

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Four miles from Cape Town,
Nov. 1st., 1854.

TO PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG:

Dear Sir:—With no ordinary feelings I sit down to address him who is called to lead Israel in the last days. Not wishing to trespass too much on your time, I will briefly state the situation of the work of the Lord in this benighted land of Ham.

In the vicinity of Cape Town, two branches have been organized, and one conference. On the 6th of Oct., we held a conference, and by the reports of the presidents of the two branches, it appeared that since the conference was organized, on the 10th of August, 1853, there had been seven baptisms, one death, three had gone to Australia, with the faith and fellowship of the Saints here, one with Elder Walker on a mission, and 14 had been cut off. The conference now consists of one seventy, five priests, two teachers, one deacon, and 22 members; total, 34; and 21 children that have been blessed under the hands of the elders. The Saints here are generally strong in the faith, and have a great desire to emigrate to the land of Zion, or the land where the pure in heart dwell, and the priesthood of God rules and controls. Inquiry in this vicinity has rather subsided; some, however, are looking into the work, and a few are believing, yet, for the fear of men, are unwilling to take upon themselves the name of Christ.

I received letters a few days ago from Elders Walker and Smith. Elder Walker is at Fort Beaufort and its vicinity, 700 miles from here. He writes that he has baptized 14, and two have been disfellowshipped. He has organized one branch, ordained two elders, one priest, and one deacon. He says, "Prospects appeared a little more favorable at present, than they have for some time past; and I hope to have the privilege of baptizing more soon." He also says, "I find more who say that they believe the gospel, than are willing to obey it."

Elder Smith is at Port Elizabeth and its vicinity, 600 miles distance from Cape Town, and nearly 200 from where Elder Walker is. He writes that he has baptized 16, and ordained three teachers; but has organized no branch on the account of the scattered situation of those who have obeyed the gospel. He informs me that the work is spreading, with great call for books and tracts; and thinks more will be baptized soon. It is rather a tedious country to preach the gospel in, on the account of the heat, and the scattered condition of the inhabitants. I find, as summer approaches, that the heat will not permit me to do much in the way of travelling, having no way to travel only on foot.

There are many here who speak the Dutch language, though they have a little knowledge of the English; but not enough to read and understand English books. There are also many back in the country, who have no knowledge of the English language. I would like to do a considerable printing in Dutch, but have not yet been able to do much for the want of means. As yet, I have only printed, in that language, a small tract which I wrote, entitled "A Warning to all." I have sent to the valley, two or three of those I got printed in English; one to bro. Robert Campbell, which, perhaps, you may have seen. In this I enclose one printed in Dutch. It was translated by one of the brethren here, who has also translated, and got nearly ready for the press, a small tract which I wrote "On the first principles of the Gospel." I expect to get it printed in a few days. If I had the means, I should immediately proceed to procure the translation of the Book of Mormon, but I must omit it for the present, leaving it in the hands of God, praying that life will, in his own due time, raise up some one who has a plenty of this world's goods, and who will be willing to devote it to the spreading of the gospel of Christ.

This climate is weakening to all those who have been accustomed to a cold country. I find that it has that effect on me and my brethren. I saw in the Epistle of the First Presidency, that all elders who are laboring in a country where the climate does not agree with their health, are at liberty to return home when they please, and need not wait to be sent for. I therefore feel at liberty to leave at any time, and say to my brethren, do the same. Yet I do not feel like leaving before some one is sent to take my place. Neither do I feel like saying, either to Elder Walker, or Elder Smith, You must tarry, and I will go; therefore I shall write to them soon, and tell them that they are at liberty to start for home by the first of March next, if they wish, leaving the Saints where they are under the care of the best materials they have, while I shall tarry here a little longer, if no one arrives to take my place; yet, I hope I shall not be obliged to stop here another hot summer, besides the one that has now commenced.

Our distance from each other, and the expense of travelling in this country, prevents us from meeting together to have the benefit of each other's society and counsel.

It is not for me to dictate, neither to counsel what elders to send to this land; but I will merely say, that a man over whom wine can have any influence, has no business here. As to the two brethren who have been associated with me on this mission, I believe that two better men could not have been selected, so far as keeping themselves pure and uncontaminated with the pollutions and abominations that surround us in this land. Common wine is cheap, and a large portion of the Europeans who are here drink to excess, which makes it very difficult to promulgate the gospel. The natives of the place are not so bad. I believe I have seen more drunkenness since I have been here, than I have seen before in all my life. Wine has been one great cause why so many who have been baptized had to be disfellowshipped.

According to the directions in the Epistle of the First Presidency, I have commenced the P. E. Fund, though have not collected much as yet. I have also written to Elders Walker and Smith to commence it where they are. I cannot say for a certainty whether any Saints will be able to emigrate from here in the year 1855. The difficulties of getting them from this land, I stated in bro. Campbell's letter, which, I presume, he has given you the privilege of perusing. On account of the temptations to which the Saints are here exposed, for the last eight months I have been anxious to get them from this country. I have frequently called to mind the dream I had on the night of the 13th of Feb., 1853—two days after I got on to the ship, at London to come to this place. At the time, it made such an impression on my mind, I wrote

it in my journal. I will here relate it just as I wrote it down the following morning.

"Last night I dreamed of passing by a pond of water filled with fish; some of them were dead, and some alive. The pond was fast drying up. I thought when I returned, I would take out some of the live fish, and carry them and put them into good water, and see if they would live; for the water they were then in had become very bad by standing, which was the cause of so many fish being dead. I waked up, then dropped to sleep, and had the following dream. I thought I was traveling in a road. I came to where there was a flock of beautiful white sheep, feeding near by. I thought it would not do to leave them there so near the road; if I did, they might be destroyed by the wolves. So I got over into the field, and undertook to drive them back to where I thought they would be safe. Some of the sheep helped me drive the others; so I found but little trouble in getting them started back from the road; but, just as I got them started, one old ram faced me for a fight. I took him by the horns, and handled him as though he had been nothing more than a straw in my path."

I believe I have seen the fish in the filthy water—some dead and some alive; and I have been very anxious to get the live ones to where the water is good. I also believe I have seen the flock of white sheep, and have felt afraid that the wolves would destroy them all, if they were suffered to remain where they are. But I have not yet got them started back from the road, neither have I yet had a fight with the old ram.

When I heard of the death of President Willard Richards, I felt to mourn, and to ask, "Lord, why is it so? Why is he taken from us in the meridian of life, just as he was approaching to the zenith of his ever wise and judicious counsel?"

The question naturally came into my mind, "Who will be called to fill the vacancy occasioned by his death?" Had I been called upon, and requested, before hearing the opinion of any one in this church, to have written the brother's name whom I thought most suitable to fill the vacancy, and whom I should like to see placed there, I should have written the name of "Jedidiah M. Grant." When news came that he was appointed to that place, I rejoiced; not so much because he is the man of my choice, but because the mind I had was in accordance with the mind of him whose sole right and prerogative it was to appoint brother Grant to the place he now occupies. Therefore, say to President Grant, as I was not there to give him my vote, that I here give it, also my faith, prayers, and influence, to sustain him in the important office that has been placed upon his head. Give my best respects to President Kimball, to whom I have ever been warmly attached, ever since I first saw him in Missouri, after his return from his first mission to England. Forget me not to the Twelve Apostles, whose wise teachings and instructions I long once more to hear. Please give my respects to brother Joseph Young, and brother Rockwood, with whom I have spent many happy hours, listening to the wise counsel that flowed from their lips. Say to the Saints and Elders in Zion, if they wish to know how to prize their blessings and privileges in the peaceful valleys of the mountains, let them come to the land of Ham, where wickedness and abomination reign. If they wish to know how to prize those men whom the God of heaven has set apart, appointed, and anointed, to lead, govern, and control his people in this last dispensation; let them go to some foreign clime, where they are surrounded on every hand, and meet at every turn the degraded sons and daughters of ignorance, superstition, and pretercast. If the Saints would know how to appreciate the counsel and instructions that flow from the lips of the prophets of the Lord and the apostles of Jesus Christ, let them be banished from the society and presence of these men, and be obliged to take up their abode where nearly every sentence they hear sounds as though it was coined, stamped, and sealed in the mint of the infernal regions. If the fair daughters of Israel would know how to value the protection that is thrown around them in the quiet valleys of the Saints, let them visit the so-called Christian cities and villages of the nations of the earth, where the seducer of the flowers of creation is permitted to stalk the streets at mid-day, seeking his victim with impunity. If the fathers and mothers in Israel would know how to value the blessings that surround their children in the society of the Saints, among the teachers of the people of God, let them take up their abode amongst the neighboring nations of the earth, where the young men are taught swearing and drunkenness by rule, and the young women are taught prostitution both by theory and practice.

On the 30th of July last, when the two branches which I have spoken of above, met for prayer, exhortation, and singing, they took the following vote; viz:—"That we sincerely thank the priesthood in Zion, for sending us the servants of God to teach us the ways of life and salvation; also, we truly thank the Saints in England for what they have done in contributing of their means and substance, whereby the servants of God, when they came into their midst, were able speedily to make their way to this land."

Please give my kind respects to brother S. W. Richards, whose kindness to the elders when we landed at Liverpool, and the wise and judicious course in which he managed the Star—giving counsel to the thousands of Saints he was called to preside over in the British Isles, and his ever readiness and willingness to send to the Cape of Good Hope every item of news that he thought would be interesting and useful to me and those who are associated with me on this mission, has given me that esteem for him which I trust will not soon be obliterated.

May the Lord bless you and yours—lengthen your life to lead Israel as long as Moses led them; and with Joseph and Hyrum, and all the faithful, crown you with celestial glory, is the prayer of

Your brother in the kingdom of patience,
JESSE HAVEN.

ENGLAND.

66, HALL STREET, Greenheys, Manchester,
Nov. 30, 1854.

DEAR FATHER:—With feelings of gratitude towards you for your kindness unto me, I sit down to address you. Yours of Sept. 30 is before me, and I am glad that you approve of my labors. I endeavor to do as much as I can for the rolling on of the work, and better realize those duties incumbent upon me than heretofore, because I am placed where I must think for myself.

Although I was cradled in the lap of "Mormonism," I

never thought of giving a reason why I believed it to be true, until within a few short months. And although reasons are as plenty as blackberries, still I am not as yet a very scientific preacher.

I have been appointed to the presidency of the Bradford Conference, succeeding brother Millen Atwood, who is well and doing a good work. When I first came to England, I thought I could have taken charge of the British mission with the greatest ease. I have now, however, not quite such an exalted opinion of myself, for castles in the air will not stand the cold and chilling influences of the sneers of the world; and in fact, the more I learn the less I know.

When cousin Franklin gave me the above appointment, I thought that I could honor it, simply because I do not think that the Lord will put any greater burthen upon his servants than they can bear, or call them to a more exalted sphere, than they are capable of honoring with the assistance of his Holy Spirit.

I can now in some degree realize the benefit to be derived from those counsels and teachings you bestowed so liberally upon me, both in private and in public. When I left home I was an ignorant unthinking boy, but I shall try to return a man of God, one whom he will delight to own and bless. I was glad for the line from mother, and will endeavor to follow her advice.

I am pleased to hear that Brigham is doing so well, and think of, and pray for him often; and, if it was the will of the Lord, I should like to have him with me, as I believe I could be of great service to him. I received a letter from Brigham, one from Mary, and one from Jos. W. Young, for all of which I am thankful.

The prospects for the ensuing year, as regards the work, are very flattering; a great many will, I think, embrace our principles. The work seems to be getting more lively than heretofore.

A great many of the Saints will emigrate this year. One ship, the Clara Wheeler, sailed for the States, on the 27th inst., with 408 Saints aboard. Two more ships will go to the States this fall, and I believe thousands will go next spring. The failure of the crops in the United States, to the amount of 20 per cent, will have a withering influence upon the condition of the operatives of England.

Perhaps no better idea can be given of the utter fallacy of depending on man for our welfare, than the present state of this country. They have in a great measure depended upon the United States and Russia for their bread heretofore. They are now involved in a bloody war with one, and the crop has failed in the other, and themselves without much claim to the mercy or interposition of the Lord; and I believe that hard times are going to drive away from this land, even a great many who have been deaf to the advice of the elders, and the promptings of the Holy Spirit.

The war is getting along first-rate, the people are killed by thousands before Sebastopol; and from the reports of the papers, I think that already from 40 to 50 thousand of the allies have either died of diseases or been killed before that place, and probably from 50 to 60 thousand of the Russians. The English, French, Turks, and Russians are pouring into the Crimea by tens of thousands. Marshal St. Arnaud, and thousands of the troops are dying with the venereal disease. The English have given up all hopes of capturing Sebastopol this year.

Cousin Franklin is in tolerable health. George D. Grant is appointed pastor in place of brother Fullmer, who has left for the Valley. Edmund Ellsworth has Birmingham, Herefordshire, and Warwickshire Conferences. James A. Little is well; and bro. Wheelock, Spencer, Dille, Fullmer, W. A. Young, Wm. H. Kimball, and all the rest, are all right.

Give my love to all the folks, and everybody that is good; and believe me

Your affectionate son,
JOS. A. YOUNG.

66, HALL STREET, Greenheys, Manchester,
Dec. 1, 1854.

DEAR MARY:—Seven thousand miles of land and water intervene to be traversed by our letters, before we can have the privilege of assuring ourselves of each other's condition. As I peruse your letters, the scenes of "that happy land" seem raised before my mind's eye, and this feeling buoy me up, and enables me more fully to withstand the cold and chilling influences cast around me by the world.

An elder has a great many influences thrown around him that are trying to his feelings. Just imagine me taking my living from people poorer than a church mouse, and then some of them, after I have labored and toiled, and almost made myself sick, because I will not be their man of all work, and bring them water, &c., &c., say I have come among them to get a living. "Oh! for a forty parson power, to sing thy praise, hypocrite!" Humility, oh! for a sufficient stock for a voyage round the world. There is no danger of a fellow ever getting proud in this country, as the sentiment would certainly die for want of ailments. I refer more especially to Latter Day Saint preachers.

When I was at home I was a little boy, and could laugh, play, go a-riding, or do almost any thing, except what would be useful. Now, I am placed in a sphere of action, where if I do not do the thinking, it remains undone, and I hope to return home as "one who has bought the right to high thoughts by good and virtuous deeds." I will be a boy no longer; I will try and answer the end of my creation, by striving to benefit myself, and also my fellow man.

You may think I am getting serious; so I am, and I am in hopes it will last until I shall pass the vale of death, and after that until eternity shall cease to exist. I wish you to read such books as will benefit you, and tend to improve your mind, elevate your taste, and make that best of all things, a righteous woman.

The work is progressing in this country; this year there will be a great many added to our numbers, and a great many will emigrate to the States.

I have been appointed to succeed brother Atwood in the presidency of the Bradford Conference, and think I will be a little more comfortable. I have suffered some little through want of clothing, but am now faring better. I have, however, taken a very severe cold, which incapacitates me for my calling; but, by the blessing of God, I am in hopes I will get better, though I suffer a great deal as yet. If you was to hear, without seeing me, you would think I was some baby with the whooping cough.

William A. Young, William H. Kimball, and George D. Grant, are tolerably well. Edmund Ellsworth has been

very kind to me. James A. Little is in the best of health. Cousin Franklin is not so very well. Brother Wheelock is doing first-rate. Daniel Spencer is very well. Fullmer, Dille, and all the rest of the elders, are well, I believe. James Ferguson is doing a great good work in Ireland. May God bless you. From

Your affectionate husband,
JOSEPH A. YOUNG.

35, JEWIN STREET, City, London,
Nov. 14, 1854.

MY DEAR FATHER:—I begin before it is time for the mail to start, in order to give you a general history of affairs with me in this country, from the time of my last up to the time of mailing this. You will see by my last letter to you and Mary, a history of my travels in the country, which were very agreeable, although very hard, my health being poor, and considerable walking to do; but I enjoyed myself well.

There are many curiosities to see in every part of this country that will entertain the eye and mind, but to cheer the heart of the down-cast, and to enlighten the mind of those who are in darkness, are worth more than all the rest put together. Still, I make it my business to see and learn all that I can while here in the great metropolis.

On the 9th inst., a gentleman gave me an invitation to come and look out of his window upon the procession of the Lord Mayor. I started, but could not get near the house, because of the mass of people. If you had not been in London, you would not believe it were I to say that thousands would not number them. I doubt whether they could stand in East Temple Street, taking it from your house to the south end of it; in fact, all cabs and omnibuses had to stop running in that portion of the city where the procession was. The rush of people was so great that some were fainting in the crowd. I got where I had a good view of them, and the richness of the scene was dazzling, and by the side of it was squalid poverty. This makes my heart to ache, for I cannot look on one without seeing the other.

Elder C. H. Wheelock is with me, and I can say, although this is my first acquaintance with him, that it is very agreeable, and he has got a heart as big as a pumpkin, and it is wrapped up in the work, and his life is a sacrifice for his brethren.

There are two others in the London Conference who are men of God, and of worth to the kingdom, viz., Elders John Robinson and James S. Marsden. Elder Robinson leaves for the Valley this season, and you will have the privilege of meeting with a man who can tell you all the particulars of my course in this country.

Elder Marsden is going to remain, which I am thankful for, as he has ability, and is ready and willing to make use of it for the work of God. There is another who has my warmest feelings, and that one is Elder Daniel Tyler, who made many wise and arduous struggles to give the work a fresh start in this region, and to clear up the filth of some unwise ones who have been here before him. May the Lord bless him, and give him crowns of honor. I feel to rejoice in the progress of the work in these parts, for nearly all who come in now, do so with their eyes open, and prepared to go through good and evil reports.

Some of the big guns of the world are firing at our batteries, and it looks as though the devil must be putting his best foot forward; but I believe that when the Lord has a great work to do, the devil has one to do to counteract it, if he can.

A company held an interview with Elder Wheelock and myself, and gave us an invitation to come and speak to them, and we consented. They have put out great flaming bills, and one of them tells us that several hundred will be obliged to leave for want of room. Just then Richard Wadlington came in with all manner of falsehoods concerning the Valley, and the people there; and several, with the Rev. Brein Grant, are coming out in public lectures against us.

All is on the move, and will move, for truth is mighty, and will prevail. I find, when it comes to the pinch, that they will not stand and face the man who has truth on his side. Elder Wheelock and myself, with some others, dropped in where Mr. Wadlington was making some wonderful disclosures concerning the authorities in the Valley, but when he found that we were in the room, he felt as uneasy as a fish out of water; but we fastened him long enough to make the company see that he was telling lies, and in order to get away he promised to come before the church; but the next day he sent a letter to me, begging to decline, and wishing to be cut off from the church.

I would like to have you get my blessing from George D. Watt, and send it to me, also my military commission; if you cannot find the one that I left at home, General Wells will furnish one. It is difficult to tell what a year or two will bring forth in this country, for already the question is considerably mooted whether young men will be permitted to leave this country much longer, or not. If I have that, and all other protection that I can get, God will give me the remainder.

When I look at the world in the present state, and think of the sayings of Joseph and others, could I have a doubt on my mind for one moment? No; not while the Lord gives me light. But there is one thing that is hard for me, I do not say I cannot, but to preach is a thing I cannot think I ever was born for; and then to think of being in this great place where there are men who can pin an audience to their seats by their eloquence. When I see this, I think what am I sent here for? To make a fool of me? Or is it to take the hair off my head? Or what? The Lord help me is my continual prayer, day and night.

I have been in the large cities in the States, to the seat of government, and in many fine places in this country, such as the House of Lords and Commons, Westminster Abbey, Saint Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London, Anatomical Museum, Thames Tunnel, on the Monument at the end of London Bridge, and at the old Abbey at Reading, and at Windsor Castle, and in the largest Dock yards in the country, yet the curiosities in the Valley are worth them all to me, and the people there I can look upon with a peaceful eye, and feel that there is integrity and virtue, there is my home, and the Lord knows that nothing would take me away from there but His work, if I could get back.

I do not say this to have you think, for one moment, that I would have my mission recalled, for I would not. Had it not been for it I would not have got the knowledge that I now have, and which will be of worth to me, and