

[For the Deseret News.]

## TO THE SAINTS.

Come ye residents of Zion,  
Listen to the Lord's great Lion,—  
This is what you can rely on;  
Grasp the iron rod.  
Hark! his voice is full of merit,  
Unto all that do inherit  
A due portion of the Spirit  
Of the living God.  
Lo! He proclaims salvation  
To every tongue and nation—  
The honest heart in every part  
Of all this wide creation  
Will believe the proclamation  
Of the gospel dispensation,  
That came down by revelation  
From the courts above.  
Let's praise the Lord, the giver  
Of all good gifts for ever,  
And be awake, and not mistake,  
That we forsake him never.—  
Listen to the Lord's vice-gerent,  
And the beneficial parent  
Of each one that is inherent  
Of celestial love.

If we live in love and union,  
Shun all discords and disunion,—  
Christ the Holy One's communion  
Is our happy lot;  
Let us upright walk and even,  
And obey the laws of heaven,  
Through the will of God are given,  
And reject them not.  
Refrain from sin and treason;  
Attain to truth and reason,  
And serve the Lord with one accord,  
Watch always—pray in season;  
If we magnify our calling,  
God's word always is consoling,  
And will guide our feet from falling  
To a sad disgrace.  
What blessed consolation  
To man in his low station  
Of earthly grade, that he is made  
An heir of God's salvation.—  
Saints from different climes and nations  
That came out of tribulations,  
Praise the Lord for revelations  
In these latter days.

W.L.

We present to the people the Deseret Alphabet, but have not adopted any rules to bind the taste, judgment or preference of any. Such as it is you have it, and we are sanguine that the more it is practised and the more intimately the people become acquainted with it, the more useful and beneficial it will appear.

The characters are designed to represent the sounds for which they stand, and are so used. Where one stands alone, the name of the character or letter is the word, it being the only sound heard. We make no classification into vowels, consonants, &c., considering that to be of little or no consequence; the student is therefore at liberty to deem all the characters vowels, or consonants, or starters, or stoppers, or whatever else he pleases.

In the orthography of the published examples, Webster's pronunciation will be generally followed, though it will be varied from when general usage demands. All words having the same pronunciation will be spelled alike, and the reader will have to depend upon the context for the meaning of such words.

Since the arrival of the matrices, &c., for casting the Deseret Alphabet, it has been determined to adopt another character to represent the sound of *ew*, but until we

are prepared to cast that character, the characters *u* and *i* will be used to represent the sound of *ew* in new. The characters *u* and *i* are sounded as *ai* in hair, for which one character will also be used, so soon as it can be procured.

## DESERET ALPHABET.

| Long | Short | u | h  | l   | eth   |
|------|-------|---|----|-----|-------|
| ə    | e     | 7 | p  | 8   | the   |
| 3    | a     | 2 | b  | 8   | s     |
| ə    | ah    | 1 | t  | 6   | z     |
| ə    | au    | w | d  | 0   | esh   |
| o    | o     | r | c  | che | s zhe |
| 0    | oo    | 9 | g  | 4   | ur    |
| h    | i     | 0 | k  | l   | l     |
| ə    | ow    | 0 | ga | 2   | m     |
| u    | woo   | p | f  | 4   | n     |
| u    | ye    | 6 | v  | n   | eng   |

802 P4P7 820W4d.

1. YWAH 8087287 80 8282UP  
74 72800P, O 7277 724? 8 090428  
W6 0W0 2404942L 0W4747492L.

2. 82 7271 020462L 72800P8,  
L20 3 0047 436W4, W74071 02-  
807P2L.

3. 80 72879 00L 704 824  
090, 740 7271 40824 824 70  
8700 4208428.

4. 80 72879 02-020471  
W7406, O 80 02807P2L 7271.

5. 0W0 02L 720W46 0287407  
80 704204; 70 02L 720 80  
203, 740 7271 80 82 72 80

02071-7238, 740 407 80 82 72 80

8 7271 80 82 72 80  
6. 8 4208 0204 02L 80, 740  
704, 740 02L 02P 72 72.

7. 02 828 76 8 724 827 720  
747 0W0 726 8242L; 827 74787-  
20 74 8 72710248 W6 726 42026,  
740 8242L740 7282UP 74 726  
W7020428.

8. 827 72 720 3 0204 W702-  
740 74 8 728 W6 0W0; 74787  
74 8 72487 W6 0W0 704 204 740  
204.

9. 72 727 7436 80 704 204,  
02006 80 7287 027 72; 740 72  
W70 727 W4 82 727; 704 72 76  
020 0204 82 83478.

## GLEANINGS FROM EXCHANGES.

—A LAND SLIDE at Monte Christo, April 18 killed four persons and carried away three dwelling houses. The noise, at the time, was like that of an earthquake. The mass of earth, almost twenty five feet in width and of great depth, was precipitated down the mountain side a distance of about 400 feet—the houses going with the mass. The killed were: Mrs. Howe and two of her children and the little son of Mrs. B. Wright. Mr. Howe and several miners were miraculously saved—the former having stepped out of his house but a moment before the crash; the miners had just finished supper and left their cabin when it was crushed to atoms. There is danger of the whole town being destroyed. "The loss," say the *Sierra Democrat Extra*, "is beyond estimation."

—ANOTHER land-slide occurred a few days after the above, at Minnesota, Sierra county, California, which threatens the destruction of that town. "The whole of the main street," says the *Sierra Citizen*, "is in danger of going down a place that reaches a level at a distance of seven hundred feet." The town stands near the verge of a canyon side and, it is stated, the miners, in washing the bank, started a stream of quicksand, which ran until the bank above gave way and carried off several buildings and two houses. The precipice is seven hundred feet deep at this place. No person had yet been killed and the inhabitants were busy removing their effects.

—A TREATY is said to have been made between Miramon and the government of Sardinia—Miramon ceding to Sardinia the Mexican States of Tobasco, Tehuantepec and Chiapas for five million dollars. The Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* says:

"Thus one by one the transit routes are passing away irretrievably from the United States, while Europe is drawing closely the cord that may shut us from our arctic possessions."

The report is rather ridiculous.

## Oology.

MR. EDITOR:—The Smithsonian Institution wishes to collect the "nests and eggs" of all the various feathered tribes, or fowls and birds common to Utah, except furmugurd, and solicit my exertions to accomplish the desired object. Now, that Utah may have her portion of history well filled in oology, ornithology, and several other ologies, I wish collected, in a proper manner for transportation, birds' nests with eggs, and parent birds if possible; with fowls, from the swan down to the dipper, with the eggs; a head or wing of large fowls will answer.

The history, habits, and time of nesting of both birds and fowls must accompany the eggs. Birds heads or wings can be preserved in alcohol. The eggs, by a small hole made at each end with a needle, may have their matter easily blown out.

Hunters, herdsmen and others, who will endeavor to collect birds, eggs, and nests, history of the birds, time of nesting, and also fowls of the same, and bring or send them to me, shall be remembered when literary favors are distributed.

Our next call will be in zoology and ichthyology; and perhaps the 'magnificent dust,' from the smallest diamond to the stateliest donyx.

W. W. PHELPS,  
Superintendent Met. Ob.

May 24, 1859.

Instructions for preserving and packing can be had at my office in Great Salt Lake City.

Worms in Horses.—A correspondent of the *Boston Cultivator* says a single handful of salt given to a horse in cut feed, three times a day, proved effectual in ridding a horse of worms.—Another writes that a table spoonful of copperas given to the horse will use them up.

## The Arkansas Traveler.

In the early settlement of Arkansas, a traveler, after riding some eight or ten miles without meeting a human being, or seeing a human habitation, came at length, by a sudden turn of the wood road, to a miserable 'shanty,' the center of a small clearing, in what had originally been a 'Black-Jacket thicket,' whence the only sound that proceeds is the discordant music of a broken winded fiddle, from the bowels of which the occupant is laboriously extorting the monotonous tune known as 'The Arkansas, or Rackensack Traveler.' Our traveler rides up with a few feet of the door, which was once the bed frame of a cart body now covered with bear skins and hung upon two big wooden hinges.—After much shouting, the inmate appears, fiddle in hand, and evidently 'wrathy' at being interrupted in the exercise of his art. The following colloquy ensues, the indefatigable fiddler still playing the first strain of 'The Arkansas Traveler,' which, in fact, he continues, at sudden intervals, until the dialogue, as will be seen, is brought to an unexpected conclusion. If this is not 'seeking lodgings under difficulties,' we should like to know what might be legitimately so considered.

Traveler.—Friend, can I obtain accommodations for the night with you?

Arkansas Artist.—No sir, nary 'commodation.'

Traveler.—My dear sir, I have already traveled thirty miles to-day, and neither myself nor my horse has had a mouthful to eat; why can't you accommodate me for to-night?

Ark. Artist.—Just 'cause it can't be did. We are plum out of everything to eat in the house; Bill has just gone to mill with the last nubbin of corn on these premises, and it'll be nigh on to the shank of to-morrow evenin' afore he cums home, unless something uncommon happens.

Traveler.—You surely have something that I can feed to my horse, even a few potatoes would be better than no food.

Ark. Art.—Stranger, our eatin' roots gin out about a week ago; so your chance is slim thar.

Traveler.—But, Friend, I must remain with you, any way. I can't go any further whether I obtain anything to eat or not. You certainly will allow me the shelter of your roof.

Ark. Art.—It can't be did, old hoss. You see we've got only one dried hide on the premises, and me and the old woman allus occupies that; so whar's your chance?

Traveler.—Allow me to hitch my horse to that persimmon-tree, and with my saddle and blanket I'll make a bed in the fence corner.

Ark. Art.—Hitch your horse to that 'simmon-tree?'—in a horn. Why, you must be a nat'ral fool, stranger! Don't you see that's me and old woman's only chance for 'simmon beer, in the fall of the year? If your hoss is so tarna hungry as you say he is, he'd girdle it as high up as he could reach, afore morning. Hitch your hoss to that tree! I spect not; no, no stranger, you can't come nary sich dodge as that!

Our traveler, seeing that he had an original to deal with, and being himself an amateur performer upon the instrument to which the settler was so ardently attached, thought he would change his tactics, and draw his determined note to be 'host' out a little, before informing him of the fact, that he could play the 'Arkansas Traveler,' which once being known, he rightly conjectured, would be a passport to his better graces.

Traveler.—Well, friend, if I can't stay, how far is it to the next house?

Ark. Art.—Ten miles; and you'll think they are mighty long ones, too, afore you get thar. I cum nigh unto forgettin' to tell you the big creek is up; the bridge is carried off; there's nary yearthly chance to ford it; and if ye'r bound to cross it, ye'll have to go about seven miles up the stream to old Dave Lody's puncheon bridge, through one of the darndest bamboo-swamps ever you see. I reckon the bridge is standin' yet, 'twas yesterday mornin', though one eend had started down stream about fifteen feet, or sich a matter.

Traveler.—Friend, you seem communicative; and if it's no offence, I'd like to know what you do for a living?

Ark. Art.—No offence on yearth, stranger; we just keep a grocery!

Traveler.—Where, in the name of all that is mercantile, do your customers come from? Your nearest neighbor is ten miles distant?

Ark. Art.—The fact is, me and the ole woman is the best customer yet; but we 'spect that these diggins will improve too. How-s'ever, we do suthin now even: Me and the ole woman took the cart 'tother day, and went to town: we bort a bar'l of whisky; and arter we cum home, and gin to count the balance on hand, we found thar warn't but one solitary picayune left, and as the ole woman allus carries the puss, in course she had it. Well, I sot the bar'l agin one side of the room, and shortly arter the ole woman sez: Supposin you tap your eend of the bar'l and I did; and she bort a drink, and paid me the picayune. Pretty soon, I begun to get dry, and sez I: Ole woman, spozen you tap your eend of the bar'l? and she did; and then she sells me a drink, and the way that picayune travels back'ards and for'ards, is a caution to them as loves red-eye. But, stranger, losses is apt to come with every business; and me and the ole woman has lost some in the grocery line; and I'll tell you how 'twas. The boy Bill, our oldest son, he see how the lick-er was goin, and he didn't have nary red to jine in the retail business; so one night he crawled under the house, and taps the bar'l atwixt the cracks in the puncheon floor; and I r'ally believe he's got more than me or the ole woman iher; the good for nothin vagabond, to come the 'gaiff' over his natural born parents; it's enuff to make a man sour agin all creation; that boy'll be the ruination of us yet. He takes to trickery jist as natural as a hungry 'possum takes to a hen roost.

Now, stranger, what on yearth am I to do? He beats me and the ole woman entirely.

Traveler.—It would be difficult for me to advise in regard to your son, as I have no family of my own. You say it is ten miles to the next house; the big creek is up; the bridge carried away; no possibility of fording it, and seven miles through a swamp to the only bridge in the vicinity! This is rather a gloomy prospect, particularly as the sun is just about down; still my curiosity is excited and as you have been playing only one part of the 'Arkansas Traveler' ever since my arrival, I would like to know why you don't play it thro'?

Ark. Art.—For one of the best reasons on yearth, old hoss—I can't do it. I haint larnt the turn of that tehune, and drat me if I believe I ever shall.

Traveler.—Give me your instrument, and I'll see if I can play the turn for you.

Ark. Art.—Look o' here, my friend, do you play the turn to that tehune?

Traveler.—I believe I can.

Ark. Art.—Lite, lite, old hoss!—we'll find a place for you in the cabin sure. Ole woman! (a holla within the shanty was the first indication the traveler had of any other being on the premises) the stranger plays the turn of the 'Rackensack Traveler.' My friend, hitch your hoss to the 'simmon-tree, or anywhere else you please. Bill'll be here soon, and he'll take care of him. Ole woman, you call Sai and Nance up from the spring house, and cut off a good large piece of bear-steak, to brile for the stranger's supper; tell Sai to knock over a chicken or two, and get out some flour-doin and chicken-fixins for the stranger. [Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than he was expected half an hour before.] Bill, O Bill! there's a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the 'Rackensack Traveler,' go to the corn crib and get a big punkin, and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have suthin to sit on and skin a 'tater long with me and the ole woman, while the gals is gettin supper; and Bill, take the hoss and give him plenty of corn; no nubbins, Bill; then rub him down well; and then, when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bearskin for the stranger to sleep on; and then, Bill, he'll play the turn of the 'Rackensack Traveler,' for us.

The punkin was brought, the taters were skinned and eaten, the turn of the 'Rackensack Traveler' was repeatedly played, to the abundant edification, and the gals finally announced that supper was ready, and, although instead of 'store-tea,' they had only 'saxifrax tea doins,' without milk, yet the repast was one to be long and gratefully remembered. The traveler remained all night, and was piloted safely over the 'big creek' early the next morning. Of a truth, 'music has charms to soothe the savage breast.'

UNION OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—The English papers publish the details of the project of Mr. Charles Boyd for uniting England and France by a gigantic tubular bridge across the channel between Dover and Cape Grinez, the nearest points to the opposite coasts. In order to afford a passage to vessels of the largest size, the bridge would rest on one side on the cliffs of Dover and on the other on the cliffs of Cape Grinez, the French abutments being raised one hundred and fifty three feet higher than the English, to compensate for the difference of elevation of the cliffs. The bridge would be supported by one hundred and ninety towers, at a distance of five hundred feet apart, each having a light to guide vessels at night, and an alarm bell for a warning in fogs. The greatest depth of the channel on the line proposed is one hundred and eighty six feet. The bridge would have two or more railways, which, it is estimated, could be traversed in twenty minutes; and it would be so built as to admit the light of day, being lighted at night by gas.

In order to prevent all fear of invasion the projector proposes that each end of the bridge shall be commanded by a strong battery.

The towers, which would be a hundred feet in diameter, and two hundred and sixty feet high, would rest on colossal bases, three hundred feet square at the bottom, one hundred and fifty feet square at the top, rising to a height of forty feet above the water, formed of blocks of granite united by iron bars. The elevation of the tops of the towers would be thus three hundred feet above the surface of the water.

Mr. Boyd estimates the utmost possible cost of the bridge at £80,000,000, but thinks that it could be built for half that sum, and that the whole cost would be reimbursed to the company in eight years. This project seems to promise much better success than that of Mr. Gamond, who proposes to build a tunnel under the channel at a cost of only £4,000,000.—[Times March 17, 1859.]

HEROIC POVERTY.—Talking about the heroism displayed upon the battle field, what is that, asks a cotemporary, compared to the heroism of poverty? Think a minute over the idea. The hod carrier who supports a family of eight children and two dogs on a dollar a day, displays more true heroism than is required to effect a conquest on a battle field. Gen. Sabre will face a battery of a hundred guns without flinching, but if called upon to face an unpaid creditor four times a week, as Trowel, the bricklayer does, when out of work, he would grow low-spirited, and take to arsenic in a fortnight. The heroism of the battle-field is kept up by bass drums, clarionets and praise from the newspapers. Such heroism may or may not be a matter of principle; but there is no questioning the courage required in the prosaic duties of life—the bringing up a family by shedding perspiration at the rate of ten cents an hour, is heroism.

"Will you give me that ring?" said a village dandy to a lady; "for it resembles my love for you; it has no end." "Excuse me, sir," was the reply, "I choose to keep it, as being emblematical of mine for you; it has no beginning."