

because the Priesthood is here and the way opened up from earth to heaven. and my wife was going there.

God bless you. When I have the power, I will bless you so effectually that you will not be afflicted by the devil as you now are: Amen.

REMARKS

By Bishop LORENZO D. YOUNG, at the funeral of his sister Fanny Murray, June 12, 1859.

REPORTED BY G. D. WATT.

My brethren, who have spoken, have expressed my feelings—much more than I could express myself, and to me it is food. I can but say, on this occasion, that it is a day of rejoicing instead of mourning.

My mother died forty four years ago yesterday, and while she was expiring, my sister Fanny walked the room with me; I was then a child seven years of age. As she was the oldest of the girls of my father's family then at home, from that time forward she was a mother to me and to the rest of the family, so long as we remained in it.

I have often heard her say that she would like to live until she was three score years and ten; and last summer she told me, many times, that she had lived her appointed time. She has suffered much, and her spirit has gone from this world of sorrow and pain and is now comparatively at rest. It is not a day of mourning because she is gone, but a day of rejoicing.

I do not feel like saying much on this occasion. I feel well in my spirit, and what brother Brigham has just said satisfies me. I would to God that myself with all the Elders of Israel would stand forth and magnify our callings, so as to be prepared for all the glory and power that God has in store for the faithful.

I feel to bless the people, and the Saints of God and all who love the truth; but I have no blessing for the wicked.

Let us live our religion, keep the faith, overcome through the blood of the Lamb, and be prepared to enter into an eternal rest with all the Saints; which is my prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ:—Amen.

REMARKS

By President HEBER C. KIMBALL, at the funeral of sister Fanny Murray, June 12, 1859.

REPORTED BY G. D. WATT.

I claim the right of being sister Fanny's sixth brother, and I have been much interested with what I have heard on the occasion of her funeral.

Jesus Christ says, "in the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye have peace." The church and kingdom of God is all there is in this world that I care anything about; and the more I have to do with the world the less I care for it; though naturally I have very sensitive feelings, and when things go wrong I am apt to be perplexed.

In regard to sister Fanny, whose remains lie coffined before us, I have been well acquainted with her for more than thirty three years. She lived in my family nearly two years at one time, and afterwards was often at my house for longer or shorter periods. She was married to my wife's father, and we have always been like one family. She has always looked upon me and my family as upon her own father's family. She was a good woman, and lived her religion. She has gone in peace, and I wish that all who profess to be Latter Day Saints would live and do as well as she did.

I knew sister Fanny before she was a Latter Day Saint. She was at my house the same year that brother Joseph obtained the plates, and she saw the vision in the heavens with myself, father Young, brother John P. Greene, and some others.

Time and again she has edified and comforted me with her conversation, sometimes causing me to weep and at other times to laugh; though she always made me joyful, whether I wept or laughed. She was a good woman, and has departed in peace, and I say God bless the relatives.

Every man and woman that lives the religion of Christ is sister Fanny's and brother Brigham's relative. Before we came into this world we were together in what is called the spirit world. If we will make heaven, it is here; Zion is here; and the spirit of Zion is within me, if I will live my religion; and if I do not, I am subject to the power of the enemy which casts people down to hell.

God bless the brothers of sister Fanny and all her relations and kindred; and I pray that we may live until the earth is cleansed from all wickedness. Amen.

We present to the people the Deseret Alphabet, but have not adopted any rules to bind the taste, judgment or preference of any. Such as it is you have it, and we are sanguine that the more it is practised, and the more intimately the people become acquainted with it, the more useful and beneficial it will appear.

The characters are designed to represent the sounds for which they stand, and are so used. Where one stands alone, the name of the character or letter is the word, it being the only sound heard. We make no classification into vowels, consonants, &c., considering that to be of little or no consequence; the student is therefore at liberty to deem all the characters vowels, or consonants, or starters, or stoppers, or whatever else he pleases.

In the orthography of the published examples, Webster's pronunciation will be generally followed, though it will be varied from when general usage demands. All words having the same pronunciation will be spelled alike, and the reader will have to depend upon the context for the meaning of such words.

Since the arrival of the matrices, &c., for casting the Deseret Alphabet, it has been determined to adopt another character to represent the sound of *ew*, but until we are prepared to cast that character, the characters *u* and *o* will be used to represent the sound of *ew* in NEW. The characters *u* and *o* are sounded as *ai* in HAIR, for which one character will also be used, so soon as it can be procured.

DESERET ALPHABET.

Long	Short	Y	h	L	eth
ə e t	7	p	8	the	
3 a 2	a	b	8	s	
ə ah 2	7	t	6	z	
ə au 2	a	d	p	esh	
o o r	c	che	s	zhe	
o oo 9	q	g	4	ur	
h i	o	k	l	l	
ə ow	o	ga	7	m	
u woo	f	f	4	n	
y ye	e	v	u	eng	

807 26.

1. 9r9 2a, O Lw4a; fwa d y4e
UOQ7 t4 244 t474Q477; d y4e
747874a OLSO t4 8 Lw4a; 834-
fO4 d D2L 477 8L4a.

2. 206274 2a, O Lw4a, y4a
7406 2a; 74a 2a 4346 y4a 2a
y407.

3. fwa 2a U7674 2447474 t6
82fO4 244 46; y4a d y4e UOQ7
t4 2a 740L.

4. d y4e 477 877 U78 634
744846; 4346 U7L d 2O t4
U78 878274L46.

5. d y4e y374a 8 2474Q4Q3-
D74 w6 26L 80246, y4a U7L 477
877 U78-8 U7Q4a.

6. d U7L U7D 244 y446 t4
t4748478; 8O U7L d 247748 244
O744 O Lw4a.

7. 277 d 23 74747D U78 8
6078 w6 L74Q8Q7674, y4a 74L w6
O7 2a U74478 U74Q8.

8. Lw4a, d y4e U76a 8 y4a7-
73D74 w6 2a y48, y4a 8 7L38
y4734 244 474 8U74L.

9. 2474 477 2a 8O7 U78
87446, 474 2a L4f U78 8U4a7
244.

10. t4 y4O6 y446 t6 278Q7,
y4a 834 477 y44a t6 f9L w6
84486.

877 26 fwa 2a, d U7L UOQ t4
244 t474Q477; 474Q7, y4a 8 24-
87f9L 747D 2a.

12. 2a f97 87447L t4 y4 264
7L38; t4 8 2474Q4Q3D746 U7L
d 8U78 8 Lw4a.

A REPULSIVE DRUG.—The most lucrative business in which the Egyptian Jews ever engaged ceased in the seventeenth century. For a long time mummy was an article of great value in the practice of medicine. It was found in all the drug-shops of Europe, and even to this day mummy powder, mixed with camel's-milk butter, is regarded by the Arabs as a sovereign remedy for external and internal bruises. "Make mummy of my flesh, and sell me to the apothecaries," was not a mere figure of speech.

The repulsive drug was prescribed by the physicians of the sixteenth century for fractures, contusions, palpitations of the heart, and the like; while even Lord Bacon says, "Mummy bath great force in staunching of blood." Many speculators embarked in the trade, and vast sums were expended in purchasing mummies, principally from the Jews in Egypt. Tombs and catacombs were searched; and when the Government forbade the transportation of the bodies from their sepulchral habitation, the Jews had recourse to fraud and imposition. In order to supply the great demand for mummy, they embalmed dead bodies, and sold them to the Christians. In like manner, the bodies of slaves, of executed criminals, of unclaimed strangers, and even the desiccated corpses of travelers buried in the sands of the desert, were converted into gold for the Jew and medicine for the Gentile.—[The Jews, in Knickerbocker.

NEW BADGE.—It is said that all the virtuous men of New York will hereafter wear a badge over the heart, in the form of a "Sickle." The wicked will be distinguished from the righteous by wearing a "Key," on the left breast.

If so, "Keys" in Gotham will be more fashionable than "Sickles."

OLD ADAGE.

"The devil is the king of rats and mice,
And frogs, and fleas, and bugs, and lice."

Mother Eve knew every thing
Before the plague of dying;
Then the frogs, and fleas, and lice,
And little babies, crying,
Wern't evil;
Queenly she had the very best,
In Adam's priesthood hidden:
Who, all asking, learned her how
To eat the fruit forbidden?
The devil.

Lovely children usher'd in,
And beds were so delightful,
Not a bed bug slyly crept
And stole their blood at nightfall,
Uncivil:
Purely earth was paradise,
And free were all things given;
So, the question is, who taught
This crew to steal their living?
The devil.

Much the land began to yield,
And mod'rate fell the water;
Grafts, then, were not the place
For rats and mice to clatter,
And nibble;
Greatly blest by tilling earth,
All farmers were believing:
Zounds! who was it then that set
The hairy race at thieving?
The devil.

More than all these little gents,
Came forth great human beings,—
Wise and sensible, they say,
If you allow for feelings
And evil:
Bragging, swearing, fighting, rich,
And sometimes rather drunken;
Wonder who it was that lead
Them in a course so sunken?
The devil.

Coupled worse—the marriage bed
Is full of Christian secrets;
Splendid wives in gauze and gimp,
For doctors, lawyers, meek-wits,
To rival;
Gambling, smoking, lying; love
The very things that hurt you;
Light of life who taught them how
To counterfeit all virtue?
The devil.

Ages come and go alike,
With ways and means for spending;
Chance and fortune favor all,
With hopes and schemes extending,
To revel:
So the world is full of fame,
And millions chasing fashions;
Money! money! is the cry:
Who spends it all for passions?
The devil.

Why I am a Bachelor.

My name is Smith—John Smith. I am sixty years of age next birthday, and unmarried. I have been in love, however—hopelessly in love—and yet I am a bachelor. Why I am so, I have now to tell.

During my young days, I had no time to think of the other sex. I determined I would make my fortune first, and see about a wife afterwards.—I worked and strove, accumulated, and denied myself the most harmless pleasures that cost money—yet I did not get rich as fast as I expected; and I had reached the age of forty years before I thought I was justified in looking about me for a wife.

When the time came, I set about my task earnestly. I am a business man, and always go to work systematically. In the first place, I looked through all my acquaintances and friends.—They were not numerous, and I soon found there were no young ladies amongst them who would suit me. Then I tried the boarding-house scheme; by which I mean, I advertised for board, and answered the replies in person.—Whenever I saw any young girls in a house, there I took board—but none of them would suit me.

At last I received an answer to my advertisement by a widow lady with one daughter. I called at the house, and was ushered into an elegantly furnished parlour, where a young lady was seated playing the piano. In spite of Shakespeare's denunciation of the man who has no music in his soul, I never had any music in mine. I don't know Yankee Doodle from Old Hundred—and yet, strange to say, the music sounded quite prettily as it trickled through her fingers. She did not hear me enter, so she continued to play. I listened for some minutes, and then coughed gently. She turned her head, and with a blush, rose from her seat. I think I had never seen so beautiful a girl before. She was not more than eighteen years of age, tall and graceful, her form beautifully rounded, dark auburn hair, which hung in natural ringlets on a swan-like neck. In short, the moment I saw her, I performed the imaginary pantomime of slapping my trousers' pocket, and exclaiming mentally, "Here's the girl for my money!"

"Did you want to see my mother?" asked the lovely girl in a musical voice.

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to Miss Clark-

son?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"I have called, Miss, in reference to a note I have received—I believe, from your mother—stating that you wished to take a single gentleman to board with you."

"Yes, sir; I will call my mother."

And the fairy bounded out of the room. In a minute or two, afterwards the mother entered.

If the daughter was pretty, the widow was decidedly ugly. She was past forty, thin, scraggy, and wore false teeth and false hair. When I looked at her, I almost felt tempted to leave the house; but then I gazed at the daughter, and determined to remain. The preliminaries were soon arranged, and the next day I took up my abode under the roof of widow Clarkson.

I soon felt quite at home, and determined to make myself as agreeable as possible. I was polite to the mother, tender to the daughter, and evidently pleased the old woman, for I ate but little. Our evenings were very pleasant—a young friend of the family used to call occasionally, and we played whist. The young gentleman was a cousin to the family—a rather pleasant fellow—and the time passed off very agreeably.

In the meantime, I prosecuted my suit earnestly. I have always held it as an axiom, to succeed with the young branches of a family, you must pay attention to the head—there is nothing like procuring a "friend at court." This plan I followed. I was very polite to Mrs. Clarkson; I waited on her at table; escorted her to the theater and opera, and read to her Cobb's last. I got on finely. I soon saw that she was very partial to me. In the meantime I did not neglect my suit with the object of my affections. I gazed on her tenderly; I pressed her hand whenever I had an opportunity, and believed that I had made considerable impression on her young heart.

Things went on in this way for more than two months, when I thought it high time that I should bring matters to a crisis. One evening I entered the sitting-room, and found the charming girl alone. The cou-in had not yet come, altho' he now visited the house every night. This was too good an opportunity to be lost.

"Miss Clarkson," said I approaching her, "I wish to have a little conversation with you."

"I think I can guess what it is about," said she smiling archly.

"You encourage me," I replied, glad to find that my attentions had not been thrown away, and anguring the best results of this cordial reception. "You think you know my errand, then?"

"Yes, indeed, your attentions are too pointed to be mistaken."

"I am gratified to find you so discerning," and I took her hand, and now, dear Charlotte, allow me to call you, since you have penetrated my secret, I only want your consent to make me a happy man."

"Let me set your mind at rest, then, sir,—I have no objection whatever."

I was rather surprised that she consented so readily. I think I should have taken it better if she had been a little coy in the matter.

"Dear girl!" I exclaimed, and claiming a lover's privilege, kissed her cheek. She made not the slightest opposition.

"You consent, then?" I exclaimed, "that I shall be your protector through life?"

"You are very kind, sir," returned the fair girl; "as I said before, I have no objection."

I thought she was very cold in her language, but I put it down to maidenly modesty.

"Charlotte, your consent has made me one of the happiest of men. When shall the ceremony take place?"

"Don't you think mamma had better answer that question? You had better consult her upon that matter."

"True, my dear child; I admire your delicacy—I run to her on the wings of love—oh, what a happy man you have made me!"

"I am sure, sir, I am very glad it was in my power to give you pleasure, I do not think you have any reason to doubt my concurrence in your wishes."

"There is no reading the human heart, you know, I thought perhaps the difference in our ages—"

"What do two or three years signify?" interrupted my darling, smiling.

"Dear girl—how kind of you to say that," I returned, charmed with her delicacy in considering twenty two years as only two or three. "But I will go to your mamma at once; adieu, darling, for a few minutes."

So saying, I hurried from the room. I sent up a message to Mrs. Clarkson, that I wished to see her on important business, and would wait for her in the dining-room. In about a quarter of an hour she came down, dressed in the most gorgeous manner; but in spite of her toilet, I could not help remarking that she looked thinner and scraggier than ever.

"Mrs. Clarkson," I began, making a profound bow, "I wish to talk with you on a very important matter—one which nearly concerns my happiness."

"I shall be pleased to hear what you have to say, sir," replied the widow, taking a seat on the sofa by my side.

"Dear Mrs. Clarkson," I said—for I thought it best to smooth her down—"I have now been an inmate of your house for two months. I need not dwell on the happiness I have enjoyed in your delightful society. Your charming daughter and yourself have conspired to make me the happiest of mortals. Your own natural acuteness must have long ago detected that my heart is involved. Yes, my dear madam, I could not gaze on that lovely form without being sensible that this house contains a prize of the most peerless worth. I have even dared to hope that I may claim that prize as my own, and now I only await your consent."

"Really, sir," stammered the widow, glancing on the carpet, "this confession has taken me un-awares; I do not know if my daughter would like—"

"Make your mind easy on that score, my dear Mrs. Clarkson; I have seen your daughter, and have gained her consent to our marriage."

"Thoughtful man!" exclaimed the widow.

I thought this was a strange reply to make, but I knew the woman was a little eccentric, and put it down to that score.

"Now, my dear madam," I continued, "I only