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MAN'S LAST WORDS.

Pathetic Utterances Upon the Verge of the Grave.

An Occasion Upon Which Most Men Will Speak the Truth—Last Thoughts of Goethe, Walter Scott, Washington and Others.

A last dying speech and confession is often pathetic and always impressive. says the London Standard. Most men may be credited with speaking the truth at least on this occasion. We are not aware that out of fiction there is any authenticated instance of any one dying with a lie on his lips. The dying, too, are credited in common belief with a clearer insight and a further knowledge into the past and present, if not the future, than is vouchsafed to hale humanity. Last words may, therefore, be said to possess a many-sided interest, and it is not a little curious that now that we have a literature which dissects the faults and foibles and habits of great men, there should exist no collection of the last words of celebrities. Scattered throughout biography are to be found an immense number of examples, many of them curiously striking, which only await the industry of the book-maker of these "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." From a shelf of one's book-case, indeed, one can find illustrations and to spare. Perhaps one of the noblest of death-bed utterances was that of J. R. Green, whose last words were: "Idle learning." It is almost worthy of ranking with the famous words of General Wolfe, who, while in the agonies of death, was aroused with the cries of "They run," and eagerly asked: "Who run?" On being told "The French," he exclaimed: "I thank God and die contented." "I thank God," said the great Nelson, "that I have done my duty," as the guns thundered overhead, proclaiming the victory of Trafalgar. The scholar and the warrior thus alike look back upon their life's work. It is not seldom that we find soldiers proud of having done their duty, but Green's utterance reflects the eternal character of the student's labors, which only end as they began. The dying Goethe exclaimed: "More light," and the words had possibly a double sense, although their first meaning undoubtedly applied to the waning twilight of his earthly day. It is not seldom that we have an instance of the ruling passion strong in death.

"God bless you," was the dying expression of Dr. Johnson, who addressed it to Miss Morris, the sister of the beautiful girl who sat to Reynolds for his picture of "Hope Nursing Love." Those were also the last words of Wordsworth, and of Edmund Burke, while Sir Walter Scott, in his last moments of consciousness, invoked the blessings of Heaven upon his sons and daughters. "Joy" was the utterance of Mrs. Hannah More; "Happy" that of Sir James Mackintosh, the historian. Charles Matthews, the great actor, died with the words "I am ready" on his lips, which remind us irresistibly of Colonel Nowcome's death, more real to most people than many in real life and of the noble expression Thackeray puts into his mouth. "Adsum." It is difficult and perhaps needless to institute comparisons, but it would be impossible, we imagine, to find any nobler words than those of General Washington: "I am about to die, and I am not afraid to die." There is a calm heroism in them which seems to show us that the great soldier had conquered the king of terrors. "Wonderful, wonderful, this death" that seems to indicate a philosophical calm—they were the words of Ety, the painter. "Dying, dying," said Thomas Hood just before the end, and his biographer tells us that he thus expressed gratitude for coming rest. Who shall say what was the meaning of Charles I.'s "Remember," and was there not a grim irony as well as perhaps an unconscious pathos in the expression of the merry monarch, who apologized to his courtiers for the trouble he had caused them: "I have been an unconscionable time in dying, and I hope you will excuse it." As Lord Macaulay remarks: "This was the last glimpse of that exquisite urbanity so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation." "This hand hath offended," was the last and noblest utterance of Cranmer, as extending his right hand he watched it consume away in the flames. And Latimer, addressing Ridley at the stake, exclaimed in tones of triumph: "This day we light a candle in England which will never be extinguished." Is there not something irresistibly touching in Douglas Jerrold's last words: "I feel

as one who is waiting and waited for?" Frank Buckland, it is said, shortly before his death remarked: "I am going on a long journey to a strange country and shall see many strange animals by the way," and, whether this be well founded or not, it is certainly characteristic of the great naturalist. A future without God's lesser but lovely creation was impossible to such a lover of nature. Mozart died singing the alto part of his "Requiem," while friends took the soprano and bass. "Happy, supremely happy," Lord Lyndhurst exclaimed as he lay dying in the dining-room surrounded by his father's pictures, and able to look back upon a career of rarely successful effort. "Sleep—I am asleep already; I am talking in my sleep," was the expression of Daniel Wilson on the night of his death, which reminds us of Shelley's beautiful lines:

"How wonderful is Death,  
Death and his brother Sleep."

Lord Eldon resignedly remarked in rejoinder to the information that it was a cold day, it being, in point of fact, one of the severest frosts that had occurred for many years, that it mattered not to him where he was going whether the weather was hot or cold. It is, perhaps, hardly fair to lay any great stress upon the last utterances of Swift, which are recorded as being: "I am what I am; I am what I am," for he passed away in the midst of an almost total eclipse of intellect. "I am not going to die, am I?" Charlotte Bronte asked her husband after a few short months of married life: "He will not separate us; we have been so happy," and there is much that is pathetic in this when we remember what a stormy and sorrowful life she had passed through. There is, too, something saddening, if characteristic, in Oliver Goldsmith's farewell words when his doctor asked: "Is your mind at ease?" and he replied, sorrowfully: "No, it is not," but it is fair to add that there seems to have been in his mind a natural remorse for having taken his own remedies in spite of the remonstrances of his medical advisers. Keats, as everybody remembers, exclaimed, shortly before his death: "I feel the flowers growing over me," a beautiful conception, worthy of one of our greatest poets. Another poet, Tommaso Stasini, died saying, with obvious allusion to the motto of the dying prayer of Martin Luther:

"My days are passed as a shadow that returns not," were the last words of Richard Hooker, but they were not spoken so much in regret for wasted hours as for his labors being at an end before they were completed. Joseph Addison, when dying, called, it is said, the young Earl of Warwick, his wife's son, a very dissipated young man, to his bedside, saying: "I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die." Cowper's was a sad death-bed. Asked how he felt, he replied: "Feel I feel unutterable, unutterable despair!" His last words were to a lady who offered him a cordial: "What does it signify?" When Lord Levermore lay on his death-bed, apparently unable to speak or recognize any one, his wife said: "Do you know me?" To which he replied, quite audibly: "To my last gasp, my darling," and a few minutes later, breathing the words: "I'm so weary," he passed away. There was much that was artificial about Pope's death-bed. His attempt to write an essay on the immortality of the soul seems unreal, and his last words: "There is nothing which is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and, indeed, friendship itself is only a part of virtue," read more like a copy-book maxim than a confession of faith. And it is difficult to believe that Bolingbroke was sincere, even when, bending over the dying poet, he exclaimed: "O, God! what is man?" Mr. Justice Talour died in the midst of delivering a charge to the grand jury at Stratford, defining the needs of a closer connection between rich and poor. He was saying: "That which is wanted to bind together the bursting bonds of the different classes of this country is not kindness, but sympathy," when he was struck with apoplexy. He could hardly have framed a nobler sentiment. As Humboldt lay lying the sun shone brightly into the room, and he exclaimed: "How grand these rays; they seem to beckon earth to Heaven." But we doubt whether there are any last words more pathetic than those of the dying schoolmaster, who exclaimed with his last breath: "It grows dark, boys. You may go home!"

U.S. AND OTHER NATIONS.

The largest sheep ranch in the world is said to be in the counties of Webb and Dimmit, in Texas. It contains 400,000 acres and generally pastures 800,000 sheep.

TWO SWEET GRADUATES.

A Story Which, Some May Think, Contains a Moral.

Two sweet girl graduates went forth to walk in the woods. In their holiday mood all roads were one to them, and when they came to a cross-road they turned into it. A hunter who happened to be standing near spoke to them.

"Don't take that road, young women," he said; "it isn't safe."

"Why isn't it safe?" asked the sweetest of the girl graduates, incredulously.

"Because a bear has lately gone up that way."

"How do you know that? Did you see the bear?"

"No, I didn't see him; but there is his trail," and the hunter pointed to some foot-prints on the ground.

The girl graduates carefully examined the tracks, and said one to the other:

"They don't look like the prints of a bear's paws. Do you think they are?"

"Don't believe him," said the other.

"I don't think they look a bit like bear tracks."

"Do you know a bear trail when you see it?" queried the hunter.

"If you mean the print of a bear's paws on the ground," said one of the girl graduates, with a lofty air, "I am sure any one could tell what they would look like."

"Did you ever see the tracks of a bear?" repeated the hunter.

"No," replied the girl graduate, "but natural history gives us the conformation of a bear's paws, and the commonest mental operation would teach us from that what their tracks would look like. I don't think these look the least like the foot-prints of a bear. Bears have claws, and there are no marks of claws here."

"Who ever heard of a bear without claws?" said the other girl graduate, with a withering glance at the hunter.

"What kind of tracks be they, then, miss?" asked the hunter.

"Indeed I don't know," returned one of the sweet girl graduates, superciliously. "They certainly are not the tracks of a bear."

"Besides," added the other sweet girl graduate, "who ever heard of bears walking along roads?"

The hunter's stock of arguments as well as words was limited, and he said nothing. The sweet girl graduates went on their way.

They had not gone far when a bear intrang upon them and ate them up. The only parts of their anatomy not unscathed beyond identity were their purses, which, finding tough, the bear ad swallowed whole. Before the process of digestion fairly began, these and time for a few words:

"They were bear tracks, after all," said one.

"And suppose they were," replied the other, "how were we to know?"—Harper's Bazar.

A PUEBLO CHURCH.

The Acomas and How They Worship the God of the Christians.

Like the people of all the other New Mexican Pueblo tribes, the Acomas have their annual festivals, the origin of which is lost in the mystery of the prehistoric ages. The Catholic priests, writes Clarence Pullen in Harper's Weekly, put all the Christian veneration possible over the essential heathenism of the ceremonials, and under their influence these celebrations occur usually on or near some saint's day. Conspicuous among these jublations is the harvest festival, when, with games and dances, the people rejoice over the ripening of the fruits of the earth. After the performance of secret rites within the octafus, to which ceremonies no one not a member of the tribe is admitted, the maskers, musicians and others, all decorated in paint, ribbons and brass ornaments, stream forth into the open space before the village, where, with the peculiar stamping step attending all Indian performances of the kind, are continued the processions and dances, to the music of rude flutes, drums and gong-tinging. In some of their dances the performers are attired in complete suits of buckskin, adorned with fringes, buttons, beads, feathers and ribbons, completely covering the face and head, surmounted with horns, and having only small slits for sight and breathing.

The Pueblos, a provident folk who believe in intrenching themselves with all the supernatural powers, do not neglect on these occasions to visit the church to pay due obeisance to the Christian God and lesser divinities. The church, a fine old structure of adobe, was rebuilt in 1702, after it had been dismantled in the Indian revolt of 1680. It is a massive edifice one hundred and fifty feet long, forty feet wide and forty feet high, with walls seven feet thick, standing, fronted by an extensive and ancient burial ground, on the southern brink of the mesa. The sand for this cemetery was brought up from the foot of the bluff and placed in a depression at this point—an operation which, ac-

ording to priestly tradition, occupied forty years. The huge buttresses, one at each front corner of the church, are capped above the roof by rude bellfries in which swing two bells, which Indian tradition asserts to be the gift of the Queen of Spain at some period in the eighteenth century. One of these bells bears the inscription: "San Pedro, A. D. 1710." It is a wonder how these heavy bells and the great pine beams, forty feet long and of proportionate thickness, that cross the body of the church, were ever brought to the top of the mesa.

Adjoining the church are the ruins of the old Franciscan mission of San Estevan de Acoma, established, says the eminent archaeologist and historian Prof. Ad. H. Baudelier, by Fray Juan Ramirez not long after the year 1628, he naming the place after St. Sebastian on account of its rocky sides and the large number of pebbles accumulated on and about it. Fray Ramirez returned to Mexico, and died there in 1664. His successor was Fray Lucas Maldonado, from Tribujena, Mexico, also a Franciscan. In fact, up to the uprising of the Indians of New Mexico under Pope and Catite in 1680, the Franciscan order controlled all the missions among the Pueblos. On August 10, 1680, twenty-one Franciscan friars were murdered in various parts of New Mexico, and among them Fray Maldonado, of Acoma. After the reconquest of the province, twelve years later, by the Spaniards under Diego de Vargas, there were for several years occasional disturbances and bloodshed. But by the beginning of the eighteenth century the province had become tranquilized, and the Pueblo Indians and the Spaniards had adjusted their requirements so as to get along together without a great amount of friction.

It is a strange and picturesque sight when within the thick walls of the old church, dimly lighted by deep windows like port-holes, in which sheets of mica, or yeso (transparent gypsum) serve for glass, the Indians, in the same fashion of dress which their ancestors wore when they built fires to the sun, in ancient days—some wrapped in Navajo blankets, with broad black and white stripes, and red diamond figures in the center, and from the altar, with picture on the wall, make decorations. The chiron interior is decorated with two valuable pictures, the "Virgin and Child" and the "St. Joseph," which were brought from Spain more than two hundred years ago. The ceiling is rudely frescoed in representation of the sun, moon and stars, the work, in the beginning of the present century, of an artist priest, whose name is somewhere inscribed beneath the dust that for generations has been settling upon this labor of love and devotion.

A BOSTON GREENHORN.

How He Was Duped by a Shrewd Adirondack Guide.

They tell a good story of a Boston merchant at the Adirondacks last year, says Forest and Stream. He was particularly anxious to kill a deer. He employed "one of the best guides in the region," and they jacked and jacked nearly all night, amid great suffering of the would-be shooter. Not a deer did they see nor hear. The shooter was nearly dead from sitting in "one position. Toward morning they passed a swampy place, and there was a rustling in the reeds. The guide asked in a short whisper if the shooter "heard it. He did hear it, and his teeth were already chattering with buck fever, or with cold, he could not tell which. He signified his willingness to shoot by the trembling of the gun in his unsteady hands. The guide again whispered that the rustling was a deer, and for the merchant to watch for eyes, but if he could not see any eyes to shoot as near as he could at the sound. At the same time the guide suggested the caution that the shooter should be careful and not shoot him. The hunter fired. The echoes awoke, and the splashing and rustling ceased. The guide told the merchant that he had shot a deer, and "by the sound" he judged that it was a large buck. He had doubtless secured a beautiful pair of antlers. But the swamp was so thick and of such a nature that it would not be possible to get the deer, but when winter came the place would freeze over, and then the horns and hide could be secured. He would take the earliest opportunity to get them and forward them to Boston. The merchant came home in the full faith of his success. When cold weather came he daily expected the horns. The express was watched, but they have not come to hand. Later in the winter he learned that some guides arranged with another guide to go into the swamp, get behind a tree, so as to be safe from the shot, and then to rustle and splash till the tenderfoot shoots. After which all is still, and the tenderfoot is satisfied. He has shot a deer. Now that merchant does not care to have his friends mention the pair of horns he expected.

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

Mrs. CAUDLE (concluding a curtain lecture)—"Remember I am telling you this for your own good." Mr. CAUDLE (speaking for the first time)—"Is that so? I thought it must be for your own amusement."

SMALL BOY—"Papa, what does 'momentous' mean?" Father (wearily)—"Wait till your mother begins to talk dress with your aunt, my boy; then you'll realize the full meaning of the word."

DISSENTING HUSBAND (eating breakfast fifth floor)—"What! Maria, do you call this?" Wife—"That is of Boston brown bread of my younging, John." John, opens window, and throws loaf of bread out. It kills a street-car horse. Great excitement. Missile inspected by local scientists and unanimously pronounced an aerolite.

Mrs. NEWHAND—"What! twenty cents a pound for mackerel? Why, the man across the street only asks sixteen cents." Fishmonger—"Very good, madam; but you must remember that my fish are hand-caught, those you see opposite are caught in nets; that makes a difference, you know." Mrs. Newhand—"Of course, how stupid of me. You may give me that large one there."

YOUNG WIFE—"There's a gentleman in the library, dear, who wants to see you." Young Husband—"Do you know who it is?" Young Wife—"You must forgive me, dear, but that cough of yours has worried me so of late, and you take such poor care of your health, and—oh, if I were to lose you, my darling!" Bursts into tears. Young Husband—"There, there, dear! Your fondness for me has inspired foolish and unnecessary fears. I'm all right; you mustn't be alarmed. But I'll see the physician, of course, just to satisfy you. Is it Dr. Pellett?" Young Wife—"No, it is not a doctor; it's—a life insurance agent."

"I CAN'T see what is the matter with this cake," the young wife said. "I've put in the eggs and the sugar, and the corn starch and the flavoring just as the recipe says, and it's a horrible mess. I don't believe I can make any thing out of it at all; it's too bad." "You haven't forgotten any thing, have you?" queried the husband. "No, I haven't," she answered. "I've got a quart of soda water, and I've added them, but it doesn't seem to look like a batter. It's just a mass of eggs and sour milk and things." "Where's your flour, my love?" "Flour, Horace?" exclaimed the sweet young wife; "do they put flour in cake?"

AYER'S PILLS.

If the Liver comes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them, with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Erysipelas, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that I despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—B. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Kelling, Richmond, Va. 11

Ayer's Pills; Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.