

whether every man is doing right within the bounds of that jurisdiction. And he ought to come up to the First President of the church and consider himself one of his council, and report the situation of the different wards; and he ought to have a book containing full and correct reports from every bishop of the different wards, that when the First President of the church shall say, br. Spencer, in what condition is this or that branch of the church, he may be able at once to give a truthful report. He ought to know all about the high priests, their number and the number of the seventies; where they meet, and what they are about. His eye ought to be through this city like the eye of God, to search the people over whom he is made president; and he ought to know that his counselors are alive and active in the discharge of their duty. I do not know whether he can report so now, or not, but I very much doubt whether he can.

Br. Spencer should come to the First President of the church, and not consider that he is intruding, for he is rightly connected with him. Can a man be intruding when he does those things he has a right to do, and which pertain to his duty? No. Neither can he be intruding by reporting to the First President of the church.

The presiding bishop belongs to the First Presidency of this church, and he ought to know about the situation of each ward, and not merely talk about the people's paying their tithing, for there has been too much mere talking about it already. I would ask, have the people in this city paid their tithing? I sincerely doubt whether one-fourth or even one-eighth, have paid it. It is the duty of the bishop not only to sound his trumpet outside this city but in this city, and learn what persons are deficient in this point, and not cease with merely talking about it. Talking so much and not doing is one of the grand evils; it is not for the bishop to merely talk about the people's paying their tithing and say that they are good fellows, etc., but we want him to *know* that the people pay their tithing, and that they are right; and then come to the First President of the church and tell him those facts, reporting faithfully the situation of all the bishops in the church, and how they stand in their accounts with the general tithing office; and let him gather all the pile together.

If Bishop Hunter waits until the roads are muddy, he may expect to meet with drawbacks and losses, the bins are now as full as they will be. Strike while the iron is hot, is the old adage; but my adage is, strike while the roads are good and while there is grain.

If you wait until after cold weather comes, after the mud comes, and after the people come in hungry, the bins where the wheat is now may be like they were with br. Browning; he had several hundred bushels of tithing wheat, and when we sent for it there were somewhere about forty or fifty bushels; it had wasted; the cats, the goats, the ducks, the rats, the mice, the geese and the ganders all were at work in those bins.

I want the bishop to understand that we want the tithing brought to the store house of God, while it can be brought without delay; not merely to talk about it, but we want the work performed. I tell you that the people in this city do not walk up to their duty on the subject of tithing.

Members of the quorum of the Twelve, when at home, ought to be right about the First President of the church with the power of God that is in them, and communicate some of that light to br. Brigham to comfort him. Do you expect br. Brigham to put fire into the whole of this people, and no man on earth put fire in him and bless him, and give him instruction and information? Must he impart and teach, and teach, and no man tell him anything?

We have missionaries who go out to different parts of this Territory and over the earth, gaining experience and information, but can we get them up here to tell us one single thing they know? No, unless you take them by the back of the neck and the seat of their pantaloons and haul them in sight, making them squeal like a 'possum cat' before you can get anything out of them.

We want you to impart what you know, if you have the light of God, or any information about heaven, earth, or hell. We want you to furnish your share to the fund of information, and not cry, all the day long, give, give, give, without imparting anything to the giver. We want the Twelve, when they are full of the Holy Ghost, to come up and bless us. And if any of you know how to make a good goose yoke, a hog yoke, a good jack-knife, or anything else that is valuable, do not put your hands on your mouths and cry mum.

If you know how to raise wheat, potatoes, or anything else, impart your knowledge, that the light in you may not be hid under a bushel. It is so with almost every person in the church; if they have light they keep it under a bed, or under a bushel; they keep it locked up within their bosoms, and we cannot get it out.

If a man knows anything valuable, we want him to impart his knowledge. We want the President of the Seventies, br. Joseph Young, about us; we do not want him to go on the hill where Lorenzo lived, but we want him to live in the city near br. Brigham, because, if he does not, he will die. Some of br. Joseph's council want to wander off, saying that br. Brigham says they may go. Why? Because they want to go. If the light of God was in them, and the gift of the Holy Ghost, they would know that their place is at head quarters. We want such men to come and be one with the Prophet, and believe and understand for themselves.

If you offend your brother, you have to make reconciliation. You might as well baptize a dog, as baptize a man or woman who will not make reconciliation for the offences they have committed. Some women will say, 'what is the difference, suppose I offend my husband, if I can only lie to br. Brigham, and tell him a first-rate

tale, and make out that my husband is a poor curse? I will get as many blessings as I want from br. Brigham, and from others that I can make believe that I am a good woman.'

I may not have used their words exactly, but those words portray their practices. That woman who offends her husband, if he has on him the power of the priesthood and does right, I would not give a groat for all the blessings she will get from the Holy Ghost. You may as well baptize a dog, or a skunk, as such a woman, until she makes reconciliation with that man of God whom she has offended.

I sometimes talk about the old stereotyped edition of 'Mormons.' Is it that I do not love our old fathers in Israel? No, for I know their labors, toils and anxiety, and I love them; but many of them feel that they have done enough. Men have to be rewarded according to their works; if a man ceases to work, there is no more blessings for him. He is lariatied out, as Orson Pratt lariatied out the Gods, in his theory; his circle is as far as the string extends. My God is not lariatied out.

I do not want the old men to grow dull. Was father Adam dull in his old age, when he blessed his children and predicted what would befall them down to the latest generation? Will a man, fired up by the fire of the Almighty, be dull? No. I do not want the old men to think that they have done enough, but to exert themselves to the last, and not to believe in a God that is lariatied out, nor be lariatied out themselves, and say, 'I have worked ten, fifteen, or twenty-five years, and I do not want to work any more, my rope is long enough now.'

Do not imitate that principle, but keep advancing and advancing in the knowledge of the truth, in the light of the Almighty, which brightens up your intellects, enlightens your minds and makes you feel the fire and power of God Almighty in your earthly tabernacles. We want our fathers in Israel to wake up and bless their children, to bless the young men and the church of God, and let the fire of the Almighty be in them. We want the presiding Patriarch to freely call upon the Prophet, br. Brigham; and we want the heads of the different departments of the kingdom of God to come up and strengthen the hands of the Prophet.

The old men, those men who have been in the church twenty years and more, are ready to run from the man of God that holds the keys of the kingdom of heaven. If you was full of the Holy Ghost you would not do this, but you would be round about us, instead of being all the time with your wives. It is the greatest piece of nonsense that was ever planted in a gentle breast, for a man to tie himself down to be at home day and night with his women. Where would this kingdom go, if br. Brigham and his Counsel were to do so? It would go to hell, across lots, in double quick time. Do not let your wives bind you up with green withes and strong cords as Delilah did Sampson, and make you powerless. Break asunder the cords, the ropes and cables that bind you, and come forth, ye old men, out of your shells, and break your yariats and your stakes, and begin to drink of the fountain of life, with God and his servants.

I might say to the young men wake up from your sleep, that you may have the blessings of God poured out upon you. And if the women want to know what I think of many of them, let them read the 32nd chapter of Isaiah; I had better read part of it for you. 'Rise up ye women that are at ease, hear my voice, ye careless daughters, give ear unto my speech.—Many days and years shall ye be troubled, ye careless women; for the vintage shall fail, the gathering shall not come. Tremble, ye women that are at ease; be troubled, ye careless ones: strip you, and make you bare, and gird sackcloth upon your loins.'

I want to say to many of our old women, and to hundreds and thousands of our young women, that the life of God Almighty is not in you; you are at ease, and careless, and dull, and blind, and you do not understand the rights that God Almighty wishes you to enjoy. I want such women to humble themselves in sackcloth and ashes, until they get the Holy Ghost. I want every mother and daughter in Israel to serve their God, have the light of God in them, instead of pride, foolery, nonsense and every thing that is light and vain. Rise up, ye careless women that are asleep in Zion, and betake yourselves to mourning and lamenting before God, until the light of heaven shall shine upon you, until the light of God shall chase away your pride, and your abomination, and your sins, and be round about you, and until the eye of heaven smiles upon you and blesses you forever. I want you to be blest and saved, that your children may rise up and be blest. I want the women to understand that there is something in Zion for them to do, instead of going to sleep. There is a work upon you; you have made covenants and sacred obligations, as well as the men, and we want you not to falsify those obligations, but to keep the law of your husbands and listen to them, and know that they are your head.

A man is a president to his family. If the church has a head, which is Christ, then is the man the head of his family. Some men are not the heads of their families, but their wives walk on them, their daughters walk on them, and their sons walk on them, and they are as the soles of their shoes.

Talk of some men's being the heads of their families. It makes me think of the old deacon that went to teach a man and his wife who were quarrelsome; said he, 'do you not know that you and your husband are one flesh?' 'You don't say that, do you, deacon?' 'Yes, the Lord has made you one.' 'Lord God,' said she, 'if you were to pass by here when me and my old man are quarreling, you would think there were fifty of us.' This is often the case in Israel; instead of the men's being the heads of their families, they are as sole leather under their feet.

I want the women to understand, when they

have a good husband, one that does his duty, that he is president over them, and that they have made covenants to abide the law of that husband.—Talk about women's leaving their husbands! I would be far from taking a woman that would leave a good man. A woman that wants to climb up to Jesus Christ, and pass by the authorities between her and him, is a stink in my nostrils. I have large nostrils, and I often talk about smelling, for my olfactory nerves are very sensitive. I want women to know their places and do their duty; but there is a low, stinking pride in a woman that wants to leave a good husband to go to another. What does it matter where you are, if you do your duty? Being in one man's family or the other man's family is not going to save you, but doing your duty before your God is what will save you.

Because I am one of the counsel of the First President, will that save me? No, but if I am saved, I shall be saved because I do my duty as a man of God. Shall a man be saved because of some particular quorum to which he belongs, or a woman be saved because she is in some particular family? No, that is foolery. Men and women are saved because they do right. It is nonsense for a woman to suppose, that because she is sealed to some particular man she will be saved, and at the same time kick up hell's delight, play the whore, and indulge in other evil acts and abominations.

Even some mothers in Israel actually suppose that if their daughters are sealed to a certain man they will be saved, no matter what they do afterwards. That is damned foolery; and I want men and women to understand that salvation is based on a better foundation, that it is made up of righteousness, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost.

We want you to understand that the power of the Holy Ghost should be in you. We want fathers, mothers, sons, daughters and the whole church renovated and made one. Do you suppose that I can be saved by standing alone, or that br. Heber can, or by attempting to use our apostleship independent of br. Brigham? We have sense enough to know that we have no power, only as we are one with him. Or can the Twelve, or any one else, have any power, only as they are one with br. Brigham? No. In the same way no woman can be right, only that woman who is one in spirit with her husband. We should all be one in understanding, in power, in the gift of God and in the light of the gospel, and do right all the time. May God Almighty wake up the fathers, the mothers, the sons and the daughters, and bless you all and keep you in the path of your duty and save you in the name of Jesus Christ.—Amen.

#### Murderer Convicted by a Horse.

William Paterson was tried at Raleigh, Shelby county, Tennessee, for the murder of Thomas Merriweather, a young planter of Mississippi.—The incidents developed upon the trial were of the most romantic nature; and the evidence, although circumstantial, made out a clear case of one of the most revolting murders 'to be found in the chronicles of guilt.' There was one point in the case, about which along there could be said to be doubt, and this point was met by the evidence afforded by the horse of Mr. Merriweather.

In order to understand this, we must state, by the law of Tennessee, the criminal court of Memphis has criminal jurisdiction of all crimes committed in the 5th, 13th, and 14th civil districts of said county. The circuit court of Shelby county had criminal jurisdiction in the 12th and other civil districts of the county.

The prisoner was indicted in the circuit court at Raleigh, and the murder was alleged to have been committed in the 12th district. The dividing line between the 12th and 13th district was the road leading from Memphis to Hernado. If the crime was committed in the 13th civil district, the court of Raleigh had no jurisdiction, and the prisoner would have to be acquitted.

The deceased was found some forty or fifty steps from the Hernado road. The witness stated that the body, as he thought, had been dragged there from the road, hence the doubt whether the murder took place in the 12th or 13th civil district.

At this critical point, the counsel betook them of certain marvellous and novel conduct of the noble horse which had been referred to, which had come to their knowledge in conversation with the witnesses. The known instinct of animals has, from time immemorial, been esteemed in the law as among the sources of evidence by which the dearest rights of liberty and property have been determined.

Testimony as to these facts was proposed to be submitted on behalf of the State, but was stoutly opposed by the prisoner's counsel, who knew its overwhelming force. The learned judge overruled the objections and admitted the testimony.

It had been proved in the course of the trial that about eight o'clock on the Sunday following that on which the deceased and prisoner left Mr. Hammel's, a gentleman coming towards Memphis, met the horse proven to have been Mr. Merriweather's, on the road, about two thousand yards from the scene of murder, and south of the same, galloping at full speed in the direction of Hernado, and appearing to be exceedingly frightened; with difficulty the gentleman intercepted and caught him. The gentleman finding the animal almost uncontrollable from fright, had some difficulty in retaining the rein until a young man came forward and claimed him.

The young man who claimed the horse was recognised by the gentleman at the trial, as the prisoner at the bar. He came forward, said the gentleman, claimed the horse, thanked him gracefully for catching him, mounted and drove hurriedly off in the direction of Hernado. The facts here submitted to the jury in reference to the wonderful instincts, are these:

It will be remembered the noble animal in question was of extraordinary intelligence, and

greatly attached to his master, whom he was in the habit of following about whenever he would come to the pasture or the farm yard where the horse was. Several months after the prisoner had been committed to jail under indictment, William Merriweather, accompanied by a number of gentlemen, witnesses in the case, came up from their homes in Mississippi to attend the trial.

William Merriweather was riding the horse of the deceased brother, which had by this time been recovered in the family. The journey lay along the Hernado road, and by the spot where the body had been found. About two hundred yards before the party reached the scene of the murder, the horse upon which William Merriweather was mounted, began to exhibit symptoms of alarm, and his intractable conduct much surprised his rider and the gentlemen who were with him.

There was no apparent cause of alarm, and the several other horses of the party brayed none.—His agitation increased as the party approached the fatal spot; and when they reached a point in the road opposite to it, the excitement of the horse rose to so furious a pitch that he became almost unmanageable.

The whole party now checked their horses, and for a moment regarded the strange conduct of the horse with profound astonishment. His flesh quivered—his nostril distended, and his eye glancing into the wood where his noble master had met his horrible fate—he stood for a moment, snorting and neighing—a sublime picture of the wildest excitement. One of the party suggested to Mr. Merriweather to give him the rein that, meanwhile, had been tightly drawn.

This was done, and instantly the noble animal rushed into the wood, and down to the identified tree under which the body had been found, and commenced pawing its root. After a moment he trotted out further into the wood, and, after making a semi-circle in his course, returned to the same spot, and there stood neighing, trembling, and pawing until he was forced away. Similar exhibitions were made by the horse a number of times afterwards in passing the spot.

At this startling development in the testimony, a thrill of feeling ran through the court-room like an electric shock. Thus 'ar the proof had traced out the history of this mysterious murder with a certainty too fearful to be doubted; and had pointed to the pallid youth who sat in the prisoner's dock as the guilty agent thereof.—Justice, tempered even with an unstrained mercy, seemed impatient for the sacrifice, when the strong arm of the law interposed in its might and majesty to shield him.

The venue unproven, or even in doubt, would have left to the tribunal of justice no other alternative than to bid him to go out again a free wanderer upon the earth, with the blood and guilt thick upon him. But the God who 'marketh the sparrow when he falls,' in his inscrutable providence, had yet in reserve an eloquent witness against him—whose faithful heart was steel to the wiles of the corrupter, and whose testimony fell upon the astounded ears of the jury, as

'Confirmation strong  
As proof of holy writ.'

No blood had ever been seen on the road—and no appearance of any struggle there. If the killing had been done in the road, the horse, whose rapid flight and wild fright must have been occasioned instantly by the death struggle, would have known nothing of the tree in the wood.

The scene was pictured before the minds of the jury—as if typed by the glorious art of Daguerre; the decoy into the wood—the robber's demand for gold or blood—the death struggle at the tree—and the instincts were destined to vindicate, as if by a miracle, the unerring certainty of retributive justice; and thus the venue was proven—thus the doom of the prisoner was sealed, and thus

A pebble in the streamlet  
Hath turned the course of many a river;  
A dew drop on the baby plant  
Hath warped the giant oak forever.

The verdict of the jury was, that the prisoner was guilty, and sentence of death was pronounced against him, which was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life, in the State Penitentiary.

In that gloomy catacomb of human hearts and hopes, where time is as eternity, and by a sense of liberty lost, William Paterson now expiates his dreadful crime.—[Germantown Telegraph.]

RUSSIAN DIAPERS.—WHERE AND HOW MADE.—It may not be generally known that this useful article of manufacture, an enormous quantity of which is annually introduced into this country, is not fabricated in regular manufacturing establishments, but is exclusively the work of the peasantry, many of them of the poorest class. It is woven by hand labor, in families scattered over the empire, principally in the winter season, when there must be a cessation of out door employment. Some families manufacture but one or two pieces a season, others twenty or thirty. The quality does not materially differ. They are carried to the nearest populous town and sold to a trader, who packs them in bales and transports them to St. Petersburg, or some other seaport, where they are again sold for exportation.

THE FIRST BOTTLES.—The first glass bottles manufactured in this country were produced at Germantown, off Quincy Point, the location of the Sailor's Snug Harbor. They were a huge, awkward shaped thing, and bear date of 1786. They compare with the modern article very much as a 'straight' Quaker lady with a full-dressed fashionable on Washington street. A few of these bottles are now preserved by antiquarians as curiosities. They were very good however in their day. Nevertheless, as an enterprise, the bottle business failed; and the worthy proprietor, an English gentleman of cash and ambition, retired in a state of mortification and poverty.—[Boston Bee.]