

DISCOURSE

BY PRESIDENT H. C. KIMBALL; TABERNACLE, FEB. 25, 1855.

[REPORTED BY GEO. D. WATT.]

Br. Woodruff has just given us a sketch of many things, touching upon the prophets, the welfare of Israel, and the sorrow and desolation that will finally fall upon the wicked; and the wicked among us will not escape, any more than will those in the world.

I was thinking considerably upon what he said about the wickedness that is creeping into our midst, and of that wickedness being rebuked. I want my brethren and sisters to understand that only those who are guilty are rebuked. Our rebukes do not touch the innocent, nor affect them one hair's breadth. When you use the whip the lash will, perhaps, hit a person who sits in the outer edge of the congregation, and one in this, and another in that part of the room. It is intended for them, and not for those it does not hit. You will not hear any man, or woman, enter a complaint, or find any fault with br. Brigham, or br. Heber, except that person who is hit.

When you load your musket with buckshot, or coarse shot, and fire into a flock of ducks or geese, you never will see any flutter except the wounded. When you see a person fluster, you may know that is the character who is hit, and is the one who ought to be hit.

I was reflecting, yesterday, whether I had any articles left of all I had when I came into this church, and I found that I had one chest which br. Brigham Young made and painted at my house, and my wife has a little tin trunk which her father gave her before she was married, and I have one earthen tea canister which I made about the time I was married. I think those are the only articles left of those I had when I came into this church. What is the reason? I have been driven from my possessions and robbed of the things which were given me by my father and mother, and of those given to my wife by her parents.

I reflect upon these things, and when I see sin working in our midst, like the leaven in a measure of meal, I feel to rebuke it; and I would rather die in the valleys of the mountains than be driven again. I am against sin, and I am one with those who are against it. We are at war with it, and with the devil and with his works; and so is every good, honest, virtuous, holy saint.

Will you sit down and go to sleep? Will you rock yourselves in your easy chairs and see the leaven of iniquity working in our midst? (Voices, "No.") Don't say no, and then do it. I have never injured any gentleman, by speaking in this congregation. None of my remarks have had reference to a true gentleman, but I have reference to those who take a course to pollute this people; they are the ones who deserve the lash.

There are men and women in our midst, and perhaps some who profess 'Mormonism,' who would take my life in a moment, if they dare, and the life of President Young. As for death, I do not trouble myself much about it. When the time comes for me to depart from this life and go into what we call eternity, to pass through the veil, it is simply to leave the body to rest awhile, and blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for their sleep shall be sweet unto them. Death is merely a sleep to the body, and all the fear I have concerning it is what arises from my traditions. I was taught in my youth that after death I had to go directly into the bowels of hell, and go down, down, down, because there is no bottom to it. I am not troubled about any such thing as that, for I never expect to see any worse hell than I have seen in this world. And those who do not the works of righteousness, and are not worthy to be gathered with the spirits of the saints, will go into precisely such society, in the world of spirits, as they are now in.

The spirits of the saints will be gathered in one, that is, of all who are worthy; and those who are not just will be left where they will be scourged, tormented and afflicted, until they can bring their spirits into subjection and be like clay in the hands of the potter, that the potter may have power to mould and fashion them into any kind of vessel, as he is directed by the great Master Potter.

When the Lord spoke to Jeremiah he told him to go down to the potter's house, and there he would cause him to hear his words. When he went down to the potter's house, "behold, he wrought a work on the wheel." The potter tried to bring a lump of clay in subjection, and he worked and tugged at it, but the clay was rebellious, and would not submit to the will of the potter, and marred in his hands. Then, of course, he had to cut it from the wheel and throw it into the mill to be ground over, in order that it might become passive; after which he takes it again and makes of it a vessel unto honor, out of the same lump that was dishonored because it would not be subject to the potter, and was therefore cut from the wheel, and put through another grinding until it was passive. There may ten thousand millions of men go to hell, because they dishonor themselves and will not be subject, and after that they will be taken and made vessels unto honor, if they will become obedient, and God will make us, who are his servants, bring about his purposes. Can you find any fault with that?

The Lord said to Jeremiah, "O, house of Israel, cannot I do with you as the potter? Behold as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand." They dishonored themselves and were rebellious, and I have cut them off and thrown them in the mill, and there they shall grind until they are passive. And I have taken a gentler lump, to see if I cannot make a vessel unto honor. By and by that lump will dishonor itself, and be thrown back into the mill, and God will take Israel and make of them a vessel unto honor.

Some time ago, when I spoke to the congregation in words of rebuke, it made a wonderful

stir with a few men, that is, with those who were hit, and with those who were filled with sympathy for them because they were such fine, accomplished gentlemen. After I went home from the council that same evening, I dreamed that I was at work at my old trade of making pots, that I had a kiln, and that brs. Brigham, Grant and others were there. The kiln was full of earthen vessels, and we had burnt wood in the arches until it became red hot, but the blaze was coming out of the flues. It did not draw as we wished it to, for the wood was not sufficiently dry. We went and got some good, dry wood, but were gone sometime, and when we came back the kiln got considerably low in heat. We put in some dry wood, and soon brought it back to the same heat it had before we left it. But when I began to look around, I saw a great many vessels off on one side that were not good for anything, they would not stand the fire and began to fall in when nobody was touching them; a whole tier of them fell in at a time. Said I, "Why have you made these vessels so thin? You have made them two thirds larger than they ought to be, with the amount of clay that is in them. Their skin is too thin, you have stretched them too far, and not given them the thickness in proportion. What shall we do with them? Let us break them up and put them into the mill, and grind them up again. The material is good, but they all need making over."

Do you understand that dream? The elders, or somebody else, had stretched those vessels too much; they had got the big head, that is, their heads were larger than the substances would sustain, and they fell in—the vessels fell in. The clay was good, but the vessels were made too big in the start; we must not stretch them too much. Potters always work according to the amount of clay on hand; if it is a small lump they make a small vessel, and make it all the way of a thickness, as near as possible.

In the dream, I discovered that there were many just such thin characters all around us, and they fell in because we touched some of them. I have touched many people here, both men and women, who profess to be Latter Day Saints, and I hurt them just as bad as I hurt some strangers. But I never hurt the feelings of a true saint, nor of a stranger who is a gentleman, nor of one of them. I hurt scoundrels who will take a course, and have taken a course, to pollute themselves and to put the leaven of corruption and wickedness in the midst of this people. I am directly opposed to such characters, and to their principles. Do you understand why? Because I have been driven and afflicted, until there is hardly a vestige of anything left which I had when I came into 'Mormonism.'

I am plain and definite in my language, and I use plain figures, and now and then one that is sometimes considered vulgar by those who are themselves vulgar. To those who are pure, all things are pure, but to those who are impure, all things are impure.

Again, when you are pure, righteous, without sin, you think, many times, that every body else is without sin. When I see, hear and know of practices, in our midst, that are impure, I will go against them.

Gentlemen, you may expect this. I would rather die, than undergo what I have already undergone in the travel from Nauvoo to this place, under the same circumstances.

When we left that city, between one and two hundred souls were attached to me and looked to me for bread, and I had to travel to this land, when it seemed as though I could not live under the load. And Pres. Young was in the same situation, with another company attached to him, and thus we traveled through sorrow, misery and death.

Now, if any persons wish to begin another scrape, and desire to again break us up, and to corrupt this people, and to bring death, hell and the devil into our midst, come on, for God Almighty knows that I will strive to slay the man who undertakes it. [The congregation said, "AMEN."]

I am opposed to corruption; I wish every man to keep himself pure, whether he is Jew, or Gentile, or Latter Day Saint; keep yourselves pure. I do not allow my women to fondle with other men, or to sit in their laps, and they must not suffer other men to kiss or hug them, if they do, I will cast them off. Let my wives alone, and let my daughters alone, except you have my permission to pay them attention, and do as you would wish to be done by.

I talk plainly, I am not afraid, for I am my heavenly Father's friend, and I am a friend to all his sons and daughters, whether they make a profession of religion or not, but they must not undertake to pollute this people. I delight to have strangers come to my house, and they shall have the privilege of visiting and associating with me, and I will associate with them, on condition that they behave like true gentlemen.

'Mormonism' is meat and drink to us, it is sweeter than the honey comb; it is life to us, and to the world it is poison. 'Mormonism' is true, it is righteous, and we are a pure people, with but very few exceptions.

I know that there are some who cultivate unwholesome principles and practices. The old saying is, "birds of a feather will flock together," so they will perhaps leave us. I am plain, and I tell you what I think of you. If a man rebels, I will tell him of it, and if he resents a timely warning, he is unwise.

Notwithstanding I am a plain spoken man, I never had a difficulty that would bring me before a court of my country. I dislike and despise dissension, war and bloodshed, and that is why I am not pleased with the lawyers. I may like their persons, but God knows that I do not like their works nor their principles, when they strive to produce confusion and contention here, after we have made laws which suit us, good laws, and as few of them as possible.

This people are a good people, and I love them as I love my life. But I would rather lay

down my life, than to again pass through what I have already endured.

I have never yet shed man's blood, and I pray to God that I never may, unless it is actually necessary. I have never had occasion to fight, but I have often stood, with my fire lock in readiness, guarding the prophet Joseph, (with br. Brigham and others) for his life was sought all the time, and that too in Kirtland, Ohio, that civilized country. I stood by him until his death, and I will stand by Pres. Young in like manner, God helping me, and so will thousands of this people, and I know it.

God grant that this spirit may rest upon you, ye Elders of Israel, ye servants of God, upon you mothers in Israel, and upon you daughters of God. May it abound in you, and be inherited by your posterity, that you may become like angels of God, and stand in the defence of Israel. These are the blessings I seal upon all of you. Be virtuous and pure, and keep your hands from everything that is not your own, and restore every thing that is your neighbor's.

Do as you would wish to be done by, and God will bless you forever. Lay aside all covetous, petulant, and narrow-contracted feelings, cast them off. Be one, brethren. Let each family be one with its head, and let that head be united with the Presidency, and then we are one and God is for us, and who can be against us?

May God instruct you, and cause these principles to enter deep into your hearts and multiply within you, from this time henceforth, and for ever. Amen.

THE WAR.

[From papers kindly furnished by br. T. S. Williams.]

PARIS, Thursday, Sept. 20.

The Moniteur announces that the Minister of War has received the following telegraphic dispatches from Marshal Pelissier:

SEBASTOPOL, Sept. 17.

In their work of destruction the enemy respected the docks (which are magnificent constructions), the establishments in the vicinity, the barracks of Fort Nicholas, and the Quarantine Fort.

The Anglo French Commission appointed to draw up a return of the materiel left by the Russians at Sebastopol has commenced its labors. The result may be summarily stated as follows:

We have found in the town about 4,000 cannon, 50,000 cannon balls, a few hollow projectiles, a large quantity of grape, a great amount of gunpowder (despite the explosions), 500 anchors (half of which are excellent), 25,000 kilogrammes of copper, two steam engines of 30 horse power, a considerable number of masts, sawn in two for defensive purposes (blindages).

[From the London Gazette Extraordinary of September 22.]

WAR DEPARTMENT, Sept. 22.

Major the Hon. Leicester Curzon arrived this morning with a despatch from General Simpson to Lord Panmure, of which the following is a copy:

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, Sept. 9.

"It was arranged that at 12 o'clock in the day the French columns of assaults were to leave their trenches, and take possession of the Malakoff and adjacent works. After their success had been assured and they were fairly established, the Redan was to be assaulted by the English; the Bastion, Central and Quarantine Forts, on the left, were simultaneously to be attacked by the French.

"At the hour appointed our allies quitted their trenches, entered and carried the apparently impregnable defences of the Malakoff with that impetuous valor which characterizes the French attack; and, having once obtained possession, they were never dislodged.

"The Tricolor planted on the parapet was the signal for our troops to advance.

"It was arranged between Sir W. Codrington and Lieutenant-General Markham that the assaulting column of 1,000 men should be formed by equal numbers of these two Divisions, the column of the Light Division to lead, that of the Second to follow. They left the trenches at the preconcerted signal, and moved across the ground preceded by a covering party of 200 men, and a ladder party of 320.—On arriving at the crest of the ditch, and the ladders placed, the men immediately stormed the parapet of the Redan, and penetrated into the salient angle. A most determined and bloody contest was here maintained for nearly an hour, and although supported to the utmost, and the greatest bravery displayed, it was found impossible to maintain the position.

"Your Lordship will perceive, by the long and sad list of casualties, with what gallantry and self-devotion the officers so nobly placed themselves at the head of their men during this sanguinary conflict.

"The trenches were, subsequently to this attack, so crowded with troops that I was unable to organise a second assault, which I intended to make with the Highlanders, under Lieutenant-General Sir Colin Campbell, who had hitherto formed the reserve, to be supported, by the third division under Major-General Sir William Eyre. I therefore sent for these officers, and arranged with them to renew the attack the following morning.

"The Highland Brigade occupied the advanced trenches during the night. About 11 o'clock the enemy commenced exploding their magazines, and Sir Colin Campbell, having ordered a small party to advance cautiously to examine the Redan, found the work abandoned; he did not, however, deem it necessary to occupy it until daylight.

"The evacuation of the town by the enemy was made manifest during the night. Great fires appeared in every part, accompanied by explosions, under the cover of which the enemy succeeded in withdrawing their troops to the north side by means of the raft bridge recently constructed; and which they afterwards disconnected and conveyed to the other side.

"Their men-of-war were all sunk during the night.

"The boisterous weather rendered it altogether impossible for the Admirals to fulfill their intention of bringing the broadsides of the allied fleets to bear upon the Quarantine Batteries; but an excellent effect was produced by the animated and well directed fire of their mortar vessels, those of Her Majesty being under the direction of Captain Wilcox, of the Odin, and Capt. Digby, of the Royal Marine Artillery.

"I have, &c.,

JAMES SIMPSON,

General Commanding."

The "Moniteur" publishes the following:

"Some persons are greatly concerned about the importance of the North Fort, to which the garrison of Sebastopol retired after the capture of the town. That fort is not larger than one of the forts which surround Paris."

[From the Times Paris Correspondent.]

A French letter from Constantinople of Sept. 11th states that the news of the taking of the Malakoff, which arrived at 2 o'clock, p.m., produced in that capital an immense sensation. It was, however, considered too good to be true, and many hesitated to believe it. The Greeks openly manifested their incredulity. Despatches from headquarters received the same day by the Amsterdam, confirmed, all that had been announced by the electric telegraph. The letter goes on to say:—

"The Malakoff Tower, attacked with unexampled impetuosity to the cry of 'Vive l'Empereur,' was carried after a murderous struggle on both sides.—The formidable position was occupied without delay, and batteries were established on it with remarkable celerity.

The Little Redan of Careening Bay was also taken, but as the Russian batteries poured down a tremendous fire on those who were the first to occupy it, our men were obliged to abandon it, to return to it afterwards.

The few details I have picked up I send you in haste, as the Indus weighs anchor in two hours. On the night of the 7th all the necessary arrangements were taken by General Pelissier with admirable precision. On the 8th, at mid-day, our assaulting columns issued from their posts, and marched on against the enemy to the cry of 'Vive l'Empereur' with an impetuosity beyond all description, and, in spite of a terrible fire in front and a flanking fire from the Little Redan, the ditch was soon passed, and after an hour of a murderous struggle the French flag floated on the tower, and was hailed with one electric shout of triumph from the whole army.

Batteries were instantly placed in position, and we are established in the Malakoff in as solid a manner as if we had held the place for a long time past.

Our battery poured down on the Russian fleet a perfect storm of shells; three ships were set on fire in spite of the precautions of the Russians, and the following morning those that had not been destroyed by our shot were sunk by the Russians. The South part of the city was on fire, and the Russians passed into the North forts.

"Our losses are severe. Several Generals have been killed; four are wounded. I have only been able to ascertain one name among the latter—that of General Bosquet. We have, moreover, 4,000 men hors de combat. I cannot vouch for the exactness of this last number, and the first estimate is too often erroneous.

The attack on the Redan by the English was made with the utmost vigor. They were repulsed three times, but each time those gallant troops returned to the charge, and remained masters of the position.

The Little Redan of Careening Bay was also occupied, but the Russian fire, which inflicted enormous injury on the first occupants, did not allow us to maintain it.

A telegraph dispatch received yesterday at the French embassy, announces that the city is occupied by the Allied troops. I am in hourly expectation of letters from the Crimea, which, I trust, will give me more complete details than those I now send you."

[From the London Times of Sept. 22.]

THE FINAL BOMBARDMENT.

At dawn on the morning of the 5th of September the French opened fire. The air was pure and light, and a gentle breeze from the south-east, which continued all day, drifted over the steppe, and blew gently into Sebastopol.—The sun shone serenely through the vapors of early morning and wreaths of snowy clouds on the long lines of white houses inside those rugged defences of earth and gabionade which have so long kept our armies gazing in vain on this 'august city.'

The ships lay floating on the waters of the roads, which were smooth as a mirror, and, like it, reflected them; and outside our own fleet and that of the French, equally inactive, and not quite so useful to us, were reposing from Kazatch to Constantine, as idly as though they were painted upon a 'painted ocean.' From Cathcart's Hill the eye embraces a portion of the defences of the Quarantine—the French approaches to it and to the Flagstaff Batteries, up to their junction with our left attack across the ravine at the end of the Dockyard creek.

One can sweep over the Flagstaff Batteries works—the suburb of ruined houses, or rather the sites of cottages and residences, which are all that is now left of long streets by the fire of our allies, inclosed between the Flagstaff and the crenellated sea wall, and, looking over this wall, take in at a coup d'œil the civil town behind it, still presenting a stately appearance as it rises on the hillside, tier over tier, full of churches, stately mansions, and public buildings of fine white or red sandstone, with gardens interspersed and trees growing in the walks.