

COMMON SENSE.

She came among the gathering crowd
A maiden fair, without pretence,
And when they asked her humble name
She whispered, mildly "Common Sense."

We present to the people the Deseret Alphabet, but have not adopted any rules to bind the taste, judgment or preference of any.

The characters are designed to represent the sounds for which they stand, and are so used.

In the orthography of the published examples, Webster's pronunciation will be generally followed, though it will be varied from when general usage demands.

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 'y' will be used to represent the sound of ew in new.

DESERET ALPHABET.

Table with 5 columns: Long, Short, and three pairs of characters. Rows include: Long Short y h L eth; a e t 7 p 8 the; 3 a 2 B b 8 s; ah j 7 t 6 z; au w a d D esh; o o r c che s zhe; oo q q g 4 ur; i o k l l; ow o ga 7 m; u woo p f 4 n; y ye e v W eng

807 66.

- 1. 230 3 90+99 40+6 1470
2. 8+11 104L 8 w4r4 w8 Y+6
3. 83 1470 0wa, Y8 144+8L
4. 0L 8 14L DL 144D+7 80,
5. 0r7 148 80 8 14408 w8
6. Y8 1448 8 80 1470 844
7. Y8 4+9L 84 Y+6 784 1446;
8. O 8L 84 0wa, Y 787L,
9. Yw+c 10L 84 80L 14
10. 144 80, O 0wa, Y 1481

"Hark, from the Tombs!"

In one of the principal towns in Utah county, not a dozen miles from Springville, there lives a man who thinks much more of his acquirements and natural powers of discernment than those do who have been intimately acquainted with him for many years; for, according to their notions, he is often too credulous for his own good, and not unfrequently is powerfully operated upon, in consequence of believing falsehoods that designing men may chance to utter, and seemingly the more so, as the probability of the assertions being true is apparently lessened in the opinion of others.

This gentleman, if such he may be called, according to report, has been greatly annoyed within the last few months, by the rehearsal of the tales of murder and bloodshed in his adopted village, alleged to have been committed during the last two years; believing without reserve, every ridiculous story of the kind that was put in circulation or related in his hearing, even if the author had never been known to tell the truth; and being somewhat visionary withal, he could see the mangled bodies of the slain distinctly and the hands of those accused of the murders reeking with blood, though his vision was not sufficiently clear to discover where the bodies of the murdered men had been concealed or interred.

Not long since, while rambling in the suburbs of the town musing upon those things that had been uppermost in his mind for a long time, he came upon a large grave or cache, where something had been deposited without the necessary precaution having been taken to conceal the fact. As quick as thought a new idea entered his cranium and his fevered brain was operated upon so virulently that he at once comprehended the mystery of that lonely grave.

With visions of glory and renown vividly passing before his eyes, he returned at once to the town and informed some of his confidential associates of what he had seen, soliciting their co-operation and, providing shovels, spades, picks, ropes and other things necessary for disinterring and securing the bodies and bones of the murdered men, he repaired with a small party immediately to the spot and commenced the work of exhuming the remains of the dead that were deposited there.

Incited to vigorous action by the marvelous tales they had heard and unreservedly believed and by the hope of obtaining something, they knew not what, they were not long in removing the earth to the depth of some four feet, when they unexpectedly came upon the dead body of a horse, so far decomposed that the stench was enough to deter men under ordinary circumstances from further prosecuting their research; not so with these fellows, especially with the chief, whose vision was now so clear that he could distinctly see the dead men's bones underneath the carcass of the animal, which unquestionably had been placed over them, the more effectually to prevent them from being discovered by any who, like them, might undertake to bring to light those deeds of darkness that had been committed in their pleasant village.

They were not to be deceived by any such cunning device, nor thwarted in their exertions to discover the secrets of that mysterious grave, by the nauseous scent emitted from the decaying body of the old horse. Nothing but the removal of the stinking carcass would reveal what they had long desired to have brought to light; so at it they went with renewed energy.

After a long and tedious effort, they succeeded in removing the last bone of the noble animal that had been there piously interred, but nothing was found underneath but the hard earth, into which, it is said, they penetrated several feet before the credulous and visionary individual who had been the cause of so much work being done without accomplishing his desires, became convinced that nothing had been buried there but a horse.

Weary and disappointed they returned home. The adventure soon became known, and it is said the principal actor has been very quiet and unassuming ever since and, for aught that is known, occasionally personifies Harvey's meditations among the Tombs.

The horse that had been interred with so much care had been a favorite of its owner who, to prevent the wolves from devouring the body, had caused it to be buried at an expense of several dollars and was highly incensed at the violation of the grave by these ultra resurrectionists.

GLEANINGS FROM EXCHANGES.

—Mr. N. A. Wood, a witness for the prosecution in the late rescue case at Oberlin, was recently attacked at that place by two negroes who, it seems, are pliant tools in the hands of the Oberlin Professors and their ultra abolition friends. We extract the following from the Cleveland Democrat:

Mr. Wood keeps a livery stable in Oberlin, and his residence is about three-quarters of a mile from his stable. About nine o'clock in the evening, as he was proceeding home from his stable, two negroes appeared and walked behind him. Supposing they desired to pass, Mr. Wood stepped to one side, when one of them suddenly caught him by the shoulder and made a desperate thrust at him with a large knife, which he held in his hand, aiming at his head evidently. Wood then threw up his arm in time to ward off the blow, which otherwise might have proved fatal, and the knife passed through his coat sleeve, and raised the skin upon his wrist. The other negro then dealt him a powerful blow on the head with some kind of weapon, which brought him to the ground, when the murderous assailant with his knife, gave him another stab, and jumping over the fence, they ran away before they could be recognized. The second stab, like the first, missed its aim, and grazed his side.

Although, after the imprisonment of the Oberlin rescuers in the Cuyahoga county jail, at Cleveland, Ohio, there were some threats current that another rescue would be attempted, in freeing the prisoners from the custody of the jailor and that, if necessary, the jail would be demolished, we learn from the Plain Dealer that "the jail still stands!"—and that the "Oberlin felons" are yet occupants of the "brown jug."

On the 24th of May a great "carnival" was held at Cleveland to discuss the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave law and to arouse sympathy for the "felons" The Plain Dealer says:

Thousands of the sovereigns residing upon the Western Reserve who have been stumped, schooled, preached and newspapered by Giddings, Wade, Peck, Harris & Co. into a political religious belief that our American Constitution is a "league with hell," and resistance to the Fugitive Slave law is "obedience to God," have been here to-day in numbers and might, strong enough to have sacked the city, and indignant enough to have done it if they could have found a reason for so doing. Ah, there was found the rub! A republican government is founded on the presumption of the virtue and intelligence of the people. The people, if virtuous and intelligent, before proceeding to revolution will stop to reason. So far in the history of this county, that reason has ever been fatal to revolution. It was so in this case.

"What reason have we," said these enlightened sovereigns, "for setting an example of rebellion in this case? Are not these Oberlin rescuers guilty of breaking a law which has been pronounced constitutional by the only tribunal competent to decide it so? Are they not in duress by their own voluntary act? Bad as the Fugitive Slave law is, it is more republican to obey it than to resist it. Let us first try repeal. That has never yet been made an issue by the Republican party. Resistance comes after efforts to repeal, and as a dernier or revolutionary resort."

The "Scenes at the Jail" are graphically reported. Tremendous cheers rent the air for the "felon rescuers," after which, being loudly called for, from the jail yard, mounted on the fence, they (both white and colored) severally addressed the crowd.

While Prof. Peck spoke, an elderly man in the jail yard, held a parasol over his head. When he had finished, another elderly man cried out from the crowd, "There's a man that God put a heart into when he made him!"

Fitch, another of the rescuers, said, the question was, "Would they submit to the Fugitive Slave law?" The crowd shrieked, "No!" "There are three hundred and fifty thousand men," he continued, "who would cheerfully go to jail for doing what we (the Oberlin rescuers) had done." They knew, he said, that Jesus Christ was with them, and he was higher authority than the District Court of Northern Ohio!

Several talked about "ripping the old jail down," but, says the Plain Dealer, "they were considerably farther advanced in lunacy than their compatriots, and were frowned down."

The Dealer estimates that there were about three acres of negroes around the jail yard; and says, "We never saw so many negroes in Cleveland before. The Public Square was so dark with them at one time this afternoon, that they were almost forced to light candles for the orators to speak by. The procession was about equally divided between negroes and white people."

The Ashtabula delegation carried several banners—one with the motto, "1765, down

with the Stamp Act. 1859, down with the Fugitive Slave Act."

At the meeting on the Square, Judge Spaulding read a resolution adverse to slavery and the slave trade, passed by the Congress of 1774, and commented upon it and the degeneracy of the times.

Wade, Hayden and Tilden followed. Then Mr. J. W. Vance, of Mount Vernon, being called upon, said, "the object of this meeting is to compel the Government to keep the law."

Joshua R. Giddings, representative from Ohio, came next, "counseling all sorts of treason." In his speech he declared, "If it was not for the Supreme Court of the State, for which I have the utmost respect, I would ask for no judicial process, but those men (the Oberlin rescuers) should be brought before you to-day." Hear him:

I will, if such a committee be appointed, apply to Judge Tilden, and if he flinched in the exercise of his duty, and refused to issue this writ, I would never speak to him again or give him my hand. If he failed, I would go to another, and another, until death came to close my eyelids. I know that the Democratic press throughout the country has represented me as counseling forcible resistance to blood against this law, and God knows it is the first truth they have ever told about me.

Is such language becoming a representative of a free and sovereign State in the great national council? If so, then may we not look for aught but dissent and strife in the halls of Congress; and if members of Congress may gravely and with impunity indulge in such expressions, who shall rebuke the vile taunts of the disunionist?

The winding up speech was made by D. K. Carter, in which he said:

Gentlemen,—I am called to wind off. I believe this law originated in hell, and I commiserate the poor devils who let themselves out to execute it. They are the most to be commiserated of any poor devils this side of hell.

Those men who say that this poor, robbed, down-trodden people are designed by the Creator to be slaves, are open blasphemers, and don't believe in God, hell or immortality.

After the speeches, the Lorain delegation visited the jail, shook hands with the "felons" and then went about "seeing the sights," which, says the Dealer, "we doubt not was the most pleasing part of the day's performance."

A "Seed Time and Harvest" correspondent asks the editor if "it would not have been better for themselves and the community at large, had those thousand farmers who was in town yesterday, listening to political demagogues, I say, would it not have been better had they attended to their planting and plowing? Alas! poor, weak creatures!"

An old revolutionary veteran, Col. John Johnson, who, says the Plain Dealer, "stood by Washington and his compatriots in the Revolution, and, we believe, now the sole survivor of that immortal few who bore upon their shoulders the remains of Washington to his tomb—was stopping at the American in this city last night, on his way to West Point." The Dealer continues:

A committee of Black Republicans immediately called upon him, supposing that he was among the distinguished guests who had come to take part in the Oberlin demonstration to-day. They found him a sturdy, hale and fine appearing old continental, a model of a man physically; and as perpendicular in his political opinions as he was erect in his physical stature. Allusion was made to the music in the streets, the crowds of people, and other foreshadowings of the great Republican carnival in the city—when the old gentleman, drawing himself up to his full height, his eyes flashing fire, said: "Yes, a disgraceful, a treasonable demonstration, and was Andrew Jackson in the Presidential chair, he would hang every one of them!" The committee vanished.

The declaration of their principles and purposes by the Oberlin nullifiers is but a transcript of their past treasonable conduct.

A writ of habeas corpus was sued for by Rushnell and Langston (colored) which, after being argued at length before the Supreme Court of Ohio, at Columbus, was refused and the prisoners were remanded back to jail.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Mr. Andrew L. Thompson of Yreka, Siskiyou county, California, wishes to know the whereabouts of Jonathan Miles Thompson, whom he has not seen since the early part of the year 1846; he was then intending to come to Salt Lake. If any can give the required information, let them do so for the benefit of an anxious brother.

The New York Herald says it is highly probable that our government will send a commission of able army officers to Europe in case the war continues, for the purpose of ascertaining all the new improvements in the art of war, with the view of profiting by any new discoveries and improvements that may be made in fortifications, &c.