

to make a few dollars by licking the dust of their feet, and bowing down to them; so the flax was left to rot. I can find perhaps a hundred places now in the city of Provo, where flax is suffered to go again into the ground, while the owners considered they ought to go and do something for the Gentiles to get money to buy clothes.

Some man says, "I worked up some flax, and it was worthless—it was rotten." It is known in all flax countries, that if you get flax too much rotted by laying it up a year or two, it will recover its strength. In Pennsylvania, which is a good flax-raising country, some farmers will have five or six years flax laid up, and each year they select out of it that which makes the best thread. When you find your flax a little too rotten, you are at once discouraged, and straightway make up your minds to go and work for the Gentiles to get some of their rotten rags.

A great many Mormons, when they become wealthy, want to go back to show their former comrades and friends what an amount of property they have got. But, with all this bombast and vain show, we do not really possess any thing. A man says, "I came into Cache Valley two years ago, I got me forty acres of land, and I have raised a good deal of wheat by very hard labor, and that wheat is mine." You plowed the ground, and watered it; but who made the seed grow that you threw into the ground? The Lord. Then it is his; he let you have a little of it, to see what you would do with it. Have you a right to abuse the Lord's means which he permits you to use? No. But as a member in the kingdom of God, in the last days, you have a right to use it for the advancement of that kingdom, and the triumph of righteousness and for doing good in every possible way.

I have heard men say that they have a right to do wrong. In one sense a man has such a right; and, in another sense, he has no such right. We possess, in reality, very little; and that little the Lord has given us; and that is the power of choice. We may choose to do good, and, if we do good, we get the reward of good; we may also choose to do evil and reap the penalty. A man may knock another down, because he has a right to, and have to pay a fine of fifty dollars, because he is obliged to. I deny that a man has a right to make thieves of his children, and prostitute his family; if he does this, the Lord is justified in cursing him, and he will be obliged to endure it. This power of choice goes a great way. A young man says—I have a notion to go on the road and work for the gentiles, carry the mail or any thing else. All right. But your friend suggests that it would be better for you to make a farm, build you a house, raise some flax, etc. "But I have a right to work for the gentiles, if I choose; and I am going to." You go and build them up with your labor. This young man comes home after a while, he sports a segar in his mouth among his comrades, he has made thirty dollars per month, he has a few dollars in money in his pocket; it has seemed to come easy, and his soul is contaminated with wickedness. In a little while his money is gone and he has nothing. Then he must go again among the gentiles and make a raise. I hope the Mormon girls know how to measure such fellows. A sensible girl would much rather marry a young man, dressed in home-spun, who will stay at home and mind his business and never suffer a segar to come near his mouth, but seek with all his might, in every respect, to be a good, faithful Latter Day Saint.

Speaking of segar smoking makes me think of an anecdote of a sick man and his doctor. The doctor asked him how many segars he smoked in a day; the answer was six. That is too much, you must quit smoking. You will allow me to smoke a little. Yes, you may smoke two a day to begin with, and finally quit altogether. The next day, the doctor called to see his patient, and finds him smoking a segar two feet long. What are you doing, inquired the doctor. Just doing as you told me, I went down to the segar maker and got two made two feet long, and they answer first-rate.

When a man begins to adopt gentile habits, a segar two feet long is only a patching to the extravagance he will become addicted to.

I see in this valley, large fields fenced out. In some places, there has been four or five acres plowed, in some ten acres; pass on a little further, and there is a few acres more. How is this, br. Maughan? Men inclose more than they can cultivate, water and improve; and a very large portion must necessarily lie vacant, for it was difficult to get water on it. Many acres of grain perish, and the grasshoppers devoured much that remained from the drought. I advise you, brethren, to stop this scattering method of cultivation, and gather your farms together, and make fields well fenced, plow and put in your grain well, and give it a sufficient amount of water, and you will have three times as much wheat as you got in the start of your settlements in this valley.

President Young is acknowledged by us all the master builder in Zion, or, if you please, the master workman. If the master workman walks in among the timber laid out here for your big tabernacle as the grand architect, planning and assorting the different sticks of timber for certain places and purposes, he does not expect to meet with opposition from the material out of which he designs to make a temple of worship. He comes to a stick of timber, and says—I will make a post of this, and the stick rises up in the dignity of its strength and will not be made a post, but will be a sleeper, and so on with all the timbers

of the building, they are not subject to the will of the master builder. Will not this comparison represent a large portion of this people? The master builder points to the South and says, go and raise cotton; but many reply it is no cotton country, it is the most wretched, barren, God-forsaken country in the world; this is not submitting to the will of the master builder.

This puts me in mind of Jeff. Thompson, now a brigadier general in the secession army in Missouri; after he had been in this country, his comrades got around and inquired, Well, Mr. Thompson, how do you like that country? any good land there. He replied, it is the most God-forsaken country in all creation. How did you find the Mormons living there? how do they live? Why, they raise plenty of wheat, and the best wheat I ever saw in my life. Can they raise anything else? Yes. The finest potatoes, I never saw finer, and every kind of garden stuff, and very good corn. Any fruit? They are beginning to raise some fine peaches and other kinds of fruits. But you said it was the most desolate barren, God-forsaken country in the creation, how is it then that they can raise such good stuff? Well, I cannot account for it in any way only it is a damned Mormon miracle?

That is the correct idea, the Lord is doing it. I have learned that in the country of Harrison, Western Virginia, they have not raised ten bushels of apples, peaches or plums, or a pint of strawberries in the whole country, although I dare say there are a thousand orchards in it, and their crops have failed; their glory has departed. The Lord blesses the land in proportion as they are willing to do good. Last year, the word of the Lord came to this people—send down two hundred teams and bring home the Saints. The teams were sent down. Some said we could not do without them at home; if so many teams went, we could not raise crops sufficient. But there has not been such a crop in all the Territory as was raised this year. The very sending of the teams seemed to be the assurance of the bountiful blessings of God on our crops. As the President remarked this forenoon, we say all we have is upon the altar, but let it begin to burn, and they begin straightway to pull it off. We are all united in our faith, but when the word comes—brother, you have a good farm here, but the interests of Zion seems to require you should go to Santa Clara to raise cotton. But says he, it is no cotton country, and he is awfully discouraged. What does it matter in what part of the building the master builder places us; every person is placed in a position he is the best qualified to fill, and in which he will enhance the most the interests of the kingdom of God.

As the President and his company were going down south, a brother wanted us to go and breakfast with him; he said he could not do very well by us, for he was sent on a mission and he was not as rich as some of the people. When we went to breakfast, it was not ready; an apology was made that the women had to milk twenty cows, he had ten more on the plains running with their calves, and he had not time to get them up. He said he wanted to accompany the President, but he had only two animals up, but he had two span of mules on the plains that he thought would keep up with the President. I have had a hard time of it this season, and had but little time, I had to do all my farming with three year olds and four year olds, I sent four yoke of cattle to the States this season, yet I have thirty acres of wheat, the best wheat you ever saw. What a poor man, but he was on a mission and the idea of being on a mission made him think he was poor.

If a man feels rich, and has not a dime in his pocket; if he is righteous, he is rich indeed; but, if he has a penurious disposition, and is miserly, though his hands are full of riches, he does not turn it to a good account, and in a little while, he is like the child that takes an apple in each hand, but undertakes to hold another, he is apt to drop the two to secure the third.

When you raise flax, hemp, wheat, cattle, wool, etc., let every thing be placed in the best position to increase the creature comforts of life; seek the means to manufacture the textile productions into clothing, etc., that nothing may be lost or wasted, and thus learn to do without those things that have to come from abroad. Let us make our own crockery. Let us be willing to drink out of a brown mug or go without. We want to see every man and woman ready to do that which is for the general welfare more than for the individual interest.

We boast about being one, pray about it, and rejoice about it every minute, but let the Lord's servants try to dictate us how to manage our property in the best possible manner for the general good, and the accelerated growth of the wealth and influence of this great people, we declare by our works they shall not touch a dollar. Zion is going to be a great empire, and seeing God has trusted us as stewards of the property we hold, we must use it to build up his kingdom and cause. And when the authorities advise us to put that property into a mill or carding machine, into this or that for the welfare of Israel do it cheerfully with a good heart and ready hand, and not with fear and whining.

I pray the Lord continually to inspire President Young with wisdom and knowledge, and judgment above all men upon earth, to dictate the affairs of Zion in a manner that shall be the most approved by his heavenly Master. I really do want to see a feeling of contentment manifested by the brethren who are sent into Washington county to raise cotton; go there and make the mission honorable, and

gain for themselves credit, and the blessings of God and his servants. If a man is instructed to raise flax, and introduce machinery to manufacture it, I like to see him do it cheerfully. In all our works and labor, our first great interest should be the building up of the kingdom of God, and be so gritty that we will actually go without buying a paste-board bonnet or a pair of paper shoes, when we can have something we can produce ourselves that will answer the purpose. All these articles are produced by labor and ingenuity. Let the knowledge of these arts be communicated from one to another, and be the property of the whole to benefit the whole. There is a man in Pinto, Washington county, that makes cheese so skillfully that he never has any trouble with it in summer, he only has to turn it once in a while. Well, brother, how do you make that cheese? "That is a secret."

Now, brethren, if you know any thing that is for the welfare of Israel, instruct others. If a sister knows how to get her up a table cloth, let her show it to her sister, and let the knowledge pass round. If she understands the process of spinning cotton and flax, communicate that knowledge to others. Let us learn wisdom from our leaders.

The power of the Almighty has been manifested in gathering this people, out of the midst of many nations. A greater miracle never existed, it has been done by his wise counsel and fatherly care, and a nation has been established without the shedding of blood. Zion has been travailing and has brought forth. I have traveled this season to preach to the Saints twenty-five hundred miles and staid with the Saints every night. I have preached to hundreds of congregations—large and small, in houses and out of doors.

May the blessing of Israel's God attend you, and your crops, and herds and flocks, and everything that pertains to you, may it be blessed continually: Amen.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FLOOD AT OGDEN.

OGDEN CITY, Jan. 14th, 1862.

EDITOR DESERET NEWS:

DEAR SIR:—We have been visited by the greatest flood that has ever been known in this part of the country since the settlement of our people here.

On Friday last a warm south wind blew all day, and with the warm rains the day before and during Friday night, it melted the snow, which had previously fallen on the mountains and in the valleys, very rapidly, inasmuch, that early on Saturday morning the Ogden River had overflowed its banks, and continued to rise all that day.

Mayor Farr had the citizens called out, and from twenty to thirty teams and from seventy to one hundred men worked all day on Saturday levying up the State road between the two bridges, the water having risen above that and was doing considerable damage in running across the road, but the river rose so fast in the afternoon that he considered it best to allow the water to take its course that way to keep it from breaking over the levy above and below the main bridge on the south side of the river, for had it been allowed to force a passage there a great portion of the city would have been submerged, as it was several families were obliged to move as their houses were entirely surrounded by water from two to three feet deep.

Toward night there was such an immense body of water coming down that fears were entertained for the safety of the main bridge, as the bent at the north end had commenced to give a little, but fortunately about midnight it commenced freezing, and at 8 a.m., Sunday, the river had fallen about five inches and continued falling all day, and by Monday morning it had fallen to its usual height in high water times. The north east corner of the main bridge has sunk one foot, and the road between the bridges has been badly cut up, the water having made deep gullies across, and rendered it entirely impassable for teams. On the north side of the river, above the bridges, the levy has also been badly injured, and on the south side the water forced a passage down through the field above the bridge doing much damage.

On Sunday afternoon we learned that Mr. Ferrin's saw mill had been completely destroyed. Farr's grist and saw mill dam is also destroyed. The bridge at the mouth of Ogden river canyon has been swept away and the road above and below it has been completely washed out, and it is considered that, as this bridge was the most securely built of any in the canyon, the other three must have been carried away, and also that Messrs. West and Wheeler's mill and mill races at the head of the canyon must have been materially injured if not entirely washed away.

The water was six feet above the top of the bridge at the mouth of the canyon and about sixteen feet above low water mark, the most of the canyon road, the making of which cost fourteen thousand dollars, has been totally destroyed. All communication between Ogden valley settlements and those at the head of the canyon and this place is cut off.

Since writing the above information has been received that the dam and mill and the head and tail races at the head of the canyon have all been carried away. The road up the canyon is completely destroyed, and it will

cost more to repair it than it did to open and make it at first.

Nothing has been heard from the bottoms concerning the damages that have been, or what the people there have suffered, but they must have been in a deplorable condition while the river was high for, as seen from this upper part of the city, the whole country between the Weber river and Mill creek was a complete sea of water.

Yours, &c.,

WALTER THOMPSON.

GOVERNOR DAWSON'S STATEMENT.

BEAR RIVER STATION, U. T., }
Jan. 7th. 1862. }

EDITOR OF THE DESERET NEWS:

SIR:—I deem it an act of justice to make a plain statement of the circumstances connected with the brutal and unprovoked attack made on me at Mountain Dell, Ephraim Hanks' mail station, on the night of the 31st ultimo. It was well known in the city for some days prior to the 31st that I intended to leave there for some time on that day, as I accordingly did, on board the overland mail stage about 3 o'clock p.m., in company with a Doctor Chambers.

I suspected nothing wrong until I had got nearly out of town, when Ephraim Hanks rode up and said that there were some desperate men in the city who it was possible might follow me for violence or plunder, but he rather thought not. I then asked him to go with me to his station as his appearance there would insure immunity from assault, should any be intended; but he said it was impossible for him to go, but he would go back and send Moroni Clawson, who would do just as well as he would. Clawson shortly after came up and introduced himself, and on the route I handed him five dollars for his trouble. Jason Luce also soon came up riding a mule, at which I asked him to get off and let me ride, which he did; and when I mounted the animal Lot Huntington mounted Clawson's horse, Luce and Clawson taking places in the coach. Soon after that Clawson took his horse and Huntington got aboard the stage. Clawson and I rode ahead of the coach and reached Hanks' Station two hours in advance of the stage and had eaten supper. After the coach arrived some time was spent at supper—the crowd was very drunk and had increased in numbers beyond what I had before noticed.

After supper Chambers and I went out to see about our seats in the coach, and when going I saw Clawson who assured me there was no danger and that he was going a few steps to Hanks' sleeping apartments where he would lodge. On reaching the coach we found that the ruffians had taken my blankets, Chambers' blankets, and an elegant beaver robe and three pairs of elegant blankets belonging to Mr. Martin. While sitting in the coach waiting for Chambers to return with a light, Wood Reynolds, the driver, accosted me insolently, when I at once jumped out and started for the house. Between the coach and the house he struck me, and on reaching the house Jason Luce and Reynolds, assisted by others, began and continued a most serious violence to me, wounding my head badly in many places, kicking me in the loins and right breast until I was exhausted, when they desisted, and staid till morning, carrying on their orgies for many hours in the night.

Now, Sir! these desperadoes having thus cast another stain on the city, as they have heretofore often done, will tell many stories about my giving them provocation that night, and assumed that the citizens of Great Salt Lake upheld them in the act; to which I have to say, that they had no cause for making the assault; nor do I believe that a single respectable citizen of the Territory looks even indifferently on the outrage; but, on the contrary, denounce it and the authors of the outrage as they deserve; and this I desire to be understood.

Any other statement of the circumstances materially differing from this, if made, will be false; and any report stating that I hired these desperadoes to escort me over the mountain, is also untrue. I left the city without knowing that I had an enemy therein and feeling that I had no enmity to any one there.

I have, in much pain and hurriedly, given this crude statement, embracing all except a pannel of the names of the ruffians who are—Jason Luce, Wood Reynolds, Lot Huntington, Mat. Luce, Wilford Luce, Ike Neibaur and Moroni Clawson, the traitor; all of whom it should be the unremitting duty of the people of Salt Lake City to bring to speedy trial and condign punishment.

I hope, sir, any statement made by you in the News, inconsistent with this or any part hereof, will be promptly corrected.

I am, Sir, in high consideration, yours,

JOHN W. DAWSON.

A MONKEY STORY.—A man of short stature and most uninviting countenance, with the peculiar expression now claimed by Monsieur du Chailu as that of the gorilla, purchased a property in a western county of Scotland, from whence he strictly excluded trespassers. Some one sent him a large monkey, which he kept about his place; and a boy having been intrusted with the delivery of a letter, and having found the monkey at the house door, was somewhat alarmed, so he threw down the letter and ran off. On his way down the avenue, the boy met the new laird, who angrily demanded what he was doing there. "I had a letter for you, sir," says the boy. "Well, give it to me." "Ah, but I gave it to your son, sir," replied the trembling laddie. "My son, you little rascal; I have no son." "Well, sir, I canna say for that, but he had an unco leuk o' yoursell."