

## REMARKS

By President BRIGHAM YOUNG, Logan, Cache valley, June 10, 1860.

[REPORTED BY G. D. WATT.]

I contemplate the scenes before me with great satisfaction, and feel gratified with the privilege of seeing so many, in this far off land, assembled to worship the King of kings and Lord of hosts.

Some of us first heard the gospel in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Italy, etc., etc.; and it is very interesting to see people gathered from so many of the nations of the earth, with their different customs and traditions, associating with a kind, filial feeling no where else to be found. This is a people that begins to bring forth the fruits the Lord designed in the creation of man. This mixed people dwell together on the most friendly terms and with brotherly feelings, still we need and expect to have more of this brotherly feeling. The seed is sown, and the plant is growing. The kingdom the Lord has commenced will continue to increase, and no power on the earth can hinder it.

It is highly interesting to see people from so many nations joining hearts and hands to build cities, gather the poor, preach the gospel, cultivate the earth, and do whatsoever is necessary to be done to accomplish what the Lord designed in the beginning of this creation. What is the cause of this? Is it because brother Joseph Smith, the Prophet, had influence superior to any other man to call the people together in his day, and unite their feelings and affections? He had no more power than any other man, only as it was given to him. Is there a man now living who has power over the feelings and affections of the nations of the earth, to call any portion of them together and make them of one heart and mind? No, only as he receives power from the same source from which the Prophet received it.

Into whatever neighborhood you go, throughout these valleys in the mountains, amid the great variety of nationalities with all their different habits and traditions, you find the warmest affection, pervading the people, to be found upon the earth. With all our weaknesses and imperfections, there is more brotherly kindness here than in any other country. What power produces this result? It is the work of the invisible hand of that Being we call our Father and God, who frames the worlds, holds them in existence, and places his intelligent beings upon them, giving those beings their agency, and placing good and evil, light and darkness, bitter and sweet, righteousness and sin before them, that they may have an opportunity to exhibit the intelligence he has bestowed upon them. He preserves them in existence, and governs and controls the planetary systems. His power fills the immensity of space, without bounds, without beginning, and without end. The principle of eternal life brought us here.

Many ideas are presented to my mind, among them, what are the wants of the people in this place? As yet you have no houses, no fences, and no saw and grist mills, for which reason I will take the liberty of giving you a little information and instruction in regard to your temporal affairs. While at Franklin, we ordained br. Preston Thomas, agreeable to the wish of the people, Bishop of that place; and I think that each settlement in this valley now has a Bishop. You have Br. Benson, one of the Twelve, residing here to encourage, dictate, counsel, and instruct you. You also have br. Peter Maughan, who is an experienced man, for your presiding Bishop. We have been acquainted with br. Maughan for many years, and I will say a few words about him. If he has enough vanity to cause my remarks to make any difference in his feelings or actions, I shall learn something about him that I have not yet learned. In 1840 we commenced our systematic emigration from England, in which br. Maughan assisted; that was my first acquaintance with him. He visited us in Liverpool for instructions, and from my first acquaintance with him till now I have found him as straight and correct in his business transactions as any man that I have ever known to assist in any branch of business in this church. He is a man that I think much of in regard to his integrity, honesty, and judgment in counseling. He has always been as willing to receive counsel as any man I have ever known in this church, and to obey that counsel with as few words. We wish to have him take the supervision of all the Bishops in this valley; let them be under his dictation, and we will settle with him at the General Tithing Office.

Br. Maughan has br. Benson for one of his counselors, and probably he will choose me for the other, and, if we all do right, I think the brethren will be pretty well satisfied with their presiding officers.

I have not discovered in this valley any soil fit for making adobies. What are you going to build with? Log buildings do not make a sightly city. We would like to see buildings that are ornamental, and pleasing to the eye, as well as convenient and commodious. We wish to see cities that are an ornament to the country. In G. S. L. City nearly all the buildings are made of adobies, and I do not fancy their appearance, unless they are neatly finished. They are the driest and healthiest houses that can be built, unless it is a frame house. I have an objection to frame houses in this country, and always have had, on account of our very dry weather's rendering wood so very inflammable; I consider them dangerous. Whereas an adobie, stone, or brick house may have a room or part of a room burnt, with far less danger of setting the whole house on fire.

I remember, when I was quite young, painting a commodious frame house built for a tavern. It was nearly completed when it took fire from a little oil a workman was boiling in the cellar kitchen, to use in finishing the inside work. Two or three women rescued their bonnets and shawls, and an old clock was removed, which were all the articles that were saved. Had that been a properly built adobie house, it would not have been burned. Still I am going to recommend that you use timber in building in this valley. It costs as much in G. S. L. City to make the foundation for a good adobie house, as it would to build a comfortable house, of the same size, of lumber.

I recommend the brethren in this valley to erect saw mills, and prepare to build with lumber. They are the cheapest and best houses I can think of under your circumstances. I do not wish the brethren to cut all the timber to put it into log houses. Erect saw mills and make lumber, which will be far better than building log houses. We have no timber to waste. We should save our timber, and make buildings that will look better than log houses, and at the same time be easier and quicker built.

You will be obliged to make pole fences for the present, which can be made to answer until you can make post and board fences. And, as soon as possible, if you can find good rock, build stone fences. When we get to making iron, we can have wire fences which are very durable and cheap.

As this is the county seat, complete, as soon as you can, a house that will answer, for the present, for a meeting house, school house, and for the transaction of county business.

We know that you labor diligently; and we only regret, in the working department, that you cannot make loafers and horse thieves work as hard as you do. Have you neighbors who harbor horse thieves, whose sons are horse thieves? You are here commencing anew. The soil, the air, the water are all pure and healthy, do not suffer them to become polluted with wickedness. Strive to preserve the elements from being contaminated by the filthy, wicked conduct and sayings of those who pervert the intelligence God has bestowed upon the human family.

Does the Lord rule and reign on the earth? He controls the results of the acts of all the nations of the earth, but does he rule supreme in the hearts of all people? He does not. Where can he reign on the earth? If you can find a place where wicked men are not, there is a place where the Lord can reign. Man was appointed to rule and have dominion over the earth, under his Creator: but where the wickedness of man is the Lord does not reign by the power of his Spirit. He partially reigns in the hearts of his Saints. He brings forth the results of the acts of all nations, but does not dictate them in their acts.

Keep your valley pure; keep your towns as pure as you possibly can; keep your hearts pure; and labor what you can consistently, but not so as to injure yourselves. Be faithful in your religion. Be full of love and kindness toward each other.

Secure yourselves against depredations and attacks by Indians. Raise stock and take care of it; and keep it from being stolen either by Indians or whites, that you may do good with it. Be at all times prepared to successfully resist Indian hostility. Keep minute men ready, that they can be in the saddle and off on short notice—enough to protect your settlement.

Hearken continually to the whispering of the Spirit of the Lord, and you will hearken to those who are appointed to guide and direct you in all your duties.

May God bless the Saints here and everywhere. Peace be with you. Amen.

## Dignity.

Dignity is essentially a slow thing. Agility of mind, no less than of body, befits it not. Rapid processes of thought, quick turns of feeling—a host of the little arts and characteristics which give interest to composition—have too much of the nimble and mercurial about them.

A harlequin in ceaseless motion is undignified; a chief justice, sitting very still on the bench and scarcely moving, save his hands and head, is tolerably dignified; the King of Siam at a state pageant, sitting in a gallery in a sumptuous dress, and so immovable, even to his eyes, that foreign ambassadors have doubted whether he were not a wax figure, is very dignified; but the most dignified of all, in the belief of millions of people of extraordinary stupidity, was the Hindoo deity Brahm, who through innumerable ages remained in absolute quiescence, never stirring, and never doing anything whatever.

So here, I thought is the key of the mystery. There is a general prepossession that slowness has more dignity than agility; and a particular application of this general prepossession leads to a common belief, sometimes grossly absurd, sometimes without reason, that dullness is a dignified thing.—[“Dignity of Dullness,” in Fraser's Magazine.]

IRELAND CLAIMS ANOTHER PATRIOT.—A Limerick paper says:—The famous Garibaldi is of Irish extraction. His grandfather was engaged in the troubles of 1798, and emigrated to Italy. His name was Garret Baldwin—changed to Garibaldi, and his residence was on the borders of the county of Limerick, but in the county of Cork.

## GROWING OLD.

There is much of truth and real knowledge of human life in the following, from Fraser's Magazine, printed in Edinburgh, Scotland. Age is only to be deprecated when the opportunities a long life has afforded for doing good have passed away and, in the language of another, “vice appears to prevail after the passions have subsided;” but to the aged whose benevolent acts have shone forth all along life's pathway, we irresistibly award the reverence due:

It is very easy, in one sense, to grow old. You have but to sit still and do nothing, and time passing over you will make you old. But to grow old wisely and genially, is one of the most difficult tasks to which a human being can ever set himself. It is very hard to make up your mind to it.

Some men grow old, struggling and recalcitrating, dragged along against their will, clinging to each birthday as the drowning man catches at an overhanging bough.

Some folk grow old, gracefully and fittingly.

I think that, as a general rule, the people who least reluctantly grow old are worthy men and women, who see their children growing up into all that is good and admirable, with equal steps to those by which they feel themselves to be growing downward. A better, nobler, and happier self, they think, will take their place; and in all the successes, honor, and happiness of that new self, they can feel a purer and worthier pride than they ever felt in their own. But the human being who has no one to represent him when he is gone will naturally wish to put off the time of his going as long as may be.

It seems to be a difficult thing to hit the medium between clinging foolishly to youth, and making an affected parade of age. Entire naturalness upon this subject appears to be very hard of attainment.

You know how many people, men as well as women, pretend to be younger than they really are. I have found various motives lead to this pretence. I have known men, distinguished at a tolerably early age in some walk of intellectual exertion, who in announcing their age (which they frequently did without any necessity) were wont to deduct three or five years from the actual tale, plainly with the intention of making their talent and skill more remarkable, by adding the element of these being developed at a wonderfully early stage of life. They wished to be recognized as infant phenomena.

To be an eloquent preacher is always an excellent thing; but how much more wonderful if the preacher be no more than twenty two or twenty three. To repeat the Battle of Hohenlieden is a worthy achievement, but the foolish parent pats his child's head with special exultation, as he tells you that his child, who has just repeated that popular poem, is no more than two years old. It is not improbable that the child's real age is two years and eleven months. It is very likely that the preacher's real age is twenty eight.

I remember hearing of a certain clerical person, who, presuming on a very youthful aspect, gave himself out as twenty four, when in fact he was thirty. I happened accidentally to see the register of that individual's baptism, which took place five years before the period at which he said he was born. The fact of this document's existence was made known to the man, by way of correcting his singular mistake. He saw it; but he clung to the fond delusion; and a year or two afterwards I read with much amusement in a newspaper some account of a speech made by him, into which account was incorporated an assurance that the speech was the more remarkable, inasmuch as the youthful orator was no more than twenty four!

Very, very contemptible, you say; and I entirely agree with you. And, apart from the dishonesty, I do not think that judicious people will value very highly the crude fruit which has been forced to a certain ripeness before its time.

Let us have the mature thing. Give us intellectual beef rather than intellectual veal. In the domain of poetry, great things have occasionally been done at a very early age; for you do not insist upon sound and judicious views of life in poetry. For plain sense and practical guidance, you go elsewhere. But in every other department of literature, the value of a production is in direct proportion to the amount of the experience which it embodies.

A man can speak with authority only of that which he has himself felt and known. A man cannot paint portraits till he has seen faces. And all feeling, and most moods of mind will be very poorly described by one who takes his notion of them at second hand.

When you are very young yourself, you may read with sympathy the writings of very young men; but when you have reached maturity, and learned by experience the details and realities of life, you will be conscious of a certain indefinable want in such writings. And I do not know that this defect can be described more definitely than by saying that the entire thing is veal, not beef. You have the immature animal. You have the “berries harsh and crude.” But long after the period at which it is possible to assume the position of the infant phenomena, you still find many men anxious to represent themselves as a good deal younger than they are.

To the population of Britain generally, ten years elapse before one census is followed by the next; but some persons, in these ten years, grow no more than two or three years older.

Let me confess to an extreme abhorrence of such men. Their conduct affects me with an indescribable disgust. I dislike it more than many things which in themselves are probably more evil morally. Such men are, in the essential meaning of the word, *humbugs*. They are shams; impostures; false pretences. They are an embodied falsehood; their very personality is a lie; and you don't know what about them may next prove to be a deception.

Looking at a man who says he is forty three, when, in fact, he is above sixty, I suspect him all over. I am in doubt whether his hair, his teeth, his eyes, are real. I do not know whether that breadth of chest be the development of manly bone and muscle, or the skillful padding of the tailor. I am not sure how much is the man, and how much the work of his valet. I suspect that his whiskers and moustache are dyed. I look at his tight boots, and think how they must be tormenting his poor old corny feet. I admire his affected buoyancy of manner, and think how the miserable creature must collapse when he finds himself alone, and is no longer compelled by the presence of company to put himself on the stretch, and carry on that wretched acting.

And when I have heard (long ago) such a one, with a hideous gloating relish, telling a profane or indecent story; or instilling cynical and impious notions of life and things into the minds of young lads; or (more disgusting still) using phrases of double meaning in the presence of innocent young women, and enjoying their innocent ignorance of his sense; I have thought that I was beholding as degraded phase of human nature as you will find on the face of this sinful world.

Oh venerable age; gray, wise, kindly sympathetic; before which I shall never cease reverently to bend, respecting even what I may (wrongly perhaps) esteem your prejudices; that you should be caricatured and degraded in that foul, old leering satyr! And if there be a thing on earth that disgusts one more than even the thought of the animal himself, it is to think of ministers of religion (prudently pious) who will wait meekly in his ante-chamber and sit humbly at his table, because he is an earl or a duke.

But though all this be so, there is a sense in which I interpret the clinging to youth, in which there is nothing contemptible about it, but much that is touching and pleasing. I abominate the padded, rouged, dyed old sham; but I heartily respect the man or woman, pen-sive and sad, as some little circumstance has impressed upon them the fact that they are growing old.

A man or woman is a fool who is indignant at being called the old lady or the old gentleman when these phrases state the truth; but there is nothing foolish or unworthy when some such occurrence brings it home to us, with something of a shock, that we are no longer reckoned among the young, and that the innocent and impressionable days of childhood (so well remembered) are beginning to be far away.

We are drawing nearer, we know, to certain solemn realities of which we speak much and feel little; the undiscovered country (humbly sought through the pilgrimage of life) is looming in the distance before us. We feel that life is not long, and is not commonplace, when it is regarded as the portal to eternity. And probably nothing will bring back the season of infancy and early youth upon any thoughtful man's mind so vividly as the sense that he is growing old. How short a time since then.

You look at your great brown hand. It seems like yesterday since a boy-companion (gray now) tried to print your name upon the little paw, and there was not room. You remember it (is it five-and-twenty years since?) as it looked when laid on the head of a friendly dog, two or three days before you found him poisoned and died; and helped, not without tears, to bury him in the garden under an apple tree. You see, as plainly as if you saw it now, his brown eye, as it looked at you in life for the last time. And as you feel these things, you quite unaffectedly and sincerely put off, time after time, the period at which you will accept it as a fact that you are old.

Twenty eight, thirty, thirty five, forty eight, mark years on reaching which you will still feel yourself young; many men honestly think that sixty five or sixty eight is the prime of life. A less amiable accompaniment of this pleasing belief is often found in a disposition to call younger men (and not very young) boys. I have heard that word uttered in a very spiteful tone, as though it were a name of great reproach.

There are few epithets which I have ever heard applied to a manner betokening greater bitterness than that of a clever lad. You remember how Sir Robert Walpole hurled the charge of youth against Pitt. You remember how Pitt (or Dr. Johnson for him) defended himself with great force of argument against the imputation. Possibly in some cases envy is at the root of the matter. Not every man has the magnanimity of Sir Bulwer Lytton, who tells us so frankly and so often how much he would like to be young again if he could.

A PREACHER CORRECTED.—Some years ago Mr. Kidwell was preaching to a large audience in a wild part of Illinois, and announced as his text—“In my father's house are many mansions.” He had scarcely read the words when an old coon stood up and said:—“I tell you, folks, that's a lie! I know his father well. He lives fifteen miles from Lexington, in old Kentucky, in an old log cabin, and there ain't but one room in the house.”