

A SERMON FOR THE TIMES.

BY A HARD SHELL BAPTIST.

My Beloved Brethering: I am an unlearned hard-shell Baptist preacher, of whom you've no doubt heard afore, and I now appear here to expound the Scriptures and pint out the narrer way which leads from a vain world to Juroosalem, and my text which I shall choose for the occasion is in the leds of the Bible, somewhere between the Second Chroniklis and the last chapter of Timothy Titus, and when you find it, you will find it in these words:

"And they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

Now, my brethering, as I have before told you, I am an uneducated man, and know nothing about grammar talk or collidge bifalootin; but I'm a plain unlearned preacher of the Gospel what's been foreordained, and called to expound scripser to a dyin' world, and prepare a perverse generation for the day of wrath; for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

My beloved brethering, the text says they shall "gnaw a file." It don't say they may, they shall.

And now there's mor'n one kind o' file. There's the hand-saw file, rat-tail file, double file and profile; but the kind of file spoken of here isn't one of them neither, for it is a figger of speech, my brethering, and means goin' it alone and getting ukered; for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

And now there be some here with fine close on their backs, brass rings on thar fingers, and lard on thar heads, what goes it while they're young; and thar be others here what, as long as thar constitutions and forty cent whisky last, goes it blind; and thar be sisters here what, when they get sixteen years old, cut thar tiller ropes and goes it with a rush; but I say, my dear brethering, take care you don't find, when Gabriel blows his trumpet, that you've all went it alone and got ukered; for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

And, my brethering, there's more dams besides Hepsidam. There's Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Haddam, mill-dam and don't-care-a-dam—the last of which, my dear brethering, is the worst of all, and reminds me of a circumstance I once knew in the state of Illenoy. Thar was a man what built a mill on the east fork of Angur creek, and it ground a sight of grain, but the man that built it was a miserable sinner, and never give anything to the church; and, my brethering, one night there come on a mighty storm of wind and rain, and the fountains of the great deep was broken up, and the waters rushed down and swept that man's mill-dam into Kingdom Come, and lol and behold, in the morning, when he got up, he found he was not worth a dam. Now, my dear brethering, when the storms of temptations overtake ye, take care you don't fall from grace, and become like that man's mill, not worth a dam; for "they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

"Whar the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

This part of the text, my brethering, is another figger of speech, and isn't to be taken as it says. It doesn't mean the howlin' wilderness, where John the hard-shell Baptist was fed on locusts and wild asses, but it means, my brethering, the city of New Orleans, the mother of harlots and hardlots—whar corn is worth six bits a bushel one day and nary red the next; whar niggers are thick as black bugs in a spoiled bacon ham, and gamblers, thieves and pickpockets go skitting about the streets like weasels in a barn yard—whar they have cream-colored horses, gilded carriages, marble saloons with brandy and sugar in 'em—whar honest men are scarcer than hen's teeth, and a strange woman once took in your beloved preacher and bamboozled him out of two hundred and twenty-seven dollars in the twinkling of a sheep's tail, but she can't do it again, hallelujah! for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

My brethering, I am captain of that flat-boat you see tied up thar, and I've got aboard of her flour, bacon and oats, and as good Monongehaly whisky as you ever drunk; and I am mighty apt to get a big price for it all. But what, oh my brethering, would it all be worth if I hadn't relidgin? Thar's nothing like relidgin, my brethering. It's better nor silver and gold jimeracks, and you can no more get to heaven without it than a jay bird can fly without a tail.

Thank the Lord I'm an uneducated man, my brethering, but I've sarched the scripsters from Dan to Burshebee, and found old Zion right, right side up, and the hard-shell relidgin. But it's not like the Methodist what expects to git into heaven by hollerin' hell-fire; nor like the Universalist what gits upon the broad gauge and goes the whole hog; nor like the United Brethren what takes each other by the seat of the trowsers and tries to lift themselves into heaven; nor like the Catholics what buys thar tickets from thar preest—but it may be likened, my brethering, to a man who had to cross a river, and when he got thar the ferry-boat was gone, and he rolled up his breeches and waded over—hallelujah! for "they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam,

where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born."

Pass the hat, brother Flint, and let every hard shell out.

District Court.

[Reporter.]

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 22, 1858.

Court met pursuant to adjournment.

The Judge informed the Grand Jury that there was no more United States business before them.

Major Blair gave notice that he would file a motion to quash the array of the Grand Jury, in the case of Christiansen.

Gen'l Ferguson wished to know of the Court what its views were, in his case, of the result of a plea of abatement, as rulings thereon had been and might be various.

The Judge ruled that if parties wished to meet the allegations they could plea not guilty, but if they sought to evade by technicalities, it should be regarded as shirking the real issue as presented by the indictment.

Gen'l Ferguson stated that he had objections to the Grand Jurors, but he would not risk the motion, as he was not by any means afraid of the general issue, and asked leave to withdraw the motion. The court granted leave to withdraw the plea of abatement.

Gen'l Ferguson presented a motion to quash the indictment on account of informality and irregularity.

The court overruled the motion to quash.

Gen'l Ferguson moved to file a bill of exceptions.

The Judge said he had no objections to filing the bill.

Gen'l Ferguson then wished to file a plea of pardon from President Buchanan.

The Judge replied that that was a special pleading and must be prepared in writing.

Gen'l Ferguson asked the indulgence of the court for a short time to prepare it.

The court took a recess for an hour and a half.

At half past 4 p.m. the court resumed its session.

Gen'l Ferguson stated that he perceived, by further consulting authorities, that there was the same uncertainty in other pleadings as in the plea of abatement, and therefore he would not make the plea of the President's pardon, and plead the general issue and asked that the plea of "not guilty" might be entered.

District Attorney Wilson wished to have a petit jury called.

Gen'l Ferguson wished to have subpoenas for witnesses, before the jury was called, that he might be ready to go to trial.

The case was continued and court adjourned till to-morrow morning, at 11 a.m.

THURSDAY, Dec. 23, 1858.

Major Blair filed a motion to quash the array of the Grand Jury, in the case of Christiansen.

The Grand Jury came into court and were adjourned till Monday, Jan. 3, 1859.

The court adjourned till Monday, Jan. 3, 1859, to meet in Goddard's store, East Temple street, at 11 a.m.

GODDARD'S STORE, Monday, Jan. 3, '59, }
11 a.m.

Marshal Dotson announced that the Judge was not in the city, not having arrived from a visit to Camp Floyd, and that the clerk was not present, and ordered the crier to open the court, who went through the usual form of opening, and then adjourned the court until to-morrow morning, at 11 a.m.

JAN. 3, about 1 p.m.

On Judge Sinclair's arrival in the city, he went to Goddard's store and ordered court to be opened. The minutes of the preceding sitting, Dec. 23, were read by the clerk and court ordered to be adjourned till 11 a.m. of to-morrow.

TUESDAY, Jan. 4, 1859—11 a.m.

The clerk read the minutes of Monday, 3d inst.

Maj. Blair asked for the minutes of the 23d of Dec. to be read, as the attorneys were not present yesterday when the record was read. The request was granted.

Nineteen Grand Jurors were present, and were ordered to retire to their room.

Seven witnesses were sworn and went before the Grand Jury on the case of Christiansen.

Mr. Wilson asked that the case of the United States against Mr. Ferguson might be called up.

The Judge recommended that the motion of Major Blair, to quash the array of the Grand Jury in the case of Christiansen, should be discussed.

Major Blair stated that the reasons for which he filed his motion to quash the array were that there were 23 Grand Jurors, instead of 15 as provided by the Statute, and one of them was not a resident of this Territory.

District Attorney Wilson wished to have the reasons for filing the motion in writing, which request Major Blair readily complied with.

Major Blair then proceeded to argue the question.

Mr. Wilson said that he would like time to prepare his reply to Major Blair's argument, and the Judge, after remarking that he endeavored to keep the court open while the Grand Jury was in session, so as to keep that control over them which the law gave him, continued the motion till to-morrow.

The court took a recess till 3 p.m., to await the movement of the Grand Jury.

JAN. 4—3 p.m.

Court resumed its sitting, and the Grand Jury were called into court and asked if they had any presentments to make, whereupon the Fore-

man presented an indictment, which had been prepared for the case of Mr. N. L. Christiansen, with the words "ignored" written thereon.

The Judge adjourned the Grand Jury till 10 a.m. of Thursday, the 6th, and promised that that should be the last day that he would require their services.

Court adjourned till 11 a.m. of Wednesday, Jan. 5.

DESERET NEWS.



ALBERT CARRINGTON.....EDITOR.

Wednesday, January 5, 1859.

THE COUNTING-HOUSE CALENDAR for 1859, splendidly executed on quarto card-board and containing the Zodiacal Signs and Moon's Phases, for sale at this Office. Every Store, Office, Shop and Dwelling should have one.

The "DESERET WRITING BOOK" for sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

ALMANACS for 1859 for sale at this Office.

Since the beginning of the existence of the government of the United States, there is no question that has so much absorbed the attention of all parties as that of Slavery. The bitterness introduced into the strife of the two parties, abolition and pro-slavery, seemed to threaten the annihilation of that concert of action which alone could form the durable cement necessary to the foundation of the government ere the basis was fairly formed. The prohibition of the extension of slavery into the Northwest Territory, by the Ordinance of 1787, it was supposed, had finally terminated the struggle; and the subsequent constitutional security given to the slaveholding States in the property of their slaves seemed to confirm the settlement. This, however, turned out to be more or less chimerical. Each advancing step of the pioneer indicated the renewal of the contest. Ambitious men made the subject their great political hobby; and all public interests were treated lightly or forgotten.

We do not feel disposed to throw our gauntlet into the public arena for a encounter on the propriety of slavery; but simply propose to offer a few reflections of our own on the subject.

Slavery, in the summary, is the entire absence of free agency and subjection fully of one person to the will of another. Slavery has existed in all ages. We have no history so ancient, but it has some record of the institution. Although its introduction, as a regular system of traffic, has been of somewhat modern origin, yet in some form or other we find difficulty in tracing out its beginning. It cannot be denied that it was introduced in the first place by the development of the evil passions of mankind. As petty contentions expanded into war and bloodshed, captivity was entailed upon the vanquished, and slavery sprung from that captivity. That it was intended by this system of enslaving prisoners to ameliorate the bloody practice which led the yielding captive at once from chains to death, there is no doubt. Whether or not such a change could be called an amelioration at all would depend upon the character alike of the victor and vanquished.

We do not purpose at present to give either a full history of the origin and workings in a variety of ways in ancient times of serfdom, vassalage, or slavery. Our business is with our own age; and more particularly with our own nation.

We cannot admit, with some of the leading politicians of the land, that the present system upon which our government is founded is either inconsistent or incompatible with its strength and perpetuity. The object of all governments should be to combine all their energies to dispose of all the materials at their control in such a manner as will be productive of the most and greatest general benefit.

The foundation of the early colonies of South America and Mexico, was laid in rapine and blood. Among the numerous atrocious instruments used by the rapacious adventurers was the introduction of African slaves to supply the vacancies caused by the failing aborigines. They usurped the dominion of the discovered wealth of one continent, and stole the human strength of another to enrich themselves from its resources. Thus gradually as the red man receded or made concessions to

their encroaching and insatiable conquerors, the evil spread. The sails of the ruthless plunderer dotted the sea, and aided by treacherous chiefs of the black race themselves, the coast of Africa furnished abundant means to extend the inhuman traffic on our continent. All Europe at that time aided in the commerce; for all Europe was hungry for gold, and cared not though blood was its price.

The evil then was not only in existence when our government was founded, but had diffused itself over the whole land. The Christian civilization of Europe had planted and reared it to maturity on our continent. The only course then was precisely that pursued by the fathers of the Republic, so to control and circumscribe the evil, if evil we must persist in calling it, as to confine it to its proper limits, and, without infringing on the acknowledged rights of the free citizen, prevent its extension. Could the unfortunate race have been all transplanted back to their native soil and restored to their homes there, we see in that measure the most effectual remedy that could have been devised. This was impracticable. To liberate every slave and give him full franchise was in politics and absurd. The two races were made distinct by laws as absolute as they were irrevocable. Their amalgamation was forbidding and unnatural. The embargo on the trade itself was all that could consistently be done. After that it remained for humanity in its most charitable wisdom to adopt laws best calculated to ameliorate the condition of those already in our midst. We are satisfied that all has been done to this end that human efforts could bring about.

We have said that we did not purpose entering into a encounter on the subject of slavery. We will not. We have our own notions in regard to hereditary servitude and freedom. Probably they are peculiar: our views generally are. We are willing to admit that we have no sympathy with any system that puts a price in chattels on the bodies or souls of even the blackest sons of Adam. Nor is our sympathy any more extensive with that system which would let loose in our midst, a horde of hereditary bondsmen, to become at their will, perchance, Governors, Law-makers, and Heads of Departments in our nation.

We have heard in our time a great many very fine speeches on the sufferings of Southern slaves. We have heard splendid sermons on the subject of their emancipation. We have heard all these, too, in cities and towns and villages where slavery in its most galling bitterness, wore the transparent mask of freedom. We have seen old men and matrons weep over the rehearsal of poor old "Uncle's" agony, while their children, male and female, dragged the heavy coal truck deep, deep down in the earth, goaded by the curses and lashes of the worst of task-masters.

There may be, doubtless is, something in a name. Yet a poppy does not change its nature though you call it a rose. Nor is he less a slave, spirit and body, who owes his own shirt and the bread and water of his little ones, to the caprices of his master and the form of prayer he breathes, than the poor African who, though the acknowledged property of a planter, has his corn-cake made sure, and can chant his wild anthem in his own peculiar way.

How apt we are in the discussion of the most familiar topics to despise definitions and pass by our lexicographers with contempt. What is slavery? Is it confined to the mere entailment of the possession of the person? In our land is it limited to the territory South of Mason & Dixon's line? Does it include alone the dark descendants of the rebellious son of the old patriarch? Or has it not become an institution intermingled with all society and grades; universal in the North as in the South and an ingredient among all nations?

Slavery is "bondage; the state of entire subjection of one person to the will of another." If it is the abolition of this we seek for, where may we not begin our mission? Does it exist alone in Southern institutions? Is it less developed in New York than Louisiana? Is the bondage of European factories less galling, less corrupting and degrading than the acknowledged chains of the plantations of the Carolinas? Deny it who will; we are gradually becoming a nation of bondsmen; and bondsmen the most ignominious. The poor African who is dragged unwillingly from his native soil can look upon his chains with a degree of conscientious honor, for they were clenched on his limbs by the rude hand of force. But we, we have no such apologetic reflection. We are born free. Our institutions surpass in liberality and glory all the records of the past. And