

tive country that flows in the breast of a man who has been driven from his rights and privileges, a feeling of a peculiar nature, for when a man is abused by those around him, it is rather humiliating to have to quietly submit to be deprived of his rights; but we have to seek those rights we cannot get at the hands of our fellow-men at the hands of the Almighty; for wicked men will not extend them to us, and therefore we must depend upon him who is the source of all good, and from whom protection must be derived, for as the Lord lives, peace is taken from the earth, and every man's hands is against that of his neighbor, and death and destruction and all the powers of earth and hell seem to be manifest to bring about the consumption determined for the last days.

There is considerable anxiety among the elders to go and preach the Gospel to distant nations, to those who profess to be enlightened, but brethren and sisters, let us preach the Gospel at home, in our houses, to those natives in the mountains who are sunk in misery and distress.

Let us open good schools for the Indians, and use the influence that we have got, for their redemption, and let us endeavor to bring them back to the light, bring them back from their long lost and degraded condition, bringing them back to the Gospel enjoyed by their fathers, for they prophesied that their children should wander in darkness for many generations, and then the Lord would commence his work amongst them again, and let us do it, and do it with faithfulness and tenderness, with kindness and generosity, and act as fathers would act towards their children, and let us spend our means and labor; let us toil and even spend our all for their redemption and preservation. And let us not take hold of it as a light matter, as a matter that we will never let come near our hearts, but with willingness, long suffering and continued endeavors to do them good, and when we are foiled in our endeavors to benefit those people let us recollect that we are not to be discouraged, but let us remember that we are to keep trying, and pray God to give you wisdom to act aright. Put away from your hearts all desires to shed their blood, and put far from you the disposition that causes you to think they are troublesome and we should like to get rid of them. Let us consider that they have rights here, that they are the original settlers. They have natural rights, and all our kindness and generosity, and all our faith exercised to benefit them will be acknowledged.

I know the feelings of some; they think the best and only method to deal with them would be to kill off and exterminate their race.

But the Lord has placed us here to try us, and if we are have suffering he will bless us for our labors among that people.

Do not let us be weary, but let the hearts of young and old throb with emotions to be missionaries, throb with desires to teach them the arts of civilization.

Let these be our feelings and desires, and may God bless us in our faith and works that we may bring them back to the knowledge of their fathers and the blessings of the Gospel according to the promises. Amen.

REMARKS

ON THE WORD OF WISDOM:

By Elder EZRA T. BENSON, in the Bowery, Sunday morning, April 8, 1855.

[REPORTED BY J. V. LONG.]

I feel to rejoice this morning in the remarks that I have heard, and I feel to bear testimony to the same, and also to all the instructions given during this conference.

I feel that it is good to be here, and I can say that I have tried to appreciate the blessings we enjoy in common with my brethren. It is indeed a privilege to rise before an assembly of saints in the Valleys of the Mountains, before those that are now so comfortably and favorably located in this place, and while br. George A. Smith was speaking upon the 'word of Wisdom,' there was a dream occurred to my mind that I heard related by one of the brethren a short time ago:—He said there was a proclamation issued by the President of the Church of Jesus Christ for the elders of Israel to collect those together who had kept the commandments of God, for there was a work that the Lord had for them to perform.—The people came together very slowly and reluctantly; once in a while a few would come along, but a leader off was wanted, and perhaps an el would be seen coming up, but it seemed to be slow work collecting the people together. After a while there was another proclamation issued for the people to come together in masses, those that were true, and that were known to be trying to keep the commandments of God, and they then came up by thousands, by tens of thousands, and by hundreds of thousands. I felt that it was so this morning, that those that had been speaking had touched the right subject, and it was very good; and I felt that there would be very few in this vast congregation, (if they were called out,) who had kept the 'word of wisdom,' if all such were called for. I am persuaded that there would be very few that would come forth, but if the word were, Come forth all ye Latter Day Saints that are trying to keep the 'word of wisdom,'—I feel that there would be many that would come forth, and I believe I would be among that number that would be found trying to keep the word of wisdom.

When we first heard the revelation upon the word of wisdom many of us thought it consisted merely in our drinking tea and coffee, but it is not only using tea and coffee and our tobacco and whisky, but it is every other evil which is calculated to contaminate this people. The word of wisdom implies to cease from adultery, to cease from all manner of excesses, and from all kinds

of wickedness and abomination that is common amongst this generation:—it is strictly speaking, keeping the commandments of God and living by every word that proceedeth from his mouth.

This is the way that I understand the word of wisdom, consequently we have to keep all the commandments, if I understand the matter correctly, in connection with this word of wisdom in order to obtain the blessings, for unless we do keep the commandments of God, and not offend in any one point, we have not a full claim upon the blessings promised in connection with this portion of the word of the Lord.

The Lord says in reference to these things mentioned in the word of wisdom that they are not good for the body! I know that my brethren and sisters feel as I do, they have a desire to keep the word of wisdom, and know it is the wish of the Presidency that the elders of Israel should preach upon the word of wisdom, and establish it in the minds of the people, and suffer not themselves from desire to be overcome by the habits of those among whom they travel to preach the Gospel, but be an example in all things.

I can say one thing which I am very thankful for, I never partook of an evil in my life because my brethren did, but I have always tried to act and live upon my own agency. If I have sinned it has been through my own ignorance; if I go astray it is because my mind and my nature is human.

I have ever felt determined to take a course to enjoy the Spirit of the Lord, and when he has left me to myself and I have been tempted, I have always trusted in the Lord and endeavored to obey him and not to give way to the tempter, and I want this feeling to sink deep into the hearts of every man and woman calling themselves Latter Day Saints. And when I hear a word dropped by any one that will tend to thwart the design of God's holy word, why then I feel most indignant.

I wish to see men observe and teach the word of wisdom in their families, for to see men throw a bad influence upon the word of the Lord, I was going to say such a spirit is a stink in the nostrils of all righteous men.

Many of the saints excuse themselves for chewing tobacco because others use it, but let us examine ourselves this morning, and see if such a course will be justifiable before our heavenly Father.

Where is the man that excuses himself on this account? I ask him is it righteousness for him to excuse himself in order to free himself from blame? If it is not, let him repent, cease his excusations and turn unto the Lord his God and work righteousness all the days of his life that he may be saved in the kingdom of heaven.

You know it as an old Methodist doctrine that every tub has to stand upon its own bottom, and we will find that it is so before we get through; yet we will find, brethren and sisters, that it is for every man and woman to take a course to save themselves individually, obey counsel, observe all the revelations of Jesus Christ, that shall be given to us as a people in this present age, whether by the dreams of the night, the visions of the day, or the revelations of God's Holy Spirit, and to follow after righteousness, pursue the course marked out for the people of God and then all will be well with us in this life and also in that which is to come.

I feel to rejoice and I thank my heavenly Father that we have escaped thus far the contaminating influences of the gentiles, and I always do rejoice that our lives are prolonged upon the earth. I never attended a conference in my life but I felt thankful to God that I had fellowship and a standing in the midst of this mighty people, and that I had some confidence before them and also the God whom we serve.

We are indeed a blessed people, prosperity attends us as a community, the wicked and even the very devils are prophesying the prosperity of this people, to say nothing about the predictions of the Latter Day Saints themselves. The great and influential amongst the nations are all the time speaking of the success and prosperity that attends this people, and their telling this is what stirs up the devil.

We are going to build a temple, we are now laying the foundation, and when it is completed we expect to receive our blessings, and do you think the devil knows this? Yes he knows all about it, and he stirs up the wicked, and why does he do this? To hinder the people of God from obtaining the blessings they desire. (It he began to rain, and br. Benson remarked, Well, I can stand the rain if you can. Brethren and sisters we are neither sugar nor salt, although we are a little of both.)

Give us your attention for a few moments and we will dismiss till 2 o'clock. May the Lord bless you that your hearts may be comforted, and that you may listen to all the instructions that you have heard during this conference; this is my determination. May God bless you thro' Christ our Redeemer. Amen.

PICTURES FROM THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

THE TURKISH SOLDIER.

He is a gross, stolid, smoking, brutal, untaught fellow, in ill-made no-coloured clothes. It is harsh language this, and I am sorry to use it; but there are few classes of men, perhaps, more degraded than that to which he belongs. Bastinadoes and wanton bloodshed have at last wrought their cruel work on him, and the Turkish soldier is scarcely a single grade removed from the beasts of the field.

He has the same unreasoning instincts, and very much the same feelings. He has a stupid animal pride about him; a dogged obstinacy sometimes, a craven fear at others. He is clumsy, awkward, ferocious, greedy, dirty. He is an automaton before the powerful, a savage before the weak. His arms are old and rusty, and dangerous chiefly to

himself. They were bought, with a cargo of two more, of a French merchant, who had bought them originally from the mad chiefs of some revolutionary party whose conspiracy came to nothing, and who had of course been cheated by the disreputable manufacturer who made them. The Turkish Government bought them by a contract, which was in the first instance given to Mufi Effendi's coffee boy, and by him sold to a Jew squatter in the bazaar, who had much to do with the Franks. A touter to one of the Porte hotels got scent of the contract while in the Jew's hands, and there was some sharp running between him and the head boatman of the consul of the king of the Towering taxes.

The touter, a half-civilized American, would have been beaten hollow by the Greek if he had not bethought him of a worthless old Frenchman, who prowled about the back stairs of the great pasha's house, and was on confidential terms with the porters of several of the embassies, and who thus became a sort of smuggler out of good things for some of the Galata gentry. So the end of it was, that the boatman, the touter, the Jew squatter, the worthless old Frenchman, and the dragoman of the embassies all agreed to share the spoil, and offer the contract to the French merchant above mentioned, and this is how the Turkish soldier came by his arms, and how many generations of Turkish soldiers have come by their arms, and how it thus chanced, that in the day of danger they laid that proverb to heart, which assured them that an individual who prefers flight to fighting in presence of an awkward enemy, may live to indemnify himself under more favorable circumstances; whereas, if he stays to do battle, (especially with worthless arms) there is no manner by which a reflective person could be induced to answer for his ultimate security.

The Turkish soldier's clothes were also the subject of another contract given to the stepfather of the first cousin of a dragoman's wife, as a bribe to induce that remote individual to use his family influence to persuade the dragoman to obtain the interference of Sir Hector Stubble, in the case of a connection of the grand vizier's third wife, which fortunate connection had been indulging himself by a little quiet murder and robbery in Epirus.

The first holder of the contract sold it readily to a traveling Copt, who took it to Egypt, and was immediately followed by a shrewd little Wallachian, who caught, and outbid the agent of Messrs. Spinner, Woolley, & Co., who not perceiving clearly all that might be made of it in judicious hands, let it go easily. At this stage it was wound by a Greek banker, who swept suddenly down on the little Wallachian and threatened to sell him up, but was bought off with the contract readily.

The affairs of the Greek banker himself, however, were in a bad way, and he thought just then that a good deal might be done in corn, so he offered it to an American jeweller at a small advance on the cost price. The American jeweller could not conclude till he had negotiated with a young Greek renegade in his debt, to use the necessary efforts with his uncle, the Defterdar of a Muschir, to secure the payment of the sum contracted for within three years after the delivery of the goods, the young Greek and his uncle receiving a commission of twenty-two per cent. on each instalment.

To make assurance doubly sure also, an Athenian Greek, who had just expended the produce of an adroit robbery at good interest in the purchase of a passport as a British subject, was easily persuaded to be of the party by promise of ten per cent. more on all sums which should be recovered from the Turkish Government, through the demand of the British embassy.

This matter being finally arranged, the American addressed himself to a Jew, who had recently purchased a large quantity of damaged cloth saved from a wreck, and sold to him by the Lavantine canceler of a mighty young vice-consul, who was also Lloyd's agent at an out-of-the-way port in Asia, where he had been sent because his maternal grandmother, (bless the women, how they get their favorites on in life) had been nursery-governess to Miss Trotter, of the West Riding, and Threaneedle-street; who married the great courtier, Sir Parleyer Tweedledum.

And this is how the Turkish soldier came by his clothes, and how many generations of Turkish soldiers have come by their clothes, how consequently it happens that the Turkish soldiers always look so oddly dressed.

Shall I tell you the story now how the Turkish soldier's buttons, given by the American jeweller as a separate good thing to the worthless old Frenchman (mentioned in the improving tale of the Turkish soldier's arms) who, poking his nose into everything, had found out that the American jeweller was in the habit of putting false jewels into the sabres of honor given by the Sultan to his chief officers, and who threatened to betray him, (though a dragomatic friend) unless bought off; and how the American being unable to persuade himself to part with any money, at last silenced him with the ingenious device of the button contract, which he hoped to be allowed to tag on as a separate item in his bill. And how the button contract changed hands seven times before it was finally executed by a Chiote hukster, in correspondence with some unknown Englishman who had married his sister, and set up business to make them.

I could tell anecdotes equally refreshing about the Turkish soldier's cap, and even about his little bit of brass on top of it (a snug thing of Scruffi Effendi); I know of a delightful episode in the history of his boots. His sword-belt is so infinite a jest to me, that I burst out into guffaws about it in lonely rides. And I cry aloud in the gladness of my heart, "Hurrah for his magnificence, his wonder, his glory, his sublimity, his condescension, his deigningness, his highness, his omnipotence, (sa potence, the French call him), his exceeding excellence, Sir Hector Stubble, and the fine pure practical system of which he is the incarnate and august representative.

Look, look! ye vulgar sceptics, and bow down as ye behold but part of its perfection and goodness in the pleasant vision of a Turkish soldier."

THE BASHI BOUZOUK.

He is a dark brown, wild-looking fellow, in gold clothes,—a modern captain of a free company. His arms are a wonder of expensive uselessness. The settings of his pistols are perhaps solid silver or silver-gilt, inlaid with precious stones, but their barrels were probably made by some clumsy Greek armorer during the war of independence; their locks are on the old flint and steel principle, and bad of their kind; yet the treacherous flint is, of course, fixed in a silver holder, and a worthless lock has very likely a thumping torqueuse stuck rudely on to it. The fellow is a barbarian, and looks like it.

He is tawdry, loose and dirty beyond belief. He is fierce, selfish, and greedy to an equal degree. He is clumsy and awkward. His gorgeous clothes seem to be thrown on, rather than put on, and his apparel presents the same odd contrast as his mind. He comes from some far-away country, from the mountains of Caramania or Albania, from Syria, or where not, so that he does not comply with the modern fashion of the Turks at Constantinople, and cover his head merely with a red cap; but he twines an immense shawl in picturesque folds round and round about it, till he looks when sitting down, like a gigantic mushroom.

It may be said that the shawl, thus apparently misapplied, is worth almost as much, intrinsically, as the useless pistols, but it is incredibly soiled, and dirty, and twisted, and tangled. I have used the word apparently, however, with intention, for though the head-dress here described might be as absurd as costly in England, we should be slow to attach the idea of ridicule to that which is a general costume in any country. If therefore most of the oriental nations keep their shaved heads warm, we may conclude, with tolerable certainty, that the practice is approved, and that they do so wisely. It is, at least, positive that a thick covering will foil the rays of the sun much more successfully than a thin one, and to do this is an object of paramount importance in a country where the inhabitants pass most of their time in the open air, and sun-strokes are frequent and dangerous.

The rest of the Bashi Bouzouk's dress is continued, probably for reasons equally prudent. If one could get at the bottom of them. An immense sash of thick silk is wound many times round his loins, and again above it is girded a broad thick red leather belt, with pockets and receptacles for arms. This makes a capital support for a man who sometimes passes twenty hours on horseback at a time, and who never saw a chair with a back to it. His pistols and silver-sheathed sword (as splendid and untrustworthy as the pistols) stick out so far both before and behind, that he could hardly wear a long coat, or button even a short one. His waist-coat therefore is one dirty blaze of bad embroidery in front, and he has also embroidered sleeves to it; while his jacket is made something on the principle of an hussar's, save that it covers both shoulders, that is to say, the large open fantastic sleeves hang down behind, like a fanciful pair of golden wings.

His breeches are also embroidered, and they appear, at first sight, too short, for they fasten far above the knee, and leave the hinges of the leg as free as a Highlander's, and probably for the same reason. A man had better not confine or cramp his knees who is always scrambling up and down mountains, and who must be always ready for a dashing leap across some yawning chasm. From the commencement of the calf of the leg down to the ankle, the limb is bandaged as tightly as strength can bandage it. It is bandaged till the leg becomes as hard, as shapeless, and almost as thin, as a broomstick. Over the bandages he wears leggings of the same gold tinsel, confined by long, gay, flaunting garters of scarlet silk. His shoes are curiously old and foul; he kicks them off therefore at every opportunity, and curls his legs under him.

He has none of the virtues or vices of a soldier. He avoids fighting whenever it is possible, and will think it an extremely proper thing to decamp on the approach of danger. His idea of the duties of the military profession is firing f-l-o-n shots with a long rusty gun, from a rock on the sea-coast, or a tree by the wayside. His glory is to surprise and butcher the defenceless as they wind through some lonely mountain gorge; to torture his prisoners for sport; to rob his friends audaciously. He is a mere marauder, a bandit, a ruffian. His savage heart would make a monster of him, if it were not so often palsied by a dastard fear.

His love of money is a passion; he clutches it with a rapacity, and hoards it with a secrecy quite wonderful. He would not give a piastre to save his comrade from being flayed alive; he would rather even suffer torture than part with it for any purpose, save that on which his foolish heart is set. Perhaps he covets some glittering ring which he has seen in the bazaar, and cannot steal; perhaps he wants a watch, or a more magnificent pair of pistols, or a new pair of silver-hilted pincers, to take little bits of ardent charcoal out of the fire and light his pipe. He plucks out his beard to look young. He waxes his moustachios, and arches his eyebrows with his dagger; yet this love of fine appearance seems strange in a man who always leads a solitary roving life, who will never marry, and who lives unloved; who would as soon rend the coins from the virgin's hair, as ease a Rayah merchant of his ducats.

He is abstemious, almost to contempt of dainty food; a few grapes or olives, according to the season, a lump of coarse black bread, a few onions, and a little unsweetened coffee, is all he cares for. He has a great fear of disease and death. He wears charms and talismans to protect him from harm. He believes in omens and magicians; but he has no real religion.

MORMON CREED.—Mind your own business.