

DESERET NEWS.

BY W. RICHARDS.

G. S. L. CITY, DESERET, JULY 27, 1850.

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DESERET NEWS,
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

Per square, 14 lines, \$1.50.
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Can have their names, place of residence, time of arrival and departure, inserted in the NEWS and a copy mailed to their friends for 25 cents.

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Any additional information, 10 cents per line.

NEWS.

DELIVERED at the Post Office, which will be open, each Sabbath from 12 to 1 o'clock P. M.

AGENTS.

ANSON CALL, North Canyon.

DANIEL MILLER, N. Cottonwood.

ISAAC CLARK, Weber County.

JOEL H. JOHNSON, Mill Creek.

WM. CROSBY, Cottonwood.

ISAAC HIGBEE, Utah.

PHINEAS RICHARDS, San Pete.

EZRA T. BENSON, Tooele.

BISHOP HOLLADAY, and all the acting Bishops in the City.

Unless subscribers advise us to the contrary, we shall send their papers, to our agent nearest their residence.

WITHOUT A SEAM.—Some of the English papers say that the recent improvements in machinery, justify the belief that garments will soon be finished in the loom to any size, shape or pattern that may be required. But one more improvement is required; a machine in which live sheep may be driven, in order to come out coats at one end and mutton soup at the other.

Green muskmelon fried, like egg plant, is said to be delicious, and far superior to it.

A STORY OF TRUE LOVE.

From Wood's edition of the songs of Scotland:

"Helen Irvén, a young lady of extraordinary beauty, and uncommon qualifications, (the subject of the song, 'I wish I were where Helen lies,') was descended from the ancient and respectable family of Kirconnel, in Annandale, at present in possession of Sir William Maxwell, of Springfield, Bart. She had for some time been courted by two gentlemen, whose names were Bell and Fleming.—Bell was proprietor of Blackwood House, properly Blacket House, and Fleming of Fleming Hall, situated near Mosskew, at present in the possession of Capt. Graham. Bell one day told the young lady that if he at any time afterwards found her in Fleming's company, he would certainly kill him. She, however, had a great regard for Fleming and being one day walking along with him on the pleasant and romantic banks of the Kirtle, she observed his rival on the other side of the river, among the bushes. Conscious of the danger her lover was in, she passed betwixt him and his enemy, who immediately, firing, shot her dead, whilst she leaped into Fleming's arms. He drew his sword, crossed the river, and cut the murderer in pieces."

New Lead Mine.—A rich vein of lead has been discovered near Ellenville, N. Y. It is several feet in width, of unknown depth, and of exceeding richness. It is to be worked the coming season.

NOTICE.

Hector C. Hate will be prepaired to drive cattle and horses, to his Herd at Blooming Grove, on Monday of each week, starting from Joseph Murdock's in ward 7 at 9 o'clock, A. M. July 25th 3 i

Capt. Daniel C. Davis, Died in camp, about 41 miles west of Ft. Kearney, about the 1st of June. Capt. Davis was going to the States on business.

Mr. Robert Pierce arrived on the 16th, Charles Decker on the 20th, direct from the states, and Wm. G. Young arrived from Platt Ferry, on the 22, all well.

PLAYING THE DEVIL.—We were a good deal amused at an anecdote we heard the other day of a certain preacher, whose calling confined him to the limits of Kentucky. He had preached in the parish many years, and of course run short of the eloquence much needed to keep his hearers awake and astonished. Let him preach ever so well now, it made no difference, they had got used to him and used to sleeping; and sleep they would to his great annoyance. At last he hit upon an expedient to bring 'em up standing, as the saying is. He procured a small tin whistle, which he took with him into the pulpit, and after taking his text, and "blazing away" until his lungs were sore, and his hearers all comfortably dozing and nodding approval to each other, he suddenly drew it forth and gave a shrill toot-a-toot. In an instant the whole congregation was awake and upon their feet, staring at the minister, and at each other, and wondering what in the name of pickles and human nature, as Sam Slick says, was to come next.—"You're a set of smart specimens of humanity, ain't you," said the divine whistler, and he slowly gazed around the astonished assemblage. "When I preach the gospel to you, you all go to sleep; but the moment I go to playing the devil, you are all wide awake, and a coming like a rush of hornets with a pole stuck in their nest