

now—she 'twas Louisa Perce—her husband hadn't been dead but three months, you know. I don't think it looks well for a woman to be in such a hurry—but for a man it's a different thing—circumstances alter cases, you know. And then, situated as you be, Mr. Crane, it's a terrible thing for your family to be without a head to superintend the domestic concerns and tend to the children—to say nothin' o' yerself, Mr. Crane. You dew need a companion, and no mistake.—Six months! Good grievous. Why, Squire Titus didn't wait but six weeks arter he buried his first wife, afore he married his second. I tho't ther wan't no particular need o' his hurryin' as seein' his family was all grow'd up. Such a critter as he pickt out, tew! 'twas very unsuitable—but every man to his taste—I hain't no dispersation to meddle with nobody's concerns.

There's old Farmer Dawson, tew—his pardner hain't been dead but ten months. To be sure he ain't married yet—but he would a been long enough ago if somebody I know on 'd gin him any incurridgement. But tain't for me to speak o' that matter. He's a clever old critter, and as rich as a Jew—but—lawful sakes! he's old enough to be my father.

And there's Mr. Smith—Jubiter Smith—you know him, Mr. Crane, his wife (she 'twas Aurora Pike) she died las summer, and he's been squintin' round among the wimmin ever since, and he may squint for all the good it 'ill dew him as far as I am concerned—though Mr. Smith's a respectable man—quite young, and haint no family—very well off, tew, and intellectual—but I tell yer what, I'm purty partickler. O, Mr. Crane! it's ten years come Jinniwary, since I witnessed the expiration of my beloved companion! an uncommon long time to wait, to be sure—but 'tain't easy to find anybody to fill the place o' Hezekiah Bedott. I think your'e the most like my husband of airy individuiwal I ever see, Mr. Crane. Six months! murderation! curus you should be afeared I'd think 'twas tew soon—why I've know'd—

Mr. Crane—Well, widder, I've been thinkin' about takin' another companion, and I thought I'd ask you.

Widow—Oh, Mr. Crane, excuse my commotion, it's so unexpected. Just hand me that are bottle o' camfire off the mantletrey shelf. I'm rather faint—dew put a little mite on my handkercher and hold it to my nuz. There, that'll dew, I'm obleeged tew ye, now I'm rather more composed, you may proceed, Mr. Crane.

Mr. C.—Well, widder, I was going to ask you whether—whether—

Widow—Continner, Mr. Crane, dew, I know it's terrible embarrasin'. I remember when my deceased husband made his suppositions to me, he stammered and stuttered, and was so awfully flustered it did seem as if he'd never git it out in the world, and I 'spose it's generally the case, at least it has been with all them that's made suppositions to me—you see they're generally uncertain about what kind of an answer they're agwine to git, and it kind o' makes 'em nervous. But when an individuiwal has reason to 'spose his attachment's reciprocated, I don't see what need there is o' his bein' flustered, tho's I must say, it's quite embarrasin' to me—pray continner.

Mr. C.—Well, then, I want to know if you're willing I should have Melissy?

Widow—The dragon!

Mr. C.—I hain't said anything to her about it yet—thought the proper way was to get your consent first. I remember when I courted Trypheny, we were engaged some time before mother Kenipe knew anything about it, and when she found it out she was quite put out, because I didn't go to her first. So when I made up my mind about Melissy, thinks me, I'll dew it right this time, and speak to the old woman first.

Widow—Old Woman, hey, that's a purty name to call me—amazin' perlite tew! Want Melissy, hey? Tribbulation! gracious sakes alive! well, I'll give it up now. I always know'd you was a simpleton, Tim Crane, but I must confess I didn't think you was quite so big a fool—want Melissy, dew ye? If that don't beat all! What an everlasting old calf you must be, to 'spose she'd lock at you. Why, you're old enough to be her father, and more tew,—Melissy aint only in her twenty-oneth year. What a reedickilous idee for a man o' your age! as grey as a rat tew! I wonder what this world is comin' tew; 'tis astonishin' what fools old widdiwers make o' themselves! Have Melissy! Melissy!

Mr. C.—Why widder, you surprise me—I'd no idee of being treated in this way after you'd been so polite to me, and made such a fuss over me and the girls.

Widow—Shet your head, Tim Crane—nun o' your sass to me. There's yer hat on that are table and here's the door—and the sooner you put on one and march out o' 't other, the better it 'ill be for ye. And I advise you, afore you try to get married again, to go out west and see if yer wife's cold, and arter ye're satisfied on that pint, just put a little lampblack on yer hair—'t would add to yer appearance ondoubtedly, and be of service tew ye when ye want to flourish among the gals—and when ye've got yer hair fixed, jest splinter the spine of yer back—'t wouldn't hurt yer looks a mite—you'd be entirely irresistible if you was a leetle grain straighter.

Mr. C.—Well, I never!

Widow—Hold yer tongue, you consarned old coot you—I told ye there's yer hat and here's the door—be off with yerself, quick metre, or I'll give ye a hyst with the broomstick.

Mr. C.—Gimmeni!

Widow, rising—Git out, I say—I aint agwine to stan here and be insulted under my own ruff; and so get along, and if ever ye darken my door again, or a word to Melissy, it 'll be the wuss for you—that's all.

Mr. C.—Treemenjous! What a buster!

Widow—Go 'long—go 'long—go 'long, you everlastin' old gum—I won't her another word—(stops her ears)—I won't I won't, I won't.—[Exit Mr. Crane.]

## SERMON,

By PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG, Bowery,  
August 31, 1856.

[REPORTED BY G. D. WATT.]

I appear before you to bear my testimony to the truth of 'Mormonism,' that Joseph Smith, Jun., was a Prophet called of God, and that he did translate the Book of Mormon by the gift and power of the Holy Ghost. This same testimony all can bear, who have received and continue to retain the Spirit of the Gospel.

We are happy to hear from our brethren who have returned from the fields of their labor, it rejoices our hearts, and we like to see their faces. I know how they feel when they return home, for I have felt many times, in returning to the Saints, as though the privilege of beholding their faces was a feast to overflowing, my soul has been full. I rejoice all the time, and I can understand why br. Clinton has rejoiced so exceedingly; it is because the lightning and thunder are in him, and because he gave vent to his feelings. Bro. Robbins' calling has been different, of such a nature that the lightning and thunder in him have lain dormant, to a certain degree, and he has not enjoyed himself so well as he would, had he been sent solely to preach and build up churches.

Let me reduce this to your understandings. Right here, in our midst, many who gather from foreign lands, who have undergone all the toil, labor, and hardship that it is possible for their nature to sustain on their journey, after they arrive in these valleys begin to sink in their spirits, neglect their duties, and in a little time do not know whether 'Mormonism' is true or not. Take the same persons and keep them among the wicked, and they will preserve their armor bright, but it has become dull and rusty here; this is the cause of so many's leaving these valleys. The seas are so calm and the vessel is wafted over them so smoothly, and in a manner so congenial to the feelings of the people, that they forget that they are in Zion's ship. This is the main reason of so many's leaving for the States, California, and other places. Send those persons among their enemies, among those who will oppose 'Mormonism,' among those who will oppose the truth, and let them be continually persecuted, and they will know very quickly whether they are 'Mormons' or not, for they must go to the one side or the other. But the condition of society here and the feelings of the people are so different from those of the wicked, that many glide smoothly along, forget their religion and their God and finally think that this is not the place for them and go away.

I will now state that I am thus far perfectly satisfied with the labors of the brethren who have returned from their missions this season and have come on the stand to-day, and at other times; I am highly gratified with the doings and labors of those Elders.

With regard to br. John Taylor, I will say that he has one of the strongest intellects of any man that can be found; he is a powerful man, he is a mighty man, and we may say that he is a powerful editor, but I will use a term to suit myself and say that he is one of the strongest editors that ever wrote. Concerning his financial abilities, I have nothing to say; those who are acquainted with the matter know how 'The Mormon' has been sustained. We sent br. Taylor, and other brethren with him, to start that paper without purse or scrip, and if they had not accomplished that object, we should have known that they did not trust in their God, and did not do their duty.

Let me call your reflections to the days of Joseph; here are some of the Twelve, here are the Seventies and High Priests, and members of the High Council, and several who have been long in the Church, did any of you ever receive any support from the Church, while on your missions in the days of Joseph? Were you all to answer, you would say that you do not know the time.

I came into this Church in the Spring of 1832. Previous to my being baptized, I took a mission to Canada at my own expense; and from the time that I was baptized until the day of our sorrow and affliction, at the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum, no summer passed over my head but what I was traveling and preaching, and the only thing I ever received from the Church, during over twelve years, and the only means that were ever given me by the Prophet, that I now recollect, was in 1842, when br. Joseph sent me the half of a small pig that the brethren had brought to him, I did not ask him for it; it weighed 93 pounds. And that fall, previous to my receiving that half of a pig, br. H. C. Kimball and myself were engaged all the time in pricing property that came in on tithing, and we were also engaged in gathering tithing, and I had an old saddle valued at two dollars presented to me, and br. Heber was credited two dollars in the Church books for one day's services, by br. Willard Richards who was then keeping those books. Br. Heber said 'blot that out, for I don't want it.' I think it was crossed out, and so was the saddle, for I did not want it, even had it been given to me. These were the only articles I ever received in the days of Joseph, so far as I recollect.

I have traveled and preached, and at the same time sustained my family by my labor and economy. If I borrowed one hundred dollars, or fifty, or if I had five dollars, it almost universally went into the hands of br. Joseph to pay lawyers' fees and to liberate him from the power of his enemies, so far as it would go. Hundreds and hundreds of dollars that I have managed to get, to borrow and trade for, I have handed over to Joseph when I came home. That is the way I got help, and it was

good for me; it learned me a great deal, though I had learned, before I heard of 'Mormonism,' to take care of number one.

For me to travel and preach without purse or scrip, was never hard; I never saw the day, I never was in the place, nor went into a house, when I was alone, or when I would take the lead and do the talking, but what I could get all I wanted. Though I have been with those who would take the lead and be mouth, and been turned out of doors a great many times, and could not get a night's lodging. But when I was mouth I never was turned out of doors; I could make the acquaintance of the family, and sit and sing to them and chat with them, and they would feel friendly towards me; and when they learned that I was a 'Mormon' elder, it was after I had gained their good feelings.

When the brethren were talking about starting a press in New York, and how it has been upheld, I did wish to relate an incident in my experience. In company with several of the Twelve I was sent to England in 1839. We started from home without purse or scrip, and most of the Twelve were sick; and those who were not sick when they started were sick on the way to Ohio; br. Taylor was left to die by the road-side, by old father Coltrin, though he did not die. I was not able to walk to the river, not so far as across this block, no, not more than half as far; I had to be helped to the river, in order to get into a boat to cross it.—This was about our situation. I had not even an over coat; I took a small quilt from the trundle bed, and that served for my over coat, while I was traveling to the State of New York, when I had a coarse sattinet over coat given to me. Thus we went to England, to a strange land to sojourn among strangers.

When we reached England we designed to start a paper, but we had not the first penny to do it with. I had enough to buy a hat and pay my passage to Preston, for from the time I left home, I had worn an old cap which my wife made out of a pair of old pantaloons; but the most of us were entirely destitute of means to buy even any necessary article.

We went to Preston and held our conference, and decided that we would publish a paper; br. Parley P. Pratt craved the privilege of editing it, and we granted him the privilege. We also decided to print three thousand hymn books, though we had not the first cent to begin with, and were strangers in a strange land. We appointed br. Woodruff to Herefordshire, and I accompanied him on his journey to that place. I wrote to br. Pratt for information about his plans, and he sent me his prospectus, which stated that when he had a sufficient number of subscribers and money enough in hand to justify his publishing the paper, he would proceed with it. How long we might have waited for that I know not, but I wrote to him to publish two thousand papers, and I would foot the bill. I borrowed two hundred and fifty pounds of sister Jane Benbow, one hundred of br. Thomas Kingston, and returned to Manchester, where we printed three thousand hymn books and five thousand Books of Mormon, and issued two thousand Millennial Stars monthly, and in the course of the summer printed and gave away rising of sixty thousand tracts. I also paid from five to ten dollars per week for my board, and hired a house for br. Willard Richards and his wife who came to Manchester, and sustained them; and gave sixty pounds to br. P. P. Pratt to bring his wife from New York. I also commenced the emigration in that year.

I was there one year and sixteen days, with my brethren the Twelve, and during that time I bought all my clothing, except one pair of pantaloons which the sisters gave me in Liverpool, soon after I arrived there, and which I really needed. I told the brethren, in one of my discourses, that there was no need of their begging, for if they needed any thing the sisters could understand that. The sisters took the hint, and the pantaloons were forthcoming.

I paid three hundred and eighty dollars to get the work started in London, and when I arrived home, in Nauvoo, I owed no person one farthing. Br. Kingston received his pay from the books that were printed, and sister Benbow, who started to America the same year, left names enough of her friends to receive the two hundred and fifty pounds, which was paid them, notwithstanding I held her agreement that she had given it to the Church.

We left two thousand five hundred dollars worth of books in the office, paid our passages home, and paid about six hundred dollars to emigrate the poor who were starving to death, besides giving away the sixty thousand tracts; and that too though I had not a sixpence when we first landed in Preston, and I do not know that one of the Twelve had.

I could not help thinking that if I could accomplish that much in England, in that poor, hard country, it could not be much of a job for a man to establish a paper in New York. I thought that to be one of the smallest things that could be; I could make money at it. We sent br. George Q. Cannon, one of br. Taylor's nephews, to California, over a year ago last spring, to print the Book of Mormon in the Hawaiian language. He has printed a large and handsome edition of that book, has published a weekly paper and paid for it; has paid for the press and the type, and paid his board and clothing bills, though he had not a farthing to start with, that is, he went without purse and scrip, so far as I know, as did also brs. Bull and Wilkie who went with him.

It is one of the smallest labors that I could think of to establish a paper and sustain it in St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, or any of the eastern cities. I wish to say this much, for the information of those who think it a great task to establish and sustain a

paper; though I am not aware that any of the brethren think so.

I will relate another incident, which occurred during our journey to England. Br. George A. Smith accompanied me to New York city, and we had not money enough to pay the last five miles' fare.

We started from New Haven in a steam boat, and when we left the boat I hired passage in the stage to New York; the captain of the steam boat happened to be in the same stage.

When we left the coach, I said to the captain, will you have the kindness to pay this gentleman's passage and mine. I had had no conversation with him during the day, only in interchanging the common and usual compliments, but when we left him he greeted us cordially, and said that he had paid our stage-fare with the greatest pleasure, and shook our hands as heartily as a brother, saying, "May God bless and prosper you in your labors."

In five minutes we were in the house with Parley P. Pratt, who had moved to that city the Fall before. As soon as those of the Twelve who were appointed on that mission to England came in, we concluded that we would not go among the Branches, but seek out and preach to those who had not had an opportunity for hearing the gospel.

Accordingly we separated and went into many parts of the State of New York, Long Island and New Jersey, and some went into the city of Philadelphia.

After we had got through with the regular meetings, we proposed to the brethren, if any of them wished to have meetings in their private houses and would tell us when and where, that we would meet with them.

It was not more than a week or ten days before we had been in fifty different places in New York city and the surrounding country, and those who came to hear us invited their neighbors, and thus we preached and baptized, and soon gathered means enough to defray the expense of our passage to England, principally from those who were the fruits of our own labors.

Though the people in the States are daily becoming more hardened against the truth, yet if I was in New York this day, and it was my business to be there, I would not be there long before I would have many elders preaching through different parts of that city; I would have them preaching in the English, Danish, French, German and other languages. And soon would have elders dispersed all over the State, and would raise up new friends enough to sustain me, that is if the Lord would help me, and if he did not I would leave.

That is the way we have traveled and preached, but now we do a great deal for our missionaries, for they gather money on tithing and ask me to credit such and such a man so much on tithing; this course tends to shut up every avenue for business here.

We do not receive cash on tithing from abroad, because our missionaries are so liberal and feel so rich that they gather every dollar that can be scraped up, and then come here and have it credited to such and such individuals on tithing, without handing over the money.

This course hedges up the work at head quarters. Did I have that privilege? No, never; and men should not have it now. If a paper should be published, brethren ought to have wisdom enough to sustain themselves and the paper, and they can do it.

I do not wish to find fault with our missionaries, but many of them now live on cream and short cake, butter, honey, light biscuit and sweet meats, while we had to take the butter milk and potatoes. That kind of fare was good enough for us, but now it is short cake and cream, light biscuit, with butter and honey, and sweet meats of every kind, and even then some of them think that they are abused.

I see some here who did not have as good fare as buttermilk and potatoes; I see some of the brethren who have been to Australia, the East Indies, &c. When I returned from England, I said it is the last time I will travel as I have done, unless the Lord specially requires me to do so; for if we could ride even as comfortably as br. Woodruff once rode on one of the Mississippi steam boats we considered ourselves well off. All the bed he had was the chines of barrels, with his feet hanging on a brace, and he thought himself well off to get the privilege of riding in any shape, to escape constant walking.

How do they go now? They take the first cabins, cars, and carriages. I wish to see them cross the plains on foot, and then have wisdom enough to preach their way to the city of New York, and there, in the same manner, to get money enough to cross the ocean. But no, they must start from here with a full purse, and take broad cloth from here, or money to buy it in the States, and hire first cabin passages in the best ocean steamers; and after all this many think it is hard times.

I want to see the elders live on buttermilk and potatoes, and when they return be more faithful. But they go as missionaries of the kingdom of God, and when they have been gone a year or two many of them come back merchants, and how they swell, "how popular 'Mormonism' is, we can get trusted in St. Louis ten thousand dollars as well as not, and in New York br. Brigham's word is so good that we can get all the goods we want; 'Mormonism' is becoming quite popular." Yes, and so are hell and the works of the devil.

When 'Mormonism' finds favor with the wicked in this land, it is gone into the shade; but until the power of the Priesthood is gone, 'Mormonism' will never become popular with the wicked. 'Mormonism' is not one farthing better than it was in the days of Joseph.

The hand of the Almighty is over mankind, and 'Mormonism' is hid from them; they do