

street, at an expense, after the apparatus was purchased, far below that of the present unsatisfactory gas lights. For lighthouses it would be just the thing, and (when the noise complained of is obviated) for churches and all other places of public resort. It would be rash to say that some method could not be devised to introduce it generally in our houses and stores. The question of expense is not the only one. This light, being actinic, resembles in that respect the natural sunlight, and must be far better adapted to human vision than light from gas, or any other article destitute of the actinic property.

COUNSEL TO BOYS—SELF TRUST.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

When I was nine years old, there unexpectedly appeared, one day, in my father's humble farmhouse, the clergyman, doctor, lawyer, and perhaps one or two other magnates of our New-England rural township, who addressed my parents to this effect:

"Your oldest son is so promising a student, so easy and rapid a learner, that we think he should have a better education than our common school can give him. We propose, therefore, that he be sent to Phillips Academy, and thence to college; and we offer, should you choose to entrust him to us, to see that he is thoroughly schooled, without expense to you."

My poor but proud parents responded with thanks, but decided that they would give their children all the schooling they could fairly afford, and that this must suffice them.

And among the many things for which I have cause for filial gratitude, I accord a high place to this decision. True, had they accepted the generous proffer, I should have learned much that I still urgently need to know; for I never was, even for a day, a pupil in any seminary higher or other than a very common school; but I prize the independence thus secured far above the learning which it would have dearly purchased. I would like to read Homer and Eschylus, Plato and Demosthenes, in their native tongue; but not at the cost of owing my ability to read them to the bounty of some sect or education society, who would reasonably expect of me the championship of its dogmas in return. I would not be bound, even by the silken ligaments of gratitude to what seems to me the truth of to-day, if I were thereby to be rendered even disinclined to accept and welcome the deeper truth that may dawn on my apprehension to-morrow.

The prevalent laxity of fibre on this point, is one of our gravest perils. It indicates a serious, and I fear a growing, defect of national character. Every one wishes to rise—which is natural, and perhaps laudable; but the great majority aspire to rise, not by natural elasticity, nor yet by arduous personal effort, but by clinging to the skirts of some one else. Some rich uncle or generous brother, some wealthy friend or free-handed philanthropist, is expected, or at least desired, to inflate the balloon whereby the fond aspirant hopes to be floated over the heads of the multitude into an elysium of wealth or power. Our youths are generally ambitious; but the crown of simple leaves which so richly rewarded the long preparation, the abstinence and thorough training, of the victor in the Grecian games, would have little attraction in their eyes. They aspire to clutch quickly and easily those material advantages which are blessings to those only who have worthily, laboriously achieved them. They covet the sudden though doubtful gains of speculation, rather than the slow but sure reward of useful industry. They aspire to be wealthy first, and useful (if ever) afterward; they mistakenly fancy that, if an unearned fortune were somehow showered upon them, they would excite God's astonished admiration by devoting a tithe of it to some unselfish, beneficent use. Give them the fortune to-day, and they would soon conclude that a tithe of a tithe is all they could spare for any philanthropic aim; and they would grudge even that.

We all know men who "began the world with nothing," and have now all that heart could wish. We know sons of such who, beginning with everything, (we say,) soon ran it down to nothing. But we harshly misjudge them. They did not begin with everything. The mainspring of a noble career was wanting. Their youthful

experiences were directly calculated to imbue them with the false notion that it is the sum of life to eat and drink luxuriously, dress sumptuously, and ride, sail, or dance abundantly; that it is man's chief end to gratify his physical appetites and revel in sensual delights. Thus blinded and miseducated, they were from childhood impelled on the road to ruin, and may largely blame their infatuated parents or guardians for their swift descent to perdition.

The great first truth to be impressed on every unfolding mind, is the inexorability of retribution. Drive out nature with a pitchfork, they say, and she will surely come in again; but Retribution will not be driven out. Like to like; so much for so much; pain and woe the inevitable shadow of evil-doing—such is the elemental law of the universe, as vital and operative to-day, on this earth, in our homes, as ever on any planet that has revolved, any sun that ever shined. There are sufferings which result from other sins than those of the present sufferer; but no one ever did a wrong, and escaped or evaded the penalty. "In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die," which does not, by any means, imply that you shall be alive and well on the morrow.

"But may no one never seek aid from others?"

Yea, verily! If you are ignorant seek knowledge; if unskilled and inefficient, seek ability and dexterity in whatever sphere of useful effort shall seem to you most inviting. But seek these, with every other good, as equivalents for services rendered, not as alms. Say to the teacher, the craftsman, "you have wisdom that I need; but I have young, elastic sinews, that may be useful to you. I propose to give and take on terms of mutual advantage; what shall they be?" What you need is not Charity, but Opportunity; and, if this is not afforded on terms of reciprocal benefit in one direction, resolve to seek it in another. Better live and die an independent cobbler than any great man's satellite.

The darkest day in a man's earthly career, is that wherein he first fancies that there is some easier way of gaining a dollar than by squarely earning it. No matter whether he acquires it by beggary, by theft or any fashion of gambling, that man is fearfully demoralized who, looking at the dollar in his hand, says, "That came more easily than if I had earned it by honest labor." He has lost the clue to his way through this mortal labyrinth, and must henceforth wander as chance may dictate. To his distorted apprehension, the universe has become a gaming-table, and life a succession of ventures on the red or on the black. His prospects of winning thereat, in the long run, are miserable enough.

I am pained to hear any one say, of the wisest and best man living, "I pin my faith to him. I am sure he can never do wrong." My friend! you have a right to repose implicit faith in God alone! Man is frail, at best; and he who was upright and noble yesterday, may prove false and unworthy to-morrow. Cling to truth and justice, though all the world should desert and decry them. Give your conscience eyes, and never fear that it will mislead you. Others may be richer in knowledge and wisdom than you; but a pure and lofty soul has no earthly superior, and should recognize none. Hold fast to whatsoever is righteous; and whatever clouds may for the moment enwrap you, and intercept the smile of heaven, never be so infidel as to doubt that the path of virtue is the way of safety—the only way that leads to perfect and enduring peace.—[The Little Corporal.]

STORY OF A MAN STRUGGLING FOR A LIVING.

The London *Shilling Magazine* for March contains some thrilling sketches of debtors confined in Whitecross street prison. One of the inmates is described as follows:

Our companion in misfortune began life in an excellent situation under the late East India Company; but evil associations, a drunken and dissolute father, with the usual concomitants of a disorderly home, drove him to acts which had better not be recorded here from notions of delicacy to his feelings. It may be well, however, to mention that he was not of the Micawber school,

as his subsequent career testifies. His first occupation has been named, the second was that of coal merchant, a very anomalous term in its application, in which he was fleeced by a regular organized gang of swindlers, and so lost his all. Next, he took two voyages at sea, made some money, which was lost by a failure of a brother-in-law. Came home, beggared—turned school-master, succeeded to an extent, obliged to dispose of this from fear of an incipient consumption. Sold it to a Yorkshire Methodist parson, took his bill for the amount, which was never paid. Compiled a spelling-book, sold the MS. to a stationer, never received a shilling from him, became an infant school-master in the country, and remained as such for many years; but the good and charitable people who "did their alms before men," forgot to exercise a Christian liberality towards the factotum of their system. Left that, and assumed a boarding-school on his own account, and let country lodgings; no scholars ever presented themselves, and only a lodger for a few months. Goods seized for rent, and he came back to London destitute.

His mind now turned upon literature, and a penny publication made its appearance which introduced him to a quack doctor of considerable wealth, and did a little puffing for which he was handsomely paid; and to carry a certain curative system to the highest possible pinnacle, started a weekly newspaper in support of this peculiar system, which did not answer, being known to advocate quacks and imposition. Invented a new system of printing by combining letters into syllables and words—took out a patent, had not sufficient funds to carry it out, and lost all he had expended. At this time he had a printing office, and embarked with a well known, but not respected individual, in the unstamped newspaper line (at that time the stamp of each newspaper was three pence) which took amazingly and paid well; he also printed other unstamped papers for different persons and made money fast, until Government became alive to the falling off of stamp duties when energetic measures were made, printers and publishers of these papers were seized and imprisoned, and a complete and effectual check overthrew the whole. Othello's occupation was gone, and himself declared bankrupt, in which situation he was, as a matter of course, deserted by those he had employed and paid liberally, and who became arrayed in a hostile host against him. Everything, to household goods, sold off to pay—nobody but lawyers. Turned adrift upon the world without a shilling for a home. His family was obliged to take shelter among relations or under any shelter attainable. His fertile imagination and ingenuity were put to the severest trials; yet he continued to project and plan. He conceived and built a machine to print paper hangings rapidly in the full length; this was looked on as a ridiculous affair, but the unprincipled saw the improvement and magnitude of the undertaking, and it is now in general use and estimation. The originator never got a sixpence recompense.

Subdued but not crushed, another invention for taking account of the passengers in omnibusses shared the same fate as the paper-hanging machine. Turned to school-keeping again in a suburban locality of working people; not one scholar offered. Disgusted he left London for the country, borrowed £250, for which he was charged the moderate bonus of £69, absorbing £2810s. per annum interest and life insurance. This he paid for nine years, and although the generous lender was to have participated in the profits of sheep-farming, he still charged the same amount. A severe winter set in, and fodder for sheep was at a fabulous price, his expenses being £9 per week, which very soon swallowed the flock of sheep. After nine years thus struggling, he came back to London penniless; he was then made Secretary to a joint stock affair, the whole assets of which were pocketed by the directors, and one man, who turned out to be a supernumerary clerk in the war office, and as chairman, drew about £200 per annum. This could not last, and the company was dissolved. He had placed his sons in an upholstery warehouse; but being inexperienced, a spindling scoundrel cheated them out of £100. This was the coup de grace which confined him within these walls. If this is not struggling for a living, we should be glad to be informed what is.



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NOTICE TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

FROM this date, a TOLL of FIFTY CENTS will be charged for each Wagon to all persons travelling in LITTLE COTTONWOOD KANYON.

June 4, 1867.

WOOLLEY & DAVIS.
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