

expected on or before the first day of May, and the Eastern between the first and the tenth, the arrival of which will set nearly every one in motion, expecting to hear some interesting news from the States, or from some other part of the world: the presumption is, however, that nine out of ten will be disappointed.

The Eastern Mail will leave punctually on the second, and the California on the fifth of May, and thereafter it is confidently believed that their arrival in contract time may be depended upon. If the expectations of the public are realized, there will certainly be a great change in postal facilities which has long been looked for and much needed in this Territory.

The weather continues cool and dry, and the amount of water that has fallen of late, has been so little, that with all the scientific knowledge and mathematical skill of the Superintendent of Meteorological Observations, he has not been able to measure it. The ground is becoming exceedingly dry, and unless we have rain soon, of which there is but little prospect, there will not be much feed for stock on the ranges during the summer; but there is plenty of snow in the mountains to water the fields of the husbandman, if properly used and distributed; and with the blessings of the Almighty who giveth the increase, a plentiful harvest may be expected.

During the absence of the First Presidency, and many of the principal men of the city, a strict observance of the eleventh commandment by all, will insure perfect peace and tranquility, and every thing will move along in its own proper channel as heretofore, without any material effort being made to keep things right aside up.

#### Departure of the Missionaries.

Early on Thursday morning, the 23rd, those that had been selected at the Conference for missions, that were to cross the plains on the way to their various fields of labor in the States, in the British North American Provinces, in Europe, Africa, and other parts of the world, commenced assembling on the Temple Block, preparatory to starting off together, according to previous arrangement, with their hand-carts, the means of conveyance adopted instead of horses, mules and carriages, as heretofore. Most of the carts were well fitted up for the trip, with names and mottoes beautifully painted on some of them, to suit the taste and fancy of the owner, and which will no doubt greatly add to the pleasure that will be derived from rolling them up and down the mountains, and across the plains that intervene between this and the frontiers of Iowa and Missouri.

After assembling, they were briefly addressed by President O. Hyde, and by others of the Twelve, who exhorted them to faithfulness and diligence, not only while crossing the plains, but in preaching the gospel to the people and nations to whom they were sent, that they might reap a rich reward, and return rejoicing when their several missions were ended, and that they might enjoy the blessings of peace and the consolations of the Holy Spirit continually.

All things being ready, at a quarter before 10 a.m., the company started off in regular order, with as much apparent cheerfulness and unconcern as though they were going to return in the evening, whereas many of them will be gone for years, and all will probably have to pass through trials, and endure hardships, of which the pulling of their hand-carts across the plains will be among the least.

The company consisted of 74 men, with some twenty five hand-carts, and was made up of individuals of nearly every imaginable occupation and pursuit of life. Farmers, mechanics, tradesmen, merchants, and clerks—some Americans, some English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, and of other nations, were to be seen in the company, which made it an unusually interesting sight. To see such a variety of men, some of them young, some in the prime, and some past the meridian of life, leave their avocations at a moment's notice, and go forth in that way to proclaim the gospel of salvation to the nations that have long been wandering in darkness, bespeaks a devotion to the principles of eternal truth not often seen, and would open the eyes of the religious world to their true condition, if they were not so sound asleep that they cannot be awoke from their slumbers. It would cost any missionary society either in the United States, or in England, several hundred thousand dollars, to send out as many

missionaries as went in this company, and they are only a titling of those that have gone and will be sent this year from Utah; and where could a man be found, excepting among the Latter Day Saints, that could, without purse or scrip, be induced to take his blankets and provisions on a hand-cart and haul it a thousand miles under like circumstances, before he could avail himself of any other means of conveyance? If any one knows, let him speak out.

The company will probably make the trip to the Missouri river in about 40 days, where they will separate, and each pursue the remainder of his journey to the place of destination, as will best suit his convenience, with as little delay as circumstances will permit.

#### Re-organization of the Militia.

On Monday, the 20th inst., a District Muster was held in this city, and an election of officers to command the first division of the Legion, and the several corps to be organized in Great Salt Lake Military District, according to the new system of regulations, which resulted in the election of the following, to wit:—

George D. Grant, major general and commandant of Great Salt Lake Military District.

William H. Kimball, brigadier general, 1st Brigade.

Franklin D. Richards, brigadier general, 2nd Brigade.

Robert T. Burton, colonel, 1st Regiment of Cavalry.

Jesse P. Harmon, colonel, 1st Regiment of Infantry.

Thomas Callister, colonel, 2nd Regiment of Infantry.

David J. Ross, colonel, 3rd Regiment of Infantry.

Lott Smith, major of 1st Battalion of Cavalry.

John D. T. McAllister, major of 2nd Battalion of Cavalry.

Also Jonathan Pugmire, jr., A. H. Raleigh, John Sharp, Seth M. Blair, Harrison Burgess, Daniel D. McArthur, Franklin B. Woolley, Robert Smith, Frederick Kesler, and David Pettegrew were elected majors, but of what corps we have not been informed.

With most of the officers elect, the public are well acquainted, and the services they have rendered in the defence of their country, and especially in the defence of the people of this Territory, will long be remembered and duly appreciated. Those who have not seen much active service, nor had the opportunity of displaying that military talent, they unquestionably possess, or they would not have been selected for commanders of such brave and warlike men as compose the militia of Utah Territory, may yet have the privilege, should they desire it, if they live to the common age of man. Several of them, being quite young, will have ample time to cultivate those principles so essential to the success of military men; and if such cannot become men of renown, who can?

The object of organizing anew the military forces of the Territory, seems to be the attainment of a more perfect and simple organization than heretofore. How far success has, or will crown the efforts of those engaged in this military reform, remains to be seen; but in this age of change, if the system adopted does not sooner or later give place to one more perfect, there will certainly be one new thing under the sun.

**CHOICE PLANTS.**—Our excellent gardener, br. E. Sayers, informs us that he has some forty or fifty superior varieties of cabbage plants, the seed forwarded by Hon. J. M. Bernhisel; also tobacco plants growing in pots; all which will be ready for distribution in a few weeks.

We also noticed, while recently passing through his gardens, that he is making preparations to furnish large quantities of sugar beet seed this fall, together with his usual variety of choice garden seeds.

#### Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society.

G. S. L. CITY, April 24, 1857.

Meeting of the Board: Present—Ed. Hunter, president; Chas. H. Oliphant, Wm. C. Staines, John R. Winder, directors; G. D. Watt and R. L. Campbell, secretaries.

Prest. Hunter remarked the first item of business before the meeting, would be an acknowledgment of Mr. Jackson's liberality, in forwarding from San Bernardino the splendid assortment of choice cuttings received by last California mail.

Upon which Mr. C. H. Oliphant introduced the following:—"Resolved that the thanks of

this society are most respectfully tendered to A. A. M. Jackson, Esq., of San Bernardino, for the very liberal package of choice grafts forwarded by him, and wish him to continue in well doing, and he shall have his reward; and to others we say, go and do likewise."

Which was unanimously adopted.

The Secretary read the recapitulation of the amount of premiums offered for the year 1857, in the various classes, as published in the News, shewing a total of 5 silver medals, 253 diplomas, and \$1470.

Mention was made of several articles omitted in the published lists, but as the act incorporating the society provides, "That other articles than those included in the list shall be admitted and arranged for by the board," it was not considered necessary at the present to publish further.

#### Table

CONTAINING A SUMMARY OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 25, 1857, G. S. L. CITY.

BY H. E. PHELPS.

WEEKLY MEAN.		BAROMETER.	
6 a.m.	9 a.m.	3 p.m.	9 p.m.
25.717	25.761	25.678	25.700
Weekly Mean.		Thermometer attached.	
6 a.m.	9 a.m.	3 p.m.	9 p.m.
60.4	65.3	68	62
Weekly Mean.		Thermometer detached.	
6 a.m.	9 a.m.	3 p.m.	9 p.m.
55.2	61.4	70.4	53.2
Weekly Mean.		Wet Bulb.	
6 a.m.			3 p.m.
43.4			55.3
Highest and lowest range of Barometer during two weeks.		Highest and lowest range of thermometer during two weeks.	
Max. 25.850	Min. 25.550	Max. 77 deg.	Min. 40 deg.

The week has been clear and dry, with a cold, northerly wind.

#### Early Publication of Books.

In 1639 the first printing press was established in America, and on the following year a book was printed from it, being the first published in the colonies. It was shortly after republished in England, where it passed through not less than eighteen editions between that period and 1754; thus maintaining a hold on English popularity for 114 years. The name of this book was 'The Bay Psalm Book.'

It passed through twenty-two editions in Scotland, the last bearing date 1759; and as it was reprinted without any pecuniary benefit ensuing to the compiler from its sale, the somewhat remarkable fact is disclosed, that England pirated the first American book, and was in reality the original aggressor in this line. This book enjoyed a greater and more lasting reputation than any succeeding one of American origin, having passed through seventy editions—a very remarkable number for the age in which it was produced.

The first American Bible was published at Cambridge, in the colony of Massachusetts Bay, in 1663, and as it was unlawful to print an English version of the Scriptures in the colonies, this one was published in the Indian language. It was the famous Bible of Elliot, the missionary, about 1,500 copies of which were struck off. These are now rare and sealed books—rare, because only a few copies can be found in our public libraries; sealed, because the tongue in which they were written has literally become a dead language, for the tribe and all who had a knowledge of their dialect have ceased to exist. It remains, a striking monument of the piety, perseverance, and learning of Elliot. Soon after this, from a log cabin in New England, came forth 'Newman's Concordance of the Scriptures,' which, as a theological work (and the first theological work in America), was admitted to be one of the most perfect, holding its place in public esteem until superseded by Cruden, which it suggested.

From that first printing press at Cambridge in America, emanated hundreds of works, and after the repeal of the stamp act, literature flourished alike with other institutions. The libraries of Cambridge, Harvard, and Yale, in earlier days, contained most of the books in the country, but now hundreds of valuable public libraries are in existence. The number of volumes in public libraries in the United States numbered in 1853, 3,753,968. The public school libraries in the United States, more than 9,000 in number, contain over a million and a half of volumes; added to which are hundreds of private libraries, the number of volumes in which can not be estimated.

#### Live for Something.

The smallest insect in creation has its appointed work to do. The atom that floats before us, the softest zephyr, the faintest ray of reflected light, each has its separate portion of labor. They all exist for a purpose—either for good or evil. Seeing this, as even untrained eyes and uncultivated intellects must, how culpable are we if we have no aim before us! If we listlessly arise and move around—or worse, if we spend the time God has given us to improve, in soulless pleasure or contaminating action.

We may be poor, persecuted, sick, chained to adverse influences, but no circumstances can absolve us from a work to do. He who permitted our adversity, gave us our appointed path, and the light to walk therein. We may be Bunyans shut up in prison, our limits circumscribed, our movements clogged, but as far as we have capacity we can all write pilgrimages. They may be written in penitent tears, and transcribed by angels into the books of Heaven,

And the work we do. What shall it be—for good or for evil? Shall we exalt or drag down? bless or curse, build up or destroy? One of the other we must be pursuing. Our every look, thought and action is reflected in a pure or pernicious influence, by the minds revolving around our sphere. Momentous power! thus to choose or reject!

A work to do! You are not excepted, woman of fashion, nor you, gold-worshipping man.—Through the walls of adamant built up around your soul—though the thick drapery of selfishness folded over and over your hearts, that voice of the Eternal will penetrate, "Live for something."—The very Heaven that bends blue above you—the very earth beneath your careless tread—the flowers of humanity that bloom along your pathway—the weeds that wither under your loathing glance—the yearning of your immortal spirit, that cannot be suppressed—the voice within you that cannot be silenced—all tell you of that work to do.

How beautiful your lives might be made, ye who have power; do ye ever think of it? Look back along the life you have traveled; have you built any temples where simple goodness may worship? Have you planted here and there a tree that will live when you are gone, and yielding fruits as it is plucked, will call forth sweet memories of your sojourn here?

Have you ever made your name a household word, or have you lived but to build houses and buy merchandise, and erect an altar and a temple and a monument to corrupt and perishing self?—How are you to answer these questions when you stand up before the Omnipotent! Not then with a laugh or a sneer, or a cold marble face, for the thousands of opportunities that you have murdered will rise up in that hour to condemn you.

**SECRETS OF THE PEAT-BOG.**—Far, far down in the depths of the moor there lies many a secret of olden time. Below the grim ghastly surface, below the waters, below the black remnants of countless plants, lie the sad memorials of ages unknown to the history of man.

Huge trees stand upright, and their gigantic roots rest upon the crowns of still older forest giants! In the inverted oaks of Murten Moor, in Switzerland, many see the famous oak woods that Charlemagne caused to be cut down, now more than a thousand years ago. For centuries the moors have hid in their silent bosoms the gigantic works of ancient Rome, and posterity has gazed with wonder at the masterly roads and massive bridges, like those built of unperishable wood by Germanicus when he passed from Holland into the Weser.

Far in the deep, lie buried the stone hatchets and flint arrowheads of Frisians and Cheruski, by the side of the copper kettle and the iron helmet of the Roman soldier. A Phœnician skiff was found of late, and alongside of it a boat laden with bricks. The skeletons of antediluvian animals rest there peaceably by the corpses of ancient races with sandals on their feet, and skins of animals around their naked bodies.

Hundreds of brave English horsemen, who sought an honorable death in the battle of Solway, were swallowed up, horse and man, by the insatiable moor. And in years by gone a Danish King, Harold, called the Blue Tooth, alured with foul treachery a fair princess of Norway, Gunhilda to Jutland. She came and she vanished from the memory of man. History had forgotten her, tradition had even began to fade—but the peat-bog opened its long closed lips, and accused late but loud the bloody King of his wicked deed.

The poor princess was found far below the peat strangled and tied to a post where her merciless foe had buried her, as he thought, forever in the abyss. It is a strange and most melancholy charm that these low chambers of death have for the careful observer.

**APPALLING BURNING OF A SHIP.**—The London papers state that at the following details of a horrible case of piracy and burning of the Dutch ship Banca, at Macao, have been received at Lloyd's:

The Dutch ship Banca, Captain Heumans, seven hundred tons burthen, with between three and four hundred emigrants, (coolies) for Havana, put back to Macao, about a month since, (the dispatch is dated Hongkong, August 10th) with her water casks leaking and cargo shifted, having encountered boisterous weather, and on reaching the outer roads brought up to an anchor. There she remained repairing, her officers exercising strict vigilance in preventing the coolies going ashore, for fear they should make their escape. For the three weeks, whatever discontent may have prevailed, no fears of an outbreak would seem to have been entertained, until a Chinese doctor warned the captain that mischief was brewing. In preparing for such a contingency as a rising of the coolies, the small arms were placed on the poop, and two guns were loaded with grape and pointed forward. About 9 o'clock, of the night of the 8th, the disturbance commenced, and the crew took refuge on the poop. The captain first fired a shot or two overhead, but as that had no effect, and the coolies advancing towards them, yelling frightfully, armed with belaying pins, bricks torn from the cooking places, &c.; the captain gave orders to fire, and immediately a volley was poured into the infuriated mass from the two guns; and also from the small arms. The coolies were driven below, where they set fire to the ship. The coolies then rushed on deck, and a frightful scene of carnage ensued—no doubt the officers of the ship were all murdered. The magazine soon blew up, and the ship was hurled to fragments. Of five hundred people on board, only about one hundred and fifty escaped with their lives.

**GO RIGHT.**—"There are some members of a community," said the sagacious and witty Thos. Bradbury, "that are like a crumb in the throat; if they go the right way they afford a little nourishment, but if they happen to go the wrong way, they give a great deal of trouble."