Imperial Society of Kufoozles, President of the French Academy of Twaddle, and Traveling Correspondent of the Kutyorearsoff and Knoutyoubuck Institute of Russia.

The Middle Ages are a sort of ox-yoke, holding together those refractory steers which an astute sage has denominated Ancient and Modern, and which being thus fastened in bonds of amity, are compelled to pull on forever, or during the existence of the world, that great lumbering vehicle, History, upon which Time, with his gad of Fate, is mounted.

The Middle Ages are but middling affairs, at any rate, and owe their present notoriety in a great measure to the exploits of C. Columbus, Gent., and to the frequent highway robberies which were committed by the Crusaders—those fellows who went tearing through Europe with ornamental skillets on their heads and stove-plates about their bodies. They were called Knights, probably because their deeds were generally of a dark nature. Each one of these Knights had a Justice of the Peace, or "Squire," with him, and thus, no matter what offence he committed, he invariably had law on his side.

C. Columbus—or, as he is familiarly called by the eminent historian, Professor Jem Bags, Christopher Columbus—was not a knight-errant nor a night owl; nor was he allied in any manner to the Dey of Algiers, although there was a day of rejoicing at his birth. By profession he was a gentleman at large, (until in his old age he became a gentleman in prison); but still, having an eye to profit and a due regard for the laws of the prophets, he pursued the very honorable occupation of a turner of wood and ivory.

He had a pupil at one time who became so proficient in the trade that he turned himself inside out. In fact, Columbus was a gentleman because he couldn't help it, a turner by trade and a Genoese navigator by choice. Concerning the childhood of this extraordinary man, the Middle Ages are silent—History is mum. Therefore his story in that respect is short, like the man who is always borrowing a "five" which he never returns.

Of one fact we are positive:—his amiable maternal progenitor did not die till sometime subsequent to her marriage. Both of his parents were poor, but honest, and consequently never acquired much property; the only proper tie they had to life being their son Christopher. The first syllable of their son's name was given to him out of respect to their religion, and the other two syllables (topher, or toper) in honor of a family failing. The father was a druggist in his earlier years, but his scruples interfering with his drams, he abandoned the pestle and went into the mortar trade.

Genoa claims the honor of being the birth-place of C. Columbus—a city whose honors in other respects have been notoriously easy. The first ideas of navigation which C. C. possessed were derived from experiments made in sailing chips in a wash tub, and while fishing at the sea-beach for fresh-water trout, the latter being caught with a hook, or, in other words, over the left.

As C. C. grew older he became more venturesome, and began to think that the study of navigation really had something in it—especially figures. He began, at this era in his career, to take lessons from a noted pugilist, and soon learned to box the compass. He also, about this time, discovered that the four points of the compass were not cardinals. He progressed so fast that he was enabled to instantly tell his companions which way the wind blew, even when it didn't blow at all.

The great maritime feature in discussion among the middle and of all classes in the Middle Ages, was that of an easier passage to India. The India trade was in a prohibitory state, (vide the Maine Law) and Genoa was likely to suffer material damage if not getting discharged of its mercantile commodities. Verzanni, a nobleman of rank—very rank in odor—suggested going round by Si-