

## PAY THE PRINTER.

All honest men attend to hear  
The serious fact—the times are dear;  
Who owes a bill, 'tis just as clear  
As starlight in the winter,  
That he should come without delay—  
That's if he can—that bill to pay,  
And ere he puts his purse away,  
"Fork over" to the Printer.

The Printer's cheeks seldom red;  
The fine machinery of his head  
Is working when you are in bed,  
Your true and faithful "Mentor."  
All day and night he wears his shoes,  
And brains to furnish you with news,  
But men of conscience ne'er refuse  
To pay the toiling Printer.

'Tis known, or ought to be, by all,  
His dues are scattered and they're small,  
And if not paid he's bound to fall  
In debt—for fuel, bread, rent, or  
Perhaps his papers; then to square  
Up with his help—a double care  
Bows down his head—now is it fair  
That you don't pay the Printer?

His wife and little prattlers, too,  
Are now depending upon you,  
And if you pay the score that's due,  
Necessity can't stint her;  
But if you don't, as gnaws the mole,  
'Twill through your conscience eat a hole!  
And brand the forehead thus—"NO SOUL!"  
Of him who cheats the Printer.

The cats will mew between your feet,  
The dogs will bite you on the street,  
And every urchin that you meet,  
Will roar with voice of Stentor,  
"Look to your pockets—there he goes—  
The chap that wears the Printer's clothes!  
And proud, though everybody knows,  
The grub he gnawed the Printer!"

Be simply just, and don't disgrace  
Yourself, but beg the "Lord of Grace,"  
To thaw that harden'd icy "case,"  
That honesty may enter,  
This done, man will with man act fair,  
And all will have the "tin" to spare;  
Then will the "Editorial Chair"  
Support a well-paid Printer.

## How Portsmouth was Bombarded.

The town of Portsmouth, in the stony State of New Hampshire, is a place of quiet habits and commendable decorum, even in this fast age. Thirty years ago it was no less staid, serene, and well behaved. Still, there was young and frolicsome blood in Portsmouth then as there is now, one evidence of which will be found in this veracious narrative:

Some thirty odd years ago, in some way to me unknown, a secret association of youngsters existed in Portsmouth designed to do a little "waking up" of the people and region thereabout. Their treasury was first filled by assessments upon members, and afterwards aided by manufacturing and trafficking in torpedoes. The main capital, however, was invested in gun-powder.

A favorite "wake up" agent used by those worthy young men was made by winding "tarred ratlan" around say a pound of powder, until the diameter of the tough case was about equal to a good sized bombshell—a slow match being connected with the powder. On some dark, solemn, cloudy night, one of these "reporters" would be laid upon a board, the slow match lighted, and the impromptu bomb boat pushed out upon the rapid, ebbing tide. When opposite the Navy Yard, there would come up a terrific explosion, with a sharp flash of light and sudden illuminations, to the consternation, surprise, wonder, &c., of the forces at the Navy Yard, and everybody else. Much speculation arose, and many wise opinions and explanations were given about this remarkable phenomenon—the general conclusion being that the cause was subterranean, and belonging to the earthquake family. It occasioned no little alarm among the peaceable people of Portsmouth.

Upon one occasion, while the Methodists were converting sinners at a Kittery camp-meeting, a monopoly of the cooking and feeding business having been granted exclusively to one of the deacons, it was adjudged unfair and a nuisance. The difficulty was removed at night by securing one end of a stout rope around the legs of a cooking stove, (in, on and about which, boiling, broiling, roasting, frying, &c., were going fiercely on) and the other end to one of the "ratlin bombs," secreted behind a near stone wall. When the tremendous explosion came, that same instant the hissing, spitting, sputtering, stove and contents disappeared from the tent, as did the crowd of customers. A liberal reward was offered for the person or persons of the guilty, but nothing more came of it.

But the richest of all their pranks was bombarding Portsmouth. In the course of examining into the state of the town, one of the members discovered a dozen old cannons "laying around loose," upon a wharf close to what was called Liberty Bridge, a solitary, unfrequented place at night, though busy enough by day. Those guns had been left upon that wharf by a privateer, at the close of the "last war," as grave scholars still persist in saying, and although they had made some noise in the world in their day, yet they were but "dumb dogs" at that time. Inwardly they might be termed constipated, by an accumulation of dirt and rust, and unfit to "vomit forth" or "belch" anything, or indeed to make any effort in that direction. It was decided, however, that these "barkers" had been silent long enough

and that their throats should be cleaned and allowed to speak once more. In truth, the duty, or the prize, seemed so unusually tempting, that there was great alacrity shown by all the members in the new and important work. After many weeks of hard night toil, the whole dozen guns were reported in good, clean, clear, reliable condition for public service.

In pursuance of the charitable character of the society, and the great rule not to let the left hand bother the duties of the right, the society waited until a very dark, dreary night, for the grand display. 'Twas on such a night as that, above the owl's hour of midnight, those twelve guns were loaded with a full three pounds or more of powder each, that the same was "wadded down" quite up to the muzzle with green grass—that twelve slow matches of proportioned lengths were set in full primed touchholes—and that, at a signal each slow match was fired at the same instant by those twelve dutiful servants of the public, who fled to their homes and refuge the instant the daring deed was done. The reader must imagine the innocent character and habits of the good people of Portsmouth—the darkness and lateness of the hour—the startling nature of the interruption to their dreams, to have any sort of conception of the scenes of confusion and positive terror ensued.

Each guilty, quaking disturber of that placid scene had about reached his home, when the first gun thundered upon the sleeping town—actually making the earth and house tremble. This waked about every soul in Portsmouth. After some ten minutes, the second gun boomed its warning of danger at hand, and half the night-caps in town were dotting the opened windows. The third gun put every soul into clothing and a cold sweat; the fourth filled the streets with excited citizens; the fifth proved the truth of the report that the British were bombarding Fort Constitution and the town; the sixth sent the selectmen into most solemn conclave and deliberation; the seventh found rusty old Queen's arms and shot guns in the hands of volunteers; and so on, until the firing ceased, about three of the clock, a.m.—Of course, there was no more going to bed in Portsmouth that night, and no end to the reasons for the awful event that had occurred.

Daylight had revealed the whole story.—Every "son of a gun" had recovered more than pristine vigor, under the peculiar stimulants applied to them. Three had whisked themselves up into the air, and were found quiet and satisfied in the road, one of them half through the venerable bridge; two had reared up and plunged boldly through an old building upon the wharf, while another no less frisky, had skipped about six feet and gone "spank" through an innocent oyster boat which sank under the affliction. Three of the excited pieces had cast themselves into the dock, and the rest were scattered in various attitudes about the wharf. This explained the mystery. The people were mostly indignant at first, but became more good humored at last. The "selectmen" offered a large reward for the discovery of the wicked disturbers of the public peace and destroyers of property, and every member of the society quaked and "trembled" many a day afterwards, but nothing more came of it. And that is the way Portsmouth was bombarded.—[N. Y. Atlas.

## A CURE-ALL.

Some gentlemen were talking one evening at the house of a friend, when one of them exclaimed:

"Ah, depend upon it, a soft answer is a mighty cure-all."

At this stage of the conversation, a boy who sat behind, at a table studying his Latin grammar, began to listen, and repeated, as he supposed, quite to himself.

"A soft answer is a mighty cure-all."

"Yes, that's it," cried the gentleman, starting, and turning round to where the echo came from. "Yes, that's it; don't you think so, my lad?"

The boy blushed a little at finding himself so unexpectedly addressed, but replied:

"I don't know whether I quite understand you, sir."

"Well, then, I'll explain," said the gentleman wheeling round his chair, "for it is a principle you ought to understand and act upon; besides it is the principle which is going to conquer the world."

The boy looked more puzzled than ever, and thought he would like to know something that was equal to Alexander himself.

"I might as well explain," said he, "by telling you about the first time it conquered me. My father was an officer, and his notion was to settle everything by fighting; if a boy ever gave me a saucy word it was

"Fight 'em, Charly, fight 'em!"

"By and by I was sent to the famous school, and it so happened my seat was next to a lad named Tom Tucker. When I found he lived in a small house behind the academy, I began to strut a little and talk about what my father was; but he was a capital scholar, very much thought of by the boys, besides being excellent at bat and ball, so we were soon on pretty good terms, and so it went on for some time. After a while some of the fellows of my stamp, and I with the rest, got into a difficulty with one of the ushers; and somehow or other we got the notion that this Tom Tucker was at the bottom of it.

"Tom Tucker! who is he? I cried angrily. "I'll let him know who I am!" and we rattled on, until we fairly talked ourselves into a parcel of wolves. The boys then set me on to go down to Tom Tucker's and let him know what he had to expect. Swelling with rage I bolted into his yard, where he was at work with Trip and his little sister.

"I'll teach you to talk about me in this manner!" I thundered, marching up to him.

"He never winced or seemed the least frightened but stood still, looking at me as mild as a lamb."

"Tell me," I cried, throwing down all my books, doubling up my fists, and sidling up to him, "tell me, or I'll"—kill you, I was going to say, for murder was in my heart.

"He stepped on one side, but answered firmly, yet mildly:

"Charles, you may strike me as much as you please; I tell you I shan't strike back again; fighting is a poor way to settle difficulties. I'm thinking when you are Charles Everett, I'll talk with you."

"Oh, what a soft answer was that, how it cowed me down—so firm and yet so mild. I felt that there was no fun in having the fun all on one side. I was ashamed of myself, my temper, and everything about me. I longed to get out of his sight. I saw what a poor foolish way my way of doing things was. I felt that Tom had completely got the better of me—that there was a power in his principles superior to anything I had ever seen before; and from that hour Tom Tucker had an influence over me which nobody else ever had before or since; it has been for good too. That, you see, is the power, the mighty moral power of a soft answer."

"I have been about the world a great deal since then, and I believe," said the gentleman, "that nearly all, if not all, the bickerings, the quarrels and disputes which arise among men, women or children; in families, neighborhoods, churches, or even nations, can be cured by the mighty moral power of a soft answer, for the Scripture has it, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.'"

## From the California Mail Route.

The following letter, referred to in our last number was crowded out:

C. & S. L. M. ROUTE, Nov. 24, 1859.

EDITOR NEWS:—DEAR SIR:—

In a previous letter, I told you that Mr. Robert Clift, formerly of San Bernardino, California, and recently a sub-agent on this road, had been missing for some weeks. As he had many acquaintances and friends throughout this Territory who will be anxious to hear about him, perhaps you will give publicity to the following brief particulars gleaned from the Indians by Mr. Amos R. Wright, son of Judge Wright of Box Elder.

Mr. Clift, a few weeks ago, undertook to cross over from Simpson's route to the Humboldt, having no trail to follow and but little provision. The Indian with whom Mr. Wright talked, said he had advised Mr. C. not to go that way, or if he did, to travel in the night. It appears after he had been out a few days, he came accidentally to an Indian camp, and being very hungry, not having had anything to eat for some time, he asked them for food, which they refused. He staid there that night—picketed his mule out, and laid down to sleep. In the night, an Indian stepped up and stabbed him in the left side, and then cut his throat from ear to ear. Another states that he was first shot, then stabbed, and finished by cutting his throat. We cannot ascertain whether it was done by Shoshonees or Pi-utes—they each charge the commission of the deed on the other. Probably both had a hand in it. This is the Indian version of the affair, and probably nearly correct, as he must have been well armed, and unless attacked unawares, would have been a match for more than one or two of the blood-thirsty savages. He was formerly sheriff of San Bernardino county—a gentleman in his manners, and much respected by those who knew him.

Messrs. Parker & Dyer, agents of Messrs. Brady & Co., passed here day before yesterday, and informed me that it was their intention to withdraw all their stock and men from this mail route, so soon as they could get to Carson and see Mr. B. and that hereafter the mail would be delivered in Placerville, to Geo. Chorpennig's authorized agent, placed there to receive it by Mr. H. Egan.

The weather has been very stormy here for a few days—a great deal of snow has fallen, which will soon grow beautifully less, however, beneath the genial rays of the sun, when once it can get a "shine" on it. This is probably the opening of the ball for winter—but I think we shall have a good deal of open weather yet. Last winter we had considerable clear, pleasant weather until the beginning of February.

The Bannacks made their promised descent, but for some reason have not molested the stock at any of the mail stations. They drove off everything that went on four legs from the Indian farm in Ruby Valley, but were compelled to leave the cattle, as they could not drive them fast enough. The cattle returned to the farm—the mules have not been, and will not be recovered.

SIRIUS.

## Indian War in Arizona.

We extract the following items from the Arizona correspondence of the S. F. National, giving intelligence of the commencement of another Indian war in that section of country, which is likely to be more serious than that of last spring:

"We are on the eve of another Indian war—indeed the war has already commenced. The Apaches have for some time back been committing numerous depredations upon the settlers of this Territory, in defiance of the treaty made with them some six months since, until they have worn out the faith of our people.

Col. Bonnierville, commander of the forces of New Mexico and Arizona, has received order to commence a campaign against them, and he has ordered out two hundred men to operate against them. The Indians obtained the news as soon as the whites, and are preparing for battle. A friendly Apache—an old Medicine Man—came into town the day before yesterday, and gave the startling news that a large number of the hostile Indians were on their way to attack Tubac, which town is about fifty miles from this place. A messenger was immediately dispatched to warn them of their danger. The result of the attack will be known in a few days.

The force ordered against the Apaches is inadequate. Two hundred U. S. soldiers will only have the effect to stir the Indians up, like hornets, and the poor settlers will have to suffer ten times more than before. A sufficient number of men should be sent against them to march into the heart of their country, burn their villages, and give them such a thrashing as they will remember for the remainder of their lives.

POISON ANTIDOTES.—A teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of mustard stirred quickly in a teacupful of water, and swallowed after any poison taken into the stomach by accident, will instantly act as an emetic. As soon after as the stomach is quiet, drink a cup of coffee, clear and strong, or swallow the white of an egg.

## DESERET ALPHABET.

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\*. In the following example when the name of a letter occurs, as for instance 7 in TEARS, instead of 7046 it is 746.

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