

[For the Deseret News.]

The Physical and the Moral Conflict.

All revolutions, whether physical or mental, social or moral, are attended with more or less pain and suffering to those engaged in them. Whether it be a law of heaven or not, it seems to be a necessity of man's nature and the circumstances surrounding him, that he can accomplish nothing good and great or of lasting benefit to himself or his fellows without sacrifice.

Pleasure is ever bought with pain. Universal good is generally the painful parturition of partial evil. One suffers that another may enjoy. One generation sows in sorrow and tears, what another reaps in smiles and joy.

Our own country presents one of the most forcible modern illustrations of this. How many of her privileged sons, as they celebrate with enthusiastic rejoicings the anniversary of her nativity, remember the throes that attended her birth? How many reflect a moment on the cost of the blessings by which they are surrounded? How many who ever think of the groans and anguish, the tears and blood which were paid as the price of redemption and which purchased the freedom they now enjoy? Few indeed. No, the sufferings and sacrifices of individuals are lost sight of in the greatness and glory of a nation. When shall they be enrolled among the noble army of martyrs to the cause of human freedom?

As it is in the physical so it is in the mental world—suffering and progress must, at least for the present, go hand in hand. Our fathers commenced the work, we must carry it on. They laid the foundation, in obtaining man's physical freedom—we must rear the beautiful and sublime superstructure, by emancipating their minds from error, and bringing them into the light and freedom of truth. Both are engaged in the same work, only we are occupied in a higher, more advanced department. But, like them, we must labor and suffer for the benefit of future generations. We are engaged in a warfare between truth and error—it is a struggle of life and death—no compromise between them is possible.

But where must this conflict first commence—where the scene of the first victories? In the mind of the individual. There is to be found a miniature world—a reflex of the passions, the trials, the strifes that agitated our nation in its struggles for freedom. It is there that the hostile forces of truth and error are arrayed in deadly conflict—there that are to be fought those bloodless but more terrible than physical battles—there that are won the victories that will ultimately bring about a freedom and peace to the soul which will be eternal.

But is all this to be accomplished in a day—are the forces of error to be vanquished in a single combat? No. Our fathers contended with their enemies on their blood-stained soil for years ere they achieved a final victory. So must we. The contest may be painful, but let us not be discouraged—victory will finally perch upon our banners.

The revolutionary war severed the closest and dearest ties. Fathers and sons met in deadly strife. Husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters were alienated from and embittered toward each other. The revolution of the truth produces exactly the same effect.

The relationships, commerce and interests of Great Britain and the colonies were so intricately and thoroughly interwoven with and through each other that, to separate them, seemed like separating the nervous from the muscular system of the same body. So is it with the mind of the individual. The errors, traditions, and prejudices he has imbibed, so thoroughly pervade his every thought and enter into every ramification of his soul that, to root them out, seems like tearing asunder his very heart-strings. The truth comes in contact with all his pre-conceived ideas of persons and things—tears away the very foundation of his affections, uproots the fondest aspirations of his soul and leaves him, for the time, like a wrecked vessel, lying helpless and trembling at the mercy of the waves and the storm which agitate his dark and distressed mind.

At such a moment is the sympathy of his fellow man sweeter than life itself. The kindly hand stretched forth may save him to be a blessing to others as well as himself. At a somewhat similar crisis in our national history was the generous hand of France stretched out with sympathy and aid. How welcomely was it received and how much may we be indebted to it for our present success!

Affect to despise sympathy as we may, it is sweet to the tried and suffering spirit, when truly felt and kindly expressed. One of the choicest gifts of God to man, the world were dark and drear without it. Often would a kind word of sympathy and encouragement have saved a man from apostasy and ruin and raised him from the dark gulf of doubt and despondency, to be a useful and active member of the kingdom of God—when a repulsive spirit and harsh words have driven him to destruction. Some are too ready to conclude that what they understand, all ought to—that if they do not, it is the result of wilful blindness on their part, forgetting that all intellects are not equal. Some minds have a greater capacity for receiving and comprehending truth than others, just as some eyes can bear a greater amount of light than others. Because a man is perplexed and in doubt and darkness for a time concerning any principle of truth, it is no evidence that he is on the road to apostasy. On the contrary, it shows that he

is making progress—that the struggle between truth and error is going on in his mind. The birth from the dark womb of error to the bright world of truth cannot take place without more or less pain. The eye cannot emerge from the dark into the dazzling rays of the noon day sun, without a keen sensation of pain. Neither can the mind from the darkness of error to the light of truth; and, as in the case of the eye—the pain will be proportioned to the amount of light and truth admitted at once.

Let no one, then, condemn a weak or doubting brother, nor turn from him with the sneer of contempt. Rather help him as he struggles to keep his head above the waves. Reach forth your hand, as you would to your little child, to assist him up the steep and rugged acclivity before him. When he has overcome his difficulties, he will live to bless you—he will have confidence in you and be your firm and lasting friend and, in his turn, will be able to help others also. Truly charity covereth a multitude of faults! Happy is that man, and a true philanthropist and benefactor to his race, who can sympathize with the trials, sufferings and heart-struggles of others without allowing himself to partake of their desponding feelings; who can impart courage and fortitude, consolation and hope to the bleeding heart or the wounded spirit. The presence of such an one is hailed with joy. He seems surrounded with a purer and holier atmosphere. Tears turn to smiles and sorrow and doubt vanish at his presence, while peace and happiness remain behind him in the dwelling where he has been heard or in the heart where has been felt the sweet melody of his voice or the calm influence of his spirit.

Such a man will do more good than twenty mere pulpit declaimers,—for his words, his spirit reach the heart, while theirs too often go no farther than the ear. TRAVELER.

A Touching Scene.

A French paper says that Lucille Rome, a pretty girl with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clad, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction, under the charge of vagrancy.

"Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah! my good sir," said she, "I have no longer any friends; my father and mother are dead—I have only my brother James, but he is as young as I am. Oh, sir! what can he do for me?"

"The Court must send you to the House of Correction."

"Here I am, sister—here I am! do not fear!" cried a childish voice from the other end of the Court. And at the same instant, a little boy with a lovely countenance, started forth amidst the crowd, and stood before the judge.

"Who are you?" said he.

"James Rome, the brother of this poor little girl."

"Your age?"

"Thirteen."

"And what do you want?"

"I come to claim my Lucille."

"But have you the means of providing for her?"

"Yesterday I had none, but now I have. Don't be afraid, Lucille."

"Oh, how good you are, James!"

"Well, let us see, my boy," said the magistrate; "the Court is disposed to do all it can for your sister. But you must give us some explanation."

"About a fortnight ago, sir," continued the boy, "my mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in great trouble. Then I said to myself, I will become an artisan, and when I know a good trade, I will support my sister. I went apprentice to a brush maker. Every day I used to carry her half my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room, and she slept on my bed while I slept on the floor. But it appears she had not enough to eat. One day she begged on the Boulevard, and was taken up. When I heard that, I said to myself: Come, my boy, this cannot last so: you must find something better. I soon found a good place where I am lodged, fed and clothed, and have twenty francs a month. I have also found a good woman, who, for these twenty francs, will take care of Lucille, and teach her needle work. I claim my sister."

"My boy," said the judge, "your conduct is very honorable. However, your sister cannot be set at liberty till to-morrow."

"Never mind, Lucille," said the boy, "I will come and fetch you to-morrow." Then, turning to the magistrate, he said, "I may kiss her, may I not, sir?"

He then threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept warm tears of affection.

THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD.—"Acorn," who astonished our readers some time since by his description of the marvellous feats of strength of Dr. George B. Winship, of Roxbury, Massachusetts, writing to the Spirit of the Times on the same subject, says:

"Our young giant, Dr. George B. Winship, of Roxbury, continues to increase in strength, and now lifts with his hands, unaided by any straps or bands except those given to him by the Almighty, ten hundred and thirty-two pounds! This I have seen him do, with as much apparent ease as an ordinary man could lift three hundred and fifty pounds! This extraordinary young man only weighs one hundred and forty-two pounds, and is but twenty-five years old. If he keeps increasing his strength as he has the past year, by the time he is thirty years old he will be indeed a 'Sampson.'"

My Cousin Horace.

BY MARY E. CLARK.

"She is a woman, that is enough to make me dislike her."

The words fell upon my ear, as I lay just waking from my afternoon nap, upon my sofa. "Horace!"

My Aunt's gentle voice uttered the word in a reproachful tone, and I knew that her son, whom we had been expecting home from his European trip for some days, had arrived.

"I did not mean to grieve you, mother," said the first voice, "I do love you, if you are a woman, but oh! mother, if you knew—"

"Knew what, Horace?"

"I wrote to you about Amy, how I loved her, how gentle, true and fair she seemed, and how she made me believe I was the only one she loved."

"Well, Horace, you wrote that she had promised to be your wife, next year."

"She was married to another, one week before I left England; and she had deceived me. She loved him all the time, but they quarreled, and while they were estranged, she met me. They met again, were reconciled, and I— Well, it is over!"

I sprang up from the sofa, ashamed of the part of eaves-dropper I had been unintentionally playing, and began to dress for tea. As I stood before the glass, I mentally drew a contrast between the Amy he had so often described in his letters, and the face before me. She had fair, light curls, blue eyes, and blonde complexion, with a tiny, fairy-like figure. I was a tall, full figure, with jetty hair and eyes, a gipsy complexion, and dark crimson roses on my cheeks. Cousin Horace was tall, too, not very handsome, but manly, strong and talented, with an erect, free carriage, and flashing eyes, rugged features, and a loud, ringing voice; all this I knew from his mother, for we had not met since we were children.

"So he has determined to hate me because I am a woman," I thought, as I braided the black hair, and looped it near my cheek. "Well, it won't break my heart, I guess."

I came into the parlor with quite self-possession, and was introduced to my cousin. He started to find the little girl he remembered, a tall woman, but I think he felt relieved that I did not in any way resemble the lost Amy.

Coldly, distantly polite was his greeting, and mine matched it. We chatted on different subjects till tea time, and I took the earliest opportunity to retire and leave the long-parted mother and son together.

We were in a pleasant country house on the banks of the Delaware, passing the summer, but we knew none of the neighbors, and Horace and I were forced to become friends. We walked and rode together, but always chatted on general subjects, and with the formality of perfect strangers. It was exceedingly tiresome—all my other cousins, when I had visited them, had treated me like a sister, and I enjoyed it; but this iceberg of a man talked in his stately, composed way, as if we were entire strangers meeting in a crowded saloon. And yet—strange as it may seem—I looked forward with impatience to our walks or evening chats; longed, wished for them. My cousin was talented, and had traveled, not to return and prate idly of the wonders he had seen, but to profit by them and improve the great mind God had given him. Hour by hour, he could converse of all he had read or seen, without one egotistical remark or anecdote of his own powers. I could listen, losing little by little my heart to one who, I reflected bitterly, cared nothing for it. I would pace my room, my heart swelling almost to bursting with the mingled love and mortification, resolving to go home; and yet his voice, the fall of his foot upon the stairs, calmed me, and I hastened down to listen to him, and return more miserable than before.

He never referred to Amy; but sometimes, when speaking of his stay in England, a bitter smile would flit over his face, as if the reminiscences he spoke of were connected with others buried deep in his own breast.

One morning, while we were at breakfast, a car drove up, and from it was hoisted a large box containing a piano.

"Cousin," said Horace, "you were lamenting the absence of a piano last week: will you use this one?"

The delight and gratitude I felt at this kind thoughtfulness were crushed by the cold, business-like tone of his voice. I bowed, tried to speak, and finally ran up stairs and cried. I could not tell why; it was very kind of him to indulge me in my favorite pleasure, but he evidently hated me all the while, else, why that chilling tone? It was a merely polite attention offered by a gentleman to a lady, nothing more.

"He has no heart, no feeling!" I thought, as I dried my eyes; but before night I changed my opinion.

We were seated in the parlor, with no light but that of the moon, as it poured in at the open windows, and I opened the piano. It had a fine, deep tone and, after my fingers once lighted upon it, I forgot everything else. Horace and my aunt were silent. I played for some time, when a deep, bitter sigh made me look up. Auntie was gone; my cousin sat upon the sofa, his head bowed down, and his face buried in the cushion.

"Are you ill?" I asked, crossing the room.

"No, no. But music, such music as yours recalls many things. You are a fine performer, cousin, but it is nothing compared to the soul music you pour out. I could be a better man if I heard such often."

My heart bounded high at this his first compliment.

"I love music!" I said gently.

"I love it too! Cousin, I have sat for hours listening to a harp played by—"

He paused; I knew what he meant, and, my heart full of sympathy, I softly laid my hand upon his thick curls. The action, slight as it was, recalled him.

"It is getting late! I will close the piano; and then good night, cousin."

Cold, distant, stately he rose, letting my hand fall from his head, never heeding it.

I went up stairs. It was the drop too much in my cup, and humiliated by the thought that I had given my love unsought, uncared for, I passed the night in sleepless, tearful agony.

The next morning I resolved to return home, and was more determined by hearing one phrase which fell from Horace's lips just as I entered the breakfast room—it was—

"Never, mother! I can never trust another woman!"

I turned from the room and went out into the open air. I was choking, stifling. All unheeding where I strayed, I went on toward the bank of the river. I thought of the loving, kind attention toward his mother, his gentlemanly bearing to our few visitors, his kind, unostentatious benevolence to the poor with whom he came in contact, and contrasted it with his cold indifference to myself till I grew nearly frantic. Then my thoughts turned to that silly girl whom he had loved, false, deceitful as she was, and I hated myself that I had no power to efface her image from his heart. I, dark and tall, disgusted him when her angel face rose before his mind's eye. I was haughty, and did not want admirers to tell me so. My heart full of bitterness and sorrow, I dashed on, hearing the waves of the river kiss the shore fifty feet below me; and sometimes looking down the steep bank, half tempted to end my misery like Sappho.

I was standing, exhausted with my passionate haste, leaning against a tree, when a deep, manly voice called loudly—

"Kate! Kate! where are you?"

I startled, lost my balance, and fell down the steep bank. There was a rushing sound in my ears, and then I lost consciousness. I was lying on the sofa when I recovered my senses. I felt strong arms around me as I lay there, too, bewildered to open my eyes. I felt, too, hot tears dropping on my face, and I heard, oh, music! a rich, deep voice, broken with sobs, saying—

"Kate! darling! my own Kate, speak to me. Do not lie so still, like death. Kate!" and then, "oh! she is dead! I shall never be happy now."

I opened my eyes, and then, as of old, afraid to trust his own heart's choice, he started to draw back but I nestled close to the broad chest, and clasped the hand that drew back.

"Horace!" I whispered, "love me!—trust me!"

Well, I can't write any more, because I am employed in twisting orange flowers into the most becoming shape for a wreath; and to-morrow my cousin Horace becomes else—to me.

The Russian North Pacific Possessions.

The splendid fortress of Alexandropol is now in full way of construction, and will be completed during next year. The Bay of Castries, on the borders of which it is erected, will then be a naval establishment of the greatest importance. This bay, which was discovered by La Perouse, is situated in Tartary Channel, on the eastern coast of the Mantchoos country, and forms a magnificent anchorage.

General Mouravieff-Amoursky, Governor General of Eastern Siberia, traveled last spring for several months all over the country, in order to establish the new boundaries of the Russian possessions of the Amoor, and the deliverance of the territories newly acquired from China, situated in that part of Mongolia which is crossed by that large river.

The Amoor country will in future be divided into two distinct provinces—one called the maritime province of Eastern Siberia, and the other the province of Amoor.

The latter will now include all the territories situated on the left bank of the Amoor, from the confluence of the rivers Schilka and Aagoune up to the confluence of the Ooussouri. The city of Blagovestchensk will be its capital; it will be the residence of the military Governor, who will have command of the regular troops and of the Cossacks, to be called Cossacks of the Amoor.

The maritime province of Eastern Siberia will include six districts, viz: Nicolaiefsk and Sophisk—recently organized—Ochotsk, Petropavlosk, Ghiziga and Ondsk. According to a notice of General Mouravieff, those new divisions are constituted by an imperial ukase, which goes into force on the 1st of October, 1859.

The preceding enumeration is sufficient to show the extent of the Russian possessions in Upper Asia; they advance across the Mantchooria, even including a portion of Mongolia, and it may be predicted that before long they will reach Kihnan Mountains. Besides, these possessions will have the advantage of being united, through Siberia, with the rest of the empire. This circumstance has permitted the establishment of a mail service by land between Pekin and St. Petersburg, and this service has been working regularly for several months.

A recent Imperial decree forbids foreign merchants trading above Sophisk on the Amoor river. By the provisions of the decree all the interior commerce of Mantchooria and Siberia will have to be conducted by Russian merchants.