

grain. When you are told to do anything that is for your own good, never think that you are imposed upon, but rather thank your friends for teaching you that which will make you happy in time and in eternity.

Brother George A. Smith has said, very truly, that we are not told in the revelations that we shall not wear good and handsome clothes; no, we are not; we are authorized to make them as beautiful as we please, and also to make the earth as beautiful as the garden of Eden, to gather around us every variety of the comforts of life, to endeavor to produce joy, peace, life and health, and to strive to make every thing around us, if possible, as glorious as the paradise of our first parents.

Brother Kimball has remarked that a prayer once, twice, or even thrice a day does not satisfy him. I do not know any other way for the Latter-day Saints than for every breath to be virtually a prayer for God to guide and direct his people, and that he will never suffer us to possess anything that will be an injury to us. I am satisfied that this should be the feeling of every Latter-day Saint in the world. If you are making a bargain, if you are talking in the house, visiting in the social party, going forth in the dance, every breath should virtually be a prayer that God will preserve us from sin and from the effects of sin.

I know that in the world we have tribulation, sorrow and mourning, but in Christ we have joy; and when we have the Spirit of Christ we feel to pray without ceasing, and in every thing to give thanks to God our Heavenly Father. I am so thankful that tongue cannot express what I feel, that I have the privilege of associating with the Saints, and of being a member in the kingdom of God, and that I have friends in the church of the living God. I have no desire to see the laws or the name of God blasphemed; I have no desire to see or hear a quarrel between men and women, or with any souls upon the face of the earth.

Every time we put forth an idea, or make an effort, let it be that which will tend to joy, happiness and exaltation; and may God help us to so live: Amen.

[From the St. Louis Union—Administration Paper.]

#### A CRISIS IN POLITICS.

Thank God, the issue has come at last in a tangible form. We are called upon to take sides between simple, unconditioned, unreserved loyalty to the Government and the Constitution, and devotion to the wildest fanaticism that ever maddened the brains of civilized men. The word has gone forth from the revolutionists all over the land. Wendell Phillips, the high priest of New England fanaticism, says the Southern States can only be restored by giving the four millions of blacks within their borders the right of immediate suffrage. The sentiment is echoed and re-echoed through the country by Jacobin orators and the Jacobin press. These madmen have determined to make us swallow the negro whether we will or not. It may be safely predicted of Radicalism, now and hereafter, that it means negro suffrage and negro equality in the broadest sense. The whole country is rapidly drifting into the vortex of a political revolution, that may be as fierce, relentless and bloody, as the war now raging between the North and the South. Radicalism, when it takes the type of a fierce fanaticism, is like an infuriated mob, whose popular wrath may have been kindled by some real offence against humanity, but once kindled, no man can say what the raging conflagration will devour before its fury is spent. Hundreds of innocent people may be butchered, and a whole city may be in ashes before the fiendish combination is broken. Radicalism has arrived at this point. Exulting in the success of its first efforts, its demands increase with every step of its progress. It does not hesitate to enunciate and advocate the most repulsive and monstrous doctrines, and insists upon their immediate adoption as a part of our social and governmental policy. It is not content with freeing the negro, but must deify him at once. It demands for him, not only social equality, but civil rights and political power that are not granted to the most intelligent white men without a probation of several years residence.

They insist that the negro shall not only vote, but be elevated to the highest positions of honor and trust. These wild lunatics, male and female, black and white, go frothing and foaming up and down the country, howling their devilish dogmas into all men's ears, and where they have the power, cramming them down people's throats at the point of the bayonet. Fanaticism is not only aggressive, but thoroughly intolerant. Its present cry for free speech and free press is the most transparent veil ever used to hide base hypocrisy. They preach freedom of thought and speech and writing at Cleveland, and incite their minions to destroy loyal presses at home because they will not advocate the monstrosities of Radicalism.

The great point of the Jacobins all over the country is, to secure the supremacy of the negro. He is the subject of all their thoughts, the head and tail of their policy, the beginning and end of all argument. In the social circle, at religious conventicles, in political coteries, clubs, cliques and conventions, the inevitable and irrepressible Sambo stalks in as the inspiring genius of the hour. We used to hear the saying that "Americans must rule America." These madmen insist that "it must hereafter be done by Africans. Let these men come into power and in two years St. Louis will have a negro Mayor and negro

Aldermen; Missouri will have a negro Governor and a negro Legislature; we shall have negro members of the Cabinet at Washington, negro Representatives and Senators, negro Judges of the Supreme Court, and negro ambassadors to foreign nations. In social life, negro belles and beaux will flourish at the tea-tables of white men, making soft speeches to their wives and daughters; will prevent all necessity for musk or other strong perfumes at parties and ball rooms; will monopolize the choice seats at the opera and concert halls, and miscegenate generally. This is the object and aim of the crazy fanatics who are now so earnest in the work of inaugurating a social revolution.

We do not say these things in disparagement of the negro, but to save him from the worst enemies of his race. As a citizen of Missouri we have urged for many years the policy of emancipating the slaves, and at the same time, giving them a comfortable home and a chance of building up an independent and prosperous community. The attempt to mix the two races and bring about negro equality, either socially or politically, will inevitably end in the extermination of the colored race on this continent. These madmen fancy they have the power to practicalize these foul abominations, but when they attempt to cram this doctrine of equality down the throats of the American people, they will fire a mine of popular wrath that will blow them beyond the moon.

The Missouri Democrat is reticent upon the subject at present. It is waiting for the utterance of its oracles, Fred. Douglass, Mrs. Cady Stanton, Parker Pillsbury, et id omne genus, now assembled at Cleveland. In another week it will have to go that doctrine or abandon its party.

#### THE WORK TO BE DONE.

Many people, as is shown by the high price of gold, are disappointed and made doubtful by the slowness of Grant's advances, the obstinacy of Lee's resistance, and the magnitude of our losses. This is due mainly to the fact that there still lingers in the public mind much of the old delusion about the importance of capturing certain places. We have so long cherished the belief that the existence of the Confederacy depended on the possession of certain towns, that no amount of practical experience of its falsity seems sufficient to rid us of it. We have gone on flattering ourselves for three years that if we took New-Orleans, or took Charleston, or Vicksburg, or took Richmond and reoccupied this or that point, "the back of the rebellion would be broken." The last illustration of this craze was General Bank's march on Shreveport. There is very little doubt that he flattered himself that, when Shreveport fell, the Confederacy would shake to its centre.

It is only this year that a very considerable portion of the public has thoroughly awakened up to the fact, that owing to the enormous extent of the territory we seek to conquer, the occupation of places is of comparatively little value. Of course, some places, such as the capital of the Confederacy, have more value than others. The loss of Richmond would be a heavy blow and a great discouragement to the enemy; but it would be simply a moral blow: It would be a mortification, but unless it was an indication of weakness, it would be little more. For, we think it has for some time been very apparent that the people of the South have passed beyond the stage in which their imagination has much power over them. They have lived for three years in the valley of the shadow of death: they have drunk the cup of bitterness to the dregs. They have submitted to national bankruptcy, to the loss of slaves, to a general conscription and to an absolute military tyranny. They are now wearing rags and half-starving. For men in this condition it is clear that blows that are merely "moral" have no longer any terrors. In so far, therefore, as the loss of a place diminishes their supply of food, or clothing or ammunition, it will affect them. If it does none of these things, they soon get over it.

Now, if we took Richmond, but allowed Lee's army to retire southward without much damage, there is no question whatever we should not have made much progress. He would hold out in North Carolina or Georgia, conscript and impress supplies, and fight on as before, and we should have to follow him for hundreds of miles, slowly, continuously, and with difficulties of all kinds steadily increasing, the further we penetrated into the interior and away from our base.

Therefore, we ought to be devoutly thankful that he has chosen to fight it out in Virginia, and to fight obstinately. If he had fallen back without fighting, even if he had left Richmond at our mercy, we think there is very little doubt that it might have protracted the war for another year. But, by standing stubbornly and defending every strong position, he gives us a chance of slowly destroying him, and when Lee's army is destroyed, let it be remembered, the rebellion is virtually over. No doubt the process of destroying him is a bloody one, and costs us dearly; but it is not half as costly as it would be to chase him up and down the South for another year, losing men every day by the hundred in killed, wounded and sick. It would have been well, indeed, for us if we could have done in the first year of the war what we are doing to-day; if we could have drawn the mass of the Southern forces into Virginia, and fought them every day for a month, even if it had cost us 100,000 men, provided we had succeeded in the end in breaking up their army. We should

have saved by it fully 100,000 men, and many millions of treasure.—[New York Times.]

#### THE SCARCITY OF MONEY, AND ITS EFFECT UPON MINING.

Perhaps many of our readers have complained of the impossibility of selling "wildcat" or any other class of mining stocks, and have thought it strange that money sharks do not now, as formerly, "gobble up" anything in the shape of feet; others again have wondered why it is that money is so very "tight" at the Bay, and times so very dull in all the principle towns in California and this Territory. That we have recurring periods of dullness, and utter prostration in mining speculation, is quite natural and inseparable from a purely mining country, but this fact alone does not explain the widely extended apathy which now prevails, and which has partially submerged the buoyant spirits of this city and Virginia. Those who have watched the signs of the times closely have reasons numerous to assign for the present state of mining affairs, and perhaps they have often exclaimed—"it's just as I expected."

In the first place, last year was one of wild and hazardous speculation; ventures of all kinds were made wherever and in any manner which promised sudden wealth. A few succeeded, but the great majority were grievously swindled. As a natural consequence, confidence in mining stocks was entirely destroyed; men that have money to invest will not now trust their own eyes—much less their friends—in mining speculations or investments. They now prefer some other channel in which to make fortunes.

This is not all; our Eastern traders and merchants have imported goods vastly in excess of exports. Hence the country is literally drained of specie; there is nothing left but shiplasters, greenbacks, and the every day products of the mines. Gold being scarcer than ever known on this coast, and currency not being in use, we have a very limited capital available. There is, indeed, but little more money on this side of the Rocky Mountains than is absolutely required in legitimate trade; the surplus, or that which was available for speculation, has been drawn off—sent to Europe for gewgaws and finery.

This is the real state of the case, and a full explanation of the "dull times" now prevailing throughout the Pacific region. As a consequence, we must expect mining matters to remain statu quo for a year or two—at least, so far as speculation is concerned. Legitimate mining—that which seeks to develop mines for the sake of having a life estate—may be carried on without the possibility of failure. Indeed, this is the accepted time for all those who wish to secure valuable property in mines, to be up and doing. Let them now go on, with the full determination not to sell or speculate, but to get down to the "water ore"—the permanent body of their ore, sell it, or ship it, and realize all the profit possible, while developing a property of their own, worth a million of feet in "wildcat." Poor men may go ahead in like manner, with the assurance that men who have money to invest, had rather give them one hundred dollars per foot for a tangible, well developed mine, than five cents a foot for undeveloped ground. The only way now left in which to attract what capital there may be in the country, is to show your mine to be rich and reliable, and a property not to be laughed at. Capitalists will find the money for you, when you show them the metal in that unquestionable abundance and richness, which is common to the Reese river mines. Let miners bear this fact in mind, and labor not for a day, or to catch a few dollars, but to obtain a life estate—a fortune in the bulk. This prospect is before all miners in this region, and we are glad that so many are convinced of the fact.

#### FIGHT WITH AN IRON-CLAD.

A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, writing from on board United States gunboat Miami, off mouth of Roanoke river, gives the following graphic description of a fierce conflict between our fleet and the rebel ram Albemarle:

"We have just passed through the second engagement with that ugly little ram, the Albemarle. Yesterday afternoon, at two o'clock, the ram, consorted by the steamer Cotton Planter and the Bombshell, which last they sunk at the attack on Plymouth and afterwards raised, made its appearance at the mouth of the river. We retreated slowly and then followed. Captain French sent the steamer Massasoit ahead to inform the remainder of the fleet.

At four o'clock they came in sight, running up at full speed. When the rebel fleet saw our reinforcements they tried to back out; but it was no go, as some of our vessels can steam eighteen knots, while the ram can make but eight or nine. At half past four we fired the first gun—our 100-pounder rifle. That was the signal for the commencement of a most furious cannonading, which lasted over three hours. The fleet took a position describing a circle, with the ram in the center. In the meantime the Cotton Planter had fled, and by her superior sailing qualities escaped. The Bombshell we captured. She was crowded with sharpshooters.

The gunboat Sassacus steamed full speed right into the ram, at the same time giving her a broadside; but without the least effect.

The whole fleet then sailed slowly round the ram, each boat as it passed giving her a broadside, which made the iron fly from her side and riddled her smoke-stack. This seemed to "rile" her some, for she then, for the first time, showed her teeth, and began to act on the defensive. She made directly for the Miami, and when she was about ten yards off, let fly at us with Whitworth rifles. One shell went through our smoke-stack, just above the men's heads; and the other went into the captain's cabin and exploded there, tearing everything in the vicinity to pieces, and starting the decks above. A large piece of the shell went through the opposite side, making a hole clear through the ship.

Mr. Hackett, our Paymaster, was lying on a sofa in the cabin at the time, and, wonderful to say, was not hurt in the least, although the sofa was turned over on him, and he was covered with a pile of glass, books, clothes, pieces of wood and broken furniture, and almost suffocated by the dust and smoke with which the cabin was filled. We were also struck by a shell, which burst in the wheel-house and shattered our signal lamps, but did no other damage. A thirty-eight pound solid shot went through our second cutter, which hung alongside on its davits, and there is nothing left of our "dingy" but the keel and ribs. Strange as it may seem, not a man on our vessel was hurt.

The Sassacus got a shell in her boilers, killed three and wounded six. The Metabaset had her deck swept by a shot, which took both legs off three men, one of whom has since died, and the others are not expected to live. We have not yet heard whether any others in the fleet were hurt.

The Miami fired over one hundred and seventeen times, and struck the ram over eighty times. We put one shot right into one of her ports, and dismounted a gun. The firing was kept up till after dark; and during the night the ram got away up the river. We all think that two hours more of daylight would have made her ours.

#### THE LAST OF THE CIRCASSIANS.

The extirpation and virtual annihilation of a people by foreign arms, constitutes one of the most revolting acts of tyranny on the part of the oppressor, and the most touching act of humiliation in an oppressed and dispersed people, which the student of the march and decadence of nations is compelled to contemplate. The sentiment of nationality and the national homestead is as natural, permanent and useful as the strongest of the natural affections; not to feel it is to be an ingrate; not to respect it is to be a robber. Poland has been called the Niobe of nations. But another people, at the hands of the Autocratic power, has been more terribly mutilated and at last annihilated! Circassia is no longer a nation; the brave Circassian race exists no longer as a people save as flying fugitives from their native soil, seeking an asylum in Turkey and elsewhere. This people, it will be recollected, inhabited the mountain region extending along the coast of the Black Sea. They were a military people by inclination, but agriculturists from necessity. They were rude sons of the mountains, bold, daring and free. They were a sort of North American Indians only in a more advanced stage of rude progress.

A few years since their estimated number were some 400,000. The struggle for their subjugation, and their wars in defence of their rights, commenced as far back as the year 1800, when Georgia was wrested from the Circassians and made an appendage of the Russian Empire. The great era of their defence commenced, however, in 1823, when Kasi Molot and Schamyl united all their strength, and summoned as with the voice of a trumpet sounding through the mountain ranges, the energies of the people for the protection of their firesides and their homes. In 1833 Kasi was slain in battle at Himri. Schamyl succeeded to the command, and made a brave defence for many years, but was finally captured, and is now a paroled prisoner of war in Russia with the palatial privileges of his rank conceded to him. More than 100,000 of the population are said to have perished in the defence of the national dominions, but, alas! in vain. By the recent surrender of the only remaining stronghold, at Vandar, the last hope of Circassia has perished. If national spirit is not broken, the cohesive spirit of nationality has been rooted out, and the entire population are quitting the country to find rest in foreign lands.

So has come at last the end of a brave and heroic people. The only ground on which a wise man can read of such national crimes against the sacred Law of Nationality, without denouncing the race of man and losing faith in the moral government of the world, is the assurance that there is an overruling Providence who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; and, in the event, turns the destruction intended for the weak upon the head of the guilty oppressor of nations. Poland and Circassia may fall before a superior foe; the Pole and the Circassian may become the Wandering Jew of Nations. But the great Northern Bear cannot always hope to range unchecked through the forest. Excesses of tyranny beget excesses of retribution. The law of retaliation is the law of nature towards tyrants. History is crowded with demonstrations of the certainty of that law. Time sets all things right.—[Boston Post.]

"—Courage does not consist in feeling no fear, but in conquering fear. He is the hero, who, seeing the lions on their sides, goes straight on, because there his duty lies.