

[For the Desert News.]

TRUST IN GOD AND THYSELF.

A priceless boon is a friend indeed!
Greet him as such, when his face you see;
But those who fall thee in time of need,
Shun them, as false friends shun'd should be,
They proffer this and promise that;
But promise, alas, is a doubtful elf,
So, would'st thou weather the storms of life,
Trust thou in God and thyself.

Keep a brave heart though the waves roll high,
Let thine arm be true as the magnet's steel,
Look unto God with a steadfast eye,
And trust Him always in woe or weal:
Man may deceive, but God is true,
Mortals will pander to love of self,
Like "angel's visits," firm friends are few,
Trust thou in God and thyself.

Should friends nor fortune nor home be thine,
Cringe not for these, nor b-g for that,
The earnest seeker will surely find,
Something to bravely fill our trust;
'Tis a cheering maxim to keep in view,
That diligence leads to plenty's shelf,
So whatsoever thine hands pursue,
Trust thou in God and thyself.

E'en though thy flesh and thy strength should fail,
Surely 'twere better to wear than rust;
Than never to try 'twere better to die,
In striving to bravely fill our trust;
But fear not thou, for God is good!
He is the giver of strength and wealth,
When faithless feelings or friends intrude,
Trust thou in God and thyself.

G.S.L. City, 1864.

EMILY HILL.

THE EXECUTION OF JASON R. LUCE.

At the time of the murder of Samuel F. Bunton, Dec. 7th, we stated all that was then reported of the difficulty between him and Luce at Bannock City, Idaho.—Luce never having attempted to deny the murder in this city or to evade its responsibility, the prosecution had no difficulty—at the trial of making "a case." The jury rendered a verdict of "wilful murder in the first degree," and the court, on the 29th of the same month, sentenced the criminal to be executed on the 12th of January.

Up to within a very short time of his execution, Luce expected that the sentence of the Probate Court, through the ability and supposed influence of his counsel with the District Court, or by the exercise of clemency on the part of the Chief Executive of the Territory, could be changed. At this late date, we have not to deal with rumor—the facts are public, Luce's counsel claims to have done everything in these directions to procure a commutation of sentence or a new trial, but was unsuccessful. On the appointed day, the sentence of the court was carried into execution, and Jason R. Luce, for the murder of Samuel F. Bunton was "shot till dead," within the Court House yard, "in the presence of a proper number of witnesses."

For some days preceding the execution, Luce manifested much contrition of heart for the latter years of his life, and, on learning that all hope of living was delusive, he spoke freely to his relations, and to others who visited him, of some incidents in his chequered career. He desired the privilege of addressing those who had assembled to witness his execution, and in a few words warned young men against bad associations and asserted that he had been "betrayed unto death" by one of his counsel.

The end of Jason R. Luce might have been vastly different, had he avoided the insinuations of evil against which he at last earnestly warned others. It is only a very few years since he was a hard working and "a reliable man" among those for whom he labored. No one that weighed circumstances would ever have expected a man of his calibre and education to have attained any great position in the world; but had he avoided evil associates, and followed the inspirations of the better part of his nature, he might have been a useful member of society. He listened to evil and followed a course the end of which is death—sooner or later. He felt that he had "missed" his mark, and, to us, he seemed, when the trial came, to meet bravely the "atonement." The peculiar circumstances of the unfortunate man created much sympathy for his family, and in a few hours after his death, they were the recipients of a very timely contribution to assist them in their trying hour.

Since the foregoing was written, we have seen letters from Bannock, which stated that the citizens of that place had prepared a petition praying the Court to deal lightly with Luce, as Bunton was a murderer whom they

would have hung had Luce not killed him, but learning that their petition could not reach in time to avail the unfortunate man, it was not forwarded.

FROM THE SOUTH.

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN—THE POSITION, POLICY AND WANTS OF THE SOUTH.

[From the Richmond Sentinel, Jan. 29.]

There is a great and general revival in the spirits and confidence of our people relative to the war. And there is reason for this. Our army is acting nobly, and is in the best of spirits. The men whose three years' terms are approaching their close have ceased to wait upon Congress. From all quarters—from Johnston before Chattanooga, and from Lee on the Rapidan—glorious tidings come from these gallant veterans. Without any inducement, save the promptings of patriotism and the inspirations of manly courage, they are coming forward with the utmost enthusiasm, by regiments and brigades, to volunteer for the war. Our armies are also in excellent health, and will give a good account of themselves in the coming campaign. The spirit of our people is also good. There is a general determination to unite in harmonious effort, each in his sphere, to wage the war with our grandest energies. The news from the enemy is likewise encouraging. They are finding much greater difficulty in recruiting their armies than we have heretofore supposed. The old soldiers are not re-enlisting in the numbers that have been claimed. Meade's army will be composed of new levies, and how can such as they stand before our veterans? And what a difference in the spirit of the armies. On one side bribes of a thousand dollars are necessary to win reluctant men, many of whom will never return from their furloughs. On the other, without bounty or bribe, our men are re-enlisting with shouts. We are fighting for country and home—their men are fighting for money. The money crash is coming, also, to add its perplexities to our enemy. Their clustering difficulties will make them give up the struggle, for they can afford to do it. Our difficulties, though in many respects greater, cannot so incline us, because we cannot afford to yield. Let us ever maintain our energy in full vigor and a spirit that never droops, and let us strike hard and bravely whenever we have a chance, and our enemy's resolution will decay and die under disappointment and despair. Our success is certain if we will be but men, and, thank Heaven, the sky brightens!

[From the Richmond Examiner, Jan. 23.]

The time has passed for offensive military operations, on the part of Southern armies. Beyond recovering lost portions of Territory, the true policy now is to risk nothing. At first, before Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri were lost, we might have gained much by taking Washington and penetrating to the centre of the enemy's power. But we then threw ourselves on the defensive, allowed our soil to be invaded, consented that our own supplies should subsist the troops of both belligerents, and suffered the extensive belt between the two hostile nations, which was desolated by the contending forces, to be taken from our own Territory. Our means of subsistence have now been too far exhausted to admit any other than defensive tactics. We must stand behind the wide belt of land which war has devastated, and put our enemy to the hazard and the cost of crossing that wilderness of destitution. We may recover Tennessee and Arkansas, we may carry our lines to the banks of the Potomac, we may prevent the navigation of the Mississippi by the constant presence, at certain points, of moveable batteries of artillery; but in these, and in all our military enterprises and operations, we must observe the wary tactics of Fabius, and win the battle by risking nothing. Hereafter our strength will consist in our very poverty. Our country is too sparsely inhabited, too scarcely supplied with food and forage, to be successfully invaded for an indefinite period. The war will last as long as the North can maintain a muster-roll strength of three-quarters of a million, and support an army of four hundred thousand men at a distance of several hundred miles from its basis of subsistence. It has become with us now a simple question of endurance. We can husband our resources; we can maintain our armies at a standard of strength apportioned to the productive capacities of the country; when outnumbered, we can weary the enemy and waste his strength by artful maneuvers, attacking him in detail and destroying him by piecemeals; but if we undertake more, we risk all. Our Territory is still of vast dimensions, and presents nowhere any large accumulation of supplies. In the compact States of Europe, where every foot of the soil is brought into requisition, where agriculture is at the maximum, where every acre groans with redundant crops, invasion by large armies is comparatively not only practicable, but profitable and self-sustaining. There, armies move over great distances without the appendage of leagues of wagon trains, drawing their food along for hundreds of miles behind them. But the case is very different on this continent. A striking exemplification of the fact is witnessed in the case of East Tennessee, where the Federal armies are now compelled to retreat from sheer want of supplies. Yet that country is emphatically the granary of the South. The traveller will see on the roadside, from Bristol to Chattanooga, in the month of June, more wheat, than if he continues his journey on to Vicksburg, then

travels by the Southern route back all the way to Richmond, then up the famous James River Valley, and through Southwest Virginia to Bristol again. The enemy have occupied East Tennessee only four or five months. They entered it in August, just after an unusually abundant harvest of all crops had been secured, rendered greater by the extraordinary exertions of the inhabitants, put forth under the invitation of Mr. Davis's crop-planting proclamation of last spring. Just after, the heaviest crop ever raised in that productive grain country had matured, our forces were called out of it by Bragg, and the enemy invited to enter and enjoy. Yet they are now forced to evacuate a large portion of the most productive meat and corn country in the Confederacy, from sheer want of supplies. The fact proves that no portion of our Territory will long support the presence of an army. It proves that, in order to our subjugation, the North must transport several hundred thousand troops over distances of hundreds of miles, and support them at those long distances with supplies brought from home. With the South, the duration of the war is simply a question of a continued supply of food for people and army. With the North its duration is a question of enlistment and finance—a question of recruiting a muster-roll strength of at least three-quarters of a million of men for their armies, and of maintaining a system of finance taxed with the cost of transporting four or five hundred thousand troops and their subsistances over distances of many hundreds of miles. The South can hold out indefinitely, even after all this waste and extravagance, if only, at the eleventh hour, she does not go mad. The Richmond Congress can bring her to subjugation in six months more by conscripting her present producing classes and thrusting them into an unclad and unfed army. The great want is more food and clothing—a want which cannot be supplied by multiplying mouths, backs and feet, at the expense of the producers of provisions and covering. The first duty of Government is to provide these supplies; and if they cannot be provided except by weakening the army, the alternative must be adopted of resisting with smaller armies, using the tactics of Fabius and the strategy of defence.

[From the Mercurio del Vapir of Santiago.]

BURNING OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN SANTIAGO.

OVER TWO THOUSAND PERSONS PERISH!

A dreadful visitation has fallen upon us. Truly this is a day of trouble and rebuke for blasphemy. The voice of lamentation is heard all over the land; the bitter weeping of fathers, husbands, brothers and lovers, for those who were the joy and brightness of their life, that refuse to be comforted because they are not. Hundreds of young girls, only yesterday, radiant and beautiful in the luxuriant bloom of the fresh, hopeful spring of life, are to-day calcined, hideous corpses, horrible, loathsome to the sight, impossible to be recognized.

The 8th of December was a great triumph for the clergy of the Church of the Jesuits in Santiago. An enthusiastic audience filled every nook. There were hardly any men there, but three thousand women, comprising the flower, the beauty and fashion of the capital, were at the feet of the ecclesiastics, very many against the will of fathers and husbands; but that, of course, only showed forth the power and might of the gospel. Never had such pyrotechny been seen before; twenty thousand lights, mostly camphene, in long festoons of colored globes, blazed the church into a ball of fire. But the performance had not yet begun when the crescent of fire at the foot of the gigantic image of the Virgin over the high altar overflowed, and climbing up the muslin draperies and pasteboard devices to the wooden roof, rolled a torrent of flame.

The suddenness of the fire was awful. The dense mass of women, frightened out of their senses, numbers fainting, and all entangled by their long swelling dresses, rushed, as those who knew that death was at their heels, to one door, which soon became choked up. Fire was everywhere. Streaming along the wooden ceiling, it flung the camphene lamps, hung in rows there, among the struggling women.

In a moment the gorgeous church was a sea of flame. Michael Angelo's fearful picture of hell was there, but exceeded. Help was all but impossible; a Hercules might have strained his strength in vain to pull one from the serried mass of frenzied wretches, who piled one above the other, as they climbed over to reach the air, wildly fastening the grip of death upon any one escaping, in order that they might be dragged out with them. Those who longed to save them were doomed to bear the most harrowing sight that ever seared human eyeballs—to see mothers, sisters, tender and timid women, dying that dreadful death, that appalled the stoutest heart of man, within one yard of salvation, within one yard of men who would have given their lives over and over again. It was mad dening—the screaming and wringing of hands for help as the remorseless flame came on; and then, while some, already dead from fright, were burned with ghastly indifference, others in their horrible agony—some in prayer—were tearing their hair and battering their faces. Women, seized in the embraces of the flames, were seen to undergo a transformation as though by an optical illusion; first dazzlingly bright, then horribly lean and

shrunk up, then black statues rigidly fixed in a writhing attitude.

The fire, imprisoned by the immense thickness of the walls, had devoured everything combustible by ten o'clock; and then, defying the sickening stench, people came to look for their lost ones. Oh, what a sight, the fair, placid moon looked down upon! Closely packed crowds of calcined, distorted forms, wearing the fearful expression of the last pang, whose smile was once a heaven; the ghastly phalanx of black statues, twisted in every variety of agony, stretching out their arms as if imploring mercy, and then, of the heap that had choked up the door, multitudes with their lower parts entirely untouched, and some all a shapeless mass, but with an arm or a foot unscathed.

The silence, after these piercing screams were hushed in death, was horrible. It was the silence of the grave, unbroken, but by the bitter wail or fainting cry—Over two thousand souls had passed through the ordeal of fire to the judgment of God.

WHO BUILT THE PYRAMIDS?

A recent number of Blackwood's Magazine contained a somewhat striking article on this subject, which has lately attracted more than usual attention among European antiquarians and scholars. The publication of a number of works has led to much vigorous and sharp discussion. There are periods when men seem moved by a peculiar epidemic to make assaults on received history, and on the sacred Scriptures. Such a period we are now passing through. It is quite fashionable among some classes of critics to attack the historical character of the books of Moses, and the attack usually results in showing the person who makes it to be equally opposed to the Gospel and the law. The man who rejects Moses is found to have but a slim faith in Paul, and to be a mere theoretic admirer of the Messiah himself. There is, therefore, a good deal of infidelity afloat among the critics, and it is getting to be rare to meet with a man who stands up boldly and says, "There is the *ipse dixit* of God, and I stand by it." The most shallow arguments pass for strong reasoning with these men. They would not trust money, not a dollar, on evidence with so little strength as that on which they ask the world to repose its most vital interests.

A piece of old pottery dug out of a deep hole in the ground is the centre of a circle of heads of wise men, who find in it ample ground for rejecting the Mosaic account of the age of the world and the human family. Some bones, found at the foot of a cliff, over which they may have walked, a living man, within a century, are the sufficient evidence to learned geologists that men existed twenty thousand years ago.

The grand staggering argument, however, which they seek to evade or disprove or otherwise dispose of, is that the evidences of man's existence, in the work of his hands, the product of his labor on the surface of the earth, all serve to confirm the Mosaic account. We go back with human art to its very origin, and find that origin at just about the time the Bible tells us it was. The Pyramids of Egypt were a favorite subject of discussion with these antiquarians, and as there is so much doubt about them, they seek once in a while, to give the idea that they may be vastly older than they have been supposed, and that some ten or fifteen thousand years may have rolled over their white piles. There is no better illustration than this of the anxiety of men to obtain some assistance in the rejection of the Bible. None of them pretend to give any proof of the extreme antiquity of the Pyramids.

Against all the evidence of their probable date they offer conjectures and theories but nothing more. The age of the Pyramids is indeed by no means a settled matter. But there is sufficient evidence to bring the oldest of them within the post-diluvian historic period. The writer in Blackwood presents a theory which is peculiarly interesting. It supposes the Pyramid of Cheops, so called, to have been erected by a king who was a worshipper of the true God, before idolatry was known to Egypt. In support of this, he cites the total absence of idolatrous inscriptions, so common on all other Egyptian monuments, the traditions of the priests that they were built by a race of "accursed" kings who despised the gods the name Saophis (Cheops), which Eratosthenes translates "the hairy," indicating a Phœnician, and not an Egyptian, and various other noteworthy suggestions. It has been remarked that the Pyramids are not mentioned in the Bible, yet it is not improbable that in Job the allusion to "desolate places," which kings and counsellors of the earth had built for themselves, and in which they were "at rest," refers to the pyramids, and other Egyptian tombs. The idea that among the splendid remains of Egyptian idolatry that are lying shattered and broken along the Nile banks, these silent, solemn monuments are the remains of an older and purer faith, which stands firm on the rock as of old, outlasting the decay of temples and altars to false Gods, is an idea worth considering for its very grandeur.—*Journal of Commerce.*

THE AGE OF PURITY RESTORED.—Fourteenth Street, Washington, is said to contain, throughout its whole length, south from Willard's, not one house that is not a house of ill-fame. A contract has just been made to build a house of the same character that is to cost \$80,000! Old Babylon and ancient Rome were models of purity, compared with Washington.—[Times.]