

be the counsel of br. Brigham. Just so with the Seventies.

There is br. Pratt, in England, and the brethren that reside there, let those men do as the Spirit of God dictates them, without being carried off by some other spirit and they will never go astray, no, never, although they are nine thousand miles from here. By taking this course, would you ever see a wife trying to pervert the way of her husband? I am talking about good men and good women. Would she do it? No, she would be one with him even as I am one with br. Brigham.

Listen to the counsel of God and those men that are placed here and if you will do that I can promise you, in the name of Israel's God and by virtue of my calling, that you never shall be swerved aside, and our enemies shall be overcome every time before they cross that Big Mountain, if we have to do it ourselves.

If I did not say that, you would be calculating that we were going to make a perfect servant and drudge of our God, just as a great many of you wish to make of us. If you want a pound of coffee, or tea, or a pair of shoes, it is, 'come, br. Heber, go quick and get me what I want, if you don't I will go and tell br. Brigham.' Go, and be damned.

I wish that all such characters were in hell where they belong. [Voice: 'They are there.'] I know it, and it is that which makes them wiggle so, the poor, miserable devils. They would make our Father and God a drudge, make him do the dirty work, kill those poor devils and every poor, rotten-hearted curse in our midst. With them it is, 'O Lord, kill them, kill them, damn them, kill them, Lord.' It is just like that, and their course has just as much nonsense in it. We intend to kill the poor curses ourselves, before they get to the Big Mountain. And we are going to dig a cache or take some natural one and put all the whining men and women into it and let them whine; we want to be released from such poor hells, and we will be; we won't have a murmurer nor complainer in the House of Israel. If we go out to war, let them stay here and let the devil handle them.

How long is it, br. Brigham, since we first went to Kirtland? [Br. Brigham: 24 years this fall.] In September, 1833, we went to Kirtland and gathered with Joseph and the Saints. We had to go and buy guns and stand in his defence in that early day, and we did it for months and months, to keep the hellions from him in Kirtland 24 years ago; and so it continued from that day to the day of his death, and it is just so now. They are trying to take the lives of br. Brigham and your leaders; it is their design and the design of the President of the United States with his cabinet, and of Congress, and all the priests there are in the world back them up. That is the truth.

Get the Spirit of the Lord and stop your whining, every one of you. 'O,' says one, 'I will leave you if you don't wait on me as you have hitherto and get me all the things I ask for.' I wish you would, you could not please me better. Does that show such whiners have got integrity in them? A man or woman that has got integrity should have it if there is nothing but a potato to eat. And if you have not a stocking to your feet, nor a gown, nor a petticoat, nor a short gown, you should be as true as the sun to the servants of the living God, and if you are not so under such circumstances you would not be if you were loaded down with treasures.

It is true, I will tell you, the day of your being petted is past; and you have got to come to the crisis when the gate will be shut down between us and the United States, and that very soon, ladies and gentlemen, and if you don't get your test you may say I am false. [President Young, in a crying tone, said, 'there are no more ribbons coming here, what shall I do?']

O dear, I want to know if we ain't going to have any more ribbons? A great many of your hearts are on nothing else but ribbons and fine dresses and bustles and fineries; you don't think of anything else. What is your religion good for, or your integrity? Did br. Brigham and Heber turn away from Joseph because the Kirtland Bank broke and the stores all run out until there was nothing but an old dried up johnnycake?

Did we forsake him? No, never, and we never had anything except we worked for it and got it by the hardest licks, and our wives would think that they were very extravagant to get a piece of calico of six yards for a dress pattern, and they thought that there were too many puckers then, and now you have got to have six or eight breadths packed up; why don't you take some of these breadths out and make aprons and not call on your husbands for new calico, &c., every week.

No man on the earth loves women better than I do: I love a good woman, one that has a good spirit; I love that woman that will strive to make me happy, and I love that son that seeks to please his father and mother, for he will make a good husband. I love that daughter that seeks to please her father and mother, because she will make a good wife.

You cannot help yourselves, the gate will be shut down directly, ladies; I am talking to you because it is customary in the States to address the ladies first, so if you get it first you must not be jealous of me. I respect our ladies, and there should not be a lady in the house of Israel but what should be like an angel to administer to her husband and to pray for him and to nourish him by night and by day and watch his house and his pillow and see that he is preserved in the last days.

We have got to go to work and manufacture our own clothing, our shoes, our stockings, our bonnets, our dresses, and every thing we need.

I will refer you to br. Brigham's words. How many times has he said to you, ladies, make your own bonnets at home out of the elements that grow in the valley of Great Salt Lake and in the regions round about. Why do you not do it? Tell about listening to br. Brigham! you look today as though you were listening to his counsel.

Many of the sisters presume to judge us; say they, there is br. Kimball, his women have all got store bonnets and ribbons and laces and trims, that and the other thing, brooches, jewelry and feather beds sowed under their arms, ain't we just as good as they? Yes, if you do as well as they do.

I won't say anything about anybody else's family only my own. Are you listening to br. Brigham's counsel? Some of you say I am willing to listen to him. Well, listen to him and listen to him for ever. I am under the necessity of laying out of my substance and every dime I have got and that I can get, that I would lay up for a little sugar, a little of this and a little of that that we actually need, a little butter and lard that we grow in our midst; but instead of that I have to pay every dime I can get for morocco shoes for my women to wear to meeting and they will wear out a pair while once going to meeting. [Voice: 'don't you wish they earned them themselves?'] Yes, I pray that you may have to earn them with your own fingers or go without them. I pray that prayer and I know it will come to pass.

I am defending br. Brigham here, and that by the Holy Ghost and the dictation of the counsel he received from the Father and the Son and the old patriarchs and prophets. You may go home and say br. Kimball is hard, go and say it as quick as you please, I ask no odds of any such people, I am independent of you; I know his feelings, I will preach his word and the word of God that came through him and that is all that will save you.

Do you want such things to cease? I just know it ain't right. We ought to make our own leather and we can make as good as can be made in the States, but no, we must have some States leather. We can make as good things here as can be made by any other people, but you want foreign fixings.

We have our Spanish fixings, a pair of spurs that will weigh seven pounds, ringing and glingling as though all hell was coming. Why don't you put them away? I want you to make an ox go with a spike in the end of it and ram that into your horse and get this instead of spurs and destroy a horse at once. I cannot keep a decent horse, neither can br. Brigham or any other man, for the boys will kill them. Let them rest, they are as good as we are in their sphere of action; they honor their calling, and we do not when we abuse them, they have the same life in them that you have, and we should not hurt them. It hurts them to whip them, as bad as it does you, and when they are drawing as though their daylight would fly out of them, you must whip, whip, whip. Is there religion in that? No, it is an abuse of God's creation that he has created for us.

I do not think that many ever suppose that animals are going to be resurrected. When God touched Elijah's eyes and he looked on the mountain, he saw chariots and horses and men by thousands and millions. Where did they come from? There is nothing on this earth but what came from heaven, and it grew and was created before it grew on this earth; the Bible says so.

We grow peaches here and they are created and we send them to Sanpete, don't they grow before they are sent? Yes, and every thing that is upon this earth grew before it came here; it was transported from heaven to earth.

Let us be merciful to the brute creation.

God bless you, brethren and sisters, and multiply you; peace be with you and upon this people and upon your children, and upon every being on the Lord's footstool that wishes peace to Israel. [Voices, 'Amen.']

The world is going to seek to destroy us from the earth. [Voice, 'they will destroy themselves.'] They will destroy themselves, as the Lord liveth, and the day of their destruction has come. [Voices, 'Amen.'] The Lord God will bring mildew on the nation that has afflicted us, for that nation shall take it first and thence it shall go forth to every nation, kingdom, government and State, and upon every town as they shall lift their heels against God and this people. Amen.

### Short Patent Sermon.

BY DOW, JR.

You have my text, for to-day, in the following words:

He who checks a child with terror,  
Stops its play and stills its song,  
Not alone commits an error,  
But a grievous, moral wrong.

Give it play, and never fear it,  
Active life is no defect;  
Never, never, break its spirit—  
Curb it—only to direct.

MR. HEARERS:—Grown-up people are most wonderfully apt to consider that children have no business to cut up the same dicos that they did in their bread-and-butter days,—to play horse with the broom—paddle in the dish-water—lug kittens by the tail, and be out of doors half the time, chasing pigs and butterflies, and making dirt-cakes at the expense of a clean apron.

They seem to think human nature should change—keep pace with the spirit and improvement of the age; that, as each generation is supposed to grow wiser, children should see their folly and the error of their ways, if not as soon as they get their eyes open, certainly long before they have shed their short-clothes—or be whipped into it.

Now, my brethren, the peevish crabbed old fool of sixty thinks that, by rubbing reason in netherwise and let it work up, he could force every particle of instinct out of the unsophisticated nature of the child, and thereby add at least thirty years, in advance, to its intellectual growth. For my part, my friends, I like to see a child dressed like a child, think like a child, act like a child, and cut up all the antics and shindies incident to adolescence. A lad of six summers, in his grandfather's hat, knee-breeches and Quaker-cut coat,

thinking, acting, and treading to the adagio music of manhood, would be but a repulsive phenomenon, instead of the lovely, lively, wicked little devil you would like to catch up and kiss—a creature as unnatural and abhorrent as a babe born with a double set of masticators, ready to make a demonstration upon a pound of bull beef.

I don't believe, my friends, in repeated floggings to force a child into a close observance of its P's and Q's. It grows more and more unyielding by such usage, or rather abuse; and after a while, its tender system becomes so tanned to it, that you might as well attempt to beat future silence into a drum-head. A mother may whip eggs into the right sort of consistency, but her children, never. If kind heaven should ever trust your forlorn minister with the loan of a little son, he should be treated as a tender vine.—His gadding propensities I would gently train in the proper direction; and when the young tendrils of ambition began to put forth, I would carefully place within their reach some noble object to which they might cling, and lift him to a proud position in 'this lowly vale of tears' and sore toes. He should have something to hope for besides a drubbing. Some bright morning—when I felt as if my soul had a silk shirt on, and the rheumatism fast asleep—I would say to him, 'Lorenzo (he should be called Lorenzo) if you are a good boy to-day—keep your nose and apron clean—don't choke the kitten—don't kill a toad to make the cow give bloody milk—and mind your mother, dad will bring you home a blacksmith's shop—an omnibus, with a driver that don't say naughty words to his horses—a pretty sheep, with its nanny, and lots of candies.' Lorenzo would surely be a good boy for the day, and ever afterwards strive to make himself worthy of all the nice things promised; but trouncings are the poorest sort of encouragement to a youth—he only wishes, for the nonce, that he was only capable of returning such favors with compound interest. He becomes hardened, careless, spirit broken—has no love for father and mother, no intuitive idea of self-government, and acknowledges no government at home. As likely as not, he may be heard almost any day in the streets repeating—'Father and mama whip me, Betty knock me, and I don't care a cuss!' Pity by the bucketful have I for such unfortunate youths. Could they but but be made the recipients of sufficient parental praise and encouragement to prop up their innocent failings, how brightly their little souls might be made to shine through two or three thicknesses of garden-soil, rags and original sin!

Fathers and mothers: check not your children's healthful play, nor roughly endeavor to rub all symptoms of mischief out of their unsophisticated natures. Better give them a piece of bread and butter, with the promise of another slice, thicker, longer and broader, in proportion to their good conduct.

Above all things, my dear parents, give your children plenty of play in the open, free, invigorating air—beneath the heavens, as blue as their own eyes—under clouds, light and fleecy as their own fair locks. Let them be kissed by the sun and caressed by the breeze, till their cheeks present the picture of roses painted on a brick-bat.—Let them sing with the robin—screech with the owl—squeal with the pigs—rove, with the wild bee, from flower to flower—or, with the table bug, kick, scabble and flounder in the dirt.

All this will do them no harm, for it is the kind nurse, Nature, who knows their every want, that invites them out, and urges them thus to do. Kittens and lambs love to frolic and frolic in the sunshine, and why not they? Let them run! their young blood will thus be kept as pure as the stream that sparkles from its fountain. A constitution will be formed for them, tough as whit-leather and twice as elastic. The mumps, measles, croup and whooping cough will then have something gristly to 'chaw upon,' if they don't get the go-by altogether. The demon of disease will not then prow about your dwellings, to pick away, one by one, your cherished offspring; but the smiling agent of health shall hover over your little ones, and fold them beneath her protecting pinions, 'even as the hen gathereth her chickens under her wings,' or as the mother 'possum tucketh her helpless litter into her belly-pouch when a dog draweth nigh—and you, fond parents, shall be happy as the years roll round! Mark my friends, that little fashion-stunted thing, paling, pinning, spinning in pent-up rooms and sickly parlors! It enjoys no out of door sport, for fear the wind will tan, or the sun transplant the lily that spreads its snowy petal upon its cheek. It is growing up lank, pale and lean—wearing a greenish-white hue like a potato-sprout in the corner of a dark cellar. There is always something the matter with it, and nobody knows what; but, no doubt, it is wormy as sea biscuit on its seven-teenth voyage. At any rate, there is a worm feeding upon that interesting bud of humanity, and its dotting parents shall never experience the joy of beholding it burst into beauty and fulness of bloom. The little pet pimbles, droops and decays; paregoric has lost its soothing potency—the first and last sickness sets in, malignant and dire. The doctor enters the room—death treads upon his heels—and now, farewell frail flower of the fashionable hot-house! Thou may'st blossom in a purer atmosphere, wholly uncontaminated by the parlor-bred poison of pride.

My brethren: as the holidays are hard upon us, I trust that all who are married and own children, will endeavor to make good boys and girls of them by deputing Santa Claus to wait upon them with his customary bag full of knick-knacks. Let the kitchen be converted into a magnificent toy-shop on the occasion, and premise the little chubbies that, if they will only be good, when Christmas comes again they shall be doubly rewarded; and depend upon it, they will be good; if you but occasionally remind them of the promise—and spare the pounding. So mote it be!—[San Francisco Golden Era.]

SAINTS—'Tis time to prepare.

[From the Journal of an American Officer in the North Pacific Surveying Squadron.]

### Chinese Cormorant Fishing.

As we passed under the massive bridge at Fou chow-fou upon the foaming breast of the still rising tide, and shot out upon the river above it, we saw a long low raft of bamboo moored under the lee of the heavy pier to our right, on which were a Chinaman, a basket, and five duck-like birds which we at once imagined to be the celebrated "fishing cormorants" of the East.

We also imagined that this might be our only opportunity for witnessing that singular mode of fishing, and consequently thought it worth while to rest upon our oars for a moment in the hope that the Chinaman would gratify our curiosity.—We were not disappointed.

Scarcely had we rounded to, when he reached out his hand towards the birds, the nearest of whom at once waddled up to him and stepped into his open palm, when he smoothed down his feathers with his right hand, bent his mouth to his arched neck for a moment, and then put him upon the edge of the raft. Then the bird dipped his bill in the water once or twice, snapped his head from side to side about the same number of times, shook his tail spasmodically, and ended by diving suddenly into the turbid waters that washed his feet.

In the meantime the four remaining cormorants were huddled together on the far end of the raft drying their feathers, switching their tails, looking altogether quite cool and comfortable. After being down about fifteen seconds, the absent explorer popped suddenly out of the water with a quite good sized fish in his mouth, swam to his master, gave up the prize which seemed already half swallowed, and hopped upon his knee, where he "shook himself" while the fish was being put into the basket. His master then stroked him down as before, (much to the apparent delight of the successful fisherman) whispered again in his ear, and after a few moments of respite, placed him once more upon the edge of the raft.

Again he dove, and again he brought up a fish in his mouth. He then underwent a similar process of caressing, and once more placed at the water's edge. Now, however, fortune seemed to have left him. He had no fish when he at length arose to the surface after a protracted dive, and seemed at a loss what to do. He turned himself around several times in the water, keeping his sharp eyes fixed upon his master, as if asking permission to "try it again."

Suddenly the latter made a motion with his hand, and down went the bird. When he came up he brought a third fish, that was quite large, eight inches long say, and which struggled violently, as though surprised at the unusual situation in which he found himself. He, too, was put in the basket, the proud cormorant was once more caressed, and then placed gently upon the centre of the raft, instead of upon the edge, as formerly. This seemed to tell him that his services were no longer required just then, and that he had acquitted himself with great credit, for he moved off to the other end of the raft with the stately step of a conqueror, while the "next in turn" advanced to supply his place. These birds were unconfined by either cage or string, and seemed to regulate their movements by a nod or motion of the hand of their master.

### BUSINESS NOTICES.

#### NAILS! NAILS! NAILS!!!

**E. D. SABIN** has Machinery in operation for making all kinds of Nails to order. He will exchange Nails for Wheat, Corn, Potatoes, and other Produce. Come on with it—now is the accepted time! **WANTED!**—Tire and Band Iron, for which he will pay in Nails or work in his shop. Encourage Home Manufactures! 441

#### REMOVAL.

**FROM** and after the 20th inst., I shall be doing business in the store formerly occupied by Enoch Reese, sign of the Plough, where I shall be happy to see my old friends and customers.

I have on hand a good Stock of Goods, especially in the Woolen line, and expect to recruit with Staple Goods this fall.

I am still buying, and making out papers for Land Warrants.

I shall continue to buy Cattle from one year old to eight, for which liberal prices will be paid. Call and see. 14-20 W. H. HOOPER.

#### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

**HAVING BEEN APPOINTED ADMINISTRATOR** of the Estate of Thomas Tennan deceased, by the Judge of the Probate Court for Great Salt Lake county, the undersigned hereby requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate, to come forward without delay and cancel the same, and those having demands against said estate will please file them with the Judge of the aforesaid Court, properly authenticated, as soon as circumstances will permit and within the time specified by law. **DANIEL SPENCER,** Administrator. 441

#### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE!!

**I** the undersigned having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for Great Salt Lake county Administrators of the Estate of A. W. Babbitt, deceased, hereby notify all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to come forward without delay for settlement; and all persons having claims against said estate will please file them with the Hon. Elias Smith, Probate Judge, on or before the first day of June, A.D., 1857. **JULIA ANN BABBITT,** **B. H. HOOPER,** **BENJ. F. JOHNSON,** Administrators. 441

Great Salt Lake City, Dec. 20, 1856. 42-47

#### Cows, Sheep and Herding.

**I AM** now keeping a herd at Santaquin (or Summit creek) and prepared to take cows and sheep on share, or any kind of stock to herd, both summer and winter, and to make myself responsible for all losses sustained by neglect or mismanagement. I will give one half the butter, cheese and increase from cows; and one half the wool and two thirds the increase from sheep, and will deliver without expense the butter, cheese and wool as it becomes due. Our range for stock, both for summer and winter, is unsurpassed in the valleys of these mountains. Those in or near G. S. L. City having stock to lot or to be herded can inquire of or leave; help stock with D. T. Le Baron, Mrs. A. W. Babbitt's residence, G. S. L. City; and any one desiring to trade sheep for good work oxen can by him be accommodated. **B. F. JOHNSON.** 441