

## ON THE DEATH OF ELDER LEO HAWKINS.

BY W. G. MILLS.

He is taken away from the home of his heart,  
Where virtue and truth dwell around him;  
Where Love's purest feelings their sweet spell impart,  
While to scenes of the present they bound him.

On the altar of death how afflictive to see  
So blooming and precious an offering;  
Cut down like a rare and a beautiful tree,  
In his strength laid a victim of suffering!

While his heart was yet warm with the current of youth,  
And the scenery of life was entrancing,  
He sought for his guidance the Spirit of truth,  
And still in its light was advancing.

His feet had just passed o'er the threshold of life.  
With a soul that was steady and valiant;  
And well was he fit to succeed in the strife,  
So great his acquirement and talent.

The hope of his friends, and the land of his choice,  
His days to do good were devoted;  
For our race in its progress he lifted his voice,  
And labored with joy to promote it.

Respected in life, and regretted in death,  
As a man of a high, noble nature;  
He lived to the law of our excellent faith,  
And died peacefully in his Creator.

We have buried him low in his cold 'narrow home,'  
Where the angels will faithfully guard him;  
And his works are a halo around his lone tomb  
That will shine till the Gods will reward him.

We present to the people the Deseret Alphabet, but have not adopted any rules to bind the taste, judgment or preference of any. Such as it is you have it, and we are sanguine that the more it is practised and the more intimately the people become acquainted with it, the more useful and beneficial it will appear.

The characters are designed to represent the sounds for which they stand, and are so used. Where one stands alone, the name of the character or letter is the word, it being the only sound heard. We make no classification into vowels, consonants, &c., considering that to be of little or no consequence; the student is therefore at liberty to deem all the characters vowels, or consonants, or starters, or stoppers, or whatever else he pleases.

In the orthography of the published examples, Webster's pronunciation will be generally followed, though it will be varied from when general usage demands. All words having the same pronunciation will be spelled alike, and the reader will have to depend upon the context for the meaning of such words.

Since the arrival of the matrices, &c., for casting the Deseret Alphabet, it has been determined to adopt another character to represent the sound of *ew*, but until we are prepared to cast that character, the characters *u* and *w* will be used to represent the sound of *ew* in *NEW*. The characters *u* and *w* are sounded as *ai* in *HAIR*, for which one character will also be used, so soon as it can be procured.

## DESERET ALPHABET.

Long	Short	u	h	L	eth
o	e	t	7	p	x the
3	a	u	a	b	8 s
o	ah	u	7	t	6 z
o	au	u	a	d	o esh
o	o	r	c	che	s zhe
o	oo	q	g	4	ur
h	i	o	k	l	l
o	ow	o	ga	7	m
u	woo	p	f	4	n
u	ye	e	v	n	eng

h63v41 7774 34.

1. Qm 404, u 43D46, 70 704;  
44a 70404, u 7076; 67 8 44L  
704, 44a 0L 871 46 83444; 8  
U4404, 44a 0L L4N6 871 Qm  
404L 46 47.

2. 404 8 44a+Q43D44 46 8  
L044 46 77w4 0L 43D46, 44a  
446 4444 77w4 0L 834 04746;  
40 40L 77444 4487404 872,  
40 40L 44L+4444 872 70 8 8L0-  
744.

3. 834 8L34 0L80 D4L 8 Q087  
07, 44a 834 87140 D4L Qm 77  
07 46 834 Q04QJ846, 44a 8  
704746 D4L 8 70744 44 834  
44a.

4. 44a 0L 8 7087 46 7264 D4L  
8 446044; 44a 8 72646 D4L 8  
4044 70Q444 46 3 8Q40L; 44a  
0L 834 7087 D4L 40L 404, 46 8  
L04 40L4L 04 4447 8 444, 44a  
46 3 40L4L 444 4447 8 444 744.

5. 404 77 8044 D4L 8 4384

44 4444: 44404, 77 D4L Qm 404  
77w4 444746, 44a 77w4 8 7076  
46 70 4048, 70 444744.

6. 8 8044 46 8 L044 46  
4444 44 8 4444, 44 46 734 447  
44 8 4444, 44a 44 8 4444 46  
L706 44a Q078, 44 8 447 46 8  
Q4446 46 4476: 404 8 L044  
40L 3 8L04446 44 44446, 44a 3  
Q437 8L074 44 8 4444 46 44-  
700.

## THE BETTY.

BY PATTIE PARSLEY.

"Allow me to introduce to you, Mr. John Greenleaf, a man, sir," he will tell you, "who has made his own money, and doesn't care who knows it—none of your heirs to property; no, sir! a self-made man.—There he stands by the fireplace, looking as pompous as if all mankind were his slaves, and he was monarch of the universe. He is very rich, worth, they will tell you on 'Change, any amount of money. He has a fine house, as the peep we are taking into the parlor will convince you. You can see that all the furniture is rich, the paintings rare, the carpets velvet, and the lights brilliant. He has three children. The little, pale-looking girl at the piano is his daughter. He has determined to give her a splendid education, 'the best, sir, that money can buy.' Never mind if they are cramming her young brain beyond its capabilities, making her pale, puny, and old; she must study, practise, and be worthy to take her place in society as the daughter of John Greenleaf. The two little boys crouched down by the window, playing chess, though older than their sister, are as pale, weak, and over-tasked. Who is the lady by the piano, guiding the little fingers? Bless your innocence! that's nobody! That is only Mr. Greenleaf's wife, 'a person,' he will tell you, with a shrug, 'of amiable disposition, but no strength of character.'"

"My dear," said Mr. Greenleaf, in a voice as if he were calling his wife from the garret, although she really stands within arm's length.

"Yes, John."

"My dear, I have given the cook warning.—Last week, the beef was twice over-done."

"Well, John," said Mrs. Greenleaf, with a sigh, "this is the sixth cook we have had within a month."

"If she did not suit me, she should go even if it were the sixtieth. She goes to night; and the new one comes to-morrow."

Now let me introduce you to Mr. Greenleaf's kitchen. All is in order, every new invention for facilitating the servant's work stands on the shelves; but did you ever see such discontented faces? Miss Fannie's nurse stands by the table, looking at the new cook with a cross expression; while the waiter scours the knives in a spiteful, vigorous manner; and the chambermaid sets down her bucket with a bang, and looks too at the cook.

"You won't stay here long," says Maria, the nurse.

"No, that you won't!" echoes Lizzie, the waiter.

"You'll be a simpleton if you do," chimes in Sallie, the chambermaid.

"Why, what is the matter? Mrs. Greenleaf cross?"

"No, indeed," cries Maria, screwing up her lips. "Mrs. Greenleaf's a martyred angel, that's what she is. It's Mr. Greenleaf. Oh! won't you have to dance to the music! He's hard on us all; but he's the hardest of all on the cooks."

"Mr. Greenleaf! what! what's he got to do with me? I won't have no man fooling around in my kitchen."

"Oh! won't you?"

"Well," cried a loud harsh voice at the door, "is there no work to do? What are you all idling here in the kitchen for at this time in the morning?"

Before he had finished speaking, cook stood alone in the kitchen.

"Humph!" said Mr. Greenleaf, setting down his basket; "so you've come. What's your name?"

"Jane."

"Well, Jane, here's the dinner. Now, I want you to listen particularly to my directions. I want that piece of beef roasted. Don't let it stay in the fire more than half an hour. I hate meat overdone."

"It won't be fit to eat in half an hour."

"Obey my directions, if you please. The chickens I want boiled; and there will be some oysters here soon for sauce. Don't put any butter or salt in the oyster sauce." And so he went on until each article had been condemned to utter ruin and left the kitchen.

"I'll serve him up a dinner," muttered the cook.

"Jane," said a sweet low voice.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Jane, what has come for dinner? Mr. Greenleaf has given you his directions, I presume."

"Yes, ma'am. Everything in that 'ere basket will be sp'iled complete."

"Well, Jane, you must make everything as nice as you can; but don't contradict Mr. Greenleaf, if he thinks you followed his directions."

"Well, ma'am," said the cook, rather discontentedly.

Dinner-time came, and with it Mr. Greenleaf.

"Ah!" said he, throwing himself back in his chair, after finishing a hearty meal, "now, this is a dinner! everything cooked precisely after my directions. The new cook is a jewel. All the others have contradicted me; and the consequence was we have not had a dinner fit to eat for months. This beef is done to a charm; and that oyster sauce is magnificent. I hate butter in oysters, spoiling the children's complexions."

Mrs. Greenleaf said nothing, though inwardly smiling at the success of her new stratagem.

Washing day came. There beside the tubs, stood Mr. Greenleaf, criticising the proceedings. Jane had a large basket of clothes ready to put on the line; but as she was leaving the kitchen, Mr. Greenleaf stood before her—

"Do you call this *white*?" he asked, fishing up a towel with the end of his cane, "or this or this? Faugh! they are as dirty as when they came down stairs! Here!" and taking the basket from Jane, he launched the contents into Maria's tub.

"Oh, Mr. Greenleaf! these are colored clothes!" cried Maria.

"Well, they want washing, don't they?"

"Yes, sir; but you've pitched all them white ones atop o' them! Oh, he! he! he! An Maria fled into the yard, and burst out laughing.

Mr. Greenleaf looked at her with magnificent astonishment. Jane had contrived to pin a half-dried towel to his coat; and her sudden view of it had caused Maria's laughter.

"Giddy-headed goose!" cried Mr. Greenleaf.

"I declare I believe I could wash myself better than the whole of you put together."

"Suppose you try," suggested Jane, accidentally flinging a quantity of soapuds upon his black clothes. "On, sir, I beg your pardon; I did not see you."

"Um! um! these clothes in the boiler are only half washed. 'Pon my word, servan's, now-a-days, are enough to wear one's life out. Here! take these things out and give them another rub."

"Certainly, sir," cried the obliging Jane; and before Mr. Greenleaf knew what was coming, a long stick was thrust into the boiler and a pile of clothes fished out. The hot steam rushed into his face, and the boiling water splattered over his hands, and, as he was springing aside to avoid them, down went the stick, full of hot clothes, upon his foot. "Oh, my gracious!" cried Jane.

"Oh, sir, I did not mean to! Oh, you did give me such a turn, sir, jumping round so, that the stick fell! Oh! hope it don't burn, sir."

Mr. Greenleaf was obliged to make a very undignified exit, hopping on one foot, with the white towel dangling from his coat, and his vest and pants covered with soapuds.

"I'll teach him to come into my kitchen, washing days," cried Jane, as soon as he was out of hearing. "Now, I'll go and see what his lordship wants for dinner."

Jane found the unfortunate victim of her spite sitting in his wife's room, holding the scalded foot in his hand, and the wet slipper and stocking lying beside him. Her face assumed an expression of profound sympathy, as she suggested a remedy for the burn. Then the subject of dinner was discussed. Among the marketing articles was a steak, and Jane, in her innocence, suggested onions.

"Onions!" cried Mr. Greenleaf. "Onions? I'd as leave eat arsenic! Onions, I detest onions! the flavor is the most horrible in the world. Remember, Jane, I will never have an onion on my table, or its flavor in anything I eat."

"Yes, sir," said Jane, mentally adding, "won't you, though?"

The next morning, Jane left the house early and secretly, and returned with a number of large onions, which she carefully concealed. She and the waiter had a long private conversation soon after.

"Jane!" cried Mr. Greenleaf, at dinnertime, in a voice of thunder.

"Yes, sir," said Jane, coming up hastily from the kitchen.

"Jane, did I not tell you never to put onion on the table?"

"There ain't none, sir."

"There is; the whole dinner tastes of onions. There is that detestable flavor in every dish on the table. You taste it, my dear?"

"I can't taste it," said Mrs. Greenleaf.

"Nor I, nor I," cried the children.

The governess could not taste it, nor the friend who was dining with them. Mr. Greenleaf, in a towering passion, limped into the kitchen, and put his nose into every pot on the range. Everything was free from the fearful smell, yet his whole dinner tasted of it. Day after day it was the same thing; breakfast, dinner and supper tasted of onions. Even his tea and coffee had the flavor; and Mrs. Greenleaf began to think her husband was insane on the subject of onions. Jane and the waiter alone could have explained the mystery. Every day, before each meal, Jane took Mr. Greenleaf's cup, saucer, and plate and rubbed them with raw onion, then, standing them on the stove until the moisture dried on the china, she sent them upstairs thoroughly impregnated with onion.

Mr. Greenleaf would have parted with Jane after his foot was scalded, but acting on Mrs. Greenleaf's hints, she served up the most splendidly-cooked meats, persuading him, by her submissive air and attention to his directions, that she was following all his absurd whims.

"Jane," said Mr. Greenleaf, coming into the kitchen, one morning, "I have had a present of a pair of prairie hens, and I want them fricassed. Now, I am not going out to-day, and I will show you exactly how to do them."

"Yes, sir," said Jane.

"Well, we will begin now."

"Why, lars, sir, they will be all cold, if you cook them now."

"Not at all; they need a good deal of cooking. First, cut them up."

"Hadt I better clean them up?"

"Yes, of course; I meant clean them. Now, cut them up."

"But they ought to be parboiled whole."

"No, they are not to be parboiled; it makes them tough. They will cook enough in the gravy."

Determined to let him see what a fine mess he was making, Jane followed his directions implicitly. The result was, a mess that would have disgusted a starving savage. Dinner time came, and Mr. Greenleaf stood rubbing his hands over his dish; it remained on every plate untouched.

He put one mouthful into his mouth, and then called Jane, in a tone that threatened to take the roof off the house. "What is that?" he asked, pointing to the dish before him.

"Them's the prairie hens, sir."

"What have you been putting in them?"

"Nothing but what you feed yourself, sir."

Mr. Greenleaf looked at the dish, then at the cook; there was no appearance of deceit in her face. "Here!" he cried, "bring me a clean plate, and take this down stairs; throw 'it into the swill pail, or give it to any beggar that will eat it."

"I guess he won't come down to get dinner himself again, in my kitchen," muttering the triumphant cook, as she threw away the offending dish.

## Popular Names of States and Cities.

## STATES.

Virginia, the Old Dominion.  
Massachusetts, the Bay State.  
Rhode, the Border State.  
Maine, the Moose State.  
New York, the Empire State.  
New Hampshire, the Granite State.  
Vermont, the Green Mountain State.  
Connecticut, the Land of Steady Habits.  
Pennsylvania, the Keystone State.  
North Carolina, the Old North State.  
Ohio, the Buckeye State.  
South Carolina, the Palmetto State.  
Michigan, the Wolverine State.  
Kentucky, the Corn Cracker.  
Delaware, the Blue Hen's Chicken.  
Missouri, the Puke State.  
Indiana, the Hoosier State.  
Illinois, the Sucker State.  
Iowa, the Hawkeye State.  
Wisconsin, the Badger State.  
Florida, the Peninsula State.  
Texas, the Lone Star State.  
California, the Golden State.

## CITIES.

New York City, Gotham.  
Boston, the Modern Athens.  
Philadelphia, the Quaker City.  
Baltimore, the Monumental City.  
Cincinnati, the Queen City.  
New Orleans, the Crescent City.  
Washington, the city of Magnificent distances.  
Chicago, the Garden City.  
Detroit, the City of the Straits.  
Cleveland, the Forest City.  
Pittsburg, the Smoky City.  
New Haven, the City of Elms.  
Indianapolis, the Railroad City.  
St. Louis, the Mound City.  
Keokuk, the Gate City.  
Louisville, the Fall City.  
Nashville, the City of Rocks.  
Hannibal, the Bluff City.  
Alexandria, the Delta City.

THE TITLE OF PRESIDENTS.—The editor of a Providence paper enlightens his readers upon titles and says of the President, he is not 'Honorable,' like the members of Congress, or State Senators and Judges of the Superior or Inferior Courts; he is not 'Excellency,' like Governors and Ambassadors. He is simply 'the President.' This is not only a matter of usage, but it has been settled by Congress. A proposition was made to give an official title to the President, and the one that was received with the most favor was 'His Highness the President of the United States and the Protector of their Liberties.' But, after discussion, it was decided that the title should be 'The President.' The dignity and simplicity of this is far more effective than any of those swelling titles that have come down to us from barbarous times. Any other title is ridiculous, vulgar and snobbish.

If, however, the newspapers are determined that our President shall have a title, we insist that it shall be as big a title as anybody has.—The Emperor of China is 'Brother of the Sun and of the Moon,' and some potentate in Asia is the 'Lord of Twenty Four Umbrellas.' If we are going to give the President a title, it should not be outdone by any European or Asiatic. We would suggest the 'Lord of Thirty Two Umbrellas,' being one for each Territory.

A GENTLEMANLY BEGGAR.—Mr. J. was just rising from his dinner, when the servant reported that a decently dressed man was asking at the door for a dinner. "Tell him to walk right in," Bridget brought a clean plate and brushed up the table as the decent beggar came in. The food on the table was palatable, but there was nothing potable but cold water. Whereupon our decent beggar, scornfully pointing at the table, said, "Do you call that dinner? Is that victuals? Do you offer that miserable fare to a man?—with nothing for an appetizer, Sir?" Mr. J. seized his "guest" by the collar, marched him in double quick time to the front door, and assisted him with the impetus of his thick boot down the steps and shut the door.

If Mr. J. was mad, you may depend upon it; the decent beggar was also. He doubled up his fists, shook them at the house as he was about to demolish it. Then he struck them together and let off such a volley of oaths as but few men in the world could compete with. Then he stood for some five minutes, the stopple of his ire completely pulled out, calling down curses. A fine old gentleman came along, with a gold-headed cane supporting his tottering steps. "Can you tell me," said the beggar, "what infernal old rascal lives in that house?" Whereupon up went the gold-headed cane, and whack, whack, whack, it flew against the bewildered beggar's head. Whack, whack, whack, down the street the beggar ran, and, as he made better time than the old gentleman could, he contented himself by saying, "Don't you ever let me hear you call my son an infernal old rascal again!"