

redations of Indians, cattle, &c. We have also commenced to haul material for building a large and commodious tithing and meeting house, which it is the intention of the bishop to have completed the ensuing season.

The city council and police are active in endeavoring to have the city ordinances strictly observed by the people, especially those that pertain to cleanliness. One thing in particular they are determined to suppress, and that is the collecting of groups of people around the meeting house and other parts of the fort for the purpose of loafing away their time. Last Sunday some few were collected together outside of the meeting house, and refusing to come into the meeting or disperse when requested by the police, they were disfellowshipped from the church.

These measures of course cause the few who have little regard for law or order, or a compliance with the counsel of those whom the Lord has placed over them, to squirm a little, but the authorities are determined that such individuals shall either reform or remove to some other part of the globe where things are conducted more congenial to their feelings.

As regards the position of the people in respect to breadstuffs, I would say that I believe they will be pretty hard run, yet we do not anticipate starving to death, but rely upon the word and promise of Him who says, "It is my business to provide for my saints."

At present all is peace with the Indians around this settlement. About ten days ago Mr. Armstrong, the Indian agent, was here and distributed a number of presents to the Indians around here. They appear friendly and say they wish to be so, and desire to live with the "Mormons," and that Arapine has told them not to go near Tentick and his band; to be peaceable and not to steal from the whites, but stay with them and learn to cultivate the soil and raise grain. Arapine and Kanosh both advise the "Mormons" to take good care of their cattle, and not to scatter out in small companies but to be well armed, and when they go outside the fort to go in sufficient numbers to be able to protect themselves.—Yours, truly, J. T. HARDY.

THE NEW KNIFE.—A Story for Boys.

A brighter, rosier, happier face was never seen than little Harry Willett's as he sauntered one sunny afternoon in May, down the winding lane that led from his father's farm, and took the road to the village. The warm breeze tossed his brown locks lightly, and the merry sun peeped saucily now and then through the torn brim of his straw hat, into his frank blue eyes, and flashed into the dimples of his happy mouth.

A fine face Harry had—not a pretty face, if by that you mean very nicely formed features, and great, handsome, long-lashed eyes—but an open, a kindly, truthful, generous face—such a one as made you think with a quick, warm glow at your heart, what a comfort and pride he must be to his mother, and how her eyes must brighten whenever he shone in upon her through the busy day.

But Harry's face, contented and smiling as it usually was, wore a peculiarly gratified expression to-day—that something very delightful had occurred, there could be no doubt. He was altogether too happy to whistle, and he sauntered along, with his hands in his pockets, and those glad, blue eyes of his full of pleasant meditation.

If you had been walking with Harry in the stillness of that warm afternoon, you might have heard an occasional very pleasant jingling in that right trousers pocket of his, and if good Betsy, the maid at the farm, had been there too, she would doubtless have told you what a budget of old nails, and bits of lead and tin, and all sorts of "trumpery" Harry always carried in his pockets, greatly to the wear and tear of said pockets, and of the home patience in mending them. But ah, Miss Betsy, something rather better than old nails, lead sinkers, and tin whizzers, rattles there now! Nothing less than two big, bright, half dollars, all Harry's own, to spend as he likes! Now and then he takes them out and looks at them, to be sure that they are safe, and a reality, and with the utmost content at the confirmation his eyes give to the fact, drops them back again into the jingling pocket.

The truth was, that possession of the wonderful treasure was the greatest event in the money way, that had ever happened to Harry, and it needed the witness of all his senses to keep up the conviction that it was really no dream.—Harry's father, although a thrifty farmer, who gave his little boy good clothes, and all home comforts, had seldom any money to bestow for his own special spending.—Harry's utmost ambition and success having heretofore extended to a bright dime. An old friend of his father's from a distant city spending a few days with them, had dropped into Harry's hand that morning in parting, the gift of two bright half dollars, to buy anything that he might happen to want.

"Happen to want!" Oh, how much, and how long Harry had wanted a knife! how long he had wished and hoped—and wondered when the time would come that he should own such a treasure. Twelve years old and had no knife, had been a damper more than once when he tried to follow with the big boys at school, and you may be sure there was not a moment for indecision as to how or when his money should be spent. For a knife that very afternoon, it should go—that was settled at once.

What boy does not remember the pride and pleasure that came with his first knife—the dignity and manliness its ownership conferred! What boy will not appreciate the glad thoughts that filled Harry's heart as he walked along through the warm dust of the highway to the village. He could not quite decide whether it should have a white or a dark handle, but at all events it must have two blades—and won't he show Joe Smith next day that some boys could make whistles as well as others—and couldn't he mend little Susy Martin's lead-pencil for her, instead of seeing her go up to the master every time it wanted sharpening. Oh to-morrow was to be a grand, happy day!

On Harry's way, a rod or two back from the dusty road, stood a small, dark, unpainted house, at the low, open window of which he caught a sight of a face that he knew very well, and he paused, and then walked up with a pleasant smile, to speak to his friend Josey Wood.—Josey was a weak, suffering, crippled boy, and he half reclined now on a couch his good mother made for him, all stuffed with hay, and covered with neat chintz, and drawn up close to the window, so that the sweet warm air blew in on his white forehead, and he could reach out and touch the creeping grape-vines filled with buds, that clambered above the sill.

Josey's mother was very poor, and she worked hard all day with her needle, for there was no one to provide for her or her crippled boy, and yet she found time to do a world of kind things for him. She it was who trained the roses—who kept the room so daintily clean—who carried him in her arms out into the field, in the warm days, that he might feel the soft grass, and hear the birds sing, and watch the feeding of the flocks. She it was who sang old songs to him, and told him stories when he was ill and the pain made him nervous and sad.—She was a good mother to Josey and he loved her dearly, and tried as much as he could to keep back from her his troubles and pain, and always spoke to her gently and sweetly.

But Josey had one great pleasure of his own; he had a remarkable talent for cutting curious and beautiful things out of wood; these he stained with dye that his mother made for him, and she carried them down to the village, and sold them when she went home with her work. To be sure, Josey could not make many of these, for his little nervous fingers were often useless with pain, and some days he was obliged to lie very still on his back, doing nothing. But the joy he had whenever his mother did bring home money of his own earning, was more than I can tell you. His hot cheeks would glow the whole evening, and his mother had to take him on her lap and soothe him to sleep, or he would have lain all night dreaming of his riches.

He was feeling very bright to day, and the little pine table drawn up to the side of his couch, was covered with bits of wood, and tiny cups of coloring that belonged to his work. He laid down the knife with which he was cutting, and put out his thin hand to meet Harry's with an expression of delight. The two boys had not seen each other for a long time, and Harry had a host of wonderful things of boy-interest to relate, and altogether was so affectionate and cordial, that his presence served to do Josey as much good as the May sunshine—and indeed, his plump, glad face, all in a glow with exercise, and the warmth of the day, was a cheery sight for anybody.

"What are you doing there?" said Harry, pointing to the materials on the table.

"Oh, something famous," said Josey, smiling. "It's going to be the greatest thing I ever did. It's a kind of work box, you see. I've got a splendid picture for the top, and here's a queer invention of my own for the spools. I shall be rich, I expect, when I sell it. Eh, mother!" and he smiled playfully.

At the word rich, Harry's hand instinctively dropped into the pocket that held the two half dollars; but he looked at Josey's wan face, and worn, patched clothes, and something in his heart restrained him from parading his newly acquired wealth.

"Don't stop working, Josey," he said, "I should like to see how you go at it—it's much a puzzle to me how those beautiful things are made. I am sure I could never do it in a lifetime."

"Oh, perhaps you could if you'd nothing else to do," said Josey pleasantly; but the words made Harry sober, as he thought of his own strong limbs and vigorous frame, and thousand ways of amusement, and he stood looking at Josey as he worked in silence. It was curious indeed, to see how skillfully he cut and carved, and how smoothly the rough wood came into form, under his touch. The work evidently interested him greatly; but now and then his hand trembled, and his shortened breath showed how fatiguing even a little exertion was; but he talked pleasantly to Harry, explaining the why and wherefore of everything he did, seeming to enjoy his admiration and sympathy very much.

"What a sharp knife that is of yours, Josey," said Harry, "it cuts like a razor."

"Yes," said Josey, "that knife was my father's, the little blade was broke when I first had it; but this bids fair to last a good many years, and luckily, for I don't know what I should do without it," and he plunged it into one side of the box where he was hollowing out a groove; there was a quick low snap, and Harry started, and leaned into the window.—Ah! it was too true; in Josey's quick, excited motion, the knife had broken! The blade snapped near the top, still stuck fast to the wood, and the smooth, worn handle was left in his hand. Poor Josey turned very white, and lay back on his couch, and into his hollow eyes came big tears; but he crushed them back under the thin eyelids, and put up his hand as if he would smooth the contraction of his forehead; but a look of pain had fixed itself in his face, and he could not put it away.

"Josey, dear boy," said his mother, and she came up and put her hands around him, and drew out the broken blade from the wood. Her tears she did not try to keep back; but, pitying as she did, she could only weep and soothe him. She could not say the words she would rather have said than any other—that she would soon have replaced his loss.

"Don't cry, dear mother," said Josey faintly; knives can't last forever, you know; and if so must break see how nicely it has come off, so near the handle. I can use the blade for a great many things, and one of your knives will help too. I can get along nicely, I think."

But Josey found it hard to comfort his poor mother. She knew how many lonely hours that knife had cheered—how many dull ones it had brightened—how much delight his work had always been to him—how impossible it was for her

to get him another for a long time—and she remembered too, that on the slight earnings of Josey's she was dependent for the means of procuring for him those little luxuries that were almost necessities when he was feeble and suffering.

Harry could not speak, but his blue eyes were full of tears, and a great pain filled his heart, as he caught the look, more touching than all the mother's words, with which Josey gathered up the severed handle and blade, and put them into the drawer of his little table. Oh, how few the boy's sources of happiness must be, when the breaking of the simple knife could put such a desolate look into his face. Excitement, as it usually did, had made Josey a little faint, and while he lay back with his eyes closed, for a few moments, his mother fanning him with her broad palm-leaf fan, Harry slipped away.

It was late in the afternoon when he came again towards the house, on his return from his long walk to the village. The soft light of the setting sun fell about Josey's window, and the pale boy lay looking out on the rosy and golden clouds in the western sky. There was still a sad look on his face, but he smiled when Harry came up, and listened pleasantly to the boy-gossip he had brought from the village.

It was not until some minutes after Harry had bade him good bye, and he had ceased to watch his stout little figure hurrying up the road, that Josey discovered in the far corner of the window a closely folded package of white paper directed to himself; and as he slowly and wonderfully unrolled it, there dropped from it heavily upon his couch, a big and beautiful knife, stouter and handsomer than the one he had lost, and with two fine blades. Josey trembled so, and his eyes grew so dim that he could not read the words on the inside of the wrapper, and, all in wonder his mother came and read these lines, written in an unformed boyish hand:

"Dear Josey: Please to accept this knife from me, because I would rather you should have it, to make up for the one you broke, than to have the handsomest knife in the world. I bought it with my own money, on purpose for you. Your sorry and affectionate friend, Harry."

Poor Josey! The tears that had been kept back fell fast enough now, and like a little child he hid his face against his mother's breast, too glad and grateful for words.

There was no pleasant sounding of silver in Harry's pocket when he went to his room that night—no strong, beautiful knife better than the silver, to take its place, but his mother's kiss was tenderer than ever, when she bade him good night, and angels of peace and love hovered about him, with blessings promised to those who "lay up treasures in heaven."

Loss of Life by Wars.

We have seen it sometimes remarked, in reference to the loss of life in the Crimea, that certain battles were among the bloodiest ever fought, the sacrifice of life, the greatest, &c. But such writers either forgot, or certainly know very little about the terrible battles fought in former times, and even of a comparatively recent date, and within the memory of persons living. Let us notice some of these.

At the battle of Arcola the Austrians lost, in killed and wounded, 18,000 men; the French, 15,000.

At Hohenlinden the Austrian loss was 14,000; the French, 9,000.

At Austerlitz, the Allies, out of 80,000 men, lost 30,000 in killed and wounded or prisoners; the French loss only (1) 12,000.

At Jena and Austerstadt the Prussians lost 20,000 men, killed and wounded, and nearly as many prisoners, making nearly 60,000 in all, and the French 14,000 in killed and wounded.

At the terrific battle of Eylau, the Russians lost 25,000 in killed and wounded; and the French, 30,000.

At Friedland the Russian loss was 17,000 in killed and wounded—the French loss, 8,000.

At Wagram the Austrians and French lost each 25,000 men, or 50,000 in all, in killed and wounded.

At Smolenski the French loss was 17,000 men—that of the Russians, 10,000.

At Borodino, which is said to have been the most murderous and obstinately fought battle on record, the French lost in killed, wounded and prisoners, 50,000 men—the Russians about the same number, making in all 100,000 men in one battle!

At Lut'zen the French loss was 18,000 men—the Allies, 15,000.

At Bautzen the French lost 25,000 men—the Allies, 15,000.

At Dresden, where the battle lasted two days, the Allies lost in killed, wounded and prisoners, 25,000 men; and the French, between 10,000 and 12,000.

At Leipsic, which lasted three days, Napoleon lost 2 marshals, 20 generals and about 60,000 men, in killed, wounded and prisoners—the Allies 1,700 officers, and about 40,000 men—upwards of 100,000 men in all!

At Tigny, the Prussians lost 15,000 men, in killed, wounded and prisoners; the French 6,800.

The battle of Trebbia lasted three days; and the French and Allies lost each about 12,000 men, or 24,000 in all.

Here we have battles, among which are some, compared to which these in the Crimea were but small engagements, great as they appear to us.—Besides these were several others of minor importance to the foregoing, as to the loss of men but large in the aggregate.

There were those of the Bridge of Lodi, a most desperately contested fight—the famous battle of the Nile, a sea fight, in which Nelson lost 895 men in killed and wounded; and the French 5,225 men in killed and wounded, 3,005 prisoners, and 13 out of 17 ships engaged in the action.—that of the Bay of Aboukir, where the French had 8,000 men engaged, and the Turks 9,000; and every man of the Turks was lost, in killed,

wounded and prisoners—Novi—Engers—Marengo, a most desperate and bloody engagement. Maida, where the French, out of 7,500 men engaged, lost about 4,800 in killed, wounded and prisoners.

Talavera, another famous and bloody engagement. Albuera, where the British, out of 7,500 men engaged, lost 4,300. Salamanca—Vitoria—Toulouse—Paris and Quatre Bas.

In all these battles, the loss, in killed and wounded, on all sides, was at least a million of men! besides thousands in skirmishes, minor engagements, &c., and that within a period of less than thirty years! Enormous as is this loss and injury of life, of these who fell in battle and are maimed by wounds,—it is but small compared to the loss of life caused otherwise by war.

"The numbers killed and wounded in battle," says a writer, "are no full index to the loss of life in war, and seldom comprise one-fourth of its actual victims. It is small compared to the immense numbers carried off by disease, exposure, and other casualties incident to war."

Allison says of the campaign of 1799:—"In little more than four months the French and allied armies had lost nearly half of their collective forces; those cut off, or irrecoverably mutilated by the sword, being about 116,000 men." And, "the survivors of the French army from the Russian campaign, were not more than 35,000 men, out of an army of about 500,000!"—[N. Y. Times of Jan. 21.]

IRON BRIDGES.—My attention has lately been drawn to this subject, and while on a visit last week to an iron-work in Wales, I made the following experiment. Seeing a large quantity of iron chain lying about, and learning that, though scarcely worn, it has been laid aside in consequence of the breaking of some of the links, I examined several from different parts of the chain.

I found that a single smart blow with a hammer was sufficient to snap the metal, the fracture of which was crystalline, and its brittleness such that it could, without difficulty, be broken into small pieces under the hammer.

I now heated strongly in a forge some of the broken links, and allowed them to cool very slowly underneath a bed of fine sand. After the lapse of 24 hours they were examined; the metal was found to have recovered its tenacity, it could no longer be broken to pieces under the hammer, and when at length, after repeated heavy blows, it did partially yield, the texture of the metal was found to be perfectly fibrous—every trace of a crystalline structure had disappeared.

This fact proved that the metal was good, and there can be little doubt that the crystalline texture of the unheated links had been produced gradually by the mechanical action (vibration) to which the chain had been subjected during its use.

Now in the case of Nasmyth's monster gun, the brittleness of the metal has been occasioned, not probably so much from its having been kept for a long time in an 'incandescent and soft state,' as from its having, while in that condition, been subjected to violent and long-continued hammering.

I would suggest, therefore, as an experiment well worthy trying, that the gun should, after it is finished, be submitted to a careful annealing process, viz: that it should be exposed to a very high temperature, and then to cool as slowly as possible; by this I anticipate that the fibrous texture of the metal would be restored, and its tenacity consequently regained.

I need scarcely point out the application of the above remarks to the probable condition of metal in wrought iron bridges. The iron must, of course, have been subjected to violent percussions during the erection of the bridge, and every locomotive, with its long, rattling line of carriages, that subsequently passes over it must contribute a certain share in the induction of a crystalline state among the particles of the metal, and I cannot see how the inference is to be avoided that by such an arrangement of molecules the strength of the fabric must be gradually deteriorated.—[London Times.]

SHARP'S RIFLES.—This recently invented weapon, if it possesses one-half the power and capacity claimed for it by its proprietor, is destined soon to supersede every other weapon for warlike purposes now in existence.

It is the most efficacious and terrible firearm in existence. The small carbine now used by the United States mounted men throws a ball with deadly accuracy one-quarter of a mile, and can be fired ten times per minute. It is not complicated in structure, is easily cleaned, and suffers no injury from the weather.

Mr. Sharp is now preparing models for four new species of his weapon, namely: A small pocket pistol, calculated to throw a Minnie ball one hundred yards; a cavalry pistol with a range of five hundred yards; a rifle suitable for footmen, with a range of one mile, and a large gun to throw a two-ounce ball or a small shell one mile and a half, or as far as a man or horse can be seen to advantage.

With this latter weapon Mr. Sharp declares he can set on fire a house or a ship at a distance of nearly two miles, and prevent the use of field artillery, by killing the horses before the guns are brought within good range.

This rifle, in the hands of a good marksman, is equal to ten muskets, bayonets and all, for, place a man six rods distant with a musket and bayonet, and before he can bring the bayonet into use, the rifle can be loaded and discharged ten times. They carry balls with great precision and force.

Mr. Sharp intends these rifles to become a national weapon, and should Congress, by using a little liberality, purchase the patent, the country would be possessed of a means of warfare unequalled in the world.—[Missouri Democrat.]

Don't sleep away your senses.