

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

The prophet, Brigham Young, was born at Wittingham, Vermont, on the first of June, 1801; he was consequently, in 1860, fifty-nine years of age. He looks about forty-five. *La cœlibite civilité*; I had expected to see a venerable-looking old man. Scarcely a gray thread appears in his hair, which is parted on the side, light-colored, rather thick, and reaches below the ears with a half-eurl. He formerly wore it long, after the western style; now it is cut level with the earlobes. The forehead is somewhat narrow, the eyebrows are thin, the eyes between gray and blue, with a calm, composed and somewhat reserved expression; a slight droop in the left lid made me think that he had suffered from paralysis. I afterwards heard that the ptosis is the result of a neuralgia which has long tormented him. The nose, which is fine and somewhat sharp-pointed, is bent a little to the left. The lips are close, like the New-Englanders; and the teeth, especially those of the under jaw, are imperfect. The cheeks are rather fleshy, and the line between the ale of the nose and the mouth is broken. The chin shaven, except under the jaws, where the beard is allowed to grow. The hands are well-made, and not disfigured by rings; the figure is somewhat large, broad-shouldered, and stooping a little when standing.

The prophet's dress was neat and plain as a Quaker's, all gray homespun, except the cravat and waistcoat. His coat was of antique cut, and like the pantaloons, baggy, and the buttons were black. A neck-tie of dark-silk, with a large bow, was loosely passed round a starched collar, which turned down of its own accord. The waistcoat was of black satin—once an article of almost national dress—single-breasted, and buttoned nearly to the neck, and a plain gold chain passed into the pocket. The boots were Wellingtons, apparently of American make.

Altogether, the prophet's appearance was that of a fine gentleman farmer in New England—in fact, such as he is; his father was an agriculturist and Revolutionary soldier, who settled "down east." He is a well-preserved man—a fact which some attribute to his habit of sleeping, as the citizen Proudhon so strongly advises, in solitude. His manner is at once affable and impressive, simple and courteous. His want of pretension contrasts favorably with certain pseudo-prophets that I have seen, each and every of whom holds himself to be a "Logos," without other claim save a semi-manual self-esteem. He shows no signs of dogmatism, bigotry, or fanaticism, and never once entered—with me, at least—upon the subject of religion. He impresses a stranger with a certain sense of power; his followers are, of course, wholly fascinated by his superior strength of brain. It is commonly said there is only one chief in Great Salt Lake City, and that is "Brigham." His temper is even and placid; his manner is cold—in fact, like his face, somewhat bloodless. But he is neither morose nor methodistic; and where occasion requires, he can use all the weapons of ridicule to direful effect, and "speak a bit of his mind" in a style which no one forgets. He often reproves his erring followers in purposely violent language, making the terrors of a scolding the punishment, in lieu of hanging; for a stolen horse or cow. His powers of observation are intuitively strong, and his friends declare him to be gifted with an excellent memory, and a perfect judgment of character. If he dislikes a stranger at the first interview, he never sees him again. Of his temperance and sobriety there is but one opinion. His life is ascetic; his favorite food is baked potatoes, with a little butter-milk, and his drink, water; he disapproves, as do all strict Mormons, of spirituous liquors, and never touches anything stronger than a glass of tann lager-bier; moreover, he abstains from tobacco. Mr. Hyde (an apostate Mormon) has accused him of habitual intemperance; he is, as his appearance shows, rather disposed to abstinence than the reverse.

Of his education I cannot speak. "Men, not books; deeds, not words," has ever been his motto. He probably has, as Randolph said of Johnston, "a mind uncorrupted by books." In the only discourse which I heard him deliver, he pronounced impetus, impetus. Yet he converses with ease and correctness, has neither snuffle nor pompousness, and speaks as an authority upon certain subjects, such as agriculture and stock-breeding. He assumes no airs of extra sanctimoniousness, and has the plain, simple manner of honesty. His followers deem him an angel of light; his foes: a goblin damned; he is, I presume, neither one nor the other. I cannot pronounce about his scrupulousness. All the world over, the sincerest religious belief and the practice of devotion are sometimes compatible, not only with the most terrible crimes; for mankind mostly believes that, "if est avec le ciel des accommodements." He has been called hypocrite, swindler, forger, murderer. No one looks it less. The best authorities—from those who accuse Mr. Joseph Smith of the most heartless deception, to those who believe that he began as an impostor and ended as a prophet—find in Mr. Brigham Young "an earnest, obstinate, egotistic enthusiasm, fanned by persecution, and inflamed by bloodshed." He is the St. Paul of the New Dispensation. True and sincere, he gave point and energy and consistency to the somewhat disjointed, turbulent, and unforseeing fanaticism of Mr. Joseph Smith; and if he has not been able to create, he has shown himself great in controlling circumstances.

Finally, there is a total absence of pretension in his manner, and he has been so long used to power that he cares nothing for its display. The arts by which he rules the heterogeneous mass of conflicting elements are indomitable will, profound secrecy, and uncommon astuteness.—*Captain Barton.*

The Quebec Daily News of Oct. 29th says:—After the keen and piercing frost of the last two or three days, the weather moderated yesterday, and the day was pleasant and agreeable. Our Indian summer has not yet visited us.

THE ENGLISH GRAIN CROPS.—The London Daily News states that owing to the large increase in the yield, the harvest is estimated to be worth £20,000,000 to £20,000,000 more than that of last year, and their will consequently be no necessity for the importation of large supplies of breadstuffs from abroad.

The Grand Temple of the Independent Order of Good Templars held their Annual Session in Toronto on Tuesday last, the 3rd of November, and following days.

ABUSE OF EXHILARATING GAS IN SURGERY.

Messrs. Editors.—During the past year public attention has been frequently called to the properties of the protoxide of nitrogen or "laughing gas," and many persons have been subjected to its influence, without being aware of its dangerous properties. Scientific men have been silent all this time; its uses were chiefly confined to persons for public amusement. But it is time to interfere, when it is recommended for and used in surgical operations. The properties of this gas have been known since 1776, and those who now proclaim it to be a new anæsthetic agent, capable of taking the place of ether, impose upon the public, as a work was written upon this very subject in 1847. It is known that atmospheric air supports animal life from the oxygen contained in it, and the essential functions of respiration can be carried on in an atmosphere of protoxide of nitrogen, but a prolonged use of this gas will give rise to disturbances of the system sufficient to produce death. Plants introduced into vessels filled with this gas faded in about three days, and they soon afterwards died. Its effects upon insects, annelides, mollusca, amphibia, birds and mammals, were examined by Sir Humphrey Davy, and on all of these it acts as a positive poison. It produces peculiar changes in their blood and organs, terminating in death; and when forced into the veins of animals it disorganizes the nervous system, according to Nysten.—Dr. Pereira says respecting it—

"I have administered this gas to more than one hundred persons, and have observed that after the respiration of it for a few seconds, it causes frequent and deep respirations, the color of the lips and the whole face become blue, temporary delirium is produced, and an indisposition to part with the inhaling tube. The sensations are pleasing; the delirium manifests itself in different persons: I have known it to produce stupor, singing in the ears, giddiness, tingling sensations in the hands and feet, &c."

Professor Silliman mentions a case in which the effects of the gas produced a complete perversion of the sense of taste for eight weeks; and A. S. Taylor states that some serious after effects upon the brain have been produced by its inhalation. I could cite the opinions and experiences of many other authorities upon this subject, all coming to the same conclusion, that the effects of this gas are dangerous. It was known in 1847 that it produced insensibility to pain when used as an anæsthetic agent. It appears unsafe to employ it in surgery even for such small operations as teeth. It cannot, therefore, be recommended as a substitute for ether as an anæsthetic agent, although a new agent, as harmless and as effective as ether, without possessing its strong odor, is very desirable.—*Professor H. Dussauce in Scientific American.*

ADVICE GRATIS TO THE SLOW-COACH FAMILY.

Don't take a newspaper; don't read one of any kind. If you hear persons discussing this or that great battle, ask stupidly what it all means. Emulate Rip Van Winkle; steep your senses in moral and mental oblivion, and pay no attention to what is passing around you; in this way you may save two or three dollars—the price of a paper—and lose \$500 or \$5,000 by not being informed about markets, supply and demand, and a thousand other things as essential to an enterprising man as light and air. If you have children, don't take any paper for them; tell them "book larnin' ain't no 'count." Let them tumble in the highway unwashed, uncombed, and in rags and tatters. If they don't graduate in the State Prison it will be through no fault of yours. If you are a farmer, plow, sow, and reap as your stupid old father did before you; scoff at agricultural papers, and sneer and deride at progress of all kinds; then if you do not succeed in making other people think that they are all wrong, and that you alone are sagacious, it must be that the world is curiously awry and needs reforming badly. The sooner you undertake it the better. By not reading papers you will succeed, if a farmer, in having the finest crop of knotty, wormy apples that can be found; potatoes that would take the prize at any fair for rot; cabbages that are all leaves and no head; turnips destroyed in the shoot by worms; hay mouldy and musty, because you despised barometers and cut it just as the mercury was falling; corn half a crop, because you exhausted the land with it for years and starved nature to such a pitch that she had nothing to yield in return; all these calamities and many more will befall you because you don't keep pace with the times. You call it "hard luck," but men of common sense call your course by a name you never heard of—stupidity; that's more "book larnin'."

A man that does not take a paper of some kind or another in this time of the world must expect to be a prey to all sorts of swindlers, a victim to bad management, and out of spirits, out of pocket, temper, money, credit; in short everything under the sun that tends to make life bearable. The newspaper is the great educator of the people after all; so let us then exclaim "The Press forever."—*Scientific American.*

THE GREAT ORGAN.

A very full and interesting account is given in the *Atlantic Monthly*, of the great organ which will soon be completed in the Boston Music Hall. It is stated that this great organ is "a choir of nearly six thousand vocal throats." Its largest wind pipes are thirty-two feet in length, and they are so wide that a man can crawl through; while at the same time the finest tubes are as small as a baby's whistle. It contains several distinct systems of pipes, capable of being played alone or in connection with one another, by four manuals or keyboards. Those systems are called the sole organ, and the piano and forte pedal organ. It is stated that in absolute power and compass this instrument ranks among the four greatest of the kind ever built, and in the perfection of its parts and its whole arrangement it challenges comparison with any other in the world. The wood of which it is constructed is beautiful black walnut covered with carved figures in relief. A richly ornamented central arch contains the key-boards and stops, and the pediment above is surmounted by a bust of Johann Sebastian Bach. Behind this rises the lofty central division containing pipes; and crowning it is a beautiful statue of St. Cecilia holding her lyre. On each side of her is a griffin sitting as a guardian. The centre is connected by harp shaped compartments filled with pipes to the two grand towers at the sides, each containing three colossal pipes. These towers are stately, and produce

a commanding effect. This organ is placed upon a low platform; its whole height is sixty feet, its breadth forty feet, and depth twenty-four. It is a majestic, beautiful, and wonderful piece of art, and before it stands Crawford's beautiful bronze statue of Beethoven. The Boston Music Hall is of ample dimensions to give play to the waves of harmony that will proceed from this majestic instrument. It is one hundred and thirty feet in length, seventy-eight in breadth, and sixty-five in height. Its dimensions are all multiples of the number thirteen, the length being ten, the breadth six, and the height five times this number. This is in accordance with Scott Russell's recommendation, and has been explained by the fact that vibrating solids divide into harmonic lengths separated by nodal points of rests, and these last are equally distributed at aliquot parts of its whole length. This Hall is therefore a great sounding board constructed according to the principles of acoustics. Boston is indebted to the President—Dr. J. Baxter Upham—of the Music Hall Association for this great instrument. It was built at Ludwigsburg, Germany, by Mr. Walcker; the architectural frame, with its elegant carvings, was completed in New York, by Mr. Herter; the most important figures being executed at Stuttgart, Germany. This instrument will be one of the great attractions of the city of Boston, creditable to the musical taste and cultivated feelings of her citizens.

DON'T ROCK THE BABY.

If all the ultimate consequences of one's acts are to be laid to his charge, the man who invented rocking cradles for children rests under a fearful load of responsibility. The downright murder of tens of thousands of infants, and the weakened brains of hundreds of thousands of adults, are undoubted results of his invention. To rock a child in a cradle, or to swing him in a crib, amounts to just this: the rapid motion disturbs the natural flow of the blood, and produces stupor or drowsiness. Can any one suppose for a moment that such an operation is a healthful one? Every one knows the dizzy and often sickening effect of moving rapidly in a swing; yet wherein does this differ from the motion a child receives when rocked in a cradle. It is equivalent to lying in a ship berth during a violent storm, and that sickens nine people out of ten. A very gentle, slow motion may sometimes be soothing, though always of doubtful expediency; but to move a cradle as rapidly as a swing of a pendulum three feet long—that is, once in a second—is positive cruelty. We always feel like grasping and staying the arm of the mother or nurse who, to secure quietude, swings the cradle or crib with a rapidity equal to that of a pendulum a foot long. If any mother is disposed to laugh at our suggestions, or consider them whimsical, we beg her to have a bed or cot hung on cords, then lie down in it herself, and have some one swing it with the same rapidity that she allows the cradle to be rocked. What she will experience in both head and stomach is just what the infant experiences.

We insist that the rocking of children is a useless habit. If not accustomed to rocking, they will go to sleep quite as well when lying quietly as when shaken in a cradle. If they do not there is trouble from sickness or hunger, or more likely from an overwhelmed stomach; and though the rocking may produce a temporary stupor, the trouble is made worse thereafter by the unnatural means taken to produce quiet for the time being.

GARIBALDI ON POLISH AFFAIRS.

GENERAL GARIBALDI has written the following letter to M. Lombard, a French writer who has just published an "Historical Sketch of Poland":—

CAPRIERA, Sept. 14, 1863.

MY DEAR LOMBARD—

I have read with great pleasure your advice to the brave Poles. You must only count on themselves and on honest men like yourself. The revolting cynicism shown in this holy cause is a living shame to diplomacy. While rivers of blood are flowing, their Excellencies amuse Europe with their notes. It is truly sad in these so-called days of social progress, to find no government which will protest against this slaughter—which will say to the Czar, "Cease your career of murder; spare these men, these women, these infant victims who do not belong to you," and then put itself at the head of its people to support the demand. Such a government would in truth be the image of divinity on earth, and all the liberal of the world would kneel at its feet to pray it to enlist them in its ranks. You, in the meantime, apostle of free words, hold up to execration Mourviel and those who reward his atrocious services. I thank you. Your devoted,
GARIBALDI.

A PLAIN but massive monument is about to be erected in Hartley churchyard over the graves of the sufferers by the Hartley calamity. The names of the 204 men and boys who lost their lives so terribly will be inscribed on it.

THE SCHOOL IN THE HOUSE.—Every family is a school. All its members are teachers, all are scholars. Without text-books all study, and by instinct all learn. Looks, smiles, frowns, caresses, reproaches, shrugs, words, deeds, make up daily hour-long lessons, from which each learner derives, first, impressions; next, convictions; and then character. What the school in the house should be, may oftentimes be best known by noticing what it is not. If domestic courtesy, and family politeness, and mutual forbearance, and considerable patience, and helpful love, are not in the house, there will be in their stead, rudeness and selfishness, and impatience and strife. These last are scorpions whose deadly venom is sure destruction of domestic peace, concord and happiness. Christian parents, you are teachers at home! Let your children learn what practical piety is, from the benignity of your tempers and the blamelessness of your examples.

Black and grizzly bears are very thick now in the cultivated valleys of the Utah territory. They have come down from the mountains determined to avail themselves of whatever they can find in the provision line.