

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

EAST INDIES.

SINGAPORE, March 30, 1855.

BR. CARRINGTON—Dear Sir:—There has but little transpired in India, worthy of note, since my last to Prest. Grant. Our efforts for the past six months have been of but little benefit towards reclaiming the swarthy sons of the Ganges. The little interest which has been awakened amongst them, from time to time, has been of short duration, and in every case has given way to a spirit of indifference and carelessness.

A perceptible change has come over the spirit of this people, within the last 12 months, as regards their belief in the gospel. I have been for a long time satisfied that they are not worthy of so great a blessing.

The elders have for the last year been at liberty to change their fields of labor, return to Zion, or remain, as circumstances and the Spirit of the Lord should dictate to them.

The circumstances which have hindered the progress of the gospel in this land cannot fully be told; they can only be understood by those who have had to pass thro' them.

The people of India have become more settled in their convictions that the gospel of Jesus Christ is not the religion for them, and more confirmed and determined in their conclusions not to believe it, and thus they seem to quietly rest. The spirit of the orientalist will probably sleep on, until the fierce anger of the Almighty is kindled against them, and He chastises them for their disobedience.

When such a day shall have overtaken them, then, perhaps, India will have her representatives in Zion. At present they are most thoroughly captivated by the god of this world. Niggardly selfishness is most inseparably woven in the fibres of their very existence. For self interest this people will do anything nameable; for gain they will become slaves to God, man, or the devil, apparently indifferent as to the nature of the service, whether it be to pray, blaspheme, or make a pretence of honesty or of deceit; and I must say that they are very proficient in the latter. Without any exaggeration, they are a nation of thieves and liars. However ignorant they may be in other acquirements, in these they are thoroughly schooled, and practise them from the cradle to the grave.

If we could hold out to them some worldly inducement or advantage, in connexion with the principles we teach, they would flock around us by thousands filled with all the hypocritical pretensions that their deceptive nature could invent.

I have seen them weep with apparent penitence, and when I convinced them that they could not be benefited in a pecuniary point of view, their hypocrisy would at once become apparent, and they would coolly turn away and look for their object of search in some other quarter.

I feel that my mission is closed with this people for the present. Preparatory to my departure from Calcutta, I sent for Elder Skelton who has been laboring at Madras: I desired him to stop a short time with the few saints in that place, as there are a few families there who are worthy to be called saints; they have administered to our wants in every possible way, and have been the support of the elders in this land.

Amongst them I wish to mention J. P. Melk, civil architect, and C. Booth. They are every way worthy of the prayers and confidence of the saints, and are very desirous of gathering out, but are not able at present, tho' I trust they will be in a few months.

Some extracts from the life of Joseph Smith, together with a summary of the first principles and doctrines of the church are now in course of printing, and were nearly half done when I left. They have been in the hands of the printer for the last five months; but it takes them an age to move, and a whole eternity to do nothing. They are essentially lacking a bump which we call go-ahead-iveness.

One ingredient enters largely into all their movements, and constitutes the soul of the community at large—some pretend to say it is the fault of the climate, and some one thing and some another—but it can be summed up in a comprehensive manner as follows: firstly, they are slow! secondly, they are slow!! thirdly they are slow!!!

I trust however, that the publication will be finished ere long, tho' I must confess that I have no faith in the natives' receiving it.

In fact the Spirit has witnessed to me, for the past year, that they would not receive our testimony, but having a great anxiety to benefit them, we have prosecuted our labors with much zeal and energy, and have sounded the glad tidings thro' the length and breadth of India, until every avenue is closed against us.

Elder Levi Savage is still in Rangoon, and is now preparing to publish a treatise on the gospel in the Burmese language.

In Western Hindostan our prospects are twice dead.—Br. H. Pindley was preparing to leave when I last heard from him. Br. Skelton left seven members in Madras.

Elder Potheringham and myself embarked on board the American ship "Beverly," bound for Singapore and China, March 5, on our way to the Valley. After a pleasant passage of 23 days, we arrived at this place, where we expect to stop a few days.

I must now close, praying the Lord to bless and prosper you, in the name of Jesus Christ.

I remain your affectionate brother in the gospel,
N. V. JONES.

SANDWICH ISLANDS MISSION.

G. S. L. CITY, Aug. 5, 1855.

EDITOR OF THE NEWS—Sir:—

At the request of the Historian, I submit the following short sketch of my mission to the Sandwich Islands; and if you think proper, you may insert it in your columns.

I left this place in company with br. Keeler and others on the 11th of Oct. 1849, for California. On arriving at Utah Fort, (now Provo) we fed in company with a number who were on their way to the land of gold; here we organized ourselves, making br. J. M. Flake our captain until we could overtake Elder Charles C. Rich, who was a short distance in our advance.

I arrived in the mining district about the first of March, and labored faithfully for the yellow pieces until the 15th of October, 1850; and on the 19th, bid farewell to "old Slap-jack bar?" in company with 9 others, bound for the Sandwich Islands to preach the gospel, being set apart for that purpose by Elder C. C. Rich.

On the 12th of Dec. 1850, we landed in Honolulu, the

seat of government of the Hawaiian nation, not a single soul of us understanding the first word of the language.—The day after we landed, we washed our bodies in pure water, went on to a high mountain overlooking the town and shipping, gathered each a stone, erected a small altar, sung a hymn, and all bowed down, being agreed beforehand what we should ask for.

The Spirit of the Lord was mightily poured out upon us, and Elder John Dixon spoke in tongues, and Elder James Hawkins prophesied that the Lord would bless us even more than what we asked for; and in fulfillment of this, in one year from that day, between four and five hundred natives had been baptized.

Some of the elders got the language, and in three or four months were preaching and baptizing. As for myself, it took me nearly two years to acquire the language so as to preach in public. However, I felt that the Lord was with me, and at no time did I feel to falter in my endeavors.

I was on the Islands three years and seven months, and was instrumental in the hands of God in bringing many of the islanders to a knowledge of the truth; for which I feel thankful, and rejoice that I was sent on that mission. In fact I never felt sorry even while there, altho' sometimes I felt lonesome and almost discouraged.

The natives are a kind-hearted people, and will do all they can to make you comfortable; will give the last mouthful of food, and the best and only bed; and if your legs are weary thro' walking, they will lomi (rub) them and take the soreness out.

We made our homes wholly with the natives, living on their diet, which was principally poi and fish, sometimes dog. The poi is made from the kalo root, baked under ground and mashed on a large wooden platter with a stone pestle, and is mixed in water until a thick paste is formed, and is sometimes eaten in a sweet state, but generally put aside until it ferments, in which condition it is preferred and is eaten with the fingers.

They have many traditions, and some of them seem to have some foundation. They say they had a flood, and a native was swallowed by a large fish as Jonah was.—They had their cities of refuge for the shedder of blood to flee to; offered sacrifices to their gods; the shark, the volcano on Hawaii, a dog, and hog were all worshipped; almost every family had its own god, even if it was made of wood or stone. They had their prophets, and their priesthood descended from father to son.

I have talked with several, who affirm that they have conversed with the voices of their dead friends, and they tell them that their spirits, and all the spirits of their dead are here in this world, that there are myriads of them living in the air.

One native told me that there was once a man living among them who had been dead, and he reported that all the dead were still on the earth, living on fruits that grow on trees, and generally seemed to enjoy themselves well. The country was level, except two little hills, but there was no sea in that country, and yet he affirmed that it was identically these Islands. He said the reason why he came back was, the people would not let him stay, but drove him back into the body.

They affirm that there is no such horrible place as a pit of fire and brimstone for the wicked, as they are taught by the gentile missionaries.

It is a common thing among the natives, both men and women, when about to be overtaken in a shower of rain, to divest themselves of nearly every garment and tie up their clothing to keep them from getting wet.

Their skin is dark, like the Indians of these mountains, but better featured, and many are smart and highly educated; clean in their person and dress. Many are rich, and live in fine houses built either of wood or coral, well painted, and furnished with the best of household furniture.

In July 1854, at a general conference held in Honolulu, Elders Cannon, Farrer, Hawkins and myself were released from our missions, and about the 13th of August, arrived at San Francisco, Cal., where, from want of means to come home, I was compelled to labor with my hands until 23d of April last, when I left in a company of saints organized by Elder Parley P. Pratt for this place, under the presidency of Elder W. McBride, who acted as a friend and brother.

We arrived on the 21st of July, all in good health and spirits; and I feel to praise the Lord God of Israel for his mercies and goodness unto me, in bringing me safely back to my friends and brethren in these peaceful valleys of the mountains—"my lovely mountain home."

H. W. BIGLER.

ELDERS' CORRESPONDENCE.

TEXAS.

[From Elder Preston Thomas to Elder Geo. A. Smith.]
WASHINGTON COUNTY, Texas, }
April 17, 1855. }

DEAR SIR:—

Through the blessing of my Father in heaven (to whom be glory and honor for ever and ever) my life has been spared, and I have been permitted to return to Texas in good health to enter upon the duties of my mission in this land.

Since I arrived in the States last fall, I have been almost all the time traveling, and have as yet preached very little, only as I could do it on steam boats, ships, &c.

I left Washington city on March 5, the day after the adjournment of Congress, and came directly here, stopping at Memphis, Tennessee, two days. I have been here now three weeks to-day.

I have preached considerable and still have appointments out. A few people are investigating the principles of the gospel; two days ago I baptized five, and I think there are others who will soon follow. I did exceedingly desire to go home this year, which you know were my expectations when I left, but my appointment to Washington prevented me from looking after any of my business last winter; and I hoped to have baptized and taken a company with me; but in that too I was disappointed: so after the adjournment of Congress, the whisperings of the Spirit seemed to direct me back to Texas to carry out my original design, and for that purpose I am here, and the Lord seems to be opening the way for me to accomplish it.

I have given up all hope of going home this year, and shall content myself as best I can. My principle wish to go home was to build myself a good house, in which I could make my family comfortable. Ever since I have been in this kingdom (now nearly twelve years) I have been on missions almost the whole time, until my children are

comparatively strangers to me, and I never have had time to build a comfortable dwelling house, but have always dwelt in cabins and in tents, and on the open prairie; while many of those whom I have been the instrument in the hands of God in bringing into the kingdom have had the privilege of settling down and building themselves splendid mansions, and taking their comfort.

I don't want you to understand me as complaining, by no means; it is all right, and I am satisfied. God has made me the honored instrument to first open the gospel in this county, and one of the principals in helping from year to year to roll up from Texas companies of the best of saints.

There have been hosts of good and intelligent men who have gone from this land, and I hope ere another year to be able to roll out another large company; the nucleus for it is already formed, and the foundation laid.

The field for preaching in Texas seems about as good as it ever was; and why it is that people receive the gospel more readily in this than in any other of the States of the American Union, I cannot tell, unless it is because Texas was not implicated in the murder of the Prophets Joseph and Hyrum, she being at that time an independent republic, and was not annexed to the guilty parties until a number of years afterward.

Br. George A., I wish to go home next year, and I wish you would suggest to the President the propriety of sending down next fall about four good elders to stay two years, two of them to preach in the German language all the time, as nearly one third of the whole population of Texas are Germans, who cannot understand our language; a great many of this part of the population will no doubt receive the gospel. German elders who were born in America would have more influence with the people.

From what br. Snow has written me, I presume I am now the only elder in Texas, all others being gone, and there ought to be at least ten, but I hope soon to be able to ordain some, and so get help in that way.

My letters, which you will see in the Mormon and Luminary, will keep you advised of my progress, &c.

There are some here who are examining Mormonism, and it will rub them very close. If they do not fall into it; they are very plain country farmers, and freely open their houses to me for a home.

The Lord has raised me up many friends, and although when I came here from Washington, three weeks ago, I was an entire stranger in this part of Texas, and had only one dime and a half in my pocket; now I have plenty of money and a fine horse and saddle to ride, and every attention I wish for shown me.

I have had no news from my family since the December mail, and I have not seen any news from Utah until this morning, when I got hold of a number of the Mormon, containing in it your letters of the 7th February, and also some little account of matters in the city; it was very gratifying indeed after so long a dearth.

The prospect for crops in this country is gloomy in the extreme; it has not rained for four months. The corn that was planted in January and February was all killed by a late frost in March, and the farmers plowed up their fields and planted over again.

The cotton has hardly come up any at all. Last year, while it was an entire drouth throughout the western and middle States, it was raining here almost every day all summer. In the spring of 1849, the 10th of April, I left the Guadalupe with a company, the corn then was tasseling; now it is nowhere more than one foot high.

Br. George,—please to write to me; direct to Brenham, in this county. Whenever you go up to Utah county, you must call upon my family at Lehi, and inquire after their welfare, and give them any good counsel they may need. Remember me to any of my old friends who may inquire after me. Pray for me, and accept for yourself the best wishes and sentiments of esteem from your friend and brother in the new and everlasting covenant.

[From Elder P. P. Pratt to Elder Geo. A. Smith.]

SAN JUAN, April 30, 1855.

ELDER G. A. SMITH, Historian—Dear Br:—

The following is a list of our spring emigration from San Francisco Conference of the C. J. C. L. D. Saints, to San Bernardino and Salt Lake, according to the organization completed here this day:—

Wm. McBride, captain; Bechlas Dustin, chaplain; Henry W. Bigler, sergeant of the guard and historian; Cynthia Jane Whipple, Henry Willard Whipple, Reuben Gates, Sarah Jane Bryant, Hamilton M. Wallace, Elizabeth Wallace, Wm. Farrer, Norman G. Brimhall, Rozillia Brimhall, Louisa Brimhall, Isabel Brimhall, Nancy Brimhall, Norman Brimhall, Geo. W. Wilkins, Catherine A. Wilkins, Mary A. Wilkins, Geo. A. Wilkins, Charles H. Wilkins, Moroni Wilkins, John Lindon, Harly Swartout, Nathan Tanner, Chancey W. West, Redick N. Allred, Orren Smith, Anna A. Smith, Ellen M. Hopkins, Amella A. Smith, Emily H. Hopkins, Francis Smith, Ann Smith, Eugene Smith, James B. Call, James R. Allred.

Add to these, Wm. Warren and George More, who have already gone to San Bernardino, and those who sailed on the 28th inst. from Santa Clara, to form a junction at San Bernardino, viz:—Willard Whipple, Betsy Whipple, Orison Whipple, Alvina Whipple, Rosette Whipple, Charles Whipple, Walter E. Dodge, Ellen Dodge, Ella Dodge, Elizabeth Warren, George Warren, Elizabeth Warren. Total—souls, 51; wagons, 13; mules, 20; horses, 23.

We hope as many more will start for Carson Valley and Salt Lake, as soon as the snowy mountains will admit; say July.

ENGLAND.

[From Elder Wm. H. Kimball to Prest. H. C. Kimball.]
35 JEWIN ST., City of London, }
June 1, 1855. }

DEAR FATHER:—

My health continues good; I feel blessed in my labors; all things are prosperous and propitious for the kingdom of God.

Since my return from Liverpool, I have been traveling in the London conference, accompanied by the president, Elder Marsden. We have held meetings nearly every night, and three times on the Sunday. At those meetings we have seen universally a good spirit manifested. Our motto is: "Sound the gospel trumpet and come out, O ye Israel," which finds an echo from the bosoms of the saints.

Next week I shall leave for the country, and shall labor there about a month. I expect to be accompanied by

Elder T. B. H. Stenhouse, late president of the Swiss and Italian missions, who has been prevented from emigrating this season by much affliction in his family.

There is now a telegraphic communication opened between the allied camp before Sebastopol and London, and the generals and admirals render a daily account of their doings, if interesting.

The Paris correspondent of the Morning Post writes:—"Public attention is so exclusively directed at the present moment towards the Crimea that little regard is paid to passing events in Spain. A very considerable Carlist movement is taking place in the district of Aragon, and has assumed such proportions that, according to the latest advices from Madrid, on a demand made by General Espartero, the Cortes have decided that they will hold themselves en permanence until they shall have voted the extraordinary powers asked by the government. The Carlist cry is—"Long live the king! Religion! Death to heretics!" They seem to be exasperated on account of a bill which has passed the Cortes restricting church influence and revenue."

"Advices from Madrid of the 30th May state that the insurgents at Caspi and Alcantaz were defeated on the 28th at Valonquiza. The two leaders and a cure were shot."

France is not tranquil. The Times correspondent says:—"The strikes amongst workmen in many parts of the country are assuming a rather serious aspect. The connexion between the strikes and the dearth of living is the ugliest feature in the business. People remember that 1830 and 1847 were years of scarcity."

I must just hurriedly state that on the 5th of last month an extraordinary meeting of commercial men took place in the London Tavern of this metropolis, to enter a protest against the shameful way in which the war has been mismanaged by the government of this country. This was one of the greatest meetings ever held in the city of London. Though held during the day, hundreds of persons, among whom many members of parliament, were unable to obtain admission long before the appointed hour of meeting. A society has been organized called the Administrative Reform Association. 25 gentlemen in the meeting put down their names for £100 each, and from the interest since manifested in behalf of this association, and the objects sought to be obtained, it is likely to turn out a most powerful inquisitor to the government. Talent and money are no scarcity.

The following week, 14th May, the celebrated Socialist and now Spirit Rapper, Robert Owen, ushered in the Millennium! Delegates to this meeting were invited from all nations, governments and religions, at home and abroad. From the nature of the invitation and the extensive circulation of tracts and advertisements, many expected a long conference. It lasted about three hours. The old gentleman, being that day 84 years of age, took the leading part in the business; read much that he had published, and intimated that his mission was now nearly finished. It would seem from his pamphlet that the spirits of the Duke of Kent, the honored patriots, Washington, Franklin, and other great men had helped him to this information, and this great step for humanity!

At this dawning of the Millennial morn, a friend of his exhibited to the meeting a "peace-maker," capable of sending a ball of a ton weight five miles, or 6000 rifle shots in a minute.

I have lately received letters from Franklin D. Richards, George D. Grant, Joseph A. Young, James Ferguson, E. Ellsworth, W. G. Young, W. C. Dunbar, and quite a number of the brethren. They are all well, feeling well, and doing well, and desire a kind remembrance to you and family, and to all the saints in the mountains.

ELK MOUNTAIN.

[From Elder John McEwan to his brother, Henry McEwan.]

GRAND RIVER VALLEY, Utah Territory, }
June 17th, 1855. }

DEAR BROTHER:—

I will give you a history of our travel since I left the city of Provo.

May 15th—Traveled some 23 miles, and encamped on a small spring creek; day warm, wind blew steady all day; clouds of dust flying, which made it very bad traveling; cool at night; good feed and water, sage for fuel.

16th—Morning pleasant, good traveling all day; camped 3 miles south of Willow creek; good feed and water, sage fuel.

17th—Morning very cool, day pleasant; arrived at Salt Creek Fort quarter to 10 a.m.; started about 11 for Salt Creek kanyon; 1st crossing good ford, 2d crossing bridged; 3d do, 4th very poor bridge, and sideling dangerous for waggon crossing, 5th bridged, 6th do, 7th good fording; nooned, good feed, water, and wood for fuel. Traveled 8 miles further and encamped at Nu-inta Springs; good feed, water, and willows for fuel; the road very rough and rocky in places.

18th—Traveled some 10 miles and crossed Sanpete creek, which was bridged; 4 miles and crossed Canal creek (bridged), and nooned; thence 7 miles and arrived at Fort Ephraim; poor camping place.

19th—Arrived at Mantle City about noon; turned our cattle into the bottom, inside of the field. At these two last named places, firewood is plentiful on the mountains close at hand.

21st—Morning very cool, snow on the mountains; left Mantle at noon; traveled to the 6 mile creek and camped; good ford, poor feed, wood plenty; got cattle up at dark and chained them to wagons. Commenced guarding, and prayers night and morning in rotation. Our company now consists of 15 wagons and 41 men.

22d—Started at daybreak; very cool; traveled 3 miles and stopped on Spring creek; good feed right side of the road, good water, sage for fuel; traveled 3 miles and crossed creek, steep bank, rocky bottom; 8 or 9 miles further and camped about 1-4 mile from the banks of Sevier river; water muddy, road pretty good most of the way, except in places; some steep ravines and narrow in the bottom.

23d—Morning cool; traveled 3 miles and crossed South Willow creek, good feed and water, windy during the day; the road good till we came to the bluffs, thence very rough and rocky; thence proceeded up South Salt Creek kanyon; 1st crossing of the creek, good going in, rocky bottom, steep going out; 2d crossing the same; camped here, feed poor, water good, some willows and sage for fuel; visited several places where salt is obtained in a kanyon to the left; trout and suckers in this creek.