

[For the Deseret News.]

**"TO BE, OR NOT TO BE."**

BY E. R. SNOW.

To be a Saint, or not to be,  
Is ev'ry one's prerogative  
To choose.—If from volition free,  
You make your choice, THAT nobly live.

The feat of doing things by halves,  
Is worse than doing not at all:  
Canst worship God and golden calves?  
Bear Jesus' cross, with Satan's pall?  
Will God and mammon, be allied?  
Can Jesus Christ and Baal unite?  
Will truth and falsehood coincide,  
Or darkness propagate the light?

Then, wherefore think with mockery,  
Or base deception, to prevail?  
Why bend to God the faltering knee,  
And yield the heart and hand to Baal?

Why, smiling, gaze upon the cloud,  
Which, gathering, forms the deadly blast?  
Why, tamper with the colling shroud,  
Till in its folds it binds you fast?

Who waits the thunder's voice, to tell  
Of the fierce lightning's fatal stream?  
Or trusts the enchantress' fairy spell  
To avert the lifted poniard's gleam?

Rise, trim your lamps and make them bright—  
Keep ev'ry thought and eye awake:  
Gird on your armor, for the fight—  
Truth, freedom, virtue are at stake.

You who indulge in carnal ease,  
Awaken from your treacherous sleep;  
Rise—ev'ry post of duty seize,  
And sacred, ev'ry covenant keep.

When God a crucible prepares,  
If burns with dross-consuming heat:  
His threshing floor will waste the tares,  
But He'll preserve the precious wheat.

G. S. L. CITY, Nov. 1863.

**"TRUTH."**

[AN EPISODE OF HISTORY.]

"See TRUTH be in the field, let her and FALSEHOOD  
grapple.—[MILTON.]

Long years ago, how long the legend saith  
When Mars in dire ascendant long did reign,  
His blood-red banner trailed o'er Europe's fertile  
Fields, thus tracked on either hand his horrid march:  
Sacked cities, fire and death, no pomp of war  
Could hide, nor all its music drown the cries  
Of those bereft; the voice of widows, orphans,  
Rushing o'er the earth, as if ten thousand  
Hurricanes combined, had swept along,  
And turned to discord,—Paradise again!

Upon the silvery sea,  
Beneath the tropics' calm and quiet skies,  
Where balmy hours glide sweetly on, and every  
Breeze is perfumed, bearing far perennial  
Natures' lavished sweets, as if to cool man's  
Fevered heart and brain, so sooth him back to peace:  
Then here—the demon bared his hideous head,  
As prowling o'er those glassy deeps, he black  
Destruction sought!

'Twas night,  
A British man-of-war was cruising round  
In search of prey. The sea, as if asleep  
But gently moaned; while countless stars from  
Heaven's clear swelling dome, repeated o'er  
Their beauty in the deep, God's silence all  
Around, but whispered,—Peace!  
Till in the grey of dawn, and scarcely seen,  
An object to the fore, a hostile vessel  
Seemed, soon she was hailed,—no answer came;  
Then hailed again,—no answer still—quick  
As the word could pass all hands are roused,  
The signal gun swift fires a shot across  
Her saucy bows; still, no reply; again,  
The thunder rolls; and right amidst ships flies  
The iron hail,—and yet—no word of defiance  
Only, silence could import?

Then hurried trampling o'er  
The crowded decks, and muffled sounds the thorough  
"Ready" bears,—for action cleared, with demon  
Vigor every gun, is belching forth its fire  
And iron hail—STILL NO REPLY! nought heard  
But rattling shot, rebounding, sinking, falling,  
'Neath the heedless sea!

With tropic suddenness the morning gleamed,  
No passing ship of timber, cordage, canvass,  
Driven by the wind, or dancing o'er the wave  
The gazers eyes salute, but stern and stately,  
Based on the world's foundations, (nature's freak,)  
Splitting high above the crested wave  
Its lordly head, behold, "A MASSIVE ROCK!"  
Not made amenable to men-of-war  
Of man's device, or e'en disturbed though  
Surging waves or ages at its base; secure,  
It might have laughed to scorn a myriad  
Forces all combined; and stood unmoved!

With deep chagrin, for blasted hopes  
And power's repent, the sails are spread, perchance  
Again to find, when nearest success seemed,—  
Mistaken all!

And such thought is Truth!  
Firm as a rock in life's great ocean placed,  
Yet oft unseen,—if seen, 'tis through the gray  
Of prejudice and lies, this brings man's feeble  
Batteries to bear, and like the eternal  
Breaking waves, the generations of the ever  
Fast, those now in being, thousands yet to come  
With force persistent strike that towering rock!

Have sought, will seek to scar its representative  
Head, its broad foundations undermine,  
To hurl it down to earth!

But all in vain!—  
Its glowing head soars far above the clouds,  
In heaven's glad sunlight baskes, with deep and sure  
Foundations, in the Father's purpose laid!  
The breath of puny man may (sometimes) cloud  
As smoke from battle field the glorious  
Landscape hides!

Time shall exhale all mists and fog,  
While "Truth" divine, enduring, bears her votaries  
Back, to happiness and God! N.  
G. S. L. CITY, Nov. 7, 1863.

[From the Logan Gazette.]

**A DREAM THAT WAS NOT A DREAM—  
THE WAR AND PEACE.**

A WONDERFUL VISION.

What I here relate is true. That which I  
have seen, I have seen; and that which I  
know, I know. Let all the people read what  
is here written, and ponder the wonderful  
things which I have witnessed in a vision.  
For much of that which I have seen in a  
vision, will be seen in the reality by all, in  
the fullness of the evil time which is coming  
and which now is. For a voice hath said,  
"that which thou seest, write!"

My son—our first born—the object of our  
dearest love and most affectionate care—  
whom we had reared in the ways of virtue,  
and educated with the view to an honored  
life, was among the dead at Gettysburg. We  
brought him home to that dear hearth by  
which he had grown from infancy to young  
manhood; to the home which he had left but  
a few months ago in the glow of health and  
the enthusiasm of hope. We had brought  
him back, a mangled corpse, with a ghastly  
wound on his fair brow—hardly to be recog-  
nized now, even by the loving mother who  
had borne him, and who bewailed him with  
unceasing lamentation.

Dead! And my house was filled with the  
sad faces of neighbors and friends, who had  
known and loved our boy, and who came now  
to condole with us in the hour of overwhelm-  
ing sorrow.

He was buried. And I returned to a home  
which was saddened forever, to that familiar  
room, where, in the years that were past, my  
boy had so often, from infancy to manhood,  
sat on my knee, or by my side. How dark it  
seemed! How dolorous!

And sleep had fled from me. My eyes,  
which had refused to weep, seemed as if  
they were seared, and blessed slumber came  
not.

All through the dreary hours—hours which  
seemed ages—of that awful night I waited,  
and watched, and knew not repose. That  
long night wore away at last, and a day of  
fasting succeeded; and the dolorous night  
came again.

As I looked out of the window to the north,  
a great light, neither of the sun, nor moon,  
nor stars, but brighter and clearer than mid-  
day, illuminated what seemed a vast plain,  
upon which the minutest object might be  
discerned with a clearness which was won-  
derful.

And as I looked, I beheld the coming of a  
great host, marching to the sorrowful sound  
of a muffled drum. As they came nearer, and  
glided past, I remarked that there was no  
sound of footsteps where they trod. Then I  
knew they were specters, the shadows of the  
countless dead, fallen in battle. Their gar-  
ments were soiled and torn. And I observed,  
with a shudder which thrilled horribly through  
me, that the death-wound was upon every  
form, and that each ghastly face was the face  
of a corpse. Great God! Here was an arm  
shot away; and there a gash on the forehead;  
again, an eyeball burst with a shot; and yet  
again a temple crushed as by a blow of a  
gun-barrel. And as the specter-host glided  
by, I heard a voice, saying: "Weary, indeed,  
wilt thou be gazing; for days and days must  
elapse, marching at this forced march which  
thou beholdest, ere this vast army of the  
dead can pass." I turned away in horror,  
and prayed that I might be spared a spec-acle  
which seemed to freeze the very blood in my  
veins. But now I knew, as I had not known  
before, what a multitude had fallen in battle.

When I looked again, the vision had  
changed, and lo! in place of those grizzly  
shadows, I beheld a great pool of blood. It  
was so large that ships might ride on its  
crimson billows. And congregated, by the  
hundred thousand, all around the wide cir-  
cumference of its margin, where women,  
pallid and tearful, each clad in robes of  
sombre blackness, and having little children  
by the hands, who wept incessantly, and  
gazing into their mothers' faces, called upon  
those who could make no response, for their  
blood was in the pool at their feet. And  
far beyond this horrible pool, my gaze ex-  
tended to houses made desolate and families  
impoverished. I beheld these widows in their  
struggle for bread. I could see them, chilled  
and shivering; and crouching, in scant cloth-  
ing, over wretched embers, which imparted no  
warmth, but which were all that they could  
procure. And I beheld those orphan children,  
equally and wretched, uncared for, and un-  
educated, going down to the haunts of vice,  
swept into the vortex of crime, for the want  
of the fathers' guiding and restraining hand.  
And I cried out, in the bitterness of my heart,  
"How long, O Lord, how long? And what  
shall we obtain which will repay us for all  
these horrible sacrifices?"

And the voice answered: "Look to the left

of the pool which is before thee, and see what  
thou beholdest."

And I looked, and beheld a vast grove of  
trees, which were leafless and dead; and on  
the branches of the trees were huddled myri-  
ads of unclean birds, lazily flapping their  
wings and wiping what seemed to be blood  
from their beaks. And underneath was a  
multitude of men, crying Blood! blood! more  
blood! And the voice said: "These are the  
shoddy contractors, and place-holders, and  
money-getters, and the ungodly among the  
priesthood. Listen attentively, that thou  
mayest hear."

And I heard in loud and demoniac shrieks:  
"Prosecute the war! Down with the Peace-  
scoundrels! No compromise! No adjustment!  
No settlement! The war must go on! Down  
with the Constitution—it is a league with  
hell! Cursed be the old Union—it is a cov-  
enant with death! Down with Liberty—ex-  
cept for negroes! Arm the black man! fire the  
torch! whet the blade! Burn cities—depopu-  
late villages—waste plantations—take the  
bread from famishing children—drive weeping  
women from the roof that shelter them! Steal  
books—steal pictures—steal precious plate—  
God is asleep! there is no hell, neither is there  
a judgment!"

And as I gazed, I cried out: "Merciful  
heaven! are these men, or are they devils? Am  
I on earth? or rather, has not the veil been  
removed which hides the unseen from this  
visible world? am I not looking upon fiends  
already damned?"

And the voice said: "Listen yet again,  
while the ungodly priests are speaking."  
And I listened, and heard: "A new com-  
mandment give I unto you, that ye hate one  
another. Turn your plowshares into swords,  
and your pruning-hooks into spears. Thou  
shalt hate thy neighbors. Do not unto  
others as you would have them do unto you.  
Accursed be the peace-makers. Christ was  
the Prince of war. Thou shalt lie, thou shalt  
steal; thou shalt bear false witness against  
thy neighbor; thou shalt kill! Glory to John  
Brown! Glory to the new Savior! Hosan-  
nas to the new Redeemer!"

But I could endure the impious blasphemy  
no more. Turning away, I beheld, flitting  
about, beneath the unclean birds, yet over  
the heads of the demoniac crowd, a phantom  
figure with a long, grizzly beard and a rope  
about his neck.

And the voice said: "The phantom which  
thou seest is the spirit which begets the idol-  
atry, the blasphemy, the fraud, the rapine,  
and the crime which thou hast witnessed."

And as I looked, I beheld many familiar  
faces, though they seemed disturbed with evil  
passions, such as avarice, hatred, revenge,  
etc. One whom I saw was diminutive in  
stature and appearance, but he held a big  
book under his arm, and on the cover of the  
book was inscribed, \$3,000 per annum. Avar-  
ice was his passion, and he had bartered his  
soul for gold. And I beheld an elderly man,  
with marked features and lineaments, and  
iron-gray hair, and a look which betokened  
intellectual power, who with strong speech  
was goading the frantic multitude to yet  
greater excesses. He had bartered his soul  
at the shrine of ambition. And yet another,  
younger in appearance, with a beard prema-  
turely white, who had sold himself for naught,  
and who pursued the grizzly phantom, grasp-  
ing and clutching at what was at last shadowy  
and unreal. And many I beheld, who looked  
sad, and gave signs of remorse, and who  
seemed anxious to escape from the damned  
beings who surrounded them.

And the voice said: "Look now to the  
right, and see that which is to be seen."

And I looked, and lo! a great assemblage  
of men, many of whom had scrolls in their  
hands, and many were bearing banners. Of  
the scrolls, some were inscribed in golden  
letters: "The Constitution;" others, "Christ's  
Sermon on the Mount;" others, "The Golden  
Rule." On the banners I read, "Constitutional  
Liberty;" "The Union as our fathers  
made it;" "Blessed are the Peace-makers;"  
"Compromise—agree with thine adversary  
while thou art in the way with him." I ob-  
served that the eyes of the assemblage were  
turned toward heaven, and looking up I saw  
against the sky a bright cross, bearing the in-  
scription which greeted the eyes of the first  
Christian Emperor of Rome: "By this sign  
shalt thou conquer." And I thought I beheld  
the heavens opening, and the spirit descend-  
ing like a dove. The shades of departed  
statesmen and patriots and of murdered mar-  
tyrs were hovering in the air. There were  
Washington, and Webster, and Clay, and  
Jackson, and Douglas; and as they gazed  
upon the left, their countenances evinced sor-  
row and indignation. There, too, were the  
twelve innocent men slain by the monster  
McNeil; and Mumford, who was hanged by  
Butler the beast, and Bollmyer, with that  
sad smile upon his face, which he wore when  
dying. And I looked again to the left, and I  
saw that as often as any one sought to get  
out of the infernal circle, its denizens yelled  
after him with bitter imprecations of "Trai-  
tor," "Disloyal," and similar epithets, or  
rush after with swords, or drove him back  
with bayonets. Yet many escape, with  
great joy at their deliverance, and met with  
glad welcome from the rapidly increasing  
hosts on the right.

And from the left they incessantly called  
and begged for deserters from the right. But  
few responded, and they only when promised  
an enormous price. And these crawled on  
their bellies through mire and filth, from one  
assemblage to the other. And I noticed that  
their faces instantly became black, their feet  
cloven, and their tongues forked fiery.

And the voice said: "What thou beholdest  
at the North is but a counterpart of what I  
might show thee at the South. There marches  
a specter host, and there curdleth a pool of  
blood; and demons are there crying for car-  
nage and for vengeance; and there, too, is a  
great host, like unto that which thou seest on  
the right, begging for Union, for Peace, for  
Compromise, for Constitution. But look yet  
again, and thou wilt see the terrible judg-  
ments which are in store for a people who  
violate the commands of the Almighty!"

And I beheld a brazen sky, and glaring sun,  
and vegetation parched with drouth, and  
springs whose fountains had failed, channels  
rocky and dry. And I saw great multitudes  
of men, women and children hurrying with  
parched tongues and feeble footsteps to the  
great lakes and rivers, to appease the de-  
mands of thirst.

I looked again, and beheld another curse,  
for the green fields were smitten with frost  
in the summer time, and yielded not the har-  
vest; and the cattle were dying by the way-  
side; and the faces of mothers were wan and  
bony; and children were crying for bread; and  
there was famine in the land.

And I beheld yet another curse. For it  
grew dark, and I heard the rushing of heavy  
wings, and lo! the Angel of the Pestilence  
passed, crying "Woe! woe! woe! to the people  
accursed." And strong men fell down and  
died on the highways; and plague spots came  
upon every cheek and breast, and there was  
none to minister to the dying, and none to  
bury the dead; and the vultures grew fat and  
usurped the land.

And I heard a loud voice saying: "Ven-  
geance is mine, saith the Lord!"

And that which I here relate is truth in its  
very essence. And I have written it because  
it is truth. And let all the people receive it  
as truth. And I beg and implore all who  
shall read it to be instructed in the things  
which it teaches, and to consider well that  
which they do. Study the divine book. Pray  
without ceasing for heavenly guidance. And  
let those who have been lured by false lead-  
ers and ungodly priests into that infernal  
convocation over which the demon spirit of  
John Brown bears rule, flee, in the name of  
God, as they would avoid the just curse of  
heaven, resting neither night nor day, until  
they have set their feet on the hallowed  
ground, whereon they stood when the bless-  
ings of Christ rested upon us all. Amen.

[Blairetz (Sept. 28) correspondence of London Times.]  
A SCENE AT COURT.

CONFLICT BETWEEN A RUSSIAN LADY AND A  
FRENCH FEMALE FRIEND OF POLAND.

A disgraceful scene has taken place at this  
fashionable watering place, where the court  
at present resides. Among the numerous for-  
eign visitors there are a great many Russians  
and Poles, who naturally look upon one an-  
other with great hostility. As the sympathies  
of the French visitors are all for the Poles,  
they, too, are not regarded with very friendly  
feelings by the Russians. Among them was  
a French lady, who, having just arrived from  
Lemberg, where she had had opportunities of  
closely observing the Polish character under  
great trials, was particularly demonstrative  
in her expressions of attachment to and ad-  
miration for that long suffering nation. These  
demonstrations were very unpalatable to a  
certain Russian lady of high rank, who de-  
termined to put a stop to them by inflicting a  
punishment worthy of her countrymen in Po-  
land on the enthusiastic French-woman.—  
Meeting her in the open street and in view of  
the imperial carriage, which was driving past,  
she struck her in the face with her parasol.

The result of this brutal act was that the  
Empress struck the name of the Russian lady  
and several other Russians out of her visiting  
list. The Russians were extremely dissatis-  
fied at this, especially as the Countess Prze-  
dziecka, who, although a Pole, is a subject of  
Alexander II., and was retained on the list.

A fresh revenge was determined upon. As  
the Countess was returning from an official  
soiree a man accosted her with a letter, re-  
questing her to read it immediately. The  
Countess took the letter to her room and  
broke the seal. Immediately some detona-  
ting power which was in the seal burst with a  
loud explosion, and the Countess' head dress  
was set on fire. Luckily, her maid was near  
and extinguished the flames, which had al-  
ready burnt her eyebrows and part of her  
hair. The letter contained the following  
words:—"Wretched little Polish Woman, do  
you think we do not know that it is by your  
intrigues and your degradation that you have  
succeeded in being admitted to the intimacy  
of that miserable little French Court? We  
care very little either for it or for you. Do  
not be too proud of those miserable distinc-  
tions, which we shall know how to stop when  
we like. Let not your barefooted compatri-  
ots imagine that they will triumph through  
you. You are now warned, and they will be  
also."

This affair has caused great and univer-  
sal indignation, and it is said that it will be  
brought forward in a court of justice.

WHERE IS HE?—The mother of MICHAEL  
CASTELLO wants to know of his where-  
abouts. He was last heard of at this City,  
six years ago. Any information of him, ad-  
dressed to the Rev. W. Skipton, Achill, West-  
port, Ireland, will be thankfully received.

Take care of your Stock or sell them.  
Do not let them trespass upon your neighbors.