

about number 40; that will make a good thread. Our cotton cloth is made from from about 20's, and our gingham from 24's. I now have machinery sufficient to keep thirty-five power looms going, and I wish I had them; but this will not supply the Territory. One of our merchants said to me, last fall, "when you get your machinery going we need not send for any more such material as you will produce." I told him he had not counted it up. When he reflected and made up the figures, he found he had sold more cloth himself than my machinery could make with thirty-five looms. If we go to work and manufacture for ourselves, we can stop the continual drain upon us through purchasing the articles of clothing which we require.

It has been said "Cotton is king." Everybody who knows anything of mankind knows they had to live a great many years without cotton. The first cotton factories were started in America within my remembrance. What would the Indians here, who are all but naked, say if they were told cotton is king? They would say "No, biscuit, biscuit," that which will sustain life. They can kill rabbits, and make clothing of the skins. Bread is king. God bless you. Amen.

At a meeting of the Priesthood, convened at half-past 6 in the evening, he said:—

I presume the arrangement of the settlements in this county in a church capacity is as good as the brethren can make it at present. I suppose the Bishops represent their various wards and report here at their monthly meetings, that the minutes of their previous meetings are read for approval or disapproval, and then their other business is attended to in due course.

I will ask whether the Bishops have led out sufficiently to have the people follow them in building, adorning, and making the earth as it should be? Have they apple seeds to start a nursery, or plum pits to plant, that they can say to the brethren, if you want any trees we will soon be able to supply you? I have never purchased a peach or apple tree without paying from 50 cents to a dollar each for them, yet in one season I gave away 14,000 peach trees, and if I had received the same price I gave they would have brought me some \$7,000. I did this to encourage the people. In the early period of our raising apples and peaches I never suffered a peach pit to be thrown away, nor ate an apple without saving the seeds to plant. It is true you have not been long in this valley, but you have been here long enough to have nursery upon nursery, with trees two and three years old. There are a few trees here. Raise orchards, if only for the welfare of your children, as br. Geo. A. Smith has said, that they may be preserved from growing up thieves. The temptation is strong for the children, and if they can get fruit in no other way they are sorely tempted to steal it. Do not lay a foundation to make your children thieves. The man who sends his little son or hired boy on to the prairie to herd sheep or oxen, lays a foundation for making that boy a thief; and he who will do this will have the curse of God resting upon him in proportion. Trace it back, and you will find it is so. Will you hearken to this counsel? If so, stop sending boys to herd.

Why not quarry rock and build stone houses and make stone fences? Stone makes a good fence, and it will not winter kill. Build fences, have good gardens, and make yourselves comfortable and happy, serving God; let that be first continually, so that you may have consciences void of offence towards God and man. Build meeting houses, put up the one you have in contemplation, and finish it nicely. Get lumber and make bins in which to put up your wheat so that it can be safe for fifty years, if needed. If you are compelled to stack your wheat, stack it right, for you may have storms. You have English and Danish brethren here who can stack it so that it will stand for fifty years. But, as far as you can, get lumber and build granaries and preserve your grain.

I want to say a word or two with regard to brethren here taking goods from merchants to sell. Watch and learn the spirit of the man who does this, and in nine cases out of ten his faith, feelings and affections are wholly to benefit his employer, to get all he can from the people, and really commit the riches of the Saints to his employer, no matter whether he be Jew or Gentile. Such a man will, sooner or later, apostatize. Those who will do this, and will shave the Saints to do a good business for the merchant who employs them, I curse in the name of Jesus Christ, and they shall be cursed.

Sunday Morning, 26th.

There is one principle I would like to have the Latter-day Saints perfectly understand—that is, of blessings and cursings. For instance, we read that war, pestilence, plagues, famine, etc., will be visited upon the inhabitants of the earth, but if distress through the judgments of God comes upon this people, it will be because the majority have turned away from the Lord. Let the majority of the people turn away from the holy commandments which the Lord has delivered to us, and cease to hold the balance of power in the Church, and we may expect the judgments of God to come upon us; but while six-tenths or three-fourths of this people will keep the commandments of God, the curse and judgments of the Almighty will never come upon them, though we will have trials of various kinds, and the elements to contend with—natural and spiritual elements. While this people will strive to serve God according to the best of their abilities, they will fare better, have more to eat and to wear, have better houses to live in,

better associations, and enjoy themselves better than the wicked ever do or ever will do.

I say to you, and would like to hear the brethren speak upon this subject, that the righteous have never suffered in temporal things like the ungodly. Search history and you will find it is so, whether with nations, neighborhoods, or individuals, from the day that Adam eat the forbidden fruit down to the present time. If you do not wish to go any farther back, look at the history of the Saints who have settled these valleys, and see it exemplified. History does not show that a colony was ever settled, either in North or South America, that had so little difficulty with the Indians as we have had. This is encouraging; and so it has been in our entire history. The wicked do not know how to enjoy life, but the closer we live to God the better we know and understand how to enjoy it. Live so that you can enjoy the spirit of the Lord continually. I bless you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ:—Amen.

Afternoon.

I have been thinking that if the sisters had all worn bonnets of their own make, they would know how to do them up, after the brief storm we have had, and they would have been little or none the worse. That is an advantage homemade bonnets have over the fancy ones bought in the stores. A severe storm this afternoon would rather injure the latter kind, and the nice collars, caps and handkerchiefs that many of the sisters wear. It looked as though a heavy rain storm was coming, which would have done an incalculable amount of good in the present condition of the crops.

I was sorry that we were interrupted in hearing br. Taylor through, as his mind seemed to be so clear on the subject of the life of the Christian and the life of the anti-Christian.

The sufferings recorded of those who were called the people of God were endured by a people who had transgressed the laws of God, changed the ordinances, and substituted other laws and other ordinances, and had broken every covenant made to their fathers. They killed the Prophets and stoned those sent to them. Their prophets were the ones who suffered first in the midst of those whom the Lord had selected to be his people, and then the wrath of God was poured out upon them, their enemies were let loose to inflict suffering upon them.

How is it with us? When the whole Church could meet in a little school-house 16 feet by 24, there were more difficulties, contentions and quarrels, to be settled before the High Council and Bishop's Courts in one month, than there are now in all the settlements in this county in a year. This is encouraging, when we reflect that every year we have to take new comers and lead them along, people who have lived under such different circumstances. It is encouraging for us to continue our labors, and we do not mean to stop pleading with the Latterday Saints to send the Gospel to the nations, gather the poor and purify themselves, until we can say in our hearts that, when the voice is heard, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh," we are actually ready to go out to meet him.

BRIGHAM CITY, 27TH.

Br. Weinal asked br. Kimball this question,—"You have preached so many years to us about saving our grain, will the people save it now?" They will do just as they please. It is our duty to preach the truth, it is theirs to believe and obey it. Some of the Saints are very full of faith. I remember the case of an old gentleman, who started from Manti for G. S. L. City, during the Indian difficulty, with some three or four companions, though he was counseled to delay his trip for a short time till a company was ready to start, but, no, he had faith the Indians would not touch him. He was tomahawked right by the Uinta Springs, with his companions, where they had lain down to sleep in the afternoon. If they had obeyed counsel, they might have been saved.

The Lord has blessed the people with abundance in the past, and while we have been preaching to them to save their grain, they have gone and sold it and squandered it away, they had so much faith, when at the same time it was the power of God and the faith of the few who were consistent in their faith that saved them. My faith must be consistent, and go with my works. It is not my duty to make you build granaries. My duty is done when I tell you what you ought to do. I have no right to stand over you with a rod and make you pray, for you ought to pray of your own choice. And when I have done my duty, and br. Kimball has done his, and the Twelve have done theirs, the rest is with you.

Try to improve your minds; enrich them with every kind of true knowledge known on the earth; by faith so live as to enjoy the Holy Ghost; learn the object of the creation of man, of the formation of the earth, of what it is composed, and what it is for. Why is gold made? For us to worship it? No, it was made to be useful for domestic and other purposes.

May God bless you: Amen.

WILLARD CITY; 28TH.

We say we believe we are the kingdom of God on the earth—this is our profession. Let us, by our every act, prove this profession to be true. It has been told you before, time and again, and we want to keep sounding it in your ears, take the course to save yourselves both spiritually and temporally.

The world have lost confidence in each other through transgression, and we must take a course to restore it among each other first, then it will extend to our friends, and finally,

when Jesus rules, you will find the friendship and confidence which once existed among men will be restored to them again.

I feel to bless you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Harken to the counsel given to you, and we will do everything in our power to bring power and glory and honor to the Latterday Saints.

OGDEN, 28TH.

I expect there will never be a law made in this kingdom that will prevent us from doing good and assisting the poor. If I were to sell my flour to my enemy, and he were to pay me seventy-five dollars a hundred in gold for it, it would not prevent me from giving a poor sister fifteen or twenty pounds of flour in her need. You may think that an extravagant price, but I have been offered \$75 for flour, yet I have never sold any at that price.

We have quite a number of people here who never had a farm in their lives. They know nothing about trading. They have been accustomed to work, and, when Saturday came, to receiving their ten or fifteen shillings, and then spending it. We will have to arrange for them to live until they can learn to take care of themselves.

When we moved south there were 20,000 bushels of wheat in the tithing office, which we offered to the people, but they would not take five bushels of it. We had to take some of the people, and feed them too! Of what use will they be, either in this world or in the next?

"Some people imagine they can obtain possession of knowledge very easily; if they were to have a vision of eternity, they would conclude they knew everything about it. Suppose a being on another planet were to have a vision of this congregation, would he understand all about the earth and its inhabitants? If I were to have the vision of my mind opened to obtain a glimpse of the spirit world, would I possess the knowledge of beings who are exalted in the eternal world?"

We must increase in knowledge and understanding, to prove ourselves worthy of the blessings of the Lord. Obtain wisdom that you may so order your lives before the heavens and each other that you may be able to accept the power God has for you, and wield it to his power and glory.

God bless you. Amen.

CENTREVILLE, 29TH.

I will detain the people but a very short time. The matters which have been laid before you this afternoon are inseparably connected with our spiritual well-being. There is no man on this earth who can receive the kingdom of God in his heart and be governed according to the laws of that kingdom, without being governed and controlled in all temporal matters. If you are not of one heart and mind in these things, never think of Jackson County, for you will not be wanted there. No man is going to inherit a celestial glory, who trifles with the principles thereof. The man who does not labor from day to day and from hour to hour for building up this kingdom and bringing forth the fulness of the kingdom of God on the earth, and the establishment of Zion, will sooner or later fall and go out of the Church.

If you love br. Brigham, br. Heber and the Twelve, do as they tell you. As fast as possible, secure a year's supply of breadstuff, and then try to sustain yourselves without using any of that supply; and take the same course in the harvests of 1865-6-7, and so on, until you have a supply for seven years, then you are prepared either for a famine of that duration, or to feed the thousands who will come here hungry.

We are the descendants of Abraham. Here are the Lamanites—descendants of Joseph, and the seed of Israel is scattered through the nations; and as Joseph was a savior to his father's house, let us live in obedience to the counsel given us, that we can become saviors to his whole father's house in the latter days.

I exhort you to obtain the Spirit of the Lord, and to so live as to enjoy it continually. God bless you. Amen.

SCENES ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

Frank M. Pixley, of San Francisco, now in the East, has been permitted to visit the front of the Army of the Potomac, and in a letter to the *San Francisco Bulletin*, graphically describes what he saw. We make the following extracts.

APPROACHING THE FRONT.

During all our journey from morning till afternoon we heard the roar of artillery and as we neared the line of battle the discharge of musketry, and on our arrival learned there had been constant fighting for eighteen hours. As we neared the front we came upon the long line of wagons moving in every direction; there is some 4,000 wagons with the Army of the Potomac, which, from Gen. Grant's frequent change, are kept constantly in motion. Long lines of infantry were winding about the roads and fields and forests. Huge trains of artillery were lumbering along the narrow roads. Cavalry were crossing over the fields. Hundreds of ambulances were moving in every direction. One band of 500 prisoners were marching under guard to the Provost Marshal's headquarters. Hospitals and hospital wagons were crowded with the wounded. We saw the surgeons plying the busy knife with a large pile of arms, legs and bloody wrappings lying in a heap by the operating table. Dead men were lying in rows beside the hospital, with a gray blanket over them, and on the blanket was pinned their name, regiment

and division penciled on paper. All these terrible sights and sounds of war evidenced the fearful reality of this great struggle before we reached headquarters.

It had been very hot and dusty all day, but just as we arrived at Gen. Grant's quarters there came up a most refreshing and grateful shower—enough to put out the fire raging in the woods. It rained hard for one hour.

A NIGHT ATTACK BY THE ENEMY.

For some hours there had been a lull in the conflict, but about 7 o'clock in the evening all along the front the battle was renewed. From Hancock's corps on the left, Wright's and Baldy Smith's in the center—some three miles of line—there was a fearful cannonading and a most lively fire of musketry. We were about one mile from the line of battle, but to me it seemed in most alarming proximity. The burst was so sudden from the quiet stillness of this beautiful night, as the camp fires glistened in the pine grove, with no other noises than the hum of insects, the chirping tree-toad, the little snapping fire-fly and the familiar camp sounds, there came all at once the clangor of war! It was one of Lee's famous night attacks, and this time its force was thrown against Hancock's and Baldy Smith's division. The artillery firing was like the constant roar of thunder, as I have heard it in a northern summer's storm. First came the discharge of the gun, and then the echo of the bursting shell, one unrelenting, constant sound. The skirmish line opens with its rifles, from the distance sounding like popping corn. Then the line opens its fire in volleys. The music of an hundred small drums represents the rattling discharge of musketry, a beating hailstorm of quick and pelting fire. It was an attack barren of results. Battery answered to battery; guns answered to guns; and, as I afterwards learned, no part of our line giving way an inch. This wave of rebel war had only spent itself against a wall of veterans that seldom break and never run. Thus the contest continued from 7 o'clock till 9, when it lulled—then stopped, and all was quiet as a summer's night in a peaceful village.

SCENES BETWEEN THE SKIRMISH LINE AND THE LINE OF BATTLE.

Our party, now six in number, advanced beyond the line of battle, and rode for nearly a mile between the skirmish line and line of battle, protected by the forest timber in which the conflict was going on; advancing once on foot to the skirmish line, and once again leaving our horses, we crawled forward to the sharpshooters where our captain, taking a globe-sighted rifle, killed a rebel digging in a rifle-pit. We saw him fling up his shovel and fall. To say I was not frightened would be affectation, but I was too proud to go back; and I believe every civilian in the party felt as I did. No one of our number was brave enough to first suggest a retreat. The shell passed near us, but their direction was at another angle. The minnie bullets whizzed by with their sharp whistle. We were too near the mad tide and current of war to feel at all at home. Our rashness was rewarded but with very impartial glimpses of the enemy, as the fight was in a pine forest. The din of the conflict was fearful—the most imposing sound being caused by the shells as they mowed their way through the limbs and foliage of the pine trees. We saw small lines and squads of the rebels advance and retire. Now, our boys would press their advantage, run forward, fire, retire, load, and again advance, darting and dodging in the woods. Now, a volley of fire, and then the quick pattering of the single shots. As each party gained an advantage then would go up a cheer. Words of encouragement, oaths and cheers mingled with the confusion of battle.

We saw no grand spectacle of war, no broad open field, where army fights army in magnificent array; we saw no advancing squadrons, no great artillery duel, no impetuous charges in line, no hand-to-hand encounters, no marching of grand columns. But our ears were greeted with the direst sounds, and my imagination was impressed with the fearful excitement of the strife. On our right and left the bellowing guns, the sharp crack of rifle and rattling musketry on every side, the wounded passing by us to the rear dripping with blood, indicated how terrible was the action. I was glad to get back.

HEROISM OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE TERRIBLE FIGHTING.

Of one thing I am convinced: Grant will take Richmond. I am impressed with the fact that our army and its officers are doing everything that human valor and mortal exertion can do to crush this rebellion. Let nobody criticize the Army of the Potomac till they have seen what I have witnessed, the calm heroism of all its parts. This has indeed been a month of terrible battles. During 31 days, there has been 28 days of conflict and still our army thunders on. It is a giant struggle, and its conduct is in the hands of giants. I have not heard the breath of despondency; I have not seen a doubting face; Richmond is surely doomed.

—A self-possessed sea captain, going through a graveyard at midnight, saw a ghost rise up behind a tomb stone and approach him in a menacing manner.—The ancient mariner coolly raised his cane and gave the ghost a crack over the side of the head, asking "What he meant by being out of grave at so late an hour?"

—Lee has the reputation of being one of the most consummate Generals of the day. Unfortunately for him we Grant it.