CHOCORUA'S CURSE.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE LEGEND.

The tourist from Southern New Hampshire to the White Mountains, as he reaches the Lake, sees across the waters to the northeast a high summit, distinguished from the other mountains by its pointed, sharp, tower-like figure. Chocorua, an Indian Chief, gave to it his own name. To this mountain, tradition says:—

"Chocorua had retreated, pursued by a miserable white hunter. To the highest point he had climbed, and there he stood unarmed, while below, and within gunshot, stood his pursuer. Chocorua besought the hunter not to kill him. He plead his friendliness to the whites, and the harmless, scattered condition of his few followers. But the hardened hunter was unmoved; the price of his scalp was too tempting; gold plead stronger than the poor Indian. Seeing that he should avail nothing, the noble chieftain, raising himself up, stretched forth his arms and called upon the Gods of his fathers to curse the land.—Then, casting a defiant glance at his pursuer, he leaped from the brink of the precipice on the south side to the rocks below. And to this day say the inhabitants, a malignant disease has carried off the cattle that they have attempted rearing around this mountain."

But there is another story of the death of the Chieftain, which may not have any truth in it, yet it was believed by some of the early settlers of Carroll county. About a hundred years ago, a small colony of hardy pioneers had settled at the base of this mountain. Intelligent, independent men, impatient of restraint, they had shunned the more thickly settled portions of the country, and retired into this remote part of New Hampshire. But there was one master-spirit among them who was capable of higher destiny than he ever fulfilled.

The consciousness of this had stamped something of proud humility on the face of Cornelius Campbell—something of a haughty spirit, strongly curbed by circumstances he could not control, and at which he seemed to murmur.—He assumed no superiority; but, unconsciously, he threw around him the spell of intellect, and his companions felt, they knew not why, that he was "among them, but not of them." His stature was gigantic, and he had the bold, quick tread of one who had wandered frequently and fearlessly among the terrible hiding places of nature. His voice was harsh, but his whole countenance possessed singular capabilities for tenderness of expression; and, sometimes, under the gentle influence of domestic excitement his hard features would be rapidly lighted up, seeming like the sunshine flying over the shaded fields in an April day.

His companion was one calculated to excite and retain the deep, strong energies of manly love. She had possessed extraordinary beauty and had, in the full maturity of an excellent judgment, relinquished several splendid alliances, and incurred her father's displeasure, for the sake of Cornelius Campbell. Had political circumstances proved favorable, his talents and ambition would unquestionably have worked out a path to emolument and fame; but he had been a zealous and active enemy of the Stuarts, and the restoration of Charles II was the death-warrant of his hopes. Immediately, flight became necessary and America was the chosen place of refuge. His adherence to Cromwell's party was not occasioned by religious sympathy, but by political views too liberal and philosophical for the state of the people; therefore, Cornelius Campbell sought a home with our forefathers and, being of a proud nature, he withdrew with his family to the solitary place we have mentioned.

A very small settlement in such a remote place was, of course, subject to inconvenience and occasional suffering. From the Indians they received neither injury nor insult. No cause of quarrel had ever arisen; and, altho' their frequent visits were sometimes troublesome, they never had given indications of jealousy or malice. Chocorua was a prophet among them, and, as such, an object of peculiar respect. He had a mind which education and motive would have nerved with giant strength; but, growing up in savage freedom, it wasted itself in dark, fierce, ungovernable passions. There was something fearful in the quiet haughtiness of his lips; it seemed so like slumbering power—too proud to be lightly roused, and too implacable to sleep again. In his small, black, fiery eye, expression lay coiled up like a beautiful snake. The white people knew that his hatred would be terrible; but they had never provoked it, and even the children became too much accustomed to him to fear him.

Chocorua had a son, nine or ten years old, to whom Caroline Campbell had occasionally made such gaudy presents as were likely to attract his savage fancy. This won the child's affections, so that he became a familiar visitant, almost an inmate of their dwelling; and being unrestrained by the courtesies of civilized life, he would inspect everything, and taste of everything which came in his way.—Some poison, prepared for a mischievous fox which had long troubled the settlement, was discovered and drunk by the Indian boy, and he went home to his father to sicken and die. From that moment jealousy and hatred took possession of Chocorua's soul. He never told his suspicions, he brooded over them in secert, to nourish the deadly revenge he contemplated against Cornelius Campbell.

The story of Indian animosity is always the same. Cornelius Campbell left his hut for the fields early one bright balmy morning in June. Still a lover, though ten years a husband, his last look was turned towards his wife, answering her parting smile; his last action a kiss for each of his children. When he returned to dinner they were dead—all dead! and their disfigured bodies too cruelly showed that an Indian's hand done work! In such a mind, grief, like all other emotions, was tempestuous. Home had been to him the only verdant spot in the desert of life. In his wife and children he had garnered up all his heart; and now that they were torn from him, the remembrance of their love clung to him like the death grapple of a drowning man, sinking him down, down, into darkness and death. This was followed by a calm a thousand times more terrible—the creeeping agony of despair, that brings with it no power of resistance.

"It was as if the dead could feel
The icy worm around him steal."

Such, for many days, was the state of Cornelius Campbell. Those who knew and reverenced him feared that the spark of reason was forever extinguished. But it rekindled again, and with it came a wild, demoniac spirit of revenge. The deathgroan of Chocorua would make him smile in his dreams; and, when he waked, death seemed too pitiful a vengeance for the anguish that was eating into his very soul.

Chocorua's brethren were absent on a hunting expedition at the time he committed the murder, and those who watched his movements observed that he frequently climbed the high precipice, which afterwards took his name, probably looking out for indications of their return. Here Cornelius Campbell resolved to effect his deadly purpose. A party was formed, under his guidance, to cut off all chance of retreat, and the dark minded prophet was to be hunted like a wild beast to his lair.

The morning sun had scarce cleared away the fogs, when Chocorua, started at a loud voice from beneath the precipice, which commanded him to throw himself into the deep abyss below. He knew the voice of his enemy, and replied with an Indian's calmness, "The Great Spirit gave life to Chocorua, and Chocorua will not throw it away at the command of the white man."

"Then hear the Great Spirit speak in the white man's thunder!" exclaimed Cornelius Campbell, as he pointed his gun to the precipice. Chocorua, though fierce and fearless as a panther, had never overcome his dread of fire-arms. He placed his hands upon his ears to shut out the stunning report; the next moment the blood bubbled from his neck, and he reeled fearfully on the edge of the precipice. But he recovered himself and, raising himself on his hand, he spoke in a loud voice, that grew more terrific as its huskiness increased, "A curse upon ye, white men! May the Great Spirit curse ye when he speaks in the clouds, and his words are fire! Chocorua had a son, and ye killed him while the sky looked bright! Lightning blast your crops! Winds and fire destroy your dwellings! The Evil Spirit breathe death upon your cattle! Your graves lie in the war path of the Indian. Panthers howl and wolves fatten over your bones! Chocorua goes to the Great Spirit, but his curses stay with the white man!"

The prophet sunk upon the ground, still uttering inaudible curses, and they left his bones to whiten in the sun. But his curse rested on that settlement. The tomahawk and scalping knife were busy among them; the winds tore up trees and hurled them at their dwellings, their crops were blasted, their cattle died, and sickness came upon their strongest men. At last, the remnant of them departed from this fatal spot to mingle with more populous colonies. Cornelius Campbell became a hermit, seldom seeking or seeing his fellowmen; and two years after was found dead in his hut.

Albany was much frequented by the Indians for the excellent hunting which it afforded.—Its many streams bounded in otter and beaver after they had begun to disappear in many of their old resorts. The beaver ever retires before the advance of civilization. Of the hundreds of ponds and dams which they had reared on these mountain streams, many of which were still existing in our boyhood, scarcely one now is to be found. Traces of their dams and houses are occasionally to be seen, but the ingenious builders are gone. The Indians considered them rich game, and hunted them as unsparingly as the whites, and still they seem to accompany the one in his wanderings and shun the other.

PAYING FOR A COW.—An Ohio correspondent becomes sponsor for the following which, as a matter of fact, he wishes to put on record:

Whittaker is one of the richest men in these parts, and has made his money by driving sharp bargains. His hired man was one day going along with a load of hay, which he overturned upon a cow.—The poor thing was smothered to death before they could get her out. The owner Jones called upon Mr. Whittaker the next day, and demanded payment for the loss of his cow.

"Certainly," said W.; "what do you suppose she was worth?"

"Well, about ten dollars," said Jones.

"And how much do you get for the hide and tallow?"

"Ten dollars and a half, sir."

"Oh, well, then you owe me just fifty cents."

Jones was mystified, and Whittaker very fierce in his demand, and before Jones could get the thing straight in his mind, he forked over the money.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TOUR THROUGH UTAH COUNTY.

EDITOR DESERET NEWS:

Wishing to aid you in keeping your readers posted in the affairs of this Territory, in whatever relates to the happiness and prosperity of the people, it may not be amiss to furnish you with a sketch of a ten day's tour which we have just completed in Utah county.

We left this city on the 9th inst., and preached same evening at Fort Union, in this county. The people there seemed united, though owing to short crops last season, were *statu quo* with regard to their improvements, except that their large fields on the bench are to be reduced to very small ones, embracing the best land, under the policy of farming little and that little well.

We visited all the settlements as far south as Payson, in the south end of Utah county. Held fifteen public meetings and one council, besides attending one social party. We found the people generally increasing in the union and fellowship of the Holy Spirit, and ready to receive the word.

There is a marked improvement in the spirit of the people at Lehi. Carpenters were busily engaged in finishing and fitting up the large room of their meeting house, which when completed will equal if not surpass any in the county.

At Lake city they were also engaged upon a fine meeting house which had recently been commenced in the centre of the public square. Br. Samuel Mulliner, in addition to his excellent flouring and sugar mill, was pushing forward to completion a tannery and a building for his new carding machine, which he has already on the ground and with which he intends to connect spindles and looms for working up the wool as soon as possible.

At Pleasant Grove a better spirit prevails than formerly, though many have sold themselves short of grain and others contracted a lien upon their next season's crop by debts with the merchants in their place. Their meeting house is plastered and very commodious, and is now used for schools. We hope they will continue their efforts until it is comfortably seated and painted, and other suitable places provided for juvenile schools.

Springville is becoming quiet and settled, and under the mild policy and teachings of Elder Wheelock, will, we trust, pursue the even tenor of her way, despite the efforts of a few misguided sp rits to the contrary.

A new saw mill is being erected in Hobble Creek kanyon, and Messrs. Houtz and Bringhurst were just beginning a small woollen factory on Spring creek.

Spanish Fork, under the presidency of Elder John W. Berry, gives also indications of increasing enterprize. The new flouring mill of Mr. Archibald Gardner is in successful operation and doing excellent work. A new central school house double the size of their ward houses has recently been completed on the south east corner of the public square, and we confidently predict, at no very distant period, a general resurrection and exaltation from the "dug outs" of that new and populous town.

The people of Payson were making a timely move for cropping; contracting the r fields, abandoning the poor lands, repairing fences, &c. We preached in a new hall, recently built by a few enterprising individuals under the patronage of a dramatic associat on, which hall was hired for the occasion, as neither the city nor the branch of the church there have ever felt able to build one. It is devoutly hoped that an increase of union and public spirit will be awakened in that place and its public revenues judiciously expended in public improvements.

A portion of the citizens of Pond Town seem inclined to move to the timber where they can get fuel easier, and others may perhaps think best to move their stables and corrals away from the manure, but a few, we think, will persevere in their efforts to make their present homes comfortable and happy.

Our visit in Provo was short. We were very kindly entertained and our meeting well attended, but we were sorry to observe a lack of order and public enterprise, considering her position as the chief town of the county and, in point of age and facilities, the second in the Territory. We humbly trust that the dawn of a better day for Provo is at hand and the long talked of tabernacle will soon appear to relieve the monotonous scene, and that the true spirit and genius of the gospel may reign supreme, subduing every restless spirit and calling into useful exercise the faculties and energies, which, in too many cases, are now ill-directed.

We remain, your obedient servants in Christ,

C. C. RICH,
ERASTUS SNOW.

G. S. L. City, Feb. 21, 1860.

TAKING A BUSINESS VIEW.—Pitts is a fast man, a sharp man, a man of business tact; and when Pitts goes into a store to trade, he always gets the lowest cash price; and he says: "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anything that suits me better, I'll call and take this."

Pitts, like all fast men, is partial to women and young ones in particular. Now, quite lately, Pitts said to himself: "I am gettin' rather 'long in years, and guess I'll get married."

His business qualities wouldn't let him wait, so off he travels, and calling upon a lady friend, opened the conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married.

"Oh, Mr. Pitts, that is an affair in which I am not so very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself."

"But," says Pitts, "you are interested, and, my dear girl, will you marry me?"

The young lady blushed very red, hesitated, and, finally, as Pitts was well to do in the world, and morally, financially, and politically of good standing in society, she accepted him. Whereupon the matter-of-fact Pitts responded:

"Well, well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you, I'll come back."

I'LL BUY IT FOR YOU.—How admirably is the egotism of purse-proud vanity taken off by the following anecdote:

In the interior of South Carolina there lived some years ago an old man, very rich and very ignorant. His only son was educated at the South Carolina College, and after graduating was sent to Europe by his indulgent parent. On his return his father asked him what he saw in Europe. The son replied that he had seen a great many rare and wonderful things, and many fine cities.

"Did you see any place that you liked better than home?" asked the old man.

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "I saw London and Paris, both very fine cities."

"Which did you like the best?" queried the father.

"Paris," replied the son.

"You liked Paris a great deal, did you?" continued the old man.

"Oh yes, very much."

"Then I'll buy it for you!" triumphantly replied the old gentleman.

TRUE GREATNESS.—A great man is affable in his conversation, generous in his temper, and immovable in what he has maturely resolved upon. And as prosperity does not make him haughty and imperious, so neither does adversity sink him into meanness and dejection; for if ever he shows more spirit than ordinary, it is when he is ill used, and the world is frowning upon him. In short, he is equally removed from the extremes of servility and pride, and scorns either to trample on a worm, or cringe to an Emperor.

DESERET ALPHABET.

Long	Short					
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*** In the following example when the name of a letter occurs, as for instance ᑎ in TEARS, instead of ᑎᐁᑲ it is ᑎᑲ.

ᒥᑯᒐᑲᑯᖾᑲ ᑦᐯᒥ. 7.

1. ᑎᓱ ᖾᒥᓴ, ᕕᖾᒥ ᑎᓱ ᒍᑯᖾᑲ, ᐯᓴᖾ ᒐᖾ ᒥᒥ ᑎᓱ ᕕᒥᑎᐯᑎᓴᖾᑎᓴᖾᑎᖾ ᒍᑦᖾ ᖾᑐ.

2. ᕕᐁᒥ ᑎᓱ ᕕᒥᑎᐯᑎᓴᖾᑎᖾ, ᐯᓴᖾ ᒐᑦᖾ; ᐯᓴᖾ ᑎᓱ ᒐᕕ ᐯ ᐯᒥᒐ ᒐᖾ ᖾᓱᓴ ᓱ.

3. ᖾᓱᓴᖾ ᖾᐯᑎ ᒥᒥ ᒥᒥᒐᓴ ᖾᓱ ᑭᑦᒐ-ᕕᑲᑲ, ᑯᓱᑎ ᖾᐯᑎ ᒥᒥᒐᓴ ᖾ ᑎᑐᖾᒐ ᒐᖾ ᖾᓱᓴ ᔕᖾᑯᑎ.

4. ᖾᑐ ᒥᓴᑎᕕ ᒍᑦᑲᖾᒥᑎ, ᖾᖾ ᖾᑯᑎ ᑎᓱ ᖾᑦᖾᑎᑯ, ᐯᓴᖾ ᕕᕕᒐ ᒥᓴᖾᑯᖾᐯᓴᖾᒐᒐ ᖾᓱ ᕕᑦᑲᒍᒥᑎᐯᓴᖾ.

5. ᖾᐯᑎ ᖾᑐ ᑎᑐ ᕕᐁᒥ ᖾᑐ ᑭᑯᒐᑎ ᖾ ᖾᑎᑯᑐᓴᑎ ᒍᒥᑎᐯᓴᖾ, ᑭᑯᒐᑎ ᖾ ᖾᑎᑯᑐᓴᑎᑯ ᔕᒍᑦᑦ ᑭᒐᐯᑎᑯᒪ ᒍᑦᖾ ᔕᑯ ᒍᑯᖾᑲ.

6. ᑭᕕᑯ ᐯᑎ ᖾ ᒍᑦᓴᖾᕕᕕ ᒐᖾ ᑎᓱ ᔕᖾᖾ ᓱ ᒐᕕᕕᑎ ᒪᑯᕕ ᑎᓱ ᕕᑐᖾᑎᐯᓴᖾᑎ.

7. ᐯᓴᖾ ᖾᔕᒐᖾ ᐯᑎᒐᒐ ᖾ ᖾᑦᑎᒥᒐ ᒍᒥᓴᖾ, ᓱ ᖾᑦᑲᑯᓴᑦᖾ ᐯᑎᒐᒐ ᖾ ᔕᑦᕕᖾᑲ, ᑐ ᔕᒥᒐ ᑎᐯᓴ ᑲᕕᑦᖾ ᒐᖾ ᒥᓴᖾᑯᖾᖾᑎᐯᓴᖾᑦᒐ,

8. ᒥᐯᖾᑦᒐ ᒪᑯᕕ ᖾ ᖾᑎᑯᑎᑎ ᓴᑐᑯ ᔕᑯ ᕕᕕᑯᓴᑯ; ᐯᓴᖾ ᔕᑎ ᒍᓴᑎ ᖾ ᒍᑐ ᑎᕕ ᔕᑯ ᔕᖾ,

9. ᑦᓴ ᖾ ᑎᒍᓱᒪᓱᑎ, ᑦᓴ ᖾ ᑎᑲᓴᒐ, ᑦᓴ ᖾ ᖾᒪᐯᕕ ᐯᓴᖾ ᖾᕕᑯᕕ ᓴᓱᑎ:

10. ᐯᓴᖾ ᖾᔕᕕᒪᖾ ᖾᐯᑯ ᑎᒍᑎ ᔕᑦᑎ ᑐ ᒍᒥᑎᐯᓴᖾ ᒍᑦᖾ ᖾ ᐯᑎᓱᑯ ᒐᖾ ᐯᓴᖾ ᔕᖾᑯᒪᒐᑎ, ᐯᓴᖾ ᖾᒥᑎᒪ ᒐᖾ ᔕᖾᑯᑎ.