

For the News.

*Mr. Editor*,—It is now nearly one month since I arrived in your beautiful, retired and peaceful Valley, I have travelled up and down in it about fifty-five miles, and can truly say that the hum of industry was never more distinctly heard around the hive itself on a July morning, than is heard in this American Piedmont.

If any people on earth ever had cause to praise their God for suffering them to be driven to such a rich, healthy and productive land and to curse the cruel rapacity of their enemies for doing it, it is the Latter Day Saints in the Valley of the Salt Lake. Truly hath the tongue of Inspiration said: "The wrath of man shall praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He will restrain."

The administration of the affairs of the Church is conducted with a dignity and a generosity that cannot fail to command the respect and veneration of every wise and good man; and also with an independence of character that will ask for nothing wrong, and submit to nothing unjust. Prest. Young, the master spirit of the place speaks and acts among this people like a father. By his untiring industry and incessant labors to improve the condition of his brethren, and to make them comfortable and happy, he has won unfading laurels, and secured a name that will never perish while the hand of friendship can wield a pen or the tongue of honor proclaim the truth. Wise and able counsellors, in the persons of H. C. Kimball and Dr. W. Richards, are his daily companions, besides many others that move in an orbit around him but little remote from the nearest circle. The "Son of Peace" reigns in this Valley; and as the time of my departure for the States draws near, I cannot leave without saying to the citizens of this fairy land: my peace I leave with you. I have shared the hospitality of my friends here, and have felt the warmth and en-

thusiasm of their greetings and salutations, even from His Excellency the Governor of the State, down to that lone sister who has raised four hundred bushels of potatoes and gleaned nine bushels of the finest and cleanest wheat from the harvest fields this season with her own hands. Oh industry! what hast thou done? Thou hast driven want from the cottage of the most inconsiderate and humble; and coupled with the blessings of our Father in heaven, thou hast made the wilderness and the solitary place glad for Thee, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose. The waving harvest—the numerous stacks of wheat, barley and oats—the ripening corn—the thrifty vines, producing the richest melons in the world—the cooling breezes from the snow clad peaks—the crystal streams gushing from the mountain base and flowing through every garden field and flower-bed, clearly say, in language easy to be understood by the pure in heart who dwell here;—"This is the place for us."

Let the world say what they will,—let them cast all the odium upon the people which their prejudiced minds may conceive, I will say; "Father forgive them," and let me have the spirit which this Church enjoys,—let me live in fellowship with them, and I will ask no greater honor than that of dying in the triumphs of that faith which the Saints in this Valley profess.

Farewell my friends and brethren! The hand that guides our destinies is full of mercy and strong to save. On that arm we will unitedly rely for succor until the voice of Church and State—until the voice of State and Territorial Government is drowned in the ocean of God's Eternal love and the glory of His Kingdom shine upon the face of all the Earth!

Your brother in Christ,

O. HYDE.

Messrs. Williams & Blair opened their new store on Thursday.

CONDITION OF ENGLAND.—The following is an extract of a letter received by a gentleman of Baltimore, written by one of the most respectable physicians of Liverpool, who has been a resident of that city for thirty years:

"LIVERPOOL, May 9, 1850.

"It is, indeed, well, for every one that is not doing well here to quit in time, for the laboring class, and indeed I may say all classes, high and low, are getting worse and worse in the old countries. There seems to be a complete prostration of business among them; every one is hard up for the means of subsistence, and he finds, by the severe battle he has to fight for it, that he has no care or feeling for others—his own engrossing his whole time and calculations. It would seem as if it were the judgment of God for the sins of the government here. There is such a thing as retributive justice, and the English are getting it now, for the farmers, shopkeepers, merchants, &c., are breaking and sinking more into poverty, and feeling more and more the pressure of the times, and the necessity of a move to your side of the Atlantic or some of the colonies—carrying with them, I assure you, hatred to the mother country."

*United States Mail*, arrived on Tuesday, direct from Independence Mo. We gather no news of general interest from the mail, though it is reported by the carrier, that President Zachary Taylor, died on the 9th of July. The question has been repeatedly asked, who killed him? Rumor says *Cholera!!* We remember the short career of Prest. Harrison, and wait patiently for particulars. From the further representations of the carrier, in future we may expect a monthly mail; the next on the 1st of October, or 16 days hence.

#### VALLEY STONE WARE.

For sale at Messrs J. & E. Reece's Store, in the 13th Ward, a variety of stone ware, such as jars, pitchers, churns, Milk pans &c. manufactured in this place, those who are ambitious to encourage home manufacture, have now the opportunity, call and see.

G. S. L. City, Aug. 1st 1850.  
E. REECE.