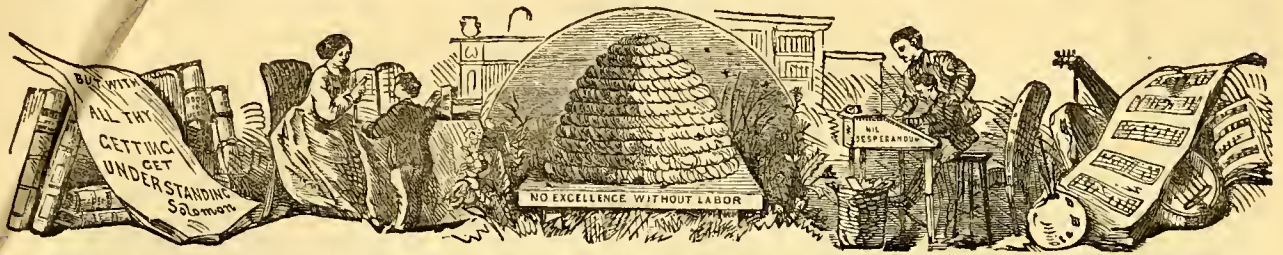


The Juvenile Instructor



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SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 15, 1868.

NO. 24.

OCEAN STEAMERS.

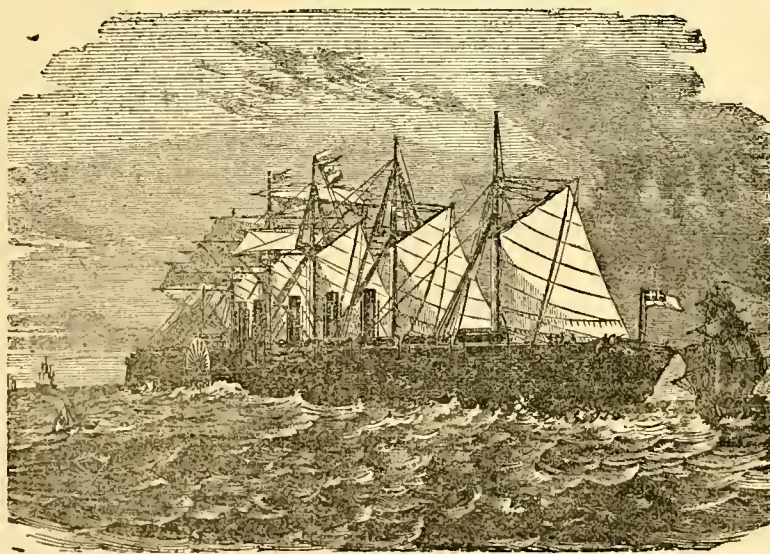
THE history of the rise and progress of ocean steam navigation, like that of nearly every great achievement that has tended to the advance of civilization and the progress of mankind, is a record of slow but continued development, through the persistent efforts of a few earnest men who, in the midst of disheartening failures and continued ridicule, pursued their "one idea" until the great object was accomplished which formed the toil and triumph of their lives. Like infants they had to "creep before they could walk," and the first steamboats had to creep around the coasts, into the bays and up and down the rivers of the countries in which they were built for many years, before the most adventurous of their captains dared to trust their vessels on the open sea and out of sight of land; and even when that much was safely accomplished croakers and conservatives said "that as one swallow did not make the summer, neither did one lucky voyage make ocean navigation by steam a positive success," and a number of years rolled by before the power of steam to propel ships, in spite of wind and tide, with safety and dispatch from land to land and from continent to continent was fully acknowledged, and its vast benefits appreciated.

In 1807, Robert Fulton completed the first successful steamboat. He called it the *Clearmont*. Until its value was demonstrated it was more generally labeled "Fulton's Folly." But in that year he made a voyage in it up the River Hudson from New York, where it was built, to Albany. The dangers, the troubles and perplexities of the first voyage having been overcome, succeeding trips became of easy accomplishment. Between four and five years after—in 1812, Henry Bell launched a little vessel driven by steam on the river Clyde in Scotland. It was of four horse power, and twenty-five tons burden. Its name was the *Comet*. This was the first practical steamboat built in British waters. In 1819 the *Savannah*, a steamer of three hundred tons, crossed the Atlantic Ocean, from New York to Liverpool, yet notwithstanding its success, and that of a few other steamships, on ocean

voyages, it was not until 1838 that a line of steam vessels was established to run with regularity between the British Isles and the United States. On the 4th of April of that year the *Sirius*, of 700 tons and 320 horse power, sailed from Cork, in Ireland, for the far west. Four days after the *Great Western* followed in her wake from Bristol.

Speaking of this event, a recent author says:

"Great was the excitement in New York as the time drew nigh when the *Sirius* was considered due. For days together the Battery was crowded with anxious watchers, from the first breaking of the cold, gray dawn till night dropped its dark curtain on the scene. At that time a telescope was a thing to be begged, borrowed, or stolen—to be got, somehow or other, if only for a minute—and a man who possessed one was to be



looked up to, made much of, and if possible, coaxed out of the loan of it. All day long a hundred telescopes swept the sea. On St. George's day, the 23rd of April, a dim, dusky speck on the far horizon grew under the eye of the thousands of breathless watchers into a long train of smoke, beneath which as the hours wore on, appeared the black prow of a huge steamboat. There she was, "long looked for come at last;" and with the American colors at the fore, and the flag of old England

rustling at the stern, the *Sirius* swept into the harbor amidst the cheers of the multitude, the ringing of the city bells, and the firing of salutes. The excitement reached its climax, and the shouting and the firing grew deafening, when some few hours later, on the same auspicious day, the *Great Western* came to anchor alongside of her rival."

That which was the cause of such great excitement thirty years ago is now a thing of every day occurrence. The one or two tiny barks of 1812 have multiplied to thousands, and their huge hulls cross every ocean, traverse every sea, and find a resting place in every port, conveying the products and manufactures of the nations from pole to pole, and giving an impetus to the commerce of the world that the most sanguine

scarcely dreamed of sixty years ago. By this mighty agent a great revolution has been effected in the world, and in a very short space of time.

The following table may show our little readers the difference between the size of the monstrous steamers that now traverse the mighty deep and the first steam vessel that churned the waters of the Clyde:

	Length	40 feet,	Breadth	10½ feet
1812, Comet,	"	122 "	"	27 "
1825, Enterprise,	"	236 "	"	35½ "
1838, Great Western,	"	322 "	"	51 "
1844, Great Britain,	"	390 "	"	45 "
1859, Great Eastern,	"	680 "	"	83 "

We have now come to the giant of the waters that forms the subject of our engraving—the *Great Eastern*. That vast moving city, the eighth of a mile in length—as long as a city block in Salt Lake City—is propelled by both paddle wheels and screws, each worked by four immense engines. So vast is her size that she can carry 10,000 troops at a voyage at the same time as 18,000 tons of coal and a cargo. Yet a mere description can never convey to a person who has not seen her, her vast dimensions. Our engraving will give our little friends a better idea of what she looks like, but we will tell them that her vast hull is composed of 30,000 iron plates, bound together by 3,000,000 rivets; and from that they can judge how great must have been the cost of building her, launching her and fitting her up.

The *Great Eastern* has been rather an unlucky vessel. Many accidents and delays attended her construction and launching; and since she has been afloat, the enormous expense of keeping up her establishment, of working her machinery, etc., has exceeded the amount her owners have been paid for freight and passengers. But her name will ever be recollected with pleasure when we consider that without her aid, it is probable that the eastern and western continents would not to-day be united by the electric cable.

Before closing this subject we must not forget how much the introduction of steam ships has done, in the providence of God, to help in spreading the Everlasting Gospel. Our missionaries, by their aid, carry the glad tidings of salvation to many nations, and the Saints by thousands are gathered home to Zion with greater safety and dispatch than by any other means with which men have yet become acquainted. And next year the mighty power of steam will carry the gathering people of God from their homes in the towns and villages in the nations of the old world, o'er ocean, river, plain, prairie, mountain and canyon until it safely lands them in the peaceful vales of Desert.

G. R.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

Chemistry of Common Things.

LEATHER.

NOT only is the fat of animals useful in the arts, but the skin also. Leather is made from it. Even the tiny pieces, "clippings," are boiled down to make glue and size. Skins will not dissolve in cold water, but they will in hot. The part which boils into a jelly is "gelatine," a substance formed from albumen and fibrine, when they are done with, for, when the muscles and nerves are worn out by labor, either in working or thinking, instead of being absorbed into the circulation and

removed it is used up to make the skin and other cell-like structures. It is the gelatine that makes leather, for, when it is acted on by tannin, it becomes tough and insoluble in water. The tanner uses oak or pine bark; in the States they use the hemlock. Any bark or substance which contains tannic acid will tan. Tea contains one quarter by weight of tannin; this is why it is astringent. When milk is poured into tea the gelatinous part of the milk curdles by the action of the tannic acid and forms an insoluble substance called tannic gelatine, (the chemical name for leather.) But tea is too dear to tan hides with, and there is no fear of its tanning the coat of the stomach, for, while the stomach has life, it resists the action of tannic acid; still, it is injurious to use it continually. There are many substances used by the tanner, nearly all of which are expensive; almost every kind of skin is used by him except human skin, which, it is said, resists tanning the longest. Horse hides, ox hides, sheep skins, calf skins, etc., are used for sole or upper leather; lamb, doe, rabbit, hare, dog, rat, and mouse skins are all used in large cities for gloves, gaiters, etc., according to size and quality; nothing comes amiss where men are crowded together in the old countries. Sometimes skins are not tanned with bark or tannic acid; if we should wish to preserve skins, we may do so by steeping them in strong salt and water for a few hours, then put them into a strong solution of alum water, this will fill the pores of the leather with an insoluble salt (chloride of alumina); then let them dry and rub them with a smooth iron scraper; this will soften them for use. The Indians use the brains of animals to soften skins. Skins are also prepared in oil. Such skins are white. Skins tanned with bark may be dyed by a solution of green vitriol, or sulphate of iron, and softened with oil and grease. Sometimes skins are enamelled, that is, a varnish is put on them. Sometimes they are dyed in beautiful colors, to be used by the book-binder and in other trades, for ornamentation as well as use. Saddles are made of hog skins; picture frames are sometimes made of sheep skins, which are moulded in such a manner as to resemble carved work. It is used for chairs, sofas, cushions, trunks, whips; in fact, it would be difficult to tell all the uses to which leather is applied; and it is all made from skin. There is one use very important: lath bands; gutta serena and india rubber are very inferior to leather for that purpose.

Skin is very highly organized, although it is made, somewhat on the principle of rag carpets, of used up material. We have two skins: the over-skin, or scarf-skin, called "epidermis," and the "dermis," or true skin. The skin has been spoken of before; it is filled with minute tubes, some to carry off perspiration and some to supply oily matter to soften the skin; then there are arteries to bring the blood from the heart, and veins to carry it back again; besides this, it is full of nerves, which end in little pap-like points, which enable us to feel. If you tear a bit of sole leather asunder you can see how fibrous it is; this is in consequence of the various parts crossing and interlacing each other. Altogether the skin gives evidence of the skill of the great Designer to make one thing answer many purposes; and then, when it is cast aside, the skill of man is seen in making so many beautiful and useful things from such a simple thing as skin!

BETH.

SMALL THINGS.—When the farmer casts the little seed into the ground, it is a small affair. Considerable time passes, and yet the earth looks the same as when the first seed was cast into it. But the farmer did not despise this small beginning. By and by the seed shoots up above the ground, and it still continues to increase day after day and week after week, until a glorious harvest repays the laborer's toil.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHEET.



HYRUM called a company to go up to Joseph's assistance and see that he had his rights. Upward of three hundred men volunteered, from whom such as were wanted were selected. Generals Wilson Law and Charles C. Rich started the same evening with a company of about one hundred and seventy-five men on horseback. William Law, one of Joseph's counselors, went with the company. Wilson Law declared that he would not stir a step unless he could have money to bear his expenses. President Brigham Young said the money should be forthcoming, although he did not know at the time where he could raise a dollar. In about two hours he had borrowed seven hundred dollars, and put the money in the hands of Hyrum Smith and Wilson Law. Besides this company which went by land, about seventy-five, with Elder John Taylor, sailed on the *Maid of Iowa*—a little steamboat of which Joseph was part owner and Brother Dan Jones was the captain. They went down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Illinois river, and then sailed up that river. This was for the purpose of examining the steamboats, thinking that Joseph might be a prisoner on one of them. We will leave these companies to pursue their journey while we return to Joseph.

You will recollect that when it was found that Judge Caton had gone to New York the company returned to Dixon. The writ of *habeas corpus* was then returned, endorsed thereon, "Judge absent," and another writ of *habeas corpus* was issued by the Master in Chancery, and was worded, at Colonel Markham's request, "Returnable before the nearest tribunal in the Fifth Judicial district authorized to hear and determine writs of *habeas corpus*;" and the Sheriff of Lee county served it upon Reynolds and Wilson immediately. Joseph and his friends and lawyers held a council and arranged to go before Judge Stephen A. Douglas at Quincy, a distance of about two hundred and sixty miles. Joseph employed a person to convey them in a stage coach on their journey towards Quincy.

They started from Dixon on the 26th of June and traveled about forty miles. The next day Joseph requested the privilege of riding on horseback; but Reynolds refused him. The sheriff and one of the lawyers persuaded him to let Joseph exchange seats with Mr. Cyrus H. Walker, and ride with the latter's son-in-law, Mr. Montgomery, in the buggy. Shortly afterwards they met two of the brethren from Nauvoo—Peter W. Conover and William S. Cutler. Joseph could not refrain from shedding tears at seeing these friends who had come to meet him. He said to Mr. Montgomery: "I am not going to Missouri this time. These are my boys."

While they were talking several other brethren rode up, being in the advance of the main body, and at the same time, the company who started with Joseph from Dixon joined them. Joseph said to Reynolds, "Now, Reynolds, I can have the privilege of riding old Joe Duncan." This was one of Joseph's favorite horses; Brother William Clayton had rode him from Nauvoo. At the appearance of these brethren Reynolds and Wilson were seized with trembling. Brother

Conover was acquainted with Wilson, and he asked him what the matter was, and whether he had the ague. Reynolds wanted to know whether Jem Flaek was in the crowd. He was told that he was not then, but that he would see him to-morrow about this time. "Then," said Reynolds, "I am a dead man; for I know him of old." Conover told him not to be frightened, for he would not be hurt. But he still stood trembling like an aspen leaf. Brother Markham walked up to him and shook hands with him. Reynolds wanted to know, if he met him as a friend. Brother Markham replied that they were friends except in law; that must have its course.

They stopped at Andover for the night. In the evening Reynolds, Wilson and the landlord were overheard by Brother Markham consulting together about sending out to raise a company to take him by force, and run with him to the mouth of Rock River on the Mississippi, as there was a company of men ready to kidnap him over the river. Brother Markham told the Sheriff of Lee county what he had heard, and he immediately placed a guard, so that no one might pass in or out of the house during the night. After leaving Andover they went to the head of Elle-ton Creek. Reynolds wanted to go from there to the mouth of Rock River and take steamboat to Quincy. But Brother Markham said, no; for they were prepared to travel and would go on land. Wilson and Reynolds swore by the Lord that they would never go to Nauvoo alive, and drew their pistols on Brother Markham. He turned to Sheriff Campbell, and said, "when these men took Joseph a prisoner, they took his arms from him, even to his pocket knife. They are now prisoners of yours, and I demand of you to take their arms from them, for that is according to law."

They refused to give them up. The Sheriff was then told that if he could not take the arms from them, that there were men enough there, and he could summon a posse to do it; for it was plain to be seen that they were dangerous men. They then reluctantly gave up their arms to the Sheriff. That night the company stopped at a farm house. While Brother P. W. Conover was outside of the house Reynolds and Wilson came out with the son of the landlord. They talked for some time, and came to the conclusion to take the carriage horses, go to Monmouth, raise a mob, and come to the farm house in the night, seize Joseph, and carry him to the Mississippi river. They had a steamboat in readiness at the mouth of Rock River on which they could carry him to Missouri. After they had completed their plan they went towards the stable. Brother Conover had heard all they said without being seen by them. He went into the house and told Joseph what had passed. Joseph consulted with Mr. Walker Sheriff Campbell and the landlord, and the sheriff took Reynolds and Wilson into custody, and put them in the upper room under guard. When the landlord was told of the attempt to get his son into difficulty, he put a stop to his proceedings at once.

The next day, the 29th, the company of brethren, with Wilson and William Law, met Joseph, and they were all delighted to see him. They had rode very hard, and scoured the country in the direction where they expected to meet him. Those on the best horses had pushed ahead and they met him first.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SINGING.—Singing is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care—supplies the place of sunshine. A man who sings has a good heart under his shirt front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more constantly. A singing cobbler will earn as much more money as a cobbler who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. Avaricious men never sing. The man who attacks singing throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses, or August of its meadow larks.—Selected.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

DECEMBER 15, 1868.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



WITH this number the Third Volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR closes. Three years of delightful intercourse with our subscribers—delightful to us, and we feel assured equally so to many, if not all, of them—have ended. The INSTRUCTOR has won its way quietly and without any flourish of trumpets into general favor. We might have praised it, proclaimed its worth, and the many pleasant compliments there have been paid to it; but we preferred to let it speak for itself. If it should prove worthy of confidence, we were sure it would receive patronage. The result has proved that we were correct. Those who have subscribed for it would not now do without it. It is said that the price of a subscription is nothing compared with the benefits which it brings to its readers. Of course such statements, which we hear from all quarters, are very gratifying and encouraging to us. We know that we have spared no pains to make it all that it purports to be—namely, an INSTRUCTOR of the JUVENILES. We have desired to make its contents reliable.

We have opportunities of seeing a great variety of children's papers; but though many of them contain as fine engravings, and are as beautifully printed as any papers in the world, there is scarcely one that we would wish to see our children read regularly. They contain too many tales of fiction. A child who reads them constantly will gradually acquire a taste for works of fiction, and will have no relish for books of a more grave character.

Tales, to read occasionally, are very good; but to have nothing else to read is very hurtful. No wise parent that wants a healthy child will feed it entirely upon pastry. A wise parent that wants his child to have a strong, vigorous mind will not permit him to make works of fiction his principal reading. The pastry would ruin the stomach, and the works of fiction would have equally as bad an effect upon the mind.

Our attention has been called to this by reading popular children's papers to obtain selections therefrom for the INSTRUCTOR. It is surprising how very little there is to be found in them that is suitable.

The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is not so good, however, in every respect as we wish it to be. We hope that we shall be able to make further improvements in its appearance and style. When we commenced its publication, it was an experiment. Nothing of the kind had ever been published among us. Yet the want of such a periodical was very apparent. We have endeavored to satisfy that want, and our readers can judge whether we have been successful.

IT is our intention to have two numbers more in Volume Four than we have published in previous volumes. Instead of publishing on the first and fifteenth of each month, we shall issue a number on each alternate Saturday. This will give our subscribers two numbers more in the year than they have had

under the old plan of publishing. There will be twenty-six numbers in the volume instead of twenty four. In the East publishers are in the habit of giving premiums as an inducement to secure subscribers. These premiums, as a rule, fall into the hands of a few individuals; the body of the subscribers do not get any benefit from them. We thought the best premium we could offer as an inducement to subscribers to take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR would be to add two more numbers to the volume. This would not be a benefit to a few only; every subscriber would receive it, and the satisfaction would be more general.

We shall endeavor to make the Fourth Volume as much better than previous volumes as we possibly can. Besides our own writings we have the promise of articles on various subjects from the pens of many of our best writers. We shall continue to exercise all possible care that no improper sentiment or untrue doctrine shall enter its columns. We wish it to be accepted as an authority on all the subjects of which it treats.

Our friends and agents will oblige us by using their influence to extend our circulation in their neighborhoods, and by sending on the names of subscribers, with the price of subscription, as early as possible.

GRATITUDE OF A FISH.

IF the following story, which it is said was read before the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society, be true, it is the most remarkable instance of intelligence in a fish that we have ever heard:

"While living at Durham," says Dr. Warwick, "I took a walk in Lord Stamford's park. On reaching a pond in which fish were kept ready for use, I observed a fine pike of some six pounds weight. At my approach he darted away like an arrow. In his hurry he knocked his head against an iron hook fixed in a post in the water, fracturing his skull and injuring the optic nerve on one side of his head. He appeared to suffer terrible pain; he plunged into the mud, floundered hither and thither, and at last, leaping out of the water, fell on the bank. On examination a portion of the brain was seen protruding through the fractured skull.

"This I carefully restored to its place, making use of a small silver toothpick to raise the splinters of broken bone. The fish remained quiet during the operation; when it was over he plunged into the pond. At first his sufferings appeared to be relieved; but in a few minutes he began rushing right and left until he again leaped out of the water.

"I called the keeper, and with his assistance applied a bandage to the fracture. That done, we restored him to the pond and left him to his fate. Next morning, as soon as I reached the water's edge, the pike swam to meet me quite close to the bank, and laid his head upon my feet. I thought this extraordinary. Without further delay I examined the wound and found it was healing nicely. I then strolled for some time by the pond. The fish swam after, following my steps and turning as I turned.

"The following day I brought a few young friends with me to see the fish. He swam towards me as before. Little by little he became so tame as to come to my whistle and eat out of my hand. With other persons, on the contrary, he continued as shy and wild as ever."

If you would enjoy your meals, be good-natured. An angry man can't tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrellas.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

CHRISTMAS is a compound word of Christ and mass—mass being a portion of the service of the Roman Catholic church, which is performed on what is called Christmas day, and this is done in commemoration of the birth of Jesus Christ.

This is a day which has been for many years, and is now almost universally noticed throughout the christian world. It is celebrated as the birthday of Christ, and what is now so universally termed "Merry Christmas" was originally set apart as a day of worship—in partaking of the sacrament and in attending other religious services in the churches.

At the present time, by thousands, it is only thought of as a day of recreation; and many who meet the annual return of the day with great delight, and regard it only as a season of joy and mirth, never so much as think of Jesus Christ, and are entirely ignorant of His birth and of the great work of redemption which He wrought out for the human family through His death and resurrection.



We are not certain that the 25th of December was the day of the nativity of our Savior, but whether that or some other day, the circumstance of His birth gave rise to the peculiarities with which the day is distinguished.

In this engraving is a representation of a Christmas tree. Perhaps some of our young friends never saw one, if so, this one which you see in the picture will give a tolerably correct idea of what it is.

As Christmas comes in a season of the year when the foliage of most of the trees is dead and fallen off, in getting up a Christmas tree, some kind of an evergreen is obtained if possible. Here, in our mountain home, it is not difficult to procure them from the canyons,—such as Spruce and Cedar. As the weather is too cold in December for the children to enjoy it out of doors, the Christmas tree must be produced for exhibition in the parlor or school room.

If the tree is designed for the enjoyment of a school, the teacher is, of course, the master or mistress of ceremonies, and on Christmas eve, the evening preceding Christmas day, the tree is profusely, and many times magnificently decorated, and on its branches the various rewards of merit for the students, and whatever Christmas presents were bestowed, each being so labelled or addressed that it can be readily identified by the happy recipients.

In this picture we see a little family. The kind father and mother have got up a Christmas tree for the gratification of their children, and the children are studiously applying themselves to their books so that they can merit the gifts to be bestowed.

This is beautiful. What can be more lovely and interesting than to see parents encourage their children by consulting their innocent desires by furnishing suitable amusements; and then to see the children in return increasing their efforts and diligence in the path of improvement.

Christmas is recognized both by habit and tradition, as a gift day, and the expectations of multitudes of little folks are centered in this day, and as "Men are but children of a larger growth," the "big folks" think it no stoop of condescension to participate with the little folks in the merriment of the occasion. As very much depends on his care and liberality, we will make a few suggestions to

SANTA CLAUS.

Remember your time honor'd laws,
Kind master of the merry glee:
Prepare your gifts, good Santa Claus,
And hang them on the Christmas tree.

And where no Christmas trees are found,
With liberal hand your gifts distill;
The bags and stockings hanging round,
Great Santa Claus, be sure to fill.

Untie your purse—enlarge your heart—
O, do not pass one single door;
And in your gen'rous walk impart
Your comforts to the sick and poor.

When eyes are watching for the morn,
In humble hut and cottage too;
How disappointed and forlorn,
If missed, dear Santa Claus, by you

Go all the rounds of baby-hood.
And bless and cheer the hearts of all
The "little folks," and please be good
To those who're not so very small.

E. R. S.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

THE BUTTON THIEF.

A TRUE STORY.

GEORGE Tautz, the hero of our story, was a boy who wanted to be good. He tried to do right as well as he knew how; but, like other boys, he had his weak points, one of which was he loved to be thought well by his companions. He wanted to look big and generous to his playmates, and this last feeling was the cause of the difficulty which forms the subject of our little tale.

At the time of which we write, George was about nine years old. He lived in London. His father kept a large tailor's store in that city, and George was in the habit of choosing for his companions such boys as lived in the streets near his father's

house, close to which was a favorite play-ground for the boys. It was a little, short street, blocked up at one end so that no carts or carriages could pass through it. For this reason the boys loved to play there, they were so seldom disturbed.

"Buttons" was a favorite game on the street at that time. This is played, in much the same manner as marbles. A number of buttons—the big ones are called two-ers, the small ones one-ers—are placed in a ring on the ground, each boy at his turn throws at them. The best marksman wins the most.

George did not care much about playing buttons himself; but he would pick up a few in his father's shop and give them to his companions. It made them think he was a fine generous fellow. To foster this feeling he kept fetching them more and more, until, at last, he went so far, that he would creep slyly into his father's shop when no one was there, climb on the counter, stretch his hands up to a high shelf in one corner and slip two or three dozen of these bright, shining, silvery buttons into his pocket, and carry them away.

If George had only stopped to think for one single instant he would have decided at once he was doing wrong. "Thou shalt not steal" would have rushed into his mind. But, the trouble was, he did not want to think anything about it. He was too fond of the praise of the boys. However, all such things have an end sometime. The boys wanted more buttons every time they saw him; and, at last, he got vexed at their constant begging. So he refused to give them any more. No sooner did he do this than they began to threaten him. They said they would tell his father. But George was obstinate. What they could not persuade him to do by kind words they could not force him to do by threats. Still, this threat of telling his father made him sorely afraid. He did not want his father to know what he had been doing, and as soon as this dread of exposure had filled his mind, he felt he had been doing wrong. Then he made up his mind he would take no more buttons; he would rather his father should know all about his folly, though he might punish him severely, than keep on doing wrong to please these boys, who might in the end do what they now threatened.

So George told them "he didn't care, they might tell his father; they would get no more buttons from him." This was not quite the truth; he did care a great deal; but he did not want to show it, so he put on a bold face and tried to laugh it off.

But one boy, meaner than the rest, who had had by far the largest share of the stolen buttons, told him, "If you won't give me any more, I'll get Bill Ballard to make you; and he can, for Bill has fought a man and whipped him."

Now, this Bill Ballard was a rough, low boy, about two years older than George, and the bully of the street in which they played.

This threat rather alarmed George, for he felt he was no match for Bill. Still he felt as resolute as ever not to be led into wrong doing again. So he told the boy since he was such a coward, to send on his champion, he was ready for him; at the same time determining in his own mind to keep away from where his enemy was likely to be found, and to run away if ever he caught sight of him at a distance. George had sufficient moral courage not to give way, if all the boys in the street threatened him; but he was a timid little fellow when fighting was talked about, and would rather run than fight any day, if running would do as well.

Some little time passed; George steered clear of Bill Ballard's haunts, and almost thought all was forgotten, until one day, led by his great love of pictures, he ventured to the corner of the street in which the boys played, to look into the windows of a printseller's store. While intently gazing in at the window his dreaded enemy passed by, and on seeing George, began to

abuse him, being confident he could do just as he pleased with him. George saw it was no good to try to run away, for the other boy could run faster than he, so he put the best face he could on the matter and prepared to defend himself. The fight did not last long. George by some means gained the vantage ground, and through his foe slipping off the pavement into the road, he was twice enabled to knock him down. At this moment an old lady hearing the scuffle came and separated them, to which George was nothing loth, while the other boy, finding he was not so easy to whip, was not now so anxious for the fight.

Thus ends our little story; but it has its moral. If George had never done wrong he would never have fallen into this dilemma. He would never have been afraid of his conduct reaching his father's ears. He would never have had to creep about the streets in fear and trembling lest Bill Ballard should loom in sight. "The way of the transgressor is hard." But he was wise to brave all this, rather than continue to do wrong when he saw the evil of his ways. Had he continued to steal he would always have been at the mercy of those bad boys, and might have gone on from bad to worse, until he would have become known to all the world as a thief and a felon. But he had the courage to say "No. I will not," and that saved him.

George is now, I am happy to tell you, grown to be a man, and his home is with the Saints of God in these happy valleys; but he has not forgotten the lesson taught him through his stealing buttons when a little boy.

Children, you also can learn one lesson through this short story. If you have been doing wrong, do it no more, leave it off at once and for ever. It is better to face the consequences now, than when your sin has grown worse. Trust in God, plead with him for his aid to strengthen you to do right, and determine—in the words of one of our hymns—you will

"Do what is right, let the consequence follow."

G. R.

THE STORY OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

Selected from Jacob Abbott's Writings.

[CONTINUED.]

THE summer passed away and the winter came. The frost bridged the waters of the bay, and seemed to open a passage for the troops, and Washington seriously contemplated making an attack upon the town over the ice. On mature deliberation, this plan was found too doubtful of success, and it was abandoned.

Early in the spring, however, the second great effort was made by the Americans to dislodge the British from Boston and it succeeded triumphantly. It was a repetition of the attempted maneuver of Bunker Hill. One night in March, a body of troops were sent up to the heights of Dorchester and set to work, throwing up intrenchments there just as they had done on Bunker Hill. But this undertaking was managed on a much more extensive scale than the other. Six times as many workmen were employed in digging the trench and throwing up the embankment as were sent to Bunker Hill, and there was a large body of troops detached to accompany and protect them. The hill was higher too, and so was much more safe from a attack.

The men worked hard all night, and the next morning, as soon as it was light, the sentinels on board the men-of-war were amazed at seeing a strong fortress, that had grown up in the night, frowning upon them from a hill so near as to place them in imminent danger. The commander of the ships sent word to Lord Howe, who was now the general-in-chief on

shore, that unless he dislodged those men from their post on the Heights, he should be obliged to leave the harbor immediately with all his ships, "for the Americans could fire," he said, "directly down upon him as soon as they should get their guns in position." Lord Howe immediately fitted out an expedition to go in boats and storm the redoubts, as the troops had done before at Bunker Hill. The men embarked and set sail, and every body expected a terrible battle; but a storm came on suddenly, and threw them all into confusion. Some were upset, some driven on the shore, and the whole fleet was so scattered and broken up, that before they could be collected again, and repaired, and made ready for another attempt, the Americans had completed their works, and made them so strong that the British were afraid to attack them.

So General Howe sent word to General Washington, that if he would allow them to embark on board their ships in peace, they would all go away.

"But if you fire upon us from your intrenchments on the Heights," said he, "while we are going on board, then we will burn the town."

General Washington wished to save the town, and so he made an agreement with Lord Howe, that if he would go away and leave everything as it was, they would allow him to go in peace. The British, accordingly, embarked in the ships and sailed out of the harbor. For some time nobody knew where they were going.

The Declaration of Independence was made on the 4th of July, 1776. This was not until more than a year after the war broke out. During all this time, the people of the colonies, though determined that they would not submit to being taxed by a government three thousand miles away, had yet not resolved to separate entirely from the mother country. They professed to be loyal and obedient in spirit still, as subjects of the English king, but they insisted on enjoying the same rights and privileges that were claimed and enjoyed by all other British subjects.

It must be distinctly borne in mind, in order to understand the merits of this dispute, that the colonists did not by any means claim that they ought not to be taxed at all, but only that, like the people of England themselves, they should have the control of the subject of taxation in their own Legislatures. The Parliament was the Legislature of the people of England. Without the act of Parliament, neither the king nor the government could lay any tax whatever upon the people at home. Now the colonies had their Legislatures too, and the people of the colonies maintained that it was those Legislatures, and not the Legislature of the people at home, that should control the subject of taxation in America. There was no justice or right whatever that the Legislature of one portion of the king's dominions should regulate the taxes for the people of another portion. It would be almost as reasonable, they maintained, to expect that the Legislatures of America should regulate the taxation of the people of England, as that the Legislature of England should do it for the people of America. Thus all that the Americans claimed was that, while they were willing to remain loyal and faithful subjects of the British king, they should be protected in the enjoyment of the same rights and privileges in their own country that the people of England enjoyed in theirs.

As the war went on, however, during the year after it first broke out, the Americans became gradually more and more alienated from the mother country, and thus the breach grew wider and wider. All attempts to compromise and settle the dispute failed. The English government would make no terms with the Americans short of exacting from them a complete and absolute surrender to their authority. At length many leading Americans began to think that the time was

come when it would be best for the colonists to renounce their allegiance to England altogether.

"Let us proclaim our independence," said they, "and take our stand boldly among the nations of the earth."

This proposal was received at first, by many persons, with great alarm. There was still remaining, too, in the minds of a large portion of the people, a lingering attachment to the mother country. "Besides," said they, "we cannot hope to contend successfully against so great a power. So long as our resistance is confined to opposing a single unjust and oppressive law, England will not make any very great effort to subdue us, and will finally give up the contest and grant us our rights; but if we go to so great an extreme as wholly to renounce the authority of the mother country, and attempt to make ourselves independent altogether, then the spirit of the government will be thoroughly aroused, and they will come upon us with all the strength and all the resources of the empire, rather than yield."

To this, those who were in favor of independence replied, that doubtless the English government would make every possible effort to reconquer the colonies and bring them back, if they should attempt to break entirely away from the mother country; and they admitted that the contest would be very unequal between the mighty British empire, with its great and powerful ships of war, and its immense armies of well-equipped and well-trained troops on the one hand, and, on the other, the thinly-peopled and scattered population of the colonies, with no troops but hastily-collected volunteers, coming, half armed, and destitute of any knowledge of war, from the work-shops and fields.

"But then," said they, "we shall not be alone in the contest. England has enemies in Europe who will be glad to join us when they find that we have fully committed ourselves to the struggle. There are France, and Spain, and Holland. They are the natural enemies of England. They have been at war with England half of the time for centuries. They are always ready to take advantage of any favorable opportunity to make war upon her. And though they will not help us now, while we only rebel against a tax, and are ready to submit to the English dominion again as soon as the tax is repealed, they would willingly, and even gladly, join us if we would separate from her entirely, and declare ourselves a free and independent nation."

In the meantime, while discussions like these were going on among the statesmen and the members of Congress, a strong love of liberty and independence was rapidly extending among all classes of the people. They began to believe that in government, as in every thing else, men were competent to manage their own affairs, and they were right in this opinion.

It has been a great point with despots and aristocrats, in all ages and in all countries, to try to convince the world that men are not capable of managing their own affairs, but that somebody must be exalted over them to govern them. "The wise and the good," they say, "must rule over the masses, who are ignorant and bad." So, under pretense of conforming to this necessity, they themselves take the command, and keep the people under subjection to them, though, instead of being the wise and the good, they are only cunning and wicked. It is not possible for the imagination to conceive of characters more selfish, profligate, and vile, than the line of English kings, with two or three doubtful exceptions, have uniformly exhibited from the earliest periods to the present day.

(To be Continued)

NOTHING gives more freshness to existence than the consciousness of being useful to others.

Little Willie,

CHAPTER IV.

THE time for Willie returning home had now arrived. He felt sorry to leave his Aunt Mable, and many of his circle of new friends. Aunt Mable had been very kind to him, hence he had learned to love his aunt very much, but then there were others whom he loved very dearly too, and when he thought of the sweet smiles, and the kind words that would greet him on his return to the circle of home, his heart was full of joy. Animated by these feelings, he bade his friends good bye, and commenced his journey homewards.

When within about three miles from home, Willie could see dense clouds of smoke rising from the factory chimneys of the dear old town that gave him birth. Just six weeks before, he had watched the smoke rising from the same chimneys. Then, he was leaving it behind him. Every minute was taking him from the scenes of his childhood. A new world as it were, was being spread out before him, and his joy increased as those dear old scenes were fading in the distance. If he were to turn round now, and travel in the same direction, would he realize the feelings that he felt then! No; he would not. The very smoke now seemed to wear a charm. Every familiar object brought its accompanying sweet reflections. Every turn of the road, and almost everything that he saw, seemed to be full of interest. He wondered whether his little baby brother would know him now. Whether any of his brothers or sisters would see him before he got to the house, and what mother would say to him on his arrival. Many such thoughts rushed through his mind.

As he entered the outskirts of the town he began to meet persons with whom he was acquainted, and the meeting of his old acquaintances gave him much pleasure.

Willie now felt himself to be quite a traveler. He had been six weeks from home, and had traveled one hundred miles. To many of the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, one hundred miles may seem to be a short distance for a person to travel; but it was not so where Willie was raised; for there were many old men there, who had never traveled fifty miles from home during the whole of their lives.

Willie was now in full view of Long Land St., in which was the residence of his father. His anticipations and excitement increased at every step. Now he was seen. Many voices echoed his name. All were glad to see him, mother, brothers, and sisters were filled with joy at his coming. Many kind words were spoken, tokens of affection given, and even tears of joy were shed.

(To be Continued.)

THE NECESSITY OF REFLECTION.—It is obvious that the most useful information, the most important instruction will pass readily from the mind, unless the reflective faculties render its impression lasting, and its operation effectual. Without the exercise of reflection the mind would be speedily encumbered, not only with what is useless, but pernicious. Reflection may be termed the digestive or assimilating principle of the mind, and unless its legitimate operation be allowed, the tone of its health and vigor will become impaired, and it will be disqualified, both for happiness and usefulness. Reflect earnestly, seriously, and thereby strengthen your mind.

Selected Poetry.

SOMEBODY.

There's a meddling "Somebody" going about,
And playing his pranks, but we can't find him out;
He's up stairs and down stairs from morning till night,
And always in mischief, but never in sight.

The rogues I have read of in song or in tale
Are caught in the end, and conducted to jail;
But "Somebody's" tracks are all covered so well
He never has seen the inside of a cell.

Our young folks at home, at all seasons and times,
Are rehearsing the roll of "Somebody's" crimes;
Or, fast as their feet and their tongues can well run,
Come to tell the last deed the sly scamp has done.

"'Somebody' has taken my knife," one will say;
"'Somebody' has carried my pencil away;"
"'Somebody' has gone and thrown down all the blocks;"
"'Somebody' ate up all the cakes in the box."

It is "Somebody" breaks all the pictures and plates;
And hides the boys' sleds, and runs off with their skates,
And turns on the water, and tumbles the beds,
And steals all the pins, and melts all the dolls' heads.

One night a dull sound like the thump of a head,
Announced that a youngster was out of his bed;
And he said, half asleep, when asked what it meant,
"'Somebody' is pushing me out of the tent!"

Now if these high crimes of "Somebody" don't cease,
We must summon in the detective police;
And they, in their wisdom, at once will make known,
The culprit belongs to no house but our own.

Then should it turn out, after all, to be true,
That our young folks themselves are "Somebody," too,
How queer it would look if we saw them all go
Marched off to the calaboose, six in a row.

THE answer to the Charade in No. 22 is RAILROAD. We have received correct answers from Mary B. Cook, Eliza A. Cordon, Joseph H. Parry, Geo. G. Taylor, A. H. Cannon, Geo. L. Worstenholm, Agnes Latham and Rosa M. Cannon.

PEOPLE who boast of their knowledge generally have very little of it, while those who possess knowledge are not anxious to show it.

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