

## DISCOURSE

By President J. M. GRANT, Tabernacle, Sunday afternoon, March 23, 1856.

REPORTED BY J. V. LONG.

While the sacrament is passing, I will occupy a short time in bearing my testimony to what we heard in the morning. I am pleased with the testimony, with the predictions and with the remarks that we had; to me they are true, I understand them.

We assemble here in large numbers and receive instructions; I consider this an advantage to the community. Take the smaller settlements scattered throughout the Territory, you cannot discipline them or bring them into the same order, under the same rules that you can a larger community; hence different settlements find it necessary to adopt such rules and regulations as will best suit their circumstances and answer the ends required. I have sometimes thought, though perhaps experience may teach me otherwise, that a community can be ruled easier when compact than they can when scattered. If we had all the people of this Territory concentrated in this city, and could they meet here every Sabbath and have the privileges which you enjoy, I presume that you would not hear that diversity of actions and opinions that you now do. They would be under the same regulations and would receive the same instructions as you are privileged with, and be impressed with the same spirit that you receive when discourses are being delivered from this stand.

True, the written word is afterwards published in the 'Deseret News,' and distributed in all the municipalities and smaller settlements of this Territory, but there is an influence and impression, which you receive that those do not who are not listening to the discourses when delivered in this house. Here there is a substance communicated, impressions are made, for you have the man before you; you can discern the intent of his heart; the spirit, the ideas, the whole soul of the man are thrown open in his discourse, and his appearance makes an impression that the written word cannot convey.

It has been found difficult, in various ages of the world, to control the people when they are scattered, when they are in small groups in different parts of the kingdom or nation to which they belong. In such cases the subjects have been found hard to manage, and especially in countries similar to the one that we inhabit. The geographical features and position of this mountainous country render it peculiar in its developments, in its resources and in its natural barriers. If we inhabited a level country, news might be conveyed, perhaps, with more ease and celerity than it can now, for there we could have steamboats, railroads, mail coaches and various other means of transit, but here there are too many barriers.

But the Indians, take them on the prairies of Illinois and Missouri, what could they do without these formidable bulwarks? They could be dispersed forthwith, and could not trouble us if we had a country like either of those states. A few men in the fastnesses of mountains have always been invincible, so long as they remained united, men accustomed to hardships and the peculiarities of the country in which they have resided. Government have found by experience that even small bands of red men when encountered in their native coverts are the most difficult foe in the world, and if ever one place was better adapted than another for Indian depredations this is that place. A very few Indians can seriously annoy and disturb quite a large number of whites, although the latter may be ever so enterprising and well disciplined, and so combined that they can bring their entire force into the field in one day. And when they have committed their depredations and you go where they were you cannot find them, they are gone into their strongholds, the mountains and canyons.

A few Indians can cost this Territory thousands and millions of dollars before they are used up; this must be evident to all, hence the policy that has been adopted and pursued in this Territory. To say nothing about 'Mormonism,' or their forefathers, to say nothing about the Book of Mormon, to say nothing respecting our notions of their origin, and so forth and so on, on the principle of policy and sound philosophy I maintain that we can feed every tribe around us cheaper than we can fight them.

Suppose they kill our cattle and horses, and take the grain and forage which we need for ourselves and teams, and suppose they steal our fence poles and annoy us in our houses, what of all this? Have we not come onto their lands, where they have buried their forefathers? Have we not occupied their hunting grounds, frightened away their game, and inhabited places sacred to them by the interment of their ancestors? Have we not cast our sieves and nets in their streams and caught their fish? Have we not taken possession of their streams, canyons, and nearly every tract of land endeared to them by the claims of inheritance and the strong ties of association and habit, thus compelling them to move elsewhere? And what can we expect?—That they will require some returns. You must expect to feed and clothe them, to supply their wants, or they will commit depredations upon those who have taken their homes, their land and their wood, and used, or scared away, their living, viz: the fish, fowls and wild animals.

I argue, and I think upon good premises and policy, that it is best to treat them with forbearance, to be kind to them by feeding and clothing them, and to feel satisfied that this is the cheapest way of fighting the natives of these mountains. I believe that it would be frstrate policy to make farms for them, and if they cannot raise grain to raise it for them until they can.

How many men will it take to conquer a few disaffected Indians? You cannot answer this question. The nature of our mountain homes is

such that their hostility would be expensive, troublesome and disastrous far beyond moderate calculation. Though you might be able to overcome a few small bands, the history of the aborigines, from the beginning, proves that when a settled hostility exists in their bosoms they will invariably unite against the whites, the smaller tribes joining the larger and all clanning in what they deem a just and common cause. This has been almost invariably the case from the first settlements at Jamestown, Plymouth and other points, until now. You may possess the skill and knowledge pertaining to the conduct of war, you may have experience, bravery and valor, and you may have men and means in abundance for waging war against a formidable foe, but you cannot calculate when that war will end, nor how many men you will require to fight and subdue the Indians. You may imagine yourselves in every way competent, but when you cannot meet your foe upon the open prairie, or upon the plains, you cannot tell what will be required. Hostile Indians have to be hunted among the willows, in the sage brush, among the rocks, in every canyon, in every den and cavern in our mountains; and when you have routed them from one place of resort, they will go to a thousand others still more unapproachable than the first.

I make these remarks to show that did we live in a level country we could then get news from every city, town, village and hamlet in a few hours, or with the telegraphic wires, in a few seconds, so that we could know how to proceed; but in these rugged and extensive mountains, with their system of barren valleys, it is altogether different. With these views and with this knowledge, I would rather cope in battle with thousands and tens of thousands of men upon the plains, than undertake to grapple with a few Indians in these mountains.

I am fully aware that whatever I might possess, or have at command, would be useful, but these are my views and sentiments in relation to fighting Indians in a mountainous country, and I know that I am supported in my position by good authority, not only that of the present day but by historians who have recorded the events of other periods. We have in a small degree tested these views since our settlement in these regions, and the same experiment has been repeatedly tried by many in other times and places. They have tried to conquer the natives in various localities, since the settlement of the United States by the whites, and small bands have been assailed in various nations, and ages by the settlers of new countries. But whenever the invaders have met a warlike and united people, a people who chose to resort to mountains, those tribes have been found the most difficult foe that the civilized nations have had to deal with.

In this Territory our settlements are yet small, and at some distance from each other, and with a little concentration the Indians could use them up; there is no doubt about it whatever.

I wish now to say a few words upon policy.—I hear some say that all men are governed by policy, but policy is often corrupted, in other words, there is good and bad policy. Kings, presidents, governors, congressmen and many other magistrates are all governed by policy, but their policy is more or less dependent upon the state of society, and if the people and rulers are unrighteous the policy will be wicked. What is the policy if a change takes place in the mass of society? The rulers will measurably alter their policy, in proportion to the change, and the Almighty has often scourged people for their wickedness and rebellion, in order to bring them to repentance.—

"When the wicked rule the people mourn," is an old proverb, and such rulers bring curses instead of blessings upon the people. When Israel had good kings and the people were good, what was the result? Good, always good. But when they and their kings were unrighteous, when the policy adopted and carried out was evil and produced discord instead of harmony, distrust was among them and the results were misery, death, confusion and destruction.

You may go from the house of Israel to the earliest nations that existed upon the earth, and you will find this fact to hold good, viz: that good rulers generally make good people. But if you now look at the various nations of the earth, those of you who are conversant with history, you will at once perceive that the Almighty has withdrawn his Spirit from them because of their wickedness; this he has frequently done in days gone by. Is it not obvious that the Almighty has withdrawn his Spirit from the nations because of their wickedness and abominations, and left them to themselves? Suppose that the Spirit of the Lord is withdrawn from Great Britain, what will be the policy of that nation? Bad, for the spirit will be bad. When the spirit is taken away, the minds of the rulers are darkened, parliament meets in the dark and their doings are all in the dark, consequently distress, consternation and confusion must prevail. Take the Russians, the French, or any other nation, and the result will be the same. If the good spirit is withdrawn of course the policy will be according to the light remaining, and if the light becomes darkness, how great is that darkness!

I make these few remarks concerning policy that you may comprehend my views upon the policy of nations, as they now operate on every portion of the globe. I do not intend to dwell upon the points I have named, but merely to throw them out, and you may adopt your own process of reasoning upon them.

Let us now come down to the days of Joseph Smith. It is well known that he had a profligate brother, and there was but one broad ground of difference between the policy of Joseph and that of his profligate brother. I will first speak of the policy of Joseph, and ask what will it do? It will emancipate all who carry it out, it will break the yoke from every one who is bound, it will make all men happy, peaceable and good, save them on earth and prepare them for salvation and exaltation in the eternal worlds.

It may be enquired, "did not Joseph love women?" Yes, he was a great lover of women, but his course and policy would elevate them, make them virtuous and happy, while that of his profligate brother would make them wretched and miserable, would debauch and degrade them. The one would save the world, the other would damn it. This is the difference between the policy of the Latter Day Saints and that of the world.—Our policy will save the Indians, restore them to peace and bring them nigh to God, while the other policy will fight them, drive them, and kill them off from the earth. While the policy of the Latter Day Saints brings men to happiness and eventually to enjoy eternal life, the other policy leads men to misery and destruction. I briefly name these cardinal points, in order to lead your minds to reflection upon others that are of equal importance.

I have suggested premises enough for much reflection and conversation, but I wish you most clearly to understand that the policy of our President, br. Brigham, is from God. The more of the spirit the better the policy, and the better carried out. A lack of that spirit and policy will lead men to hell, while an abundance will give them heaven. If you wish your President to have good policy, you must pray that he may have an abundance of the Spirit.

The greatest difficulty that this people labor under is, they do not keep up with their leaders. I have no fear that Brigham Young is not good enough for us, but my fear is that the people are not keeping up with him. If they would be as good as their leader I should have no fear, but how many can you find living up to the law of God? Perhaps you might find one or two hundred men and women in this community who strictly keep the celestial law. Suppose a man's family will not keep up with him, what shall he do? He has to keep with them in order to save them, in order to exalt them in the kingdom of our God, and there is the same result in a church capacity. If you have a leader who is far ahead of you, say a thousand years, of what particular benefit is his advancement to you? True, if permitted to remain in your midst, he could teach you the celestial law, and law far beyond your reach and comprehension at the present time, for you are not yet capable of receiving more than milk.

I do not think that the people, as a whole, do the best they know how. I believe that they know better than they do, for if they did the best they knew how, I think they would progress faster and have light commensurate with their day. I can perceive plenty on hand, if you would only walk in the way to receive it. Br. Brigham is full of revelations; then why, says one, 'does he not pour them out?' Because you are not yet prepared to receive them. More practice upon what we have is what we lack; practice upon the policy and teachings of br. Brigham is what we must exercise ourselves with, because they come from high heaven and will save the inhabitants of the earth; will save the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh, will bring Judah and Israel to bow to the standard of Jesus Christ, and will cause the nations of the earth to acknowledge the government of heaven, or be cut off. Not that we are opposed to the nations of the earth, but we do not like their wickedness nor their corruptions. If they have anything good we like it, but their evil practices we do not like.

A word about the politics of the Latter Day Saints. Were we going to vote for a President of the United States, I presume our President would recommend Millard Fillmore for that office and Stephen A. Douglas for Vice-President, and then advise them to counsel together for the public good, and to counsel the democrats, the abolitionists, the pro-slavery men, the north and the south, the east and the west to all meet as brethren. Do you not see that by adopting this policy they would become good natured, and stand on an equal footing with each other? Then if they wished to adjust the slave question, they could meet in counsel and agree about it. Then they could treat that institution upon reasonable and righteous principles. Do you suppose that England, France, Russia, or any eastern nation, or the Pope of Rome, can establish a policy to govern the people? No, it will take a policy emanating from God, therefore if this people wish any more law, doctrine, and policy, let them live to the doctrines and revelations which they have already received.

Whoever reflects for a moment will perceive that there is plenty of truth on hand for them to observe, and that more is coming continually and that too faster than we obey. The light is shining upon us direct from heaven, from the throne of light. Can good come from hell? Will light come from darkness? If light can only come from heaven, then the priesthood is the channel for it to flow through. That channel is here, and that God from whom the light comes is the being to govern the world. Then love God, the doctrines and revelations that he gives, and do the best you know how, and you shall have all that you can eat, drink, wear, understand, and make wise use of: Amen.

[From advanced sheets of the Widow Bedott Papers, edited by Alice B. Neal.]

## Hezekiah Bedott.

He was a wonderful hand to moralize, husband was, specially after he began to enjoy poor health. He made an observation once when he was in one of his poor turns, that I shall never forget the longest day I live. He says to me one winter evening 'as we was sittin' by the fire, I was a knittin' (I was always a wonderful great knitter) and he was a smokin' (he was a master hand to smoke, though the doctor used to tell him he'd be better off to let tobacco alone; when he was well, he used to take his pipe and smoke a spell after he'd got the chores done up, and when he wasn't well, used to smoke the biggest part of the time.) Well, he took his pipe out of his mouth and turned toward me, and I knowed somethin' was comin', for he had a perikeler way of lookin' round when he was gwine to say anything uncommon.

Well, he says to me, says he, 'Silly,' (my name was Prissilly naterally, but he generally called me 'Silly,' 'cause 'twas hardier, you know.) Well, he says to me, says he, 'Silly,' and he looked pretty solemn, I tell you he had a solemn countenance naterally—and after he got to be deacon 'twas more so, but since he'd lost his health he looked solumer than ever, and certainly you wouldnt wonder at it if you knowed how much he underwent.

He was troubled with a wonderful pain in his chest, and amazin' weakness in the spine of his back, besides the pleurisy in his side, and havin' the ager a considerable part of the time, and bein' broke of his rest o' nights 'cause he was so put to 't for breath when he laid down. Why its an unaccountable fact that when that man died he hadnt seen a well day in fifteen years, though when he was married and for five or six years after, I shouldnt desire to see a ruggedger man than he was.

But the time I'm speaking of he'd been out o' health nigh upon ten years; and a dear sakes! how he had altered since the first time I ever see him! That was to a quiltin' to Squire Smith's, a spell afore Sally was married. I'd no idea that Sal Smith was gwine to be married to Sam Pendergrass. She'd been keepin' company with Mose Hewlitt for better'n a year, and everybody said that was a settled thing, and lo ard! behold! all of a sudden she up and took Sam Pendergrass. Well, that was the first time I ever see my husband, and if anybody'd a told told me then that I should a said— but lawful sakes! I most forgot, I was gwine to tell you what he said to me that evenin', and when a body begins to tell a thing, I believe in finishin' on't some time or other. Some folks have a way of talkin' round and round, and round forever more, and never comin' to the pint.

Now there's Miss Jenkins, she is the tejuest individual to tell a story that ever I see in all my born days. But I was gwine to tell you what my husband said. He said to me says he, 'Silly,' says I, 'What?' I didn't say 'What, Hezekiah!' for I didn't like his name. The first time I ever heard it I ear killed myself a laffin'. 'Hezekiah Bedott,' says I, 'well I would give up if I had such a name,' but then you know I had no more idee o' marryin' the feller than you have this mornin' o' marryin' the Governor. I spose you think it's curus we should a named our oldest son Hezekiah. Well, we done it to please father and mother Bedott, it's father Bedott's name, and he and mother Bedott both used to think that names had ought to go down from generation to generation. But we always called him Kier, you know. Speakin' of Kier, he is a blessin' aint he? and I aint the only person that thinks so, I guess.

Now don't you tell nobody that I said so, but between you and me I rather guess that if Kier Winkle thinks she is a gwine to ketch Kier Bedott she is a leetle out of her reckonin'. But I was going to tell what husband said. He says to me, says he, 'Silly,' I says, says I, 'What?' If I didn't say 'what' when he said 'Silly,' he'd a kept on sayin' 'Silly,' from time to eternity.

He always did, because, you know, he wanted me to pay pertikeler attention, and I generally did; no woman was ever more attentive to her husband than what I was. Well, he says to me, says he, 'Silly,' I says, says I, 'What?' though I'd no idea what he was going to say; didn't know but what 'twas sumthin' about his sufferin's, though he wa'n't apt to complain, but he frequently used to remark that he wouldnt wish his worst enemy to suffer one minut as he did all the time, but that can't be called grumblin'—think it ca? Why, I've seen him in situations when you'd a thought to mortal could a helpt grumblin', but he didn't.

He and me went once in the dead o' winter in a one horse shay to Boonville to see a sister o' his'n. You know the snow is amazin' deep in that section of the kentry. Well, the boss got stuck in one o' them are flambegasted snowbanks, and there we sot, onable to stir, and, to cap all, while we were sittin' there, husband was took with a deadful cick in his back. Now, that was what I call a perdicement, don't you? Most men would a swore, but husband didn't. He only said, says he, 'Consarn it.' How did he get out, did you ask? Why, he might a bin sittin' there to this day as far as I know, if there hadent a happened to come along a mess o' men in a double team, and they hysted us out. But I was a goin' to tell you that observation o' hisen. Says he to me, says he, 'Silly,' (I couldnt see by the light o' the fire, there didn't happen to be no candle burnin', if I don't disremember, though my memory is sometimes rather forgetful, but I know we wa'n't apt to burn candles, exceptin' when we had company.) I could see by the light that his mind was unconmon solumized. Says he to me, says he, 'Silly,' I says to him, says I, 'What!' He says to me, says he, 'We're all poor critters.'

SCIENCE, ART, AND DISCOVERY.—THE COLOSAL WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—The casting of the horse for this monument, at Munich, is one of the great feats of modern foundry, as fifteen tons of bronze had to be melted and kept in a state of fluidity. For several days and nights previously a large fire was at these huge masses, which required to be stirred at times. When the bronze was liquified an ultimate essay was made in a small trial cast and to heighten the color some more copper was added. Successively all the chambers through which the metal had to flow in the form were cleared of the coal with which they had been kept warm, and the master examined all the air spiracles and the issues of the metal; the props of the tubes were then placed, and every man had his duty and place assigned to him. Finally the master, amid the intense expectation of the many art amateurs present, pronounced the words "In the name of God," and then three mighty strokes opened the fiery gulf out of which the glowing metal flowed in a circuit to the large form. The sight was magnificent, and in the little sea of fire stood