

For the Deseret News.  
**FAREWELL HYMN.**

TUNE—"Yes, my native land I love thee."

Zion, yes, I truly love thee,  
Prophet, priesthood, great and true;  
Friends I've chosen, home I've chosen,  
Ties that daily dearer grew;  
Tho' it grieve me,  
I must leave thee;  
Teach my heart to say adieu.

Who can blame me if I falter,  
Or if anguish rends my heart,  
As from all I love and cherish,  
Heaven calls me to depart?  
If distressing,  
Greater blessing  
To us God will then impart.

I am going now, they tell me,  
To a lost and fallen race;  
Greater reason we should wander,  
Tell them of the gospel grace;  
More like Jesus,  
Who, to free us,  
Left his high and holy place.

Zion, home and friends, I leave you,  
Saddened feelings in me swell;  
But the time is speeding swiftly,  
Saints shall soon together dwell,  
From each nation,  
Find salvation;  
Zion, then, I say farewell.

Should the shaft from death's pale quiver,  
Strike me ere again we meet,  
'Tis not, cannot be for ever,  
We again on earth shall greet;  
With the "Lion"  
Come to Zion,  
When her foes are at her feet.

JNO. HYDE, Jun.

## THE IRISH WAKE: OR, THE LAWYERS BOTHERED.

What it was that took me into the court-room of T—, whether unpleasant business or ignoble curiosity, need not be known even unto you, dear reader. The only fact I wish known is, that I was there, and while there, it became my fortune to meet once more with my old acquaintance, Peter Mulrooney.

When I entered the court-room there was quite a mixture of oval Irish and round German faces outside of the round iron railing which forms the barrier to encroachments upon the dignity of the bar; and judging from the broken heads and blackened eyes exhibited by many of the spectators, it was difficult to surmise that the occasion which had brought them together was to obtain the plaster of the law for wounds which had lately been received by one of those spirited rows which warm up so delightfully the old Celtic heart.

But let me describe the scene. Within the railing, and running from it at right angles, were some seven or eight benches, crowded with quite a respectable number of witnesses, consisting of a delicate sprinkling of all nations. Parallel to the benches, but on the opposite side of the court-room, on elevated seats sat the terrible jury. The central space was occupied by a fair mahogany table, covered with green cloth, around which were seated quite a number of dainty dressed gentlemen who styled themselves attorneys at law. Seated in the centre and rear, on an elevated platform, dominating the humbler desk of the clerk, were a couple of grave elderly gentlemen, with keen eyes and placid faces, whose posts of honor indicated the judicial nature of their functions.

The case, which was already up for hearing was, as I expected, one of assault and battery. The facts, as they were dimly elicited, appear to have been these:

The Irish, who were defendants, had some short time previous been invited to wake one Mr. McShane at a short distance in the country, while, on the same evening, the Germans had been out dancing at one of their customary festival balls. Those two parties returning homeward, somewhere in the small hours, met; and, meeting fought; but who began the affray, seemed as difficult of discovery as the philosopher's stone.

Just as I entered, the counsel for the defence was in the act of examining a slip of paper. Presently, he said to the clerk:

"Call Peter Mulrooney, if you please."

"What do you expect to prove by him?" said the attorney for the prosecution.

"A good deal that may take you by surprise," responded the other with a smile.

"Ah, I dare say," said the prosecuting attorney, whom we shall call Mr. Bibulous. "I dare say, these Irish always hang together."

"Speak your sentiments more plainly," said the other with a laugh; "perhaps you would rather they should hang together."

"I don't know," said Bibulous, who, being of the opposite politics to the Irish party in T—, regarded them with no little aversion.

"Peter Mulrooney," cried the clerk.

"Peter Mulrooney!" exclaimed the stentorian crier.

There was no answer beyond a quick shuffling of feet, and an eager whispering, in which a touch of the brogue predominated.

"Silence," shouted the crier. And then he called out again at the top of his voice—

"Peter Mulrooney."

"Why didn't you answer, then?" said the crier, sarrily.

"Would I be after disturbing their honors in that way; an' I a gentleman of standin' and a tacher of the decencies?"

"You swear, Mr. Mulrooney?" said the clerk, proffering the book.

"Do ye take me for a haythen?" said Peter, indignantly. "Sure it's not respectable to swear in a court of justice."

"But you must swear," said the clerk sharply.

"Did yer honor iver hear the likes o' that?" said Peter, appealing to the bench. "A christian man, an' a decent looking man, too, barrin' he has lost his crop of hair entirely—an' put on a strange lookin' thatch," (the clerk wore a wig) "to make me burgariouly and feloniously swear before the face of yer honors, and the gentlemen of the bench. Oh! but the virtue of me won't let me do that same."

"Mulrooney," said one of the judges, striving to repress the quivering about the muscles of his lips—his associate was stuffing a white handkerchief into his mouth—"Mulrooney, you must be aware that it is always necessary for a witness to take an oath before he can be permitted to give evidence at the bar."

"Sure, sir, I know," said Peter, innocently.

"That is what the clerk requires of you," continued the judge, who added with a faint attempt at gravity; "you will also recollect that it is our duty to commit any one to prison for contemptuous behavior in court."

"Long life to yer honor," said Peter. "Sorra bit I'll disgrace meself by hurtin' the feelings of any respectable grey-haired old gentleman like yerself or yer hon'r's brother yonder, who is atin' his white handkerchief to stop the hunger pain. Deed sir, I'd be taking great shame to meself if I did."

"Swear him!" said the judge, nodding hastily to the clerk, and sinking back in his well cushioned seat.

"Now Mr. Mulrooney," said the counsel for his friends, tell us what you know about this affair."

Peter's story is a perfect rignarole. He had been to his friend McShane's wake—he had returned from it—his friends got into trouble with the Germans, but as to how the affray commenced, his memory, clear enough before, became suddenly very hazy. All he could recollect was that sundry of the Irish being soundly pummelled by the Germans, pummelled quite assoundly their antagonists.

The cross examination now commenced, and, as Peter caught up and repelled every move of the keen witted attorney, the contest between cultivated sharpness and native shrewdness became gradually very exciting.

"Well, Mr. Mulrooney," said the attorney, "you say you left home in the evening to assist in observing this national custom of yours. About what time in the evening?"

"Deed, sir," replied Peter with the utmost simplicity, "but that bates me to say. 'Twas betwixt and betwixt sun-down and moon-rise."

"You are sure of that, I suppose," said the attorney, quickly.

"Och, by the powers, that I am," said Peter with a keen twinkle of his little eye.

"Have you an almanac, Mr. Clerk; pray see at what time the sun set and the moon rose on the eighth of April 1st."

"Sun set on the eighth day of April," drawled the clerk, in his usual nasal tone, "at twenty-four minutes past six; moon rose at thirty-seven minutes past eleven."

There was a sudden roar throughout the court, like the surge of waves upon the beach; the face of the prosecuting attorney flushed crimson, while Peter Mulrooney looked the very picture of innocence.

"You must speak to the point, witness," said the judge, with all the sharpness he could command. "Your answer is impetinent."

"Troth, yer honor," said Peter respectfully, "it's sorry I am for that. Sure 'tis the truth I am tellin' by virtue of me oath."

"What o'clock in the evening was it, sir?" said the prosecuting attorney, whose red nose was now getting fiery.

"Sorra a bit I know," said Peter.

"Think; fix upon some daily occurrence for your guide, and tell the jury was it before or after."

"Oh!" said Peter, after apparently reflecting a little; "sure and it was after tea."

"Ah, now we shall get at it," said Mr. Bibulous, triumphantly. "It was after tea you say. Well, sir, at what hour do you usually take tea?"

"That depends upon convenience," said Peter, with an air of most profound thought. "Some-times we have dinner for tay."

The attorney looked vexed. "I want to know your usual hour of taking your evening meal we call tea. Is it four, five or six o'clock?"

"Yes, sir, that's the truth!" said Peter, nodding his head.

"Which of these hours?" said the attorney, sharply.

"If it 'ud be plasing ye not to bother a poor boy, I'd be thankful," said Peter. "It's little I know about one hour or the other, we drive the tay time up an' down the night so."

The attorney bit his lips—"Are you married sir?" said he.

"Oh, but that does be bothering me entirely? sure I think so."

"What! don't you know whether you are married or not?"

"Aisy—aisy if you please—sure it's a throublesome question to answer, any way, an' there's no lie. Mistress Biddy Connolly coorted, and married me once; but it strikes me I must be a widdy now."

"A widower, you mean, I suppose. Your wife is dead, then?"

"Who? Biddy Connolly? Troth, sir, it's my sarious opinion the fat culd woman is presarvin' herself for another husband twenty years forenent us."

"You are divorced are you?" said the attorney, looking significantly at the jury, as much as to say, "ha, ha, here's a pretty witness for you."

"Divorced? not a bit of it," said Peter quietly. "Separated then?"

"That's it," said Peter, and then bursting out into a rich low laugh, he added, "Oh, by the mortal, but it was glad I was when Michael Connolly came back from his shiprack, and aised me shoulder of matrimonial desaver."

"When you reached the house of the late Mr. McShane what did you and your party do?"

"Wint in, sir," said Peter, with utmost simplicity.

"What next?"

"Gave Dinis McShane as decent a wake as ever was s'en out of ould Ireland."

"Now, Mr. Mulrooney, you have told us you were there when the riot commenced; I wish you to state distinctly who began it."

"I'd like to know, if it ud plase ye," said Peter humbly, as he smoothed the crown of his hat,—"I'd like to know if a wise, an' a understanding gentleman like yourself, if ye can tell me when two dark clouds come together, and strike lightning, which of the two struck first?"

"This is no answer. Clouds cannot be compared to two parties of drunken men."

"I think the answer quite pertinent," said the attorney for the defence, with a smile, "for both clouds and men appear to have been charged with the fluid."

"Ah, ha, said Mr. Bibulous, nodding significantly at Peter, "the man is no fool, I see!"

"I'd be sorry to contradict your experience, said Peter, smoothly; "and sure I'd like to return your compliment, but for the virtue of me oath."

"What kind of a piece of road was it where this affray took place?" said the attorney angrily; "was it straight or crooked?"

"Natherally it was as straight and as purty a piece of road as ye'd like to look at; but circumstantially, it was as crooked as a gentleman that had lost his temper."

"How do you make that out?"

"Sure 'twas the liquor that made the differ."

"Oh, then, you confess to your party having been drunk?"

"It's my sarious opinion that it was them Germans that was bating about like a wrack at say, an, that my friends behaved themselves like decent people, but it's not aisy to say."

"When you were at McShane's, did you eat and drink?"

"Sure, sir, what did we go there for? Would ye have us starvin' wid the hunger, on an occasion of the likes of that?"

"Certainly not—of course, certainly not. Now please to tell the jury what refreshments consisted of."

"Lashin's of atin' an' drinkin'," said Peter, boldly.

"Never mind the eating, what kind of drink had you?"

"Poteen," said Peter, "wid the throe flavor of the plate about it."

"Poteen, poteen!" said the lawyer, as if affecting ignorance of the liquor. Pray, Mr. Mulrooney, will you oblige me by explaining what poteen is?"

"Arrah," said Peter, slyly casting his eyes at the rubicund nose of his questioner, "as if ye didn't know."

The prosecuting attorney, with his obnoxious nasal organ growing redder and redder, turned to the bench and gestulated violently. What he said could not be heard amid the storm of laughter.

"Silence," shouted the crier.

"Witness," said the judge, absolutely snorting in the effort to maintain a coming gravity. "Witness, this cannot be allowed any longer. What is the reason you evade a direct reply to his question? Answer him, he must be answered."

"Troth, sir, I'll do that same thing. Sure I suppose it was making fun he was."

"Why should you suppose that?" said the attorney fiercely.

"Bekase as I looked at yer red nose I thought you must be well acquainted the crature."

The judges fell back and exploded, the prosecuting attorney sunk into his chair as if a ten pound shot had fallen suddenly upon his head; the auditors were almost purple in the face, and there stood Peter, looking about him with a sort of inquiring wonder upon his face, as if utterly unconscious of any cause for such a noisy outbreak.

"Have you done with the witness?" inquired the counsel for the defence.

"Let him go," said the attorney, sharply. "I can do nothing at all with such a fellow."

Peter's eye now fairly twinkled. As he left the box, he drew down the corners of his mouth with the most sovereign contempt.

"Augh!" he muttered. "It ud take a dozen little red-nosed men to bate Peter Mulrooney, ayther with the tongue or the shillelah, I does be thinking."

**THE VALLEY OF THE YO-SEMITY, CALIFORNIA, AND ITS STUPENDOUS WATERFALLS.**—The Mariposa Gazette has published a communication from a Mr. J. M. Hutchings, who visited this valley in company with Messrs. Ayas and Millard, two gentlemen belonging to San Francisco, and Mr. Starr, of Coulterville. Assuming that these gentlemen are known to the editors of the Mariposa Gazette, and that the account is therefore reliable, we cannot but regard with wonder and admiration the scenery described. The party appears to have started from an Indian village on the Fresno, with two Indian guides, and the writer says:

From Mr. Hunt's store we kept an east-of-north course up the divide between the Fresno and Chow-chillah valleys; thence, descending towards the south fork of the Merced river and winding around a very rocky point, we climbed nearly to the ridge of the middle or main fork of the Merced, and descending towards the Yo-Semity valley, came upon a high point of trees,

whence we had our first view of this singular and romantic valley; and, as the scene opened in full view before us, we were almost speechless with admiration at its wild and sublime grandeur.

On the north side stands a bold perpendicular mountain of granite, shaped like an immense tower. Its lofty top is covered with great pines that, in the distance, seem but shrubs. Our Indian guides called this the 'Captain.' It measures from the valley to its summit about two thousand eight hundred feet.

Just opposite this, on the south side of the valley, our attention was attracted by a magnificent waterfall about seven hundred feet in height. It looked like a long broad feather of silver depending over a precipice; and, as this feathery tail of leaping spray thus hung, a slight breeze moved it from side to side, and, as the last rays of the setting sun were tinging it with rainbow hues, the red would mix with the purple, and the purple with the green, and the green with the silvery sheen of its whitened foam as it danced in space.

Passing further up the valley, we were struck with the awful grandeur of the immense mountains on either side, some perpendicular and some a little sloping. One looks like a lighthouse, another like a giant capital of immense dimensions; all are singular and surmounted by pines.

We crossed the river, and, still advancing up the valley, turned a point, and before us was an indescribable sight—a waterfall two thousand two hundred feet in height, the highest in the world. It rushes over the cliffs, and, with one bold leap, falls one thousand two hundred feet, then a second of five hundred feet, then a third of over five hundred feet; the three leaps making two thousand two hundred feet.

Standing upon the opposite side of the valley and looking at the tall pines below, the great height of these falls can at a glance be comprehended.

About ten miles from the lower end of the valley there is another fall of not less than fifteen hundred feet. This, with smaller falls and a lake, mark the head of the Yo-Semity valley, which is, therefore, about ten miles in length, and from a half to one mile in width. Although there is good land enough for several farms, it cannot be considered upon the whole as a good farming valley; but speckled trout, grouse, and pigeons are plentiful.—[Ex.]

**CURRENT WINE.**—Before expressing the juice from the currant paws them between a pair of rollers to crush them after which they may be placed in a strong bag, and they will part with the juice readily by light pressure, such as a common screw, heavy weight &c. To each quart of juice, add three pounds of double-refined sugar, single refined sugar is not sufficiently pure, then add as much water as will make one gallon. Or in other words, suppose the cask intended to be used to hold 30 gallons. In this put 30 quarts of currant juice, 90 lbs. of double refined sugar, and fill the cask to the bung with water; roll it over until the sugar is all dissolved. This will be told by its ceasing to rattle in the barrel. Next day roll it again and place it in a cellar where temperature is sure to be even. Leave the bung loose for the free admission of air. In the course of one or two or three days fermentation will commence. By placing the ear to the bung hole, a slight noise will be heard, such as may be observed when carbonic acid is escaping from champagne or soda water. Fermentation will continue for a few weeks, converting the sugar into alcohol. As soon as this ceases, drive the bung in tightly, and leave the cask for six months—at the end of which time the wine may be drawn off perfectly clear, without any excess of sweetness.—[Working Farmer.]

**IVORY.**—An English journal says:—Few of our lady readers, while they peep so bewitchingly over the tips of their ivory fans, or ply their fingers so nimbly and gracefully over the white keys of the piano, are wont to cast a thought toward the manner in which this material is procured, the quantities of it which are annually used, and the number of noble animals which are yearly slain for the purpose of supplying the constantly increasing demand. Mr. Dalton, a celebrated Sheffield manufacturer, estimates that the annual consumption of ivory in the town of Sheffield alone is about 180 tons, equal in value to £30,000, and requiring the labor of 500 person to work it up for trade. The number of tusks to make up this amount of ivory is 45,000, and according to this, the number of elephants killed every year for the supply of the Sheffield market, in 22,500. But, supposing some tusks to be cast, and some to have died a natural death, it may fairly be estimated that 18,000 are killed for the purpose.

**THE WAY TO GET A CLAIM.**—Horace Greeley writes to the Tribune:—

I have been told that a man who had an indisputable claim on the Government for four or five thousand dollars, danced attendance at the Capitol for two or three sessions to no purpose. At length an old member, who knew the ropes, struck by his pertinacity called him aside, and gave him the benefit of some volunteer counsel.

"My friend," said he, "I see you are green, long as you have been in Washington. Just withdraw your papers and increase your claim to twenty or thirty thousand. Then promise a thousand to this one and two thousand to that, and so on through a list of half a dozen who can help you, and of course on the contingency of your gaining your claim. If you should be cut down a little, you can afford it." The claimant thankfully took the advice, acted on it, and in due time carried home his honest due and a little more.—[Ex.]

**OREGON WAR.**—Official documents recently transmitted to Congress are said to fully sustain the position taken by Gen. Wool with regard to the Indian war in Oregon and Washington Territories. It is satisfactorily proved that the troubles had their origin in the schemes of plunder concocted by unprincipled white men.—[N. Y. Herald 26 April.]