

A Thanksgiving Sermon.

The following humorous production will be found peculiarly appropriate "on the present occasion." It appeared in the Boston Courier a number of Thanksgivings ago, but is still as good as new:

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones.—[Proverbs, xvii, 22.]

The words of the wise man deserve especial regard, for this is an occasion when it is good to be merry and wise. There are three hundred and odd days in the year besides this, when a man may be melancholy without setting at naught the governor's proclamation; but once in the year there is reason in feeling comfortable. The wise man is assuredly right in prescribing his medicine for unhappy mortals, sick of sin and sea coal, the pinch in the money market, and the palpitation in the price of breadstuffs.

Ho, every one that thirsteth for relief from the cares that cash is heir to; come ye to Doctor Solomon, and take a little of his balm of Gilead in the shape of a merry heart. It is not to be "taken fasting," nor will it make any person quake with fear, though when taken it may be well shaken—not under the cork stopper of a wry face, but through the liberal tunnel of a broad grin. A merry heart doth good like a medicine; and who does not wish to do good to himself with such pleasant kind of doctor's stuff? Verily, the faculty in old times were wiser in their generation than many of the modern M. D's.

There are three things under the sun, yea, four, which, on a thanksgiving day, are to be eschewed of men: The small soul of parsimony and the grumbling bowels of covetousness, the broken spirit of thankless repining, and the dry bones of cold uncharitableness. There is none of the right medicine in these drugs, which deserve to be all pounded in the same mortar, and worked up into a blue pill of more infinitesimal littleness than any quantity yet prescribed in a homœopathic formula. But to day we are bidden to be thankful; and whether we think of the bidding or not, it is to be hoped we can all find cause to offer thanks.

To be thankful this day is a duty both enjoined upon us by the executive authority and urged by our own feelings of what is fit and becoming. Thankfulness implies content—content indicates good humor—good humor is cheerfulness—and whoso has a cheerful heart, has perforce a merry one.

It is therefore, as clear as preaching, that King Solomon and the Governor are both of one mind as to the proper way of keeping Thanksgiving, and where is the son of man in this Commonwealth who will seek to controvert their joint authority? If there be any such dry bone of a doubter among us, let him suck the wooden spoon of perversity, gnaw the dry drumstick of his own dogmatism, and sit down in skepticism, sackcloth and ashes, till his more sensible and rebellious stomach barks for dinner. Let him dine upon a dish of doubts, and go to bed in the gruel of grumbling and groaning. But we hope there is none such.

So let us be reasonably thankful, and not unreasonably may we also be of a merry heart. Let those who are in health be thankful for their good case; and those who are out of health be thankful that they are no worse. Let those who are rich be thankful for their wealth; and those who are poor find cause for thankfulness in having so little to do with the root of all evil. Let old folks be thankful for their wisdom in knowing that young folks are fools; and let the young ones be even with them in thankfulness and good opinion, by thinking the compliment back again.

Let the lean folks be thankful for their spare ribs, and let fat folks be thankful that they can laugh at the lean ones, and grow fatter and fatter every day. Let him who is in debt be thankful that he is not in limbo for it; and let him who is out of debt do the same, and call at our house and let us know what sort of feeling it is. Let those who are in office put up all the thanks they can imagine that merit is at last rewarded; and let those who are out of office utter thanks also that the country does not insist upon their eating sour grapes. Let married folks be thankful for blessings both little and great; let bachelors and old maids be thankful for the privilege of kissing other folks' babies, and much good may it do them.

The words of a wise man are as plums in a pudding; they are to be swallowed with the gravity of discernment, and laid to the heart in the sweet sauce of quiet reflection. Let no man look upon a turkey to-day, and say, "This also is vanity!" What is the life of man without creature comforts, and the stomach of the son of man with no aid from the tin kitchen? Despire not the day of small things while there are pullets on the spit, and let every fowl have fair play between the jaws of thy philosophy. Are not puddings made to be sliced, and pie crust to be broken? Go thy ways, then, according to good sense, good cheer, good appetite, the Governor's proclamation, and every other good thing under the sun; render thanks for all the good things of this life, and good cooking among the rest; eat, drink, and be merry; make not a lean laudation of the bounties of Providence, but let a lively gusto follow a long grace.

Feast thankfully, and feast hopefully; feast in good will to all mankind, Grahamites included; feast in the full and joyous persuasion that while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, dinner time, pudding time, and supper time are not likely to go out of fashion; feast with exulting confidence in the continuance of cooks, kitchens, and orthodox ex-

pounders of Scripture and the Constitution in our ancient, blessed, and fat-sided Commonwealth—feast, in short, like a good Christian, proving all things, relishing all things, expecting all things, and enjoying all things.

Let a good stomach for dinner go hand in hand with a good mind for sound doctrine. This day must thou be thankful; let thy thanks be accompanied by steadfast reliance upon the cure of Providence, and let not thy wits run away upon sheep's trotters of doubt and mistrust. Nevertheless, be not stuffed up with conceit, but let the dressing of thy discourses be sage, and thy tongue be titillated with the sweet marjoram of true wisdom.

"All flesh is grass;" whatsoever is sold in the shambles, that eat; but far be it from us to be so green as to judge any man in meat or drink. We leave such matter to one's own bowels, bearing in mind that every vegetable and animal creature in the market is good, and fit for the dish if it be received with thanksgiving. Once more, therefore, we say, let the smoke of the right sacrifice everywhere ascend from every pewter platter; let every slice be favored with the salt of sincere faith, the pepper of piety, and a liberal outpouring from the mustard pot of mercy and almsgiving; let every morsel be chewed with the tooth of charity, swallowed in the goodly savor of a clear conscience, and washed down with the sweet cider of single hearted satisfaction. Let both dinner and doctrine go straight to the heart, edifying both the inward and outward man, and may we conclude the feast by picking up the crumbs of calm content.

Arizona.

By the last California mail we have news of the commencement of the Indian war in Arizona. The latest dates are to Nov. 17.

FURTHER INDIAN DEPREDACTIONS.

On Sunday, the 23d ultimo, Indians were seen prowling around in large numbers, in the vicinity of the Patagonia mines and Captain Stone's camp, and notwithstanding unusual caution on the part of those living there, they succeeded in firing upon an American, who, at the time, was on a mule. The ball passed through his neck-tie, and the mule being stubborn, he was obliged to dismount—thus escaping, the Indians carrying off the mule. A few hours later, the same or another band of Indians shot and lanced a Mexican they met near there, and left him; he was afterward found in the trail, dead.

On Wednesday, the 26th ultimo, some twenty Apaches made a descent upon Collumber's Ranch, near the Pinery. Collumber's two sons and another young man made good their escape to Canoa Ranch; procuring assistance, they returned next morning and found the Indians had carried off their clothing, blankets and provisions; also selecting the fattest ox to kill upon the occasion. They left in front of the house a cross surmounted by a white flag, in token of their being Christians and amiable. The rancheros in the valley are corraling their stock, we learn, in anticipation of another visit from them. It is supposed they are still in the mountains in that vicinity.

The first movement of the campaign now commenced against the Apaches, has been, we learn, the capture of some 30 head of horses from a party of the Pinals. The command were advancing up the San Pedro, towards the Gila river, where they surprised a party of Pinalenos, who succeeded in escaping into the mountains. The stock they were driving, however, numbering thirty head of horses, fell into the hands of the troops. The Indians were probably from the Arivaypa kanyon, where they will be pursued. There are many rancheries on the Arivaypa river, and it is to be hoped at least, a few Indians may be captured, along with their stolen property.

We had the pleasure of shaking hands with Col. Fry, the General Post office agent for the Pacific, who is on his way to Washington city. He passed through Tucson on the last stage from San Francisco, and expressed himself greatly surprised with his quick and agreeable trip thus far. We are pleased that the Colonel selected the Southern Overland Mail Line as the route to return east, knowing from his intelligence and impartiality, the interests of this enterprise will be by him fairly represented and sustained.

The Yaqui Indians had attacked the suburbs of Guaymas, killing, it is said, some thirteen of the inhabitants of Sonora; some forty of the attacking Indians were killed in the fight.

PIMO AND MARICOPA INDIANS.

On Tuesday, Nov. 8, says the *Arizonian*, the last instalment of goods purchased in San Francisco, for the Pimo and Maricopa Indians, by the Hon. Sylvester Mowry, were distributed by Mr. St. John, special agent. There were upwards of four thousand articles given out; consisting of plows, shovels, harrows, harness, axes, hoes, mattocks, sickles, etc., all of practical utility, and of the best quality, reflecting great credit upon Mr. Mowry for his judicious selection of articles best adapted to the wants of the Indians.

There were more than three thousand Indians present, mostly men. The plan adopted for distribution by Mr. St. John was such as to give excellent satisfaction, generally allowing each working man to select such articles as he stood most in need of, and at the same time guarding against injustice to others, by taking too much.

Previous to the distribution, the agent convened the chiefs and old men in the council house, and held that indispensable preliminary to such occasions, "a big talk," the purport of which was to secure the friendship of their great chief, the President, and to give them to understand that, to insure future favors at his

hands, they must be honest and industrious, and that, by so doing, they would secure to themselves prosperity and happiness.

In addition to the other articles given out, there were complete sets of carpenters' and blacksmiths' tools furnished for their respective shops.

This donation on the part of Congress to these Indians will, no doubt, have a salutary effect. They are deserving, and richly merit this token of good feeling, evinced toward them by our government; they are industrious, and through their labor a large extent of valuable land is annually cultivated, the product of which finds a ready sale. They have anxiously waited for some evidence that their industry and peaceful disposition toward the whites might be recognized, and they will hereafter have renewed confidence in any promises that may hereafter be made by the Indian agents placed over them.

The Way to the next House.

Some years since an acquaintance of ours set out on horseback from the eastern part of Massachusetts for the Green Mountains in Vermont. While traveling through the town of New Salem, his road led into a piece of woods some few miles in length, and long before he got out, of which he began to entertain doubts whether he should be blest with the sight of a human habitation, but, as everything must have an end, so at last the woods; and the neat, brown house of a farmer greeted his vision.

Near the road was a tall, rawboned, overgrown, lantern-jawed boy, probably seventeen years of age, digging potatoes. He was a curious figure to behold. What was lacking in the length of his tow breeches was amply made up for behind; his suspenders appeared to be composed of birch bark, grape vine and sheep skin; and as for his hat, which was of a dingy white felt—poor thing, it had once evidently seen better days—but now, alas! it was the shadow of its glory. Whether the tempest of time had beaten the top in, or the lad's expanding genius had burst it out, it was missing,—and through the aperture red hair in abundance stood six ways for Sunday. In short, he was one of the roughest specimens of domestic manufacture that ever mortal beheld. Our traveling friend, feeling an itching to scrape acquaintance with the critter, drew up the reins of his horse, and began—

"Hallo, my friend, can you inform me how far it is to the next house?"

Jonathan started up, leaned on his hoe handle, rested one foot of the gambrel on his leg, and replied—

"Hollo yourself! how'd dew? Well I jes can. Taint near so far as it used to be afore they cut the woods away—then 'twas reckoned generally four miles, but now the sun shrivels up the road, and don't make mor'n tew. The first house you come tew though is a barn, and the next is a hay stack; but old Hashin's house is on beyant. You'll be sure to meet his gals lang before you get there—tarnal rompin' critters; they plague our folks mor'n a little. His sheep get into our pasture every day, and his gals in our orchard. Dad sets the dog arter the sheep and me arter the gals; and the way we make the wool and petticoats fly is a sin to snakes."

"I see you are inclined to be factious—tell me why one of your legs is shorter than the other?"

"I never lows anybody to meddle with my grass tanglers, mister, but seein its you, I'll tell ye. I was born so by tickler request, so that when I hold a plow I can go with one foot in the furrer, and t'other on dry land and not lop over; besides it's very convenient in mowing round a side hill."

"Very good; how do your potatoes come on this year?"

"They don't come on at all: I digs 'em out." "But they appear to be very small, I perceive."

"Yes I know it—you see we planted some whoppin' blue noses over in that 'ere patch there, and they flourished so all-firedly that these 'ere stopped growin' just out of spite, cause they knowed they couldn't begin to keep up."

"You appear to be very smart, and I should think you could afford a better hat than the one you wear."

The looks ain't nothin'; it's all in the behavior. I've got a better one at home, but I don't dig tater's in it no how."

"You have been in these parts some time, I guess."

"I guess so tew. I was born and got my bro'tin up in that 'ere house, but my native place is down in Podunk."

"Then you said it was about three and a half miles to the next house?"

"Yes, sir, it was a spell ago; and I don't believe it's grown much shorter since."

"Much obliged. Good bye."

"Good bye to ye—that's a darn slick horse of your'n."

AUCTION! AUCTION! AUCTION!

ON Monday, 16th January, 1860, will be sold at Public Auction, the property known as the HOT SPRING BREWERY, near the point of the mountain between Salt Lake and Utah valleys, together with the stock, fixtures and improvements thereto appertaining.

The stock, etc., consists in part as follows:—Hogs, sows, shoats, mules, oxen, wagons, harness, household furniture, etc., and everything necessary for carrying on a large and extensive brewery.

The property consists of a large and commodious HOTEL, situated half way between Camp Floyd and Great Salt Lake City; a BREWERY capable of making 500 gallons of beer per day; a Stable and Corral and all necessary outhouses.

All indebtedness of the concern will be taken in payment for purchases at the sale.

For further particulars apply to Radford, Cabot & Co., Camp Floyd, or to Herrford, Mogo & Co., Hot Spring Brewery. (42-4) HEREFORD, MOGO & CO.

Absorption of Silver and Gold.

From tables carefully prepared, the U. S. concludes that a quantity of silver apparently equal to the whole production of California and Australia in gold, while France in the last six months has absorbed sixty-seven million seven hundred thousand worth of gold—more than equal to the whole production of California and Australia. In the same six months the United States have lost twenty million of dollars more than the California product. Taking the two metals together, France is increasing her currency at the rate of seventy-two million of dollars a year, and the United States is losing at the rate of fifty million of dollars per annum. This is a strange state of affairs. That the United States should lose the product of California is not remarkable, but that it should lose double that amount, while the premium on gold is two per cent in Chicago and St. Louis, is remarkable. The United States are estimated to have one hundred million dollars of coin, and at the present rate of export, in two years they will not have a dollar! To what extent is the drain to go on?

LOGICAL.—A boy was asked, one day, what made him so dirty, and his reply was, "I am made, so they tell me, of the dust of the ground, and I reckon it's just working out."

GOOD AT GUESSING.—"John, did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" "I guess so," replied John, "for I saw crape on the door the next morning."

DESERET ALPHABET.

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