

[For the Deseret News.]

"ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES."

In the olden times, so the good book saith,
When the world was in its prime;
When men with devils were possessed,
Inciting them to crime,
They sought that power, by the Priesthood held;
That power their foe suppress,
And peace from above as the dewdrops fell
To calm their troubled breast.

The devils enraged sought the Priesthood then
For a home in the herd of swine;
The boon was theirs, (so the story saith,
You can read it line for line)
But the swine, incensed, preferred DEATH to LIFE;
Degraded, a devil's slave;
They rushed as one down the steep incline
And sank 'neath the briny wave.

But the world grows old, so the legend saith,
And men in its dotage share;
Without the devils they cannot rest,
Or life with contentment bear;
So they cherish them now in their heart of hearts;
How fallen fellowmen!
And here we find that a legion dwells
And there from one to ten!

There's room to learn from the herd of swine—
A lesson for you and me—
We can each resolve, come life or death,
From devils we will be free!
The Priesthood's power, as in days of yore,
Is restored, our race to bless,
And all may share its power in time
And eternal life possess!

HENRY W. NAISBITT.

G.S.L. CITY, Sept. 14, 1859.

The Hunter's Last Shot.

To see an old trapper or hunter in his buckskin garb, armed with rifle, knife and tomahawk, is not a very unusual thing in the city of St. Louis, for that town is the headquarters of the North-western Fur Company, and the names of the Choteau's, Aubrey's, &c., are historically affixed thereto.

Some few years ago, I was sitting in the reading-room of the Virginia Hotel there conversing with a gentleman on business, when an old man dressed and completely armed as a hunter or trapper is when in his accustomed wilds, entered and minutely scanned the countenance of every person present. He was evidently quite old, and very thin and feeble, looking as if he had recently arisen from a couch of sickness. Yet his dark eye beamed brightly, even fiercely, in its sunken socket, and his erect form seemed to struggle against the mortal darkness which prevailed it.

The old man shook his head as he finished his gaze around the room, and muttering in a low tone, "The cuss is not here!" he turned away.

Having finished my business, I also left and went up to the Planters' House where I was boarding. When I arrived, it lacked but a few minutes of dinner time, and the guests were gathering in the sitting-room waiting for the gong to sound. I had just entered when the old hunter, who had before attracted my attention, also came in, and as before, commenced an inspection of every countenance.

Suddenly his eye flashed with fire more fierce than ever I saw glow in human face before, and he strode up to a young fellow who bore the name of being the most daring hunter of the North-west Company, of which he was a trading agent when in the hunt, and the most reckless gambler and wildest debauchee of the crowd, when he was in the city. His name was Auguste St. Vrain. Only three days before I had seen him on Bloody Island, in the river opposite St. Louis, stand at ten paces against one of the best shots in the city, and not a nerve trembled, nor did his face pale, but he "winged" his man as coolly as if he had been shooting at a bird. Yet now, when that old man stepped up before him, and he caught a glance of that fiery eye, his presence of mind and courage seemed utterly to fail him and he trembled, while the old man's voice, loud and clear as a bugle, rang in his ear.

"I have sought you long, Auguste St. Vrain, and at last I have found you. Remember Adele."

As he spoke the ominous clink of the old man's rifle was heard. Astonished into silence the crowd drew to either side, while St. Vrain, tearing his shirt bosom open, said, in a low, hopeless tone:

"Fire, old man, I deserve it!"

The old hunter had scarcely waited for the word; for ere St. Vrain's last word was spoken, the bullet from the hunter's rifle had passed through his heart. He sunk a corpse to the floor, murmuring only one word—"Adele."

The old man stood and gazed at the body a moment, then muttered, "It is right—I have fired my last shot."

In a moment he was seized—he made no resistance—and hurried off to prison. As I was then a practicing attorney in the courts of that city, feeling a sympathy for the old man, I availed myself to go to him and freely offered my services. He received me calmly and kindly, but his voice was very feeble as he replied:

"It's little use you can be to me, sir, for I have fired my last shot and tramped my last tramp. But as you seem to be about the only friend I have around here, I may as well ease my mind and tell you why I shot St. Vrain. Two years ago I would have shot myself sooner than raise a hand to harm a hair on his head. He was young, handsome, brave; as good a trapper as ever drew bead on a grizzly's eye. I loved him."

The old man's voice grew husky, his lips

quivered, he paused a moment, and then proceeded:

"I was not the only one that loved him. My Adele—then only sixteen, the image of her poor dead mother—she loved him, and he pretended to love her. He promised to marry her, and under that promise, ruined her. Age and shame made her keep the secret until it could no longer be kept; then he fled from her, left her to bring a babe into the world, and then to die broken hearted, with it upon her bosom. Both of them sleep in one grave on the banks of the Yellowstone. For a time I thought I would have to lay down there too, before I found him, but I kept up until my work was done. I care not for life now."

I tried to cheer up the old man. I told him that the mere recital of his wrongs before a western jury would acquit him, but he only shook his head and muttered, "My last shot is fired, and I am at the end of my last tramp."

One week afterwards, a few of us, who had discovered in him a brother of the 'mystic tie,' gave him honorable burial in a neighboring cemetery; for he passed away as quietly as if he had lain him down by a pleasant camp-fire to rest, after a long and weary hunt. Green were the sprigs cast in his grave, and true the hands that threw them there.

"We've Got a Baby."

The following letter which bears internal evidence of being a bona fide epistle, was picked up in one of our eastern streets a short time since:

UTICA, May 12, 1859.

Brother and sister Stebbins—we have got a live baby at our house, a little girl baby—that's so. How I wish this might find you in the same situation. You know I always wished you well. But our baby is none of your common babies. She laughs (and cries) so pretty, you can have no idea how handsome she is. It is decided by the best of judges (her mother and me,) that she is the handsomest child that ever lived; and everybody says, "what a pretty child, how much she looks like her father!"—children will resemble their parents you know. I wouldn't take twenty dollars for her, no sir, no temptation. Perhaps you think I'm a fool. Who cares—guess you'd be a fool if you had such a baby. I wish your domestic affairs would come to a crisis (cry-sis). You must excuse all mistakes, for I'm so delighted and transported, that I expect there is a right smart chance that I may go crazy.

Why you can't think how I acted the day the little stranger came along. Mrs. Boardman and I were the attending physicians, and what she didn't know I didn't either. Felt a little considerable scared, looked for my hat two, three, several times, and wondered how far it was to Texas. But after the excitement was over, wasn't I tickled some. If it hadn't been for that white hat of mine I couldn't have told which end my head was on. I went up stairs a dozen times, or less, after my hat—went and looked at the baby and forgot it every time. Sold a man some goods on "lick," and charged him, "To 1 baby sixpence per pound." But I'm calmer now; think I shall recover. Begin to think that baby ain't such a cunning affair after all. Its quite a *night institution*. It takes one half the bed, and right in the middle, and I have to sleep all round on the edges. Can't roll over and kick as I used to,—might wake up the baby. And if I just happen to roll on to the little thing in the night, then there's a fuss, for my wife would make a great ado if I should kill that baby. She sleeps with one eye open.

I'll tell you about how I get along nights. The other night I went to bed as usual, got into a snooze, when my wife called "John! John! there's a mouse in my bandbox, and it will ruin my bonnet." Well I rolls off the bed-rail and make a wake for the band-box. Mouse takes the hint and leaves, and I balance myself on the bed-rail again, go to sleep, and dream of the old song which says, "bless me, this is pleasant riding on a rail." But soon I am awakened by my wife, (watchful creature) calling, "John! I guess that mouse is in the lower bureau drawer, where all the baby's things are." So up I get once more and make a lunge for the bureau, and mouse leaves as usual, while I, like the old quaker, wish for some profane person to d—n that mouse. Well, I get on the rail once more and dream of sending an order to Chicago for mouse traps. Well, I dream away awhile, till I am once more awakened by the old familiar call, "John! John! that baby wants tending to." Well, I sit up and hold the light while she—well, no matter, you mean what I know.

The next morning I have to be careful in using the towels, for "all is not gold that glitters." But I must keep still and stand it all for the dear little baby, mother's little precious lamb.

Good bye; yours as much as possible.

DIGHTON.

P.S.—Our baby's name is Fanny Loisa.

N.B.—Don't forget the baby's name.

D.

How to Pop the Question.

"Gracious!" says I, "I'm twenty-one past and it's time to look after Nance."

Next day, down I went. Nance was alone, and I axed her if the squire was in. She sed he wasn't.

"Cause," said I, making bleve I wanted him, "our colt has sprained his foot and I come to see if the squire won't lend me his mare to go to town."

She said she guessed he would. I'd better sit down and wait till the squire comes in.

Down I sot; she looked sorter strange and my heart felt queer around the edge.

"Are you going down to Betsey Martin's quilten?" after a while sez she.

"Sez I, 'Reckon I would.'"

Sez she, "suppose you'll take Eliza Dodge?"

Sez I, "I mought, and then again I mought-en't."

Sez she, "I heard you was a going to git married."

Sez I, "I wouldn't wonder a bit."

I looked at her, and seed the tears comin'.

Sez I, "May be she'll ax you to be the bride's maid."

She riz up, she did, her face as red as a boiled beet.

"Seth Stockes," and she could't say anything more, she was so full.

"Wouldn't you be brides-maid, Nance?" sez I.

"No," sez she and burst right out.

"Well, then," sez I, "if you won't be the brides-maid, will you be the bride?"

She looked up at me. I swan to man I never saw any thing so awful puty. I took right hold of her hand.

"Yes or No," sez I, "right off."

"Yes," sez she.

"That's the sort," sez I, and give her a kiss and a hug.

We soon hitched traces to trot in double harness for life, and I never had cause to repent my bargain.

Seeing the Opery.

The Cincinnati *Inquirer* tells a story about a couple of countrymen who visited that city, and, asking for "Pike's," were unwittingly shown Mr. Pike's private residence, which they mistook for the opera house. Perceiving the front door open, they entered quietly, as is natural to uncultivated natives surrounded by objects to which they were unaccustomed, and awed by the splendor of the furniture, they stepped into the drawing room on tip-toe, with eyes astare and mouth wide agape in wonderment, and took seats upon a brocatede sociable, placed against the wall.

A young lady seated at the further end of the apartment, at a piano on which she was playing, did not hear them enter, and continued her performance, at the same time accompanying it with her voice.

As her clear soprano rose above the instrument in delicious sweetness, the bucolic auditors were lost in admiration, and had not the least doubt that it was the opera, especially as they had heard—to use their own expression—"there was singin' in it."

"By golly, that ere's fine, ain't it, Bill?" said one in a whisper, putting his elbow into his companion's side. "Purty good opery. That ere gal sings like a c'nary—don't she Bill?"

The party appealed to nodded assent to this opinion and both relapsed into profound silence until the song was completed, when unable to restrain their enthusiasm, they began applauding violently, stamping their feet upon the tapestry carpet, and crying in loud voices: "go it, old gal; we'll bet on you. You're the best opery in these ere parts!"

The young lady, alarmed at the noise and outcry, fled up stairs and said there were some noisy drunken rowdies in the drawing room, which induced the calling of the coachman and butler to eject the ruralists from the premises.

When ordered out of the house, the countrymen offered money, saying that they were "willin' to pay their dollar to see the show," and no one had a right to put them out, and they would not go anyhow. They were nevertheless, ejected from the house, to their intense indignation and anger.

Girls, Be Cautious.

The following paragraph, like many others equally as good, we find floating around without credit. It matters little, though, who the author may be, for it contains some very excellent advice which we commend to all our young lady readers—especially those who contemplate matrimony:

"Girls, beware of transient young men—never suffer the address of strangers; recollect that one good steady farmer's boy or industrious mechanic is worth more than all the floating trash in the world. The allurements of a dandy jack, with a gold chain about his neck, a walking stick in his paw, some honest tailor's coat upon his back, and a brainless, though fancy skull, can never make up the loss of a kind father's home, a good mother's counsel, and the society of brothers and sisters; their affection lasts, while that of such a man is lost at the wane of the honeymoon."

"Girls, beware, take heed lest ye should fall into the 'snare of the Fowler.' Too many have already been taken from a kind father's home and a good mother's counsel, and made the victims of poverty and crime, brought to shame and disgrace, and then thrown upon their own resources, to spend their few remaining days in grief and sorrow, while the brainless skull is making its circuit around the world, bringing to his ignoble will all that may be allured by his deceitful snares, and many a fair one to the shame of his artful villainy."

ODDLY NAMING.—A curious chapter might be written on Christian names bestowed in mere caprice, or for the sake of oddity. A man in Maine, by the name of Ham, called one of his sons Pickled! The late Dr. Lemuel Shattuck, in his *Memorials of the Shattuck family*, says:

"We once had under instruction in Detroit, a family whose sons were named One Stick-

ney, Two Stickney, Three Stickney; and whose daughters were named First Stickney, Second Stickney, and so on. The three children of a family nearer home were Joseph, And, Another; and it has been supposed that should they have any more they might have named them Also, Moreover, Nevertheless, Notwithstanding. An instance is also given of parents who named their child Finis, supposing it would be their last; but having afterwards three more children, a daughter and two sons, they were called Addenda, Appendix, and Supplement."

The same writer mentions a man named New, who called his first child Something and the second, Nothing. The author of *Suffolk Surnames* says, he was acquainted with a woman whose Christian—rather unchristian name was Aldeborantophosphornia.

The Winter of the Heart.

Let it never come upon you. Live so that good angels may protect you from the terrible evil—the winter of the heart.

Let no chilling influence freeze up the fountain of sympathy and happiness from its depths, no cold burthen settle over its withered hopes, like snow on the faded flowers; no rude blasts of discontent moan and shriek through its desolate chambers.

Your life path may lead you amid trials which for a time seem entirely to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze.

Penury may take the place of ease and plenty; your luxurious home may be exchanged for a single lowly room; the soft couch for the straw pallet; the rich viands for the coarse food of the poor. Summer friends may forsake you, and the un pitying world pass with scarcely a word of compassion.

You may be forced to toil wearily, steadily on to earn a livelihood; you may encounter fraud and base avarice, which would extort the last farthing, till you well nigh turn in disgust from your fellow beings.

Death may sever the dear ties that bind you to earth and leave you in fearful darkness.

The noble, manly boy, the sole hope of your declining years, may be taken suddenly from you, while your spirit clings to him with a wild tenacity, which even the shadow of the tomb cannot wholly subdue.

But amid all these sad trials and sorrows, do not come to the conclusion that nobody was ever so deeply afflicted as you are, and abandon every sweet anticipation of "better days" in the unknown future.

Do not lose your faith in human excellence because your confidence has been betrayed; nor believe that friendship is only a delusion, and love a bright phantom which glides away from your grasp.

Do not think you are fated to be miserable because you are disappointed in your expectations and baffled in your pursuit. Do not declare that God has forsaken you when your way is hedged with thorns, or repine sinfully when He calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave.

Keep a holy trust in heaven through every trial; bear adversity with fortitude, and look upward in hours of temptation and suffering. When your locks are white, your eyes dim, and your limbs weary—when your steps falter on the verge of Death's gloomy vale, still retain the freshness and buoyancy of spirit which will shield you from the winter of the heart.

CELEBRATED SNUFF-TAKERS.—Among men of large intellect, snuff-taking has been rather common; it may have been felt by them as a counter irritant to the over-worked brain. Pope and Swift were snuff-takers; the latter made his by mixing pounded tobacco with ready-manufactured Spanish snuff. Bolingbroke, Congreve and Addison indulged in it. Gibbon was a confirmed snuff-taker, and in one of his letters has left this account of his mode of using it:—"I drew my snuff-box, rapp'd it, took snuff twice, and continued my discourse, in my usual attitude of my body bent forwards, and my forefinger stretched out." In the *silhouette* prefixed to his miscellaneous works, he is represented indulging his habit, and looking, as Colman expresses it,

"Like an erect, black tadpole, taking snuff."

Frederick the Great loved it so entirely that he had capacious pockets made to his waistcoat, that he might have as little trouble as possible in getting for immediate use the largest quantity he could desire. It is said that, unlike the fraternity of snuff-takers, he disliked others to take a pinch from his box, and, once detecting a page doing so from one lying in an adjoining room, exclaimed, "Put that box in your pocket; it is too small for both of us." George II had the same selfish dislike, but expressed it more rudely, when he threw away his box in great anger at a masquerade, because a gentleman took a pinch. Napoleon carried snuff in a similar way, and many of the sovereign pontiffs of the Romish Church have been confirmed snuff-takers.—[Tobacco: Its History and Associations. By F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.]

WHAT HE COULD DO.—An arkansas candidate for Congress sets forth his qualifications for office in the following language:

"Gentlemen, if I am elected to this office, I will represent my constituents as the sea represents the earth, or night contrasts with the day. I will unrivet all human society, clean all its parts, and screw it together again. I will correct all senses, purge out all corruption and go through the enemies of our party like a rat through a new cheese."