

then your doubts are gone; they have fled; they trouble you no more; you have an abiding witness in your own hearts, a greater witness than prophecy and its fulfillment, greater than the printed word, greater than the testimony of the servants of God. You have the testimony that assures you every moment that this is the work of God; you feel it; think it in every thought; your whole soul is swallowed up in the work in which you are engaged; you feel that there is nothing that you own or possess, nothing upon the face of the whole earth to be compared with the greatness of the value of the principles which dwell within your own bosom.

I am speaking to men and women who know by their own experience that those things are true; every one of you can bear testimony of them, who have ever tasted the good spirit of the Lord, and that have felt its influences upon your hearts.

You very well know, that when you enjoy this good spirit, you have no trouble, let what will take place, it is no trouble to you, so far as you are concerned. You feel resigned; you are in the hands of that Being who placed you here upon the earth; you feel strong in the midst of weakness; you feel that God is your help, and that he will succor you; you know that he lives and that he loves and cherishes you, and that he has a good feeling towards you, like that which dwells in the bosom of a tender parent towards his own child; you know that the Almighty God has this tender feeling towards you, when you do right; and therefore, you have no trouble.

If you go hungry, you are not troubled, if called to sacrifice your own lives, you will not be troubled, but you would say, "Father, I have done thy will; if my work is finished let me come into thy presence; let me behold thy face in peace; let me dwell in the society of the sanctified; let me go where my works shall be continued, where I can accomplish more good, and do more for thy cause."

These are the feelings of a righteous man and of a righteous woman.

Perhaps this will be the last opportunity that I shall have as an individual of meeting in a general conference with you for—I was going to say, for a long period of time, but I will say, for the short period of two or three years. I know not how long it may be, before I shall have the privilege of meeting again with the saints in these valleys of the mountains; whether I ever shall I do not know of a certainty, but I feel that I shall again behold the faces of the saints in Utah; I feel that I shall again lift up my voice upon the mountains and in these valleys and bear testimony of the great and important truths which we have received; I feel that I shall again meet with you to rejoice in the flesh, in this mortal tabernacle. (Pres. prophesy!) I could almost prophesy that I shall, but when it comes to prophesying about myself, I feel a little delicate in doing so; but if the Lord will, I wish to live upon the earth to do much good.

I have been in this Church almost 36 years, lacking about 4 months, and I have endeavored to do some little good; but really when I look back upon the 26 years of my life, or nearly that, which I have spent in this Church, when I look back upon my feeble labors, and my feeble endeavors, they seem to have been very small.

And although I have traveled much, and preached much, and written much, and tried to do some little good, yet after all, when I compare that which I have done, with that which it seems to me I ought to have done in days gone by, I feel very weak, and am anxious that I may not be taken from the earth, until I have done more.

I feel willing to perform any mission, whenever the First Presidency of this Church require it of me. If they say go to China, East Indies, Australia, Europe, England, or wherever it may be upon the face of the whole earth, I hold myself in readiness.

These have been my feelings from the commencement; I do not know that I have ever backed out from any mission that was given to me; but have always rejoiced in every mission up to this time.

I believe that two years ago this day a mission was appointed me while I was yet in Washington to return here, and then go back to Cincinnati to assist br. Spencer and others in establishing a stake of Zion in that country; and I came home with that expectation, to return again the following spring; I had no other idea, when I came home, nor until the word came from the Presidency, saying, br. Pratt you need not go to Cincinnati.

That released me from that mission, but I felt just as willing to go upon that as I do to go on the one that is now before me; I rejoice in all those missions, and I wish I could do more good when I go upon a mission.

I am sometimes troubled lest I may not be able to retain a sufficiency of the Spirit of the Lord and the power of priesthood, to accomplish the work required of me acceptably before God. I believe that I am troubled about that more than anything else, and especially when there is a mission which places a great weight of responsibility upon me, where it is expected that my brethren will require a great deal at my hands. But inasmuch as you have lifted your hands to sustain me, in connexion with my brethren that have been appointed to various nations, I feel to say before you, brethren and sisters, with uplifted hands, God being my helper, that I will endeavor with humility and untiring obedience to the commandments of God, to do some little good; I will try to carry out the counsels and instructions of the First Presidency of this church, as they shall give them from time to time.

And inasmuch as I feel to bear this humble testimony, not in my own strength, not in my own name, but in the name of the Lord, I feel also to crave your assistance and your prayers and supplications that the Spirit of the Lord may be poured out upon br. Benson, and upon the other brethren who are appointed as missionaries, and upon your humble servant, that we may perform a good work—a work that shall be acceptable to you, to the Presidency of this church, and to God, and return heavily laden with sheaves, which is my earnest prayer in the name of Jesus Christ: Amen.

[From Graham's Magazine.]

DR. KANE.

A SKETCH BY DR. WILLIAM ELDER.

When a man's life is heroic, and his name has passed into history, the world wants to know him personally, intimately. The "grave and revered chronicler," passing over his beginnings, presents him abruptly in his full-grown greatness; men render the admiration earned, but the sympathetic emulation awakened is concerned to know how he grew into his maturity of excellence. This curiosity is not an idleness of the fancy, but a personal interest in the facts that springs out of those aspirations which put every man upon the fulfillment of his own destiny.—How came this man to excel—what was in him—what happened to develop it? "Some men are born great; some achieve greatness; some have greatness thrust upon them." How came this man by it? Is it within my reach also? and by what means? History provokes us with such queries as these: Biography answers them:

Doc or Elisha Kent Kane is not quite thirty-four years old, yet he has done more than circumnavigate the globe; he has visited and traversed India, Africa, Europe, South America, the islands of the Pacific, and twice penetrated the Arctic region to the highest latitude attained by civilized man. He has encountered the extreme perils of sea and land, in every climate of the globe; he has discharged in turn the severest duties of the soldier and the seaman; attached to the United States Navy as a surgeon, he is nevertheless, engaged at one time in the coast survey of the tropical ocean, and in a month or two, we find him exploring the frigid zone; and all the while that his personal experiences had the character of romantic adventure, he was pushing them in the spirit of scientific and philanthropic enterprise.

As a boy, his instinctive bent impelled him to the indulgence and enjoyment of such adventures as were best fitted to train him for the work before him. His collegiate studies suffered some postponement while his physical qualities pressed for their necessary training and discipline. It was almost in the spirit of truancy that he explored the Blue Mountains of Virginia, as a student of geology, under the guidance of Professor Rodgers, and cultivated at once his hardihood of vital energy and those elements of natural science which were to qualify him for his after services in the field of physical geography. But, in due time he returned to the pursuit of literature, and achieved the usual honors, as well as though his college studies had suffered no diversion—his muscles and nerves were educated, and his brain lost nothing by the indirectness of its development, but was rather corroborated for all the uses which it has served since. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania—first, in its collegiate, and afterwards, in its medical department.—His special relishes in study indicated his natural drift: chemistry and surgery; natural science in its most intimate converse with substance, and the remedial art in its most heroic function. He went out from his "Alma Mater" a good classical scholar, a good chemist, mineralogist, astronomer, and surgeon. But he lacked, or thought he lacked robustness of frame and soundness of health. He solicited an appointment in the navy, and upon his admission, demanded active service. He was appointed upon the diplomatic staff as surgeon to the first American Embassy to China. This position gave him opportunity to explore the Philippine Islands, which he effected mainly on foot. He was the first man who descended into the crater of Taal; lowered more than a hundred feet by bamboo rope from the overhanging cliff, and clambering down some seven hundred more through the corium, he made a topographical sketch of the interior of this great volcano, collected a bottle of sulphuric acid from the very mouth of the crater; and, although he was drawn up almost senseless, he brought with him his portrait of this hideous cavern, and the specimens which it afforded.

Before he returned from this trip, he had ascended the Himalayas, and triangulated Greece, on foot; he had visited Ceylon, the Upper Nile, and all the mythologic region of Egypt; traversing the route, and making the acquaintance of the learned Lepsius, who was then prosecuting his archaeological researches.

At home again, when the Mexican war broke out, he asked to be removed from the Philadelphia Navy Yard to the field of a more congenial service; but the government sent him to the Coast of Africa. Here he visited the slave factories, from Cape Mount to the river Bonny, and thro' the infamous Da Souza, got access to the baracoons of Dahomey, and contracted, besides, the Coast Fever, from the effects of which he has never entirely recovered.

From Africa he returned before the close of the Mexican war, and believing that his constitution was broken, and his health rapidly going, he called upon President Polk, and demanded an opportunity for service that might crown the little remnant of his life with achievements in keeping with his ambition; the President, just then embarrassed by a temporary non-intercourse with General Scott, charged the Doctor with despatches to the General, of great moment and urgency, which must be carried through a region occupied by the enemy. This embassy was marked by an

adventure so romantic, and so illustrative of the character of the man; that we are tempted to detail it.

On his way to the Gulf he secured a horse in Kentucky, such as a knight errant would have chosen for the companion and sharer of his adventures. Landed at Vera Cruz, he asked for an escort to convey him to the capital, but the officer in command had no troopers to spare—he must wait, or he must accept, instead a band of ruffian Mexicans, called the Spy Company, who had taken to the business of treason and trickery for a livelihood. He accepted them, and went forward. Near Puebla his troop encountered a body of Mexicans escorting a number of distinguished officers to Orizaba, among whom were Major General Gaona, Governor of Puebla; his son, Maximilian, and General Torejon, who commanded the brilliant charge of horse at Buena Vista. The surprise was mutual, but the Spy Company had advantage of the ground. At the first instant of the discovery, and before the rascals fully comprehended their involvement the Doctor shouted in Spanish, "Bravo! the capital adventure, Colonel, form your line for the charge!" And down they went upon the enemy; Kane and his gallant Kentucky charger ahead. Understanding the principle that sends a tallow candle through a plank, and that the momentum of a body is its weight multiplied by velocity, he dashed through the opposing force, and turning to engage after breaking their line, he found himself fairly surrounded, and two of the enemy giving him their special attention. One of these was disposed of in an instant by rearing his horse, who with a blow of his forefoot, felled his man; and wheeling suddenly, the Doctor gave the other a sword wound, which opened the external iliac artery, and put him "hors de combat." This subject of the Doctor's military surgery was the young Maximilian. The brief melee terminated with a cry from the Mexicans, "We surrender." Two of the officers made a dash for an escape, the Doctor pursued them, but soon gave up the chase. When he returned, he found his ruffians preparing to massacre the prisoners. As he galloped past the young officer whom he had wounded, he heard him cry, "Senor, save my father." A group of the guerrilla guards were dashing upon the Mexicans, huddled together, with their lances in rest. He threw himself before them—one of them transfixed his horse, another gave him a severe wound in the groin. He killed the first lieutenant, wounded the second lieutenant, and blew a part of the colonel's beard off with the last charge of six-shooter; then grappling with him, and using his fists, he brought the party to terms. The lives of the prisoners were saved, and the Doctor received their swords. As soon as General Gaona could reach his son, who lay at a little distance from the scene of the last struggle, the Doctor found him sitting by him, receiving his last adieu. Shifting the soldier and resuming the surgeon, he secured the artery, and put the wounded man in condition to travel.—The ambulances got up for the occasion, contained at once the wounded Maximilian, the wounded second lieutenant and the man that had prepared them for slow traveling, himself on his litter, from the lance wound received in defence of his prisoners! When they reached Puebla, the Doctor's wound proved the worst in the party. He was taken to the government house, but the old General, in gratitude for his generous services had him conveyed to his own house. General Childs, American commander at Puebla, hearing of the generosity of his prisoner, discharged him without making any terms, and the old general became the principal nurse of his captor and benefactor, dividing his attentions between him and his son, who lay wounded in an adjoining room. This illness of our hero was long and doubtful, and he was reported dead to his friends at home.

When he recovered and returned, he was employed in the Coast Survey. While engaged in this service, the government by its correspondence with Lady Franklin became committed for an attempt at the rescue of Sir John and his ill-starred companions in Arctic discovery. Nothing could be better addressed to the Doctor's governing sentiments than this adventure. The enterprise of Sir John ran exactly in the current of one of his own enthusiasms—the service of natural science combined with heroic personal effort; and, added to this, that sort of patriotism which charges itself with its own full share in the execution of national engagements of honor; and besides this cordial assumption of his country's debts and duties, there was no little force in the appeal of a nolly brave spirited woman to the chivalry of the American navy.

He was "bathing in the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico, on the 12th of May, 1850," when he received his telegraphic order to proceed forthwith to New York, for the duty upon the Arctic expedition. In nine days from that date he was beyond the limits of the United on his dismal voyage to the North Pole. Of this first American expedition, as is well known to the public, he was the surgeon, the naturalist and the historian. It returned disappointed of its main object, after a winter in the regions of eternal ice and a fifteen months' absence.

Scarcely allowing himself a day to recover from the hardships of this cruise, he set on foot the second attempt, from which he has returned, after verifying by actual observation the long questioned existence of an open sea beyond the latitude of 82 deg., and beyond the temperature, also, of 100 deg. below the freezing point. His "Personal Narrative," published early in 1853, recounts the adventures of the first voyage, and discovers his diversified qualifications for such an enterprise.

The last voyage occupied two winters in the highest latitudes, and two years and a half of unintermitted labor, with the risks and responsibilities attendant. He is now preparing the history for publication. But that part of it which best reports his own personal agency, and would most justly present the man to the reader, will of course be suppressed. We would gladly sup- y

it, but as yet this is impossible to us. His journal is private property, the extracts which we may expect will be only too shy of egotism, and his companions have not spoken yet, as some day they will speak, of his conduct throughout the terrible struggles which together they endured.

To form anything like an adequate estimate of this last achievement, it is to be recollected that his whole company amounted to but twenty men, and that of this corps or crew he was the commander, in naval phrase; and when we are apprised that his portfolio of scenery, sketched on the spot in pencil, and water colors kept fluid over a spirit-lamp, amounts to over three hundred sketches, we have a hint of the extent and variety of the officers he filled on this voyage. He was in fact the surgeon, sailing-master, astronomer and naturalist, as well as captain, and leader of the expedition.

This man of all work, and desperate daring and successful doing, is in height about five feet seven inches; in weight, say one hundred and thirty pounds or so, if health and rest would but give him leave to fill up his natural measure.—His complexion is fair, his hair brown, and his eyes dark grey, with a hawk look. He is a hunter by every gift and grace and instinct that makes up the character; an excellent shot, and a brilliant horseman. He has escaped with whole bones from all his adventures, but he has several wounds which are troublesome; and, with such general health as his, most men would call themselves invalids, and live on furlough from all the active of life; yet he has won the distinction of being the first civilized man to stand in latitude 82 deg. 30 min and gaze upon the open Polar Sea—to reach the northernmost point of land on the globe—to report the lowest temperature ever endured—and the wildest life that civilized man has successfully undergone; and to return after all to tell the story of his adventures.

The secret spring of all this energy is in his religious enthusiasm—discovered alike in the generous spirit of his adventures in pursuit of science; in his enthusiastic fidelity to duty, and in his heroic maintenance of the point of honor in all his intercourse with men.

In his deportment there is that mixture of shyness and frankness, simplicity and fastidiousness, sandwiched rather than blended; which marks the man of genius, and the monk of industry. He seems confident in himself but not of himself.—His manner is remarkable for clarity of movement, alert attentiveness, quickness of comprehension, rapidity of utterance and sententiousness of diction, which arise from habitual watchfulness against the betrayal of his own enthusiasms. He seems to fear that he is boring you, and is always discovering his unwillingness "to sit" for your admiration. If you question him about the handsome official acknowledgements, of his services by the British and American government, or in any way endeavor to turn him upon his own gallant achievements, he hurries you away from the subject to some point of scientific interest which he presumes will more concern and engage yourself; or he says or does something that makes you think he is occupied with his own inferiority in some matter which your conversation presents to him. One is obliged to struggle with him to maintain the tone of respect which his character and achievements deserve; and when the interview is over, a feeling of disappointment remains for the failure in your efforts to ransack the man as you wished, and to render the tribute which you owed him.

We wish we could be sure that he will not in his forthcoming work, give us the drama without its hero; or we wish the expedition and its hero had a chronicler as worthy as he would be were he not the principal character in the story.

Dr. Kane's Narrative of the Expedition, now preparing, and in process of publication by Messrs. Childs & Peterson of Philadelphia, will embrace the important discoveries made in the frozen regions far beyond the reach of all the predecessors of the American exploring party, and their perilous adventures, crowded with romantic incidents, which, in the language of the Secretary of the Navy, "not only excite our wonder, but borrow a novel grandeur from the truly benevolent considerations which animated and nerved him to the task."

THIRST IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—The use of snow when persons are thirsty does not by any means allay the insatiable desire for water; on the contrary, it appears to be increased in proportion to the quantity used and the frequency with which it is put into the mouth. For example, a person walking along feels intensely thirsty, and he looks to his feet with coveting eyes; but his good sense and firm resolution are not to be overcome so easily, and he withdraws the open hand that was to grasp the delicious morsel and convey it into his parching mouth. He has several miles of a journey to accomplish, and his thirst is every moment increasing; he is perspiring profusely and feels quite hot and oppressed. At length his good resolutions stagger, and he partakes of the smallest particle, which produces a most exhilarating effect; in less than ten minutes he tastes again and again, always increasing the quantity; and in half an hour he has a gum stick of condensed snow, which he masticates with avidity, and replaces with assiduity the moment that it is melted away. But his thirst is not allayed in the slightest degree; he is as hot as ever, and still perspires; his mouth is in flames, and he is driven to the necessity of quenching them with snow, which adds fuel to the fire. The melting snow ceases to please the palate, and it feels like red hot coals, which, like a fire eater, he shifts about with his tongue, and swallows without the addition of saliva. He is in despair; but he has taken the place of his reasoning faculties, and he moves on with languid steps, lamenting the severe fate which forces him to persist in a practice which in an unguarded moment he allowed to begin. I believe the true cause of such intense thirst is the extreme dryness of the air, when the temperature is low.—[Ex.]