

The people are raging and they do not know what for. The editor of the New York Herald, after summing up the whole matter, the only thing that he could bring against us, after trying and trying for several weeks, was that we have burned some nine hundred volumes of United States law books. Of course I do not know anything about it, but if you did so, it is true, and if you did not, why it is a lie, and it all fizzles out. And finally he says, 'the 'Mormons' have got the advantage of us, and they know it.' [Voices: That is true.] That was one truth, but it was told accidentally; one of those accidental things that slip out once in a while: they 'have the advantage of us, and they know it.'

The majority of the people think you are a most corrupt people, following a doctrine something like those free love societies in the East. Greeley, the editor of the New York Tribune, was associated with one of those societies and was its principal supporter.

That is what is called a virtuous kind of an abomination, used under a cloak of philosophy, a species of philosophy imported from France, hence they call Greeley a philosopher, and in writing about him I have called him the same. I believe him to be as dishonest a man as is in existence.

These are my sentiments and feelings. I have examined his articles, watched his course, read his paper daily and have formerly conversed with him a little, but latterly I would not be seen in his company. I was thrown in his society in traveling from Boston, and occasionally met him afterwards, but I would not talk to him; I felt myself superior to such a mean, contemptible cur. I knew he was not after truth but falsehood.

This Greeley is one of their popular characters in the East and one that supports the stealing of niggers and the underground railroad. I do not know that the editor of the Herald is any more honest, but as a journalist he tells more truth; he publishes many things as they are, because it is creditable to do so. But Greeley will not, he will tell what suits his clandestine plans and leave the rest untold. I speak of him because he is one of the prominent newspaper editors in the eastern country, and he is a poor, miserable cur.

I do not consider that many of them are much better; they are in a state of vassalage, they cannot tell the truth if they felt so disposed. People talk very loudly about liberty, but there are very few who comprehend its true principles; there is a species of bondage that is associated with every grade of society; it is with the mercantile community, the editorial fraternity, the political world, and with every body of men you can associate with, up to members of Congress and the President of the United States. There are yokes made for men of every grade, to put their necks into, and every one bows down to them willingly and they are driven in their turn according to circumstances.

In the mercantile world there is what is called the credit system, which I consider one of the greatest curses that was ever introduced among men. Some will set up a small grocery or grocery; they go into debt to those who have a bigger grocery, or to a man who can, perhaps, buy a barrel of whiskey at a time, or a few pieces of calico. These little merchants are in debt to some larger ones in St. Louis, those to merchants in Cincinnati, New York and New Orleans, and they are in debt to larger houses in England, France, Germany, and other places.

They all bow the neck, they are all trampled and bowed down with the same chain. People talk about our credit not being good lately; I hope to God nobody will credit a 'Mormon'; we don't want anything on credit. I want us to live as we can live, and if we cannot live without going into debt to our enemies, let us die; never put our heads under the yoke.

The same thing exists in other branches. You may take a constable; he has got to pledge his honor to support such a man, no matter whether he keeps a doggerly, a groggery, or whether he is an honest man or a rogue; then a number of those support some other man that is more elevated, if there is any elevation in such doings; then those other 'elevated' ones form combinations and clubs and sustain others, and so on until you get up to the President of the United States; all are pinioned and their tongues are tied.

There is Fremont, that great man, who could not lead a few men over these mountains without starving them to death; a few men understanding his position got him cooped up in New York so that he could not be seen without coming at him through committees and checks, bars and bolts, lest he should speak and people find him out, and after all their great care he came out at the little end of the horn; he was not elected.

When a President is elected, a crowd of men press around him like so many hungry dogs for a division of the spoils, saying, 'Mr. President, what are you going to do for our town? Remember, here is Mr. So-and-so, who took a prominent position, we want such a one in such an office, and finally after worryings and teasings and whining and begging, some of those little men, mean contemptible pups, doggerly men, broken down lawyers or common, dirty, political hacks bring up the rear, swelled up like swill barrels; they come to the table for the fragments and with a hungry maw and not very delicate stomach whine out, 'Won't you give me a place, if it is only in Utah?' In order to stop the howling, the President says, 'Throw a bone to that dog and let him go out; and he comes out a great big 'United States officer,' dressed in a lion's garb, it is true, but with the bray of an ass; he comes here, carrying out his groggery and whoring operations and seeking to introduce among us eastern civilization.

The people here, however, feel a little astonished, some of them, although they are not very much astonished at anything that transpires, and when they look at him, they say in their simplicity, 'why, that man is acting like a beast.' His majesty, however, swells up, struts and puffs, and blows and says, 'You must not insult me, I am a United States officer, you are disloyal. I am a United States officer, don't speak to me.' Of course you are, and a glorious representative you are.

I did start once to write a history of the judges sent to Utah, but I did not get through with it. You know we have the history of the judges in former days. If I had only had time, I would like to have written a history of the judges of Israel that came out from the Ammonites and Moabites down yonder.

There was one man here whom you considered one of the most honorable men among your judges. I refer to Judge Shaver. I do not know much about the man; he was spoken highly of and a great deal of ceremony made at his funeral. I was on board of a steamer coming up to Florence when some gentlemen got to talking about the 'Mormons.' One man said, 'I was there a year and a half and I know them to be as good, peaceable and quiet a society as I ever was among, but there is a pack of infernal scoundrels sent among them by the government, that are not fit to go anywhere. A man by the name of Shaver was sent there and he lay drunk around our town six months before he went there!' Thinks I, if that is one of the best, then the Lord have mercy on the rest.

With regard to office hunters, they are in bondage to each other, and even the President of the United States is trampled, bound down, and no man has the manliness to say I dare do as I please.

These things are so in a monetary point of view, in a religious point of view, and they are so in a political point of view and in every way you can view it; every man bows down his neck to his fellow and they have their parties of every kind in the United States and every man must be true to his party, no matter what it is. Politicians are bound by their parties, editors by their employers, ministers by their congregations, merchants by their creditors, and governors and President by political cliques.

Divisions, strife, contention and evil are everywhere increasing and there is little room for truth in the hearts of the people.

I believe, notwithstanding, there are thousands of honest people in the United States, but so much evil prevails and so much corruption, that it is next to impossible for them to discover the difference between truth and error.

Our preaching does not seem to have any value or effect on the minds of men at all, scarcely; you can revise, renovate, regenerate the Saints, but come to take hold of the world and preach to them it is like idle tales to them. As I have said, talk to them about the Bible, and they will tell you it is an old fashioned, old foggy affair, with very little exception.

I have labored myself, as the rest of the Elders have, and the general result, wherever we have preached the gospel, has been the same. I remember in old Connecticut, the land of steady habits, some few embraced the gospel and one or two we had to cut off from the church in a week or two after. There was one old lady, a farmer's wife; she believed, and her husband treated us kindly and they got a place for us to preach in, etc., and after listening for some time said she would give anybody five hundred dollars to prove 'Mormonism' untrue. I said I would do it for half of that sum; if she wanted a lie she should have it.

In the neighborhood of Tom's River a number came into the church; some have stood and some have not; they are doing pretty well there. There was as good a church when I first went there as I found in the East. There was also another in Philadelphia. In New York, when we went there, we found a people that called themselves 'Mormons.' I called a meeting and there was only two that I would acknowledge as such; I told the rest to go their own way; told them what I acknowledged to be 'Mormonism' and if they would not walk up to that they might take their own course.

Since then a great many emigrants have come from the old countries, from England, France, Germany, Denmark and other places; they form quite a body, there is now five or six hundred. At Philadelphia and around there, there have been some few brought in, but most of the Saints there are those who have come in from England and other places.

It is almost impossible to produce any effect on the feelings of the people. In New Jersey I held several days' meeting, to see if something could be done. They turned out in great numbers; 'Mormonism' was popular; as many as 200 carriages were present; we were treated well and preached faithfully; somebody came and set up a little groggery, and it was removed forthwith. Was anybody converted? No. They turned their ears like a deaf adder to the cause, and that is the general feeling so far as I have discovered.

They do not love the truth. In most of these places they have rejected the gospel and they listen not to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. Many asked about their friends and if there was any speculation on foot. I could get thousands to immigrate to this Territory for speculative purposes, and committees waited on me to learn what inducements are held out to settlers. I could get thousands to come here if we would give them good farms and furnish them cattle and work their farms for them until they got started and let them carouse around and have all the lager beer they could drink.

Those who love the truth are scarce. There are, however, a great many scattered all over the United States who believe 'Mormonism' is truth and have not moral courage to embrace it; but if it is policy, they dare once in awhile say a few words, but in a kind of milk-and-water way; they dare not say much, because it is unpopular, and many dare not read a Mormon paper; it is unpopular.

I have met men in the world as much my friends apparently as those that are in the church, and they have handed out means to me when I was in need. One man wrote to me that he would be glad to see me, but if I would not let the people know who I was he would be obliged to me. I told him I did not go to such places, for I was a 'Mormon,' outside and in, and I could get along in the world by holding my head up, and I despise men who will go crawling and cringing around.

In relation to things that are now transpiring in the United States, I suppose you have later news than I have. The mail team passed me on the road, but it had no mail. In relation to any policy that may be pursued here, I feel it is just right. I know that President Young and his brethren associated with him are full of the Spirit of revelation and they know what they are doing. I feel to acquiesce and put my shoulder to the work whatever it is. If it is for peace, let it be peace; if it is for war, let it be, to the hilt. It has got to come sometime, and I would just as leave jump into it to-day as any other time.

We are engaged in the work of God in rolling on his purposes, and if we live we live to the Lord, and if we die we die to him. The Lord has put his hand to the work and all the potentates of the earth and their power cannot hinder its progress; the work is onward and in the name of Israel's God it will roll on until the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and his Christ.

We are gathering a nucleus for a kingdom here that is bound to stand for ever—

"While time and thought and being last  
And immortality endures."

All is peace, and I feel like shouting hallelujah, hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and all nations shall be subject to his sway.

I have talked longer than I thought I should.

There is one thing further I would like to say a few words upon. Br. George A. Smith, Dr. Bernhisel and myself were appointed as delegates to go to Washington. I have never yet inquired what the First Presidency thought about our proceedings there. I was in Washington several times and counseled with my brethren on the subject of our admission. We counseled with some of the most prominent men in the United States in relation to this matter, and those that dare say anything at all, dare not, if you can understand that.

That was about the feeling. We need not say much on this matter; but I believe that br. Geo. A. Smith and Dr. Bernhisel labored with indefatigable zeal to the best of their knowledge and intelligence to accomplish the thing they set about, and I did while I was with them, but it was not necessary for me to remain there, and I told the brethren if I was wanted, by sending me a telegraphic despatch I could be there in a little time.

I believe these brethren did all that lay in their power.

While speaking of the acts of the Elders, I remember remarking to br. Bernhisel that a set of men could not be found on the face of the earth that would go with the same talent and ability and act with the same disinterestedness and zeal in the performance of whatever is required of them.

I have counseled with them, and that is the feeling and testimony I have to bear concerning them. When they get together, their feeling is, how can we best promote the cause in which we are engaged? Can a cause sustained by such men sink? Can the cause sustained by the power that sustains them sink? No. The truth will triumph, and shall roll forth until all nations shall bow to its sceptre.

I pray God in the name of Jesus to bless you and guide you, that we may be saved in his kingdom, even so: Amen.

### Farmers' Daughters.

A fair correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator addressed the following sensible remarks to the girls of our rural districts:

The farmers' daughters are soon to be the life as well as the pride of the country; a glorious race of women which no other land can show. I wish not to flatter them: for before they can become this, they will have to make earnest efforts of one or two kinds. There are some who depreciate their condition, and some who have a false pride in it, because they demand more consideration than they merit. A want of intelligence upon all subjects of the day, and a refined education, are no more excusable in a country than in a town bred girl, in this age of many newspapers.

Many girls are discouraged because they cannot be sent away from home to boarding schools; but men of superior minds and knowledge of the world, would rather have for wives, women well and properly educated at home. And this education can be had wherever the desire is not wanting. A taste for reading does wonders and an earnest thirst after the knowledge is almost certain to attain a sweet draught of the 'Pierian spring.'

There is farmer's daughter in this very room in which I am writing, a beautiful, refined and intellectual woman in whose girlhood books were not so plentiful as now, and who gained her fine education under difficulties which would have discouraged any one but one who had so fond a love for study.

I will state why I think the country girls are

yet to prove the hope of the country. The women in towns and cities are becoming so universally unhealthy and almost universally extravagant, foolish and fashionable, that men are almost in despair of obtaining wives who are not invalids, and of providing them with what they want after they have married them. Unless the young man has the fortune (good or bad) to be the possessor of wealth, he must spend the best bloom of his youth in acquiring enough to 'start upon,' as people are expected to begin now a days. Men even in high places, would go to the country for their choice, if they met there equal refinement and intelligence. Women are preparing to take a noble stand in history, and they cannot do it in ignorance.

True, city girls have the advantage of more highly polished manners and greater accomplishments; but country girls have infinitely more to recommend them as rivals of their fair city sisters.—They have more truth, household knowledge and economy, health, (and consequently more beauty) simplicity, affection, and freshness of impulse and thought. When they have cultivated minds, there are more chances in their favor for good sense and real ability, because so much is not demanded by the frivolities of society. The added lustre of foreign accomplishments could easily be caught by such a mind, from a very little contact with the world.

I would not speak as though our farmers' daughters are deficient in education. Many brilliant scholars and talented women are found among them; in New England this is especially so, but I would seek to awaken the ambition of all to become that admired and favored class which they ought to be, if they will unite refined culture with their most excellent graces.

A sweet country home, with roses and honeysuckles trained to climb over it; with good taste, intelligence and beauty within, toil enough to court acquaintance with books and flowers and the loveliness of nature; with peace, plenty and love, is surely one of the paradises which Heaven has left for the attainment of man.

### Celebrations of the 24th of July.

#### PAROWAN.

At dawn firing of small arms and music by the Brass Band.

At sunrise the American flag floated from the liberty pole, and was welcomed with music by the band and firing by companies B and C of the Iron Regiment, which paraded for the first time since the re-organization of the Nauvoo Legion and executed various evolutions under the command of Col. Wm. H. Dame.

The people assembled at the Council House at 9 1-2 o'clock, a.m., and were seated.

Singing by the choir.

Prayer by the Chaplain, Silas S. Smith. Singing.

Declaration of Independence was read.

Addresses by James McGuffie and C. C. Pendleton.

Song, "She's lovely, she's delightful," composed by Thos. Davenport, sung by himself and Wm. C. McGregor.

Pres. W. H. Dame addressed the Saints.

Toasts followed.

Choir sang, "Oh ye mountains high."

Dismissed until 3 o'clock, p.m.

The people re-assembled at the appointed hour, and joined in the dance. During the evening songs and speeches at intervals.

At 11 p.m., benediction.

Not an accident of any kind occurred during the day.

Peace, unity and happiness appeared in the countenances of all.

WM. BARTON,  
EDWARD DOLLEN,  
JOSEPH P. BARTON,  
Committee of Arrangements.

JAMES H. MARTINEAU, Reporter.

#### CEDAR CITY.

Committee of Arrangements:—George Wood, W. Tait, W. Holmes, M. Slack, J. White, T. Cartwright, J. McConnell.

Marshal of the day, A. Gibbons; Assistant Marshal, A. J. Stratton.

Daybreak was announced by Captain W. Tait's Artillery, after which a general serenade by Cedar City Brass Band.

At sunrise the national flag was unfurled.

Eight o'clock, music by the band, when the citizens assembled on the Public Square. Procession formed in the following order:—

Cedar City Brass Band, with banner; Company of Life Guards, Captain W. Tait; 12 young men in uniform with banner, "A terror to evil doers;" 12 young ladies in uniform, with banner, "Virtue is our motto;" Captain E. Edwards' Rifle Company; Chaplain of the day, C. Arthur, sen.; Bishop and Counsel; the High Council with banner, "Union is strength;" 12 young men in uniform, with banner, "Sons of Zion;" 12 young ladies in uniform, with banner, "Daughters of Zion;" Committee of Arrangements; the Choir; Company of Mechanics from the Iron Works, with banner, and each man bearing machinery representing his branch of industry; 24 young boys, with banner, "Zion's Avengers;" 24 young girls, with banner, "Virtue, our mothers' pride;" Company from the Woolen Factory, with banner, "Home Manufacture;" Citizens generally; Company of young boys, company of young girls.

At 9 o'clock the procession marched to the new city.

At half past 9, President I. C. Haight and Counsel were escorted from the President's new mansion to the procession. Procession moved to the new bowery erected for the occasion.

Services commenced in the following order:—

Music by the band.

The choir sang, "Mormon Jubilee."

Prayer by the Chaplain.

The choir sang, "How beautiful upon the mountains."

J. M. Higbee delivered an address.

Music by the band.

Toasts and sentiments were given, of which we forward the following:—

President Haight and Counsel—Heaven augment their blessings, and may they live to see many such days as this. W. Holmes.

The Young Ladies of Cedar—May their virtues continue to shine as their persons do, and may their good works be as influential as are their charms. E. Edwards.

The choir sang "God, save Brigham."

Music by the band.

Benediction by the Chaplain.

At 3 p.m., dancing commenced and was continued until 7 o'clock, when President Haight and Bishop P. K. Smith made some very appropriate remarks.

Peace, harmony and good feelings pervaded the bosoms of the Saints through the day.

MARTIN SLACK,  
GEORGE K. BOWERING,  
Reporters.

### Answer to Enigma in No. 19.

"A cot" is a bed of diminutive size,  
"A small habitation" is so called likewise,  
"Ton" is applied to rich and to proud.

Twenty hundred weight's for a ton allowed;  
Cotton's a poet of English birth  
And cotton's a plant of genuine worth.

Manti, July 19th, 1857. ANNA MARIA.