

[For the Deseret News.]

"WHERE WOULD I BE?"

Not in the costly halls of regal splendor,
With music floating as the mists around;
Not though the flowing, sparkling wine-cup render
Or bliss a moment to its slave chain bound!

Not where voluptuous pleasure reigns,
Bids thousand votaries to her footstool kneel;
Though wreathed with flowers which every moment
Changing,
Are real and binding as the stoutest steel!

Not where foul murder stalks abroad at noonday,
Where prostitution is a thing of naught;
Not where the lordling to his self can yet say,
Thou—as a chattel—I have sold or bought!

Not where a tyrant would deny us freedom
To live and love the beautiful and bright;
Not where subverted to that priestly thralldom,
Who error give for truth—call darkness—light!

Not where oppression and seduction bring,
Their myriad victims to an altar bound;
Not where survivors are their raised hands wringing,
Joining with curses from the blood-stained ground.

But here—in Zion, where the humblest dwelling
Is sacred to virtue and the ways of truth;
Here, where the song of praise is ever swelling,
From hoary age and sinless bounding youth.

Here, where if poor, yet rich we are in blessing;
Here, where if wealthy, we can truly bless;
Here, where in bonds of peace and love caressing,
Each loss we share in, and each wrong redress.

Here, where the mountains towering around us,
Are real bulwarks for our hearths and home;
Here, where our Father hath with freedom crowned us,
Fied from the world, from cot and palace dome.

Here, where the priesthood ever with us, teaching
By precept and example things divine,
Each feeble effort to perfection reaching,
They recognize and bless in every line.

Here I would dwell, nor sigh for outside pleasure,
For joys of earth which quickly pass away;
But rest content to store up richest treasure,
Which shall endure through everlasting day!

G. S. L. City, May 1859. W. N. H.

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 *o* will be used to represent the sound of *ew* in *new*. The characters *u* and *o* 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	Y	h	L	eth
ə	o	t	7	p	8 the
3	a	2	g	b	8 s
ə	ah	2	7	t	6 z
ə	au	2	g	d	0 esh
o	o	2	c	che	s zhe
o	oo	9	g	4	ur
h	i	o	k	u	l
ə	ow	o	ga	7	in
u	woo	p	f	4	n
4	ye	e	v	u	eng

21. Yə ɔvɪ ɛlɔwɪl 3 fɔl
ɛlɔl ɪv ɪv ɪv 8wɔo; ɪvɪ ɔ
fɔɔɔl wɛ 3 fɔl ɪvɪ ɪv ɔoɔ.

22. 3 ɪvɪ ɪvɪ ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl
3 ɪvɪ ɪvɪ ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl
ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl.

23. 3 ɪvɪ ɪvɪ ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl
ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl
ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl.

24. ɪvɪ ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl
ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl
3 fɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl.

25. 3 fɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl
ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl
ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl.

26. ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl

ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl
fɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl.

27. Yə ɔvɪ ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl
ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl; ɛlɔl 3 ɛlɔl ɛlɔl
ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl
ɛlɔl.

28. ɛlɔl 3 fɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl
ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl; ɛlɔl
ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl
3 ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl ɛlɔl.

GLEANINGS FROM EXCHANGES.

—BULL DOGS, or mastiffs, when chained for a long period, acquire a ferocity that renders them, when provoked or ill treated, most unmerciful in revenge. This was instanced by an occurrence related in another column of this number.

Another, of a similar character, took place recently in Chicago, in which Mr. Edwards, an employee in the hardware store of Edwin Hunt, Lake street, most narrowly escaped from being torn in pieces by a large dog.

Mr. Edwards "was alone in the store when attacked; had passed into the back store, and near the dog, to which he says he gave no attention until with a growl, and a spring that snapped the iron chain that held him," the dog leaped upon the man, biting and tearing him in a shocking manner. Twenty distinct and severe bites—several of them penetrating to the bone and tearing the flesh, were inflicted by the mastiff; and, it is asserted, but for the resolution and physical strength of Mr. Edwards himself, in repelling the attack, doubtless he would have been killed.

To his cries for aid, says Mr. Edwards, "five men entered the store, not one of whom dared approach him, but all turned and left him." Finally he succeeded in crawling upon a pile of nail casks, the dog tearing and gnashing fiercely at his feet, soon after which the dog left him and crawled under the counter.

Mr. Hunt states that he had owned the dog for five years; that he had never exhibited anything like the disposition manifested in this sad affair, which he attributes to a grudge the dog had acquired for Mr. Edwards, from some incautious annoyance of the animal by him.

—A WOMAN in Cincinnati had a tooth extracted, while under the influence of chloroform, by a bungling dentist, who tore out a portion of her jaw, from which cold ensued and, a short time afterwards, she died. The Cincinnati Gazette says the verdict of a coroner's jury should be, "killed by a dentist."

—AN ANCIENT "chamber of death" has been discovered near the village of Jackson, Ohio. The air-damp within the spacious vault has thus far effectually precluded its exploration; but, by means of a rake, several human bones of gigantic proportions, a small silver chain and several ancient coins were dragged out. It has been ascertained that the vault is subdivided into several apartments, the partition walls being neatly jointed and squared. Probably this may have been a retreat of the Nephites, to elude the deadly grasp of their Lamanite pursuers, or to escape the ruthless hand of the Gadianton robbers. Great excitement prevailed in the vicinity of Jackson, and aid was requested from Cincinnati to explore the cavern.

—SEVERAL disastrous shipwrecks have lately occurred. The British war steamer Jasseur struck a hidden rock four days out to the north of Jamaica, March 4, and sunk in a short time. A raft was constructed, to which were attached the two boats belonging to the steamer. A heavy gale followed, ten men were washed from the raft and drowned. The captain and nineteen men took the smaller boat, the mate and the remaining twenty nine took the larger one. The boats were soon separated by the storm and, after nearly perishing from cold and famine, the party in the small boat were driven to a port on the southern coast of Cuba. The larger boat has not since been heard from.

The brig Ellen H. Wood was wrecked off Mendocino, Pacific coast, on the 27th March. The captain and four of the crew succeeded in getting ashore. One passenger, the 1st mate, the cook and one sailor were lost.

—A BUNCOMBE orator, a short time since, said to a friend, "Have you read my last speech?" "I hope so," was the reply.

—MISS AMELIA ROGERS, an old maid, aged 117, died recently in England.

—A "PROPHETESS" but 13 years old is turning the heads of the superstitious folks of Cincinnati, by her marvelous predictions.

—A GRAND masquerade ball came off lately in Milwaukee, at which, says the News:

"One gentleman fell in love with his own sister, while another man danced, talked, and promenaded with a gentleman in woman's dress, three hours, in the vain hope of finding out who the dear creature was. One young man took his mother to the supper, and great was the surprise of both on learning how matters stood. One of our leading merchants gave his ring to a young lady if she would raise her mask that he might see her features, when it was his own sister, who he supposed was at home with the toothache! Two gentlemen got into a warm dispute as to who a certain lady, with a black domino was, and after making a wager of two bottles of champagne, found out the young and mischievous brother of the losing party."

—A GUN from the Sebastopol battle-field has been brought to New Bedford, Mass.

—PICCOLOMINI's reply to a serenade at Troy, N. Y., was:

"Sheentlemen: I am veer mooch obligee for dis coomplimentz. I am veer poore speak Anglish, unt I feels shleepy."

—THE JACKSON monument on the New Orleans battle ground, has reached the height of seventy feet, at a cost of \$30,000.

—MRS. BURNEY, of Tippecanoe, Harrison county, Ohio, for the last eighteen years, during a "peculiar condition of her physical and mental organization," has preached, every other Sunday, at 10 o'clock, a sermon of half an hour's duration. While preaching, she reclines upon a bed. When she recovers her consciousness, she has no recollection of what she has been saying.

—A HEN, killed in Hartford, Conn., a few weeks since, records the Woodstock Standard—"after a knife was put through her throat and her feathers picked off"—made her escape, ran to her nest in the barn and laid an egg. Good pluck!—wonder if they have any "more of the same sort" down there?

—A JEWISH synagogue is to be erected in St. Petersburg, Russia.

—HORACE GREELEY gave the following sentiment, which was read at the late Printers' Festival, Cleveland, Ohio:

"TYPE METAL—Destined to batter the visage of despotism and perorate the vitals of superstition—if the powers of darkness refuse it free course, let way be made for it with shooting sticks."

—THE TWENTY SIXTH child of a happy couple named Wonters, was lately christened, at Lierre, Belgium. Twenty two still survive.

—JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT is announced to sing in the philharmonic concerts at Liverpool, England.

—LADY INDIANA is the name of a 'woman's rights' lecturer of New Orleans, said to be a sister of the late famous Florida Indian chief, Billy Bowlegs, who was stolen from the Everglades when a child and subsequently educated in Maryland.

—"ORIGINAL STATISTICS" are published in the Boston Evening Gazette from which we learn that, "During the year 1858, three thousand, three hundred and seventy six persons thought of visiting Europe, but didn't; that Queen Victoria has gaped oftener than the young princes who were murdered in the Tower—probably because she has lived longer; that an eminent student of human nature sagely observes that the hours during which Louis Napoleon has not been awake have been devoted by him to sleep; that an increase of population is observable in those countries where marriages prevail; that Lola Montez is a native of 55 countries, and has been married 369 times; besides many other things of kindred importance, which we are now, from the pressure of other matter, reluctantly compelled to pass without note or comment."

THE FALL OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—The rate of descent necessary to produce a rapid current in a river is very slight. A fall of ten inches to the mile is sufficient to obstruct navigation. It is owing to the very slight descent in the Mississippi river that it is navigable to so great an extent. We learn from an article in the Journal of the Geographical and Statistical Society, that the rate of descent in that river, below its junction with the Ohio, is but 2.6 inches to the mile, and from the mouth of the Minnesota to the Ohio, 5.76 inches. The total fall, from the mouth of the Minnesota to the Gulf, 2,192 miles, is 744 feet; or at the rate of 4.07 inches to the mile. The greatest fall is between the Rock Island Rapids and the Ohio—6 1/4 inches to the mile.

TO TELL GOOD EGGS.—The true way to tell good eggs is to put them in a pail of water; if they are good they will lay on their sides, always; if bad, they will stand on their small ends, the large ends always uppermost, unless they have been shaken considerably, when they will stand either end up. Therefore a bad egg can be told by the way it rests in the water—that which lies flat is good to eat and can be depended upon.

VERMONT.—A Vermont paper says:—"There is but one city in the State, and not a soldier. We have no police, and no murder has been committed within the State during the past ten years. We have no museums or crystal palaces, but we have homes, for which the father works, votes and talks—where the mother rears men, scholars and patriots."

A Valentine Story.

BY H. A. GREENWOOD.

It was a clear, bright sunny day on the 14th of February, 1852, when a young southerner, passing down Washington street, near the South Church, was accosted by a girl apparently about eighteen, well dressed, but not in the extreme of fashion, and of a peculiar beauty and loveliness that almost baffles description.

Her white silk bonnet but half concealed the finest head of glossy jet black hair in the world, which played in many ringlets over a neck of surprising whiteness and beauty. Her forehead was high, but white and smooth as Parian marble; while her large eyes beamed forth an intensity of feeling which impressed those who saw her with emotions of pity, and almost reverence.

Her manner was certainly somewhat wild and singular, nevertheless the southerner, too well bred to turn haughtily, paused to listen to the fair girl whose tone of earnest entreaty were evidently making sad havoc with the poor fellow's heart.

The southerner, himself a practicing lawyer in Richmond, Va., had just arrived in Boston, where he had come to attend to certain matters of business connected with his profession. He was quite familiar with the city, having some three years previous graduated at a University near Boston. But familiar as he was with many of the peculiarities of cities, he felt indeed surprised at the idea of a young and beautiful stranger stopping him in the street, to ask him the singular question:

"Will you marry me, sir?"
Now, Charles Knowlton—or, as they called him at home, Charles Knowlton, Esq., was young, and a bachelor; and like all young bachelors, intended to marry some time or other. But the idea of being forced into matrimony, without a moment's warning, and without knowing anything about the lady who was to be his bride, except that she was young and handsome, rather startled him from his propriety, and for a moment, it must be confessed, he stood gazing with astonishment upon the lovely maiden whose bright eyes seemed to flash brighter every moment, with redoubled brilliancy.

The proud lip of the fair girl was, seemingly, just beginning to curl in scorn, as she witnessed the young man's hesitation. She curbed her feelings, however, for the time, looking once more upon him with her bright, beautiful face, and repeating with still more earnestness, if possible, her former inquiry:

"Will you marry me, sir?"
Startled from his reverie at the sound of her voice, he was once more aroused from the statue-like posture he had fallen into, on first seeing her; though he still continued to gaze upon the lovely being before him, without uttering a word. "I must leave you then, sir," she continued, "though Heaven alone knows my present misery. It is true, I am asking of you a strange favor. I cannot indeed blame you, but I may yet find one whose manliness of heart will lead him to compassionate my present situation. Once more, sir, and for the last time, permit me to ask you: "Will you marry me, sir?"

And here, overcome by her feelings, the tears began to dim her beautiful eyes, while the lady turned to hide her falling tears, and sobbed aloud.

The young lawyer felt keenly the awkwardness of his position, and politely tendering his arm to the lady for a stroll up the street, inwardly resolving to learn more about the matter, if possible; the lady's case seemed to be so novel and singular. One moment he fancied her insane; but the calm, beautiful expression upon her countenance, now that she had adopted him as her protector, utterly forbade such a thought.

With all the gallantry, romance—and perhaps, we may say impetuosity—peculiar to southern character, Charles immediately determined to put the best construction upon the matter, treating the case as one really deserving his best services and sympathy.

Knowing it to be past the regular dinner hour at the Tremont—where he was then stopping—and to escape the noise and confusion of the street, Charles proposed to the lady the propriety of adjourning to one of the nearest saloons, where the subject could be discussed more quietly and satisfactorily with the aid of a cup of nice French coffee and some little refreshment. A moment later, and we find the pair in the elegantly furnished, and well appointed establishment, generally known in Boston as 'Vintons's.'

A thousand ill defined thoughts passed through the young lawyer's mind. As we have already remarked, he was highly romantic, yet he felt that he was a man, and that a lovely woman, apparently in distress, was before him.

There was something so singularly romantic in the whole affair, that he almost determined, at one moment, to comply with the lady's request. In another, the idea of what the termination of so romantic a marriage might be; the thought of his relations, the jeers of acquaintances, and the cold laughter of a matter of fact world, restrained him.

"Are you in want of money, lady?" asked he.

"No, sir, nothing of the kind."

"Cannot I be of service in some other way than that which you propose?"

"Indeed, sir, you cannot."

"Were I to comply with your request, might it not possibly hereafter cause you some regret?"

"Regret? nay, sir, do not mock me."

"Pardon my seeming rudeness, madame; and once more tell me truly, how alone I can best serve you."

"Marry me!"

"Marry one whom I have only known for a single half hour?"

"Aye, marry me—trust me, I am not deceiving you. Hereafter you shall know all. But, if you still have faith in humanity, if you have any pity for me—marry me, and do it at once!"