

There are many children six years old who comprehend and practice what is here taught, better than many of the grown persons; their intellects are brighter than those of many of the old men and women, therefore do not drive up nor drive out the children.

Some women come in here tossing their heads about, with their bonnets and every thing about them all on a wiggle, but go to their homes and you will often find them as abusive to their parents as the devil can wish them to be; they come here late and expect that the little children will be made to leave their seats.

I will illustrate the difference between the temperaments of the old and young by referring you to the buff lons on the plains, as most of you had a chance to observe their habits. If I wish to domesticate buffaloes, I will take none but the calves, for I can do nothing with the old ones, they have become too set in their wild ways. But I can take the calves and learn them to work and give milk, and learn them to become domesticated and useful.—Amen.

REMARKS

By Elder Joseph A. Young, Tabernacle, Sunday, Nov. 16, 1856.

[REPORTED BY J. V. LONG.]

Brethren and sisters, as I have the latest news from companies yet on the plains, and as you are all anxious to hear from them, I have been the first one called upon to speak to you this morning.

You are aware that Capt. Geo. D. Grant's relief company left this city on the 7th of Oct., to go and meet the immigration. Capt. Grant kept an express in advance until we reached the Devil's Gate, when he sent three of us on to the Platte river, to see if we could find the companies or hear of them.

We traveled until the 23th, when we met Capt. Edyard Martin's company of hand carts and Capt. Hodgett's wagon company, at a place called Red Buttes, 16 miles below the Platte bridge. We met Capt. J. A. Hunt's wagon company 26 miles below the bridge.

The brethren and sisters appeared to be in good health and spirits. Capt. Martin informed us that about 56 out of 600 had died upon the plains, up to that date. Those who had died were mostly old people.

On the 29th I returned from Capt. Hunt's to Capt. Martin's company. Capt. Martin had started early in the morning, and when I overtook them their cry was, "let us go to the Valley; let us go to Zion."

I camped with them that night in the snow, at a place called Rocky Avenue, near the Devil's Gate. The next day I journeyed on towards Capt. Grant's company, and on the 31st rode into their camp and found all well.

In the morning Capt. Grant sent me and Mr. Abel Garr on an express to this city. We found plenty of teams at Fort Bridger, and by this time the hand carts have all the assistance necessary to take them up and bring them in within nine days from to-morrow. There were teams enough, so soon as they could meet them, to bring them right through as fast as horses and mules can travel, and such will be done.

All the companies requested me to inform the Saints in the valleys that they desired your faith and your prayers, and that they would endeavor to merit them in their journey and after their arrival.

That the blessing of God may attend them is my sincere desire: Amen.

MINUTES

OF SPECIAL CONFERENCE HELD IN BOUNTIFUL.

Nov. 1, 6 p.m.

Singing.

Prayer by Elder P. C. Merrill.

Elder J. T. D. McAllister addressed the assembly upon their duties as Saints of the Most High.

Elder Ferguson spoke upon the principles of our holy religion.

Sunday, 2, 10 a.m.

Singing.

Prayer by Elder G. B. Wallace.

[Elders Wallace, J. Gates, G. Clements and J. Nobles arrived this morning.]

Elder Merrill addressed the people upon the important subject which had brought them together.

Elder Ferguson called the attention of the people to a sense of their duties, and called upon them to signify their willingness to keep the commandments of God and live their religion.

The request was responded to with an unanimous *aye*.

Elder McAllister felt that the Spirit of God was in the meeting.

Elder Merrill called the attention of the people to the solemn importance of making covenants before God and his servants, and showed the duties and faithfulness incumbent upon all who should renew their covenants.

Bishop Stoker said that on the present occasion his heart was full of joy and rejoicing, because the servants of God could testify that the Holy Ghost was in the meeting.

1 p.m.

The people assembled at the water's edge. Elders McAllister and Ferguson began the baptizing, and called to their aid Bishop Stoker, E. Cherry, J. K. Crosby, H. Lee, T. Barlow and S. B. Kent. Elders Gates, Wallace, Clements, D. Carter, J. Holbrook and Merrill attended to the confirmations.

6 p.m.

Singing.

Prayer by Elder Nobles.

Elders Wallace, Gates and Clements severally addressed the meeting, exhorting the Bishop to place the ward under the strictest surveillance that all hypocrites and workers of iniquity may be sifted out.

Elder Merrill exhorted the people to live their religion, now that they were freed.

Elders McAllister and Nobles spoke upon the follies and weaknesses common among the people.

Two hundred and eleven persons renewed their covenants.

THOMAS F. FISHER, Clerk.

[From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.]

PERIPHRAISIS.

"Please papa," inquired Robert, taking his eyes from a book he was studying, "what is periphrasis?"

It is well known that there is nothing so difficult as off-hand definition, and my son's question placed me in rather an awkward predicament: I did not choose to risk a random explanation of the word, for fear of misleading him; while to remain silent would cause him to suppose me ignorant of that which I well knew, though not able to define it at a moment's warning. This is one of the little difficulties in which children sometimes place us. I tried to get out of the present dilemma by delay; I went on writing, in which I appeared too much absorbed to hear what he had said; but was all the time mentally framing an answer to his question. After watching anxiously until I came to a full stop, he hoped I would not be angry for disturbing me, adding, "But what, papa, is periphrasis?"

Still, I was not quite ready with a proper reply; and slowly laying down my pen, and gaining an instant or two by a sort of heaving cough, I found myself quite at a loss to invent another instant's delay, and plunged desperately into the subject. "Periphrasis, Robert, is—that is to say, it comes from two Greek words, *peri*, about, and *phrasis*, speech."

"Yes, but what does it mean, papa?"

"Why, it signifies a figure of speech much in use among orators, poets, newspaper-writers, and indeed, now I think of it, more or less by everybody in common conversation, to express, in a great many words, what they could say in one. For instance, I use the figure of periphrasis when instead of speaking of you as 'Robert,' I say 'my youngest son.'"

"Then I suppose," remarked the observant little rogue, after a little reflection, "when mamma, in alluding to Mr. Ammerton who comes here so regularly, calls him a 'certain young man' it is periphrasis that makes sister Clotilda blush so?"

"Perhaps it is," I remarked, trying to look grave.

"Yes, but why does mamma call him so? why does she not say Mr. Ammerton at once? I want to know, papa, what is the use of periphrasis?"

I explained as well as I could the uses of that figure in poetry and in rhetoric; but when the persevering young gentleman would know the various uses to which it is put in ordinary conversation and everyday life, I told him he might go and bowl his hoop; for though the question suggested a long train of thought, my reflections were of a nature not to benefit his inexperienced mind. Perhaps older readers may, however, be amused by them.

Of all the graces of rhetoric, none is so largely, or perhaps so usefully employed, in every grade of society, from the cottage to the crown, as periphrasis. In literature, it is said to sweeten and ornament a discourse carried on in propriety of language; so in our personal intercourse with mankind, its judicious employment softens asperities, dilates expressions when they are becoming too strong, and blunts the edge of personality when it is going to be too pointed. But there is, alas! no use without its abuse; and unfortunately this elegant trope is occasionally turned to very bad account.—The fact is, when pressed into the service of scandal, it is a tremendous engine.

While discussing the subject in my own mind in its domestic relations, it was natural that my son's allusion to my excellent partner (I use this periphrasis in all sincerity; for despite a few peculiarities, a better wife, a better mother, or a better housekeeper than Mrs. Parkinson nowhere exists) should remind me of the constant use she makes of the branch of rhetoric we are considering. If she has anything in the least degree unfavorable to communicate of any person, it is extremely difficult to draw from her actual names; her favorite periphrastic substitutes being either 'some folks' or 'certain parties.' 'Some folks,' she remarked the other day, 'should, I think, be a little more circumspect regarding their daughters, especially being parsonage folks.—Certain parties, who shall be nameless, were seen yesterday walking with certain other parties—alone—when, too, it was nearly dusk.—To be sure people who have, poor things, only one daughter married out of four, can be forgiven a little latitude in that respect.'

Now, by this round-about method of communication, Mrs. Parkinson made herself unintelligible to our guest from London, who happened to be present; while I was as perfectly in possession of her meaning as if she had said outright that the Goodsons, mother and daughter, were alluded to. In like manner, I can always tell on what terms my wife happens to be with them, or indeed with any of our neighbors, by her different modes of designating them.

When a little 'tiff' happened, the Reverend Mr. Goodson and family are designated 'the people at the end of the village.' Should, however, Mrs. Parkinson be speaking praise of them—detailing, for example, any of Mrs. Goodson's numerous acts of charity—she calls her 'that dear woman at the parsonage.' In short, Mrs. Parkinson—like many others whom my readers will be able to point out amidst their own respective circles—is afflicted with a very great dread of 'mentioning names,' for fear, as she diplomatically observes, of 'compromising herself.'

I am, however, inclined to think that domestic life is not the soil in which our favorite flower of rhetoric flourishes best. To see it in its highest perfection, we must take a glance at the learned professions and the legislature. I select my first instance from the pulpit, because it happened to furnish me with a bit of judicious periphrasis, which had a most beneficial effect on Mrs. Parkinson.

To say the truth, her prevailing foible is love of dress, and I almost blush to add that she used to select the least appropriate day in the week for indulging it; consequently she and Clotilda seldom entered church till after all the rest of the congregation had assembled, to their manifest disturbance. The Reverend Mr. Goodson had already complained to me of the annoyance, and I had communicated my views on the subject to my wife in terms much too strong to admit of any periphrasis whatever. Still, Mrs. Parkinson would not be warned, and continued to arrive in the middle of the service.

As a last recourse, therefore, our reverend pastor made a pointed allusion from the pulpit. The subject was, lukewarm Christians considered as more effectual enemies to Christianity than confirmed sceptics. The accomplished preacher pointed out the various descriptions of this character, till at last he came to the class in which I felt sure my wife was included. 'Of these, my brethren,' continued the preacher, 'there are some who, when all is silent save the voice of the pastor, announce their presence by the rustling of silks and the streaming of ribbons.'

Nobody could mistake to whom this periphrasis applied; for the preacher cast a side-glance at my wife, which acted as a conductor to the eyes of the whole congregation, and they were concentrated on the same focus.—Mrs. Parkinson blushed as pink as her bonnet, and from that day never entered late, or otherwise than plainly attired.

Passing the learned professions, in some of which periphrasis is carried to an extent more tedious than amusing, I must invite my readers to seats in the House of Parliament, for there periphrasis reigns in all its glory. In these great assemblies, to refer to persons by their actual designations is strictly forbidden. 'The honorable member for Rumbleborough,' or 'the honorable and gallant member,' or 'honorable and learned gentleman,' according as a military or legal senator is indicated, must serve in the Commons for all more precise appellatives.

This does tolerably well; but, in the Lords, where men, as members, have no local habitation any more than they have a name, much more difficulty is experienced. This is best illustrated in a 'reply.' After a certain peer has made a motion, the other lords deliver their opinions for and against it; and when all have spoken, it is usual for the mover to reply to the several arguments. The periphrastic shifts he is put to in designating the various orators are sometimes really distressing.

If two bishops have spoken, one is the 'right reverend prelate who took an early part in the debate,' and the other, 'the right reverend prelate who usually votes with the ministry'; then comes a bit of logic for 'the noble and learned baron on the cross-bench,' succeeded by an exposure of the fallacies of 'a noble viscount on the opposite side of the house,' with a cordial eulogy on the clear-sighted views propounded by 'the noble lord on the woolsack.'

The further the orator proceeds, the poorer he naturally gets in his periphrasis, till towards the end he is reduced to 'the noble lord who preceded the last speaker,' or 'the noble and gallant duke who addressed to their lordships a few pithy sentences previous to the noble lord who preceded the last speaker.' Finally, he comes to the oft-mentioned last speaker himself, who is designated either as 'the noble lord who has just sat down,' or as 'the noble lord who was last on his legs.'

It is obvious, that exactly as Mrs. Parkinson's bit of scandal was quite unintelligible to our stranger guest, so the debates in the House of Lords would be almost Greek to the public if they appeared in the newspapers exactly as they are conducted. The reporters, however, render them intelligible by inserting within parentheses the actual names of the peers so mysteriously and circuitously alluded to. A few periphrases are common to both houses; the most striking being the circumspection with which the name of the sovereign is avoided.

She is hinted at as the throne, the crown, or an illustrious personage; and when some bold debater wishes to be very personal indeed, he speaks of 'the highest personage in the realm.' I do really believe that the utterance of these widely-cherished words, 'Queen Victoria,' in the House of Commons, would cause as extraordinary a sensation as was created by the Irish reporter who amidst the gravest silence called on the speaker 'for a song.'

It seems also to be held as highly improper for any person to talk of the 'House of Lords' in the one place, or of the 'House of Commons' in the other; each assembly being delicately shadowed forth as 'another place.' Nay, this etiquette is carried to an almost boundless extent; for, in mentioning an occurrence which may have happened anywhere else than in either of the 'other places,' or House of Parliament, the expression to be used is 'out of doors.' Thus the legislative wisdom of this country divides the terrestrial globe into two sections: that which is comprised 'within doors,' and that which exists 'out of doors.'

'The gentlemen of the press'—a pleasing periphrasis for reporters—luxuriate in the figure even more than orators. I am tempted to believe that this arises from the fiscal arrangements of newspaper proprietors, who remunerate a certain class of writers at so much

per line. It is obviously, therefore, the interest of the reporter to convey a single fact in as many words and lines as possible; hence he adopts the circumlocutory or periphrastic style of composition, in order to blend elegant diction with pecuniary profit. Supposing, for example, he hears that old Lord Stalkington has proposed marriage to Alderman Crummet's youngest daughter; that information, conveyed in so many words, would not only prove extremely uninteresting to his readers, but very unprofitable to himself. He therefore spreads out this inch of fact into a foot of paragraph, somewhat after the following paragraph:—

'**APPROACHING MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.**—It is rumored in the fashionable circles, that an earl of recent creation—whose laurels as a general officer were won in the Peninsula, and who held office under a late administration, but resigned on the breaking up of that cabinet—is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the lovely and accomplished daughter of an opulent city alderman, who not long since passed the civic chair with the marked approbation of his fellow citizens. Though the noble lover has passed the grand climacteric, and the fair intended is in the early bloom of womanhood, yet the alliance is said to be purely one of affection on both sides. The dower of the future countess is said to be immense.'

Upon this principle it is seldom that, in newspapers, things or persons are called by their ordinary names. Fire is the destructive element; dancing, tripping it on the light fantastic toe; drowning, finding a watery grave; eating, the pleasures of the table; drinking, sacrificing at the shrine of Bacchus. Barristers are gentlemen of the long robe; actors, votaries of Thespis; shoemakers, sons of St. Crispin; tailors, knights of the thinble; doctors, disciples of Esculapius. Soldiers are all gallant sons of Mars; and every sailor is a son of Neptune.

By the time I had written thus far, Robert rushed into the room with the intelligence that poor Clotilda had been seized with another fit of periphrasis; for a 'certain gentleman' had just arrived, bringing with him his father and lawyer. 'Bless me,' I exclaimed, wiping my spectacles, and ringing for my dress coat, 'I had forgotten all about Ammerton and the marriage settlement.' This effectually awoke me from my reflections; for if there is anything calculated to end a reverie concerning periphrasis, it is a law-deed.

Pepper and Mustard.

Human life, though a great and momentous affair, is the sum and result of many little and apparently insignificant arrangements. Who, without experience, could think that pepper and mustard could materially influence our enjoyments—could affect, even in a moral point of view, either the head or the heart? Yet so it is—these little things are great to little men.

Suppose that we are set down to dinner, and that we have been helped to some hot and savory soup; we take up the pepper box, but find it either empty, or half filled with large particles which will not pass through; or if it contains a supply of good pepper, the holes are so stuffed up that not a particle can make its escape; or, what is still worse than all, the lid has been so carelessly put on, that the moment we begin to use it, off it tumbles, and the whole contents of the cruet fall into our plate at once.

Or, on the other hand, suppose that we have been presented with a plate of beef; the mustard pot is empty, or it is partially filled with the rancid remains of a former day, dirtily clogged around the sides and top of it; or it may be filled with a thin tasteless fluid, the result of a hasty dish of water put into a half-empty vessel before dinner. It may not even be found on the table at all; and, after several times calling for it, and during the time lost in going for it or searching it out, you are obliged silently to eat your beef without the aid of its stimulating flavor. If, on the contrary, you are resolved to wait its appearance, your patience and temper undergo a severe trial, and your keen appetite is lost in the anxiety of hope deferred, while the tedious process is gone through of procuring a fresh supply.

First of all, the keys have to be found; or, it may be, the key which opens the closet which contains the shelf where huddled among a dozen heterogeneous packages, the paper containing the mustard powder is to be found. Then this powder, which has lost more than half its pungency by being kept in paper instead of a stone jar, has to be hurriedly mixed up with water, and is brought at last, after a world of delay, with large knots of dry powder interspersed among the half liquid mass. If, under the same auspices, you should dine day after day at the same table, it is ten to one but the same neglects are repeated.

If you should ask for pickles to your beef-steak, they also will have to be waited for in the same manner; or if on the table, they will in all probability contain a metallic spoon, the action of the acid on which producing a poisonous mixture, will effectually deter you from partaking of them.

In short, these little arrangements are an index of the mind of the presiding mistress. It may sometimes be the fault of the servants; but the omissions of servants, unless they are incorrigible, more frequently depend on the guiding spirit of the house than on their own peculiar faults.

When one sees the arrangements of the table perfect, even including the well-filled, clean, and inviting mustard pot, he may be assured that all the other most important departments of domestic management are in their proper order. 'My dear,' says Mrs. Slovenloof, 'why should you vex and fret yourself so about such