

mobbing up to the present can see the most clear fulfillment of prophecy, there is not on record a prophecy more fully fulfilled.

A few days after that announcement of the Governor to the Legislature of Missouri the very existence of the quiet and orderly city of Providence, Rhode Island was threatened by a mob; the fever went from there to Buffalo, and it continued in New York, and so it went from town to town, and from city to city, until the greatest cities of the Union were menaced by mob power. At five thousand troops, besides the civil force had not been able to keep it down in Philadelphia, and at times the whole Union has been shrouded in its centre by mob violence. Was it so before 1833? Would it have been so, if that mob in Jackson county had been checked, and the saints permitted to enjoy their rights? But the moment it was known that the rabble could ride triumph over the laws of the country what was the result? Tyranny, oppression, and misrule exists in every portion of this far famed Republic. The Catholic cannot lay down peacefully and quietly without fearing that somebody will burn his meeting house and destroy his property if not his life. No Abolitionist can travel in the Southern States without exposing himself to lynch law and endangering his life; and no slaveholder can claim his constitutional property in the Northern States without exposing his life; this has been the result of the fulfillment of that prophecy.

We need not refer to the history of our own troubles through mob law, our being driven from after time, from our homes, the cruel martyrdom of our Prophets and the murder of many others; plundered of millions of property, and compelled to inhabit an absolute desert which we have made a fruitful field; a country previously considered uninhabitable, is a proof sufficiently glaring before the eyes of all men that we have had our share of trouble; we need not name this, for trouble is upon the whole nation, and it is growing deeper and deeper. All the time upon the rulers who failed to do their duty. And this state of things is growing worse and worse, day by day, by secret societies forming in every city, town, and village to break down those to whom they may feel opposed, until the very existence of the American Union is threatened by these conspirators.

We were permitted to assemble here in this vast American desert, where we found some little valleys in which we could execute the designs we had when we first entered the Church of Jesus Christ, where we can build our own temples and churches, live our religion, and be made partakers of revelations through Prophets and Apostles, and rejoice in the light of truth, receiving time upon time, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. We have been permitted to accomplish the very thing we desired; we had to flee into these valleys to establish the institution which our enemies in driving us here thought to annihilate.

I wish every saint, then, to ask himself whether he is living in accordance with these principles, and carrying out with all his heart, mind, might, and strength these views, and observing the ordinances of that religion which he has bought so dearly, and that made his soul rejoice in distant countries, or do we suffer the cares of the world, the deceitfulness of riches, and the prospects of earthly gain to intrude upon our devotion? We have been tried in our day with poverty, want, and persecution; our leaders have been murdered, and many of our saints have sacrificed their lives; we have been obliged to bury our children, our fathers, and our mothers in the silent grave to which they were hastened by persecution, we even can bear all this, we have borne it, but can we bear the blessings of the Almighty when they shower upon us abundant riches? Or do we when we become wealthy wax fat and kick, and forget God? How is it? Let us ask ourselves how it operates upon us, for remember we have to be tried not only in poverty, but in riches, not only in persecution and want, but in abundance, in the midst of the blessings of peace and plenty. While the enemies of the Church have endeavored to destroy us, we have not only become wealthy but our locality has become one that excites the admiration of the world; it is an asylum where we can rest from the persecutions that has been poured out upon our head. Are we the same humble people we have been? I suppose we are. Only wish every man to ask himself these questions, that peradventure the Lord's blessing of pouring out great blessings upon us might be sufficient to bring us even as we are in the present time, and we will have it so, instead of things of heaven.

These are about the feelings, views, and sentiments I wish to advance on the present occasion. I know that we people are more highly favored than we are; we are blessed in having a messenger of God in our midst, a Prophet, Seer and Revelator, to proclaim what we should do, and warn us of evil and danger; his prophecies and instructions have been delivered to us from day to day, from month to month, and from year to year; his predictions never fail, and his testimony is true, and when he proclaims to this people what to do, they will always obey him they will always prosper, but if we fail to do this we shall find ourselves running into difficulty; we shall walk into darkness. If we wish to prosper as a people we must follow the head, that is our only chance, our best course, a course, which, if we pursue will lead us to exaltation.

I ask you to give attention to the subject I have laid before you, and if any thing has been communicated that you cannot comprehend, cast it away, and gather up, and retain these ideas that are good, and remember the advice to follow your leader faithfully, and abide the instructions that are given you, and the blessings of earth, and peace will attend us, and we shall be able to live our religion; we are on the progressive scale, constantly increasing in knowledge and intelligence, and consequently when we turn about, and begin to go backwards we shall go into darkness; we have all to increase and bring forth fruit abundantly even to an hundred fold. May the Lord bless us all. Amen.

[From the Saturday Evening Post.]

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

THE AUSTRIAN PRESS.

The American is a newspaper-loving animal and is almost prepared to adopt as a measure of the refinement and civilization of a nation the extent to which the newspapers are read in it. Though not believing in the plenary inspiration of editors and reporters, either in the old or new world, and not holding the newspaper reader to be necessarily a sage, I still look upon the press as one of the most efficient agencies for good or evil of the present time. It was not, therefore, an uninteresting problem to investigate how far the Austrian public, or at least that part of it concentrated in Vienna, are provided with this important element of mental diet.

I must admit that I was greatly surprised to find it so well supplied. The press of Vienna is, in one sense at least, a people's press; that is, its cheapness brings it within the reach of almost every citizen. Much as we boast of our penny papers, the Viennese dailies have reached a still more moderate price. For twenty kreutzers, or about seventeen cents monthly, one obtains a paper which gives him all the political news of the day, and the city novelties, with great fulness. The former, it is true, are not reported with the detail with which they may be found in the larger newspapers, and in these they lack the proximity of an American journal; but the attentive reader can acquire thereby a general idea of the current history of his time. He finds few original articles of any importance, but he may read, in extracts, the kaleidoscopic leaders of the "Times," and the self-complacent bragadoos of the "Monitor."

Under a Government like that of Austria, it is apparent that the press is not considered as an enemy more freely than here. Whether the censorship is in the hands of one, twenty, or twenty millions, is a matter of little consequence to the writer. Suspension by Government and mobbing by the public are equally potent in putting injunctions upon pens. But the people in America have a voice in the press, which they do not have in Austria. Criticism upon the policy of the Government is, of course, a thing not to be found in its columns. Advice administered in the gentlest doses may be met with. Within the last two or three months, since the war question has assumed its present form, and since the semi-official

sheet has spoken anti-Russian, or, at least, moderately, in favor of the most vital interests of the people and monarchy, the other papers have blown furious blasts against the Autocrat. But cramped as is the press of Austria, and lacking, as it does, so many of those elements of freedom which make the American press, with all its time-serving and popularity seeking, a most valuable educational instrumentality, it is still doing good service by familiarizing the people with the important questions of the day, and in these facts are serious. It requires no long discussion to show one that the old question of freedom and despotism which the reaction had thought safely buried, is now involved in the strife going on, and every eye sees in the antagonist of Russia, not Turkey, but liberalism. Every one, from the highest to the lowest, reads his newspaper, and feels bound to have what he thinks are his own opinions upon the questions of the day. In the coffee-houses in the city, and in the drinking houses in the country, the newspaper is the indispensable article of comfort, and in the latter the bores may be seen debating with much earnestness on a cabinet of ministers on the position of affairs. One thing which the Revolution of 1848 produced, and which conversation cannot smother, is the interest of all classes in public affairs, and people who previously had no higher thought than of a loaf of bread, a mug of beer, a change of the moon, or perhaps a church procession, now busy themselves with the concerns of ministers of foreign and domestic affairs. That their notions are often crude and absurd, one may venture to suppose, but when one has been working in the treadmill of "old use and wont" since his eyes first opened to the light, he may be pardoned if his first steps in the free air are a little staggering.

But the cheapness of newspapers is one thing, their general distribution, another. Notwithstanding the moderate price, there is nothing here like the circulation of our penny papers. I doubt whether the most widely-diffused of the Viennese newspapers is a daily one, and even those who do not read at their homes read in coffee-houses and eating saloons. The most humble dining-room must have two or three papers. Even "borrowing the newspaper," or passing it from hand to hand, is not looked upon as the eighth mortal sin, nor is he looked upon as an irredeemable old fogy who is seen with a yesterday's sheet in his hand reading it with as much interest as if it were fresh from the press.

I have said that the Viennese press was cheaper than the American. If one looks at the size as a standard of comparison, I must of course retract, but it would be hardly safe to do so. A crack contains more substance than an "onionette soufflé," but it is not so well diluted. Though the German papers rarely give us leaders of more than a column or a column and a half small quarto, I am not sure that their contents are less instructive than the diffuse disquisitions which one finds elsewhere. And in Europe there are no more any railway and steamboat accidents, and military configurations, &c., &c., to fill up vacant space.

One day in the week we are obliged to dispense with our papers. "Indeed!" inquires a Sabbatharian, "do the Viennese respect the Sabbath so much that they issue no papers on that day?" Not so. It is the day after, upon which we must breakfast newspaperless. The Viennese printer cannot be in two places at once, and as he must have his amusement on Sunday, he cannot print his newspaper. The American printer is more industrious; he can go to church and observe his Sabbath according to the most approved canon of orthodoxy, and still issue his paper on Monday morning.

Christian Folly.

The National Magazine, in an article entitled "Editorial Jottings in the West," gives the following detail of a touching trial of Christian principle in an Indian, which fell under his knowledge. The condition of woman has long been considered by geographers the best indication, not merely of the development of civilization, but of the natural condition among any people. The condition of woman is a stronger even than the parental instinct, but that affection is a very questionable trait in this fancied "natural state" of man. St. Paul describes the heathen as "without an affect," the history of our Indians confirms in general his opinion. The condition of woman is certainly nowhere on the earth worse. The wife of the Indian is his slave; he will use her as he pleases, and he will whip her within the wignam or wigwag. She is to be repudiated at the whim or passion of her lord, and to be cast out burdened with her children, or disabled with sickness. Polygamy is allowed, and the disturbances and infidelities of domestic life are next, perhaps, to drunkenness, the most formidable difficulties that the missionary has to meet. By the frequent breaking up of the families, as well as of tribes, the ties of consanguinity are not only severed, but often forgotten. Singular meannesses sometimes occur. A missionary told me that a chief after his conversion, and after becoming even a local preacher, came to him to obtain, if possible, a separation from his wife, for he discovered that she was his own sister! They had been severed in early life by one of the domestic incidents of the "natural state of man," and had just retraced their original relationship. Woman herself, however, is even in this deplorable state of life, truly the ignorant and the degraded, and the degradation of her husband, and not his cruelty, is the cause of her wretchedness. All travelers bear testimony to her womanly sympathies. The missionaries, as we sat under the tree, related an affecting example. A chief and his two wives were converted, and wished to join the mission church. He was a true man, and had a warmer heart than was usual among his race. It was necessary that one of his wives should be put away; they themselves, as Christian converts, saw and conceded the necessity, but the process of effecting the separation was heart-rending. The details of the case need not be determined in the wretched family, and the missionary was sent for. He found them in the deepest grief. One of the wives was young and beautiful in person and character; the other was aged and infirm, but equally esteemed for her virtues. It was settled that the latter should be retained; a fearful struggle remained; the young wife was to be put away. The chief, an infant, was to be left to his wife, and he could not be the inferior of his authority and honors; he could not be parted with. "Never," said the missionary, "did I witness a more affecting scene than now followed. No possible terms could be agreed upon between the contending affection of the two parents. The mother sat on the ground heart-broken, her tears dropping upon the child that lay in her arms; the chief stood off, agonized and weeping, and the elder wife shrunk away from the scene. The missionary proposed at last, I think, that it should be decided by lot, and the child fell to the chief; but the mother clung to it. The missionary urged her to carry it to the arms of the chief, but she could not; her sobbings were her only reply. He then directed the chief to take it; but the latter, overcome at the grief of his heart-broken mother, could not step forward to do so. What was to be done? The agreement was binding. In Indian life the father was the only sure protector of the child; the mother's own future marriage and protection would be affected too, by the result. It was a painful, heart-rending case, but had no alternative. The missionary had to advance to the prostrate woman and take the child from her. She reverenced his office; she believed the law necessary; and, with irrepressible tears and sobs, yielded the child; but no sooner had he taken it from her bosom, and placed it in the arms of the father, than the woman leaped towards it, and with outstretched hands, struggled to regain it, crying frantically, "Give me my child! O give me my child! Do what you will with me, but give me my child!" I saw the retained wife, the chief at the camp; she bears the highest Christian character, and her husband has an understanding, maintained his Christian integrity. The young heart-broken mother has found a refuge in the grave.

Kerr in Hockney.—We walked to church on Sunday morning behind the girl who was in the heel of her stocking. It was a very large one, and we thought her heel must be sore. She probably knew it on Saturday, but remembered the Sabbath, and kept it whole-y.

Making Hot Beds.

Take a strong box, of the size required, having the top beam knocked out, and the sides made sloping to the front, which should be cut down to half the height of the back, so as to allow the rains to run off easily from the sash; which may be common window sash that will exactly fit the top of the box, and that is well putted and can keep out the rain.

TO MAKE THE HOT BED.—Having placed your frame where the bed is to stand, fronting it to the south or southeast, take a pointed stick and mark the ground all around the sides of the frame, then remove the sash and dig out this space about eighteen inches deep; this done, replace the frame, which will rest immediately on the edge of the pit. Then procure some stable manure, which ought to be first from the stable, and place it near (in a heap) where you are making the bed, shake every fork-full well to pieces, mixing the long with the short. And now begin to make the bed, taking the long and short together, mix them well, and in such a way as to fill the bottom of the pit, let the bed rise all its parts together, as nearly as possible; that is to say, do not put too much in one part at one time. Beat the whole down with the fork as you proceed. When you have shaken on dung to the thickness of four or five inches, beat all over again well, and so on till the manure is about nine inches from the top of the front of the box; now see that it is quite level and put on the glass. The heat will begin to rise by the next morning, and by noon of the second day it will be all right to receive the earth.

THE EARTH should be dry, not like dust, but not too wet, and should be rich and fresh, and the bed should be filled up about six inches deep with it; put on the sash or sashes, and let them remain on twenty-four hours, then take them off and stir the earth well with your hand; for hands are the only tools hereafter to be used in the hot bed.

THE EARTH is to be level, not sloping like the glass. The glass is sloping to meet the sun and run off the wet. The earth which was taken out of the pit should be heaped up round the outside of the frame, so that no water may lie near it; and now your bed is ready for the seed.

SOWING SEED IN THE HOT BED.—Take off the sashes or lights, and make little drills with your finger from the back of the bed to the front; make them equidistant, parallel and straight; then drop your seeds along the drill regularly, cover all over neatly and smoothly, write the names of sashes and the kind of seeds, and a small piece of stiff paper, put it into the rift of a little stick, and stick it into the ground; put your lights, see that they fit well; and then (says Corbett) look upon your spring work as happily begun.

MANAGEMENT OF THE HOT BED.—The main principle is to give always as much air as the plants will endure; taking advantage of every mild day to remove the sashes and give the plants air, even before the seeds begin to appear. Give air to the bed every day, unless it be very cold indeed.

THE USUAL WAY OF GIVING AIR, is by bits of thick board cut like a wedge, broad at one end and coming to a point at the other. Each light is lifted up, either at the back or front of the frame, as the wind may be, and the wedge or tiler, as it is called, is put in, to hold the light up. But if more air be wanted, raise the lights higher, and on a fine day take them off entirely.

WHEN THE PLANTS ARE UP, THEY WILL SUFFER FROM DROPPING AIR, for if they have not enough they will grow long, thin, and weak, and will have a sallow yellow, and indeed if too much deprived of air, will drop and die. Let them grow strong rather than tall; short stems, broad leaves, very green, these are the signs of good plants and proper management. A Reminder (says Corbett again) out of a thousand failures in hot bed culture, nine hundred and ninety-nine arises from giving too little air.

WATERING THE HOT BED.—When it is necessary to water, take off the sashes one at a time, and water with a watering pot that does not pour out heavily; water just at sunset, and then shut down the lights; the heat will then rise, and your plants grow prodigiously.

PROTECTING THE HOT BEDS.—Should high winds and very sharp frosts set in, protect your bed with straw or moss, and if a cold northwest wind, make a small screen of cornstalks. Russian matting, or straw, or moss, or any other material, be kept to cover the sashes, in case of frost, or very cold weather. Should these not be convenient use straw, hay or moss.

The Amazons of Africa.

In Dahomey, a considerable portion of the national troops consist of armed and disciplined females. They are known as being royal women, strictly and watchfully kept from any communication with men, and seem to have been trained through discipline and the force of example, to the accomplishment of enterprises from which the tumultuous warriors of a native army would shrink.

A late English author (Duncan) says, "I have seen them, all well armed, and generally fine, strong, healthy women; and doubtless capable of enduring great fatigue. They seem to use the long Dahomey musket with as much ease as one of our soldiers does his fowling-piece, and not of course, with the same accuracy, as they are not trained to any particular exercise, but they are so well word, make an attack like a pack of hounds, with great swiftness. Of course, they would be useless against disciplined troops, if at all approaching to the same numbers. Still their appearance is more military than the generality of the men, and in undertaking a campaign, I should prefer the female to the male soldiers of this country."

The same author thus describes a field review of the Amazons, which he witnessed: "I was directed to a large space of broken ground, where fourteen days had been occupied in erecting three immense piles of green brush. These three clumps of pikes, of a sort of strong brier or thorn, armed with the most dangerous prickles, were placed in line occupying about four hundred yards, leaving only a narrow passage between them, sufficient merely to distinguish each clump apart, and to force a regiment. These pikes were about ten feet high, and the ground was high. Upon examining them, I could not persuade myself that any human being, without boots or shoes, would, under any circumstances, attempt to pass over so dangerous a collection of the most efficient armed plants I had ever seen."

The Amazons wear a blue-striped tunic on a surcoat, manufactured by the natives, and a pair of trousers falling just below the knee. The cartilage of the nose is glided around the joints. The bones of the arms were announced the approach of three or four thousand Amazons. The Apodemy soldiers (female) made their appearance at about two hundred yards from, or in front of, the first pile, where they halted with shouldered arms. In a few seconds the word for attack was given, and a rush was made towards the pile with a speed beyond conception, and in less than one minute the whole body had passed over this immense pile, and had taken the supposed form. Each of the other piles were passed with the same rapidity, at intervals of twenty minutes. When a person is killed in battle, the skin is taken from the head, and kept as a trophy of valor. I counted seven hundred scalps preserved in this manner. The captives of each corps (female) in passing, again presented themselves before his majesty, and received the king's approval of their conduct."

DUTCH ENTERPRISE.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, in a description of Holland as it appears at the present day, illustrates the wonderful industry and perseverance of the Dutch, by a reference to the drainage of the Lake of Harlem. This Lake, as some of our readers probably remember, was drained more than a century ago, and its waters were pumped out, and its former bed is now used for agricultural purposes. The Lake was thirty-three miles in circumference. Land is precious in the Netherlands, and government concluded to invade the waters for more. A deep canal, with a dyke, was accordingly dug around the Lake, and the water was first drawn off into the canal and thence conveyed to sea, by means of four immense steam-engines. Fifty thousand men were employed in the work, and the government had repaid the expense by sales for the cost of an enterprise which it required four years to accomplish.

Make a Character for Yourself.

It is related of Girard, that when a young tradesman, having bought and paid for a bag of coffee, proceeded to wheel it home himself, the shrewd old merchant immediately offered to trust his new customer to as many more bags as the latter might desire. The trait of character revealed by the young man in being his own porter, had given the millionaire confidence in him at once. His reputation was made with Girard. He became a favored dealer with the enterprising merchant, thrived rapidly, and in the end amassed a fortune.

No more capital was so much for young men as this. Nor will about any capital and connection combined. In our own experience, we have known many beginners who have utterly failed, though backed by ample means, and assisted by the influence of a large circle of friends. In some cases, indeed, considerable experience, as well as industry and perseverance, have been added to these advantages, yet without securing success.

We have known such persons, after a failure in their first pursuit to try a second, and even a third, yet with no better result, although still assisted by capital, friends, and the aid of their own activity. The secret was that they had missed, somehow, making a character for themselves.

On the other hand, it is a common occurrence to see young men begin without a cent, yet rapidly rise to fortune. They achieve this triumph by establishing, at the outset, a reputation for being competent business men. Few are so fortunate as to do this by a single characteristic act, like the purchaser who won Girard's good-will by wheeling home the bag; for generally neither veteran merchants nor young dealers as energetic as his customer. But a consistent life of integrity, economy and industry, invariably establishes the right kind of reputation in the end. Confidence grows up, in influential quarters, towards the new beginner. Old merchants shake their heads approvingly, and say, this is of the right stuff and will get along. Credit comes, as it were, nascent. Connection follows. The reputation of the new aspirant widens and deepens; his transactions begin to be quoted as authority; trade flows in on him from every quarter; and, in a few years, he retires with a competence, or even to become a millionaire. All this is the result of establishing, at the outset, a character of the right sort.

We may say to every young man about to start in life, make a character for yourself as soon as possible. Let it also be a distinctive one. It is better to have a name for excellence in one or two things than to enjoy simply a notoriety for merey general merit. Are you a mechanic?—Outstrip your fellows in skill. Are you a clerk?—Be the best book-keeper your employers have. Are you in a store?—make yourself acquainted with the various buyers, and become known for an excellence peculiar to yourself; acquire a speciality, as it is called; and success is certain, because you will have, as it were, a monopoly, and can dictate your own terms.

Money may be lost, without fault of our own, by some one or another of the accidents of life. Connections may be broken up, by death, or failure, or change of interests. But character remains through all. It belongs to the individual, and is above the chances of fate. Thousands, who have lost all else, have recovered themselves, by having a character to start with; but no man without a business character has ever risen from the ruin caused by the loss of capital, or the destruction of connection. [Dollar Newspaper.]

[From the Buffalo Express of Aug. 13.]

The Wreck of the Erie.

We stated, some days since, that the broken hull of the Erie, which was recently raised off the Silver creek, had been brought to this port, and that preparations were making for hauling it on shore. This work has been slowly progressing since Monday. A piece about 25 feet in length has been cut from the forward end; about sixty feet have been brought above water, and some thirty feet yet remains submerged.

A brief retrospect is necessary in the premises. The steamer Erie, Capt. Titus left this port for Chicago, on the evening of the 9th of August, 1811. It was bound to the vicinity of Silver creek, and was loaded with a large amount of freight, and a good number of first class passengers, between two and three hundred German and Norwegian emigrants were on board, who were supposed to possess large sums of money in coin. The engines were kept in motion for nearly an hour after the flames broke out, but without success. The boat was then abandoned, and the crew, who had been ordered to land, were taken to shore. The Clinton tried to wrench the anchor and cut the chains—but both expedients proved to be impossible. In a short time, having drifted to the water's edge, the Erie sank, bearing down to a terrible gale the remains of six hundred—Only a few of all on board were saved.

The work of raising the hull was undertaken by Messrs. Wells & Gowan, of Boston—men experienced in the business—in company with Messrs. Mann, Vail & Co. They commenced operations on the 29th of June last, and brought the shattered hull to the surface on the 9th day of August, just thirteen years to a day from the time it went down. The coincidence is most singular and striking. The expense thus far has been some \$12,000.

Thus far, may be seen at the warehouse of Mann, Vail & Co. This consists of coils of melted silver and iron. Some \$2,000 in foreign and American gold, a number of five-franc pieces, a few spoiled watches, and other articles of little value, have been found among the rest. One of the watch dials is perfect, and the hands point to 20 minutes of eleven. One of the gold pieces has attached to it a single link of a gold watch chain—making a singular and priceless medal for some one.

The silver, which was melted, varies in size from that of shot, to masses weighing several pounds. In all, there are some 5000 pounds. Some 60 tons of broken machinery have been taken out—the walking-beam was recovered entire, and saved a little rust, looks as good as new. A roll of twenty-six five-franc pieces, which had been jostled from their perpendicular, and then melted together, may be seen—Also one which is perfect.

We are informed by one of the employees of Mann, Vail & Co., that he took part of a human back bone from the wreck day or two since.

It is not believed that much will be found upon the wreck. The portion of the boat which is still under water, is the after part, containing the saloon and ladies' cabin—and unless the cupants carried more money than is usual, no very extravagant anticipations can be indulged in.

[From the Great West.]

The Philosophy of Life, No. 1.

A true and happy life is made up of a great many particulars, as the cable is formed of a multitude of strands, and the mien of countless lamina. Thus there must be good breathing, or ventilation; eating, or dietetics; drinking, well, or temperance; resting, well, or sleep; clothing well or dress; working well, or philosophy; voting right, or politics, and loving, believing, and hoping well, [and doing right], or religion. But if any screw in this machinery is loose, every wheel and spindle will feel it throughout the whole manufacture. If we do all things well but one, and fail to do that right, our whole life may be thrown into disorder. Thus, if a man feels ill, drinks ill, or does ill, he may ruin his health, morals, and faith, and become an out-cast in society.

It is quite remarkable that we do not learn faster than we know how to live well. We repeat the same experiment every day, and who does not feel the same of every day, that he has missed a figure in the machinery, played the fool, and not the wise man, and a good thing indicted before the grand jury of life facilities as misadventure. There is great want of good eyes and ears; we do not hear and see well. There is great lack

of good manifestation; we do not take hold of things by their right handles. Indeed, a professorship of good sense needs to be founded in our colleges, even more than one of Greek or Latin. The powers around us are always trying like vast material brains to lick us into shape, but we are very refractory materials, and do not like to be licked in any sense of the word.

Simple ignorance is the cause of much of this no sense of life. The poor laborer would be as glad as any one to escape cholera, and fever and ague; but he falls into his place, his house, his lot, his employment, his philosophy, or his faith, by the simple determination of gravity, and therein lies his sickness and stay, no matter what grim old monster pestilence of the Ganges, or dragon plague of the Nile, or the Levant, comes along to devour him, and his wife and babes. He does not know enough to get out of the way when these lions from Africa and Asia are in the street. No wonder the Know-Nothings carry all before them in the elections, far, of course the most of men belong too much to that party by nature, though they never happened to get their sobriquet before the year 1854. These people in Columbia, Pa., who have been drinking water from a pond into which two slaughter houses discharge their contents, and took the cholera, and died by hundreds, did not know the laws of health.

An impartation of Combe on physiology, or some other work on the right theory and practice of life, into that benighted trough in the spring, and the indication of the inhabitants, in the arts of drinking well, and eating well, during the summer, would have saved a world of agony and wretchedness, in the autumn. So, as you travel through this western country, you are in many instances, that the sites which have been selected for dwelling-houses are altogether unfit for health. One house is located near a marsh, another on a bleak hill-side without protection; one in a damp wood, and another on the river-side, where the floods come up every spring, and fill the cellar, and perhaps the lower story with water.

Why will a farmer take so much pains with his soil, or the mechanic with his tools, and so little care be given by him to himself? Is not a little better than a sheep? Many a merchant who carries a gold watch in his pocket, and carefully winds it up daily, and preserves it from going any foreign substance into it, and clog the wheels, will nevertheless take into the delicate machinery of his own stomach, some ill-cooked, or unwholesome food, or drawn in with fiery liquors, or domestic poison, and run him self down, until his organs can keep no good time, and his hands cannot go, and his face tells a pitiful story. Sir merchant, if you are a prince as they call you, at least learn how to eat and drink as well as the squirrel in the tree, or the noble horse you drive, for neither the one nor the other know anything about dyspepsia, or any other of our horrid diseases.

But many men do not care a fig about the laws of decent living, when they do know them like a book. They prefer a short life, and a merry one, they say, and had rather live on turtle soup, and have the gut, than eat beans and plain food, and walk on two feet without pain. The shirking life and merry one is a fine thing in health and vigor, but the mischief is, that no man who tries that method, finds that he has not so very short a life after all, but a long one of sickness, pain, doctors, nurses, and blue devils. Nature will not give up, and in keeping up the battle against turtle soup, and other dinner table poisons, she fights long and hard, and the scene of the engagement happens to be just the nervous system of the poor patient. She lets him not off for his hot suppers, and oyster salads, and ice creams, so easily, but only at last gives him the coup de grace, when he is fairly sick and disgusted with the name of those articles on the bills of fare over which his mouth once watered with eager appetite, at the Astor and the Burnet.

Next to the Know-Nothings, therefore, are the Do Nothings, or the Do Wroongs—men and women who prefer their own way in the laws of health, and have not learned the first ideas of self-restraint; and so on an enormous amount of wrong-doing in these very things, out of which they now extract, so ingeniously, an almost insupportable quantity of sickness and life-long disease. But the plan of the world has been constructed on the principle of law, as well as love, and we cannot learn too early or too thoroughly, "that ignorance of the law here, as in the State, excuses no one." The fact is, we ought to learn it, and when we have learned only one. We all live a head full of ideas, and a heart full of happy feelings every day, because we do not pick them up where they lie thickly as gold nuggets in Frosty river. Better in truth would be the water crosses, and trust of good of hermit Thoreau, by Walden pond, than much of what we dignify by the proud title of civilization.

Very well so far as it goes, but better than all would be faith, repentance, and baptism, for the remission of sins, with the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, as taught and practiced by the Latter Day Saints; for then they would have the spirit of the Highest to guide their minds in the way of all truth and good conduct, and to heal their bodies through the anointing with oil and the laying on of hands. A course of this kind would far exceed, "an impartation of Combe on physiology, or some (any) other work on the right theory and practice of life;" still it is good to search wisdom on all subjects from the best books.—[E.]

ENGLAND.

[Extracts of a letter to Pres. H. C. Kimball from Elder William W. Ward.]

FAVERHAM, Kent, July 29, 1854.

I labored in London Conference under the Presidency of James Harned one year, and under the Presidency of John Robinson about two months. I was then sent to Kent Conference to labor under John Chislett who has since been pointed on a mission to Switzerland, and I now labor under Thomas B. Broderick. Those men I love and have rejoiced under their Presidencies. I had a district of eight branches of the Church in London Conference; three of those branches were amalgamated into one making six. I had that district till I came to Kent. I have two branches in Kent Conference called Faversham, and Sheerness branches. Faversham numbers about thirty members, and Sheerness about forty-four members.

The work is progressing—the saints are increasing in knowledge and faith, and a desire to do the will of the Lord. Faversham is an ancient town, celebrated in English history as the burial place of King Stephen. Some of the best gunpowder is made here, also Roman and Portland cement.

Sheerness is composed of two towns called Mile Town and Blue Town, and has a dockyard where ships of war are fitted up. I have been on board the "Waterloo," which is a gun ship, and every thing from a screw driver to the mainmast is in its place, and it takes about 80 or 90 men to make her complement. The "Royal Albert" is also there being overhauled, bottoming, &c. She will carry 132 guns, and the "Duke of Wellington," "Admiral Napier's" flag ship in the Baltic, is the only ship that has more guns. She draws about twenty-eight feet of water, and requires 1000 men.

I saw the Queen go to open Parliament, it was a splendid sight; soldiers, Nobles, Ambassadors, and the Royal Family met in a grand procession, and I had a very good view of it. I also saw the Lord Mayor's show in London; this was a curious sight, however I did not like either so well as our 4th and 24th of July.

I have been in Liverpool, London, Brighton, Dover, Canterbury, Chatham, Gravesend, Greenwich, Woolwich, Ashford, Faversham, Sheerness, Whitstable, and several other smaller towns, but I have seen no place like the Valley for me, and no people like the Saints for me.

I preach the first principles of the gospel, obey-

ing counsel, gathering to the Valley, how to overcome difficulties if any should arise, subscribing the Emigrating Fund, Temple Offering, &c., and to the world, to believe, repent and obey.

Monday, July 30, I preached at Faversham in the evening I walked to Boughton, a small little village about four miles from this town. Some of the Saints were there; we sang and preached the gospel. A constable told me that he had collected some money to send out to us, we were singing the second hymn he told me to tell the people we would go on further, and then went down a lane and began to speak; about one hundred were present and paid great attention, we gave them some Stars which they received kindly. The word seemed to have its desired effect. I was determined to preach in that place, we had preaching in the open air in four different places. Many are desiring to hear the word, before I closed I told them of the mission to St. Paul, and bore my testimony to be a laborer in the Gospel.

On the 28th of July we celebrated the entrance of the Pioneers into the Valley. Pastor Daniel Tyler and William H. Kimball were present; and William was chosen President. We held a party in an orchard, a little village called Ovington, I have been for two celebrations from the Valley, I happened to be one of the young men who was there.

The weather is fine, August 14th, and harvest has commenced; much of the wheat is five and six feet high.

[Extracts of letters from Wm. H. Kimball to his father.]

CANTERBURY, September