

# DESERET NEWS.

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## For the News. ADDRESS TO EARTH.

—  
BY MISS E. R. SNOW.  
—

Thou earth wast once a glorious sphere  
Of noble magnitude,  
That did with majesty appear  
Among the worlds of God.

But thy dimensions have been torn  
Asunder piece by piece;  
And each dismember'd fragment borne  
Abroad to distant space.

When Enoch could no longer stay  
Amid corruption here;  
Part of thyself was borne away  
To form another sphere.

That portion where his city stood  
He gain'd by right approv'd;  
And nearer to the throne of God  
His planet upward mov'd.

And when the Lord saw fit to hide  
The "ten lost tribes" away;  
Thou wast divided to provide  
The orb on which they stay.

The curse of God on man was plac'd—  
That curse thou didst partake;  
And thou hast been by turns disgrac'd,  
And honor'd for his sake.

The vilest wretches hell will claim  
Now breathe thy atmosphere—  
The noblest spirits heav'n can name  
Have been embodied here.

Jesus, the Lord, thy surface grac'd  
And fell a sacrifice!  
And now, within thy cold embrace  
The martyr'd Joseph lies!

A "restitution" yet will come  
That will to thee restore,  
By the grand law of worlds, thy sum  
Of matter heretofore.

The hosts of Satan overcome—  
The princely martyr'd race  
Will claim thee their celestial home—  
The royal dwelling place.

And thou O earth! will leave the track  
Then now art doom'd to trace— [back  
The Gods with shouts will bring thee  
To fill thy native place.

## PRIVATE PUDDING;

OR HOW THE HOOSIER CAME IT.

Many years ago a Hoosier who had just  
struck New Orleans for the first time, after  
his flatboat was made snug and fast, went up

to see the sights of the city. Passing St.  
Charles, he stopped immediately in front of  
the St. Charles Hotel, and looking up, seem-  
ed to scrutinize the building with the eye of  
an architectural connoisseur.

After satisfying his gaze, he asked of a  
passer-by what building it was; on being told  
it was a hotel, he enquired for the entrance,  
and being told, he ascended the steep steps.  
Approaching the office, he enquired for the  
landlord, of whom he enquired if he could  
get "a bite" to eat. Mr. E. R. Mudge, who  
was the host at that time, and who is a host  
at all times, humoring the fellow, told him  
he could do so by paying a dollar. After  
considering for some time on this item, and  
gravely looking his host in the face, he said,  
"Well, I'll go it; thar's my dollar, whar's  
your dinner?" "Well," said the other, with  
a smile, "it is not ready yet, but take a seat  
at the table there, and you can amuse your-  
self with the papers for half an hour, when  
you will hear the gong, which will inform  
you that dinner is ready." "The gong,  
what's that?" asked the Hoosier. "Oh, you  
will find out when you hear it," replied  
Mudge. Satisfied with this answer, the  
Hoosier, after looking wildly around him,  
sat down and rummaged over the papers.—  
Time sped on at its customary rate, when  
suddenly the gong sounded, and as usual  
the crowd moved for the dining room.

Recovering from his astonishment at the  
noise of the gong, and scenting the delicious  
fumes of the dinner, the Hoosier made a rush  
through the crowd for a seat, but being met  
by the host he was conducted to his allotted  
chair. The gentlemen seated on each side of  
him, as well as the gentleman opposite him,  
had their wine before them.

After finishing his soup and having his  
plate well filled, the Hoosier observed the  
gentlemen helping themselves freely to  
wine, and, so, seizing the bottle of his right  
hand neighbor, he attempted to help himself,  
when he was modestly informed that the  
wine was "private." The Hoosier did not  
seem to comprehend, and with a blank sort of  
look, resumed his knife and fork. On laying  
them down again, and having apparently  
come to the conclusion that it could not all  
be "private" wine, he seized hold of his left  
hand friend's bottle. "Stop, if you please,  
sir," said the offended individual with a  
fierce look, "that is private wine, sir." The  
Hoosier looked still more astonished, and  
finding it a hard case, thought he would  
make another trial any how. So reaching a-  
cross the table, he seized the bottle opposite  
to him, and was just in the act of filling his  
glass, when his vis-a-vis re-echoed, "private  
wine, sir, if you please," and withdrew the  
bottle from the fearful leakage it was about  
to undergo.

The "green 'un" becoming enraged at be-  
ing foiled on every side, and observing that  
there was a general simpering and tittering  
among the waiters, turned on the servant  
who stood at the back of his chair, and who  
had taken away his plate for the fifth or sixth  
time, and cried out to him with an oath to  
bring back his plate, and if he took it away  
again, "he'd be dod rot if he didn't draw his

PICKER on him," and, as suiting the action  
to the word, he put his hand into his bosom,  
showing the handle of a huge bowie-knife.

After this, things went on quietly till the  
desert came upon the table, when a large  
CHARLOTTE RUSSE pudding was set right  
before the Hoosier. This he immediately  
drew up near his plate, and looking right and  
left at his neighbors, he helped himself to a  
large portion of it. Keeping his eyes fixed  
upon the dish, while eating he perceived his  
right hand neighbor attempting to withdraw  
the dish from him. "No you don't, mister,"  
said the Hoosier to him, "that thar pudding  
is PRIVATE PUDDIN'." The left hand gen-  
tleman, not observing what had passed, then  
said, "Allow me to take this pudding, sir."  
"No, you can't take that THAR PUDDIN',"  
said the Hoosier, with a scowl, "that's PRI-  
VATE PUDDIN'." And he re-helped himself.  
Shortly after, the gentleman opposite was in  
the act of drawing the dish over to him.—  
"Hold on, Mister," said the Hoosier, with a  
look of triumph, "I'd have you know that  
that puddin' is PRIVATE PUDDIN'," while at  
the same time he put his thumb to his nose  
and made sundry gyrations with his fingers.  
"You can't come it over me," he continued,  
feeling that a joke had been practiced on him.  
"Private wine, eh!"

The attention of the table being attracted  
during the latter scene, the gentlemen around  
burst into a roar of laughter, and soon the  
whole story was whispered from one to an-  
other. The thing took so well, that every  
gentleman was induced to send his bottle to  
the Hoosier, with his compliments, and oar  
"green 'un" soon became as merry as a lord.  
Hiccupping, as he left the table, he turned  
to the gentlemen and said:—"Well, old (hic-  
cough) fellows, you (hiccup) couldn't (hic)  
come it over me with your (hic) private  
wine." The glasses fairly danced upon the  
table with the uproar and laughter which this  
last remark created, and the Hoosier, stag-  
gering out of the room, made the best of his  
way to the boat.

## EVIL COMPANY.

The following beautiful allegory is trans-  
lated from the German:—

Sophonius, a wise teacher, would not  
suffer even his grown-up sons and daughters  
to associate with those whose conduct was  
not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to  
him one day, when he forbade her, in com-  
pany with her brother, to visit the volatile  
Lucinda, "dear father, you must think us ve-  
ry childish if you imagine that we should be  
exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from  
the hearth, and reached it to his daughter.  
"It will not burn you, my child, take it."

Eulalia did so, and behold, her beautiful  
white hand was soiled and blackened, and,  
as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling  
coals," said Eulalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly, said the father; "you see, my  
child, that coals, even if they do not burn,  
blacken; so it is with the company of the vi-  
cious."