

A Curious Sermon.

The Brandon, Mississippi, Register, reports the following curious sermon, preached at the town of Waterproofs, not far from Brandon.—The audience ought to be spirit proof:—

"I may say to you, my breethering, that I am not an edekated man, an' I am not one o' them as bleeves that edekashun is necessary fur a gospel minister, fur I bleeve the Lord edekates his preachers jest as he wants em to be edekated, an', although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the state of Indianny, whar I live, thar's no man as gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits.

There may be some here to-day, my breethering, as don't know what persuasion I am uv.—Well, I may say to you, my breethering, that I'm a Hardshell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hardshell Baptists, but I'd rather hev a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my breethering, drest up in fine close; you mout think I was proud, but I am not proud, my breethering, and although I've bin a preacher uv the gospel fur twenty years, an' although I'm captin' of that flat-boat that lies at yure landing, I'm not proud, my breethering.

I'm not a gwine ter tell you 'edzacklv' whar my tex may be found; suffice it to say it's in the leds of the Bible, an' you'll find it somewhar 'twixen the first chapter of the Book of Generations and the last chapter of the Book of Revelutions, an' ef you'll go an' search the Scriptures, as I have sarched the Scriptures, you'll not only find my tex thar, but a great many uther texes as will do you good to read, an' my tex, when you shall find it, you shall find it to read thus—

"An' he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits of just men made perfect."

My tex, breethering, leads me to speak uv sperits. Now thar's a great many kinds of sperits in the world—in the fust place, thar's the sperits as sum folks call ghosts, an' then thar's the sperits of turpen-time, and then thar's the sperits as sum folks call liquor, an' I've got as good an artikel of them kind uv sperits on my flat boat as ever was fotched down the Mississippi river, but thar's a great many other kind of sperits, for the tex sez—"He played on a harp uv a thou sand strings—sperits of just men made perfect."

But I'll tell you the kind uv sperits as is ment in the tex, it's fire. That's the kind of sperits as is ment in the tex, my breethering—Now thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fust place, thar's the common sort uv fire you lite a segar or pipe with, and then thar's cam-fire, fire before yure red dy and fall back, and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex sez—"He played on a harp uv a thou sand stings—sperits uv just men made perfect."

But I'll tell you the kind uv fire as is ment in the tex, my breethering—its hell fire! an' that's the kind uv fire as a great many uv you'll come to, ef you don't do better nor what you have bin doin'—for 'He played on a harp uv a thou sand strings—sperits uv just men made perfect."

Now, the different sorts of fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions of Christians in the world. In the fust place we have the Piscapalians; an' they are a high sailin' and a high salutin set, and they may be likened unto a turkey buzzard, that flies up into the air, and he goes up and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the fust thing you know, he cums down and down, and down and down, and is fillin' himself on the karkiss uv a dead hoss, by the side uv the road—and 'He played on a harp uv a thou sand strings—sperits uv just men made perfect."

And then thar's the Methodis, and they may be likened unto the squirrel, rappin' up into a tree, for the Methodist bleeves in gwine on from one degree uv grace to another, and finally on to perfectshun, and the squirrel goes up and up, and up and up, and he jumps from lim' to lim' and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know, he falls and down he cums kerflummux, and that's like the Methodis, for they is allers fallin' from grace ah! And—"He played on a harp of a thou sand strings—sperits of just men made perfect."

And then, my breethering, thar's the Baptist ah! and they hev bin likened unto a possum on a 'simion tree, and the thunders may roll, and the earth may quake, but that possum clings there still ah! And you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail round the lim', and he clings forever, for—"He played on a harp uv a thou sand strings—sperits of just men made perfect."

The Simple Truth.

What power there is in the simple truth!—What a solid respectability invests the character of a man whose words are known to be the liberal transcript of his mind! How small and despicable in his calm presence appear the artifices of the Jesuit, the tricks of the humbug, the non-committalism of the politician! The simple truth—without exaggeration, without concealment—how beautiful it is, and how strong!

There is a prevalent feeling in the world that the simple truth is not to be spoken. "Children and fools speak truth," says a current proverb. We attribute this feeling to the corruption of the ruling classes throughout Christendom for the last century. They have held a false position in the world, and have tried to maintain themselves in their places by diplomacy and lies. Napoleon Bonaparte was an unscrupulous liar. His bulletins were almost always a tissue of theatrical semi-felsehoods; and his minister Talleyrand was, and

is, another name for polished subterfuge. In our own country what is politics but wire pulling? and what is wire pulling but the art of plausible misrepresentation? Thus the simple truth has fallen into disrepute. Thus the successful liar has come to be applauded for his ingenuity, instead of being execrated for his baseness and despised for his littleness. Thus the dignity and power of perfect sincerity have been obscured and forgotten.

We have been reading the Washington Papers lately, and any one who wishes to understand the character of George Washington must read those papers. His character is therein depicted unconsciously by himself, and no puffing biographer comes in with his windy paragraphs to disturb the reader's reflections. The impression they leave on the reader's mind is, that the secret of Washington's power lay in his simple, absolute, and impregnable integrity. His mental operations were slow. He was no talker, no "thinker," no writer. He was not a man of books, nor of ideas. He never said a great word, nor even what is called a "good thing." He was a plain, methodical, prudent, painstaking man, without brilliancy of any kind. But he was known to be perfectly reliable, incapable of artifice, incorruptibly honest, and unflinchingly faithful to every trust. His words were the words of simple truth. His acts were the acts of an honest man. He feared death not at all, but he feared dishonor with an infinite fear. He had not a millionth part of Napoleon's talent; but by virtue of his single-mindedness and instinctive love of truth, he was a million times superior to Napoleon. His life was a triumph: Napoleon's was a failure. His career was like the career of the sun, beautiful in the morning, powerful at noon, glorious and serene in the evening, sinking majestically to repose, followed by the admiration of a continent. Napoleon's career was volcanic and destructive, and at the end there was merely the fume and glare of a volcano which is spent.

These are all trite sayings. But the best truths are trite, and therefore are the less likely to be uttered. But our young men need to be reminded that honesty is power, and that sincerity is safe and wise. Humbug does not pay. Humbug is not necessary. Appearances, we know, are against these assertions, but appearances are deceptive. That man alone has a sure ground of prosperity who is in a way to render the public a service which is genuine, and whose words never create expectations which his actions do not satisfy. If any one replies, that most business men practice some deception, our answer is, that most business men fail! We believe they fail because they practice deception, and that a general return to truth and honesty would give to business that stability and safety the want of which now causes such agonies of anxiety.

We believe in the might of the simple truth.—It is the strongest thing under the sun. It outdoes talent, and outlasts it. It is precious, it is beautiful, it is high, it is great. Nothing can atone for the want of it. Nothing is powerful enough to overthrow it. It makes the lowliest man heroic. The absence of it renders the most richly endowed man despicable. Happily for mankind, few men can be brilliant. Happily for mankind, all men can be honest in word and deed.—[Life Illustrated.

A Locust Story.

SHIP IMPEDED BY DEAD LOCUSTS.

At length the wind shifted to the southeast, and then to the south, with a suffocating heat, this being the sirocco of the Levant; and blowing over the great Lybian and Numidian deserts, comes charged with hot and sulphurous vapors, causing a most disagreeable sensation of a stifling and oppressive kind. On the third day after the shift of the wind, and when we were well up abreast of Sicily, but nearer to the African shore, we were surprised one morning at seeing all the headmost vessels of the fleet arrested in their course by some object which impeded the progress of each ship as she came up with it, until the entire convoy formed an almost straight line.

On looking over the ship's side there was seen a thick mass of brown water, which it was difficult to sail through with all the canvass spread—it appearing to be between the consistency of oil and tar; or melted butter and honey. Buckets full of it were drawn upon deck for inspection; but all we could perceive was that it was some animal matter in a state of decay, and emitting a most disagreeable odor. Sending the buckets deeper and deeper, however, by attaching weights to their bottom, so as to bring up some of the lower strata, we perceived the legs, wings and half putrid bodies of brown locusts in a less advanced state of decomposition than the brown oily mass of the surface; and we concluded of course, that the whole mass was composed of the same material.

Desirous of ascertaining the extent of the space occupied by it, I went to the fore-top-mast cross-trees with a glass, and sweeping the horizon ahead and on each side of us, I perceived that it extended as far as the eye could reach to the east, north and south which presented one solid and unbroken mass of smooth brown surface, while to the west the open sea presented the deep blue which distinguishes the waters of the Mediterranean. The conclusion was, that this vast flight of locusts, passing from Africa to Europe, had encountered a contrary wind in their passage, and had fallen exhausted into the sea, and were there gradually decaying in the state in which we found them. Such flights of locusts have from time to time been recorded in history, as marking the devastation every where caused by their numbers.

In the year 593 a famine was caused in Turkey and Persia, by their consumption of the fruits and grain of the fields. In 677 Syria and Mesopotamia were overrun by them. In 852 immense swarms of them took their flight from the

eastern regions into the west, flying with such a sound that they might be mistaken for birds; they destroyed all vegetables, not sparing either the bark of trees or the thatch of houses; and they devoured the corn so rapidly as to destroy on computation, one hundred and forty acres in a day. Their daily progress was about twelve miles; and their movements appear to have been regulated by kings or leaders, who flew first and settled on the spot which was to be visited the next day at the same hour, by the whole legion, their movements always commencing at sunrise.

After traversing the continent of Europe they were driven at last into the Baltic Sea, where being thrown back on the shores, they caused a dreadful pestilence by their putrefication. In 1271 all the corn fields around Milan were destroyed by locusts; in 1339 all those of Lombardy; and in 1541 such incredible hosts of them afflicted Wallachia and Moldavia, that they darkened the sun by their numbers, and ravaged all the fruits of the earth.—[Jas. Silk Buckingham's Autobiography.

A Frightful Snake Story.

The following incident was related to us the other day by one whose veracity is unquestioned, and who was an eye witness of the fact. It is more appalling than any we can recollect to have read in the history of these reptiles.

Some time last summer the inhabitants of Manchester, Mississippi, gave a barbecue, which was attended by most of the fashion and beauty of the town and surrounding country. It happened that among the guests there was a young lady, Miss M., recently from one of the eastern cities, who was on a visit to her relations in the neighborhood of the town.

Miss M. was a gay and extremely fashionable young lady, and withal possessed an uncommon share of spirit and courage, except in the matter of snakes, and of those she had so great a dread that she scarcely dared to walk anywhere, except in the most frequented places, for fear of encountering them. Every effort was used, but without avail, to rid her of her fears. They haunted her continually, until at last it became the settled conviction of her mind that she was destined to fall by the fangs of a rattlesnake. The sequel will show how soon that terrible presentiment was fulfilled.

Towards the close of the day, while scores of fairy feet were keeping time in the dance to the music, and the whole company were in the full tide of enjoyment, a scream was heard from Miss M., followed by the most agonizing cry for help.

The crowd gathered around her instantly, and beheld her standing, the perfect image of despair, with her hands grasping a portion of her dress with all the tenacity of a vice. It was some time before she could be rendered sufficiently calm to tell the cause of her alarm, and then they gathered from her broken exclamation that she was grasping the head of a snake in the folds of her dress, and feared to let go her hold for fear of receiving the fatal blow.

This intelligence caused many to shrink from her but most of the ladies, for their honor be it told, determined not to leave her in her dreadful extremity, they besought her not to loose her hold, as safety depended upon it, until some one could be found with courage to seize and remove the terrible animal. There were none of the ladies, however, to perform the act, and the situation of Miss M. was becoming more and more critical every moment. It was evident that her strength was failing fast, and that she could not maintain her hold many minutes longer.

A hasty consultation among the calmest of the ladies was held, when it was determined that Mr. Tison, who was present, should be called to their assistance. He was quickly on the spot, and being a man of uncommon courage, he was not many minutes within the circle of the weeping and half-fainting females, until he caught the tail of the snake and wound it round his hand to make sure of his hold.

He then told Miss M. that she must let go at the moment he jerked it away; and to make the act as instantaneous as possible, he would pronounce the words one, two, three, and at the moment he pronounced the last word, she must let go her hold, and he doubted not he could withdraw the snake before it had time to strike.

All stood in breathless horror, awaiting the act of life and death; and at the moment the word three was pronounced, the doctor jerked out the largest and most diabolical bustle that ever was seen in Mississippi!

The whole affair was now explained. The fastenings of the machine had become loose during the dancing, and it had shifted its position in such a way that it dangled about the lady's limbs, and induced the belief that it was a snake with an enormous head.

The doctor fell right down in his tracks, and fainted—he did.

SEVEN VERSIONS OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

The following specimens of the Lord's prayer, in the style in use at various periods, will exhibit the changes which our vernacular has undergone since its formation, six centuries ago:—

A. D. 1258.—Fader ure in heune, halewide beoth thi neune, cumen thi kunericee the wille beoth idon in heune and in erthe. The enyrych dawe bried gif ous thiik dawe. And vorzif ure dettes as vi vorzifen ure dettours. And lene ous nought into temptation bot delyvor ous of evel. Amen.

A. D. 1300.—Faider our in heavene, Haleyd by thi name, thy kingdom come, Thi wille be don as in heavene and in erthe, Oure urche dayes bred give us to-day. And forgive us our dettes, as we forgive our dettours. And lede us not into temptation. Bote delayvere us of yvel. Amen.

A. D. 1380.—Our fadir that art in heunes halowid be thi name, thi kindome come to, be thi while don in erthe as in heune, geve to us this day

our breed, our other substance, forgene to us our detties as we forgane to oure dettours, lede us not into temptation, but delyver us from yvel. Amen.

A. D. 1534.—Our father which art in heaven hallowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy wylle be fulfilled as well in earth as it ys in heaven. Geve vs this daye our dayly breede. And forgive vs oure trespasses, even as we forgive our trespassers. And leade vs not into temptation but delayver vs from evel. For thine is the kingdome and the power and the glorye for ever. Amen.

A. D. 1582.—Ovr fighter which art in heaven sanctified be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, us in heaven; in earth also. Gine vs to day our super substantial bread. And forgue vs our dettes, as we also forgue our detters. And leav vs not into temptation, but deliur us from evil. Amen.

A. D. 1611.—Our father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done as in heaven. Give vs this day our dayly bread. And forgive vs our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lede vs not into temptation, but deliur us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

TITLES OF THE SULTAN.—It may give some notion of the decayed power of the Ottoman Empire to refer to the style by which the Sultan was addressed several centuries ago. In the play of Henry VI., when the numerous titles of Lord Talbot are recited, Joan of Arc exclaims:

Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.

Howell, in one of his letters written in the middle of the 17th century, speaking of the assassination of one of the Sultans, says: "Thus fell one of the greatest potentates upon earth, by the hands of a contemptible slave—for there is not a free born subject in all that vast empire.—Thus fell he that entitles himself most puissant and highest Monarch of the Turks, King above all Kings, ruling that dwelleth upon the earthly Paradise, Son of Mahomet, Keeper of the Grave of the Christian God, Lord of the Tree of Life, and the river Flisly, Prior of the earthly Paradise, Conqueror of the Macedonians, the seed of Great Alexander, Prince of the Kingdoms of Tartary, Mesopotamia, Media, and of the martial Mammalucks, Anatolia, Bithynia, Asia, Armenia, Servia, Thracia, Morea, Valachia, Moldavia, and of all warlike Hungary, Sovereign Lord and Commander of all Greece, Persia, both the Arabias, the most noble Kingdom of Egypt, Tremisen, and Africa, Emperor of Trabesond and the most glorious Constantinople, Lord of all the white and Black seas, of the holy city Mecca and Medina, shining with divine glory, commander of all things that are to be commanded, and the strongest and mightiest champion of the wide world, a warrior appointed by heaven in the edge of the sword, a persecutor of his enemies, a most perfect jewel of the blessed tree, the chiefest keeper of the crucified God, &c."

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.—A circumstance of a somewhat extraordinary character occurred a short time since in one of the flourishing towns of the midland counties:—

A clergyman died, and his wife and daughters, on the third day after his decease, recollecting that no likeness remained, it was agreed, ere the grave closed o'er him, that the body should be unshrouded and a portrait taken. A young lady of some professional celebrity was engaged for the task. She, with the assistance of the attendant, took off the shroud and placed the body in the requisite posture; but, other duties requiring the artist's attention, the sketch was deferred till noon.

At 12 o'clock, at the foot of the bed, the lady commenced and went through an hour's work on this image of death. At this stage of the proceedings, by some unaccountable motion, the head of the death-like figure fell on the side. Nothing daunted, the artist carefully took the head to replace it, when lo! the eyes opened, and staring her full in the face, 'the dead' enquired, "Who are you?"

The young 'professional,' without trepidation, took the bandage from the head and rubbed his neck. He immediately saw the shroud, and laughed immoderately. The artist quietly called the family; their joy may be imagined, but cannot be described. That evening, he who had lain three days in his shroud, bemoaned by mother and sisters with agonizing tears, gladdened their hearts by taking his accustomed place at the tea-table, and at this moment is making an excursion in North Wales.—[Bedford (Eng.) Times.

ADVERTISEMENTS to ensure insertion in the current number, must be handed in previous to 1 o'clock, p. m., on Tuesday.

J. N. BARLOW,
GOLD AND SILVER Smith, having returned from his mission to the East, wishes to say to his old friends and customers, that he intends carrying on his business in all its branches, at his old stand, first door east of the Deseret Store, South Temple street, where he will be happy to serve all wishing anything in his line, and especially the Public Workmen. Charges reasonable, and payment made easy.

CALL AND SEE.

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DESERET
TIN-SHOP.

EDWARD STEVENSON having returned from his mission, in company with C. L. Riding has opened shop at his old stand near his residence, opposite Esq. Blair's, and Jackson's blacksmith shop, 14th ward.

All kinds of work in our line done to order on short notice.

Job work done for public workmen for tithing orders.
Call this way, if it is a little out of the way, and don't forget the BEEHIVE SIGN.

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