

THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

VOLUME 1.

DEER LODGE CITY, MONTANA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1869.

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POETRY.

THE VAGABONDS.

(The following is the initial, and we think the best, of a volume of Poems by J. T. Trowbridge, just issued by Field, Osipoff & Co., Boston. "The Vagabonds," if we recollect aright, appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* of March or April, 1868, and attained deserved popularity. It was considered sufficiently good to include it in the standard works. Omitting the accessories of "dog" and "baldie," it would serve for the autobiography of many a nice good fellow in these mountains.)

We are two travelers, Roger and I;
Roger's my dog—come here, my scamp;
Jump for the gentlemen, mind your eye!
Over the table—look out for the lamp!
The feast is growing a little odd;
Five years we've tramp'd through wind and weather,
And slept out doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank, and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs, (poor fellow!
The park he sits upon, he's been frozen.)
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle—
(This outdoor business is not on strings.)
Then a few nice buckwheat hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings.

No, thank you, sir, I never drink!
Roger and I are exceeding moral—
Aren't we, Roger? see him wink!
Well, something hot, then, we want quarrel;
He's thirsty, too, see him nod his head;
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said,
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so odd to go to,
I wonder I've not lost the respect,
(Here's to you, sir)—even of my dog;
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat with empty pockets,
And rag that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
That such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir; see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my eye and jaw water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow, but no matter.

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger, (ahem!) what a plague a cough is, sir!
Stand straight! "Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that gun, "Dress! Take your rifle,
These dogs have arms, you see. Now hold your
Cup while the gentleman gives a trifle.
To aid a poor, old patriot soldier.

March! Halt! Now show how the convict shakes
When he stands up to bear his sentence;
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance!
Five yelps, that's right; he's mighty knowing!
The night before us, all the glories;
Quick, sir! Fin ill—my brain is glowing!
Some beauty! thank you; there it passes.

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
I can't remember the taste of bread,
And I scarce remember what meat meant,
That my poor stomach is past reform;
And there are times, when mad with drinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm,
To prep a horrible forward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love—but I look to drink!
The same old story! you know how it ends.
If you could run from these classic features—
Which I don't like, and they're not in the
Such a burning fire on your creature;
I was one of your handsome men.

If you had seen her, so fair and young!
These heads had been on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs that I sung,
When 'twas 'twas round, you wouldn't have grown old
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door with fiddle and rife,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
For you to-night, for a glass of grog!

She's married since—a parson's wife;
'Twas better for her, that we should part;
Better the sober, prosaic life,
'Twas a blasted and a broken heart.
I have seen her, once; I was weak and spent
On the dusty road; a carriage stopped;
But little she dreamed, as on the vent,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped.

You're set on talking, sir—I'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change!
And what do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? You find it strange?
I had a mother, so proud of me!
These will she die before, do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see!
The rain and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start;
I wonder he has such a lamp, leaden,
Aching thing, in place of a heart.
He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,
No doubt remembering things that were;
A virtuous leech, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

'Tis better now; that glass was warning,
You rascal! limber up, my boy!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where kinglys are free,
And the sleepers may neither electric nor drink,
And the sooner the better for Roger and me.

Supreme Elegance.
In describing a new hotel just opened, on Fifth avenue, New York, to be conducted on the European plan, the *Sea* says the proprietors all part their hair in the middle. The carpets cost fifteen dollars a yard, and they brag on the second biggest looking-glass in the city. The waiters are of ineffable elegance, and of an intellectual cast of countenance. They look like graduates at Harvard. They wear two clean shirts and two white chokers a day, and change their aprons three times an hour. A spot in a bosom and a crease in a tie involves instant dismissal. The cook gets \$3,000 a year. The napkins are worth two dollars apiece. When objectionable parties enter the restaurant, they receive a card upon a silver salver. In terms of freezing politeness they are requested to leave. If a guest kisses a chambermaid he finds his room required.

Postoffice Report.
The forthcoming report of the Postmaster General will show the total number of stamps, envelopes, and newspaper wrappers sold during the year to be 502,722,560, the total value of which is \$18,079,000. Receipts and expenditures for the year ending the 30th of last June—Receipts, \$15,344,990, 12, being an increase of 12 1/2 per cent. on 1868; expenditures, \$22,000,181 66, an increase on 1868 of 4 1/2 per cent.

Washington and Montana.

We are in receipt from very good authority at Washington, of advices dated Nov. 24, 1869, on matters pertaining to Montana.

THE NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD.
First in importance, our informant says he has no doubt of the commencement of the Northern Pacific Railroad in the spring of 1870, and "predicts its completion from the Lakes to the Pacific within five years." "Gen'l Jack" and "Capt. Dan" Comment, the lightning track layers of the U. P. Road, say the N. P. will be built faster than any railroad ever was in the world.

INDIAN MATTERS.
The Bitter Root treaty business is not in good odor at the Department, and Mr. Cavanaugh, as will be seen by the following, has been faithful in his duty:

The Hon. J. M. Cavanaugh of Montana had an interview with the President yesterday, in regard to the affairs of that Territory, and particularly with reference to the contemplated treaty with the Flat Head Indians of Bitter Root Valley, in behalf of the actual settlers upon the land. Some excitement exists among the settlers as to their preemption rights. The President assured Mr. Cavanaugh that he would see that they were protected in their rights. Commissioner Harker also states that the people of that section need have no anxiety, and that he should await the report of Gen. Sully, when immediate action would be taken.—*New York Tribune, Nov. 1st.*

General Sully has the confidence of the President and the Commissioner. And here, in justice to General Sully, we give the views of our correspondent, that "General Sully is not favorably disposed to the recent treaty, as I learn from Commissioner Harker. He was acting under instructions of the former Commissioner issued to Major Cullen in 1868."

Mr. Cavanaugh also called the attention of the President to the unnecessarily large Reservation designated by the Peace Commission for the Crows, on the Yellowstone; its dangerous contiguity to the Gallatin valley, and the fact of its embracing valuable mines. The President conceded the Reservation was unusually large, and was confident General Sully would confine the Indians to reasonable territory, compel their obedience of the treaty, and throw open the other territory to settlement and occupation. General Hancock has given the same assurance.

POSTAL ROUTES, ETC.
There will certainly be no decrease of mail service in Montana before July 1st, 1870. Then, the probabilities are, the effort will be successful in considerably increasing it. The list of routes as published, contains all the routes, old and new. When the bids are made the system for service is selected from them. The Post Master General desired to make his department self-sustaining, hence the proposals for weekly service, but it will not be adhered to.

The petitions for Post Offices at Willow Creek and Gird Creek, Missoula county, are on file in the Department. They will be established and service ordered soon after the meeting of Congress.

Deer Lodge has been approved as a Money Order Office. It will be established and published in the semi-annual list, in January, 1870. Mr. Cavanaugh is endeavoring to have a daily mail established to Helena and Deer Lodge, as well as Virginia. Our correspondent suggests that numerous signed petitions to that effect, would afford our Delegate valuable assistance. Let's do it.

THE PENITENTIARY.
The Report of Commissioner Mitchell, with proposals, etc., had not yet been received. It was known that the appropriation was inadequate to the erection of a building on the plan submitted. Mr. Cavanaugh will introduce a bill for an additional appropriation, sufficient to that purpose, on the assembling of Congress.

Obesity on the Water.
The Fat Men of America Challenge the Obesity of Great Britain to a Boat Race.

From the *New York Sun.*
The fat men of America have challenged the obesity of Great Britain to test the merits of American clams and corn, and roast beef and plum pudding. Mr. Fisk and his 300-pound condottieri propose—first, clams, and then a rowing contest between England's best and fattest. A well known East river boat builder is building a magnificent double skull rowboat, capable of sustaining 1,774 pounds of solid matter, and yet able to skim the water as the swallow skims the air. The boat is to be ready at the opening of navigation in the spring, and the challenge is given thus early by the Americans that they may not be accused of taking advantage of their rivals. The race is to be on the Hudson, probably at Poughkeepsie. The men on this side will go into training at once. The Fat Men's Association of this city has chosen to represent them, Messrs. Busch, of Hoboken, 620 pounds; Stout, of Poughkeepsie, 368 pounds; John A. P. Fisk, of this city, 365 pounds; Hough, of Jersey City, 365 pounds; and ex-Judge Durfee, of this city, 365 pounds.

The New Tunnel Under the Thames Completed.
The new tunnel under the Thames, in London, is now virtually completed. Its length is 1,289 feet. A writer describing a visit to the tunnel says that everything that transpires on the river over head is distinctly heard in the tunnel. The passage of a steamer is heard with a noise so loud and vibrating in the confined air of the tunnel that it is only the knowledge of the unalterable and almost immovable strength of the tunnel structure that gives the bearer confidence. Not only can every vessel be heard passing—steamers large or small—but even such slight noises as hammering on the ships above can be distinguished, not only by the sound but even by the slight though perceptible vibration of the air. Yes, the whole tunnel is not only water-tight but air-tight.

MOUNTED SKELETONS.

—A pretty hood—childhood.
—Napoleon has quit smoking.
—Island has no consumptives.
—"Hop prospect"—balls to come.
—"The last new word"—"jimsakim."
—Florida is shipping its orange crop.
—The poll-tax is suppressed in Spain.
—Mrs. Kate Sprague is a girl's mother.
—The small-pox is raging in Milwaukee.
—The population of Iowa is now 1,040,014.

—Deep velvet collars are the style for dress coats.
—Our exports for last year reach \$413,854,683.
—"Comfortable coffins" are advertised in Boston.

—Kalamazoo College, in Michigan, has 98 students.
—A statue of Mr. Peabody is ordered for the Vatican.
—Eugenie has seventy three persons in her traveling suite.

—When is your cat like a teapot? When you're teasin' it.
—Latin will be the language of the Ecumenical Council.

—Boston city swells sport white satin double-breasted vests.
—About 1,000,000 kegs of oysters are sold annually in Fair Haven.

—Kentucky has seven and a half million gallons of whisky in bond.
—Wood's Museum, Chicago, is no more. It is now Alken's Museum.

—Can a woman who tells fortunes from a teacup be called a mau-cer-er?
—French papers promise "startling revelations" regarding Pere Hyacinthe.

—"The champion female jumpist," Kate Murphy, has turned out to be a boy.
—Threads of pure gold are twisted up in fashionable New York parlor carpets.

—Bayard Taylor's new story in the *Atlantic*, will be called "Joseph and His Friends."
—A distinguished foreigner, Count De Ceiver, is figuring in fashionable society nowadays.

—Old fashioned English note paper, stamped with rustic letters, is coming in vogue again.
—It is 35 years to-day since the peace of 1814 was declared between America and Great Britain.

—A Memphis jury acquitted a traveler who shot and killed a hackman for overcharging him.
—An Iowa Judge stopped a lawyer in the midst of his argument to marry a couple who could not wait.

—Three pints of vest buttons were found on the floor of the Music Hall after Josh Billing's lecture recently.
—After forty years labor the Japanese novelist, Klong to Bakin, has finished a novel consisting of 106 volumes.

—The citizens of Weehawken, New York, have formed a Vigilance Committee for the purpose of preventing burglaries.
—"Beware," says an American essayist, "when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk."

—Flora Temple, at the age of thirty-three, is able to do her regular duty and eat her oats. Her duty is raising small Temples.
—Hon. E. M. Stanton's friends are positive that the vacant Supreme Court Judgeship will be given to him by President Grant.

—Married on Wednesday last, after a vast amount of trials and tribulations, etc., is an announcement in a Lafayette, Indiana, paper.
—Josh Billings is getting out a burlesque Farmer's Almanac, with hints to farmers, weather predictions, etc., and Carleton will publish it.

Colonel William Craig, one of the pioneers in the settlement of the Northwestern coast, died at his residence on the Lapwai, a few days since.
—A young lady being charged by a gentleman with having trifled with his feelings very foolishly, as she thought, exclaimed, "Well, I plead guilty."

—Maine talks of raising a statue of Wm. Pitt Fessenden, its late distinguished Senator. No statue of a public man has ever been erected in the State.

—Letters were received at Washington on the 12th, from Yokohama, Japan, via San Francisco, only four weeks old. This is the quickest time yet recorded.
—Mrs. Clancy, who, eighteen months ago, ran a butcher knife into the heart of her husband, (a New Orleans grocer,) as he lay sleeping at her side, has just died in a Louisiana insane asylum.

—Lord Palmerston never visited the most important seaport of the British empire, Liverpool, which the railway had brought within four hours of Broadlands, his country abode, until the year before his death.
—The identical Star Spangled Banner which floated over Fort Mifflin when Key wrote our national song, is offered for sale by the heirs of Colonel Armstrong, who commanded the Fort and kept the historic banner.

—The Roman Catholics of Italy are endeavoring to raise funds to buy off from military duty the students of theology, who, under a recent law are not exempt. As Italy already has a burdensome priesthood of 160,000, she ought to be thankful to the Government for taking off some of them.
—And now the last surviving widow of any Revolutionary pensioner has begun to die off, her husband having occupied the attention of the country with his periodical demerits for the last quarter of a century. The present case is that of Agnes Paschal, aged ninety-five years, mother of Judge Paschal, of Georgia.

—A fault has been discovered in the French cable, at a point eight hundred miles from St. Pierre and one thousand miles from France, which, though not at present enough to prevent its working, is constantly growing worse, and will ultimately require the wire to be underdun all the way from one coast or the other to the spot where the fault exists. This great and costly task is to be undertaken next summer.

An Eventful History.

From the *New Haven News.*
When Capt. George B. McClellan went to Europe, as the chosen representative of the United States army, to study and report on engineering science in the Crimea, he was, at one period during his absence, the guest of the General-in-Chief of the Austrian army. At the Austrian headquarters, he met a young Lieutenant of hussars, whose brilliant accomplishments and gentlemanly demeanor attracted his attention. He was a nephew of the General-in-Chief, and his name was Herbert von H.

When Gen. George B. McClellan became Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, Lieutenant von H. resigned his commission at home, and hastened with all the ardor of an impetuous nature to this country, to draw his sword in our service. Though some years had elapsed, he was by no means forgotten by General McClellan, and he was at once appointed on the staff of the commanding General, as an aide-camp, with the rank of Major.

In this capacity he served through all those terrible battles on the Peninsula, down to the decisive battle of Antietam, with distinguished zeal, fidelity, and courage, receiving the encomiums of his chief and the plaudits of his gallant comrades. His name is one of those mentioned in connection with gallant service in General McClellan's report.

Relieved from staff duty with his commander, he soon became impatient for active service at the front. On the recommendation of General McClellan, he was appointed Colonel of a gallant New York regiment, which not long afterwards did some excellent work at Lookout mountain. The writer of this article—himself commanding a regiment at the time—well remembers meeting Brevet General Von H. at the headquarters of his command, on the occasion of the grand review of all the forces of General Sherman, just prior to and on the eve of the great march to the sea. At this time Von H. was suffering from wounds and exposure, which subsequently assumed such a phase as to necessitate his absence. He obtained "leave" for sixty days, and went to New York.

Truth compels us to say that habits of intemperance, so common in time of war, and so fatal and blighting in their effects, had for some time been growing on Von H., and at the time the alcoholic demon seems to have taken full hold of him. In New York his life became a moral fever. Unable to throw off the hideous incubus that preyed upon him, his days and nights ran riot together. His leave of absence expired, and still he remained away from his command. He was actually a deserter.

Stepping into the Prescott House, a gentleman who may be here nameless, was sent for by Von H. to come to his room. He went. He found Von H. nearly sober, appalled by the circumstances of his situation, and the consciousness of his own moral weakness. The gentleman talked to him—soothed him, loaned him money for his necessities—paid his bills—and saw him safely off to join his command.

But he never reached it. The chivalry of a superior nature and the beauty of rare accomplishments could never recover from the debasing influence that had taken hold of that physical life. On his way to the front he passed through Washington, where he remained a few days, and all was lost. His opportunity was gone. He was dismissed from the service. Disgraced, dishonored, three weeks more of fevered desperation, and he was saved from suicide only by a timely arrest. A day or two more and this man, who had been a general officer, who had brilliantly won high distinctions, and with an intellect to have as ably won them as the "robust Roman of them all"—this man enlisted as a private soldier in the Second cavalry.

A few words will tell the rest. In a short time he made application for a commission, and went before the board at Annapolis, and would have easily obtained it, but for the master evil that still clung to him. He was sent out to the cavalry on the plains. Soon afterward he deserted and crossed the mountains into Mexico, where he reported to Maximilian, and was immediately appointed to command a squadron of his body guard.

At the battle of Queretaro, where the unfortunate Emperor was taken prisoner, Von H., at the head of his command, made one final desperate charge, and fell dead amid a shower of musket balls. His record closed.

Death of Col. Drake, of Petroleum Fame.

Col. E. L. Drake, the original discoverer of petroleum, died recently, in a Connecticut poor house! The *Titusville Herald* says: "The fact that he has been greatly impoverished for several years was known to some of the older citizens of that place, who had occasionally relieved his wants by private remittances. A year ago, learning that his family was in extreme destitution, we urged that a sum of money be raised by public subscription as a testimonial to his distinguished achievement as the pioneer oil miner in this country. But the proverb that 'what is everybody's business is no-body's,' was verified in the fact that while many of our citizens would have subscribed generously to that object, the proposition fell stillborn for lack of some person to give it practical effect. About a mile below Titusville the first oil well derrick that was ever built, in this or any other country, is still to be seen. It is said to reflect that the man who first bored for oil, and by his pluck and perseverance, not only flooded a community with sudden riches, but increased the wealth of the world, died as a common pauper." A proposition has been made to raise a monument to his memory, but the *Herald* thinks the most suitable monument would be a house for the bereaved family.

THE WEST.

Sixty-one deaths occurred in Sacramento in October.
Lumber in Denver is \$25 per M. In Deer Lodge it is \$40.

Council Bluffs has suffered considerably lately from fires.
Robert South died in prison at San Francisco, November 2d.

One case of small-pox in Virginia, Nevada, November 4th.
Fifty-nine sailing vessels arrived in Sacramento last month.

Over at White Pine the *Inland Empire* calls dogs "K. P's."
Maryville, California, is to have a \$30,000 school house for females.

John Nugent bought the material of the *Herald* in San Francisco for \$700.
There are 171 Cashmere and Angora goats in Sacramento county, California.

The stable of Charles Buschey, Stockton, California, was burned November 1.
Mary Garrison has been divorced from her husband, J. C. Garrison, in Sacramento.

Joe Coburn, pugilist, was arrested for public gambling in San Francisco, November 4th.
Frank Hamilton, bookkeeper for John Hodges & Co., San Francisco, suicided November 5.

Ben Holladay's railroad progresses. The cars will be running to Oregon City in two weeks.
The track of the California and Oregon Railroad to Feather river is nearly ready for ties and iron.

The Hale & Norcross and Sierra Nevada, are all the companies on the Comstock that have paid dividends this year.
The Cheyenne thieves have no respect for their Mayor. They have lately robbed his house of \$300 worth of property.

The Montana Theatre, Central City, Colorado, was on fire October 31—extinguished without damage. Happy "Jack."
The *Inland Empire*, an excellent paper published at White Pine, "took in sail" by reducing to half size, on the 4th inst.

A man in Hamilton, White Pine, put a terrible head on a *Moosepox* correspondent the other day, and was acquitted by a jury and the people.
We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Daggett, of Virginia City, upon the blooming in their home of a little olive branch.—*Inland Empire, 3d.*

George Penn Johnson, one of the proprietors of the San Francisco *Esaminer*, shot one Major Gillespie through the arm, October 30th, at San Francisco.
The Idaho *World* says during the last week of October 12 or 14 Montanans arrived at Loon Creek—about 150 persons will remain there through the winter.

A young man, name unknown, was shot and killed at Truckee, Tuesday, November 2d, by Michael Hayes, formerly acting as watchman for the Central Pacific Railroad.
Between 150 and 170 printers are out of work in San Francisco at present, and the Typographical Union has taken measures to transport to the East all of its members who desire to go.

John N. Hammond died at his residence in Yankton county, D. T., on the 24, of October, 1869. Two of his sons, Hon. A. O. Hammond and Thos. W. Hammond, Esq., are well known residents of Dakota.
The Capital Hotel, in Salem, Oregon, was destroyed by fire on the morning of November 3d. The structure was a three-story wooden building. Loss about \$15,000. The building belonged to ex-Congressman Malroy.

About 1 o'clock on the afternoon of November 3d, the track being laid through the long tunnel at the lower end of American Flat, the locomotive with a construction train passed through and appeared in full sight of Gold Hill, Nevada, and great was the rejoicing thereat.

The town of Cleo, situated on the western summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains, was destroyed by fire Monday morning, November 1st. The destruction was total, with the exception of the railroad company's property and a few Chinese shanties. The loss is estimated at \$20,000—insurance small.

The seventh libel suit brought against the San Francisco *Chronicle* for publishing an article purporting to be an account of certain marital disagreements of Augustus J. Bowie and his wife, the daughter of L. Friedlander, was up in the District Court, November 13; Elisha Cook and Frank Pixley, for defendants.

The first quartz mill from Gates & Co.'s Eagle Works, Chicago, arrived at Elko November 1st. The *Elko Independent* says, the castings look well, and are undoubtedly made of better iron than our San Francisco foundries furnish, but it still remains a question whether Chicago machinery will do as good work as that constructed in California.

A meeting was held last week at Yankton, says the *Dakotian*, of October 23, with the view of encouraging the building of a railroad from Sioux city to Yankton, the same to be ultimately extended up the Missouri to connect with the Northern Pacific road on the Upper Missouri. General E. M. Dodge and Hon. Jas. T. Wilson, of Iowa, were present. It is thought the road will be built within one or two years.

The New York *Herald* says T. B. H. Stenhouse, of the Salt Lake *Tribune*, was eight or ten years ago, a superior on the *Herald*. He wooed three of his children 200 miles on the plains in a hand-cart, to reach Utah. "Barring his polygamy, which is Brigham's Stenhouse is a good man, and has those qualities which would stamp him as a man of influence and a gentleman anywhere."

The Soldiers at Salt Lake.

We published last week the communication from the Western Church of the editors and publishers of the *Utah Magazine* for January. The following is the article that titled the blood of the Prophets and related the communication.

WE ARE NOTHING, IF NOT SPIRITUAL.
From the *Utah Magazine.*
When Joseph Smith inaugurated our Church, nearly forty years ago, it burst upon the world as a Revelation of spiritual power. The main peculiarity of our system was, that we asserted the necessity of close and constant intercommunication between this and the Heavenly worlds.

While we freely admitted that light and intelligence were continually being imparted by God to mankind through inspiration of an intellectual or mental kind, we strongly protested against the sufficiency of this kind of Revelation.

Our Elders went forth declaring the opening of a dispensation of angelic visitation; and an age of Revelation and Prophecy; a new grand period of heavenly manifestations. The sick were to be healed henceforth mainly by the laying on of hands. Visions and divinely-given dreams were to be the constant companions of the members of the church; the curtains of Heaven were to be lifted up, and a church established, which—to use the language of the Doctrine and Covenants—by the multiplicity of heavenly manifestations poured upon mankind in the flesh, was to prepare them for the fullness of Jehovah's presence in the world of glory, and without the enjoyment of which they could not be so perfected.

As a means to this end a spiritual power was to be built up to be called Zion, whose people should have a constant witness of the presence and association of heavenly visitors.

Spiritual power was our battle cry! We were "nothing if not spiritual." We were founding a kingdom whose glory was not the wealth of its people, the extent of their farms, or the elegance of their homes, but the fire of the Omnipotent spirit and the presence and influence of the great ones of the invisible world, while sweet and holy sentiments, changing hearts and purifying the lives of men were to distill through inspired lips upon the church.

This was the programme to which we have given the most vital portions of our existence, and for which we have all borne the scorn of the world. Some of us traveling for years as poor dependents, over the face of the world, and all of us struggling through hardships innumerable to these desolate valleys, to pursue any and every occupation that might present itself—congenial or otherwise—solely that we might see a gigantic spiritual power rear itself in strength above the nations. For this we suffered, and for this we struggled through poverty and hardships to this land, and for nothing else.

"Abroad among the nations," we had plentiful corroboration that this theory was no idle dream, but based on facts. Wholesale spiritual manifestations did there attend us. Our sick were then healed by the hand. During the great cholera year in England, among thirty thousand Latter-day Saints, scarcely one succumbed to the disease. We felt angelic presence even if unseen. We lived in an atmosphere that made us feel every day very near to God and the heavenly world. All this bore witness that there would be established upon the earth a great central reservoir from whence spiritual influences should spread with electric force and kindle the world afar in due time.

But this grand design out of the mission of this people, and there is nothing left. To open up the fountains of the Heavenly world—to stand hand in hand—the mortal church with the invisible behind the veil. This was the destiny for which we started as a people, and unless we realize it, we have done nothing worth talking about. We did not congregate together to build up a big nation whose numbers and might should overawe the world. We needed a distinct existence as a people, of course, and therefore required cities and national influence; but those were but secondary objects—merely means and ends. Our temporal influence was simply to be a kind of bulwark within which our spiritual powers should be developed. External surroundings, without the divine part of our religion, for which the whole was brought into existence, would, we understood, be nothing but mockery and a sham.

In the providence of God, for a number of years we have been marching almost entirely in the direction of temporality, until they are the all-absorbing theme. It is temporality upon the street, in the garden, in the meeting and in the council—temporalities from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, and from one year's subject to another. We have but one kind of subject—houses, fences, dry-goods and money, worlds without end. This is how it is at present, and there doubtless is a providential lesson in it, but we cannot remain so forever.

We say this much in calling attention to the true object of our existence as a people, because there is to-day an inspiration resting upon us as a community, that we are very near to a day of spiritual power—one that will not only take us back to our old position, but eclipse the past by its brightness. Thousands of hearts in Utah feel that light is coming that will repay us for all, and justify all our grand expectations. It stands to common sense that temporalities without far more spiritual power than we have at present will not build up a heavenly Zion. No temporal order or system, by itself, can bring this about. The presence of Revelation widely diffused amongst us will alone constitute Zion, and that must depend upon the channels of the Revelation in our souls being opened up. Everybody in the church may be wealthy, and the church as a whole, by its grand co-operation, have but one pocket, and thereby be able to out-purchase the world and bring it to our feet, and all this may add to our temporal comfort; but

no union of wealth—or disunion either—can create a union of spiritual power. Spiritual power should be in fact *first*, and our union grow out of that and not our spiritual power grow out of our temporal union. The purity of our nature, the spirit of Christ in its self-abnegation and love in our bosoms, can alone bring angels to our homes. They will not come there because we all have our money in one bank, depend upon it. If they find our right, they will come, because they will come no more, nor so much, if, as a Grand Commercial Church, we hold the riches of the world our hands, and can buy or sell it at our pleasure, providing these characteristics are absent.

Supposing then, as we do, that temporalities are useful and necessary in their way, they are not our ultimate destiny, it was not for this that angels left the heavens and opened up a dispensation to man. Our destiny is to be a great spiritual nation and all these temporalities are more accessory aids. We were organized to bring the hosts of the Heavenly world nigh to man, the signs of whose presence in dreams, visions, and inspirations, were to be daily and hourly—not by one man, or a dozen, but by all. Unless we accomplish this sooner or later, our system is a humbug and delusion. Where is this close intercommunication with heavenly things, to-day? Where the evidences of the nearness of the invisible world to our hearts? It is years upon years since many of us have heard even a gift of tongues, or felt the inspiration of a prophecy; and as to angels, we know many who talk of them as of the weakness of the past. Suppose a Divine Hand has taken us off this pathway of spiritualities for its own great ends, must not we return before we accomplish our destiny as a people? Let any man put this question to his soul, and the answer must be that we must return, and that speedily, and become a greater church of spiritualities than ever, or stand confessed before the world a grand and monstrous failure.

Ten Minutes for Refreshment.
From the *Philadelphia Post.*
How much longer will we be condemned to hear this horrid cry upon our railroads? On certain German railroads about the ordinary dinner hour a man gets on the train and takes orders of all the passengers who desire dinner. At another station, about a half an hour distant, the said diners are placed before each passenger (the number of orders having been telegraphed from the station where they were taken.) For half an hour or thereabout the passengers are at liberty to enjoy their meal, and then at another station the empty plates and baskets are taken away. It need not be supposed that there is any inconvenience or possible discomfort in these railway dinners. One does not hold a plate on his lap and a cup of coffee in his hands. Upon the arrival of the train at the dinner station each passenger ordering the meal is furnished with a tall round basket, about as high but not of so great a diameter as a flour barrel. This basket has a flat top, with a rim round it, and a door in the side, which, opening, shows the shelves within, with hot soup, vegetables, meat, perhaps dessert, a bottle of wine, bread, etc. A depression in the top of the basket holds the drinking glass, and all the passenger has to do is to take out his plate, one at a time, and eat at his leisure. The cost of this meal is something like half a dollar. The value to a hungry, tired traveler is at least five dollars. Are the American people so stupid that they would not appreciate some improvements of this kind. Let any enterprising railroad try them.

A LIVING HEADLESS CHILD.