

tion there was a great shower of ashes and pumice-stone. During the great shock, the swaying motion of the earth was dreadful, no person being able to stand. In the midst of this tremendous shock, an eruption of red earth poured down the mountain, rushing across the plain three miles in three minutes, and then ceased. Then came the great tidal wave, and then the streams of Lava. The villages on shore were all destroyed by this wave. The earth opened under the sea and reddened the waters. The opening in the earth swallowed thirty persons and the sea many more. Great suffering and terror prevailed in the whole region. A sloop, the *Live Yankee*, had been despatched with provisions, etc., to rescue and relieve.

ENGLAND.

LEAMINGTON, Feb. 17, 1868.

PRESIDENT F. D. RICHARDS.

Dear Brother,—I arrived here on Saturday, and found all well and flourishing. We had a splendid time yesterday, the Saints and some strangers came together in a large hall, and gave good attention. One sister walked six miles in and back again, and carried her child; she said she felt more than paid for the trip.

To-night we hold meeting at Stratford-on-Avon, to-morrow at Huntingdon, Wednesday in this place again—the Saints think they must have another before we leave—Thursday night at Coventry, and Friday I will return to Birmingham, as that is on the line to Bristol. Saturday to that place. I have written to brother Anderson.

Bristol, 26.

On arriving here, Saturday, I learned that brother Anderson had been visiting the last two weeks in Hereford with brother Lawson; he, however, arrived at 8 p.m., looking fat and well, and reports having had an exceedingly pleasant time, and that the Saints were generally feeling well, and in buoyant hope of being delivered from Babylon this season.

On Sunday I attended meetings with the Saints here, at 2.30 and 6.30 p.m. There was a goodly number present at the first meeting, and in the evening the room, a nice, comfortably sized one, in King street, was full, including several strangers who gave very good attention. The good Spirit was poured out in rich abundance, and I felt much liberty to teach the Saints the way of life, and the path wherein to walk day by day, that they may have a claim on the blessings promised to the faithful.

In visiting the Saints here, I find most of them poor in purse, but rejoicing in the Gospel, and at the prospects of a speedy deliverance from their poverty. Many are not able to take themselves to Liverpool, or even to the station here, were their passages secured to Utah.

Monday night I met with the council of the Priesthood of this Branch—it was well attended. After the usual business of the Branch, I enjoyed myself much in laying before them the duties and responsibilities resting upon each, as Elders, Priests, Teachers and Deacons, in visiting the Saints and associating with them, not only to teach, but practice those principles of temperance, keeping the Word of Wisdom, economy in every day living, keeping within their incomes, paying their tithes and offerings, visiting the sick, administering to the poor, and cultivating that spirit of humility, chastity, brotherly kindness, forbearance and charity, that will give them influence, and make them as beacon-lights which cannot be hid, while the honest and good will gather around them to receive of their instructions and drink from the same fountain, life, health, wisdom, joy, and happiness, the legitimate results of obedience to the Gospel.

Monday, brother Burridge came in. He looks in rather delicate health, suffering from a severe cold. Brother Gibbs arrived yesterday, feeling much better than he has for a long time past. He looks much healthier and stronger than I expected to see him; he feels and wishes to stay at least until emigration, but fears he would not be able to stand another winter in this climate.

Brother Anderson is feeling well, and laboring to fulfil his mission faithfully; the Saints love and respect him, also brothers Burridge and Gibbs. I will go with brother Anderson to Bath to-day, and to Southampton on Friday. I learn by letter that brother Ensign will not be there until the 4th of March. I think of taking steamer on Friday night for Jersey, and visit in Southampton on my return. Brother Clawson is also out in the Conference.

I have had much pleasure in visiting the Clifton bridge, a magnificent piece of architecture; the turnpike road crosses over it on the Clifton heights, the handsomest aristocratic part of Bristol. There are 1,260 beer and spirit shops of one kind or another in this town, or about one grog-shop to every 140 inhabitants, consequently the vice, poverty and misery that meet the eye of the stranger at every turn.

I visited the Orphan Asylum, on Ashley downs, three miles from here. There are three large houses finished, and contain 1,150 orphans from legitimate parentage, all girls, except about 150 boys. Two other houses are being finished, capable of containing about 450 each. They are under the management of, and were instituted by the Rev. George Müller, a German, in 1849, and supported by voluntary subscriptions. Children are taken in at four to six weeks, up to eight and ten years old, and reared and educated for service, to which they are put when from fourteen to seventeen years of age. It was very interesting to see the cleanliness and good order observed throughout the whole of the building which I visited.

Southampton, Feb. 28.

After mailing my letter to you from Bristol, brother Anderson and I took train for Bath, at which place we arrived safely. We then took a three miles walk into the country, to farmer W's, and staid over night. He does not belong to the Church himself, but his wife and most of the children do. He has nine children, healthy and rustic, and all wanting to emigrate, but the father thinks he will let the oldest son and daughter go and prepare the way. There are a number of more or less wealthy farmers in the Bristol Conference, which, if they could be persuaded that it was for their best interest, could emigrate all the poor from the Conference.

The farmers are busy planting and sowing their crops. The milking of the cows, feeding the sheep and lambs, and the chatter of ducks and chickens around farmer W's, almost made me long for the domestic quiet life of "farmer" in another land. The old gentleman treated us very hospitably, and talked freely of the affairs in Utah, and the immense distance to be traveled to get there, as though he would wish to be there, but almost dreaded to start or make the effort to move, until times should look more ominously troublesome than they now appear to him.

We held meeting in Bath last night, at brother William Dallimore's; the room was small; there were about thirty-five persons present. I had much liberty and pleasure in talking upon the blessings within the reach of all through obedience to the Gospel, and how far short the Saints come of obtaining them sometimes through slothfulness and a disregard to the counsels of the Priesthood. The Saints there, of whom the principal part are females, are buoyant with the hopes of being delivered from their poverty and bondage the present season. Many of them have children or relatives in Utah, to whom they look with longing anxiety to get the means necessary to emigrate them. I am sure if their relatives and friends in Zion knew the poverty in which many of their dear ones are placed, they would never cease their efforts, but would sell their last cow to assist their fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, from the severe bondage and distress to which the very low state of trade in every department of business has brought them.

Bath is one of the handsomest and most delightfully situated places I have seen in England. I left there this morning by the 7 o'clock train, having spent a pleasant time with brother Anderson in visiting the Saints in Bristol and Bath. I arrived here at 12 noon, and find myself comfortably cared for by brother Marchbanks, who keeps Conference house. I have been down to the docks, and engaged a passage to Jersey on the steamship *Normandy*. She leaves at 12 o'clock to-night, and will arrive at St. Heliers to-morrow at about 9 a.m., all going well.

I learn that brothers Ensign and Clawson are enjoying excellent health, and will be here next week sometime.

Jersey, Feb. 29.

After a very stormy passage of 20 hours (sea sick as possible), I arrived here safely. Brother Dalrymple was on the pier waiting for me. After touching him with my umbrella and asking him who he was, and telling him that I was the man he was looking for, we knew each other, for both had forgotten what manner of man the other was.

Coming to Guernsey the sea was very rough and the wind high, so much so, that the captain said he would stay there all night. He changed his mind, however, and came on, the wind increasing almost to a gale; perhaps it did, for I do not know how much wind it takes to make a gale, but it whistled and howled through the rigging most fearfully. We finally ran into Jersey roads, cast anchor, the glass falling rapidly, and the order was given to let go the second anchor and prepare to stay there all night. I remarked to an old "tar," "We are certainly not going to 'camp' here all night." He said, "We are lucky to have reached so safe a shelter." So thought I, but luckier if we could reach shore. I went below into my "bunk," and asked God to calm the waves and wind, and inspire the captain with faith to run the ship along side the pier. In an hour's time the wind had shifted and the sea calmed, so much so, that "All hands on deck to up anchors" was heard to the joy of all. One man said, "The Lord is good and kind to us this time, for he sees we are a pretty good lot aboard this craft," for many had begun to feel that we were in for a rough night, and a chance to be driven on the rocks hard by.

We had landed but a short time, when the wind again blew a gale, and continued to do so all night. I felt very thankful that I had a comfortable berth with brother Dalrymple at Captain Mallett's, himself in the channel bound for Southampton. I hope he weathered the night through safely, for this morning is fine and clear.

Brother Dalrymple is quite well, and glad to see some one from home.

I do not know how long I shall stay here yet, perhaps all this week. I want to call at Guernsey, to visit the Saints for a day or two.

WILLIAM B. PRESTON.

Millennial Star.

Correspondence.

For the Deseret Evening News.

FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS TO THE ALPS.

[By our Foreign Correspondent]

FRANCE.

Fully aware that I have been rather dilatory in the continuation of the series of my traveling sketches, I nevertheless believe myself entitled to the kind forbearance of the indulgent reader, as in the present instance the traveling Elder goes before the journalist.

That seafaring is one of the many vocations of life which I am not fit for, I found out on my crossing the channel from New Haven to Dieppe, in France, during a stormy night, when I joined in the general misery of the sea-sickness with all the energy of a first visitor at sea. Being all right again, however, at the moment of landing I beheld France, this "maelstrom" of European politics, this constant perplexity of statesmanship, this country of an ever craving and never, except with a strong bridle, steady-going people, for whom there is no other appropriate motto on their escutcheon but the words, "What next?"

"La belle France" is more than a mere poetic phrase; it is a truth demonstrated by the hills, vales, villages and beautiful scenery all around you; but the moral, social and political state of the nation presents another picture, which explains to the observer the cause of the everlasting fermentation of the French; for morality, for instance, in the intercourse between the sexes in France stands very low, and crimes of that kind there have even lost that stigma with which elsewhere a certain regard for public reputation has branded them. Their social life is the best characterized by a remark of the old Napoleon, when he said, "The misfortune of France is, that it has no mothers!" The only sure and true foundation of a nation's prosperity, purity and the stability of its institutions, is the solidity of family life, consisting in the everlasting principles of truth, honesty, integrity, industry and affection; where these are wanting, either wholly or in part; where the café or public house robs the home of its rightful share of attention; where patriotism has degenerated to the idolatry of glory; where, it is fearful to tell, women are considered foolish, when they become mothers more than twice or three times, and no Frenchman will contradict that;—there no revolution will bring liberty, and freedom will not grow out of barricades, nor can they accuse any despots of their tyranny—the people themselves stand guilty before the heavens and the world.

Dark as this side of French nationality may appear, being reason more than sufficient why the gospel of the latter-day work has not made much impression there, there are some points of light in the character of that people, which are worthy of imitation even among the Lord's people in the valleys of the mountains. Go to any of the public promenades of Paris, for instance, where the finest flower-beds are laid out in the green grass, where nice chairs are standing all around the paths for the public to use them at pleasure, without any protection or guard whatever, although everywhere open and approachable; notice the courtesy and consideration with which the very stranger at every occasion treats you; there is nothing rude or vulgar to be seen in the liveliest streets from morning till night to disturb the harmony of the *bon ton*.

When the present "Arbiter of Europe," the Emperor Napoleon III, found his influence waning, he felt the necessity of discovering something new to divert the too inquisitive-growing attention of the nation to his administrative movements, and faithful to the principle of the old Roman Emperors, his prototypes, *panem et circenses*, he took the wind out of the sails of the too slow-going city fathers of Vienna, and got up "The Grand Exposition." Having cajoled into and then abandoned Maximilian in Mexico, which was, to speak in the language of Talleyrand, worse than a crime, being a mistake; and having been taken by surprise in Germany by Bismarck; he succeeded in "striking oil" this time and did it handsomely, for this Exposition was a grand affair, and has been of great influence in the commercial and industrial relations of the world. In gathering around him almost all the crowned heads of the civilized world at one time on that occasion, the Emperor diffused a lustre over his whole dynasty, which it was calculated should recompense the French for any faults they might find with his government. But the career of that extraordinary man is not yet over, and every moment may develop some new and unexpected move, by which he will endeavor to keep himself above water, and identify himself once more with the interests of France and the great powers. If he does not succeed, his downfall will be the beginning of a general bankruptcy of the kingdoms in Europe, for which they have been ripe these many years.

I left Paris, that great laboratory of revolutions, on a beautiful afternoon, being hurried along toward the end of that journey, that has furnished me with the material for those sketches, which I have sent like friendly greetings from time to time to my dear mountain home. After having left Dijon, we ascended the Jura mountains on a railroad, which, traversing such steep places as it does, must be considered a masterpiece of architecture; and when we descended again on the other side, we approached Neuchatel, in Switzerland, and from beyond the lake the Alps of the Berner Overland greeted me.

Alighting at Neuchatel my duties as missionary in Switzerland commenced, and my task as writer of traveling sketches is thus far finished. May these few articles have been read by my friends at home with as kind feelings toward me, who am far away, as I always have for those with whom I long to be again, as soon as the Lord will permit me.

KARL G. MAESER.

St. IMIER, April 2, 1868.

EAGLEVILLE, Iron Co., April 20, '68.

Editor Deseret News:—Dear Sir:—During the past winter and spring, I have traveled to Salt Lake City, through portions of Sanpete, and through the most of Beaver and Iron Counties. During this travel I have been a close observer of the condition and quality of the stock of the country that I have seen. I think their general appearance, as to quality and keep, is far from being creditable to us as a people. If men are responsible for the proper care and use of that portion of the animal creation which is considered their property, then we, as a people, will, I fear, have much to answer for in this respect. But it is of the sheep that I will more particularly speak.

In this range of travel, but two flocks of sheep have come under my notice that could possibly be considered in fair condition, while there was abundant evidence of the following catalogue of evils entailed upon every other flock; viz, confinement at night in small, filthy corrals, without any efficient protection from storms; diseased with colds and the scab; more or less