

Such, however, being the fact, and we being here to do His will, we repeat that it simply devolves upon us to wisely use the diligence, intelligence, means, and opportunities placed at our control, to be careful to increase daily in faith and obedience, and then rest assured that He who doeth all things aright will overrule the elements and order the dispensations of His providences for the welfare of His people.

Leaning upon the devil and trusting to the world will prove to be but a dependence that will most assuredly fail and pierce the soul with sorrow; for they are exceedingly busy in their own vocation for usurping the dominion of this earth, and will not extend means and facilities to those whose profession requires them to oppose all evil, unless they imagine that thereby they can allure them from the path of uprightness.

How Annoying

To the powers of darkness, and how easily the human family might understand, if they would, when the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints are so often leaving their pleasant and peaceful homes, and going forth into the midst of strangers, enemies, and darkness, to bear the gospel to the nations, which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek;" and in our day to the Gentile first, and also to the Jews.

And that there may be "line upon line, and precept upon precept," and all be fully warned, the tide of missionaries is again pouring forth from the mountains, in various channels, to gladden the waste places, and cheer the honest minds that are oppressed and bound down by the accumulated spiritual ignorance of centuries.

Another index feature of the present mission to the East, is the fact that the two small companies under Captains Haight and Miller start for the Missouri river with as much readiness, and willingness, as though the route had not recently been waylaid by hostile savages, and entirely abandoned by the U. S. mails.

And why this alacrity in leaving friends and homes, to go forth on a long and dreary track, into the midst of those who will ridicule, scoff at, and oppose their efforts? Is it for wordly gain, wordly renown, and mere earthly advantages? Were that the case, well might they exclaim with the apostle, "we are of all men most miserable." But no, the inhabitants of the earth must be warned by the servants of the living God, who are clothed upon with the everlasting Priesthood, or the law could not be bound up, nor the testimony sealed.

Then, ye honest in heart of every clime, receive the "hunters and fishers" of the last days with joy, and gather out from Babylon, that you may abide the day of the coming of the Son of Man.

ON A TOUR TO THE SOUTHERN SETTLEMENTS.—President Brigham Young, accompanied by Counselors Kimball and Grant, Elder Wilford Woodruff, Truman O. Angell, architect, Dr. Samuel Sprague, Chief Justice J. F. Kinney, Dr. Garland Hurt, Indian agent, D. B. Huntington, Indian interpreter, and several others, left this city on the 8th, intending to be absent about four or five weeks; during which time all, or nearly all, of the settlements in that direction will be visited, and talks held with the Indians contiguous to the route.

DEPARTURE.—On the 7th inst., Elders Hector C. Haight, captain of company, Daniel C. Davis, Robert Neslin, John Kay, John Scott, John L. Smith, William Muir, David Curtis, William C. Moody, and James Cooper; Henry W. Miller, captain of company, Robert C. Petty, Washington W. Cook, John A. Richards, and William B. Richey, left on missions to the British Isles and the United States. The two companies will travel together as far as Fort Leavenworth on the Missouri.

IN OUR FAVOR.—At 2 p.m. of the 8th, we were informed that the gulls are annihilating the grasshoppers in Tooele Valley.

COOL.—On the morning of the 5th there was thin ice on still water, and on the edges of small irrigating sects, but we did not learn that the frost did any serious injury to any kind of vegetation.

Australia.

From a number of the "Zion's Watchman" of Oct. 14th, courteously sent to the office by sister Farnham, we learn that the truth was gradually spreading in that region, and President Augustus Farnham and Elder William Cooke were about to carry the gospel into New Zealand.

At a conference held in Sydney on the 1st of Oct., Elder J. W. Fleming reported that he found 42 members in the section where he traveled, and

in company with Elder John S. Eldredge, had baptized 24, making a total of 66, and many were believing. Elder James Graham, who had been traveling in the district of the Five Islands, had baptized 5, and several others were believing.—Elder Wm. Cooke represented the Victoria conference, composed of 5 branches, containing 51 members, 1 High Priest, — Seventies, 5 Elders, 2 Priests, and 1 Teacher. In the Adelaide conference there were, 1 High Priest, 1 Seventy, 2 Elders, 3 Priests, 2 Teachers, and 45 members.—During the past quarter, 72 had been baptized in the different fields of labor, and several, in country and town, were waiting to be baptized.

After transacting the business before them, the conference adjourned to the first Sunday in January.

The "Zion's Watchman" is edited and published by A. Farnham, in Sydney, at sixpence per copy; is of octavo size, with 16 pages in each number, but does not mention how often it is issued.

Sandwich Islands.

By letters to Elder Geo. Q. Cannon from Elders F. A. Hammond and Philip B. Lewis, dated Feb. 4th and 10th, and to Elder G. P. Burnett from Elder John T. Caine, dated Feb. 6th, the work was steadily progressing on the Islands.—All the elders who were sent here by the April conference of 1854, had arrived, except Elder M. D. Merriek, who tarried in California by the counsel of Elder P. P. Pratt. They were enjoying good health and spirits, and successfully operating in their different fields of labor. Of the elders previously there, President Lewis' health was rather poor, and Mrs. Reddick N. Allred, Keeler, and Snider were about to start for Utah on account of ill health, being counseled so to do.

EXTRACTS

From Elder John R. Young's letter to his father, Lorenzo D. Young.

HONOLULU, Oahu, Feb. 2, 1855.

DEAR FATHER:—It gave me great pleasure to hear that the Saints were accomplishing so much work, and that the Indians were so friendly—to sum all up together, that everything was in so flourishing a condition, at home.

Concerning myself I have been greatly blest since I left home. Even the Gentiles have been willing to administer to my wants. I feel well, and am getting along pretty well in studying the language of this people.

I am sorry to inform you that our dear brother Rogers has been for some time insane. I have not seen him myself, but have just received a letter from Elder Woodbury, stating that Dr. Rogers has several times left the place where he is living, as he says, to save his life, as his friends want to kill. This derangement is thought to have been produced by too close application to study. To-day is a day of general fasting and prayer throughout all the branches, that by prayer and faith we may rescue him from this dreadful evil.

The rest of the elders are well at present, and are doing well. Several of the old elders have sailed for home, and they will all be released at the conference, in July next; so we boys will have to preach, language or no language.

I am thankful that Frank and Sobiska have a chance to go to school. Tell them that they must not let a moment run to waste, but try to obtain a good education, for the day cometh when they will need it.

Please tell Uncle Brigham, that I do not want he should send for me before five years—for I love this people, and they seem to love me; and I desire to do a good work among them.

Your affectionate son.

TEXAS.—By letter mailed at Fort Sullivan, Texas, Jan. 30th, from Elder Seth M. Blair to Elder David Pettigrew, President of the High Priests' Quorum, we are informed that Elder Blair expected to start about fifty Saints for Utah this spring. His health and spirits were good, and he was now and then baptizing one of the honest in heart, but was much annoyed by the surrounding corruptions and abominations of that region of the lower world.

Retrospect of the Past Year.

Even the 'blind leaders of the blind' are beginning to discern the 'hand writing upon the wall,' as is evidenced by the following extracts from Mr. H. W. Belows' thanksgiving sermon, delivered in New York, Nov. 30, 1854, and taken from 'The Student' for Jan., 1855. The 'signs of the times' are now casting such broad shadows of coming events upon the dial plate of our day, that one at first thought might imagine that all could discern the folly of serving the 'devil,' and turn to righteousness; 'but the wicked pass on and are punished,' and who can prevent it? It remains for the saints to be ever vigilant, active, and faithful, or their deserts and mountains will cease to be bulwarks of defence from the drunkenness arising from the spirit of evil, which is causing the wicked to 'stagger, but not with strong drink.'—Ed.

The year through which we have just passed has been more than usually distinguished by severe disasters on sea and land. Such a succession of distressing accidents, by fire and flood, perhaps never, in so short a space, befell any people in a time of peace.

The country, parched with a drouth that reached from ocean to ocean, has been as dry as tinder, and if an army of incendiaries had been quartered upon us, the ravages of

fire through our forests and cities could hardly have been more frightful.

The Union has blazed from town to town with the flames of its warehouses, as though the torch of ruin had been passed along by a conspiracy of destructions. And what the fire has left the water has taken.

Ocean, lake, and river, open sea and quiet harbor, have united in a common vengeance on our marine and its passengers. Ships stranded on our shores, ships burned at our wharves, ships foundering in mid ocean, ships cleft by horrid collision, ships disappearing without a plank to hint their fate, ships going down and leaving only a few sad messengers to wring our hearts with the tale of their destruction; wrecks by fire, by wind, by fog, by darkness, by storm, by explosion; rich and poor, natives and foreigners, young and old, swept off in masses; thousands of poor emigrants perishing in view of the land they left all to seek; and hundreds of well-known citizens, in health and good cheer, drowning within a day's sail of the homes that expected them. Seven thousand lives is the computed havoc of the past year upon our waters!

Meanwhile Pestilence, though barely touching our beloved city (New York) with its deadly skirts, has swept through our Western and Southern towns in full-robed majesty, with garments dyed in blood.

Yellow fever and cholera united their accursed standards, and fell at once upon communities to leave them decimated of their best inhabitants.

But worse than all, while Death violently or in the course of Nature has carried off within the year an unusual number of valuable citizens in all parts of the country, Temptation, worse than cholera, fever, or death in any shape, has pierced the reputation and triumphed in the downfall of trusted and honored men; men with whom went down something of our faith in humanity itself; men who are answerable before heaven for our threatening despair of the race; responsible for our fainting hope in virtue and God!

Panic and distress have seized our markets of money. Our credit is disputed abroad and shaken at home. The great railroad system of the land, recently its pride and the bond of its well-being, is smitten with confusion and shame.

Our ship-yards, lately the glory of our industry and the scenes of intense activity, now close their gates against the supplicating hands that found their bread within them.

The iron-works along the rivers no more redden the night with the glare of their furnaces, or confound the day with the din of their anvils. Labor leans listlessly and anxiously upon its spade, while capital locks its chest and trembles for its securities.

Thousands of unemployed laborers hang around the melancholy scenes of their old occupation, while hundreds of mercantile establishments drop their oars upon the tide, afraid to advance and not able to pause.

The rich man perhaps thinks it is a hard fate that he does not this year add his usual increase to his already swollen fortune, or that some few thousands are swept from his superfluous hoard! The aspirant to a large success counts it a hardship that he must bridle his ambition for a twelvemonth.

But what would become of the commercial health, what of the private morals of the nation, if no circumstances arose to test the strength of bold adventurers whose capital is their rashness, and whose occasional success is a strange surprise and lucky accident? Communities or individuals that gamble in dry-goods, or groceries, are no better or safer than if they gambled in stocks and coin; and the hour will inevitably come when such baseless and mischievous establishments will fall with a common crash.

The everlasting law of God is, "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy bread." But in America, unhappily, an increasing disposition exists to substitute the cunning of the brain for the sweat of the brow.

We are fast making labor over to our foreign population, as if it degraded our own hands. The sharp-witted and the enterprising rush from the country into our cities, as if no end could come to the want of exchanges, and no need existed for an increased number of producers.

It is a small thing that a few fortunes or many periodically break down in these crises; a very small matter that people here drop a carriage, or there retire into a less fashionable street; it is a far greater thing, that poor families in the country and diligent laborers lose their hard earnings—the reliance of their coming age—in the ruin of reckless speculators; but even that might be got along with.

The great and dreadful evil of a loose credit, an uncertain currency, a shifting standard of value, is the demoralizing influence it gradually sends through the whole land, "the leanness of soul" it produces. It invests tens of thousands of young men with a reckless ambition; unsettles them in wholesome pursuits; draws them into large towns and cities, and hurries them on a general tide of excitement into dissipation and ruin.

It spreads abroad crude and confusing notions of respectability and happiness. It raises the standard of comfort and decency to an unnatural and injurious pitch. It heats the blood of the whole body politic to a dangerous point. Innocent and wholesome tastes are burnt up in its fury.

The public taste becomes coarse and morbid. It must be fed with spices and whipped with stimulants. Popular literature sinks from the cooling and refreshing tales of a Scott, a Cooper, or Edgeworth—from gentle biography or elevated poetry—into stories that lay open the guilty passions of the human soul, and through whole reeking pages, lust, murder, fraud, and folly stalk in theatrical wardrobes. The mere titles of the popular stories of the day sufficiently indicate the sated and sickly appetite to which they minister.

Greedy and covetous employers make greedy and covetous servants; rash owners make rash captains, rash captains make rash crews; reckless riders create reckless drivers, and the locomotive rushes only at the speed of its impatient passengers.

The engineers of the whole country partake, necessarily, the spirit of the country, and it is utterly hopeless to demand prudence, and care, and judgment of those who do our will, so long as our will itself lacks those qualities. The disastrous fires, the horrible shipwrecks, the dreadful murders of the last year are the logical consequences of the national character.

It is impossible to trace each and every one to its specific cause, but they are only what, and just what, might be expected from the fever in the blood, the blood in the

brain, the venturesome and the bold, the rash and headlong temper of the times.

It is fit that our proudest ships should stagger like drunkards in the dark and fall into the pits of the sea, when the characters of our most trusted men reel on our exchange and topple, masses of ruin, to the pavement! It is fit that fire should sweep down our warehouses and factories when the inward flame is consuming the consciences and judgments of their owners.

Who will look out for the stony coast, who stop to heave the warning lead, who scrupulously keep the midnight watch in our streets and stores, who stick diligently, conscientiously to his post, be his charge fire or steam, fog or fraud, who can be depended on in any of these positions, or for any of these duties, while the public conscience is impaired, the general brain confused, the whole body politic inflamed by the intense covetousness and social ambition of a people?

The sickness reaches from the head of the nation to the sole of its feet; and these cries of drowning agony on our coasts, these bereaved homes in our midst, these innocent and horror-stricken families, whose names are polluted by fraud; these shipwrecks, fires, failures, crimes, all are but parts of one great whole whose animating soul is cupidity.

It is time to have done with the heathenish fatalism which tells us we can not control this hot haste, and are not responsible for this universal rivalry and excess of activity. We must control it, or degenerate into a nation of lunatics.

The strain upon the national nerves is already filling our madhouses with thousands of victims to the American spirit. We must control it, or surrender our claims to be a civilized people. We must control it, or see our national flag the suspicion and dread of the world; and our national character the ridicule and apprehension of Christendom. We must control it, or behold our literature turning to a mixture of sentimentality and prurience; our art, a starved and puny product of the soil; our religion, an amalgam of the police-office and the theatre.

And what we must do we can do. God's providence is helping us to do it in the very experiences we are now suffering, and the lover of his country and kind ought to render thanks to-day that a pause is given to our public speed, a check felt on our dangerous prosperity, a sober and chastened hue thrown over our social life.

Fort Ephraim,

April 22nd, 1855.

In a meeting held at Fort Ephraim, Jan. 28th, 1855, it was unanimously voted that Br. Elijah Averett be President of the Fort Ephraim Branch, and that Mrs. Thomas Thorp, and Tore Thurston be his counselors.

PETER OLDROYD, Clerk.

[For the News.

East-Weber Bridge.

MR. EDITOR:—This strong and durable structure, spanning, with an arch of 66 feet, the turbulent and angry flood poured out of Weber Canyon, was completed on the 14th instant. It combines the power of eight entire arches, the whole length of the span being connected by eighteen king-posts, with their cross braces, eight inches square, with only 7 feet and 6 inches run, and will stand as long as the mountain pine, of which it is made, will last.

It would be good policy for the inhabitants of Weber and Davies Counties to more thoroughly open and work the roads leading to this bridge.

NORTON JACOB, Architect.

We are pleased in being able to inform the public of the completion of the bridge across Weber river near the mouth of its lower canyon, and hope that brother Jacob's sanguine statement as to its durability will not be controverted by any unforeseen disaster, for Utah's experience in poor bridges has been very expensive.—Ed.

[For the Deseret News.

A Mean Man,

Hates taxes, bridge and ferry tolls, road rates and expenses of cleaning and lighting streets; but he always prefers traveling a road that has cost hundreds of dollars, to one, that in wet weather, nearly pulls his boots or wagon tires off. We seldom see him with tucked up pants fording a river, or stream, no, he passes on the bridge that he would not give a dime to build! He will listen to the eloquent speech of the orator imparting intelligence, but will not help to build a hall of science. He hesitates to marry, but busies himself in seducing the unwary from the paths of virtue. He will share in the booty of plunder, and for gain turn State's Evidence.—He borrows with a free hand, but dislikes to return. His bright coins lay by him that he may gloat over the counting them. He lets his cows run in the streets, and in his neighbor's gardens. His acquaintance warn the stranger of him—mothers their daughters—few care to trade with him—with difficulty he hires—and when the grave closes his life's career, no lamenting voice is heard, and he only lives in memory as a mean man.

CENSOR.

THE PACIFIC EMPIRE.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce has, it seems, no confidence in the success of Mr. Benton's Pacific Railroad project, or of any scheme for uniting the Pacific and Atlantic by a direct line of railway. He thinks there is to be a Pacific empire, and remarks:

"Before the country could be so far settled as to render the railroad project practicable, the Pacific slope will have formed a separate empire from that of the Atlantic. The Rocky Mountains are the natural boundaries between the two empires, and neither art nor policy can overcome that barrier. This separation, inevitable as it is, may be expedited by the occurrence of a foreign war, or by any event leading to a war, like the proposed acquisition and annexation of the Sandwich Islands—not to the United States, but to the Pacific States."—[Boston Cultivator.

ASTONISHING FECUNDITY.—The Sonoma Bulletin says they have got some of the California mothers in that place. A lady who has been a resident some years had four children in one year and twins the next—or six within the space of two years. She is now the mother of fourteen children, and is still in the prime of life. The Bulletin insists that its statement is true but forbears publishing the name of the matron for fear of giving offence.—[Sac. Union.