



THE GREAT REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, Cough, Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarseness, Pain in the Chest and Side, Bleeding at the Lungs, Liver Complaint, &c.

Known remedy is offered to the public, and its experience of over forty years, and which in season, seldom fails to effect a speedy cure.

Woods' Balsam of Cherry is a reliable Preparation ever introduced, for the RELIEF and CURE of all the above complaints.

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VARIS SUMMUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

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## Poetry

For the Standard.  
THE SEASONS.

'Tis sweet to see the hedgerow flowers  
That blossom in the Spring;  
'Tis sweet to watch the lambs for hours,  
And hear the Skylark sing.  
'Tis sweet to scent the new mown hay—  
Throughout the month of June;  
And listen at the close of day  
To labour's merry tune.  
'Tis sweet when Autumn's drawing nigh,  
To see rich fields of grain;  
With golden fruit in clusters high,  
On trees throughout the plain.  
'Tis sweet in Winter bright and clear,  
"The ground covered by snow";  
To hear the sleigh bells far and near,  
With voice of bells and snow.  
But sweeter far than all of this;  
I've written here above;  
'Tis the game of all earthly bliss,  
A woman's deep, pure love.

A. J. M.

## POVERTY THE BASEST OF CRIMES

To you, who're abundance of silver and gold,  
With houses and cornfields, and sheep in the fold;  
For amusement and pleasure find ample time,  
Do you, ever think to be poor is a crime.  
To you, who in trade are daily engaged,  
And whose thirst after gain can never be assuaged,  
For digestion of food you can barely give time,  
Do you ever think—to be poor is a crime.  
To you who have vessels on all the known seas,  
To be walled off by a provident breeze,  
Well laden with treasure from each sunny clime,  
Do you, ever think—to be poor is a crime.  
To you who hold secrets both sacred and dear,  
Whose watch words and symbols are laid out  
clear,  
Whose lodges are closed, at the ten o'clock chime,  
Do you, ever think—to be poor is a crime.  
Oh yes, 'tis too true, I write this with grief,  
Your hearts they are hardened, when asked for relief,  
By those who are short of the dollars and dimes,  
Your poverty class, as—the basest of crimes.

## Miscellany

### A Love Story from Mormondom.

(From the Utah Gospel.)

Miss Laura Claire, the beautiful daughter of Prof. Ignaz Claire, the astronomer, has been well known for some time, been engaged to Mr. Alfred Vivian, the young writer, author of "Hell and Heaven—Which Will You Have?" "Think and Repent," "Prayer for the Sinners," and other beautiful tracts, which have given him quite a reputation; but for some reason or other he has been so pre-occupied that he has been unable to marry her. Still Miss Claire loved him devotedly, and the preparations for the wedding were going on.  
In the meanwhile, Mr. Joseph Morton, a young gent of this city, had fallen desperately in love with Miss Claire and refused to be denied admittance to the house although the Prof's- had several times ordered him out. He, when treated thus, declared that he knew certain secrets about Miss Claire, and if she did not marry him he would repeat them. He demanded to see her alone. This she finally consented to, and, after a long interview, he departed, stating that he would return the next day. To this she smiled and said, "Yes, I shall always be glad to see you."  
These words were repeated by one of the servants to Mr. Vivian when he came that evening and asked his affianced what they meant. She said "nothing." After a while he inquired "Do you love Morton?" Miss Claire laughed and said "Don't lie a foot, Alfred." "Then you refuse to marry?" he said. She frowned, "you know I love you," she answered; and if you ask me any more silly questions I shall be angry." Mr. Vivian left shortly after, appearing much displeased.  
The next morning Mr. Morton came. The servants noticed that Miss Claire was deadly pale, but she received him quite cordially. "You must have some wine," she said "Oh course," he replied, "with you." He took a glass and drank it. Shortly after he departed but before he had walked three blocks he fell to the ground, and was picked up dead. A post mortem examination revealed that he had been poisoned. Miss Claire was arrested,

She sent for Vivian. "Do you believe me guilty?" she asked. "I have nothing to say," he replied, "I am and have been for a month engaged to be married to a gay lady in this city, and it is not right that I should be seen with you."  
The young lady uttered a piercing scream. "Oh, Alfred," she shrieked, "I did it for your sake—I loved you—he could have prevented our marriage—oh, Alfred, do not desert me—save me!" Mr. Vivian tore himself away, and would have quitted the cell, when Miss Claire placed herself with her back against the door. "Look," she said; and before he could prevent, she drew a dagger, and stabbing herself, fell dying at his feet. "I forgive you, I love you," she murmured, and her eyes closed for ever.

[From the Canadian Ill. News.]

## THE NORTH WEST TERRITORY.

### British Columbia.—Fishes, &c.

The extraordinary abundance in British Columbia of those fish which ascend rivers and penetrate, in great numbers, to the highest habitable land of the interior, cannot be merely accidental. They form the staple food of the Aboriginal Indian. They are as necessary to him as grain and bread to man in a civilized state, or as the plantain or banana to the dwellers in the tropics. In the exercise of wonderful foresight in treasuring up supplies of salmon. They literally harvest them, as we do our grain crops. And not without good cause. But for their care in trapping, curing and gathering the fish which visit the remotest inland regions, in the summer months, they would certainly die of hunger in the severe winter season. At this period of the year, so terrible in the more elevated parts of the country, the thermometer falling as low as 30° Fahr. below zero, no other resource is available. During six months at least, there is depth of snow in the more inland and mountainous regions. The birds migrate to warmer climes, the animals that can be hunted and caught in summer, retire to secluded spots, where it is very difficult, and impossible to trap them. The very bears go into inaccessible winter quarters. So that the poor Indian, in his small lodge made of hides or reeds, must meet a miserable death, starved alike by cold and hunger, if it were not for the salmon which he takes and cures in the summer months. Dried in the sun, it possesses, unimpaired, its heat, and fish-yielding qualities. The Indians that are remote from the seaboard, chew it, uncooked, all day long, and thus retain their end-point throughout the cold and weary winter time. What a providential arrangement!

By means of the innumerable waterways, are wafted free of freight, to the doors of every wigwag, inexhaustible stores of both food and fuel, inasmuch as the dried salmon, retaining its oily and nutritious substances, supplies the caloric which is necessary to retain life, in those wretched abodes, where the Indian families cower and shiver over their smouldering log fires, that are but ill calculated even slightly to moderate the cold, biting winter blasts, which penetrate the fragile and saw-like structure.  
As the salmon harvest is of such importance to the Aborigine, it may be worth while to consider by what means it is reaped. In the bays and harbours they use a net about forty feet long and eight wide, with large meshes. The upper edge is buoyed by pieces of drift cedar wood, and the net is kept tight by means of small pebbles, along at distances of four feet along the long margin. This net is stretched across the mouth of a small bay or inlet, and the Indians sit watching it in their canoes at a short distance. Shoals of anchovies and herrings have their abodes and lurk in places in such bays as are alluded to. As may be supposed, these small fish often venture beyond the confines of their rocky home. They are so soon speared and pur-used by the greedy salmon, that they seek safety in flight, and rushing to wards their hiding place, easily shoot through the covey snare,—not so the heady salmon. The voracious fish runs his head into the net. Down go the floats below the surface. Up rushes Redskin in his light canoe, leaps up the net, clutches his silvery prey, feels it with a blow of his club, and, lets down his net for another draught. Immense numbers of spring and autumn fish are caught in this way, before they ascend the rivers.

In Columbia River, the first salmon that ascend from the sea, are taken at a place called Chinook Point, not very far from the mouth of the river. These are said to be the fattest and most finely flavoured salmon that are found along the coast. They are very large, weighing from 35 lbs. to 75 lbs. They are celebrated in the neighboring country, and as far even as San Francisco in California. They are known as the "Chinook Salmon."

The Indians display wonderful ingenuity in accommodating their modes of fishing to the nature of the fishing grounds. At the rapids called "The Cascades," they erect scaffolding among the boulders. These are clumsy enough contrivances, but they are strongly constructed of poles jammed between large stones, and lashed with ropes of bark to other poles, which cross each other to form stages, Indians of several tribes come from great distances to await the arrival of the salmon, and plant their lodges in the most beautiful spots that can be imagined along the whole length of the rapids. Nor do they come unprepared. They are provided with small round nets, such as are used in catching shrimps. These they fasten to handles forty and fifty feet in length. On the river sides of the stages, already alluded, hollow places are ingeniously enclosed, with low walls of boulders. As soon as the salmon arrive, which is early in June, business commences. The Indian fishermen, without any other garments than a piece of cloth tied round the waist, are seen everywhere, plying their nets. As the salmon ascend the rapids, they naturally seek the calmer waters at the edges of the current, or linger behind a rock, or in some convenient hollow, such as the basins, constructed with stones by the Indians, close to their stages. Here the way-worn fish will rest and idle for a time; but not without extreme peril. The cunning fisherman drops his net in the water at the head of the pool, and allows it to be swept down by the stream, thus securing salmon after salmon without danger of failure.

Two Indians in the course of an hour, often land as many as thirty salmon on one of the stages. When fatigue obliges any one of them to rest, another takes his place, and so the net is constantly plied. As soon as a fish is thrown on the stage, a blow on the head puts an end to its struggles to regain the water. Boys are at hand who seize it and carry it away, where it is at once split up and cured. Notwithstanding the ingenious contrivances of the crafty Red-skins, immense numbers of fish escape up the rapids, and convey wealth and plenty to the dwellers in the remote interior.  
The mode of fishing at the "Kettle Falls" of the Columbia is somewhat different. It is only at the time of the highest flood, about the middle of June, that the salmon can pass this formidable barrier. About three weeks earlier Indians begin to assemble from all quarters. Day after day caudales are seen winding their way along the plain. The whole sum of Indian wealth accompanies these caravans. The savage leaves nothing behind him for an enemy or a robber to seize upon. Wives, children, dogs, horses, lodges, weapons and skins—all, in haste, together, present a most novel and extraordinary spectacle. The smaller children are packed with the baggage on the backs of horses. These horses are driven by squaws, themselves on horseback, and riding astride like men. The elder boys and girls ride with their mothers, three or four on a horse. The men and stout youths drive the bands of horses that run loose in front of the procession. The march is also guarded by a pack of brack red cur, which are nothing else than famished prairie wolves.  
Ledges of all shapes and sizes are speared, edged on a level piece of ground, which often looks like a fall. A zigzag path down a cliff which is almost vertical, leads from the falls to the rocks at their base. The squaws, who for such parties are the "shewers of wood and drawers of water," immediately busy themselves in the work which belongs to camping. The men, meanwhile, who are all under one chief, who is styled the "Salmon Chief," commence the labours which fall to their share. Some repair the drying sheds, which are placed as well as many of the lodges, at the foot of the zigzag path; others make or mend huge wicker baskets, which are about thirty feet in circumference, and twelve feet in depth; others in groups drag down large trees, which have been already lopped clear of their branches. These branchless trunks they roll and twist and tumble over the rocks, fixing them at last by means of massive boulders, whilst the ends hang over the foaming waters not unlike so many gobbets. The trees having been secured in their right places, it remains to suspend from them the great wicker traps. This last work is very risky and difficult. Numerous willing hands, however, and long experience accomplish the necessary task. The baskets are at length firmly suspended with strong ropes made of twisted bark. The river now begins to rise rapidly, and soon overflows the rocks where the trees are fastened, and rushes also into the basket, which is speedily in the midst of the waterfall, and is so covered as to be easily accessible from the rocks that are not covered by the flood. Everything is now ready for the reception of the fishy visitors.

On such occasions, all souls are laid aside, or as the Indians themselves beautifully express it, "the hatchet is buried," and there commences, among these singular people, a series of diversions which it would be quite in vain to attempt to describe—horse-racing, gambling, love-making, dancing &c. Revelling is the order of the day.  
Certain members of the tribes are appointed to keep watch, and as soon as they announce the welcome tidings that the salmon are come, the onslaught begins. The first few that arrive are often speared from the rocks.

But soon they are in such great number that one could not well throw a stone into the water at the base of the falls, without hitting a fish. More than fifty may now be seen in the air, at once, leaping over the wicker baskets, which experience has taught the Indians to place so cunningly that the adventurous fish, failing to clear the "salmon leap," fall back and are trapped. Two naked Indians are stationed in each basket all day long. This is accomplished by means of frequent relays, as there is always a heavy fall of water. Salmon, three or four at a time, fall in quick succession into the basket. They are no sooner trapped than the skilled fisherman thrusts his fingers under the gills, strike the fish on the head with a heavy club, and then fling them on the rocks. Mr. Lord mentions having seen as many as three hundred salmon, varying in weight from twenty to seventy five pounds, landed from one basket betwixt sunrise and sunset.

With so many traps in successful operation fish speedily accumulate on the rocks, where they are piled in heaps. Numbers of boys and girls are employed in dragging them back from these heaps to the curing houses, around which the Squaws are seated. These lady fish-curers rip the salmon open with sharp knives, twist off the head, and skillfully remove the backbone. The next process is to hang them on poles, which are close under the roofs of sheds open at the sides. In this position they are gradually dried by means of slow fires, which are kept smouldering on the floors. Fires are kept away by the smoke, which, no doubt, aids also in preserving the fish. The whole salmon is cured in this way with the exception of the head, backbone, and liver. These portions are cooked and consumed during the fishing season. As soon as the drying process is completed, the fish are packed in bales made of rush mats. These bales are tightly bound with bark ropes. Each bale weighs about 50 lbs. The object in thus packing the trapped salmon is to facilitate an equal division of the spoil, as to render more easy its conveyance to winter quarters. For the latter purpose, the numerous horses brought by the tribes are employed, the lucky fisher-men packing two bales on each horse. The fishing has about two months, and when it is done its welcome fruits are divided, and the ground abandoned to its wonted quietude until the next season of revelry and fish harvesting comes round. An extraordinary way of preserving the salmon for comfortable diet, prevails among the Indians. Like many wonderful things, no doubt, it is more to be admired than imitated. But, "De gustibus non est disputandum." During the process of drying silicious sand is blown over the fish, and, as may be supposed, adheres to it.

The successful fishing at the Kettle Falls shows how plentiful salmon are in the Columbia River. They are equally so in all the streams that flow to Puget's Sound, as well as in the Fraser River and all the rivers north of it as far as the Arctic Ocean. In the Fraser there are no impediments to the ascent of salmon all the way to Fort Hope. It is not the Indians do not fish as in the Columbia.

**A MAN WITH TWENTY WIVES.**  
A modern Mormon Romance.  
From the Trinidad (Colorado) Enterprise.

**CHAPTER I.—THE MORMON'S DEPARTURE.**  
The evening on which Reginald Gloverson was to leave Great Salt Lake City with his mule train dawned beautifully.

Reginald Gloverson was a young and thrifty Mormon, with an interesting family of twenty young and handsome wives.  
His unions had never been blessed with children. As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha in Nebraska, with a mule train for goods; but although he had performed the rather perilous journey many times with entire safety, his heart was strangely sad on this particular morning, and filled with gloomy forebodings.

The time for his departure had arrived—the high spirited mules were at the door,—impatiently champing their bits. The Mormon stood sally among his weeping wives.  
"Dearest ones," he said, "I am singularly sad this morning; but do not let this depress you. The journey is a perilous one, but—pah! I have always come back safely heretofore, and why should I fear? Besides I know that every night as I lie down on the broad starlit prairie, your bright faces will come to me in my dreams and make slumber sweet and gentle. You, Emily, with your mild blue eyes; and you Henrietta, with your splendid black hair; and you Nellie, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden; and you Molly, with your cheeks so downy; and you Betty, with your—with you—that is to say, Susan, with you—and the other thirteen of you, each so good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams, will you not, dearests?"

"Our own," they lovingly chimed, we will!"  
And so farewell! cried Reginald. Come to my arms, my own! he said, "that is as many of you as I can do conveniently, at once, for I must away."  
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