

Poetry.

For the Deseret News.

THE TWO ELIZA'S

Eliza Snow!—a Saint in very deed,
Thy volume bright with truth, before me lies
Presented kindly by a mutual friend;
This volume calls past days and times to me
When on my orbit burst a new-found star!
A planet-star, and cynosure of life!
Its name was *Truth*, sent forth by God Himself;
It burst upon my mental eye—it broke
Upon my spirit-ear, and roused the fire
Latent in my heart and in my brain;
Transfix'd my soul—yea, and bow'd my being,
As infants worship at the parent knee;
And with this glorious star came beings
Who each one brought some truth or light to me
Among many gems, till, breathing love and truth,
Within my hand one day was plac'd a scroll
Containing beauties wonderful to me!
None but a Saint, I thought, could write like
that.

She seem'd to know and understand and speak
As with authority, what'er her pen
Did trace. She said, "my heart is fix'd," and
then,
Her strain, the angels might have bent to hear;
My heart did homage silent but sincere.
Though many great and good I'd surely seen,
That page set forth to me a greater still.
And again she took her lyre, and sweeping
All its sacred chords, sent forth the thrilling
"Oh! my Father! thou that dwellest"—enough,
Enough for immortality, had she
Ne'er woke—ne'er struck the sacred chords
again.

Eliza Snow!—I felt she was a Saint—
In word—in deed—in truth—and as I read
I felt to try to emulate her course
And follow humbly in her path of life!
Since then—some years have roll'd away,
We've met!—and look'd each other in the face;
We've join'd our hands, as only Saints can join;
Our lips have met in love, as Saints should
meet;

I call thee sister now, and fain would be
A friend—a mate—a sister unto thee;
Years have pass'd by since first I heard thy
name,
The spring and summer—autumn's golden
time

And winter stern, with all its chilling clime
Have weigh'd me in their balances, since I
Set out upon the journey of a Saint!
My eye has ne'er ceased to try to gaze
Upon that star I mentioned heretofore—
I have been weak—perhaps unwise—heedless
But my heart has ever been—and is to-day
Firm and determin'd yet to win the goal
For which I started with my heart and soul;
For which I sacrificed my parents dear
With all the wealth of love they held for me.
Yea, on God's altar freely laid my all
If need be, He saw fit to take it up—
But He was kind, yea, very kind to me
And only took a part, and for that part
He gave me *His* anointed as my friends,
Daughters and sons of the Eternal God!
Who fill'd the chasm in this heart of mine;
To those who bore His Priesthood did I bow
As second only to their Father—God!
They are the *all* of friends I crave on earth,
With them I daily cast my lot—and feel
Their God—their creed—their home is mine;
Our union is eternal as God's throne;
And when I bend to worship Him—and bless
My Maker for His constant care of me,
I offer gratitude for them—and thee—
Eliza Snow!—thou hast the "greater light"
And hence I feel that thou wilt not disdain
My humble effort when I seek to twine
Another lov'd Eliza in the wreath
That binds unitedly such souls for aye;
Though she the "lesser light" alone did see;
I hope—and do believe, we three shall meet
Hereafter, where the Saints shall congregate
And form a trio in the harmonies of God!

HANNAH T. KING.

PART SECOND.

Eliza Cook!—thou wert the first to win my girl-
ish heart,
And dearest I will never bid my cherish'd one
depart—
Long years have done their mighty work, and
graved thine image there
The sculptor's art will not outlive the impress
it doth bear;
Apostle of the truth thou wert most surely sent
to be
And pioneer'd that future way that was in store
for me,
For why?—you set my spirit free! you taught
that it might soar
To realms of thought and reason, forbidden it
before!
You broke the trammels *custom* laid upon the
heart and brain,
You loosen'd all my fetters, and I threw away
the chain!
And stood a full unfetter'd soul, as *truth* makes
beings free,
And felt I only stood as God intended I should
be.
'Twas liberty! not license, that I felt was truly
mine,
The law of Christ I surely found within that
book of thine,
The law of love divinely breath'd to God and
all mankind,
And these were both congenial to my youthful
heart and mind;
You threw a charm around me, that grew with
me day by day,
Thy lyre breath'd the sentiments that in me
silent lay;
My spirit echo'd joyfully the words of truth you
sung,
Just as the thirsty ground sucks up the waters
on it flung;
So drank my soul from out the fount you open'd
up to me,
No classic lore, did there obscure the language
pure and free,
'Twas nature spoke in all you wrote, and she is
God's own child,
Your sentiments were frank and free, yet pure
and undefil'd;
You did not tune your noble harp to win the
mead of praise
From titled fools, who think the schools alone
can talent raise;
No, no, you had a higher aim—to comfort and
instruct
The poor, the low, the ignorant—and in their
souls induct
A glorious aspiration for a higher state of things
A state that is more costly than the crown of
queens and kings;
And did you reap your guerdon for your labor
and your care,
And did you gain a *pension*, and a title for your
share?
No! these belong to Laureates—but oh! you had
a niche
In hearts who though they might be poor in
gratitude were rich;

"The people's Poet" was the name, they fondly
gave to thee
And with this simple title—thou—wert well
content to be;
I am not proud to such as thee! but yet I still
may say
My heart was not unworthy beneath thy lyre to
lay—
Thou wert to me an oracle in thy beauty and
thy might

And 'neath thy song, my heart grew strong and
my brain grew clear and bright—
And oft when daily duties done, I'd ramble far
away
And sit within "the old Ash tree," or on the new
mown hay—
Thy volume close beneath my arm, and all my
heart with thee,
And truly you did sweeten up the cup of life to
me;

It seem'd thy thoughts were all my own, thine
eyes and heart were mine,
I saw, and felt, and understood as traced that
pen of thine;
And the Letters!—Oh! those letters that you
wrote for me alone!
No earthly gem compared with them and they
were all my own.
Eliza! I will ne'er forget the *all* that thou hast
been

To me in days that now have pass'd Life's pan-
oramic scene;
Saints have a future! and will have a Lord and
Kingly head.

And dear one! I will plead thy cause, thy case
before Him spread,
And He will listen unto me, and He will trace
thy name

Upon a record which will bear, an index of the
same,
That where I am thou mightest be, my early Pio-
neer,

Though then unknown, to thee and me the hand
of God was near
Another One, who bears thy name, is nigh unto
me here,

To her I turn, as the mariner turns, when the
Pole-Star doth appear.

HANNAH T. KING.

RESPONSE TO "THE TWO ELIZA'S."

Dear Sister King, those lines are good
Both food and med'cine for the heart and brain,
And to the ear, a rich mellifluous strain;
Thought, with its magic wand had touch'd thy
lyre,

While bright imaginations fan'd its fire,
Heaven's inspiration lent a lucid charm,
And pure, train'd genius stereotyped its form.
More than all, thanks, I humbly deem your due,
That I'm thus honor'd by your muse, and you;
And while I feast upon the genial treat,
My heart's warm pulses with responses beat;
Let Bachanallians quaff the sparkling bowl,
And while inebriation fires the soul,
Like airy mounted charioteers arise
And build fantastic castles in the skies.
Let gormandizers crowd the steaming board
And coax their palates with choice viands stor'd
And let their whetted appetites give zest
To all that smiles on luxury's full breast;
Let Mammon's votaries bend around her
shrine—

Plow the broad deep, and dig the golden mine;
Sell virtue, friends, health, peace, till all is sold,
With all their very souls for shining gold!
Let bold aspirants for the goddess *Fame*
Beside the world to grasp at what? a name—
A name of Earth, a lunatic that dies
When 'neath the sod, the brow that bore it lies;
Forgive my pen!—'tis trespassing on time
To note such characters in running rhyme;
They're all unworthy of the poet's themes
Only as painters sometimes use extremes
Give to their worshippers, those paltry things
Gay birds of passage pois'd on tumbling wings,
But give to us the function to control
"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul!"
When heart meets heart reciprocally soft
When the whole inner being soars aloft
With thought's bright pinions, on from sphere to
sphere

Through nature's chain extending upward here
When God's own Spirit from the eternal mart
Illumes the head and vivifies the heart,
Brings back the mem'ry buried in the "fall"
And lifts our natures from this earthly pall.
Than his to the gospel of the Son of God
For the sweet cheering spirit shed abroad,
Thanks to our Father God that He has given
His Son to mark the path from Earth to Heaven.

I use your freedom given—reverse your book
And first in file will place Eliza Cook;
Each in her proper order, she was first
She met you in your bondage—her pen burst
The irksome fetters, and the morbid chains
That bind, when creed—form'd sickly custom
reigns;

When she thus met you, and thus set you free
Dawn'd an oasis on your destiny—
Sweet messenger of good!—God sent her and
She plac'd Truth's golden mirror in your hand,
Gave true direction to your inner sight
And thus prepar'd you for the greater light.
At length Heaven's portal parted—Angels came,
The Priesthood was restored—Truth's holier
flame

Shone on your mirror, as it shone on mine;
And thus united in bonds divine;
We're friends, companions, Sisters—holytic!
The fellowship that lives beyond the sky—
Life has infinitudes—creation boasts
Interminable worlds—time—tides, and coasts:
When inspiration, Gospel truth, at first
Upon our minds with bright effulgence burst,
It seem'd, as you have nam'd, a "Planet star"
But in progression we've advanced so far,
Our visions as we near the point grow clear
Through less obstruction in the atmosphere
With sight improv'd to see things as they are
Truth is a constellation, not a "Star."
We have no amputations in our creed,
All truth—all truths of every kind we plead
All that pertains to life—whatever suits
Each varied circumstance of men and brutes,
All laws of science, art of every kind—
All that pertains to matter or to mind—
From all that has been, is, or will be here,
To what exists in God's eternal sphere;
To gather Truth is our industrious aim—
To learn ourselves—why here—from whence we
came—

To know what God intended us to be
And learn from Him our future destiny.

The *first* shall be the *last*—we'll lead the way
To Truth's palladium—to courts of day,
And there we'll welcome to a high-born throng
Eliza Cook, your favorite child of song.

ELIZA R. SNOW.

To Mrs Hannah Tapfield King, Great Salt
Lake City.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., is having a violent
attack of mad dog fever. Thirty per-
sons were bitten on Feb. 15, and the city
authorities have ordered the immediate
killing of all unlicensed dogs, and the
chaining up of others as a precaution-
ary measure.

[Special to the DESERET NEWS.]

By Telegraph.

New Orleans, 12.

James T. Monroe, the Democratic
candidate for Mayor, was elected over
Moore, Union, by 316 majority. Three
of the 4 recorders are Democrats.

Chicago, 13.

The New York *Times* says that Con-
gress, if it does not have a care, will go
to the wall, in its great controversy
with the President, because it will not
do anything. The members cannot
agree on any policy, so Congress floats
towards ruin.

New York, 13.

The *Tribune* says Sumner is, un-
happily, wise in his own conceit, so
that we shall, probably, be prevented
from achieving any result whatever;
but it is our duty to keep trying as long
as a shadow of hope remains.

The *World* says the President and
country have reason to be encouraged,
as it is now certain that none of the
radical measures can prevail. No fur-
ther constitutional amendments can be
carried through, nor any measures
passed for oppressing and humiliating
the people of the South. The Radicals
are defeated and confounded, and the
country will enjoy their mutual re-
criminations and their impotent rage.

The *Herald* says Congress is full of a
factious, restless, revolutionary spirit.
It is from this very point in their
history that free governments tumble
into despotism. The people are the
only hope of the country.

The Boston *Advertiser* says that any
measure which would satisfy Sumner
and the Radicals must be added to the
long list of impracticable projects. Re-
garded in this light, Sumner's perse-
vering objection, on the ground of
theory, is something to be deplored.

Concord, N. H., 14.

The Republicans carried the State by
5,000 majority, all but 5 of the Council-
men, 9 of the 12 Senators, and 100
majority in the House. The returns, so
far, give Smith 20,000, and Sinclair
15,481.

Chicago, 14.

A house worth \$75,000, on Harrison
avenue, St. Louis, the property of David
McHolson, has been presented to Gen.
Sherman, and the balance, \$5,000, has
been placed to his credit in the bank,
by the committee of the subscribers to
the fund raised last August.

Washington, 14.

Freeman Clark, comptroller of the
currency, publishes a sharp letter, ad-
dressed to Secretary McCulloch, saying
that his public statement of the condi-
tion of the Treasury is inexcusably
erroneous; also that the Secretary has
sold, during the last month, without
authority of law, \$10,000,000 of bonds,
and concludes:—I will add that I can
show, to the satisfaction of any one,
that neither of your monthly reports
for the last four months has shown,
within \$50,000,000, the amount of money
in the Treasury, or on deposit to gov-
ernment credit.

Saulsbury appeared on the floor of
the Senate to-day in such an offensive
condition of drunkenness, that he had
to be removed.

Boston, 14.

Jared Sparks, Historian and Ex-
President of Harvard college, died at
Cambridge, this forenoon, of pneumo-
nia.

Washington, 14.

The House passed a joint resolution
appropriating \$100,000, to defray the
expenses attending a display of Ameri-
can articles in the Paris exhibition in
1867; and that the President furnish one
or more vessels for the transportation of
such articles to France.

The army bill, as it passed the Senate
to-day, provides for 10 white and 2
colored regiments of cavalry, 42 white
and 8 colored regiments of infantry and
1000 Indian scouts for frontier service.
The companies, in time of peace, are to
be of the minimum number of one
third. The artillery regiments remain
unchanged. Officers above the grade of
Lieutenant are to be from West Point,
and the remainder are to be from volun-
teers who have creditably served two
years. The veteran reserve corps is
thrown overboard.

Washburne said, in a speech to-day,
that Gen. Grant had led the nation
through the Wilderness of war, and it
might be that loyal people would yet
call on him to lead them through the
wilderness of politics.

Chicago, 15.

The Fenian scare continues to excite
our Canadian neighbors. Toronto and
Montreal papers are filled with details
of military movements and prepara-
tions. Mass meetings of Fenians are
held daily. The Fenians now allege
that the whole Canadian excitement is

founded on a British scheme for the
confederation of the Provinces, and to
place a British prince on an American
throne.

The Massachusetts Legislature has
been ten days discussing resolutions en-
dorsing Congress and denouncing the
President. A most fiery element of de-
bate is now being introduced, in an
amendment virtually repudiating Sen-
ator Sumner; it was offered by John
Quincy Adams, and is supported by a
large number of Republican members.

The debate occupies nearly the whole
time of the daily sessions, and no con-
clusion has yet been arrived at.

St. Louis, 15.

The upper river trade with Montana
and Idaho opens brisk, and is the chief
feature of the spring business. Adver-
tisements of boats for Fort Benton fill
the columns of the daily papers, and
immense quantities of goods are being
purchased for shipment. Several boats
have already departed, and not less
than 75 are now receiving freight and
passengers. Emigration thitherward
resembles the California gold fever of
1849. All the boats are loading to draw
three feet, and hope to get through be-
fore low water.

Chicago, 15.

It has been known some time that
Secretary McCulloch and Freeman
Clark, Comptroller of the currency,
were at variance in respect to the loan
bill and other questions of financial po-
licy; the matter is now in publication.
The correspondence of Mr. Clark, under
date of Feb. 24, states his decided op-
position to the loan bill, for the reason
that ample authority exists, with the
means in the Treasury not required for
other uses, to fund that portion of the
temporary loan deemed desirable.

He says there must be at this time,
Feb. 24, \$150,000,000 on hand, including
the deposits in the national banks, and
the amount it would be expedient to
pay would not be more than the amount
of increase of deposits the past few
weeks. We have, therefore, no occasion
for making any loan whatever; all can
be done by simply exchanging one secu-
rity for another, the certificates of in-
debtedness on compound interest notes,
five per cent. legal tenders and the 7-30
Treasury notes into 5-20 bonds, under
the act of March 3, 1865, and this can be
quietly done, without disturbing the
money market, and business of the
country.

The Secretary being the judge how
far and how rapid the movement should
proceed, I think there is no doubt about
the willingness of the holders of the
floating debt to convert into 5-20 bonds,
to the extent desirable, if the credit of
our securities is sustained; but if autho-
rity is given to put bonds upon the mar-
ket to an almost unlimited amount, and
to sell at any price, it would, in my
view, cause such uncertainty in the
public mind as to render it impossible
to keep up the price of Government se-
curities. As to the position in refer-
ence to the foreign loan, it would, in
my view, if carried into effect, be almost
suicidal.

The Secretary's reply is not published,
but Clark, under date of the 10th inst.,
says:—Yours of yesterday is received. I
do not see any impropriety in my giving
my dissent from your financial views.
You say that, instead of \$150,000,000,
there was, Feb. 14, only \$111,000,000, ex-
clusive of special gold deposits, which
amount, from March 1st to 12th, to \$627,
000. I cannot see any reason for your
maintaining a distinction between gold
receipts and deposits made in currency.

Mr. Clark proceeds:—Your published
statement, showing the condition of
the Treasury and public debt on the 1st
of March, is inexcusably erroneous.
You state the amount of coin in the
Treasury to be \$55,736,192, currency
\$66,287,767.12; total \$122,023,959.12. Your
monthly statement shows that there
was \$6,466,850 compound interest and
legal tenders; this amount must be
added, as you have no right to increase
them, the law expressly providing that
compound interest notes shall only be
converted into 5-20s, and legal tenders
into compound interest.

It also appears, by your last monthly
statement, that you have sold during
the month, without authority of law,
\$10,672,700, of 5-20 bonds, and purchased
\$10,956,000 7-30 notes, making the pur-
chase \$283,300 more than the sale;
this sum should also be included as
money on hand.

I will remark that, while you have a
right to convert 7-30 notes into 5-20
bonds, as the former mature, you have
no right whatever to buy or sell them.

You have uniformly omitted the
amount on deposit in the national
banks. This amount, on the 24th of
Feb., must have been \$28,000,000, making
the total credit of the Government
\$151,768,000.