

This is the way men feel; they are all the time afraid of being deceived; when the truth comes, they dare not trust their eyes, their ears, or their understanding; they are all the day long fearing and trembling lest they should be deceived—And at the same time, infidelity, Mesmerism, electro-biology, spiritual communications of various kinds and grades are taking hold of the minds of the human race, from those in the highest ranks of society to the lowest.

And here in the newspapers we will find half their columns taken up with accounts of murder, suicide, plunder, bloodshed, and every other species of crime. And what of it?—says one—Why, crime seems to be the principal feature of the day. And what is the cause of all this?—The reason is because the people have rejected the truth, and therefore the light of truth has ceased to shine in their hearts.

They thirst for one another's blood, and they thirst after and desire each other's destruction, and they have no feeling for anything but blood and slaughter; and the great question the world over, but especially in the east, is whether the Emperor of Russia shall have the privilege of building as many ships as he may think proper, and putting them in the Black sea. He says that a part of the Black sea and the sea of Azoff are in his dominions, and that he will do as he pleases; but the allied powers swear that he shall not, and they stake the lives of millions, and declare that he shall not build any more ships than some half dozen other nations see proper to keep in that sea. This seems to be the whole question which causes the lives of millions to be in jeopardy continually.

I say, read the Deseret News; read the accounts of the missions of the elders; read the great things that are being revealed week after week—the History of the Prophet, the revelations which came thro' him, and see how rapidly they are fulfilling, and observe how partyism and constant rangling are seizing the human mind, and how tremendously they will contend with each other, and sustain one another in lies, and speak evil of those who are good.

With these remarks I shall give way, praying that the Lord may bless you forever: AMEN.

[From the Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.]

EARTHQUAKE AT BROUSSA.

BEIRUT, Syria, May 14, 1855.

Having visited several places in the East, from Smyrna to the Dead Sea, in which remain the deep traces of the volcanic action or terrible earthquakes which in periods remote or comparatively recent desolate them, I was prompted to collect whatever facts and information I was able respecting these appalling catastrophes.

But while turning my attention in this direction, an event occurred not far distant, calling back attention from the past to the present—from the remote to what is almost occurring under my eyes. Startled by an event the like of which I had never witnessed or been near, I began at once to gather up whatever information could be obtained from the Smyrna and Constantinople French papers, and also from private sources—little dreaming, however, that I was to write a chapter which three months have not brought to an end.

The city of Broussa is of great antiquity, having been the capital of the province of Bithynia, and afterwards of the Turkish empire, and the burial-place of the Sultans; from which fact, as well as from its numerous and splendid mosques, there having been formerly about 200, it was called by the Moslems "the Holy City." It is situated at the foot of Mount Olympus, on the coast of the Black sea, though not directly on the shore, having Ghemlek for its port, as Paris has Havre. The distance from Constantinople is only about 60 miles across the water.

Within a recent period the population was fully 100,000, though various causes have contributed of late to reduce it to 80,000, composed of Turks, Greeks, Jews and Armenians; and for ages it has been one of the most flourishing commercial emporiums of the Turkish empire. The American board established a mission there about twenty-five years ago, with special reference to the Armenians, which has been one of the most successful of all under their direction in the East. Its mineral springs, whose healing virtues were perhaps the work of the internal fires beneath it, which have finally destroyed it, have been celebrated for ages.

The first intimation of the terrible events which were to follow, was given on Saturday, February 17, on the island of Samos, situated in the Archipelago, not far below Smyrna, and near the main land, and some three hundred or four hundred miles distant from Broussa. About midnight on that day, the inhabitants were disturbed in their slumbers by the shocks of an earthquake, which in their violence, regularity and duration, had not been equalled by any similar occurrence in the memory of the living. Beginning at midnight they continued through the night, and till the Tuesday following, without interruption.

Some of the shocks lasted not less than five or six seconds, and gave to the houses an oscillatory motion, which threatened to tumble them on the ground at every moment. As Samos is little less than the product of volcanic action, the people were at once persuaded the shocks were connected with an earthquake in Anatolia, or some island in the Archipelago. Growing feebler and feebler, they finally ceased, without occasioning any considerably injury.

At the same time a violent shock occasioned alarm at the port of Uacri, not far from Rhodes, which, if it occasioned extreme peril, yet in one instance wrought a wonderful deliverance. It is stated that a little village was being swallowed up whole and alive, when having sunk sixty feet, its progress was stayed, without the loss of a single life or the ruin of a single house. The unlucky and yet lucky villagers, finding themselves at the

bottom of a sort of tunnel, were glad to make ladders, and thus escape from their prisons.

All remained quiet from February 21 to February 28, the last day of the month, when a shock alarmed the city of Smyrna at 3 o'clock in the morning, remarkable for its duration rather than its violence. The oscillations were very regular, and went from north to south. The same day and the same hour, Constantinople was shaken by a violent earthquake, the centre of which was soon ascertained to be the ill-fated city of Broussa. After torrents of rain had descended for 24 hours, accompanied with terrible claps of thunder and strong gales from the south-east, at 9 o'clock in the evening the sky was suddenly overcast, and the strong odor of burning sulphur and iron was diffused through the atmosphere, when a sudden shock of earthquake laid the city in ruins.

The first oscillation was from west to east; then came a sort of violent gambolling of the earth; then another oscillation, much more violent than the first; and then a calm succeeded, after a shock of 50 or 60 seconds' duration. But short as the time was, it was long enough to bring destruction upon this ancient, renowned and flourishing city. From 60 to 80 minarets, with as many mosques, were either shaken down or else cracked in such a manner as to threaten instant falling. Numerous khans were also destroyed, and large, splendid edifices utterly disappeared under the mighty heaps of ruins which covered them.

Among the mosques destroyed was one ancient and celebrated, and the pride of the city, being of elegant Grecian architecture, and having stood for twelve hundred years. Another, whose magnificent proportions and splendid workmanship recalled the ancient grandeur and opulence of the old Turkish capital, and had been erected six hundred years, was greatly injured, but not destroyed. The Greek quarter, situated upon a hill, was the most damaged—the houses from above falling upon those below, and together crushing the dwellings and their inmates.

In one case a silk steam factory fell upon the owner, his two sons, and thirty female operatives, burying all in its ruins. To add to the calamity, a fire broke out among the fallen buildings, which spread further destruction of property and life, but which was arrested after six hours' work of destruction. Travelers upon the land, and passengers upon the sea, gazing at the terrible volume of flame, were unable in the distance to determine whether it was a conflagration or a volcano.

During the night the shocks were repeated every half hour, but with a diminishing violence, and continued to be felt for five or six days after, but slightly, and at unequal intervals. The streets blocked up by the ruins, the houses fallen or rendered uninhabitable, the people were obliged to resort to the fields outside the walls where they pitched their tents or pillowed their heads under the canopy of heaven. Even the wooden buildings were so injured as not to be trusted by their owners. The whole number of those who perished was fully 300. At the same time, intelligence was brought from different parts of the province, that whole villages had been utterly destroyed, a frightful number of the inhabitants being buried in the ruins.

The internal forces of the earth seemed to have exhausted their power with the overthrow of Broussa and the surrounding country, for shocks were felt only feebly and unfrequently during the month of March. A citizen of Broussa, writing under the date of April 4, says:—"For three days we have not had an earthquake, and confidence begins to be re-established among the people; but the misery is immense and indescribable. The country, also, favored with an admirable temperature, is clothed with vegetation; and without any disaster occurring, the best hopes of the farmers will be realized."

At the very moment these hopes were cherished and expressed, the reinforced agencies of nature were prepared for new and wider destruction. For in the night of April 5, the people, sunk in refreshing and quiet sleep, were alarmed by a violent shock, which recalled the scenes of February 28. These shocks were repeated from hour to hour during the night, but with less force, when they finally ceased, with slight vertical horizontal movements.

But Wednesday, April 11, was a memorable day in the records of this devoted city—not only repeating but exceeding the horrors of February 28. At half past six o'clock in the evening a violent shock was felt at Constantinople, which lasted fifteen seconds, and was followed by others during that night and the night following, and was felt at Smyrna at the same time. A passenger who came from Ghemlek, the port of Broussa, stated that the shock was so violent there, that though he was in a wooden house he desired to leave it, and was obliged to step on the stairs and hang on to them in order to escape falling. But the shocks which only frightened the people of Constantinople and Smyrna, annihilated whatever remained of Broussa.

Beginning about eight o'clock in the evening, they were repeated with extraordinary rapidity, and came with such violence, that all the people who happened to be in the streets or out of doors, were thrown upon the ground. They continued during the whole of the night, with less violence, and also with less destruction, because they had achieved all the ruin which was possible. Fifty minarets, before spared, were tumbled to the ground, and entire streets were so blocked up with the debris of falling buildings, as to make circulation impossible.

In the first catastrophe many khans had been able to withstand; but now they were compelled to fall before this new scourge of God. As before, a conflagration followed the earthquake, and added to the horrors of the scene. The Custom House took fire, and was soon reduced to ashes, with all the merchandise it contained. From thence the fire was communicated to the wooden

buildings which the earthquake had spared, and soon they became the prey of the flames. All the mosques and the ancient and renowned monuments of Broussa were burned, or more or less injured.

The inhabitants, surprised by the calamity, had only time to flee from their houses, and take refuge under the tents which they spread for the company. The number of persons ascertained to have been killed was about 400, without completing the investigation. A resident of Broussa writes as follows to the Journal de Constantinople, under the date of April 19th:

"In my last letter I informed you that the shocks of earthquakes continued every day. Still we were hoping to reach the end of our calamities, when, on Wednesday evening, April 11th, at thirty minutes past one, by Turkish time, a dull sound was heard proceeding from the bowels of the earth, the forerunner, or rather the very presence of the terrible catastrophe, which must in a few seconds have reduced to ruins whatever remained of the Holy City. Five minutes later, a second vertical shock succeeded, and with such violence that the entire city was raised from its foundations, and hurled down with a terrible crash. This lasted about twenty-five seconds, but had at least three times the force of the earthquake of the 28th.

"To describe to you all the heart-rending scenes, the sufferings and agonies of our unfortunate population, would be impossible to me, in the painful impressions under which I labor. All the monuments, and all the structures of stone are overthrown or broken! while the greater part of the wooden buildings have fallen, and among those that remain few are inhabitable. As in the first instance, five minutes after the earthquake, a fire broke out in the lower part of the city, which lasted eighteen hours, and consumed fifteen hundred houses and shops.

"For twenty-four hours the shocks were repeated, at small intervals, the greater part weak, but some sufficiently violent to bring down the tottering walls and houses which remained. I do not speak of the material losses, which are incalculable; I can only pour my tears over the unhappy lot of the victims buried under the ruins, or burnt alive by the conflagration. The precise number cannot be known, but I think it must be immense.

"The news which has just come to us from the provinces is of the most distressing nature. In the southwest many villages have been entirely destroyed, or greatly damaged."

At once nearly the whole European population left the city of Constantinople, while the unhappy natives encamped in the gardens and out of the city in miserable barracks, hastily constructed of the debris of fallen houses; and the city was made a desert. But misfortune did not quit them there; for violent shocks followed, which made the very tents tremble which sheltered them. The mineral waters doubled their volume, and warm water ran everywhere through the city.

I should have stated, in making out this extended record of a memorable and rare occurrence, that the island of Rhodes, at a great distance from Broussa, in the southern Archipelago, was visited by a violent earthquake on the 7th of April; and Mytelene, in the northern Archipelago, on the same day and hour with Broussa. The shocks continued to be experienced at Broussa, down to the last of April, and the inhabitants were prepared for more disasters.

It will be seen that the area of this earthquake is of vast extent, embracing the northern and western parts of Asia Minor, the full length of the Archipelago from north to south, and a part of Europe. The frequency of the shocks, and their long continuance, reaching from February 17 to nearly the present time, if not further, are without precedent in the history of similar phenomena, and make the occurrence one of rare interest.

But here is another and more agreeable study before me, from which I never wish to turn my eyes: Glorious Old Lebanon sending up its peaks 10,000 feet into the sky, sometimes veiled in the clouds, and sometimes bathed in the golden sunlight, like Him who made it and inhabits it. With the mercury at 80 degrees in the cool stone houses at its base, a party of Boston travellers, who had just crossed it from Damascus to Tripoli, told me the last week they passed over beds of snow which they judged to be from thirty to forty feet deep, and with a crust sufficiently strong to bear up their horses!

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PICTURES FROM THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

He is a sulky, sullen, stupid-looking fellow, with a pale blue complexion, like that produced by what the doctors call the "administration" of nitrate of silver in cases of disease. Poor wretch! he looks like a felon, for he has been treated all his life as a hound. He has a short straight nose, the nostrils of which are turned outwards, and seem like two small holes in his face. He has little round eyes; but he is too stupid by ill-treatment to have any expression in them, though he is in the first flush of youth and strength. His hair is of a rusty bay or reddish brown. It does not dare to curl or wave, and sticks out in points and notches, as though in despair of doing right, turn which way it will.

He is a square-built, powerful man, but he is listless, silent, and awkward. He appears susceptible of neither pain or pleasure; to have no respect or love for himself. He seems to have neither reason or instinct. He is a machine ready to obey a touch of the impelling rod, or to have something within him which hears and acts at the hoarse shout of command, but of himself he does nothing. He has no will, no energy, no pride of craft.

If you speak to him suddenly, he starts, and takes an attitude of drilled attention. He will not

flinch or stir for a blow, but his eyes darken and his thick lips close. He is dirty in his person and habits, but not untidy or slovenly; for he seems always on parade. God only knows what thoughts pass through his mind, for he never utters any. He appears profoundly impressed with his own insignificance and inferiority to every one who wears a good coat, and he bows down abjectly before a bit of gold lace and a sword, whoever wears them. He has no soldierly love of pleasure.

He loves drink, indeed, and he will sit silently soaking raw spirits as long as he can get any, but the liquor has no brightening effect on him. He is as impassive in his cups as when sober. He may drink himself blind, deaf, speechless, motionless, but he cannot drink himself gay. If an officer told him to walk down a precipice, or drink a glass of speedy poison, the idea of remonstrance or disobedience would never occur to him. He would do either as merely a part of his allotted task in life, the object for which he was born. He has been told that the French and English are impious heretics, a sort of plausible devils in human shape; he believes it devoutly, for he has no reasoning powers, no opinions.

He believes that he will incur Divine wrath by holding communion with them; that they will poison him if he eats their food; that they will torture instead of healing him, if he is wounded; that their medicines are death in disguise, their benefits a mockery, their kindness a device of the evil one. He does not think these things distinctly, and one after the other; but such is the general confused impression on his aching mind. His clothes are ill-made and scanty; they are so thin that they seem all outside; a broad white band is slung over his right shoulder and descends to his left hip; this sustains his sword—it is not a very good one. The mass of the Russian army are of course badly armed, from the organized system of speculation which exists in every department. Indeed, the Russian soldier has perhaps never had a full meal of wholesome food even in his lifetime. He was robbed before he was born, like his father before him, and he has been robbed ever since. First, by the baron and the disponent; since, by every one who has had to do with him.

In the army he has had to digest the last sublimated essence of robbery; for in Russia the commander-in-chief robs the generals, and the generals, after their degree, rob the colonels, and the colonels rob the majors, and the majors rob the captains, and the captains rob the lieutenants, but all rob the soldier together. Russia presents, perhaps, the only example in history of a country governed by a military despotism, and in which the soldiers have been successfully kept in the same state of slavery as the rest of the community.

THE RUSSIAN OFFICER.

He is a trim, slim, soldierly, distinguished-looking man; not handsome, or even good-looking, but nice. He is shaven to the extreme of neatness. His clipped moustachios are faultless. The general elegance of his exterior is indisputable. His uniform is astonishingly well made. His manners are charming. He has none of the cold, haughty reserve towards civilians which characterizes the Austrian officer.

If you shake hands with him, he gives such a courtly yet cordial squeeze, that you might fancy his very well-bred soul was in his warm agreeable fingers. In society he is delightful. His conversation positively sparkles with good sayings, and and is interesting, from its gay profusion of the most apt and well-told anecdotes. His courtesy is winning to a degree. He apologizes more readily and gracefully for the most trifling accident than any gentleman in Europe. You feel positively under an obligation to him for having inadvertently trodden on your toe, or inserted his elbow in your ribs in a crowd.

He is so accomplished a linguist, that you would inwardly confess he speaks your own language better than you do yourself. All languages, indeed, seem to come natural and easy to him. Then he is a traveller! He speaks with equal familiarity about the North Pole and the Tropics. He tells you precisely what you wish to know. In a few pungent sentences he raises a picture in your mind of any place or person, a picture of such finished and perfect accuracy, that time will try in vain to efface it. He is certainly not a literary man, yet he is said to be the author of one of the most remarkable pamphlets of the day, and his information on literature is astounding.

He knows the policy and public men of every state in Europe thoroughly. He has dined with them, and he knows more about them than you and I, who have lived familiarly with them all our lives. This is not pretence or fanfaronnade; his knowledge is perfectly submissive to good taste; it is never brought forward intrusively, but it comes at the first call when wanted, and it is perfectly sound. He would tell you something new of Lord Byron, or of your own brother, which would put his character before you in a different light to any in which you had hitherto considered it. From the intricacies and oddities of the British constitution to the last raw theories of the newest republicanism in Germany, and the private opinions of Rudolph, the fifty-second hereditary Margrave of Noodleland, everything is equally familiar to him.

He has not the smallest prejudice on any subject whatever. You cannot argue with him, his ideas are so fluent, and appear so reasonable when uttered, that panting dissent toils after them in vain. He appears to have considered every scheme of government which has ever attracted the attention of mankind. He believes that of Russia to be the best. He does not quarrel with you for thinking differently, if you really do so. Every man may enjoy his own opinion, and he respects yours, though he cannot partake of it. Such is the dazzling surface of the character of many among the higher classes of the most extraordinary people in the world; but go deeper, and you shall marvel at the low depths of its infamy and disgrace, the completeness of its rottenness and