

painting and sculpture of both ancient and modern times. The vast variety of curiosities, also, from every country on the globe, together with every novelty that genius could invent or imagination conceive, which I have been compelled to witness in the course of my travels, would be too heavy a tax upon my time to describe, and upon your patience to read. I have witnessed the wealth and splendor of many of the towns of Europe,—have gazed with admiration upon her widely extended plains, her lofty mountains, her mouldering castles, and her extensive vineyards: For at this season nature is clad in her bridal robes, and smiles under the benign jurisprudence of her Author. I have also listened to the blandishments, gazed upon the pride and fashion of a world grown old in luxury and refinement, viewed the pageantry of kings, queens, lords, and nobles; and am now where military honor, and princely dignity, must bow at the shrine of clerical superiority. In fine, my mind has become cloyed with novelty, pomp, and show; and turns with disgust from the glare of fashion to commune with itself in retired meditation.

Were it consistent with the will of Deity, and consonant with the convictions of my own bosom, most gladly would I retreat from the oppressing heat of public life, and seek repose in the cool and refreshing shades of domestic endearments, and bask in the affections of my own little family circle. But the will of God be done! Can the Messiah's kingdom but be advanced through my toil, privation, and excessive labors, and at last sanctify my work through the effusion of my blood! I yield, O Lord! I yield to thy righteous mandate! Implore help from thee in the hour of trial, and strength in the day of weakness to faithfully endure until my immortal spirit shall be driven from its earthly mansion to find a refuge in the bosom of its God.

If the friends in America shall be edified in reading this letter from brother Hyde, I hope they will remember one thing; and that is this, that he hopes he has a wife and two children living there; but the distance is so great between him and them, that his arm is not long enough to administer to their wants. I have said enough. Lord, bless my wife and children, and the hand that ministers good to them in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen. Adieu for the present.

Good rest on all the Saints throughout the world.

ORSON HYDE.

A violent and destructive hurricane swept over portions of France, Germany, and Switzerland.

Sunday, 18.—was recognized as a day of fasting and prayer by the Saints in Nauvoo, that they might mourn with them that mourn, "and weep with them that weep," on account of the death of the Honorable Sidney H. Little of the Senate, who was killed by jumping from a wagon last Sunday, while his horse was unmanageable. Mr. Little was a patriot, statesman, and lawyer.

Meeting was held in the Grove west of the Temple, Elders Sidney Rigdon, John Taylor, and Geo. A. Smith preached.

Monday, 19.—Council of the Twelve, viz.:—B. Young, H. C. Kimball, J. Taylor, O. Pratt, and Geo. A. Smith met at Elder Young's house, conversing with Lyman E. Johnson, who formerly belonged to the Quorum. President Rigdon and myself were with them part of the time.

Sunday, 25.—Attended meeting in the Grove. Elders Orson Pratt and Geo. A. Smith preached in the forenoon. In the afternoon Elder Sidney Rigdon preached a general funeral sermon, designed to comfort and instruct the Saints, especially those who had been called to mourn the loss of relatives and friends. I followed him, illustrating the subject of the resurrection by some familiar figures.

Elder Geo. A. Smith married Bathsheba W. Bigler. Don Carlos Smith performed the ceremony, which was the last official act of his life, he being very feeble at the time.

Brother William Yokum had his leg amputated by Dr. John F. Weld, who operated free of charge; he was wounded in the massacre at Haun's Mill, Oct. 30th, 1838, and had lain on his back ever since; and now it was found the only chance to save his life was to have his leg cut off. He was also shot through the head at the same massacre.

Wednesday, 28.—The Jewish quarter of Smyrna burned, destroying 3,000 houses and 8 synagogues.

THE TIMES WE LIVE IN.

For fear that some may be disposed to skip it on account of its length, we do the readers of the 'News' the favor to request them to be mindful enough of their own interests to carefully read the following instructive, well-written, and truthful article, taken from the *Millennial Star* of December 23, 1854.—Ed.

The Saints know, and many of the world are waking up to a belief, that we are living in a day big with some of the most important events pertaining to this lower world. An almost unbroken European peace of forty years, the vast advancement of science and colossal strides of commerce during this period, with the apparently wide prevalence and increasing powerful influence of the "Peace" principles, had, until recently, led many to believe that the days of general war were past, that the great powers of Europe were too civilized, too refined, and perhaps, a little too philanthropic, to re-introduce, for the settlement of their misunderstandings or disputes, the barbarous policy of past ages—fire and sword. Many were fondly dreaming that although in the progress of civilization it might possibly be necessary to resort to arms against the untutored savage, yet it would surely not be the lot of the mighty nations of enlightened Europe to assemble their troops and ships and munitions of war, and soak the earth

and crimson the ocean with human gore in the settlement of controversy. Physical war was considered the *dernier resort* of the rude barbarian, international arbitration was now to be the end of controversy with the polished "Christian." Blows were the rude arguments of primitive times, words alone suited the refined advancement of the middle of the nineteenth century. The torch, the spear, and the sword were weapons of the past; the tongue and the pen were now to be the grand arbiters of the destinies of nations.

But alas! for these benevolent dreamers, it so happened that they forgot that the Lord's ways were as high above man's ways as the heavens are above the earth; they forgot that Paul said that certain characters would be vociferating, "Peace, Peace," when sudden destruction was nigh at hand; they forgot that the Almighty had a controversy with the nations, for transgressing His laws, changing His ordinances, and breaking His everlasting covenant; they forgot that He had decreed that wars more grievous than ever should ravage the earth, and utterly waste the proud strength of the nations that had forgotten Him; they forgot that He had promised to plead with all flesh, and give the wicked to the sword, so that they would arise and slay each other; they forgot that nation would rise up against nation, and family against family, until every man's hand was so against his neighbor, that the Saints would be the only people not at war, and in Zion alone would be peace and safety; they forgot that the old Prophets declared these things again and again; they rejected the corroborative testimony of the modern Prophet Joseph on these matters, and ridiculed and despised his disciples; and consequently they found themselves stupendously mistaken.

For what do we see at the present time? The three most powerful and influential nations on the eastern hemisphere engaged in the most deadly conflict, either as allies or enemies of a fourth, while two or three others waver most tremulously in the balance, and scarcely dare decide for any party. The skill and science of the age are employed in devising and using means and instruments for the more rapid and effectual destruction of life and demolition of property. Preparing for the Baltic in the spring are squadrons of light draft gun boats, with 40 floating steam batteries (English and French) of 2,000 tons each, 180 feet long, 56 feet wide, and 20 deep, with horizontal engines of 2000 horse power, the top deck bomb proof, the batteries perfectly encased with 700 tons of wrought iron slabs, four inches thick, and capable of resisting the heaviest shot in use. These gunboats are each to be armed with two, and the floating batteries each with twelve, of the largest Lancaster guns, and are expected to batter down the mighty walls of Cronstadt and St. Petersburg, and make them reverberate with the thunder of death, and the groans and shrieks of despair, next year. Mr. Perkins, son of the inventor of the steam-gun that throws several hundred balls per minute, says that he is prepared to enable Government to destroy Sebastopol without the loss of a single man, by supplying a steam-gun capable of throwing a ball of a ton weight a distance of five miles. From 1,000 to 1,200 Minie rifles are being sent into the ordnance stores every week, and it is strongly advocated that all the infantry be armed with these formidable weapons—in fact it is urged that they should have the still more fearful repeating or revolving rifles, whilst many boldly say that every man, whether in the cavalry or infantry, should have one or two of Colt's revolving pistols included in his equipment. Only think of it!—a dense mass of footmen, each armed with a revolving rifle, one or two revolving pistols, and a bayonet! Here are twelve or eighteen swift and unerring messengers from each man, flying in rapid succession on their errand of death, ere the fierce hand to hand struggle with the cold steel of the bayonet is thought of! What could resist such murderous paraphernalia! Messrs. Peto, Brassey, Betts, & Co., are to construct a railroad for the more facile and rapid conveyance of munitions of war upon land, whilst steam already almost defies the boisterous waves, and rides triumphantly on its course when the old sailors are either becalmed, driven astray, grounded, or dashed to fragments. And furthermore, when we think of the Thames Tunnel, a work of immense labor and expense, yet of little practical use at present, we shall not be surprised if Mr. Brunel, or some other genius, proposes to shatter Sebastopol by a scientific earthquake, even as Mr. Dean, with his diving apparatus, powder cylinders, and galvanic battery, expects to shatter the nine sunken ships with which Prince Menschicoff has blocked up the harbor of that famous city.

On examining closely the present condition of Europe, the reflection arises in the mind—how effectually, upon natural and obvious principles, can the Lord accomplish His mighty purposes.—Does He see proper to chastise the nations, swallow up in destruction their property or riches, lay their mighty oaks low in death's cold embrace, and send the voice of mourning through the earth?—How thoroughly this can be done, and yet how naturally. The Czar's 600,000 troops and 1,200 guns available for a European war; the about equal number of Austria and Prussia; the 500 war ships, and 100,000 soldiers, of England; the nearly as formidable navy, and far more numerous soldiery, of France; seconded by the greatly increasing powers of war apparatus, and the facilities which steam affords for the rapid concentration of vast numbers of men and immense stores of material, indicate most clearly how quickly and easily, if we may be allowed the term, the Lord can assemble and cut off the strength of the nations, and spread the untold horrors of war thro' the land. And then how thoroughly the war spirit animates the bosoms of the people. The determined maintenance of Kalafat, and the obstinate defence of Silistria, by the Turks; the extermination of the Turkish soldiers, transports, and convoy at Sinope; the deliberate advance of the British infantry across the river and up the hills of Alma in the very teeth of the Russian

cannon; the reckless charge of the British light cavalry into the very jaws of death at Balaklava; the unwearied renewal of attack by the Russian army after repeated defeats; the unyielding defence of the heights of Inkermann by the allies; the doubling of the numbers of the allied armies before Sebastopol in a few weeks; the speedy despatch of a sufficiency of winter houses for the English expeditionary army—all testify that it requires little to lead the nations to destruction.—They appear to be fast ripening for the consummation that is decreed. Then look at the resolution throughout this country to continue and support the war. Recruits turn up at the rate of 1000 per week. Applications for commissions were not a tenth part as numerous before the war as since its commencement. The militia must be embodied, and at least one fourth of their numbers are called upon to volunteer into the line, and an ensigny is promised gratis to one of every 75 volunteers; and in response to the call many regiments spontaneously surpass the number named. Recruiting and volunteering bounties are raised that a greater number may be induced to enter the army, and standards are lowered that a greater number may have the privilege of volunteering into it. Five hundred navvies, &c., each with a certificate from his last employer, are obtained in three hours, for the construction of the Balaklava and Sebastopol railway, and the doors are closed and numerous applications refused.—This railway, when completed, is to be sold to Government at prime cost. Miss Florence Nightingale and her compeers volunteer to nurse the sick and wounded. All the country contributes to swell the "Patriotic Fund" for soldiers widows and orphans. Everybody sends bundles of old linen and lint for bandages for the wounded at Scutari, and Messrs. Cuthbert and other firms pack up the bundles gratis, and forward them for shipment. The Oxford and Cambridge students hunt up their old boating jackets, cricketing trowsers, and reading gowns for the comfort of the soldiers. Mr. Henry Kingscote and others institute a "Crimean Army Fund," and speedily gentlemen's swift sailing yachts are freighted with numberless creature comforts for the army. The Duke of Marlborough contributes 100 head of deer. The Earl of Wilton suggests to the members of the Royal Yacht Society a subscription of £20 each, to purchase necessities and comforts for the army, selling them at cost price, and active measures are at once in operation. Messrs. Hudson & Co. send off £250 worth of the "finest Havana cigars," for the comfort of the officers. Messrs. Gamble supply 1000 pints of preserved soups and broths for the sick and invalids. The ladies of Warrington send for the army a box of plum-puddings, "well boiled and the cloths left on." Messrs. Routledge & Co. offer 100, and Messrs. Clarke and Beeton 1000 volumes of books for the army's recreation and edification.

But if it is necessary for the "dogs of war" to be kenneled, or at any rate checked in their mad career, in order to provide for the deliverance of a body of Saints, or for the publication of the gospel in any particular nation, how very simple a matter it appears even to us for the Lord, by means of a little "official mismanagement" or "obstinacy," "party connivance," or "diplomatic maneuvering," to pull in the reins, and bring the car of destruction to a stand, or to say to the angry billows of human strife—"Peace, be still," and immediately the hurricane subsides, the storm is lulled, the clouds retire, the sun shines forth, and behold a great calm ensues, and the whole face of nature smiles again. Truly it is apparent that our God is the Lord of the whole earth, and acts His good pleasure among the inhabitants thereof. And in doing this He often fulfils most remarkably the predictions of His servants. One case in particular appears quite to the point at the present time:

"The present year (1851) has been one of unusual peace and prosperity in this nation; probably never since Britain was a nation has it experienced at once the liberty, peace, and universal prosperity, upon all its interests, together with such general good will from the whole family of nations which inhabit our globe, as during the expiring year; and much the same may be said of the Western States of Europe; indeed the world seems to have almost ceased active hostilities, to come up to the great metropolis of Babylon and pay their devotions at the shrine of human invention in the Crystal Temple. Like the distressed consumptive patient, the human family has seasons of respite from convulsive pains, and bystanders are flattered, by the apparent tranquility, into hopes of recovery, while disease is silently acquiring a more potent hold upon the vitals, and in an unexpected moment active dissolution commences. God has decreed a consumption upon the whole earth, and by the shedding of the blood of the Prophets and Apostles, Joseph, Hyrum, David, and others, that consumption has become immovably seated." [See *Millennial Star*, vol. 13, page 373.]

Looking at the face of society in the old world, considering the sickening abominations which appear on every hand, from the cottage of the peasant to the palace of the prince, and reflecting upon the all but ineffectual endeavors of the servants of the Lord to publish the glad tidings of salvation to the nations on the continent, we cannot come to any other conclusion than that the people have mellowed in corruption, and are becoming every day more and more fit for the burning. We can but say within ourselves—Truly the people require chastisement from the Lord, that in the midst of their affliction and mourning their hearts may be softened, like Pharaoh's, so that the elders may have the privilege of hunting more freely for scattered Israel, and like Moses, leading them out to the promised land. And if the Almighty now pour out freely the vials of His wrath on this half of the globe, though our hearts sicken at the sight, we can but say Amen, for it is very evident that the bulk of mankind are too far sunk in degradation to be ever materially benefitted by the gospel in their mortality. Many, too, are so

thoroughly and hopelessly enslaved and oppressed by their rulers, that to escape to the spirit world cannot be other than a welcome release from the dark phases of their life in this.

Nor does it appear, so far, that either of the belligerent nations has positively gained anything by the fierce strife in which they are engaged.—Which nation has won? The Turk has lost, the Russ has lost, the Frank has lost, and the Anglo-Saxon has lost. All seems to be loss, quick, great, and grievous—loss of valuable treasure, and loss of still more precious blood. Destruction and the grave appear to be the only gainers at present. The question seems not to be who will win most, but who will lose most.

Not only by man's fierce passion is the Lord thrashing the nations, but disease and the elements rise up in terrible majesty, and administer His judgments. Look at the ravages of cholera and pestilence throughout the globe, not forgetting their severe visitations of the hostile armies—of the Russians and the allies in the Drobrudsch; of the Austrians in the Danubian principalities, who have had 20,000 men on the sick list since the army entered there; of the allies in the Crimea, of whom the *Medical Circular* says: "In point of sickness and mortality, this has been one of the most disastrous campaigns on record. Ten thousand men have disappeared from the ranks since the army landed in the Crimea.—Many of them are only sick, it is true, and will soon again appear on the scene. The Russians, the poor soldiers say universally, are nothing to the cholera and diarrhoea."

And who can stay to enumerate the fearful conflagrations and the awful shipwrecks which crowd the journals of the day, in spite of skill and science. Listen to the strain in which the *New York Herald* of Oct. 14, discourses upon the loss of the Arctic, ocean mail steamer:

"It has never devolved upon this journal to record so awful a catastrophe as that which has appeared in our columns. In the whole history of shipwrecks, the loss of the steamer Arctic stands without a parallel. There have no doubt been cases where the loss of life was greater, or where scenes of horror were more thickly crowded together; but these we can only picture in the imagination; we can only dream, as in a frightful nightmare, of the awful hour which saw the last survivors of the President and the City of Glasgow sink beneath the wave. Among the narratives of maritime disasters which have reached us in authentic form, none can harrow the feelings like the one we publish this morning. In every point of view, it is unprecedented. The collision took place at mid-day, in calm weather, in the broad Atlantic, forty miles from land; a thousand years might elapse and no two vessels again pass over that fatal spot. The Arctic was, all things considered, as noble and perfect a vessel as floats. So high had naval architecture and skill been developed in her construction and management that she might almost have been considered storm proof. Science had raised her beyond the reach of harm from the sea, or the wind, or fire. Nothing but just such an accident as has occurred could have destroyed her. Even a collision with nineteen out of twenty sea-going vessels would not have endangered her: it needed a large heavy steamship to tell upon the extraordinary strength of her hull. The large heavy steamship was there. After the collision, in nine cases out of ten, a sail passed forward over the bows, and mattresses forced into the leak, would have enabled her to sail the short distance of forty miles, which separated her from Cape Race. The leak could not be stopped; she did not sail one mile before the end came. Altogether, the hand of fate overpowering the effort of man, and setting at naught the most careful calculations and the strongest probabilities, was never more apparent. So unexpected was the shock as to paralyze the whole city on Wednesday. Business was stopped. Such was the anxiety to learn particulars of the disaster, that 72,000 copies of our edition of yesterday were sold without exhausting the demand. Men had no thought but for the unfortunates, who in the midst of their pleasures, and on the eve of a return to their home, were suddenly thrust into the jaws of death. No steamer had arrived here for months, freighted with so many of our leading citizens. Names familiar to us all from childhood follow each other in sad succession in the list of passengers. So goodly a company is seldom offered to the hungry wave." Scarcely a leading family in New York had not a member or a relative on that ill-fated vessel.

On Nov. 13th a tempest, one of the most terrible known in that part of the world, broke over Constantinople and swept the Bosphorus and the Black Sea, overthrowing three of the minarets of Sultan Achmet's mosque in Constantinople, driving large vessels from their moorings before that city, blowing down and greatly injuring the tents of the allied armies in the Crimea, and, worst of all, wrecking some forty or fifty English, French, Turkish, and Egyptian vessels in the Black Sea, besides seriously damaging many more. The *Times* of Dec. 5, thus dolefully comments upon the matter:

"The total loss of men at the various stations on the coast of the Crimea on the disastrous 13th cannot be less than a thousand, besides those that have fallen into the hands of the Cossacks. The loss of vessels was thirty British and French wrecked and half as many dismantled at Balaklava, and eighteen wrecked or dismantled at the mouth of the Katcha. Our men-of-war, thanks to the precaution of frequently trying their cables, have come off with no further damage than the loss of guns, or of masts, or of rigging, the twisting of their rudders, or the springing some leaks.—The French have lost the *Henri IV.* a noble (84 gun) three-decker, and a favorite war steamer. Thus far we have sustained no loss beyond the ordinary drain of war; but the greatest calamity is that of which we scarcely now know the full. The Prince, a magnificent new screw steamer of 2,700 tons, carried out the other day to Balaklava the 46th regiment, all the winter clothing for the