

## REMARKS

By Elder Hosea Stout, Bowery, Sunday Morning, April 5, 1857.

[REPORTED BY J. V. LONG.]

Brethren and Sisters:—I have been called upon to address you this morning, and I will say by way of preliminary, that I shall speak such things as present themselves to my mind. I never could sit down, study out and make up a sermon and then preach it afterwards. I was always dependent upon the Holy Spirit to dictate to me suitable things to lay before the people, and I hope that I may have a portion of that Spirit at this time, that I may be enabled to address you by the Spirit and power of God. I always was backward, and had a kind of timidity about me when I attempted to speak to the Saints, but at the same time there is one thing that I do know, that is, that every Saint can address a congregation to their edification provided they are filled with the Spirit and power of the Almighty. Unless we come before a congregation of Saints filled with the Spirit of God we should do better to keep our seats than to occupy their time; these have always been my feelings upon this subject.

I always did rejoice in the power of God, and I always rejoiced that I was numbered among the people and Saints of the Most High, and that I had a place in their midst. I feel that it is a blessing conferred upon me to have the privilege of living in this day, when God has set his hand a second time to redeem his people, when he has restored his priesthood with the power thereof to the children of men; I consider it an inestimable privilege to have part in these blessings, that I can be numbered with this people, the chosen of the Lord. This, I say, I consider the greatest blessing that I ever enjoyed. This feeling is always upon me, and it is my determination so to conduct myself that I may be worthy of these blessings and continue to have a part among this people. It is a very great privilege to live in Great Salt Lake City.

When I reflect upon past scenes and our former experience, say for instance the time we lived in Missouri and the dealings of God with his people there, and again when I think of the days of Nauvoo when we were surrounded with gentle powers and influences, I repeat when consider the goodness of God to this people, in supporting them and delivering them from the wicked, in enabling them to gather into these valleys of the mountains, when I look at these things I am truly astonished at the blessings of God that have been poured out upon this people. What greater blessings could we have? What more could we have asked the Lord for than to have the privilege of gathering together, and becoming a separate and independent people by ourselves? I recollect a good while ago that it used to be preached among the Saints by the Elders that we should be driven out from among the gentiles, be driven into the wilderness and settle among the native Indians [Pres. Kimball: You did not believe it then did you?] The fulfillment of those predictions appears to me like a great many things that I have prayed for, for I prayed that we might be delivered from the gentile yoke, and I have actually lived to come to the wilderness and to settle down in the midst of the Lamanites, and that too in answer to my prayers.

There are a great many things which have transpired since we came here which have caused me much reflection. For instance I have seen Elders, men of influence and ability, men who in days that are past and gone have taught me that the time would come when we would be expelled from the society of the gentiles, and be driven into the wilderness. I say I have seen some of them apostatize, after fulfilling their own predictions; they have left the society of the Saints and gone among the gentiles with the very fulfillment before their eyes. This was always a marvelous thing to me; I never could fully understand how men could apostatize with the light of truth before their eyes.

You might ask me whether I could be so foolish as I have seen other men, and whether I would so far forget God and this people, and whether I would be tried and tempted with such little things as some men have been. I hope I shall not be so easily overcome by our common enemy.

When I see my prayers answered I feel to rejoice and feel grateful unto my God; then when I consider the liability of mortals to err and go astray, I realize the necessity of being careful of myself, and I perceive the necessity of a constant watchfulness, for it is indispensably necessary that we watch ourselves, that we take care of ourselves and see that we are not led into temptation, but that we live so as to see the purposes of God and the prophecies of his servants fulfilled in relation to us individually as well as collectively.

How singular it is that some of us should be so easily tempted and tried and finally leave the Church! Some persons who are convinced of the truth of the gospel, who testify of it and who appear to enjoy it for a season, will after a while go into darkness, dwindle into unbelief, and eventually leave the Church, and declare positively that they did not know anything about the gospel.

I always feel that it is my duty to look to myself, for I do consider there is as much danger of my apostatizing as there is of any of the Saints. If ever I do get led astray and depart from the principles of the gospel of salvation it will be because I lead myself off from the path; it is not my brethren who lead me away from the path of rectitude and duty, but it is my own doings.

I can testify to-day that I do know this to be the work of God; I know Joseph Smith to be a Prophet and Seer, and Brigham Young his lawful successor; and I also know that the Spirit and power of the Most High rests upon the authorities of this Church, that they are men of God, and I likewise know that they are doing his will continually. I know that we live in a day of revelation, when the purposes of the Lord are plain-

ly made manifest, and we have an opportunity of doing a part in this work.

These things I do know and understand for myself; whether I ever disgrace the cause of God, or depart from the way of life, this day I do know that this is the work of God. In all times of difficulty when I think and reflect upon the goodness of God to this people I really do not know how to contain myself, I feel so thankful that we are here in these peaceful vales; I do not know of anything better that we could ask for, for we enjoy privileges far in advance of the rest of mankind.

Notwithstanding the blessings we enjoy some men wish to leave, and they say it is because they are so tied up, there is so much tyranny and abuse that they really cannot stand it. It would seem to be a great pity for any who have been filled with the true light of the gospel to be led into darkness and turn away from the plan of salvation. Some of them may come back again but I freely confess my feelings, when I see a man who has tasted of the powers of the world to come and then see him give way to the powers of darkness and subject himself to the adversary, it causes a satisfaction in my own breast to see him go away; I consider it a blessing to the cause.

[Pres. Kimball: You would help such a man, would you not?]

Yes, I would, and I would sooner see them go than stay. A good Mormon will go where he is sent, but if he is not told to go he will stay here. If ever I get so far in the dark as to lose confidence in any of the principles of the Church I hope that some of my brethren will be kind enough to give me a rap in the right place, that peradventure I may be saved from apostasy.

I have but little faith in those who once turn away from the truth and speak against the Lord's anointed, though they may come back and be very sincere, still it is very difficult for me to place that implicit confidence in them which I conceive we ought to have in each other. I feel that we never ought to do anything while we dwell upon the earth that would injure, or destroy the confidence of our brethren in us.

I would rather have the faith of the brethren who constitute the house of Israel than to have the riches of the whole world. If I have your confidence, and that confidence is predicated upon my good works I am truly rich, and I cannot become poor so long as I have the faith and prayers of the Saints of God.

We live in a very peculiar age, we are connected with a very peculiar dispensation, and this is truly a great day and an important age, a time when the Lord is gathering the honest in heart from every nation, bringing them into these valleys of the mountains where we can be separate and apart from the turmoil and troubles of the wicked nations of the earth, where we can build up the kingdom of our God while the nations are busily engaged in destroying each other with their wicked and corrupt practices.

When I think of the condition of the world and compare it with the happiness, peace and enjoyment of the saints, I realize that I cannot do the subject justice if I attempt to speak upon it; still it affords me pleasure to reflect upon the great work of the Almighty. When I consider how we are blest in being here, united, free from our enemies, and how the Lord has delivered us from them, I feel that I cannot be thankful enough to him for his goodness to us.

Brethren I believe I have said sufficient this morning to show whether my spirit is good or not, and I feel to say in conclusion that it is in my heart to do good all the day long; and I say may the God of Israel bless you and me all the days of our lives, and keep us prayerful, that we may always walk in wisdom's paths, be humble, do his will continually and eventually be prepared for the blessings promised to the people of God; which is my prayer in the name of Jesus Christ: Amen.

## Table Manners.

The following extract is from 'The widow-Bedott Papers' satirizing the fashionable practice of guests' flattering the entertainment of their hostess, while she on her part disparages it.

'What delightful biscuit,' says Miss Grimes.

'They are so,' says Miss Skinner, but Miss Gipson never has poor biscuit.

'O shaw!' says Miss Gipson, 'you ain't in earnest; my biscuits is miserable—not nigh so good as common. I don't think the flour's first rate.'

'Miss Gipson, how dew you make crackers?' says Miss Stillman; 'I never tasted none so good.'

'Now you don't mean so,' says Miss Gipson. 'I can make good crackers, but them's very poor; the oven wa'n't jest right when I put em in.'

'I must have another piece o' this cheese, it's so good,' says Miss Lippencott. 'Where did you get it?'

'Well, I got it of old Daddy Sharp; he generally makes excellent cheese, I tell Mr. Gipson old Sharp's failed for once—that's what I call root cheese.'

'Dew taste o' this plum sass, Miss Peabody,' says Miss Brewster; 'I never seed the beat on't.'

'I'd rather have these peaches,' says Miss Peabody; 'they're delicious. It's a mystery to me how Miss Gipson always has such luck with her preserves. I never dew, and I always take pound for pound tew.'

'This apple-jelly's the clearest I ever see,' says old Miss Parker. 'How did you make it, Miss Gipson? Didn't you do it in the sun? I'm sure it don't look as if it had been nigh the fire.'

'Now don't speak o' that jelly,' says Miss Gipson. 'I told Carline I was ashamed o' my jelly after seein' Miss Parker's, and I was a most sorry I'd made any preserves since I'd seen some of Miss Peabody's and Miss Skinner's, them was so much nicer.' So they went on. The wipit

cream and custard had to be gone over. Miss Gipson had to tell jest how 't was made—what flavoring she used, and all that—though she declared she was ashamed on't. The cake was praised up; they must know how much butter there was in this, how many eggs it took for that and so forth. Miss Gipson, of course, run it down; she could make good cake, but somehow she failed that time.

A person that didn't know how wimmen always go on at such a place, would a thought that Miss Gipson had tried to have everything the miserablist she possibly could, and the rest on 'em had never had anything to hum but what was miserabler yet.

**THE TROUBLESOME NEIGHBOR.**—A few years ago, a poor mechanic, of a very quarrelsome disposition, settled near a farmer, whose friends expressed to him their sympathy in the annoyance he was likely to receive.

'Never mind,' says the good old man, 'I have never yet quarreled with a neighbor, and I am too old to begin now.'

Six months passed, and then began a series of petty annoyances, which the farmer bore uncomplainingly; but this only irritated his neighbor the more, until meeting the farmer one day, in the height of passion, he poured upon him a torrent of insult and abuse.

'Friend,' said the farmer gently, 'no man under the influence of passion can reason clearly; come to me calmly, and we will discuss your grievances.' The angry man raised his clenched hand to strike him, but was restrained by some unseen influence, and both went their way.

About a week after, the mechanic was passing the farmer's house with a load of grain. It was at the foot of a hill, and the load was heavy. He coaxed, threatened, and beat his oxen, but all to no purpose. He must leave his load, or ask aid of the man he had injured. Presently he saw the farmer unhitch his oxen from a load of hay, and come toward him.

With kindly words the farmer proffered his assistance, drew him safely to the summit, and without waiting for thanks, departed as he came. Here is a simple act, but mighty in its influence.—The mechanic was humble, acknowledged the purity and power of that religion that could 'bear and forbear,' and has since that time never willingly provoked his friend.

**BE COURTEOUS AT HOME.**—Why not be polite? How much does it cost you to say, 'I thank you?' Why not practise it at home—to your husband, to your children, your domestics?

If a stranger does you some little act of courtesy, how sweet the smiling acknowledgment! If your husband, ah, it is a matter of course—no need of thanks. Should an acquaintance tread on your dress, your best, very best, and by accident tear it, how profuse you are with your 'Never mind—don't think of it—I don't care at all; if a husband does it, he gets a frown—if a child, it is chastised.

'Ah, these are little things,' say you, but they tell mightily upon the heart, let me assure you, little as they are. A gentleman stops at a friend's house and finds it in confusion. He sees nothing for which to apologize, never thinks of such matters. Everything is right—cold supper, cold room, crying children—perfectly comfortable.—Goes home where his wife has been taking care of the sick ones, and working her life almost out:—'Don't see why things can't be kept in order—there never was such cross children before.'

No apologies accepted at home. Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely that golden coin of courtesy? How sweetly they sound, those little words, 'I thank you,' or 'You are very kind!' doubly, yes, thrice sweet from the lips we love, when her smile makes the eye sparkle with the light of affection. Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare, to grow glad at your approach, to bound away to do your pleasure before the request is half spoken? Then with all your dignity and authority mingle politeness; give it a niche in your household temple.—[Christian Treasury.]

**BE FIRM WITH YOUR CHILDREN.**—Child.

'Mother, I want a piece of cake.'

'Mother, I haven't got any; it's all gone.'

C. 'I know there's some in the cupboard; I saw it when you opened the door.'

M. 'Well, you don't need any now; cake hurts children.'

C. 'No it don't; (whining) I do want a piece, mother; mayn't I have a piece?'

M. 'Be still, I can't get up now, I'm busy.'

C. (Crying aloud)—'I want a piece of cake; I want a piece of cake.'

M. 'Be still, I say; I shan't give you a bit if you don't leave off crying.'

C. (Still crying)—'I want a piece of cake I want a piece of cake.'

M. (Rising hastily and reaching a piece)—'There, take that and hold your tongue. Eat it up quick; I hear Ben coming. Now don't tell him you have had any.'

(Ben enters). C. 'I've had a piece of cake; you can't have any.'

Ben. 'Yes, I will; mother, give me a piece.'

M. 'There, take that; it seems as if I never could keep a bit of anything in the house. You see, sir, (to the child), if you get anything another time!'

[Another room]. C. 'I've had a piece of cake.'

Younger sister. 'Oh! I want some, too.'

C. 'Well, you bawl, and mother'll give you a piece. I did.'

**THE DULLNESS OF GREAT MEN.**—Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher; La Fontaine, celebrated for his witty fables; Buffon, the great naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Marmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society, that his friend said of him, after an interview, 'I must go and read his tales, to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him.'

As to Corneille, the greatest dramatist in France, he was completely lost in society—so absent and embarrassed, that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, importing that he never was intelligible but through the mouth of another. Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from that play of words in conversation, which while it sparkles, dies; for Charles II., the wittiest monarch that ever sat on the English throne, was so charmed with the humor of 'Hudibras,' that he caused himself to be introduced, in the character of a private gentleman, to Butler, its author.

The witty king found the author a very dull companion, and was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written so clever a book. Addison, whose classic elegance has long been considered the model of style, was shy and absent in society, preserving, even before a single stranger, stiff and dignified silence. In conversation, Dante was taciturn and satirical. Gray or Alfieri seldom talked or smiled. Rousseau was remarkably trite in conversation; not a word of fancy or eloquence warmed him.—Milton was unsocial, and even irritable, when much pressed by talk of others.

**IRISH ACUTENESS.**—One small (Irish) yarn more, and I'll 'dry up.' You know a soldier has two dresses, full uniform and fatigue; the one blazing with worsted embroidery, t'other dull and sombre-looking. Patrick Hogan, of the Second United States Foot, stationed in the year of grace '56, Tampa Bay, E. F., went forth one day into the wilderness near the barracks, and seating himself beneath a palmetto, essayed to read a small Roman Catholic book called, 'The Words of Jesus, when "zoom!" a yellow-jacket hornet stung him under the left ear.

'It hurt,' and Pat chased the 'fittle animal' for some time, but fruitlessly. Next day, went forth again; same tree; same book; every thing quiet, when buzz! buzz! a large grown beetle came flying up. Pat looked at him, and left. 'Ah, my boy,' said he, 'd'ye think I don't know ye in yer fatigues?'

**THE PAVEMENT OF LONDON.**—The pavement of London is one of the greatest marvels of our time. It covers nearly 3,500 acres, two-thirds whereof consist of what may be called mosaic work, done in plain style, and the other third of smooth-flagging. Such a series of works far transcends in quantity, as it excels in quality, the Appian Way, which was the wonder of ancient Rome, and which would cut but a poor figure as contrasted with one of our commonest streets.

The ancient consular way was but fifteen feet wide in the main, and was filled in with blocks of all shapes and sizes, jointed together and planed only on the surface; the length of its devious course, from north to south of Italy, was under 300 miles. The paved streets of London number over 5,000, and exceed 2,000 miles in length!—[Building News.]

**LADY'S SADDLE RECENTLY INVENTED BY HENRY ADAMS, OF NEW YORK CITY.**—Consists in certain novel arrangements of the saddle horns, which enables a lady, while riding, to sit in a very natural, comfortable, and elegant posture, with both legs hanging close together, instead of having one thrown up to an uncomfortable position, and twisted, as on the common saddles.

It also gives a very firm, easy, and safe seat for riding at a quick speed, and provides a rest for the left leg in riding at a slow speed. It saves the horse from being injured across the loins and on the off side of the wither, reduces the cost of manufacture, lessens the weight, gives beauty and symmetry to the saddle, and places it at a cost very little above the price of men's saddles.—[Scientific American.]

**A PERSIAN TROOPER.**—A Persian on horseback, prepared for war or a journey, is, to the eye, at all events, a formidable personage. He is armed from top to toe; a long gun at his back, a pistol at his waist, another behind a sword at his left, a tremendous dagger, called a kama, at his right, while at his belt dangles an infinity of horns, for various sorts of ammunition—powder for loading, powder for priming balls, &c.

Add to this, a swarthy visage, half hid in a long black beard, a tall cap of lambskin, immense trousers, boots, red or black, to the knee, a shaggy yaponcha on his shoulder, a short chibouk under the flap of his saddle, and the Persian horseman is complete.

**POTATOES PLANTED IN WOOD ASHES.**—About the middle of April, plant them in rows about two feet apart, and about two feet apart in each row—plant the sets whole, putting about two handfuls of wood ashes with each set. Hoe them deep and well. The best and largest yield I have seen this season were grown in this way—soil generally light and sandy. Mr. W. Shaw averaged about twenty-eight to each set, some of the potatoes weighing over sixteen ounces. P. Sidebotham.—[Country Gentleman, October 24.]

**A SHREWD BOY.**—A cabin boy on board a ship the captain of which was a religious man, was called up to be whipped for some misdemeanor. Little Jack went crying and trembling and said to the captain:

'Pray, sir, will you wait till I say my prayers?'

'Yes,' was the stern reply.

'Well, then,' replied Jack, looking up, and smiling triumphantly, 'I'll say them when I get ashore.'

**ENGLISH AND AMERICAN GIRL.**—The English girl rides, walks, drives, rows, runs, &c., &c., and is expected by her guardians and teachers to spend more than half her waking hours in physical exercise. The American girl is forbidden thus to 'waste her time.' The English girl grows into a finely developed woman without 'nerves'; the American girl into a slender, delicate creature, all nerves, and unable to endure the duties of matrimony.