

Who in the wide world could live here more peaceably than we do? Nobody; and I thank God for hard times. Do you suppose that the gentiles want this country? No; they say "it is a God-forsaken country," and I say hallelujah, for it is the very country I prefer, a country where nobody else will live but those who are willing to keep the commandments of God.

I wish to be tyrannical enough, if that is the proper term, to make you good men and good women. Go to with your might this year, and see if we cannot prepare for another. This is a great Saint raising country; we have seen wheat grow here almost spontaneously, and there could not be a better Saint raising country.

If a person is honest before God and has more than he needs for his own use, and does not covet it, he will make a distribution to those who have not, and there need not any person go without necessary food. I know that there are many here who have given out much flour, and they have by no means suffered on account of their liberality. There is a man sitting on the stand who says that his wife has scraped the bottom of the flour barrel, and on the next morning has gone to scrape again, to give out more to the poor, and found it half full. She asked him if he had put it there; he answered, no. Well, said she, I scraped it out last night.

The Lord wishes to try you; shall we say that we will hoard up the blessings of God, that we may be able to say that we have a large amount to ourselves? No, but divide them out, and do so with an honest heart, in all humility; and let those who receive blessings receive them with an honest heart, in all humility and thankfulness. Some who have, will withhold, and some of the poor are covetous and will grab a little here and there and lay it up, or waste it. If you continue in covetousness, your substance will shrink and waste away.

Let the poor, those who have to depend upon their brethren for bread, after they have done all they can to obtain it themselves, be thankful, and take no more than they require to use in a frugal manner. By taking such a course, no person would suffer.

With some there is a fearfulness, a want of faith and confidence in God, and a stingy close fistiness; this is the cause of many's being so pinched. As I have often done, I again invite those who are distrustful, and fearful that God is going to forsake this people, to leave, if they do not wish to be Saints and repose confidence in the God of the Saints. I wish such characters would leave; I shall be glad if they will leave. I would not have them stay; I would rather give them flour and help them to leave, because they are a curse to the Saints. And if the devil puts it into their hearts to leave, I know there will be a certain portion of those evil spirits go with them, and still we shall always have plenty more coming.

All I ask of you is to apply your hearts to the gospel of Jesus Christ and be Saints, I will not ask anything else on this earth of you only to live so as to know the mind and will of God when you receive it, and then abide in it. If you will do that, you will be prepared to do a great many things, and you will find that there is much good to be done.

We have no time to spend foolishly, for we have just as much on our hands as we can probably do, to keep pace with that portion of our brethren who have gone into the other room.

And when we have passed into the sphere where Joseph is, there is still another department, and then another, and another, and so on, to an eternal progression in exaltation and eternal lives. That is the exaltation I am looking for. May God bless you. Amen.

[From N. Y. Herald May 27]

Progress of the War--The Price of Peace.

The plot thickens. Outrage begets outrage, and every outburst of rage on one side leads to corresponding outburst on the other. If the country were actually plunged in civil war the language of the party press could not be more violent, more incendiary, more subversive of all law, order, good government and common sense. Yesterday, the New York Daily Times overflowed with rage at the 'ruffians,' the 'savages' who had resolved 'in their vindictive hatred' to 'slaughter' the men of Lawrence. The senior co-laborer of the Times, the New York Tribune, is still more violent. It positively curses the 'myrmidons of border ruffianism,' the 'villain assassins,' whose rumored attack on the city of Lawrence was 'one of the most execrable crimes recorded in history,' and whose 'gigantic wickedness' caused all this 'devastation and butchery.' It characterizes Southerners as 'base and brutal,' 'ferocious blackguards,' given to 'cowardly, malignant, and atrocious conduct,' and inevitably prone to 'atrocities and outrage,' and it considers that no man can be their friend unless he be willing to 'skulk, to prevaricate and to lie.' Nor are the organs of the nigger drivers one whit behind those of the nigger worshippers in violence, bloodthirstiness and rage. The Richmond Whig is 'rejoiced' at the savage assault of Brooks on Sumner; talks of his 'slandering back,' and hopes that 'the ball (i. e. personal outrages) may be kept in motion, and that Seward and others may catch it next.' The Richmond Examiner—once a moderate able journal—says of Senator Sumner that, 'when caned for cowardly vituperation, he falls to the floor an ignominious lump of incarnate cowardice.' Such are the lengths of folly and nonsense and reckless violence which the party journals of this country have reached.

The leaders are not behind the papers. Their language, their tone, their plans, are as wild and senseless as the articles we have quoted. They are prepared to go as far as the most rabid editor. Nor is there any difference arising from locality. At Richmond and at Boston, at Charleston as at New York, the spirit of the politicians is the same. They are all, everywhere, for fighting,

and violence, and destruction and bloodshed. If they cannot be muzzled and got out of the way, we shall all be cutting each other's throats before a twelvemonth, because we cannot agree about the best way of treating our negroes.

Is this the wind-up of the republic from which America, from which Anglo Saxons, from which humanity and the world expected so much?—Have we lived eighty years, the only free republic on the globe; fought our way, in spite of hostility from all Europe, and organic difficulties of our own, to a position not second to any living Power, in order that now we may give monarchists the satisfaction of seeing us combine to commit suicide?—Have the principles of Jefferson and the maxims of Washington, and the teachings of the fathers and the preaching of the clergy brought forth so little fruit that we are going to war now, in our eightieth year, for as trivial a matter as any that ever served a capricious prince as the pretext of a war in Europe or Asia?

There is no hyperbole in these inquiries: they are earnest, simple, natural; they issue, spontaneously, from the heart of every man who has seen this country grow from the condition of a weak, half fledged independency to that of one of the greatest empires in the world; who has watched our trade swell year after year, until now we feed and clothe half the human race, and our luxuries give employment to a large part of two great nations; who has seen our ships increase year after year, until now there is not a sea that does not reflect back our flag, or a wind that does not swell American canvas; who has felt, in Europe, that the country to which the eyes and hearts of all good men turn with fond yearning is the United States, and that country is his own.

There is no question at all—it is a naked truth, that unless these unprincipled, infamous demagogues who are doing their best to set the people by the ears and to array the sixteen millions of the North against the nine millions of the South, can be silenced and crushed, all these hopes will be dashed, all this prosperity will be gone forever, and young men who read these lines may live to old age, and never know what it is to have a single day of unbroken peace. It seems an awful prospect; but the voice of history is clear, nothing else can happen unless the politicians, the traders in nigger capital, can be entirely conquered and overwhelmed.

Unless the conservative masses are willing to rouse themselves and refuse to pay the least attention to the nigger driving juggles to come off at Cincinnati, and the nigger worshipping juggles to come off at Philadelphia, nothing can help the country. If the people at large—farmers, merchants, manufacturers, every man who would lose anything by the ruin of the republic—choose to break down with a single blow the two nigger organizations—the one calling its self democrat, the other republican—it can be done; and that simply by the selection of unpledged electors this fall. One thorough, complete uncompromising defeat would crush the two nigger parties so effectually that the country would have peace for some time afterwards; and it might be possible to define terms of general accommodation on the nigger question. Unless this victory be secured by the conservatives in the way we have indicated, the catastrophe at Lawrence and the assault on Senator Sumner are fair symptoms of what will become every day occurrences during the next four years.

Extracts from a Child's History of the United States.

I must now tell you that just about this time a very grave question arose before the Senate and House of Representatives. Now, one would have thought that, upon this occasion, the gentleman who made up the two houses would have acted like gentlemen, and in talking over the pros and cons of this great subject, would have behaved with as much decency and good manners as well-brought-up people are in the habit of doing in a drawing room.

I am very sorry to say that this was not at all the case. Upon one occasion, what was called in those days, a row, was kicked up in the Senate. A gentleman by the name of SUMNER made use of very bad language, in reply to what he said had been very bad language used against him. In fact bad language was so very much the fashion that I really do not think I could well go back to the gentleman who first used bad language. Another gentleman called Brooks, being greatly angered at Sumner, took a stick made of gutta percha (it being of gutta percha is not of much consequence—it might have been hickory or lignum-vita, or cast-iron, for that matter) and beat Sumner quite badly. I have called them all GENTLEMEN, which was according to the custom of those days; but you will quite agree with me, that a good many of them on both sides, forgetting that they were standing in places made sacred by 'great deeds' and 'good names,' were not a whit better than very low-bred fellows.

In those days gentlemen used to breakfast pretty much as they do now-a-days, with this little difference, that alone with their spoons and forks they could not manage their coffee and rolls without a pistol, and one of the gentlemen shot a man at breakfast, (I suppose for a relish) but as the person killed was only a waiter, it was not thus deemed of much consequence.

A good many newspaper Editors were quite severely whipped about this time. I regret to say that the newspapers, instead of making themselves useful by trying to quiet the people and doing their best to calm angry passions, did pretty much all they could to make their readers savage and revengeful against the readers of other papers. (I dare say they did this in order to sell a great many extra papers.) I do not mean by this to say that the editors were bad or selfish men, no, not by any means, only

that this way of writing boldly and foolishly, was much the custom of the times.

Some of these editors were what was called FIGHTING MEN, that is, they had shot much in pistol galleries, so these especially bullied, and said they were not a bit afraid to step into the ARENA; (arena meant then pretty much the same thing as a cock-pit) others who were not fighting men, and did not know how to pistol, used their pens like fire-brands in a very insolent and windy manner. Now it is hard to say, which of these two kinds of writers was the most to blame, and I must let you puzzle out this question.

In fact, what with the Senators and the Representatives, who were always calling each other bad names and liars, and threatening to use pistols and knives, and canes against one another, and the editors who were urging them on, it was quite a hard time to live in.

I am very glad that you and I did not live at that period, more especially myself, for I might have been quite bruised in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-six for writing this chapter of their history.—[Woman's Advocate.

The following is from Punch. It must be pleasant to English pride, to have such things going the rounds of the papers:—

The Treaty Explained.

"Papa, you came up to my bed,
And called me Little Sleepy-Head,
About a month ago,
And made me wake, and hear the guns
Telling all London-town at once,
That there was Peace, you know."

My Angel Child, I did by thee
That which my father did to me,
You fancied it unkind;
But no, my love—some day you'll tell
Your children you remember well
When this new Peace was signed.

"It was quite kind of you to take
The trouble, Pa, to make me wake,
Upon that Sunday night;
But, Pa, I wish you'd tell me what
To tell my children, that we got
By all this dreadful fight?"

My darling, yes, I'm very glad
That, like a prudent little lad,
You ask such questions, dear;
We've got a Treaty—that is, mind,
A Paper, which great folks have signed,
To put things straight and clear.

"A Paper—one that I can read?"
No, love, I think you'd not succeed,
Although it's a translation.
It's made in Chapters, thirty-four,
With twenty Protocols, or more,
Besides a Declaration.

"But tell me Pa, what it's about;
Some one, you know, must make it out,
Or nobody's the better."
Well, dear, I'll try, if you'll attend,
The spirit you can comprehend,
So never mind the letter.

All that we've taken from the Czar,
From the beginning of the war,
We are to give him back;
Sebastopol, and six more towns,
And the Crimean hills and downs,
We must surrender, whack.

All the strong forts he had before,
Along the Black Sea's Asian shore,
He is to have again,
That he may bring his armies there,
And make the brave Circassian bear
His long-resisted chain.

If he can raise and take away
The ships he sank, my dear, he may,
And to the Baltic steer 'em;
To have them ready there at need.
One of these days the Dane or Swede
May find them much too near him.

He's not to pay one single sou
Of all the cost he's put us to,
That forty millions, blow him;
Nor give one single guarantee
That what he promises shall be
Performed—and yet we know him.

And we ourselves are so polite
That we resign the ancient Right
We held against the world.
'Twas the old Sea-King's gallant brag;
The homage paid by every flag,
When England's flag unfurled.

But, Pa, you've only told me, yet
What these fine Russians are to get,
Tell me what they're to Do:
I hoped our men, who fought so brave,
Had punished them, and they'd behave
Much better, didn't you?"

My love, that's what we're Thankful for,
We've gained the Objects of the war,
Hearing, from Russian lips,
The Czar will let the Turks alone,
Will not rebuild some forts, of stone,
Or build big Black Sea ships.

And (years to come, though, I'm afraid)
The Danube will be free for trade—
That's all the gain we reap.
"My own Papa, mine Honored Sir,
When those Park guns began to fire,
You might have let me sleep."

LIGHT COLORED COPAL VARNISH.—Take one pound of pale African copal, fuse it in an iron pot, then add a quart of clear hot linseed oil; stir well, then boil until the mixture is stringy. When cool, add two quarts of turpentine and mix well.—[Ex.

The Battle of Camden.

BY RICHARD EVERETT.

On the 13th of June, 1780, Gen. Horatio Gates was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the southern portion of the patriot army. Gates was an Englishman by birth, a soldier by profession; but yet, wanting in many of those qualities which constitute a great or even a good General. To him had been given the glory of Saratoga, when it properly belonged to Schuyler, Arnold and Morgan. Gates was a vain, inefficient officer, and totally unfit to be at the head of an independent army. He found the small American force under the command of Baron De Kalb, badly armed, clothed and equipped. However, retaining De Kalb as second in command, he issued calls for the militia, and collecting quite an army, pushed on toward Camden.

The British forces at the time were mostly scattered about in small divisions, but the largest body, under Lord Rawdon, was stationed at Camden. Alarmed at the approach of Gates, 'the hero of Saratoga,' as he was unfortunately termed, Lord Cornwallis hurried from Charleston to join Rawdon, and with the utmost dispatch effected a junction with that General. The outposts were instantly called in, and the British Generals reluctantly decided to risk a battle, although they were incumbered with a large number of sick men, and of their effective force several hundred were Tories.

About 5 o'clock in the evening of Aug. 15, Gates commenced his march toward the enemy's camp. The American army was mostly composed of militia and men who had been in the service but a short period—De Kalb's battalion being the best corps in the whole force. Having been formed with great caution, the army began its march silently—Gates hoping to fall upon the royal troops unawares. Not a word was allowed to be spoken in the ranks, and over a sandy road the men marched cautiously along.

But Cornwallis was too much on the alert for Gates' plan. Notwithstanding that his army was greatly inferior in numbers to the patriot force, the British General also determined upon a surprise, and about 11 o'clock at night he put his army in motion, and advanced with great care toward Rudgley's Mills, where he supposed the Americans were encamped.

Under these peculiar circumstances, both armies concealed by the darkness, slowly neared each other. On they came through the silent gloom, each a slumbering volcano—ready to pour forth a torrent of fire. There were no shouts of command—no rattling of arms, all was muffled, cautious and wary. Gates had ordered Col. Armand, who commanded the van-guard, to attack any force that might oppose him. It was a very hot night, and the armies marched leisurely along, until suddenly, upon a hill near a stream called Sander's creek, the advanced guard of the royal force stumbled directly upon the Americans.

Each party was surprised, but quickly recovering, they fired just at the same instant. Several of Armand's men were killed, and his troops, panic-stricken, fled confusedly back upon the Maryland militia. They in turn alarmed with the idea that the whole British force was upon them, pushed back in disorder and confusion. But Porterfield and Armstrong, who commanded the next detachments, boldly advanced their men and without hesitation attacked the British van.—Skirmishing continued for half an hour, when both armies drew off their men to wait for day-break.

Gates instantly called a council of war, to deliberate upon the most appropriate mode of proceeding. De Kalb advised retreating to a stronger position. Gen. Stevens was in favor of giving battle on the spot, and Gates rashly favoring the plan, preparations were made for action. The British army occupied a strong position, being defended in the rear by a creek and two impassable swamps, which also protected very effectually both flanks. With a firm and narrow front, Cornwallis waited for the Americans to begin the battle. Gates formed his men in a singular manner, being prevented by the nature of the ground from using the mass of his men to advantage.—It was a piece of folly to give battle to a disciplined force, upon such a position, and every experienced officer in the American force felt that defeat was certain. The artillery of each army stood in front of the center, and the cavalry in the rear. Both Generals disposed their forces under cover of the darkness, and as day dawned on the morning of Aug. 16, both armies appeared in battle array. It was very hot, and not a breath of air stirred the leaves of the waving grass, so soon to be trampled down and stained with human gore. As it grew light, each commander endeavored to change the position of his men, and Gates' forces, being chiefly raw militia, were considerably disordered while going through their maneuvers.

Cornwallis observing this, opened fire, and the Virginia militia under Col. Stevens, endeavored to return it. Instantly the British right wing charged with great impetuosity, and the Virginians, breaking ranks, fled in all directions. Gates hurried up the Carolinians, and ordered his artillery to open fire. Again the British resorted to the bayonet, and the Carolinians shamefully fled like frightened sheep.

Advancing his whole line, Cornwallis threw the weight of the battle upon the Maryland and Delaware regiments and the gallant battalion of Baron De Kalb. These troops stood their ground like heroes, and had the broken regiment rallied to their support, the day might have been won by the patriots. Tarleton, with his dragoons, charged madly over the field, sabering the fugitives by scores, while against the patriots who stood firm, the whole British fire was concentrated. Small-wood, with the reserve force, advanced to fill the places of the broken battalions, but Col. Webster, with a strong detachment, instantly engaged him.