

centrated the attention of the public on themselves.

"I suppose you will soon be a minister," said the artist, after they had taken their seats.

"I prefer my office to the Cabinet," answered Tancred, "because it brings me in at least two hundred thousand francs per annum."

"Do you still think so much of money?" asked Conrad.

"How can one do otherwise? It is the sinew of modern life. Besides, I have enlarged my plans."

"I cannot congratulate you on that score."

"I thought a couple of millions would have done, but I see I must have three—one for each of my children, and one for myself."

Meanwhile, Conrad was remarking to him: how greatly his friend was aged since last they met. Nor were the symptoms of decay confined to the mere surface; you could see that it was undermining the vital springs of the human machine. He who could formerly hold forth without an effort during three consecutive hours, now spoke with a painful degree of slowness. His gestures were languid, and his eyes scarcely ever flashed as heretofore.

"Do you persist in gaining these three millions?" resumed Conrad.

"It would be folly to give over, with the influence I now possess. It will be but the work of three more years—a mere trifle."

"You call three years a trifle!" muttered the artist, "when we are none of us sure of the morrow! Alas! poor madman, you will never learn to enjoy life!"

"They parted, each saying to himself—'I don't think we shall ever hold our October meetings again.'"

A year and a half afterward Conrad was sauntering through the Tuilleries, when he met his friend in the sunny spot called Petete-Provence, where children play, and men come to seek the warmth. Tancred was pale, and disease seemed to have made a fearful havoc in his system. He kept leaning every now and then against the horse-chestnuts as he crawled along.

"I have come to enjoy the sun," said he to Conrad. The artist offered him his arm in a friendly manner.

"I completed my three millions yesterday," said the lawyer, adding that his health had been so injured by sitting up at night, that his doctor had ordered him to spend the winter in Italy.

We all know what that means in the case of an invalid.

Six months after, a letter sealed with black brought Conrad news that Tancred had died at Pisa, of a brain fever, combined with a disease of the larynx.

"That comes of the worship of mammon," said the artist.

Eight years have now elapsed since his death.

The one of the two friends, who pretended he alone was rational, is now sleeping in his narrow bed in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise.

The other, supposed to be a visionary, is still lively, and in excellent health, and is living in his snug little retreat at St. Germain-en-Laye, where he related to us his story about a week ago.

THE DESERET NEWS.

TRUTH & LIBERTY.



Wednesday—April 23, 1856.

OBEDIENCE.

It is said that "Order is Heaven's first law," but where can such law find room without obedience?

In order to secure the advantages of a probation to the inhabitants of this planet, good and evil were set before them at a very early period of their earthly operations, and from that date until now there has been a constant warfare for supremacy, between those two principles or powers. The evil principle has such power through the weaknesses of the flesh, which is its legitimate channel of operation, that at times in the earth's history it would almost seem that evil must prevail entirely. But the great adversary, notwithstanding his power and cunning, has always failed to thoroughly imbue his servants with the strong spirit of union, which is founded only upon the basis of strict obedience. For this reason, even when the dark shadow of the mantle of evil was enshrouding the whole earth, confusion, an inseparable attendant of error, has invariably prevented a combination of the powers of darkness sufficiently strong to entirely shut out the light of truth.

But good, on the other hand, is self-sustaining and kindly offers its temporal and eternal benefits upon the pure principle of obedience. It may be asked, obedience to what? In brief, to the commandments of God. But how are those commandments to be distinguished? By that Spirit of Truth which is given to light the understanding of every one who cometh into the world, and which is increasingly continued with all who love and cleave to it.

Is there an eternal law of order connected with obedience? Most assuredly there is, or that con-

fusion and lack of cementation, which so invariably characterize the kingdom of darkness, would find way into the kingdom of light. And the world at large, through tradition and the stern requirements for even a short lived temporal preservation, recognize the virtue of this law, so far as their short-sightedness will permit. They inculcate obedience to parents, to masters, rulers and the laws which they have devised for their government. Of far greater consequence is it that the saints should observe this principle, and strive to fulfill its requirements to the fullest extent.

How? Let children obey their parents, who must also observe well that their counsels, instructions and examples are founded in righteousness, as those who are ever mindful that they have to render an account of their stewardship over such great blessings. But it is written that "a house divided against itself cannot stand;" then if the husband and wife are at variance they cannot expect that implicit reliance upon their faithful guidance, which is so essential to the unity of that household and their progress in truth. It then becomes necessary, in the upward tendency of order as revealed from the heavens, that wives should be obedient to their husbands. But does it follow that husbands have the least shadow of license to tyrannize over, oppress, or in any way ill use or ill advise their wives? Far from it, as every such act, with its consequences, will have to be accounted for.

When children obey their parents and wives their husbands in righteousness, and when all is union and virtue in the household, is that the end of the law? No, for the husband and all men must obey those who are placed over them in the providences of the Almighty, who doeth all things wisely, and setteth up one here and pulleth down another there, whether an individual or a nation, as seemeth to him good.

This principle of obedience is the strong chain of union which surrounds and firmly binds all the families, settlements and entire numbers of the righteous, no matter how widely separated, and brings in its train the Spirit, the revelations and rich blessings of eternity. And any deviation therefrom, no matter how slight, will work a detriment commensurate with its extent.

The enemy is fully aware of the power of this principle, striving to introduce it among his followers, but they are so self-sufficient, so wise in their own eyes, that they constantly baffle the better laid plans of their leader the devil. No sooner has he helped his servants to rig up a religious creed differing, he cares howsoever little, from the true faith, than up starts an ambitious or tender-conscience seceder and he must take him in tow, and modify and daub with untempered mortar until he has nursed another high-minded bantling into existence. The spirit of disobedience has urged on the devil, against even his better judgment, to such a degree that the earth is full of sects and societies organized for the avowed purpose of attaining happiness, but, strange to say, showing little respect to their founder in the matter of union.

In marshaling the forces of the two antagonistic powers at war upon the earth, a principle of combination will run through the powers of darkness, stronger as the day for supremacy approaches, until their numerous hosts, notwithstanding their millions of differences, are all arrayed under the black flag of error. It is then of vital importance that those enlisted to obey the mandates of truth should strictly observe the lock-step of obedience, that the same spirit may pervade each, from our file leader on the earth, President Brigham Young, to the least who loves righteousness and strives to walk in accordance therewith.

DEPARTURES.—Hon. Enoch Reese, of Carson, and a small company started on the 17th inst. for their residences in that region.

On the 22nd, Orson Pratt, George A. Smith, Ezra T. Benson and Erastus Snow, of the Twelve; Chief Justice J. F. Kinney and family, Joseph L. Heywood, U. S. Marshall; Secretary Babbitt, Judge Appleby, Truman O. Angell, Church Architect; Bishop A. O. Smoot, Elders Phineas H. Young and Ira Eldredge, with many others, left for the States and other parts of the earth.

President B. Young visited the rendezvous at the mouth of Emigration canyon, organized the company by appointing Bishop Smoot, captain; Elder Benson, chaplain; William Miller, captain of the guard; James Ure, clerk; and gave them his parting instructions and blessing.

Professor Pratt goes to Liverpool to relieve President F. D. Richards; Hon. Geo. A. Smith, Delegate from Utah, is en route for Washington, where, in connection with Hon. John Taylor, Editor of "The Mormon," he will urge Utah's claims to be numbered with the Stars; and what loyal citizen does not love to have the Stars mul-

tiple on the broad folds of our national banner? Elder Snow is repairing to his Presidency in St. Louis, and will soon again issue the Luminary, whose light is so much needed in the western wilds.

Marshal Heywood and others are on an official trip to Washington, &c., &c.

It was truly cheering and encouraging to note the readiness and buoyancy of feeling with which our brethren exchanged the farewell for a season, and turned their backs upon true friends, children, wives and dearly prized homes to go forth in obedience to the requirements of Israel's God. Would the world but receive the message with the integrity, alacrity and understanding with which it is borne, truth would soon revolutionize the earth.

We wish the brethren God speed to and in their various fields of labor, and anticipate their cordial reception by every person who prefers truth to error.

STEREOTYPED.—No mail from the east, and no word of it since the 26th of Nov. last, nearly FIVE MONTHS.

A REFRESHING RAIN fell in this city and neighborhood during the afternoon and evening of the 20th; it was very beneficial to growing vegetation and freshly deposited seeds, and put the ground in fine condition for plowing and spading.

As this season's supply of snow lays far back in the mountains, and will probably come out slowly and late, why not practice the obedience and ex-ecute the faith that will warrant such timely showers as those which occurred on the 13th, 14th, and 20th? Such a course would save much toil, and greatly increase our means for usefulness.

PEACH AND PLUM trees donned their figured spring suit during the past week, and many of them are now gaily adorned with full blossomed embroidery. Who would not set out fruit trees, if only for their fragrance and beauty?

Violent Shock of an Earthquake in San Francisco.

The residents of this city were aroused this morning, Feb. 15, at 23 minutes past five o'clock, by a most violent shock of an earthquake which was felt in every portion of the town. The vibration appeared to be from N. E. to S. W. and as far as we can learn not a single building escaped the terrible shock. The first movement of the earth was very sudden, and the buildings swayed to and fro heavily afterwards, and finally the vibrations were short and rapid.

Evidences of the violence of the shock were visible in different portions of the city this morning, and it is surprising that there was not much more damage done. The fire wall on the top of the store occupied by Messrs. Goodwin & Co., on Front street, was entirely thrown from the north side of the building into Oregon street.

The store is newly built, and the mortar appears to have been of an inferior quality, or greatly injured from the recent rains, so that there was but little adhesive quality left.

Two buildings at the corner of Battery and Washington streets, occupied by Sweetzer, Hutchings & Co., and the banks of Messrs. Borgoyne & Co., were separated about three inches. The direction of the shock was very fortunate; as, had it been in a direction parallel with the streets either way, its effect would have been more disastrous.

The occupants of large brick hotels and boarding houses were terribly frightened, and in many cases rushed wildly into the streets for safety. The Russette, which is a small town in itself, was the scene of great excitement. Men, women and children were seen rushing through the halls in their night clothes, seeking safety from the supposed danger.

In nearly every portion of the city we hear of houses being injured more or less. The plastering was considerably cracked and torn off from the walls of Wilson's Exchange, International Hotel, Tremont House, St. Nicholas Hotel, the Merchants' Exchange building and the City Hall.

The shock was more severely felt at Oakland than here, and various rumors are afloat of damage to the government works at Fort Point and Alcatraz Island; and also the Farrallones are said to be affected very materially.

The vibrations were attended with a heavy report resembling the discharge of distant artillery, but was continuous and produced a deep, low rumbling sound.

This earthquake has been the only theme of interest on the street to day, and we have yet to meet the first person who was not affected by the shock. It appeared to be more sensibly felt out towards Fort Point than any locality we have heard from. The small dwellings in that vicinity were rocked like a cradle, and persons were nearly thrown out of their beds. It is by all means the most violent earthquake that has been known in San Francisco, since its settlement by the Americans.

There were several slight shocks felt during the night, but did not attract particular attention. The first one occurred about 9 o'clock, and the second about 2 o'clock, and were followed by the grand convulsion mentioned above. — [Alta Californian of Feb. 15.]

[From Godey's Lady's Book.]

Transient Thoughts.

BY MRS. SUSAN H. WADDELL.

"And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity." ST. JAMES.

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow; Thou shalt not escape calumny." — [SHAKESPEARE.]

Among the multitude who kneel at the altar, and bow down to the dust in the sanctuary, how few draw aside the dark curtain of the heart to dwell upon its deformities, as well as beauty of character!

We pray to our Father in Heaven while we encourage or neglect the evil propensities of our nature; and, as we find the distance from him widen before us, we become skeptical, indifferent, and hypocritical. All that is virtuous, all that is pure, and good, and noble in the career of individuals, whether their sphere of action be expansive or limited, draws them nearer to God, acting upon the heart as electricity upon poisonous atmospheres, and as surely guiding them to Him as the needle mysteriously guided to the Pole.

Among the Romans, slanderers were by their civil law branded in the forehead; their consciences must have been much more seared, for, of all thefts, it is the most humiliating, and its effects upon the character most baneful. A thief may steal your gold, and the next moment confer a benefit upon you, should his feelings be touched by seeing your misfortunes, but the slanderer is merciless; his stab is in the dark, and he designs it to be fatal. The voice of conscience, gradually hushed, is rendered incapable of justice, one of the noblest features of our nature, and the character, degenerated and lowered, sinks to the standard of the heart's associates, "envy, hatred, and malice."

How watchful, then, should we be over the impulses of our hearts, lest we lose that beautiful sense of justice and mercy which is ever necessary in our intercourse with our fellow-creatures! In all Christendom, the first prayer taught a tender child, when its little knees are strong enough to bear alone its weight, is—

"That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me."

Our Saviour was ever merciful; and if he, without spot or blemish, looked with compassion upon erring humanity, how much more it becomes us to endeavor to follow his example.

Often, we are deceived by appearances. Metastasio has portrayed in poetic numbers that he was aware of this fact when he says—

"If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who move our envy now!"

Or our malice. The sorrow-stricken suffer bitterly from their bereavements. Death has blighted this world to them, yet they struggle nobly; and upon their knees Jehovah hears their prayers, as they ascend, wet with tears. Yet they constrain themselves to appear calm and even cheerful from a sense of duty; they do not wish to render others uncomfortable because they are miserable, and again they know too well that not to keep a constant control over themselves is but to add to their own wretchedness. Oh, if those who call them unfeeling, and describe them as having hearts of stone, could but see them in private, or draw aside the drapery of their midnight couches, and behold the bitter tears, and hear the supplicating voice of prayer, they would indeed possess themselves hearts of stone if they could ever detract from those sacred hearts or deny their treasured feelings.

Another is censured for meanness in pecuniary affairs, yet those who pass this sentence know not the private affairs of the individual, nor his secret benevolences and charities.

Another achieves something above mediocrity; it is first derided from, then an effort made to suppress all applause, and finally, should he be so fortunate as to pass unscathed the jungles woven around and about his pathway, they of invidious natures are the first to applaud him; and why? Because they are disarmed of the power to injure. And let it be unhappily the truth that some individuals deserve to be censured, is it not best that we should endeavor first to persuade and conciliate, by our deportment and language, the sinful to the path of duty, than to leave them to the ravages of despair; forgiving them their trespasses, as we would that others should forgive us.

It was not the unhappy spirit of Dean Swift, so much as his knowledge of human nature, that induced him to pen the apothegm—"Censure is the tax paid by the public for being eminent."

In this small item of our physical structure, how much is involved: "Out of the heart proceed the issues of life," and the tongue is its chief agent.

Thus, in our pilgrimage through this world, we are given the choice of two highways—the one broad and wide, the other straight and narrow. We know by our consciences, as well as by Revelation, the term of each, and should pray as Isaiah of old, that a seraph may touch our lips with hallowed fire.

DISCOVERY OF THE BRITISH ARCTIC SHIP RESOLUTE.—The British ship Resolute abandoned in the Arctic ice, was brought by Capt. Buxington into the port of New London with all her armament, stores and equipments on board. She was a new and handsome vessel, and worth \$100,000. When found she had drifted over 1,000 miles from the place where she was abandoned. — [Ex.]

EFFECTS OF THE WAR.—The Manchester Examiner, one of the ablest of the English provincial papers, says that the increase of pauperism in Manchester has been nearly fifty per cent. in 1855 above the numbers in 1854. The fact is mentioned to illustrate the influence of the war upon the industrial interests of Great Britain.

"Plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep."