

THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION.

BY S. F. LELAND.

Men will make almost any sacrifice for the sake of their religion. The Mahometan, impelled by a blind devotion to his creed, will go long miles, on his hands and knees, over the burning sands of Arabia, to kiss the sods that cover his prophet's tomb: Friends are forgotten: kindred are unknown: and the joys that cluster around the domestic hearth, and make of earth a paradise; fall into insignificance when the soul is stirred, or the heart quickened by emotions of religious zeal. The mother can feed her first-born babe to the crocodile in the Ganges; and the strong man bow beneath the car of Juggernaut, and give to unknown gods his hand, or limb, or head, unknowing a reproach.

The world's great revolutions have begun and ended in religious agitation. This has shaken the firm pillars of empires, overthrown despots, inaugurated reigns of tyranny, crowned Pontiffs and imprisoned Popes. It has stirred the hearts of nations, and quickened the blood of mankind, giving weakness to the strong arm, and power to the weak. It has blessed, and it has cursed. It has softened Alpine rocks for reluctant feet to tread and with a sympathetic hand wiped many a fever-drop from brows deep furrowed with a restless discontent. It has brooded, too, over the desolates of the world like a midnight pall, shutting away the sun of truth, to break at once like summer clouds away, and chaos end in light.

There is a period in history known as the *Dark Ages*, stretching from 755 to 1517—a period of nearly eight hundred years—in which religious fanaticism saw, perhaps, its balmyest days. In the year 755 the Pope of the Roman Church was raised to the rank of temporal prince, by Pepin, King of France, who conferred on him the Administration of Ravenna. Being thus a ruler over Church and State, he bowed to aims disgracefully low, and made religion but another name for imposture, fanaticism and fraud. Popery flourished in its rankest luxuriance. The convents, monasteries and nunneries were established anew; and pilgrimages, crusades and canonizations, together with the senseless wranglings of religious bigots, were popularized, and even imposed as a duty.

During most of this period, the Pope was "Master of the world." Kings and kingdoms bowed to his behests. If a sovereign offended him his whole kingdom was laid under an interdict, the churches closed, worship suspended, and the dead buried in the highways without funeral rites. One of the Popes, Gregory VII. (Hildebrand) excommunicated Henry IV, Emperor of Germany, and compelled him to stand three whole days and nights, during winter with his head and feet bare, at the Papal threshold, waiting for absolution. The secular clergy were ignorant, not half of whom could read or write: and many of the bishops, during the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, never saw a copy of the Bible.

Thus a midnight hung over a waiting world, fretting in its gloomy discontent, and watching for the dawn of a promised day. This restless spirit personated itself in the Waldenses of Piedmont, and the Albigenses in the south of France, who made deep inroads on popish tyranny, and paved the way for the Protestant Reformation then about to dawn. John Wickliffe molded the minds of England by bravely attacking the prevailing corruptions of the Roman Church; translated the Scriptures into English, gaining numerous followers among the eminent and wealthy. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, (about 1510,) John Huskins and Jerome of Prague took a bold stand against the errors of the times; enlisted the sympathy of their (afterward) renowned co-laborer, Zisca, and with their followers in Bohemia, took up arms in defence of their religion.

Light now began to break all over Europe. England was illuminated. Germany saw the blaze of its glory, and France, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Hungary, Bohemia and the Netherlands stood on the tip-toe to catch its beacon beams. Zuinglius threw the magnetism of his thoughts over Switzerland, and by his eloquence, controlled the Diet at Worms. John Calvin spoke his words in Geneva, that echoed over Sweden and Denmark, and roused the people to action and to thought.

The learned Melancthon threw the mild tenderness of his disposition over the Diet at Augsburg, in 1530, and presented his celebrated Confession of faith, that wielded such a potent power on thought and feeling then. Martin Luther, a professor of divinity in the University of Wittenburg, in Saxony, and the leading spirit of the reformation, translated the Scriptures into German, with copious notes, manifesting the unconquerable zeal and undaunted courage of his extraordinary and varied talents, and in his sermons disclaimed against indulgences and the vices of the monks with vehement indignation. The unwearied labors of Knox revolutionized Scotland, and Cranmer, in England, founded a society, which induced Henry VIII, to renounce his Papal authority and embrace the principles of the reformed doctrines, thus permanently establishing them in that kingdom.

Swiftly swept the words of earnest men, and, at the touch of their electric thoughts, churches crumbled, tyrannies vanished, monasteries, convents and inquisitions hid their horrid forms, and priestcraft, with its gloat-ed visage, sought refuge amid the crumbling ruins of Popish fraud and folly.

Alas, how changed! The spirit that bore the fathers up, crushed beneath its feet their

infant sons. They wrested power from the Catholic Church and conferred it on the Protestant; they took from it the Bible, which the priests did not allow the laity to read, but demanded belief in it without a knowledge; gave it to the mass, told them to read it; but if they did not believe it, they should be damned. They turned Michael Servetus in the streets of Geneva, in 1553, for writing against the Trinity. They beheaded John Huskins, and murdered Jerome of Prague. They joined hands with the descendants of Peter the Hermit, Pope Clement III, Cœur de Lion, Philip Augustus, and Urban II, to prosecute the unfinished "Holy Wars." They bowed before the shrine of the Ptolemas, and kissed the sceptre of St. Louis IX. They bestowed unqualified praise upon the Councils of Placentia and Clement, and danced on the ashes of the yet smoking Nice, Edessa, and Antioch. The memories of Godfrey, Conrad and St. Bernard they resurrected from the tombs of infamy, and made them idols in Constantinople.

They imposed religious tenets upon the people, and demanded adherence to them on pain of death. They abrogated the power of the Pope, but instituted a Bishop's Legate, only differing in name and magnitude of power. They made the Protestant Reformation, once promising so much, an idle mockery—a means by which tyrants could subserve their selfish ends. Rejoicing France and Germany were made to bleed, and the tyrant aristocrats of Great Britain and Ireland played their dramas of usurpation on the grave of a slaughtered Justice. The French Revolution of 1669 have they written in letters of blood; the world knows its history by heart, nor will it soon forget. Spain, Portugal and Italy have written their histories, plain as stars on the evening sky—and prophecies of their destinies. Smithfield and the revived tragic scenes of the Crusades, tell their own story. Hindostan, Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria point to the graves of their venerated dead—their histories are there.

But amid all these abuses and revolutions, one fadeless star has remained undimmed, shedding its beacon light, to which the angel, Hove, has pointed in the world's darkest hours. 'Tis the star of progression, on which the tinsel of heaven hangs, and from whose arched paradise the angel of Justice smiles;

EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION.

A convention of Teachers and friends of education generally, will be held in the 14th Ward buildings, G. S. L. City, in October, next, commencing on the day following the close of the Semi Annual Conference, at 10 a. m.

The leading object of the convention will be mutual improvement. Addresses will be made by prominent educators, and discussions held upon the various systems of teaching the different sciences and branches of education. School books will also be a subject of consideration and an attempt made to introduce a uniformity into our schools—and such other business as usually comes before conventions of this kind.

We have seen much good arise from these conventions, and, with our Superintendent, we believe an effort in this direction will meet with the support of the people, and tend to raise the standard of our schools above their present humble level.

Conference time has been selected as the most favorable season to accommodate those from remote parts of the Territory. It is desirable that all engaged in teaching at present in the Territory, and all intending to engage in this profession, and all who feel an interest in educational improvement, as far as practicable, should be present and participate in the doings of the convention.

In behalf of a meeting of School Teachers.
H. I. DOREMUS,
BARTLETT TRIPP,
G. W. MOUSLEY.

DESERET AGRICULTURAL AND MANUFACTURING SOCIETY.

To all whom it may concern:—This certifies that Amos M. Musser, Esq., has been appointed general agent for the Society, with power to organize branches and to appoint agents throughout the Territory. He is also authorized to issue life and annual membership certificates, collect the means for the same; receive donations, and attend to any other business that may arise in behalf of the society.

By order of the Board.
WILFORD WOODRUFF, President.
ROBERT L. CAMPBELL, Secretary.

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.—The celebrated Dean Swift, in preaching an assize sermon, was severe upon lawyers for pleading against their consciences. After dinner a young counselor said some very severe things against the clergy, adding, that he did not doubt, if the devil was to die, a person might be found to preach a funeral sermon. "Yes," said Swift, "I would, and I would give the devil his due, as I did his children this morning."

WHY IT WAS RETURNED.—A lawyer having found a purse, and returned it to the owner, one of the papers said it might be honest and honorable, but it was exceedingly unprofessional. The delinquent defended himself on the ground that there was nothing in it.

TERRIBLE HAVOC OF WAR.

It is difficult to conceive what fearful havoc the custom of war has made of human life. Some of its incidental ravages seem to delay belief. It has, at times, entirely depopulated immense districts. In modern as well as ancient times, large tracts have been left so utterly desolate that one might pass from village to village, even from city to city, without finding a solitary inhabitant. The war of 1756, waged in the heart of Europe, left in one instance no less than twenty contiguous villages without a single man or beast. The thirty years' war, in the 17th century, reduced the population of Germany from 12,000 to 3,000,—three fourths; and that of Wittenburg from 500,000 to 48,000 more than nine-tenths! Thirty thousand villages were destroyed; in many others the population entirely died out; and in a country once studded with towns and cities, there sprang up immense forests.

Look at the havoc of sieges; in that of Paris, in the sixteenth century, 30,000 victims of mere hunger; in that of Malplaquet, 35,000 soldiers alone; in that of Ismail, 40,000; of Vienna, 70,000; of Ostend, 120,000; of Mexico, 150,000; of Acre, 300,000; of Carthage, 700,000; of Jerusalem, 1,000,000!

Mark the slaughter of single battles; at Lepanto, 25,000; at Austerlitz, 30,000; at Eylau, 60,000; at Waterloo and Quatre Bras, one engagement in fact, 100,000; at Borodino and Fontenoy, 100,000; at Arbela, 300,000; at Chalons, 300,000 of Attila's army alone; 400,000 Usupes slain by Julius Cæsar in one battle, and 430,000 Germans in another.

Take only two cases. The army of Xerxes, says Dr. Dick, must have amounted to 5,283,320, and if the attendants were only one third as great as common at the present time in eastern countries, the sum total must have reached nearly 6,000,000. Yet in one year, this vast multitude was reduced, though not entirely by death, to 300,000 fighting men; and of these only 8,000,000 escaped destruction. Jenghis Khan, the terrible ravager of Asia in the thirteenth century, shot 90,000 on the plains of Nessa, and massacred 200,000 at the storming of Charasm. In the Herat district he butchered 1,500,000; and in two cities, with the dependencies, 1,700,000. During the last twenty-seven years of his long reign, he is said to have massacred more than half a million every year; and in the first fourteen years he is supposed, by Chinese historians, to have destroyed not less than 18,000,000; a sum total of 32,000,000 in forty-one years!

In any view, what a fell destroyer is war! Napoleon's wars sacrificed some 6,000,000; and all the wars consequent upon the French Revolution, some nine or ten millions. The Spaniards are said to have destroyed, in forty-two years, more than 12,000,000 of American Indians. Grecian wars sacrificed 15,000; Jewish wars, 25,000,000; the wars of the twelve Cæsars, 30,000,000; in all the wars of the Romans, before Julius Cæsar, 60,000,000; the wars of the Roman Empire, of the Saracens and the Turks, 60,000,000 each; those of the Tartars 80,000,000; those of Africa, 100,000,000. "If we take into consideration," says the learned Dr. Dick, "the number not only of those who have perished through the natural consequences of war, we will not, perhaps, be overrating the destruction of human life, if we were to affirm that one tenth of the human race has been destroyed by the ravages of war; and, according to this estimate, more than 14,000,000,000 of human beings have been slaughtered in war since the beginning of the world." Edmund Burke went still further, and reckoned the sum total of its ravages, from the first, at no less than 35,000,000,000.

WET IN THE EAST.

We believe it rained twenty-one days in July, and we think we have never seen the atmosphere so universally damp as it has been the last week in July and so far into August. Doors, windows, drawers, were never more troublesome before; have become immovable, or at least unusable. Carpets and clothing in rooms ordinarily dry, have become mouldy to an extent never before witnessed. A pair of boots or shoes pulled off at night and left in their ordinary place, have actually changed color in a single night, and from black have become decidedly blue, and this mouldiness is not confined to the inside of houses. A coat left out over night upon the clothes line to air, was found almost covered with blue mold in the morning. Grapes have rotted and are still rotting in the vicinity of New York to a degree quite unprecedented, and we hear of the same thing at Cincinnati. Butchers, we think, will agree with us that meat has never spoiled so quickly at any time in forty years as it has in the first days of August, 1863.

And this humid condition of the atmosphere is by no means confined to New York and vicinity. It is mentioned in many exchanges. It moulds, rusts, mildews, and will damage property immensely, if not checked. The highest rooms are not exempt. Clothing and furs, packed in trunks in upper rooms, have been found sadly in need of attention, and cutlery, packed away and supposed safe, has been opened and found covered with rust. Beds, long unused, have been found so damp that the clothes stuck together.—[N. Y. Tribune, Aug. 7.]

MURDER WILL OUT.—Ex-President Buchanan, it is said, is extremely excited and alarmed about the discovery of his correspondence with Jeff. Davis, captured with that gentleman's private papers.

THE KISSING DEACON.

In one of our Puritanical towns of New England, says an eastern paper, lived Deacon Brown, a very staid, dignified sort of a christian, and a model of propriety. Deacon Brown had the misfortune to lose his wife, and at the age of forty found himself with a family of four small children, without a mistress to his farm house. As he could not immediately take another wife and avoid exciting scandal, and could not get along without some one to take charge of the kitchen and nursery, he had recourse to employing a young woman as a housemaid. Nancy Stevens was a laughing, romping beauty, who delighted in experimenting upon the Deacon by way of testing the strength of human nature. For a long time the Deacon was invulnerable; but at last, in a moment of unguarded weakness, he was led into temptation, and into committing a "slight indiscretion" with his beautiful house maid. When he recovered his wonted coolness and presence of mind, he was horrified at the enormity of his sin. In vain he repented and grieved over lost virtue. Finally, as a last effort for easing his conscience at the conclusion of the services on the following Sabbath morning, he arose and requested the forbearance of the brothers and sisters a moment, when he electrified them by making the following confession:

"My Christian friends, you all know that I lost my dear wife some months ago, [sobs and tears] and that Nancy Stevens has been keeping house for me. And you know that I have a little child not a year old. Well, sometimes that little child would cry in the night, and it would be a long time before I could quiet it; and last Tuesday night—God forgive me!—the child cried so hard that Nancy arose and came into the room, and leaned over the bed to hush the child—and brothers and sisters her leaning over me made me forget Christ!"

Here the worthy deacon broke down entirely, and stood weeping, wailing and blowing his nose.

"What did you do?" demanded the minister sternly.

"I—I—ki—kissed her!" stammered out the Deacon between his sobs, "but I have been very sorry about it, and prayed to be forgiven—I want you to forgive me and pray for me, brothers and sisters."

As the Deacon bowed himself upon his seat like the mighty oak before the tornado, Deacon Goodfellow arose and astonished the audience still more by saying:

"Brothers and sisters, you have heard what brother Brown has said, and how he wants us to forgive him. For my part, I believe brother Brown is truly penitent, and I am willing to forgive him with my whole heart. And brothers and sisters, I will add still farther, that if I had no wife, and a pretty girl like Nancy Stevens should come into my room, and lean over my bed, and lean over me, I'd kiss her, Christ or no Christ!"

KEEPING A SECRET.—The father of Papius, a Senator of Rome, one day took him to the Senate, when they deliberated upon some subjects of importance. On his return his mother asked him what had passed at the Senate. The young Papius answered that he was ordered not to speak of it. This answer, as we may readily conceive, only augmented his mother's curiosity. She became more solicitous, and employed every means in her power to obtain the information she wished. Her son, to avoid any further importunities, and to satisfy her anxiety, told her that they had been deliberating, whether it would be better for the public to suffer the men to have two wives or the women to have two husbands. The Senator's wife, enraged at this pretended deliberation, went immediately, though she had promised secrecy, and communicated her fears to some other Roman ladies. The next morning a large body of indignant wives presented themselves at the door of the Senate, and in a loud voice declared that it would be far better to let the women have two husbands, and were incensed that they should determine a matter of such importance without hearing what they had to say. The Senate, not understanding the women's requests, were thrown into great consternation; when the young Papius arose, and related in what way he eluded his mother's curiosity. The wives retired; the prudence of the young Papius was praised; but it was resolved that in future, no young man, except Papius, should be admitted into the Senate.

A PROFITABLE WEED.—There is a weed called the "Sida Betusa," which grows wild in unfrequented streets and vacant places at Brisbane, Eastern Australia, and was looked upon as a pest. This weed has been found to yield a very valuable fibre, and £30 a ton for 3,000 tons have been offered for it for shipment to England.—[Exchange.]

SWELLS.—Great men never swell. It is only the three cent individuals who are salaried at the rate of two hundred dollars a year, and dine on potatoes and dried herring, who put on airs and flashy waistcoats, swell, puff, blow, and endeavor to give themselves a consequential appearance. No discriminating person need mistake the spurious for the genuine article.

TO PREVENT PITTING IN SMALL POX.—Cut india-rubber in small pieces and dissolve in chloroform. Rub over the face and neck when the eruption has become fully developed.