

FACTS AND FICTION.

—Prophecy of Gen. Jackson: Said the old hero to a friend at the hermitage a short time before his death:

"The abolition party is a *disloyal* organization. Its pretended love of freedom means nothing more or less than civil war and dissolution of the Union. Honest men of all parties should unite to expose their intentions and arrest their progress."

Time has proven that the old veteran knew pretty clearly what he was talking about.

—A Washington letter writer says that the President has his hands full in endeavoring to settle the quarrels of Generals, who are fighting while their troops are idle.

—Voltaire, speaking of law, said: "I never was but twice in my life completely on the verge of ruin: first, when I lost a lawsuit, and secondly, when I gained one."

—The cheerful are the busy. When trouble knocks at the door or rings the bell, he will generally retire if you send him word that you are "engaged."

—The latest style of hoop skirt is the grand self-adjusting, double-back-action-bustle, estruscan lace expansion, spiral Piccolomini attachment, gossamer indestructible! It is a "love of a thing."

—One of Sir Boyle Roche's invitations to an Irish nobleman was rather equivocal:—"I hope, my lord, if ever you come within a mile of my house, you'll stay there all night."

—A letter covering value to the amount of \$700,000 was recently registered in the New York Post Office for London, the postage on which amounted to \$148.

—"We are to be beaten in New York as we have been elsewhere," exclaimed a prominent Republican the other day, "and we deserve to be. It is the judgment of heaven upon us for having violated the liberty of our own citizens, while proclaiming freedom to the slaves of other States!"

—A Cleveland paper says that the people of that town are using mouse-traps, old jack-knives, and shirt-buttons for small change.

—Jeremy Taylor says quaintly that "marriage is the mother of the world;" that it "preserves kingdoms, fills cities and churches, and peoples heaven itself."

—"Are you not afraid your wife will get married again when you die?"

"I hope she may, as there will be one man in the world who will know how to pity me."

—John Morgan is a bad example, but we hope our troops will follow him.—[Louisville Journal.

—An exchange says that the Republicans will have a harder time going up Salt River than the Democrats had, not because the waters are low, but each fellow will have to "tote" a big nigger on his back.

—Why should the stars be the best astronomers?

Because they have studied (studied) the heavens ever since creation.

—Doctor Lambelle, the eminent Paris physician, says an electric shock is sure salvation to anybody dying from the effects of chloroform.

—An honest heart, says Prentice, makes a gentleman; but honest modesty makes a gentle manner.

—Can any one define the exact width of a narrow escape?

—The population of the Russian empire in 1722 was 14,000,000; in 1823, 36,000,000; and at present 65,000,000.

—A Dutchman's smallest pig being the oldest, wishing to explain it to a customer, said: "The little pig is de piggest." Upon which his wife, assumed to correct him, said: "You will excuse him, he no speak as good English as me—he no mean de little pig ish de piggest, but de youngest little pig ish de oldest."

—We have read of a serpent who bit a slanderer, and received so much more deadly venom than that which he imparted that he died at once, but did not hurt the man.

—Xenocrates, reprehending curiosity, said it is as rude to intrude into another man's house with your eyes as with your feet.

—Two men by the name of Beans were lately hung in the north of England. A countryman passing near and seeing the crowd, inquired what they were doing. "Only stringing Beans," was the reply.

—Eight histories of the rebellion are in course of publication by Eastern houses.

—The Washington Republic makes the following significant statement: "We are to-day no nearer the possession of Virginia, than we were in April, 1861."

—The Rochester Union makes mention of a shipplaster, payable in Utica next July in strawberries "if the crop does not fail."

—Since the great war with the Allied Powers, Russia has become the most powerful fighting government on the globe, and would be a good match for England and France combined.

—A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the Psalms as his text: "And there shall be abundance of peace—while the moon endureth."

—People who like so much to talk their mind, should sometimes try to mind their talk.

—In a late speech in New York, Mr. Cox closed by offering the following to be used by Congress for a hymn after prayers:

"From Africa the negro came,
And, oh Congress, bless his name!
Stand up, good Lovejoy, bless the day
The negro came from Africa!
He is the object of our love—
In him we live, in him we move;
For him we preach, for him we pray—
For him we meet from day to day,
That colored cuss from Africa."

—In Alabama the people are making tea of blackberry leaves.

—If a man cannot readily recognize merit, it is pretty certain that he has none himself.

—Formerly in France a great foot was much esteemed, and the length of the shoe in the fourteenth century was a mark of distinction. The shoes of a prince were two and a half feet long; those of a baron two feet; those of a knight eighteen inches.

—Boots are said to have been invented by the Carrans. They were at first made of leather, afterwards of brass and iron, and were proof against both cut and thrust.

—Says Prentice: "Although the Secessionists and Abolitionists seem to pull in different directions, their tales, like Sampson's foxes, are joined with firebrands to wrap the country in flames."

—A Union soldier in Gen. Grant's army thinks the next Congress should not adjourn without doing one thing, and that is, "make the d—d niggers a legal tender!"

—I presume you won't charge anything for just re-membering me, said a wooden-legged soldier to a wooden-leg manufacturer.

—If you and your sweetheart vote upon the marriage question, you for it and she against it, don't flatter yourself as to its being a "tie."

—How does the President's proclamation conflict with the tariff? One imposes a tax on wool, while the other makes 'wool free.'

—Why is a blacksmith like a counterfeiter? Because he makes a living by forging.

—The Canadian Journal of Art says that petroleum was formed long before the coal, and is the result of the decomposition, under pressure of an infinite number of oil-yielding animals which swarmed in the seas of the Devonian period long anterior to coal.

—Here is the latest sacerdotal peroration we have seen from the lower regions: "The tall mountains are the sublime apostles of nature, whose surplises are snows, and whose sermons are avalanches."

—"What plan," said an actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the tart reply.

—Miss Plantadling says the first time she locked arms with a young man she felt like Hope leaning on her anchor.

—A little fellow, weeping most piteously, was suddenly interrupted by some amusing occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment—the train of thought was broken. "Ma," said he, renewing his snuffle, and wishing to have his cry out, "Ma—uph! uph! what was I crying about just now?"

—One of the Horace Greely style of statesmen says that a war with England will not prove very serious, as it can be ended by the President issuing a proclamation establishing the independence of Ireland.

—"Say, Pomp, a 'liable darkey tell me just now dat Jeff Davis' gwine to talliate 'bout the President's proclamation—he gwine to declare all the niggers in the Norf States slaves after the first of January next." Pomp: "Bress us all!"

—A gentleman, lately returned from Europe, says half the people he met supposed North America was at war with South America, and he was often asked where the State of New England was?

—It is estimated that there are about 14,000,000 persons of African descent in America. In the United States they number 4,500,000; Brazil, 4,150,000; Cuba, 1,500,000; South and Central American Republics, 1,200,000; Hayti, 2,000,000; British Possessions, 800,000; French, 250,000; Dutch, Danish and Mexican, 200,000.

—The N. Y. World refers to Cassius M. Clay as the shining apostle of the higher law who draws the salary of a major-general and spends his time in going about the country libeling and slandering those who have the taxes to pay.

[For the Deseret News.]

HINTS TO TOBACCO CHEWERS.

As the chewing of tobacco is of much importance to a portion of the youth in Utah, it may not be amiss to offer a few suggestions which will greatly facilitate improvement in this valuable accomplishment and tend to increase the grace and dignity of the operation. I the more readily enter upon the subject, in consequence of the vast accession of this delicious weed soon to be derived from the southern portions of this Territory. Numbers are looking, even now, with intense anxiety, for an augmentation of that excellent article wherewithal to fill the "aching void" caused by the absence of its exhilarating influence. In offering the ensuing valuable hints, I am not ignorant of the fact that I expose myself to the severe animadversions of a few, who in their verdancy and lack of experience, foolishly apply approbrious terms to the votaries of the chewing art. It is well known that to enter into any controversy with the aforesaid individuals would have no beneficial tendency so far as they are concerned; therefore, I am disposed to pass them by and leave to example, which is very powerful, that which argument cannot accomplish.

It may be expected that, in an article of the present nature, something should be thrown out by way of suggestions to render less difficult the initiation of young candidates for chewing honors. To anticipate any inquiries upon this point, I will state, before proceeding farther, that I consider any thing offered upon the subject would be entirely superfluous, for there are hundreds in this Territory who are ready, willing and fully qualified to superintend the efforts of the youthful beginner—furnish the weed—regulate the quantity for the first trials and even carefully hold the head of the novice while undergoing his first expectations. These generous and philanthropic individuals will, as a general thing, also be found eager to offer all the necessary encouragement to the sinking tyro. The present article, therefore, pre-supposes the pupil to have acquired, in a rough way, the rudiments of the art, and to be anxious for the attainment of all the advantages accruing from systematic practice.

In the first place, then, never chew with the lips closed. This is a most disagreeable practice and calculated to give offense to those who do not indulge in the weed, and consequently are liable to mistake the contortions of countenance, necessary to this manner of mastication, for a direct facial insult to themselves. Again, this method of chewing is contrary to nature, as will be fully evinced by an observation of most, if not all, ruminating animals who distend the jaws very freely. The practice of keeping the lips closed in tobacco-chewing, appears to proceed from a kind of false modesty, or *mauvaise honte*, very disreputable to new beginners, who often labor under the strange impression that there is something disgraceful or improper in the act, and therefore endeavor, as much as possible, to conceal the sweet morsel. This feeling must be banished ere much progress can be made. Let the pupil habituate himself to the idea that tobacco was made for him; and he for tobacco. Let him, if possible, acquire a sort of enthusiasm in its use and contempt for all those benighted individuals who eschew the practice. In order to efficiently carry out the advice just given, I would suggest that classes be formed under the superintendence of competent instructors, where that peculiar rolling of the cud-derivative smile, and partial closing of the visual organs, so expressive of contempt, can be learned. But to return, let the mouth freely expand and the pupil will soon have the gratification of hearing himself spoken of, as having a very open countenance, if nothing more. Should the student have a light moustache, the foregoing hint will prove invaluable, for it furnishes a very easy method of imparting a rich tinge to the aforesaid hirsute appendage.

In the second place, the pupil should never allow himself to be confined to a spit-box when in the parlor, for it places a gentleman in a very undignified position to be perpetually spitting at a mark. Should one be placed near by, let him avoid it and add all in his power to the lustre of the carpet. Ladies may possibly rebel at first, but pay no attention to it, show them that the mind is too enlarged to be confined within the narrow limits of a spittoon. On the Sabbath day the expert tobacco chewer may render his services very useful to the preacher, as well as to the congregation, by decorating the walls, if he be near them, with a variety of beautiful designs calculated to excite trains of pious reflections in the mind.

These ingenious decorations will also have a beneficial tendency on those individuals, who, every Sunday, try to secure a seat close by the wall in order to indulge their somnolent propensities. The fear of erasing some beautiful line will probably induce them to reflect ere they resign themselves into the hands of Morpheus.

In the third place, let the pupil always be careful in conversation to advance the mouth so near the listener, as to give him or her the full benefit of the delicious exhalations arising therefrom. Never mind if he or she do manifest at first a repugnance, a proper degree of pertinacity will very likely soon diminish the intensity of the feeling.

The foregoing hints might be variously illustrated and enlarged upon, but, probably enough has been said to give an idea of the course to be pursued in order to attain an eminent position as a *chewer*, and to pace the

reader who desires in a position, where he can make himself not only useful but ornamental to society.

DIOGENES.

A FEARFUL TRAGEDY IN AFRICA.

Capt. Finlay, of the British ship *Fait*, reports the following story in a letter to a friend in Liverpool:

"We had a fearful tragedy here last week; one of the natives killed what they call a 'creekman,' (that is, a man who lives some eight or ten miles from Bonny, and who was at Bonny selling yams, as the creekmen are farmers in a small way.)—The Bonny men wanted to kill this native, and at a meeting it was agreed they should kill him. But 'first catch your hare,' is an old maxim. When the man heard that sentence of death was passed upon him, he shut himself up in his house with all his slaves, wives and children, loaded all his guns, large and small, then dug a trench round and about, and filled it with small kegs of gunpowder, and set the chiefs at defiance.

Things remained in this state two or three days, nobody daring to venture near the house with hostile intentions. At last the chiefs offered two puncheons of oil to any one who would fire the house. A slave took the offer, fired the house to windward and the sparks falling upon the house of the besieged soon set it on fire. When the murderer of the creekman saw this he gathered all his slaves, wives and bairns within the trench, applied the match, and in a second nothing was to be seen but mangled bodies amid the ruins of their former home. There were thirty-five in number altogether. They lay exposed for three days, then they were put into sacks and thrown into the river."

HEAVEN'S REWARD OF CHARITY.

A Paris journal tells the following story:—"About a dozen years ago, a man, rather shabbily dressed, but bearing an air of distinction, entered a *cafe* of modest appearance in the Faubourg St. Germain, and asked for a cup of coffee and a roll. This he swallowed rapidly, as if pressed by extreme hunger, and then slowly retired, without, however, seeming to avoid the demand for payment. The waiter, stupefied, hastened to inform his mistress, a widow burdened with a family, but a kind-hearted woman, of what had taken place. The latter, who had observed the air of dejection of the stranger, immediately replied, 'It is all right; I know the gentleman.' The next day the stranger returned, asked for the same things, and retired in the same manner as before, without paying. This continued for about two months, after which he was seen no more. About a month ago the widow was invited to call upon a notary to receive a sum of money which had been left her by will. She could not believe her good fortune, and thought there must be some mistake, when the notary afforded her an explanation by reading the following extract from a will which he held in his hand:—'I bequeath sixty thousand francs to the widow —, proprietress of a *cafe* (giving the address), to thank her for her generosity in giving me a breakfast every day for two months, without demanding payment, which it was then impossible for me to make. It was then impossible for me to make. I was then in misery, but since fortune having smiled on me, it is only just that I should pay for the sixty breakfasts to which I owed my life.'"

THE CREED OF ST. PATRICK.—The following interesting extract in Irish, with the English translation, was found among the papers of a distinguished minister of the Presbyterian church:

"The oldest piece of writing in the sweet Irish tongue is called 'St. Patrick's armor, or breastplate.' It is a prayer or hymn written when St. Patrick was going to Tara, to preach before the king and nobles of Ireland; and at that time all the great people of Ireland were pagans, and he greatly feared he should be killed at Tara. Now it is remarkable that St. Patrick should have written such a prayer, at a time of such great trouble, and not once mention the name of the Virgin Mary in it! Yet we find there is not one word in the whole prayer addressed to any but God alone. He does not once ask the help of the Virgin Mary. Hear the prayer of St. Patrick:

"At Tara, to-day, the strength of God pilot me—the power of God preserve me—may the wisdom of God instruct me—the eye of God watch over me—the ear of God hear me—the word of God give me sweet talk—the hand of God defend me—the way of God guide me. Christ be with me—Christ before me—Christ after me—Christ in me—Christ under me—Christ over me—Christ on my right hand—Christ on my left hand—Christ on this side—Christ on that side—Christ at my back—Christ in the heart of every person to whom I speak—Christ in the mouth of every person who speaks to me—Christ in the eye of every person who looks upon me—Christ in the ear of every person who hears me at Tara to-day."

WHYRE DRUNKARDS GO.—A Scotch pastor recognized one of his female parishioners sitting by the side of the road, a little fuddled; "Will you just help me up with my bundle, gude mon?" said she, as he stopped. "Fie, fie, Janet," cried the pastor, "to see the like o' you in sic a pligh; do you know where all drunkards go?" "Ay, sure," said Janet, "they just go whar a drap o' gude drink is to be got."