

THE OLD WORLD, seems to be having a severe visitation just now, from three of God's heaviest scourges,—war, pestilence and famine. The bloodiest war of which the records of civilization, since the Christian era commenced,—that between France and Prussia, is scarcely brought to a close, before the dread cry of famine comes from Persia, and if the accounts received from that part of the world be true, the sufferings now being endured by the unfortunate people of the province of Khorassan for want of food, surpass anything known in history for centuries.

And now, still another horror comes, in the shape of cholera, and this terrible plague is spreading, having advanced from Russia, where its ravages have been severe, to Poland, and Germany, and finally to Hull, in England, having been brought thither by German emigrant ships, bound for the United States. The alarm caused in Britain is so great that rigorous measures have been instituted by the authorities respecting the admission into their ports of vessels from the ports of Eastern Europe.

The people this side of the water have great cause for thankfulness in their complete immunity from all these evils, and in the prospect before them for future peace and plenty; but there is cause for alarm regarding cholera. This scourge has visited this country several times, and its effects have been severely felt; and as emigrants in such vast numbers are continually reaching our shores from Europe, they can as easily import cholera into New York or some other eastern port, as into Hull. Happily, strict sanitary regulations generally check its ravages, wherever it manifests itself; and in view of the very serious danger to the country which its advent threatens, it is very desirable that whatever measures science may indicate as most likely to prevent its appearance or check its progress may be speedily adopted and vigorously enforced by the authorities.

THE highly popular and fashionable Brooklyn preacher, the Rev. Henry W. Beecher, is taking a vacation of a few weeks from his clerical labors; and during his absence his pulpit will be occupied, occasionally or wholly, by his son-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Schoville, of Cheango County, New York. Mr. Schoville is a talented man, but unlike his father-in-law is but little known to fame. In a sermon, preached a week yesterday, in Beecher's church, he took for his text the second verse of the nineteenth chapter of John's gospel: "He bowed his head and gave up the Ghost." The following paragraph in relation to the Rev. gentleman's effort is from the New York Herald of the following day:

"His discourse was upon the crucifixion of Christ and the wickedness of the people past and present, and this subject was very ably handled. The character of the Savior, the purpose of His coming to the earth and the whole object of His being was shown by His death. He was crucified by a wicked, sinful class, who would not believe that He was the son of God, but in His death was found the test of His divine character. The reverend gentleman thought that the people of the present time are just as wicked as they were in the days of the crucifixion, and are bad enough to take the life of Jesus if He was living now. If a Pontius Pilate was wanted now he could easily be found. And in his opinion there were many who, if they would not kill Jesus themselves, would for a little gain, sanction it. The life of Jesus was perfectly consistent from His cradle to His grave, and yet there were men now who doubted that He was a divine being. They were all Thomases, always doubting, and would do the same at the present time as was done at the crucifixion."

From the above it will be seen that Mr. Schoville's prospects for popularity are not very bright: he speaks too plainly and tells too much truth. To secure fame and wealth as a preacher, a man must pander to the infidel tendencies of the age, reprove sin very lightly or not at all and be on good terms, and cry hail fellow, well met, with the world the flesh and the devil generally. This is the secret of the success of most of the popular preachers of the day; for the present age is so self-righteous and pharisaical that no matter how much talent a divine may possess, he need not hope to make it very profitable unless he thus unworthily use it.

REMARKS.

By President BRIGHAM YOUNG,
at Logan, Sunday, July

23rd 1871.

REPORTED BY MISS JULIA YOUNG.

WHILE Brother George A. Smith was referring to the circumstance of Wm. Miller going to Carthage, it brought to my mind reflections of the past. Perhaps to relate the circumstances as it occurred would be interesting.

I do not profess to be much of a joker, but I do think this to be one of the best jokes ever perpetrated. By the time we were at work in the Nauvoo Temple, officiating in the ordinances, the mob had learned that "Mormonism" was not dead, as they had supposed. We had completed the walls of the temple, and the attic story from about half way up of the first windows, in about fifteen months. It went up like magic, and we commenced officiating in the ordinances. Then the mob commenced to hunt for other victims; they had already killed the Prophets Joseph and Hyrum in Carthage jail, while under the pledge of the State for their safety, and now they wanted Brigham, the President of the Twelve Apostles, who were then acting as the Presidency of the Church.

I was in my room in the temple; it was in the south-east corner of the upper story. I learned that a posse was lurking around the temple and that the United States Marshal was waiting for me to come down, whereupon I knelt down and asked my Father in Heaven, in the name of Jesus, to guide and protect me that I might live to prove advantageous to the Saints. Just as I arose from my knees and sat down in my chair, there came a rap at my door. I said, "come in;" and Bro. George D. Grant, who was then engaged driving my carriage and doing chores for me, entered the room. Said he, "Brother Young, do you know that a posse and the United States Marshal are here." I told him I had heard so. On entering the room Brother Grant left the door open. Nothing came into my mind what to do, until looking directly across the hall I saw Brother William Miller leaning against the wall. As I stepped towards the door I beckoned to him; he came. Said I to him, "Brother William, the Marshal is here for me; will you go and do just as I tell you? If you will, I will serve them a trick." I knew that Brother Miller was an excellent man, perfectly reliable and capable of carrying out my project. Said I, "here, take my cloak;" but it happened to be Brother Heber C. Kimball's; our cloaks were alike in color, fashion and size. I threw it around his shoulders and told him to wear my hat and accompany Brother George D. Grant. He did so. I said to Brother Grant, "George, you step into the carriage and look towards Brother Miller, and say to him, as though you were addressing me, 'Are you ready to ride?' You can do this and they will suppose Brother Miller to be me, and proceed accordingly," which they did.

Just as Brother Miller was entering the carriage the Marshal stepped up to him and placing his hand upon his shoulder, said, "You are my prisoner." Brother William entered the carriage and said to the Marshal, "I am going to the Mansion House, won't you ride with me?" They both went to the Mansion House. There were my sons Joseph A., Brigham, Jr. and Bro. Heber C. Kimball's boys, and others who were looking on, and all seemed at once to understand and partake of the joke. They followed the carriage to the Mansion House and gathered around Brother Miller, with tears in their eyes, saying "Father, or President Young, where are you going?" Brother Miller looked at them kindly, but made no reply; and the Marshal really thought he had got "Brother Brigham."

Lawyer Edmonds, who was then staying at the Mansion House, and, appreciating the joke, volunteered to brother Miller to go to Carthage with him and see him safe through. When they arrived within two or three miles of Carthage, the Marshal with his posse stopped. They arose in their carriages, buggies and wagons, and, like a tribe of Indians going into battle, or as if they were a pack of demons, yelling and shouting, they exclaimed, "We've got him; we've got him! we've got him!" When they reached Carthage the Marshal took the supposed Brigham into an upper room of the hotel, and placed a guard over him, at the same time telling those around that he had got him. Brother Miller remained in the room until they bid him come to supper. While there, parties came in, one after the other, and asked for Brigham. Brother Miller was pointed out to them. So it continued, until an apostate Mormon, by the name of Thatcher, who had lived in Nauvoo, came in, sat down and asked the landlord where Brigham Young was. The landlord, pointing across the table to Brother Miller said, "That is Mr. Young." Thatcher replied, "Where? I can't see any one that looks like Brigham." The landlord told him it was that fat, fleshy man eating. "Oh, hell!" exclaimed Thatcher, "that's not Brigham, that is Wm. Miller, one of my old neighbors." Upon hearing this the landlord went and, tapping the sheriff on the shoulder, took him a few steps to one side and said, "You have made a mistake, that is not Brigham Young, it is Wm. Miller, of Nauvoo." The Marshal,

very much astonished, exclaimed, "Good heavens! and he passed for Brigham." He then took Bro. Miller into a room, and turning to him said, "What in hell is the reason you did not tell me your name?" Bro. Miller replied, "You have not asked me my name?" "Well," said the Sheriff, with another oath, "What is your name?" "My name," he replied, "is William Miller." Said the Marshal, "I thought your name was Brigham Young. Do you say this for a fact?" "Certainly I do," said Bro. Miller. "Then," said the Marshal, "Why did you not tell me this before?" "I was under no obligations to tell you," replied Bro. Miller, "as you did not ask me." Then the Marshal, in a rage, walked out of the room, followed by Bro. Miller, who walked off in company with lawyer Edmonds, Sheriff Backenstos and others, who took him across lots to a place of safety; and this is the real pith of the story of "Bogus" Brigham, as far as I can recollect.

In a recent lecture delivered by Mrs. Stanton in San Francisco, she made the following remarks, which are so full of sterling common sense that we recommend every lady, young or old, into whose hands they may fall, to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" every one of them:

We must educate our daughters. First. To regard their own lives and bodies and the laws which govern them. Second. Their duties as parents. Third. Their duties as citizens. Fourth. To supply life with its luxuries and fopperies. But now we reverse this order. Our daughters learn music and worsted, and

SILLY ARTS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS, but not a thought or word is given to their development as wives, as mothers, or as citizens. We who have reached and passed middle life cannot do much in this matter to remedy it as concerns ourselves; but we can for our children—so train and teach them that their coming lives will fill grand positions in their various spheres. I would have mothers feel that their daughters have full and equal rights in all things with their brothers, and that they are entitled to be so considered in the world's opinion. It is a divine right of woman that she may do, and do rightly, whatever it is right that a man may do. Horace Greeley has said that what we want is

SIXTY THOUSAND GOOD COOKS, instead of sixty thousand men voters. Well, I know we do, and I propose that we educate the men to do it. [Applause and laughter.] Men are adapted to this work. They can stand any amount of heat. They don't mind any amount of smoke. A dozen of them will get together, and smoke a room so full that you can't see across it. They like smoke, and cooking will give them plenty of it. Men are the best cooks. Now, the best book on cooking ever written was written by a man. The quickest cooking I ever knew of was by a man on shipboard. He only had one spoon, which he would dip into everything, and, between flavors, he would lick it. A woman wouldn't have done that; she would have dirtied a dozen towels and consumed vastly more time. But, in sober earnest, we must reverse the modern education of our daughters. Our girls must be taught first their own happiness; that their womanhood was the first consideration, wifehood and motherhood were mere

INCIDENTS OF THEIR LIVES.

The preservation of their own womanhood was the one prime object of their lives. As it is now, we look up to wives and mothers, and down upon womanhood. This is wrong. Our daughters are nouns—not adjectives. I have a reverence for such women as Harriet Hosmer, for Susan B. Anthony, and for the host of women who have done great things in this world, even though they have not borne any children. Are there no children except the children of the flesh? Are there no children of the brain? Ah! a higher civilization than this will realize that a grand thought, a grand idea is worthy of its homage and its admiration. We must educate our girls that they are independent; that in the society of the refined they may be happy; that they may live peaceful, glorious lives, and take high seats in heaven.

WITHOUT EVER SEEING A MAN.

The idea that woman is weak inherently, is a grand mistake. She is physically weak, because she neglects her baths—because she violates every law of nature and of her God—because she dresses in a way that would kill a man. I feel it to be my mission to arouse every woman to bring up her daughter without breaking her up in doing it. Our female idea of dress is all wrong.

I have conversed with a good many physicians who tell me that it is almost impossible to find a

PERFECT FEMALE SKELETON.

[Here Mrs. Stanton illustrated the difference between the ribs as they should be and as they are made by dress, by interlacing her fingers.] It is a rare thing to find a woman perfectly well—but we can, if we choose, entirely revolutionize this. Even the Bible says that maternity is a curse—most women accept this doctrine as true; it is simply horrible; it is

A MONSTROUS LIE.

The Bible has been translated by men, and for men. Will, in the original, has been made shall, in the translation. God never meant such a monstrous doctrine to be promulgated as His will. We must educate our daughters that motherhood is grand, and that

GOD NEVER CURSED IT.

and the curse, if there be a curse, may be rolled off, as man has rolled away the curse of labor, as the curse has been rolled from the descendants of Ham. My mission among women is to preach the new gospel. If you suffer, it is not because you are cursed of God, but because you violate His laws. What an incubus it would take from woman could she be educated to know that the pains of maternity are no curse upon her kind. We know that among Indians the squaws do not suffer in childbirth. They will step aside from the ranks, even on the march, and return in a short time bearing with them the new born child. What an absurdity, then, to suppose that only enlightened Christian women are cursed! But one word of fact is worth a volume of philosophy; let me give you some of my own experience. I am the mother of seven children. My girlhood was spent mostly in the open air. I early imbibed the idea that

A GIRL WAS JUST AS GOOD AS A BOY, and I carried it out. I would walk five miles before breakfast, or ride ten on horseback. After I was married I wore my clothing sensibly, the weight hung alone on my shoulders. I never compressed my body out of its natural shape. My first four children were born and I suffered very little. I then made up my mind that it was totally unnecessary for me to suffer at all; so I dressed lightly, walked every day; lived as much as possible in the open air, ate no condiments or spices, kept quiet, listened to music, looked at pictures, read poetry. The night before the birth of the child I walked three miles. The child was born without a particle of pain. I bathed it and dressed it, and

IT WEIGHED TEN-AND-A-HALF POUNDS.

That same day I dined with the family. Every one said I would surely die, but I never had a relapse or a moment's inconvenience from it. I know this is not being delicate and refined, but if you would be vigorous and healthy in spite of the diseases of your ancestors, and your own disregard of nature's laws, try it. [Loud applause; one enthusiastic lady rising and requesting Mrs. Stanton to advise every lady in the land to do the same.]

Mrs. Stanton resumed: I can only advise them to dress right, take baths, and exercise freely. Every mother in the land has it in her power to be

SECOND ONLY TO GOD.

in making of her offspring just what it should be. This is a serious responsibility; but it is one that God imposes upon every mother in the land. Children are born, not made. The mother's whole thoughts are centered upon her unborn child. It is, indeed, a holy period, and if her mind and body are in the proper condition, how great and grand will be the result! I have seen the original painting of which I see copies all over your land, which represents the ideal woman standing above the surrounding objects, while the man looks reverently up to her. This to my mind is the

TRUE IDEA OF WOMANHOOD.

Woman must understand her true position before she can take the first step toward this position. It is better now to learn and practice the true laws of generation than to attempt to re-model the old and the bad; for with them we can make our children what we please, and insure the happiness of future generations.

It is a sad thing for a mother to have a dissolute son or an idiotic child. I know of one family where there are seven idiotic children. Why? The father is a drunkard. I want to teach women that the begetting of a child by a drunken or a licentious father is a