

The Church Pugnacious.

There was a sweet manifestation of religion in Gallipolis, Ohio, about ten days since, which entitled the Old School Presbyterian Church of that place to be hereafter designated 'the Church Pugnacious.'

Our successors of a far distant day may read epistles from Saint Hyer or the Apostle Yankee Sullivan, in the present pugilistic orthodoxy and sweetness, to the congregation which is at Gallipolis:—'Why you did not refrain from the scandal and irregularity of gouging and biting, and fervently adhere to the faith of straight-forward hitting, and the gospel and the eight knuckles, we are concerned to know.' 'The candlesticks of the Gallipolis Church will be removed and the candle therein snuffed out in the twinkling of a bed-post, if it turn not speedily from its errors of lawsuits and arbitration, as the settlers of differences among the brethren, to the despite of the laws of the ring as given aforetime by the prophets Crib, Mendoza and Spring.'

Sample passages from future epistles to the "Church Pugnacious;" will these not now be accepted by them of Gallipolis as a fair commentary upon the character of their Old School Presbyterian Christianity? In the division of religion into spiritual and mechanical, the revolving of manuscript prayers inside a barrel in Tartary, is not after all very different from the worship which has proceeded no further than formal sermons and hymn singing. 'The Church Pugnacious' in Gallipolis shows that the mechanism of religion may work freely, wholly disconnected from the spirit of religion. But to the facts.

The Presbyterian Church edifice in Gallipolis has for some time been in the possession of the Old School division of this sect of Christians.—The New School branch of the congregation concluded one Saturday evening that the Old one had occupied the building as long as was good for it, and the next day being the Holy Sabbath, a day set apart for worship, they resolved to get possession—not by exhortation, but by storm.

They accordingly bombarded for a breach thro' the back door.

This was unskillfully made—being found impracticable to the broad shoulders of the saint who led the storming party. His name was Brother John Smithers. One Henry Miller, a Gentile member of the Church, seemingly remonstrated with his brother at the breach—by word of mouth at first, and then with a heavy cane.

The latter was persuasive, and the storming party withdrew to the entrenchments of their several residences.

The next day (the Sabbath) the Rev. Warren Taylor, the New School clergyman, happening by a pleasing coincidence to be near the church when it was opened for a temporary purpose, walked in and ascended the pulpit, and camped down upon it.

One Myers (like Rynders of St. Tammany he is styled 'Captain') had been specially delegated to watch and ward this fortalice of the Gallipolis Christian faith.

He marched up the pulpit steps ('twas the Lord's day—perhaps Gallipolis believes in "the better day the better deed") and peremptorily ordered the Rev. Warren Taylor out thereof and into the street.

Warren Taylor intent upon preaching of the Gospel, (and possession is nine points in the law) gave no heed to the Captain. This son of Mars as well as of the Church thereupon charged upon his reverend brother, ('twas the Holy Sabbath) and jerked, and shoved, and twisted him out of the pulpit upon the stairs.

The clergyman offered no resistance, save to hang on to a knob that was attached as an ornament to the pulpit, and in breaking his hold of it he lost his balance and fell over the railing to the floor, striking on his back.

This Christianity we fear is wasted in Ohio. It ought to be a work before Sebastopol.—[Buffalo Democracy, Aug. 17.]

The Artless Child.

It was late. The lamps of the car burned dimly. In one seat was a 'lappy couple' rejoicing in a carpet bag, two hand-boxes, an umbrella, a basket, a brown paper parcel, and a 'sleeping cherub.' Suddenly cherub—a girl of some three years experience in this strange world—awoke from one of those long, undisturbed slumbers that are among the inalienable prerogatives of blameless childhood, and climbed up so as to look over the back of the seat. Two care-worn, travel-weary and half-awakened men sat directly in front of the innocent little creature. They looked as if they had been on board of railway cars for a month, and had journeyed from the regions about sunset.

Two great, curious eyes fell upon them. She scanned carefully the faces of each, and one would have deemed her to be an infantile physiognomist. Presently one of them looked at her. It was evident that she rather liked him, of the two, and had about made up her mind to speak to him; for instantly her little voice was heard, as she piped out the query,

'Does you love little girls?'

The man looked at her rather gruffly, and then replied,

'No—I don't.'

A shade of unutterable disappointment and surprise was instantly daggered upon the sweet and blooming face of the child, but passed away when she replied,

'Yes—you do!'

The man roused himself and took another look. He was evidently both puzzled and interested; and he said,

'How do you know?'

'Cause you look as if you did!'

This thawed him out, some, and he said,

'I have got a little girl at home.'

The little questioner now felt that she was on the 'right track,' and after a look which showed that this intelligence presented a new and unexpected view of the affair, renewed the conversation earnestly, and the following colloquy ensued,

'Does you love your little girl?'

'Yes.'

'Is she a real good little girl?'

'Sometimes she is.'

'Is she naughty sometimes?'

'Yes.'

'Does she go down in the kitchen when she hadn't ought to?'

'Yes, sometimes.'

'Do you whip your little girl when she is naughty?'

'Sometimes.'

'Does she cry when you talk to her and tell her she is naughty?'

'Yes.'

'Then do you whip her?'

'Sometimes.'

'When she says she is sorry, do you whip her then?'

'No, never.'

The little creature's eyes danced and sparkled at this, and drawing conclusions, and no doubt from her own experience, she exclaimed,

'I's real glad, I is!'

Then looking at the other man who had refused to answer the question she had put to him, she said to her newly made friend, with a look of wonder,

'That man wont speak to me! Does he love little girls?'

The man had a heart somewhere, and he thawed out. Rousing himself, he extended his brawny hand and said,

'How do you do, sissy?'

'I's pretty well—how is you?'

By this time all within hearing were moved to tears; the eyes of the parents of the little prattler were full to overflowing—and those who were nearest heard one of the men she had questioned say to the other,

'She's a little witch.'

And so she was. Her blooming beauty, and infantile artlessness were powerful enough to break thro' the roughness, the weariness, the reserve and indifference of the travel-worn men of the world and to melt them to tears.—[Ex.]

A SOUTHERN JOURNAL gives an amusing instance of the Dependence of Society in the following domestic dialogue. The father is reading the newspaper, and mutters:—

'No rise in the rivers—never going to rise, I believe, wife.'

Little Daughter—"I wish the rivers would rise."

Father—"Why, what have you got to do with the rivers' rising?'

Little Daughter—"A great deal, father; for then the boats would run."

Father—"And what have you to do with the boats' running, my child, eh?'

Little Daughter—"They would bring the cotton down, father."

Father (looking over his spectacles)—"And what have you to do, darling, with cotton bales?'

Little Daughter—"Why, if the cotton was down you would be able to sell it, you know, dear father," smilingly.

Father—"And what then?'

Little Daughter—"You would have plenty of money."

Father—"Well?'

Little Daughter (laying her little hand on his shoulder and looking up into his face)—"Then you could pay mother that twenty-dollar gold piece you borrowed of her, you know, father."

Father—"And what then, child?'

Little Daughter—"Then mother could pay Aunt Sarah the ten dollars she owes her."

Father—"Ay—indeed! And what then?'

Little Daughter—"And Aunt Sarah would pay Sister Jane the dollar she promised to give her on New-Year's but didn't because she didn't have any cotton—any money I mean, father."

Father—"Well, and what else?'" [He lays down the newspaper and looks at her cautiously, with half a smile.]

Little Daughter—"Sister Jane would pay brother John his fifty cents back; and he said, when he got it he would give me the half-dime he owes me, and two dimes to buy marbles—and this is what I want the river to rise for and the big boats to run! And I owe nurse the other dime and must pay my debts!'

"Pa" looked at "Ma." "There it is," he said; "we are all, big and little, like a row of tricks; touch one, and away we all go, even down to our little Carrie here. She has, as a child, as great an interest in the rise of the river as I have. We are all, old and young, waiting for money to buy marbles."

A good lesson for debtor and creditor, too, and well enforced.

THE DARVEL CALCULATING GIRL.—The Ayr Advertiser has an account of a recent public examination at Beth, of the little girl whose wonderful powers of calculation have attracted so much notice. The gentleman in charge of the child allowed any one present to propose questions to her.

Among the queries thus submitted to her were: How many times does a clock strike in the month of June? 4,680; was the prompt reply.

In the year 1855? 56,940. In a lifetime of 75 years? 4,170,500.

She was now asked the value of 313 yards of linen at 2s. 9 3-4d. per yard, and in 35 seconds she gave the answer,—£44 0s 3 3-4d.

Being requested to show the modus operandi, she began aloud with 313 3-4 make 939, the 4's in 939, 234 times and 3-4 over, and so of all the other denominations.

She was now asked to cube 795 and give the quotient of that product divided by 19. The product, 502,459,875, and the quotient 26,445,256,11-19, were both correctly given.

In the performance of this last heavy question, her teacher begged to be allowed to give her the square upon the board to assist her memory. but she did not avail herself of the use of it.—[Ex.]

SELFISH MATTHEW.—There are a great many good children; yet once in a while we meet those who, we are sorry to say, do not belong to the class of those we love. Such a boy was Matthew.

You would not have given a fig to play with him. He had carpenter's tools, and books, and checkers, and chess, and drawing materials, and balls, and kites, and ships, and skates, and snowshovels, and sleds—oh! I could not tell you all he had.

Well, if you went on a Saturday afternoon to play with him, he would watch all these things as closely as a cat would a mouse; and if you went within reach of them, he would sing out, "D-o-n't; t-h-a-t's m-i-n-e."

Of course it was not much fun to go and see him. You had to play every thing he wanted, or he would pout and say he would not play at all.

Then Matthew was such a baby! I love a brave boy. He would go screaming to his mother if he got a scratch, as if a wild tiger were after him; and if you said any thing to him about it, he would pout, and stick out his lips.

It was like drawing teeth to get him to go across the room to hand you a newspaper. He ought to have had a little world all to himself, he was so selfish.

When his mother was told of his faults, she would say, "Oh, he will outgrow them-by-and-by."

I knew that his selfishness would grow as fast as he did; and that when he came to be a man, he would be unfeeling to the poor, and make hard bargains with them, and wring the last penny out of their thr-adbare pockets.

Oh, dear children, be generous. If you have but half an apple, give somebody a bite of it.—Perhaps some child will say, "But I have not any thing to give." That is a mistake; that boy or girl is not living, who has nothing to give.—Give your sympathy; give pleasant words and beaming smiles, to the sad and weary-hearted.

If a little child goes to your school who is poorly clad, patched, darned, nay, even ragged; if the tear starts to his eye when your school-mates laugh, and shun, and refuse to play with him, just go right up and put your arms around his neck, and ask him to play with you. Love him: love sometimes is meat and drink and clothing. You can all love the sad and sorrowful.—Then never say you have "nothing to give."—[Anonymous.]

THE DEBT OF ENGLAND.—The national debt of Great Britain is £773,923,000. To give some conception of the vast amount these figures express, a correspondent of the Newark Mercury presents them thus, leaving out fractional parts. The debt at five dollars to the pound sterling is \$3,869,615,000. This, if all in silver dollars, allowing each dollar to weigh one ounce, twelve ounces to the pound, and 2,000 lbs. to the ton, would make 161,334 tons.

If this amount should be placed in wagons, holding one ton each, which, with horses attached, would occupy sixteen feet each, and placed in a straight line it would be 488 miles, or further than from Boston to Washington, or from New York to Dunkirk.

At six per cent the interest for a day would be \$691,002 68, for an hour \$28,791 95, for a minute \$478 5-6, and for one second \$8. If a person should count this amount, and should count \$100 a minute for ten hours a day, it would take 147 1-4 years.

MARRIED:

In the Governor's mansion in this city, on the 15th inst., by Prest. Brigham Young, his son BRIGHAM YOUNG, Jr., and Miss CATHERINE C. SPENCER, daughter of Prof. Orson Spencer.

After the ceremony, the numerous invited guests enjoyed themselves with music, the dance, and social converse until supper was announced, when they partook of a bounteous repast extremely tasteful in arrangement, and rich and varied in viands. Feasting over, dancing and merriment contributed their quota to the enjoyment of the winged hours until the company separated, each and all invoking heaven's choicest blessings upon the youthful groom and bride.—[Ed.]

Accept our thanks for the superb Wedding cake and its appropriate accompaniment, and while we do not attempt to express all our good wishes on this occasion, we cannot but say,

As our "YOUNG" friends in love combine
To keep the great command,
Shall not their joys be full, divine,
Their numbers like the sand?
For Abran's children blessings rare
And boundless are in store,
And these may Brigham's children share,
Now and forever more. [TYPOS.]

In this city Oct. 5, 1855, by Prest. Brigham Young, Mr. WM. SCOTT and Miss MARIA M. THOMPSON.

In this city Nov. 8, by Elder Lewis Robins, Mr. JOHN S. BUNTING and Mrs. MARY READ, both from England.

In this city on Sunday, Oct. 28, by Elder Thos. Day, Mr. WILLIAM PARKES and Miss SARAH SMITH, both from Northampton, England.

[Millennial Star please copy.]

DIED:

In this city, Nov. 13, Elder JOHN M. KING, son of Eleazar and Nancy, aged 46 years, 1 month and 20 days.

He manfully endured the hardships heaped upon the Saints by the ungodly in Ohio, Missouri and Illinois, left Nauvoo for the then 'far west' in 1846, shared in the toilsome march of the 'Mormon Battalion' from Council Bluffs to California, returned to his family, whom he had left in Iowa, and arrived here with them on the 10th of Sept., 1852, and has, after a probation spent in faithfulness and toil, left his body to rest for a season, while his spirit is engaged in another sphere of duty.

In this city, on Sunday, Sept. 21, EPHRAIM BADGER, aged 53 years, 1 month, and 4 days.

He had been a member of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints over 22 years, and had shared in the persecutions of the saints in Ohio, Missouri and Illinois.

He died, as he had lived, a firm believer in the work of the Lord in the latter days.

In this city Nov. 18, SARAH ANN, wife of Thomas Latimer, aged 17 years, 10 months and 18 days.

[Millennial Star please copy.]

In this city, Nov. 2, ARNOLD O., son of Enoch B. and Sophia Tripp, aged 7 months and 28 days.

[Wapello Intelligencer please copy.]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Flour and Wheat
TAKEN in exchange for Goods at the Deseret Store. 37-3m

PORTRAITS.
THE Plate of Portraits of the late First Presidency and the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, can now be had of S. W. RICHARDS, M. Cannon, or at the Post-office. Price—common, \$3 00, India proof, \$4 00, superior, half Grand Eagle, \$5 00. 37-3t

NOTICE.
ALL persons knowing themselves indebted to the late firms of J. M. Horner & Co., or to T. S. Williams & Co., are requested to call at the Deseret Store forthwith and arrange their accounts. Those holding the merchant disc due bills of either of the above firms, are hereby notified to present the same for payment forthwith. 37-3t

Dissolution of Partnership.
THE partnership heretofore existing between John A. Wakeham and Augustus P. Hardy, on this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts due, and all demands holden against the firm, will be settled with and by John A. Wakeham. JOHN A. WAKEHAM, AUGUSTUS P. HARDY. G. S. L. City, Nov. 20, 1855.—37-3t

A Cotillon School
WILL commence on Monday evening 3d Dec., 1855, in the Pioneer Hall, 16th ward. TERMS.—\$4 00 per couple for the quarter. \$2 00 for each extra lady. Allowance will be made for families. Tuition, half in advance—balance on or before the 31st evening. Apply to GEO. WARDLE, 16th ward. 37-2t

TO THE PUBLIC,
OR those persons indebted to the corporation of G. S. L. City, for taxes: You are most respectfully notified that if your taxes are not paid prior to the 25th of Nov., together with the cost already accrued, they will appear in the next Deseret News, without distinction or reserve; so take warning, and govern yourselves accordingly. J. C. LITTLE, City Collector. 37-1t

NOTICE.
TAKEN up by the undersigned a brown OX, 4 or 5 years old, branded on the left hip J L. The owner can have him by paying charges. Also strayed from me from below Lamb's mill, about 1st of Sept. last, a red STEER, branded W on left horn, on left hip, he is about 20 months old. Information leading to his recovery will be rewarded by Wm. Burrows, living 1 mile south and 1-2 mile west from Canyon creek Sugar Works. 37-2t

Illustrated route from Liverpool to Great Salt Lake valley.
SUBSCRIBERS for this work can now be supplied with the first eight numbers by calling upon S. W. Richards, at his residence in the 14th ward. Copies not yet subscribed for, can be obtained at the Post-office, or of S. W. RICHARDS. **JOSEPH SMITH THE PROPHET,** BY LUCY SMITH, HIS MOTHER. A quantity of this work has been received and can be had at the Post-office, or of S. W. RICHARDS. Price—\$1 50. Classes in schools supplied at reduced prices. **THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.** A few copies on sale. 37-3t

CHEAP JOHN
ARRIVED AT LAST.
J. B. KIMBALL, has opened his splendid stock of Goods in Townsend's block, on corner north of Nixon's, and wishes to inform the inhabitants of G. S. L. City and surrounding country, that he will sell them at such prices as will give perfect satisfaction to those who will purchase a bill. Although it was said before his train arrived, that "Snow north of him was five feet eight inches deep, he hopes the mild rays of Cheap John will melt it down to two, believing that deep enough for good sledding and a health business. Please call and examine the goods. Wheat, Flour, Oats, Butter, Cheese, and Eggs taken in exchange for goods. JOHN B. KIMBALL. 37-3m

DESERET CARRIAGE AND FURNITURE DEPOT.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.—J. C. LITTLE would respectfully announce to his numerous friends and the friends of MANKING, that he has completed his large and commodious work shop, situated at his residence in the 14th ward, 1 block east of Social Hall, and having formed connection in business with A. Monteeth, or Boston's first rate practical carriage builder, and Wm. Bell, recently from London, the best and most experienced cabinet maker and upholster in the Territory, would inform the citizens generally, that they will carry on the above named business under the name and style of J. C. LITTLE & CO., and will be ready to furnish any article in our line upon the most reasonable terms, of the first style and durability.

Strict attention will be paid to have our lumber well seasoned, and manufactured with care so that we shall be able to furnish those of our friends who shall favor us with their orders, with articles both useful and ornamental, which must insure a large share of patronage. We are on hand to beautify and furnish the mountain houses of the saints—to gratify and please the hearts of the saints at home, and to make light and fashionable carriages for them to go abroad, and to make coffins for them when they have departed this life. All kinds of carriages and sleighs made to order.

FURNITURE:
Such as secretaries, book-cases, bureaus, chests of every description and style, dining tables, centre tables, card tables, and ladies' work tables, and com. table chairs, from \$2 50 to \$20 each, sofas, couches, lounges, side boards, and every article in the cabinet line. All orders will be executed and completed strictly according to promise. Coffins furnished in six hours' notice. **OUR TERMS.** READY PAY WITHOUT DEVIATION. We will take in the absence of cash, in exchange, all kinds of produce, lumber, wood, horses, mules, and city, county, territorial, and good store orders. 37-3m J. C. LITTLE & CO.