

troops engaged in the siege, including 40,000 great coats, flannel suits, under clothing, socks and gloves; beef, pork, and other provisions; hospital stores for Scutari; and a vast quantity of shot and shell to carry on the siege. These are wholly lost, and nothing remains of the Prince but half-a-dozen of her numerous crew, who managed to get on the cliffs when she was "broken to powder" against them. The Resolute, with 900 tons of gun-powder (and shot and shell) also went to the bottom.

Thus, it seems, all the materials for carrying on the siege and providing against the severity of the winter have been carried off at one fell swoop; and, even if we think to content ourselves with merely maintaining our position on the heights before Sebastopol, it is evident that we are not in a condition to stand our worst foe—the coming winter. Everything seems to have conspired, under a mysterious dispensation of Heaven, to make the loss of the Prince the greatest possible disaster. She could not stop at Scutari to land the hospital stores so greatly wanted there.—When she arrived at Balaklava it was blowing fresh, and she did not venture within the narrow tortuous channel of the harbor. All she did was to land the 46th, though it is said that besides a very large crew, some Sappers and some medical and other officers were still on board. On attempting to anchor, the whole of the cable ran out, not being properly clinched. A second cable shared the same fate. The Prince then steamed out, while a third cable was got up from the hold, and with this she was brought to, though with a smaller anchor than those she had lost. This answered for a while. On the dreadful morning of the 13th, however, it proved utterly inadequate. The Prince cut away her masts, and put on her steam; but the wreck of the mizemast fouled the screw, and the noble vessel becoming helpless, immediately drifted against the rocks. Figures are but feeble language for the description of such a catastrophe, but the value of the Prince, as she floated, is put at £150,000, and her cargo at half a million. There must have been nearly two hundred souls on board. The thirty transports utterly lost, with most of their crews, at Balaklava, are put down at £15,000 each. So here at once a million of money went to the bottom, in a form of which money conveys but a faint idea. The other losses enumerated above, the French ship of the line and war steamer, the transports lost on the western coast, the many vessels of all kinds disabled, make up another million to be added to the naked pecuniary estimate of the loss. But the true way of stating it is, that the army is utterly disabled for the present, and left to no other protection than Heaven, and that valor which the British soldier is ever sure to display in the face of the greatest difficulties, the direst privations, and the most overwhelming numbers.

Amongst the vessels lost was a Turkish line-of-battle ship. On the steppes of Taurida, south of Perekop, this same storm, with snow, annihilated several hundred wagons laden with corn provisions, and munitions for the Russian army, many of whom had been hurried, without baggage, to Sebastopol to drive the allies into the sea at the battle of Inkermann. If to further the designs of the Almighty, He had seen fit to send this fearful storm when five hundred ships were transporting 100,000 men from Varna to the Crimea, who would have dared to tell the awful tale!

If the signs are dark and portentous in Europe, so are they in America. If it is manifest that the Lord is working among the people of the Eastern hemisphere, His workings are no less obvious among the people of the Western. No people could be ripening faster for the consummation than are the people of the United States. Having greater liberty and freedom than many of them are capable of appreciating, or worthy of enjoying, they give free play to their passions, and brook no manner of restraint. Consequently we see the American papers filled with reports of all manner of violent excess. In the halls of Congress hard words and harder blows are passed, and it would scarcely be surprising if we heard of still harder shots being exchanged. The boiling cauldron of "Hards" and "Softs," "Nebraska" and "Antinebraska" politics rages in the United States beyond comparison with anything in the old world—beyond comparison because the Emperor, the King, and the law wield the power in this half of the globe, while everybody thinks he has a right to wield it in the New World. On the rivers and the railroads, recklessness and carelessness ever and anon tell their direful tale. In the streets the deadly revolver and the reeking bowie-knife of the rowdy and the mobocrat appear to be seldom idle in all parts of the land. Throughout the country the Gadianon order of "Know-nothings" are gaining in numbers and influence, undermining the Constitution by nullifying one of its first and noblest principles—freedom to men of every clime and creed. On the prairie and in the wilderness, the roving Indian seems to be waking up to a more bitter and active hostility to the white man, and to be seeking revenge for a thousand wrongs. And to cap the climax, the Spiritualists increase in numbers and influence, and in the importance and startling character of their revelations. We hear of spiritually dictated literature, spiritually directed banking and other ordinary business, and spiritual marriages. Truly, when we look at the temperature of American society, we are led to think that if the people of the old world die off by cramp or paralysis, the people of the new world will run stark mad with the brain fever.

In no nation upon the wide earth do existing circumstances portend so fierce and deadly a hand to hand struggle in the "perilous times" to come, as in the United States. That part of the earth is called the Lord's thrashing-floor, and most thoroughly is it fitting for its destiny. Elements of discord and strife abound, and opportunities and circumstances for their ample development are as accommodating as can well be conceived. That nation professes to be the most liberal and tolerant of all nations upon the face of

the earth. The Constitution of the Union, and many of the laws of the States, are truly liberal, but often in the carrying out of them there is a most woful defection. Liberty, instead of being used for the freedom and protection of all, in the enjoyment of their rights, is too often abused by the strong in the scope which it gives them to bear down upon the weak, and is also too often prostituted to party spirit for the advancement of party purposes. Clear and undeniable instances of this abuse and prostitution are given in the persecutions and drivings of the Latter Day Saints.—The Prophet Joseph foresaw that the American continent would consequently be drenched in blood. Liberty, law, order, and justice were slighted, violated, trampled under foot, and ridiculed in the mobbings and drivings of the Latter Day Saints, and the proceedings were winked at by the rulers of the nation, until the blood of Prophets and Saints stained the land. These were but the beginnings of sorrow, for it is written that judgment must commence at the house of God. The stream which then forced a breach in the embankment of the law, continues to steadily increase, and by and bye will swell to a foaming, raging torrent, defying all obstacles to its course, sweeping the land with irresistible fury, and spreading devastation on every hand. Those whose duty it was to fill up the breach, neglected it in the onset, and if not now, it very soon will have, grown to dimensions far beyond their skill and ability to repair. The Saints were first wasted by the outbreak, but ere the fury of the surging, boiling flood is spent, the proudest and mightiest of the land must bow before it.

Our greatest blessings, when perverted, become invariably our greatest curses. America will not present an exception in the working of this rule. The very liberty which is her boast is but the cord to strangle her, and the more ample its extent the more numerous will be its folds around her neck, and the more fatal will be the consequences. Every man in the United States fancies himself a sovereign—one of the sovereign people. So far so good. But as discord worms itself more and more into American society, every man will still, perhaps all the more fancy himself a sovereign, and suppose that he has as much to gain, as much to lose, and as many wrongs to avenge, as anybody else. Then every one there is accustomed to the use of arms. And rifles, revolving pistols, bowie knives, &c., are far more widely distributed among the people of the United States than among the people of any other nation.—These things will give to a struggle in the States a thoroughness, a personality, and an individuality unknown elsewhere. Among no other people does it appear possible for every man's hand to be against his neighbor so completely and universally. Look at the go-aheadiveness and energy of the Americans; look at their versatile inventive genius in devising, and their unequalled promptitude in seizing and acting upon, means and machinery that will most quickly and effectually produce the result required; look at their mixed descent from representatives of every nation on earth, bringing into juxtaposition the virtues and the vices of every tribe of the family of Adam, not forgetting the stoical fortitude and stern morality of the pilgrim fathers, nor the subtle hypocrisy and ferocious villainy of the thousands who have fled to the new world, to escape justice in the old—all these vices and virtues, subject only to circumstantial, and often intensifying, modifications, descending as heir-looms from father to son; look at the overwhelming retribution which the Almighty invariably brings upon the nations that are guilty of sheeding the innocent blood of Prophets and Saints; and then say, whether, in all the wide world there exist a field more ample, circumstances more inviting and favorable, and signs more ominous, for a fierce, general, exterminating struggle, than in the United States.—Who can say that the famous story of the battle of the Kilkenny cats, will not be re-enacted on the American Continent?

It is comforting to turn from the dark and cheerless prospects of Babylon to the more hopeful signs of the rising power and glory of Zion. Never was it more manifest that the Lord stands at the helm than at present, and never was the work more onward! For the Saints in Zion there happens just sufficient disturbance, through apostates, mobs, U. S. officials, or Indians, to prevent them from being lulled asleep, and to keep them alive to their privileges. Led by the voice of revelation, the people in Zion can grow in knowledge that is hidden from the world, and foresee the calamities and machinations of the wicked in time to make every preparation to escape the evils and avoid the snares; gathered, through obedience to the gospel, from every nation under heaven, they have every opportunity to bring together and improve upon the knowledge and wisdom and virtues, and cast from them the ignorance and folly and vices, of every people upon earth; dwelling in the midst of the mountains, they have every natural help to life and vigor, every circumstantial incentive to bravery and heroism and fortitude, and every inducement to careful and persevering industry; whilst their isolated position—a thousand miles from the fashions and the follies of christendom, gives them ample room to grow and expand into a free, great, mighty, courageous, and generous people, untrammelled by the narrow gentile notions of Babylon, uncorrupted by the abominations of a degenerate world.

The organization of a stake of Zion at St. Louis, and another at Cincinnati, and the establishment of three weekly periodicals at St. Louis, New York, and Cincinnati, indicate that a new epoch is opening in the history of the Church on the American continent. Then the present mission to the Lamanites shows that the Lord is working amongst the remnants of His people for their salvation and exaltation, and we may indulge the bright anticipation that the time is hastening when they will become again a white and a delightsome people, amalgamating with their brethren of the house of Israel, sharing in the blessings of the gospel, and receiving of and administering

in the ordinances, keys, powers, privileges, responsibilities, and glories of the Holy Priesthood.

And the nations, unconsciously, in their movements, help to roll on the great work. Simultaneously with the bursting of the war-storm over Europe, counsel was given for the Saints to emigrate, as fast as they consistently could, to America, whether they could go all the way to the valley or not, while the commotions of Europe will but impel them and others to act in accordance with counsel without unnecessary delay. And when they get to the United States, no doubt circumstances will conspire to open up the way to Zion, and also urge them to pursue it the first opportunity.

Then in regard to the Lamanites, the past and present conduct of the whites to them, in consolidating them further and further in the wilderness, in opposition to past treaties not to molest them more, tends to make them forget their own clanish feuds, and look anxiously around for, and when found, appreciate, friends that can be relied upon, with whom alliances can be formed and intercourse established, which will be honored in righteousness and good faith, and not be hypocritically or treacherously violated!

Respecting the Jews, we will not say more, but we cannot say less, than that the prospects appear to be brightening for their return to the land of their fathers. The interest which many, both in Europe and America, are taking in Jerusalem and her children, the movement now on foot in Germany for emigration to that city, the recent partial restoration of the "latter rains" in Palestine, all token that God has not forgotten His promises, but that He is stirring up the hearts of men to prepare the way for the restoration of Judah and the re-building of their long desecrated temple and cities, previous to the re-investing of the Holy Priesthood in the hands of that peculiar people who were so long His oracle on the eastern hemisphere.

Taking all things into consideration, though to the nations the signs of the times appear to bode little good, they could not be more cheering to the sons and daughters of Israel.

THE ONE ACRE FARM.

OR, A CURE FOR HARD TIMES.

BY ICHAROD HOE.

"How much land have you got here in your lot, Mr. Briggs?"

"I have one acre."

"One acre! and here you are taking the New England Farmer, the Cultivator, Hovey's Magazine, and the Horticulturist, and all because you have one acre of ground! How many such papers would you have to take if you had a hundred acres?"

"I should probably need more than I take now; you know, Mr. Chapman, one can 'go through will all the notions' on one acre as well as on a hundred."

"A man can throw away money without any, if he has a mind to. For all the good you get from such periodicals, you might as well, probably, throw the money they cost, into the fire; they are nothing but humbugs."

"I pay two dollars for the New England Farmer, one dollar for the Cultivator, three dollars for the Horticulturist, and two dollars for Hovey's Magazine—in all eight dollars."

"Eight dollars! Enough to buy a 'tip-top' barrel of flour, and a leg of bacon; and then if you read these periodicals, there is twice the amount of the money spent, in the time of reading them."

"I do usually read or hear read, almost every word there is in them; my boys and I take turns in reading, and one reads aloud while the rest work."

"Complete nonsense! No wonder your shop don't turn out any more boots in a day, than it does!"

"Perhaps we don't do as great days' work some days, as some of our neighbors, but I guess that in the course of the year, we turn out as many, according to the number of hands at work, as most do."

"I suppose it is out of these publications you get your foolish notions about so many kinds of fruit trees. One of my boys came home a while ago, and said Mr. Briggs had got lots and lots of fruit trees, and such things, that cost, I don't know how much, and wanted me to buy some grape vines, pear trees, and so on. I told him it was all foolishness, and not to let me hear him say any thing about spending money so foolishly. You have, I dare say, laid out ten or fifteen dollars, this spring."

"Yes, nearly as much again. I have laid out twenty-five dollars for trees and garden fruits."

"Twenty-five dollars! I wonder you are not on the town, or in jail at least, before now."

"I'm not afraid of either; I'll bet you twenty-five dollars, that I will sell you that amount of fruit from those things for which I paid the twenty-five dollars, in five years."

"Done! I'll stand you; so your trees will cost you fifty dollars sure, in money, besides the time thrown away in setting them out and taking care of them."

"As for the time spent in setting them out, or taking care of them, it is as good exercise as playing ball, wicket, or anything else. While we were setting them out, one of your boys came to get my boys to go over to Mr. Moody's, where he said was to be a great time playing ball; and I have no doubt, your boys spend just as much time playing, as mine do with our trees and so forth; and then something is done, but in playing the strength is all laid out for nothing."

"Well, it don't cost anything to play ball, but trees cost money."

The foregoing conversation occurred in the shop, between two neighbors, both boot-mak-

ers, in a town not more than thirty miles from Boston.

Mr. Briggs, in whose shop the conversation took place, was a man of more than ordinary intelligence for one of his advantages and circumstances in life. He had been a poor boy, and by industry, observation and economy, had worked his way on in life and reared and well educated a family of children, who, like himself, were industrious and steady.

For the few years past, he had become interested in horticulture, and both for exercise and amusement, had turned his attention to cultivating his 'one acre farm.' His attention was first called to this, by means of a 'back number' of the New England Farmer, which was put round some things bought at the store.

Mr. Briggs found this so interesting, that he purchased another number at the periodical depot, and then he became a regular subscriber.—His sons soon became interested in the same direction, and the interest of the father and sons increased to the pitch indicated in the foregoing conversation.

In time, every inch of that acre of ground was 'brought under the spade,' and almost every 'best' variety of fruits had a place there, and the father and sons found pleasure and profit in the garden after being shut up in the shop till the 'stent' was done, and the exercise was far more profitable than the spasmodic, violent exercise taken in games.

Mr. Chapman, the other neighbor, was a man of the common stamp. He looked upon every thing new or uncommon, as folly and nonsense, and was ready to sneer at every one who stepped aside from the common track. It looked simply silly to him to see a man stay at home from muster, or training, or show, spend his time in cultivating a garden; or, instead of loitering away the evening at the store, smoking, and hearing or telling a deal of nothing or worse, to spend the evenings at home, reading such 'nonsense' as the Farmer and Horticulturist afford.

Years pass, and Mr. Briggs' 'one acre farm' shows that he and his boys have not read the papers in vain. They have learned to set out a tree and how to take care of it after it was set out.

Every thing showed it received the right kind of food and care, and straightway began to bring forth fruits meet for good cultivation.—In a short time the wants of the family were more than supplied, and the surplus found a ready market with the neighbors at good prices.

Those early apples, so rich and tempting, when all other apples were so green and hard; and then such pears; they went as fast as the sun and house could ripen them, at three, four and five cents apiece. Then such clusters of rich, ripe grapes—too tempting for the coldest to pass without a watering mouth. Mr. Chapman's family were among the best customers for the tempting fruit—first having learned their excellence by the liberality of Mr. Briggs, who never failed to send a specimen of his best to his neighbor.

The fifth season came, and it proved a very fruitful year. Apple, pear, peach, plum, and other trees, were loaded with fruit. Keeping in mind his conversation with Mr. Chapman, Mr. Briggs had directed his family to set down every cent's worth of fruit sold to Mr. Chapman or his family.

This year as it happened, was a year of extreme hard times. The boot business was at its lowest ebb; little work, and very low wages—and yet the prices of every kind of provisions up to the highest notch, and money extremely tight.

But there was one family that did not seem to be in the least affected by the change in the prices of labor and high rates of provisions or scarcity of money—Mr. Briggs and his two oldest sons, had a little spare change to let on short time, to their needy neighbors.

One day Mr. Chapman, who was short, applied to Mr. Briggs for a 'half' for a 'quarter,' meaning fifty dollars for three months.

"Yes," said Mr. Briggs, 'a half' or a 'whole,' just as you like."

"What, a hundred dollars by you these times! How is this? You and your boys don't work any harder than I and my boys do, and we can scarcely get along; we are as saving and pinching as can be, too; times are so dreadful hard, and every thing a family has to buy, is so dreadful high, and wages so low; potatoes, a dollar a bushel, beef fifteen cents a pound, pork sixteen cents, eggs twenty-five cents a dozen, and flour ten or twelve dollars a barrel! How can a man live?"

"It won't be hardly fair for me to ask for that twenty-five dollars, now, will it?"

"Twenty-five dollars! What do you mean?—I don't understand you!"

"Don't you recollect we have a bet between us about the price of some fruit trees I bought five years ago next spring?"

"Ah, I do remember something about it. You were to give me twenty-five dollars if you didn't get your twenty-five dollars back from me for the products of those trees and things. It will come very handy just now."

"Don't be too fast neighbor. I am afraid it won't come very handy just now." That was what I was dunning you for, that twenty-five dollars."

"What! you don't pretend to say we have had twenty-five dollars worth of stuff from your garden?"

"More than that from that very twenty-five dollars worth of trees and other things. Here is an account of every thing you have bought and paid for; of course it don't include what I have sent you gratis."