

DESERET NEWS.

BY W. RICHARDS.

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From the Frontier Guardian. THE SEVENTIES.

BY JOSEPH YOUNG.

Hark ye Seventies! hear the whispering
Of the spirit from on high,
Gently hovering on your vision,
Showing you the hour is nigh,

When the gospel trump of gladness,
You will publish far and near;
And the meek who sit in sadness,
Wait to hail the Jubil' year.

To the islands and the nations,
Lo! your wayward steps you'll bend,
Pouring forth your proclamations,
Sweeping earth from end to end.

Let no trifles e'er prevent you,
Pride nor lust bedim your light,
Go by faith in Him who sent you,
He will always guide you right.

Golden dreams and trifling trashes,
All the glittering toys of earth,
Tread beneath your feet as ashes,
Gathering things of greater worth.

Flaming heralds of salvation,
All who are faithful will return;
Glean the wheat from every nation,
While the tares are left to burn.

THE SHOWMAN OUTWITTED.

A SKETCH OF THE PRIMITIVE MENAGERIE.

The menagerie was in town.

A rare occurrence was an exhibition of the wild beasts, lions, tigers, polar bears, and ichneumons, in Baltimore, at the early day of which we are writing; yet they came occasionally, and this time were visited by old Nat. Whatly, a jolly, weatherbeaten boatman, well known as an inveterate joker, who never let any one get to the windward of him. He was furthermore a stutterer of the first class.

Nat. visited the menagerie.

As he entered, the showman was stirring up the monkeys, and tormenting the lion, giving elaborate descriptions of the various propensities and natural peculiarities of each and all.

'This, ladies and gentlemen, this, I say, is the African lion. A noble beast he is, ladies and gentlemen, and is called the king of the forest. I have heard that he makes nothing of devouring young creatures, of every description, when at home in the woods.—Certain is it, that no other beast can whip him.'

'M-m-mister,' interrupted Whatly, 'do-do-you say he ca-ca-cant be whipped?'

'I duz,' said the man of lions and tigers.

'Wha-at'l you b-b-bet I ca-ant fetch a critter what'l whip him?'

'I ain't a bettin' man, at all. I don't object to take a small bet to that effect.

'I'll b-b-bet I ca-an f-f-fotch somethin' that'll w-whip him. What s-say you to a hundred d-d-dollars?'

Now there were several merchants in the crowd who knew Whatly well, and were fully convinced that if the bet was made, he was sure of winning. So he had no difficulty in finding 'backers,' one of whom told him he would give him ten gallons of rum if he won.

The menagerie man glanced at his lion.

There he couched in his cage, his shaggy mane bristling, and his tail sweeping, the very picture of grandeur and majesty. The bribe was tempting and he felt assured.

'Certing, sir, I have no objections to old Hercules taking a bout with any creature you may fetch.'

'V-ve-very w-well,' said Nat. 'It's a bet.'

The money was planked up, and the next night was designated for the terrible conflict. The news was spread over Baltimore, and at an early hour the boxes of the spacious theatre were filled—the pit being cleared for the affray.

Expectation was on tip-toe, and it was with impatience the crowd awaited the arrival of Whatly. He at length entered, bearing a large sack or bag on his shoulders, which, as he let it fall upon the floor, was observed to contain some remarkably hard and heavy substance. The keeper looked at it with indignation.

'Th-th-that, ladies and gentlemen' said Nat., gesticulating like a showman, 'is a wh-wh-whimbamper!'

'A whimbamper?' echoed the keeper, 'that's certainly a new feature in zoology and anatomy. A whimbamper! Well, let him out and clear the ring, or old Hercules may make a mouthful of both of you.'

The keeper was excited.

Accordingly Nat. raised the bag, holding the aperture downwards, and rolled out a huge SNAPPING TURTLE, while the cheers and laughter of the audience made the arches ring.

'There he is!' said Whatly, as he tilted the whimbamper over with both his hands, and set him on his legs. The snapper seemed unconscious of his peril.

The keeper was about leaving the room, when he swore his lion should not disgrace himself by fighting such a pitiable foe.

'V-very well,' said Nat. 'if y-y-you choose to g-give me the hu-u-hundred—'

'But it is unfair!' cried the showman.

The audience interposed and insisted upon the fight. There was no escape, and the showman reluctantly released the lion, making himself secure on the top of his cage.

The majestic beast moved slowly around the ring, snuffing and lashing, while every person held his breath in suspense. Lions are prying beasts, and this one was not long in discovering the turtle, which lay on the floor a huge and inanimate mass. The lion soon brought his nose in close proximity to it, when the turtle, not thinking, popped out its head and rolled its eyes, while a sort of wheeze issued from its savagerous mouth.—The lion jumped back, turned, and made a spring at the critter, which was now fully prepared for his reception. As the lion landed

on him, the turtle fastened his terrific jaws upon the lion's nostrils, rendering him powerless to do harm, yet with activity of limb, he bounded around the circle, growled, roared, and lashed himself, but the snapper hung on, seeming to enjoy the ride vastly.

'Go it whimbamper!' cried Whatly, from the boxes.

The scene was rich.

The showman was no less enraged than the lion. Drawing his pistol, he threatened Nat. with terrible threats, that if he didn't take his turtle off, he'd shoot him.

'Ta-ta-take him off yourself!' shouted Nat. in reply.

At this critical moment, by dint of losing a portion of his nose, the lion shook his dangerous foe from him, and clearing the space between him and the cage with a bound, he slunk quietly in to chew the bitter cud of defeat and pain.

It was a fair fight, all declaring that the whimbamper was the victor. The money was paid over to Nat., who left the theatre delighted at the success of his whim. The next morning he carried his turtle to market and sold him.

So this valiant champion, after conquering the king of beasts, served to make a dinner for Baltimore epicures.

All that is herein written, is supposed to be true, though highly colored, and is doubtless 'green in the memory' of many old citizens of the monumental city.—[Odd Fellow.

THE FIRST SPREE.—"Never was drunk but once in my life," said a chap in my hearing; "never do I mean to be again. The street seemed to be very steep, and I lifted my legs at every step as if I was getting up stairs. Several cart wheels were making evolutions in my brain, and at one time I fancied that my head was a large carving and turning establishment, the lathes of which I was keeping in motion with my own feet. I could not conceive what was the reason that the town had turned into such an enormous hill, and, what made it worse was, it seemed all the while to be growing higher, and threatened to pitch over upon me. Stop, stop, thought I, and I'll head this old hill yet, or, at least, it shan't head me. So I turned around to go down, and get to the bottom, but hang me if the town didn't turn round with me, heading me all the time, and presenting a bluff in front of me. Well, sure enough, the ground soon flew up and struck me on the forehead, and as soon as the stars cleared away I commenced climbing with my hands and knees.—The next thing I saw was a big brick house coming full split round the corner, and I believe it ran over me, for I don't remember any more.

A NEW DISCOVERY IN AGRICULTURE.—

Russel Comstock, whilom of this city, now of Duchess county, claims to have made a great discovery in agricultue, by which the growth of fruit trees and other cultivated crops of the farm or southern plantation, may be much accelerated, and their products increased, as well as improved in quality.