

low, broad, flat prairies of the west when he gave us this promise, that Zion should flourish upon the mountains and hills, and that his people should blossom as the rose. This promise was made upwards of twenty years ago, and you can bear me witness whether it is fulfilled or not.

Has not Zion prospered on the mountains, and flourished on the hills? Yes, verily. Never were this people in as healthy a condition, or in as good circumstances as you see them at this day; and we shall flourish more abundantly; and as Mr. Kimball said to us this forenoon, our riches will be multiplied over five hundred fold if we do the will of God, and not labor for that which perisheth, to heap up riches, but try to keep the commandments of God, and labor for the truth's sake, because we love the truth, because we love honesty, and righteousness, and goodness; this should be the motive power that should prompt our actions—that should inspire us to do the will of God, because we love that which is good.—Then we will be happy; we will be happy whether we are poor, and passing through tribulation pertaining to the body or not, we will be cheerful and happy.

I do greatly rejoice; and when I reflect upon the scenes before me, and upon what he will do, so far as he has revealed it in the revelations, and so far as the spirit of truth opens the visions of our minds to contemplate these things; I say, when I reflect upon these things, I do not know where to find language to express my feelings—to express the joy and gratitude of my heart for these glorious benefits and gifts bestowed upon the people of God in these last days! O how happy I feel that I have the privilege of being among this people. Nearly twenty-five years, as I have stated, have rolled over my head since I had the privilege of going into the waters of baptism, and being immersed for the remission of my sins; I am still one with this people, and in your midst; and I rejoice—my soul is glad, and I feel to cry hosannah to God and the Lamb, who has been so kind and so merciful to me.

May the God of heaven bless you all, and his spirit be poured out upon you, that your hearts may be enlightened; and may he continually multiply the blessings of heaven and earth upon you, is the prayer of your humble servant in the name of Jesus Christ: Amen.

### Old Ocean.

'No man,' the proverb says, 'is a hero to his valet de chambre. Certainly no poet, no hero, no inspired prophet, ever lost so much on near acquaintance as the same mystic, grandiloquent Old Ocean. The one step from the sublime to the ridiculous is never taken with such alacrity as in a sea voyage.

In the first place, it is a melancholy fact, but not the less true, that ship life is not at all fragrant; in short, particularly on a steamer, there is a mournful combination of grease, steam, onions, and dinners in general, either past, present, or to come, which floating invisibly in the atmosphere, strongly predisposes to that disgust of existence, which, in half an hour after sailing, begins to come upon you; that disgust, that strange, mysterious, ineffable sensation which steals slowly and inexplicably upon you; which makes every heaving billow, every white capped wave, the ship, the people, the sight, taste, sound, and smell of everything a matter of inexpressible loathing. Man cannot utter it.

It is really amusing to watch the gradual progress of this epidemic; to see people stepping on board in the highest possible feather, alert, airy, nimble, parading the deck, chatty, conversable, or the best possible terms with themselves and mankind generally; the treacherous ship, meanwhile, undulating and heaving in the most graceful rises and pauses imaginable, like some voluptuous waltzer; and then to see one after another yielding to the mysterious spell.

Your poet launches forth 'full of sentiment sublime as billows,' discoursing magnificently on the color of the waves and the glory of the clouds; but gradually he grows white about the mouth, gives sidelong looks towards the stairway; at last, with one desperate plunge, he sets, to rise no more!

Here sits a stout gentleman, who looks as resolute as an oak log. 'These things are much the effect of imagination,' he tells you; 'a little self-control and resolution,' etc. Ah me! it is delightful, when these people, who are always talking about resolution, get caught on ship-board. As the backwoodsman said to the Mississippi River, about the steamboat; they 'get their match.' Our stout gentleman sets a quarter of an hour, upright as a palm tree, his back squared against the rails, pretending to be reading a paper; but a dismal look of disgust is settling down about his lips; the old sea and his will are evidently having a pitched battle.

Ah, hal there he goes for the stairway; says he has left a book in the cabin, but shoots by with a most suspicious velocity. You may fancy his finale.

Then, of course, there are young ladies—charming creatures,—who, in about ten minutes, are going to die, and are sure they shall die, and don't care if they do; whom anxious parents, or brothers, or lovers consign with all speed to those dismal lower regions, where the brisk chambermaid, who has been expecting them, seems to think their agonies and groans a regular part of the play.

I had come on board, thinking in my simplicity, of a fortnight to be spent something like the fortnight on a trip to New Orleans, on one of our floating river palaces; that we should sit in our state-rooms, read, sew, sketch, and chat; and accordingly I laid in a magnificent provision in the way of literature and divers matters of fancy work, with which to while away the time. Some last, airy touches, in the way of making up bows, disposing ribbons, and binding

collarets, had been left to these long, leisure hours, as matters of amusement.

Let me warn you, if you ever go to sea, you may as well omit all such preparations. Don't leave so much as the unlocking of a trunk to be done after sailing. In the few precious minutes when the ship stands still before she weighs her anchor, set your house, that is to say, your state-room, as much in order as if you were going to be hanged; place everything in the most convenient position to be seized without trouble at a moment's notice; for be sure that in half an hour after sailing an infinite desperation will seize you, in which the grasshopper will be a burden. If anything is in your trunk, it might almost as well be in the sea for any practical probability of your getting to it.

Moreover, let your toilet be eminently simple, for you will find the time coming when to button a cuff or arrange a ruff will be a matter of absolute despair.

You lie disconsolate in your berth, only desiring to be let alone to die; and then, if you are told, as you always are, that 'you mustn't give way,' that 'you must rouse yourself' and come on deck, you will appreciate the value of simple attire. With everything in your berth dizzily swinging backward and forward, your bonnet, your cloak, your tippet, your gloves, all present so many discouraging impossibilities; knotted strings cannot be untied, and modes of fastening which seemed curious and convenient when you had nothing else to do but fasten them, now look disgustingly impracticable.

Nevertheless, your fate for the whole voyage depends upon your rousing yourself to get upon deck at first; to give up, then, is to be consigned to the Avernus, the Hades of the lower regions, for the rest of the voyage.

But at night!—the beauties of a night on shipboard!—down in your berth, with the sea hissing and fizzing, gurgling and booming, within an inch of your ear; and then the steward comes along at twelve o'clock and puts out your light, and there you are! Jonah in the whale was not darker or more dismal. There, in profound ignorance and blindness, you lie, and feel yourself rolled upwards, and downwards, and sideways, and always, like a cork in a tub of water; much such a sensation as one might suppose it to be, were one headed up in a barrel and thrown into the sea.

Occasionally a wave comes with a thump against your ear, as if a great hammer were knocked on your barrel, to see that all within was safe and sound. Then you begin to think of krakens, and sharks, and porpoises, and serpents, and all the monstrous, slimy, cold, hobgoblin brood, who perhaps, are your next door neighbors; and the old blue-haired Ocean whispers through the planks, 'Here you are; I've got you. Your grand ship is my plaything. I can do what I like with it.'

Our cook has specially interested me—a tall, slender melancholy man with a watery-blue eye, a patient, dejected visage, like an individual weary of the storms and commotions of life, and thoroughly impressed with the vanity of human wishes. I sit there hour after hour watching him, and it is evident that he performs all his duties in this frame of sad composure.—Now I see him resignedly stuffing a turkey, anon compounding a sauce, or mournfully making little ripples in the crust of a tart; but all is done under an evident sense that it is of no use trying.

Many complaints have been made of our coffee since we have been on board, which, to say the truth, has been as unsettled as most of the social questions of the day, and, perhaps, for that reason, quite as generally unpalatable; but since I have seen our cook, I am quite persuaded that the coffee, like other works of great artists, has borrowed the hues of its maker's mind. I think I hear him soliloquize over it—'To what purpose is coffee? Of what avail tea? Thick or clear? All is passing away; a little egg, or fish skin, more or less, what are they?' And so we get melancholy coffee and tea owing to our philosophical cook.

After dinner I watch him as he washes dishes. He hangs up a whole row of tin; the ship gives a lurch, and knocks them all down. He looks as if it was just as he expected.

'Such is life!' he says, as he pursues a frisky tinpan in one direction; and arrests the gumbols of the ladle in another; while the wicked sea, meanwhile, with another lurch, is upsetting all his dishwater.

I can see how these daily trials, this performing of most delicate and complicated gastronomic operations in the midst of such unsteady, unsettled circumstances, have gradually given this poor soul a despair of living, and brought him into this state of philosophic melancholy.—Just as Xantippe made a sage of Socrates, this whisky, frisky, stormy life has made a sage of our cook. Meanwhile, not to do him injustice, let it be recorded, that in all dishes which require grave conviction and steady perseverance, rather than hope and inspiration, he is eminently successful. Our table excels in viands of a reflective and solemn character; mighty rounds of beef, vast saddles of mutton, and the whole tribe of meats in general, come on in a superior style. English plum pudding, a weighty and serious performance, is exhibited in first-rate order. The jellies want lightness, but that is to be expected.—[Mrs Stowe.

### Doings at our School 'ouse.

'First class of vagabones, rise!' thundered our school-master. Well, the vagabones rose. 'Now answer every question correctly, or I'll brake every bone in your bodies,' was the next pronouncement of the old autocrat of our red schoolhouse.

Sapient old pedagogue! thy years were many and full of knowledge. Looking back through a long vista of birch rods, I can see his restless grey eyes darting in quick glances from pupil to pupil, in search of the 'graceless scamp' who threw the last spit ball with such wonderful precision as to barely escape his nose, and stick fast on the wall. And, now I recollect, he had a most perplexing squint—a squint accommodating; for if he appeared to be looking directly at one, that one might 'go it' and no longer fear being detected; for his optical focus was otherwise directed—but, if his eyes were fastened in a direction, one could not tell where, then he was wary, for it might be on you. Glorious old master! if your eyes squinted, your heart was as true as the needle to the pole—your affections had no squint; you thrashed all alike; and all alike shared your wonderful store of knowledge. This was the last day of the quarter—for a week our individual store-hoses of lore had been progressing through the various stages of mental ventilation, and renovation; our memories jogged; dormant ideas awakened, and all our energies scoured up to a high stage of brightness, by copious applications of the master's brickdust of erudition. We were in prime order.

'John Brown, what do you understand by acoustics?'

'Why, a stick to drive cows with I s'pose.'

'Get out, you young vagabone! did I not just see you reading about the science of sound?'

'Guess not—that was about Sylvester Sound, the Somnambulist.'

'It was, eh? Sarah, you are John's younger sister?'

'Yeth, thir.'

'What is acoustics?'

'I know, thir—it ith, it ith the art of making a noith, and hearing a noith.'

'You are right—explain it.'

'Yeth, thir. If you stick your finger into your mouth, and then pull it out thuddeuly, the cold air rutheth into the vakkum and produtheth a thound that thriketh on the tympan of the ear, whith maketh the sound audible, and it ith called thience of a couthtixth.'

'You are quite right, Sarah. John, can you now tell me what is meant by acoustics? Be careful, sir; or you'll feel my stick.'

'Yes, sir. A cow sticks your finger in her mouth and kicks over the tin pan, which sounds awful, and is called the science of a cow's kick.'

'Well, John—you do credit to your teacher. You may take your books and run home. Willy Chase, what is the currency of the United States?'

'Cash and Money.'

'What are its denominations?'

'Coppers, boges, and Bungtown cents, pennies, fips, fourpence ha'pennys, levys, ninepences, Spanish quarters, pistarens and shinplasters.'

'That will do. Jones, what is the standard weight of the U. S.?'

'Scale weight, and wait a little longer.'

'Waat is a hundred weight?'

'One hundred and twelve pounds.'

'Samuel, how many kingdoms are there in the material world?'

'Four.'

'Three, only three.'

'Four, I think, sir.'

'Well, name them—what are they?'

'Mineral kingdom, animal kingdom, vegetable kingdom, and kingdom come.'

'Now, how many kinds of motion are there?'

'Four.'

'Two, voluntary and involuntary.'

'Simon says there's four.'

'What does Simon say they are?'

'Point, point up, point down, and wigwag.'

'You rascal! I've a mind to wigwag your jacket! Hadnt you better describe the motion of my stick?'

'I can, sir.'

'And its effect?'

'Yes, sir. Up stroke, and down stroke—the up stroke, regular and easy; the down stroke spasmodically electrifying, and its effects are strikingly indescribable.'

'You understand that, I see. Susannah, what is matter?'

'There is nothing the matter, with me, sir.'

'I ask you what is matter, m-a-t-t-e-r.'

'Yes, sir—matter is every thing that has substance. There's animated, and vaccine matter, and—'

'No matter about the rest. Speaking of vaccine matter, puts me in mind of something else. There has been a case of small-pox appeared in the village, or rather, varioloid, which is the botanical name for small-pox—and Mr. Scalpel says he has some prime vaccine matter, of his own manufacture, warranted to take—and he will vaccinate the whole village at eight cents apiece, and take his pay in potatoes. All recollect, and when you go home, tell your parents. George Smith, do you recollect the story of David and Goliath?'

'Yes, sir—David was a tavern keeper, and Goliath was an intemperate man.'

'Who told you that?'

'Nobody. I read it, and it said that David fixed a sling for Goliath, and Goliath got slewed with it.'

'Wasnt Goliath a giant—a strong man?'

'Yes, he was a giant, but he had a weak head.'

'How so?'

'Why, to get so easily slewed.'

'Yes, George; that was undoubtedly owing to the strength of the sling. Wasnt David a musician?'

'Yes, sir—he played psalms on the harp, a favorite instrument with the Jews, and at the present day is called a Jewsharp. I have one in my pocket—here it is. Place it in your mouth, thus—breathe on the tongue gently, then strike

with your finger, this way—and the psalms, in harmonious cornucop, fructify on the ear as natural as thunder.'

'That's sufficient—you can pocket your harp. Simeon, how many points to the compass?'

'One. Father broke the other off, opening an oyster.'

'Thirty-two—can you box the compass?'

'No, sir.'

'Master.'

'Well, Isaac, what do you want?'

'I guess he can box it, for I seen him boxing with Jack Smith this morning, and he hit him first rate, bim! right in the nose; yes, I guess he did! he didnt do nothing shorter!'

'Squat yourself down. Jane, what is time?'

'Something that flies, anyhow.'

'How do you make that out?'

'Why, tempus fugit.'

'Latin; it means that time flies, and how can time if it flies, be anything else than something that flies?'

'Excellent! What is the meaning of requiescat in pace?'

'Rest quiet cat in peace.'

'Well, Jane; at Latin you are perfectly au fait—which translated means perfectly awful; it is a great phrase, from the classics, and applicable to this class, particularly. Now take off your jackets, and I will give you 'rewards of merit.' Those who get more than they merit, can keep the overplus as a token of my special affection for them; and those who get less, can have the mistake rectified by mentioning it to me—you will find me quite obliging. Pope says, 'as the twig is bent the tree inclined;' and that is very true, for I have used up whole trees, thrashing your jackets for you.—[N. Y. Inveterate.

### Paris Omnibuses.

As a rule it may be safely stated that the omnibus conductors of Paris are a better class of men than those who attend to the doors of the people's carriages in London. They never push passengers into their vehicle, and give the driver notice to proceed before people are seated; they never try to cram more than the proper number into the carriage. They are civil to gentleman—extremely courteous and respectful to ladies. They never shout along the road for passengers; but wait quietly watching till they are hailed. They are all dressed alike. They wear caps ribbed, and drawn out like accordions; short jackets with gay buttons, and blue trowsers.

During the progress of the vehicle they are usually occupied with their accounts; and correspondence tickets, which they have by them systematised and always convenient. Indeed the writing and bookkeeping of a Paris conductor appears to be his chief employment. They are well checked, so that robbery of the employer is a difficult matter. The dial which is at the end of every Paris omnibus, indicates the number of passengers within. As each person enters, it becomes the duty of the conductor to advance the hand of the dial one point. It is known to all the passengers that this is his duty, and should he neglect it, the fact is known to all within; and the probability is that he will be reported at the next bureau before which the vehicle stops. Again, the conductor is liable to a visit at any moment from an inspector, and should this official find that the number of passengers within is not marked upon the dial, a fine of five francs is at once inflicted. The repetition of the offense quickly leads to dismissal.

Of the omnibus driver, with his chrome-yellow hat, I have nothing to remark, save that he is paid a salary of three francs a day; and that he is obliged to deposit a guarantee of one hundred francs with his master. The pay of the conductor is also three francs a day; and he is obliged not only to purchase his own livery, at a cost of one hundred francs, but also to deposit two hundred francs, as a guarantee, with his master. Thus the conductor must be able to command three hundred francs before he can find work—a sufficient heavy tax upon so limited a salary.

There is a comfort, however, that the Paris conductor enjoys, which would be gratefully acknowledged by the London conductor—it is the projecting roof which screens him from sun and rain.

There are no less than four hundred omnibuses plying about the streets of Paris, giving work to two thousand four hundred horses.

These vehicles all work harmoniously together; and by their system of correspondence, a passenger can go from any point to any part of the capital. Here passengers wait in winter by a comfortable fire, until the official in attendance informs them that the omnibus proceeding to or in correspondence with the point they wish to reach is at the door. Nor need they crowd to the omnibus. On entering the waiting room the chef inquires where you wish to go. Your reply produces a number. If you are the first applicant in the waiting-room for your omnibus you have number one. This ticket entitles you to enter the omnibus on its arrival before any other passenger who may come after you.

Let me add that this commodious carriage is lighted by two powerful lanterns which enable any person present to read comfortably.

The general fare, for any distance within the Barrieres, is six sous; but there are omnibuses which run from the Barriere de l'Etoile to the Place de la Bastille for three sous! I may add that the men who govern the waiting-rooms are paid eight hundred francs a year—an income which they contrive to increase by selling perfumes and other light articles.—[Dickens's Household Words.