

STANZAS.

They tell me thou art changed; they say
Thy voice has not a tone
Of the low earnestness I loved
In brighter moments flown:
They say, thy lips no longer trill
The heart-warm strain of yore;
And, tho' thy breath is music still,
Thou art Alene no more.

They tell me thou art changed; they say
Thy look is haughty now;
I loved thee for the meekness wreathed
About thy woman brow;
They say, pride's icy coronet
Hides the soul-wealth of yore;
And, tho' thy smile is beauty yet,
Thou art Alene no more.

They tell me thou art changed: I know
Thy life has put aside
The world's chill scorn, until thy hand
Is icy as its pride:
But they who speak of thy changed heart,
Its depth have never seen;
It hath a world-untrampled part,
And there, thou art Alene.

S. E. CARMICHAEL.

THE PRAIRIE DEAD.

Written on the banks of the Platte River, Sept. 18th,
1862, on the occasion of the burial of some passengers
by Capt. Horton D. Haight's Train.

BY H. W. ISAACSON.

Upon the silent prairie,
Beside the Platte's broad stream,
The dead are calmly sleeping
The sleep that knows no dream.

That silent sleep, unbroken,
Save when the righteous dead
Shall hear the joyful summons,
"Arise, for death has fled!"

When death and sin no longer
Shall hold their direful sway;
When day is softly breaking—
The bright millennial day.

When saints shall rise to glory
And immortality;
Celestial exaltation
Their happy lot shall be.

Then Michael the archangel,
The glorious prince of peace,
Shall bless his faithful children;
Their joy shall never cease.

Then shall all things be restor'd,
And Zion dwell in peace;
Earth shall the meek inherit,
And righteousness increase.

Then Zion shall be builded,
And temples shall they rear;
Jehovah great, descending,
Shall to his Saints appear.

In presence of the Father,
In presence of the Son,
Shall be their happy dwelling,
In heart and spirit one.

Then glory to the Father,
And glory to the Son,
And Michael the archangel,
For whom this work is done.

For him and his descendants,
Redeemed from death and sin,
That they by righteous conduct,
Immortal crowns may win.

G. S. L. City, 1863.

THE GOSPEL.

Let heralds loud proclaim
To every nation,
In distant lands and climes
Of this creation,
The glorious gospel plan
To save the race of man,
And bring them all in one
Through Christ's salvation.

The kingdom of our God
Is steady rolling;
Old Babel, 'neath the rod,
Soon will be falling,
Let all the saints obey
God's mandates from on high,
And always magnify
Their holy calling.

Come, let us praise the Lord,
The king of Zion,
His word, with one accord,
We can rely on:
May we, a faithful band,
Give heed to his command,
In this the promised land,
In love and union.

Let honest hearts rejoice
In God's salvation,
And listen to the voice
Of inspiration;
Though many may reject,
God's word hath full effect
To gather his elect
From every nation.

W. LEWIS.

—In Richmond, oranges and lemons recently
sold at auction for \$75 per box.

THIRD DISTRICT FEDERAL COURT.

Wednesday, April 15, 10 a.m.

Court met as per adjournment.
The case of the United States vs. James
Talbot, on indictment for perjury, was called.
Plea "not guilty." The following jury were
sworn to try the case:

Thomas Bullock, John V. Long, Thomas B.
Broderick, Joseph Busby, William A. Mc-
Master, Lucas Hoagland, William Calder,
James A. Thompson, Henry McEwan, James
Fielding, George D. Grant and Daniel M.
Burbank.

Wm. A. Hickman, Elijah F. Shee's, Thomas
B. Gately, Frank Matthews and Patrick
Lynch were sworn and testified on the part of
the prosecution. John C. Shepherd, Leroy
Smith and ——— Hurricane testified for the
defence.

The case was argued by Messrs. Miner and
Appley; the jury were charged and retired to
their room.

John Sharp, jr. was admitted a citizen of
the United States.

James Ferguson, Esq., moved that John V.
Long be admitted to practice as an Attorney
and Counselor at law, in all the Courts of
this Territory; whereupon the Court appointed
J. Ferguson, Isaac L. Gibbs and Aurelius
Miner, Esqrs., a Committee to examine the
legal qualifications of said applicant. Com-
mittee to report next day.

Isaac L. Gibbs, Esq., then moved that the
Hon. Frank Fuller be admitted to practice at
the bar in the Courts of this Territory, and
thereupon the Court appointed Messrs. I. L.
Gibbs, Wm. I. Appley and Z. Snow, Esqrs., a
Committee of examination, with instruction
to report next day.

Court then took a recess till 2 o'clock to
await the verdict of the jury.

On the court resuming its session the jury
came in and rendered the following verdict:

"We, the jury, empanelled and sworn to
try the case of the United States vs. James
Talbot, find the prisoner GUILTY as charged
in the indictment, but on account of his former
good character as testified to by Leroy Smith
and others, respectfully recommend him to
the mercy of the Court."

(Signed) JOHN V. LONG, Foreman,
and by all the jurors.

The prisoner was thereupon sentenced to
ninety days in the Penitentiary, and fined one
hundred dollars and costs of suit.

The petit jurors were then discharged from
further attendance upon the Court.

Court adjourned till to-morrow at 12 m.

Thursday, April 16th.

The Committees appointed to examine into
the legal qualifications of Hon. Frank Fuller
and Mr. John V. Long appeared in Court and
reported favorably to the admission of said
gentlemen. Messrs. Fuller and Long came
forward and took the usual oath.

Samuel H. Hill was made a citizen of the
United States.

Court adjourned till Friday at 10 o'clock
a.m.

Friday, April 17th.

Court met according to adjournment. The
orders of Thursday were read and the record
signed by the Judge.

Robert Watson, jr. an alien, came into
Court and, on producing the proper evidence,
was admitted a citizen of the United States.
Court adjourned till Saturday at 10 o'clock.

Saturday, April 18th.

Court met as per adjournment.
George Baddy, Henry W. Attley, John S.
Davis and Thomas McIntyre applied, and on
producing such proof as the law requires,
were admitted citizens of the United States.

His Honor then made several orders to be
entered of record, relative to pay of jurors,
witnesses, etc., after which court adjourned
till Monday at 10 a.m.

Monday, April 20th.

The record of Saturday was read by the
Clerk and signed by the Judge.

Oswell Knight and Charles W. Stayner
were made citizens of the United States.
The court then adjourned sine die.

WHO IS IN FAULT?—Our agent, William
Dalley, at Summit creek, Iron county, com-
plains that his package of papers does not
come to hand regularly, and that of late, only
about one half of them have been received—
the failure generally occurring every other
week. There is a wrong existing somewhere,
and somebody must know what has become of
the missing papers. We know that they
have been placed in the post office regularly
every week, and they have either been sent in
the wrong direction, abstracted, or detained
by the way, where, by whom and why, we
know not. If we knew who was in fault,
measures would be taken instantly to remedy
the evil.

ANOTHER FLOURING MILL.—Messrs Hen-
dricks and Hogan have erected a first class
flouring mill on High creek, between Rich-
mond and Franklin, Cache county, which has
been in operation for some time, and, as per
report, is doing a good business. There are
now four grist mills in that county, of suffi-
cient capacity to do all the flouring required
for the citizens of Cache valley, and go far
towards supplying the demand that will be
made by the emigration to the gold mines in
Idaho, which will pass through that valley, it

being, as stated by those who ought to know,
the nearest and best route from Salt Lake to
Bannock city, the principal point at present in
Idaho Territory.

LITERARY BADINAGE.

The study of authors who have shed a radi-
ance of intellectual culture at home and
abroad, tends to dissipate the gloom that may
have rested upon the mind, the student, if
under proper auspices, becomes humanized
and desires nothing but what is calculated to
elevate his soul.

What nobler inheritance can a nation
possess than excellent literary treasures, the
evidence of its genuine, intellectual existence?
It is true, that by means of bayonets, chains,
prisons and the rack, an empire like that of
Russia, may acquire a power which will
crush everything in its iron grasp, but it is
simply physical and brutal—its subjects are
mere machines, with automaton like move-
ments—they vegetate but do not live as intel-
lectual beings. Does that vast empire have
a literature of its own, are mental exertions
permitted to energize themselves in thought
and speech, without fear of having their mer-
curial wings clipped by the censor's ruthless
hand? No; the stars that may rise now and
then at the literary horizon, like a Demidoff,
and the author of that excellent gazette, called
Kollokol (the Bell), are banished for ever to
find a home in a more congenial clime.

In a similar condition we find Spain, Portu-
gal, and we might almost correctly add Italy.
Regarding the latter, the recollections are
painful to those who sympathize with the fate
of fallen nations. Where by the soft lyre of
the Muses everything was covered with the
golden veil of the ideal, where the sweetly
warbled songs of the nymphs were filling the
soul of poor mortals with unspeakable rapt-
ure, where Phantasus' lovely riches were
unlocked to the inspired minstrel, and where
one fancies to still hear in the musical mur-
muring of gracefully meandering rivulets the
appealing cry of the sweet sylvan populace,
there are with the exception of Dante Alighieri,
Francisco Petrarca, Giovanni Boccaccio,
Silvio Pellico de Saluzzi and a few others,
no literary stars worthy of note.

We think of Spain, and magnificent palaces
embosomed in beautiful parks, fountains of
quicksilver shooting up in glistening spray,
tournaments in which the deeds of Moorish
and Spanish chivalry, are rendered so highly
interesting to the reader by Oriental and
European Muses, with all the paraphernalia
of Arabic splendor, are unrolled before our
mind on the broad canvass of imagination.
Where once the polished notes of the wander-
ing minstrel were filling the listening woods,
or the knight-errant was defending the honor
of his lady fair, the broad, full moon faces of
the priest meet you at almost every step, or
the stern-looking servants of the inquisition,
in their gloomy dress, cross your path like
birds of an ill omen.

Ignorance, superstition and zealous big-
otry, are the rank weeds growing in the depth
of the public mind of that unhappy priest-
ridden country, thus drying up the fountains
of intelligence, tolerance and sympathy. Only
now and then the sound of merry laughter
mingled with that of the castanets or the sweet
plaintive mandolina will ripple to the ears of
the tourist, proving that there are some nooks
accessible to the touches of nature—some
oasis of happiness in the blasted wilderness
of mental darkness.

The want of literature in any country, is
generally originating in a non-development of
the intellect of the masses, of a closing of the
fountains of education and learning by the
iron rule of despotism. But where the mind
is permitted to remain unbiased by the false
notions of the world, where man realizes his
being the impress of divinity, and is assidu-
ously studying the grand works of Jehovah,
he will sometimes be visited by the choicest
inspirations of the Muses, for it is from na-
ture's most attractive attire, that are received
those lofty and elevated sentiments, that are
furnished those gorgeous and glowing colors
with which the essayist and poet adorn and
beautify their pictures.

But the Muses are often whimsical and
mischievous, by causing those who bestride
the fiery steed Pegasus, to be thrown out of
their saddle and produce some mongrel or
backneyed rhyme, which might perhaps pass
in a Valentine, for since the memorable
feasts of the Roman *Lupercalia* Cupid's vic-
tims have from compassion overlooked many
things, or if not permitted to vent their effu-
sions in a well-scented billet of the above
description, it would be better to punish so
wicked a Muse, by binding her over to ever-
lasting silence, or by consecrating the doomed
product to the all-consuming element of fire,
and to use its ashes as a fertilizer, in order to
appease the wrath of the Muses of a better
class.

As much as we admire good poetry, we
have a holy horror of mongrel or backneyed
rhymes, where without the least regard to the
principles of prosody, words are put together
whether they improve the metre or not, in the
style of Mr. Pott, editor of the *Eatonville*
gazette, as mentioned in the famous Pickwick
papers of Charles Dickens:

"Dying frog."

On a log.

Is a hog."

The fluid gold of poetry does not run in the
veins of everybody, it forms one of the
choicest dainties of literary viands, and on
account of its great scarcity, it is apprecia-
ted by every true lover of refined literature.

The pleasure afforded by the perusal of
poems in which the language is as easy and
graceful as the flow of a fountain, laden with
a thoughtfulness and expressive sweetness
impossible to describe, is lasting and one of
the highest order.

Who can read Lord Byron's works for in-
stance, without realizing that the Muse of
that accomplished scholar and author is
fresh, delightful, genial and lofty; sometimes
indulging in the loveliest fancies and painting
with the exquisite pencil of genius—pictures
in which every tree becomes statue-like, and
every grove is surrounded with an air of
classic sanctity, at other times when the
stormy billows of grief are rolling over his
mind, his phantasmal productions reach in
terrific grandeur those of Dante and Milton,
the mighty voice of his Muse thunders out and
impresses the heart of the reader with awe,
and again when god *Momus* is the source of
his inspiration, the poet paints with the gay
and bold abandon of a French or Spanish
cavalier, while silvery laughter and rare wit
are gushing, sparkling forth from a midst the
elegant and graceful verses.

Like everything else, talent and genius re-
quire a great deal of fostering and care, in
order to produce really genuine, artistic
works. Some have an idea, that nature needs
no polish, no assistance, to display those
beauties which are often hidden under the
rough outside, but that is an egregious error.
A perfection in an art or science is attained
with a great deal of time, labor and persever-
ance. It is said of Sir Bulwer Lytton, that he
frequently wrote his manuscript nine times,
before they were transmitted to the publish-
ers. It took Virgil a whole year to write a
few distichs of his *Aeneid*. Walter Scott's
Waverley was finished after ten years labor.

A lady like Jenny Lind who has acquired
a world-wide fame as a *prima donna*, would
never thrill and electrify her audience by her
voice that steals gradually through the sweep
and rush of music, low and broken, till it
reaches in a *crescendo* the highest keys of the
melody, if it were not for her great schooling
under the best masters of the age.

Still it is true that no one will make a poet,
a primadonna, a scholar or a mechanic, unless
properly qualified by nature. The intellectual
fund must be in a person, if not all exertions
to become professional, will avail nothing,
and produce only mediocrity. Far better for
a person to be a first class mechanic than to
be a mongrel poet.

In some European countries where flattery
is not en vogue, young persons are very plainly
spoken to by their preceptors in that respect.
We well remember the ominous, academical
phrase "*aut Caesar, aut nihil*," which we fre-
quently heard applied by professors to pupils
of the highest connections. To our recollec-
tion, none of our fellow-students and some of
them were decidedly men of genius, and of
acquirements of the highest order, have been
flattered, or even praised except a laconic
"well done."

Every nation passes in its development
through different phases, so in relation to the
Latter Day Saints who certainly form the
nucleus of the most remarkable people that
ever lived. We have now reached that period
when the necessity of having libraries, read-
ing rooms and theatres is severely felt,
and whatever some over-religious people
may think about the propriety of establishing
Thespian and *Thatian* temples in this Terri-
tory, we will simply say that the erection of
so magnificent a theatre as we have in this
City, portends the inauguration of a new era
in the intellectual and moral development of
the community. The boards which represent
the world in miniature portray in pleasing
scenes some interesting features of the history
of the human character to the audience, we
see ourselves, as it were, in a mirror with all
our weaknesses, and learn many things which
would remain unnoticed. But independent of
this, the theatre gathers the young people of
both sexes, in a place which commands res-
pect, and prevents thus many from indulging
in rowdiness.

The establishment of a library and a reading
room in this City, can not be too highly prized,
as it will tend to familiarize the Saints who
are likely to assemble there, with the litera-
ture and history of the leading nations, and
make them *au fait* in the political events of
the day. We do not consider it *apropos* to
expatiate at present on this matter, but will
simply add a few historical remarks, connec-
ted with this subject. It is well known that
the first library was established by *Hipparchus*
at Athens, 526 before Christ. The second
was founded by *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, at
Alexandria, 284 before Christ. It contained
400,000 vols, and was destroyed by fire, 47
before Christ. The largest libraries of the
present day, are those of Paris, with 700,000
vols and 80,000 MSS.; Munich, the capital of
Bavaria, with 500,000 vols., and 16,000 MSS.,
Oxford with 420,000 vols., and 20,000 MSS.,
university of Gottingen in Germany, with
400,000 vols., and 22,000 MSS., Berlin, Prussia,
400,000 vols., and 5000 MSS.

The largest reading rooms we have seen are
those of Hamburg and Berlin, each will hold
nearly 1000 persons. In the two latter estab-
lishments there are to be found gazettes and
periodicals in the principal living languages
from all parts of the world. The admission
in those institutions is *gratis*, and from 8
o'clock a.m. till 11 o'clock p.m. the reader
can feast upon the literary honey of all
nations. Refreshments of every kind can be
had at all hours in adjoining apartments.
The greatest stillness and propriety is ob-
served, and the ubiquitous police is always