

The Philosopher's Stone.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh, what can this be that, with mighty endeavor,
We seek for in vain—yet keep seeking forever?
Oh, where is the charm that has baffled for ages
The wise and the witless—the saints and the
sages?
We go on pursuing—we go on believing,
Still ardently wooing some thing that's deceiving;
We gaze on some bubble that Fancy has blown,
And behold in its shape the "Philosopher's Stone."

The child looketh out on the sunshine and moth,
And he sees what the alchemist toils for in both;
Let him play in the beam, let him capture the fly,
And the world wears a mantle that dazzles his eye.
But the heat and the light make him weary full
soon;
And he finds we may tire of the summer-day's
noon;
The insect is crushed, and he sitteth alone,
Sighing over his childhood's "Philosopher's
Stone."

The man in his prime is still doting and dreaming,
Hope's roseate flames more intensely are gleaming,
And he thinks the alembic yiel is all he desires,
When Affection's elixir is formed by its fires.
He has seized on the charm, but he liveth to prove
That some dross is not even transmuted by Love;
And full many a bosom will mournfully own
It was cheated the most by this meteor Stone.

And Age in ripe Wisdom conceiveth at length
That the gold in itself holds the spell and the
strength;
And he scrapes and he gathers in coffers and lands,
And imagines he then has the charm in his hands.
But he findeth, alas! that he cannot miss all
Of Mortality's cypress and Misery's gull;
Though monstrous and mighty his heaps may have
grown,
Even wealth is a failing "Philosopher's Stone."

We pant after that, and we toil after this,
And some wisp-light delusion still beacons to
bliss;
We hang over life's crucibles, fevered with care,
Ever eager to find the great talisman there.
We get sweet distillations and magical fumes,
The rich fragrance beguiles and the vapor illumines;
But we find when the perfume and mist-cloud
have flown,
That we have not secured the "Philosopher's
Stone."

Oh! what folly it seems to be striving to gain
Heaven's alchemy secret with efforts so vain,
Why struggle for bloom of celestial birth,
While neglecting the flowers beside us on earth!
Let us keep a "good Conscience,"—this talisman
seems
To come nighest the charm of our chemical
dreams,
'Tis the ray most direct from the Infinite Throne,
And the only enduring "Philosopher's Stone."

CORRESPONDENCE.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

WAILUKU, Maui, January 17, 1857.

MY BELOVED MOTHER:—

It is with a heart warmly beating with the love
of a tender son towards a kind and an affection-
ate mother, that I at the present time seat my-
self to write a few lines to you; you that gave
me birth, you to whom I owe my existence, you
who has spent many sleepless nights for my sake,
you who watched over my infantile moments, you
who first taught me to pray, you who first taught
me to serve God and keep his commandments,
you who many times by kind and comforting
words cheered my drooping spirits, you who ever
sought my welfare, and lastly to you whose
prayers I feel assured ever ascend to high heaven
in my behalf.

I was really in hopes that ere the time ap-
proached for me to write another letter to you
that I should have the privilege of perusing one
from you, but I am sorry to say that this is not
the case; I have received but one letter from you
since I left home and that was written last May,
the reason I cannot account for; you certainly
must have written.

I am happy to inform you that I am still in the
enjoyment of the best of health and am buoyant
in spirits, for which I thank God my Heavenly
Father; I pray God that this may be your happy
lot.

I feel onward in the cause of truth, onward in
the great work of God in which I have enlisted
in these the last days, in this the last and seventh
dispensation in which all things are to be gather-
ed together in one in Christ Jesus. I thank God
that I have been counted worthy to be called,
chosen and set apart by the servants of the Most
High as a special messenger to go to the nations of
the earth to herald glad tidings of great joy to
those who know not God.

I feel thankful that I have the privilege of
proving myself worthy a seat in my Father's
kingdom, that I have the privilege of improving
upon the talents which God in his goodness has
seen fit to bestow upon me, that I have the privi-
lege of winning souls unto Christ.

God has seen fit through his servants on the
earth to send me to this part of his vineyard here
upon these far off and secluded isles of the Pacific
to teach his gospel to a dark and benighted race
of beings, in a tongue to me unknown; therefore
here I am determined to remain and labor to the
best of my ability until God through his servants
deems it proper to call me home or send me
somewhere else. I pray God that I may ever be
found in the faithful discharge of my duty and
that I may ever have sufficient wisdom to per-
form every duty which shall be devolving upon
me in an acceptable manner before Him and be-
fore his servants who shall be placed over me,

and that I may after performing an acceptable
mission, return home to Zion and hear that happy
applause, well done, thou good and faithful servant,
welcome home to Zion, and to the bosom of your
family and friends.

I spend most of my time in the study of the
language which causes the time to pass off rather
dull, for be assured it is a long, slow and tedious
task to acquire a practical knowledge of as
strange a language as this, but I am determined
to keep trying until I shall have acquired a suffi-
cient knowledge thereof to enable me to declare
to this people some of the principles pertaining
to the gospel of Jesus Christ.

It seems to me that I progress very slow, al-
though br. H. P. Richards tells me that I am mak-
ing rapid progression; I feel that others have
learned it and so can I by the help of that God
who is ever willing to help those who try to help
themselves, that is, those who call upon him for
assistance; there is a great many who feel indepen-
dent of his aid and put at defiance his power,
though for my part I seek him continually.

This morning I made my first attempt to ask
the blessing on the food in the Hawaiian language.
I am in hopes that ere another month rolls round
I will have broken the ice by way of speaking to
this people in public.

The times upon these tropical isles for some
time past have been very hard, owing to the se-
vereness of the drouth; the country for miles and
miles which was formerly beautiful, green and
fertile, abounding in rich fields and pastures for
stock is now but a barren, sunburnt desert,
many of the people are compelled to go from two
to six miles for all of the water which they use
either for man or beast, and when they obtain it
in this way it is only from some stagnated pool.
I have sometimes drank water when I would have
to skim off the green skum before drinking and
glad to get it in that way.

But times at present are a little more flattering
for God in his goodness has seen fit to send a few
showers of rain, which has cooled the parched
earth and caused the vegetation to again spring
into existence; it seems that the overruling hand
of God can be seen visibly working among all
nations, therefore I see no reason why this group
of isles should escape the scourges which are to
be poured out upon the wicked in the last days,
for I can say of a surety if wickedness abounds
any where upon the face of the earth it certainly
abounds here. The work of God upon these isles
is progressing as much as we could expect under
the existing circumstances.

The saints in general are in good spirits and
alive in the work, although here like other places,
the net has caught fish of all kinds; this is a
strange people, a people easy flattered, quick to
be excited and just so quick will the excitement
die.

The holidays, christmas and new years, are
past, they did not seem a particle like either
christmas or new years to me, because the weath-
er was almost as hot as it is in Utah in the month
of July, and then I past the days so different to
what I had been wont to do in bye gone days;
christmas I spent in company with br. Richards
we each writing letters home to our wives; new
years it being the first Thursday in the month, which
day is set apart upon these isles as a day of fast-
ing, therefore brs. King and France, who arrived
here from the other side of the island (75 miles
distant) on the evening of the day before in com-
pany with br. Richards and myself spent the day
in fasting and prayer; we spent a good portion
of the day in meeting where there had a number of
the Saints assembled, the Spirit of the Lord was
with us and we had a happy although a solemn
time.

The Spirit of the Lord has ever been with me
to buoy me up under every difficulty and obsta-
cle which has been in my way since my depart-
ure from those peaceful vales in which you live,
my strength has ever been sufficient for my day,
I have ever found friends wherever my lot has
been cast, my heart is filled with love and grati-
tude towards God my heavenly father for his
manifest blessings unto me.

My sheet being full I must close, give my love
and best wishes to all of my relatives and to all
of those who are co-workers with me in the
gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

I pray God to ever bless you with health, food,
raiment and every good blessing which your
heart shall desire in righteousness.

Believe me your ever tender son,

ALMA L. SMITH.

A CHINESE STREET ARTIST.—A man seated on
the pavement, holds in his hand a white porcelain
tile, about a foot square. This he overpresents
with a deep blue color, from a sponge dipped in a
thin paste of indigo, and asks us to name a flower.
I suggest the lotus. He extends his forefinger—
a remarkable forefinger, crooked, flexible as an
elephant's trunk, and as if the end had been whitt-
led off—gives three or four quick dashes across
the tile, and in ten seconds or less, lo! there is
the flower, exquisitely drawn and shaded, its
snowy cup hanging in the midst of its long, sway-
ing leaves. Three more strokes and a white bird,
with outspread wings, hovers over it. The rapid-
ity and precision of that forger is miraculous.
He covers the tile with new layers of color, and
flower after flower is dashed out of the blue
ground.—[Bayard Taylor's Visit to China.

A CHURCH FOR LADIES ALONE.—There is a
Presbyterian Church in Northampton county,
Virginia, comprised entirely of ladies. They
are 22 in number. There is not a single male
member among them; and of course, as they
can have no eldership, they are not properly an
organized church; but the ladies, hoping almost
against hope, have persevered in their sister-
hood, and they have actually increased in num-
bers, more than many churches with settled
pastor and the regular administration of the
sanctuary. The church is called the "Holmes
Church," after the late Dr. Holmes, of Phil-
adelphia, who was a liberal contributor to-
wards its erection.

RECIPES.

SORES ON HORSES AND CATTLE.—A correspondent
of the Maine Farmer, in reply to an inquiry by
another correspondent for a cure of a bad sore on
a horse's shoulder, gives the following prescrip-
tion:—

Lime and lard are the best application to old,
bad sores, of any kind, that I know, especially if
the bone is any affected.

Take good stone lime, slake dry, and sift through
a fine sieve. Put the flour in a bottle, cork tight,
and keep it in a dark place from light and air, and
it will keep good for years. Take 1 part of lime
to three parts of lard, in bulk, and mix them well,
cold, and apply a proper quantity to the sore,
twice a day, cleanse well each time with soap
suds. If the sore descends below the outward
opening, it must be opened to the bottom, or it
will not heal sound. If the bone be affected, the
sore probably will not heal, and ought not to till
the bone shall be healed. Sores healed under this
treatment always heal sound. If fungus be in the
sore, this ointment will clear it all out, and keep it
out.

The above proportions are about right, but the
applicant will soon learn to vary them if necessary.
Some allowance will be necessary for the different
strength of the lime.

TO CLEANSE FEATHERS.—The following recipe
for cleansing feathers of their animal oil gained a
premium from the London Society of Arts: Take
for every gallon of clear water, one pound of
quicksilver, mix them well together, and when
undissolved lime is precipitated in fine powder,
pour off the clear lime-water for use.

Put the feathers to be cleaned in another tub,
and add to them a quantity of the clean lime-water
sufficient to cover the feathers about three inches,
when well immersed and stirred about therein.—
The feathers, when thoroughly moistened, will
sink down, and should remain in the lime-water
three or four days: after which, the foul liquor
should be separated from them by laying them in
a sieve. The feathers should be afterwards well
washed in clean water, and dried upon nets, the
meshes of which may be about the fineness of cab-
bage-nets. The feathers must be, from time to
time, shaken on the nets, and, as they dry, will fall
through the meshes, and are to be collected for use.

The admission of air will be serviceable in dry-
ing. The process will be complete in three weeks;
and, after being thus prepared, the feathers will
only require to be beaten to get rid of the dust.

PURIFYING AND SOFTENING HARD WATER.—Dr.
Clark, a distinguished English chemist, is the
originator of a process for softening water, ap-
plicable to water from chalk strata, water from
new redstone, and waters which contain carbonate
of lime in solution from any strata.

The process is accomplished in a very simple
manner, namely: by adding a quantity of quick-
lime to the water, it takes carbonic acid, holding
carbonate of lime, throwing down at the same
time the quantity of carbonate of lime held in
solution by the carbonic acid, and thus renders the
water soft. It is said that thus treated the water
does not show the slightest sign of vegetation,
though exposed to the sun and light for upwards
of a month.

AN EXCELLENT CEMENT.—Five years ago, we
applied a cement composed of white lead paint,
whiting, and dry white sand, to a small tin roof
that leaked like a sieve; it soon became nearly as
hard as stone, has never scaled off, and has kept
the roof, since then, perfectly tight. It was put
on about the consistency of thin putty.

Slaters' cement for stopping leaks around chim-
neys, is composed of linseed oil, whiting, ground
glass, and some brick dust. It is a good cement
for this purpose; also for closing the joints of
stone steps to houses.—[Scientific American.

PERMANENT LIQUID GLUE.—A good fluid glue
ready at all times for instant use without any pre-
liminary preparation, is one of the most useful
articles of stock with which the workshop can be
furnished. The make such a glue all that is ne-
cessary is to melt three pounds of glue in a quart
of water, and then drop in gradually a small quan-
tity of nitric acid. When this ingredient is added,
the mixture is to be removed from the fire and al-
lowed to cool. Glue so prepared has been kept in
an open bottle for two years, and still ready for
use on the instant.

PUTRID SORE THROAT.—A correspondent, writ-
ing from Volcano, Amador county, furnishes us,
for publication, the following recipe for making a
preparation to be used as a gargle, in cases of putrid
sore throat, which is said to be an infallible cure:
—[S. C. Union.

Take two tea spoonfuls of cayenne pepper, one
tea spoonful of salt; to half a pint of boiling water;
let it stand one hour, then add half a pint of warm
vinegar. Dose—one table spoonful every hour,
and use as a gargle.

A REMEDY ALWAYS READY.—The London
Literary Gazette, alluding to the numerous cases
of deaths from accidental poisoning, adds: "We
venture to affirm there is scarce even a cottage in
this country that does not contain an invaluable,
certain, immediate remedy for such events, noth-
ing more than a dessert spoonful of made mustard,
mixed in a tumbler of warm water and drank im-
mediately. It acts as an emetic, is always ready,
and may be used with safety in any case where
one is required."

HOW TO MEND CHINA.—Take a very thick solu-
tion of gum arabic in water, and stir into it plas-
ter of Paris until the mixture becomes a viscous
paste. Apply it with a brush to the fractured
edges, and stick them together. In three days the
article can not be broken in the same place.

The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly
valuable.

PERSIAN CARPETS.—The carpets of Ker-
manshah are a manufacture which adds much to
the wealth of the province; none can be
more rich, soft and beautiful; the patterns are
in perfect taste, and the colors most brilliant;
but these are not their only merits, for they are
cheap and very durable. These carpets are
made in the villages, and in the tents of the
nomadic tribes, generally by the women and the
children. Here there is no complicated ma-
chinery, four stakes fixed in the ground, which
serve to twist the woolen thread, form the
simple mechanism employed in weaving these
beautiful carpets. Persian carpets are justly
celebrated for the beauty of the patterns, the
fineness of the wool, and the durability of the
colors—vegetable dyes—green not made else-
where, conjecture saffron and indigo. Some of
them fetch high prices, as \$30 or \$40 for one
two yards square in the country itself. The
finest are made at Senna and there is a famous
manufacture carried on at Ferahoun, near Te-
heran, which belonged to the late Sidar Khan.
Carpets of any size can be made there. The fin-
est carpets of all used to be made at Herat, and
there are some splendid ones in the Chebil Mi-
nar, at Ispahan, one of which is 140 feet long
and seventy feet wide. Large numbers were
exported to England through Trebizonde before
the late war.—[Ferrer's Caravan Journeys.

REMARKABLE ORGAN.—A correspondent of the
New York Observer says, in one of his letters,
that the famous organ at Freyburg, in Switzer-
land, has seven thousand three hundred pipes,
some of them thirty-five feet long, and sixty-four
stops. It is an instrument of tremendous power,
and though the traveler is compelled to pay eleven
francs to hear it on a week day, it is worth the
money. At first, one imagines a trick is played
upon him, and that a full orchestra accompanies
the organ. The mellow tones melt in and float
away with the heaving notes, as if a band of mu-
sicians were playing out of sight. Many refuse
to believe it is not a deception till they go up and
examine every part of the instrument. The ef-
fect is perfectly bewildering. There is the Trom-
bone, the clarinet, the flute, the fife, and ever and
anon the clear ringing note of the trumpet. The
performance is closed with an imitation of a
thunder storm, in which the wonderful power of
the instrument is fully tested. At first, you hear
the low, distant growl swelling up, and then slowly
dying away. The next peal breaks on the ear
with a more distinct and threatening sound.—
Nearer and nearer rolls up the thunder cloud,
sending its quick and heavy discharges through
the atmosphere, till clap follows clap with stun-
ning rapidity, rolling and crashing through the
building till its solid arches tremble as if the real
thunders of heaven were bursting overhead.—
Who could have dreamed that a single instrument
possessed so much power?

PARALLAX OF A FIXED STAR.—For some of our
readers, perhaps, an explanation of the nature of
the discovery mentioned may be necessary. The
parallax is the angle formed by two lines drawn
from different points of observation. The dis-
tance between these points and the angles formed
by the line between them and the lines drawn re-
spectively from them to the object being ascertain-
ed, the parallax may be measured, and hence the
distance of the object may be found.

Owing to the immense distance of the fixed
stars their parallax has heretofore been held inap-
preciably minute, and no data for calculating the
distance could be ascertained. The difficulty,
however, seems now to have been overcome, and
is one of the greatest discoveries in the history of
astronomy.

This important and valuable problem, which
has for so many centuries been an object of
inquiry among astronomers, has been solved
by Professor Bossel, of Konigsburgh. His ob-
servations were made on the double star,
No. 61, in the constellation Cygnus, whose dis-
tance he ascertained to be 660,000 times the
radius of the earth's orbit, or 62 trillions and 700
billions of miles in round numbers.—[London
Globe.

A STRAIGHT RAILROAD.—Nicholas the first of
Russia, peace to his remains, had quite an original
way of transacting business. He sent one day
for his engineers and gave them eight days to
bring him the route of a railroad to connect St.
Petersburgh with Moscow. At the end of the
allotted time the plan was prepared.

"What," said he looking at it, "what is all this
—these twists and turns, this serpentine track?
You must have misunderstood me."

"Sire," said the spokesman, "we have drafted
the shortest route which would embrace all the
line the leading towns and villages."

"Give me a pencil and rule," he said, and he
struck a bee line from one city to the other.

"Here—you understand me."

"But, sire, you leave the large towns entirely
out of sight."

"That is their affair, let them come within
sight."

And so the road was built as straight as an I.

FANNY FERN LOOKING AT HERSELF.—In
her "Peeps from under a Parasol," Fanny Fern
has taken a peep at herself.

And hear by the road, comes Fanny Fern!
Fanny is a woman. For that she is not to
blame, though, since she first found it out, she
never ceased to deplore it. She might be pret-
tier, she might be younger. She might be older,
she might be uglier. She might be better, she
might be worse. She has been both over-
praised and over abused, and those who have
used her worst have imitated and copied her
most.

One thing may be said in favor of Fanny, she
was not, thank Providence, born in the beauti-
ful, backbiting, sanctimonious, slandering,
clean, contemptuous, pharisaical, middle-dec-
ade, peck-meas-ure city of Boston!