

new responsibilities, the new compensations secured for all outlays of strength, bring about a delightful play of the heart and intellect, which, in their reaction upon the body, produce an effect that is nothing less than preservation.

There is a higher moral power than this—one which we speak of soberly and honestly. No one is completely armed against the encroaching ills of life, who has in his heart no place for religion. The calmness, the patience, the joy and the hope that are in possession of a woman whose heart is right in its highest relation, can never fail to preserve and heighten every personal power and charm that she possesses.

There you have the recipe. Some of it is in sportive form, but it is none the less sober truth. It has within it a cure for many a disease—the preventive for more. It might be made longer, but when we see its prescriptions universally adopted it will be time to bring forward the remainder.—[Springfield (Mass.) Republican.]

Humorous Impressions of Ireland.

BY A RECENT TRAVELER.

Ye who have landed at Kingstown in Ireland, have some idea of the confusion that attends the debarkation of luggage, and are prepared for what awaits you upon every trip you make. I was innocent of ever having been there before, so ye may form some estimate of my feelings. I knew not what to do or where to turn; I was perfectly thunderstruck. Ireland was a closed book to me, the first leaf of which I had scarcely perused when I wished it far away from me for ever. Hemmed in on all sides, such greeting as these saluted my ears:

"Here you are, sir—javey, sir—run you up to town in less time than the thrain could do it.—There's the little mare for you, sir, that can go the pace back'ards."

"Arrah! don't be botherin' the gentleman, don't you see he's a judge of horseflesh, and he would 'nt be seen outside iv such a barrun as that. Here's the beauty, yer honor—Ghee! wool whup! ye divil? and a spank of a whip to a broken-kneed, broken-winded, broken-hearted, looking brute. 'Nineteen miles an hour, sir, an' all on a thimbleful of wather, an' a pra-keen of pratieskins—that's the horse, sir."

"Yes, in troth, for their bellies," cried a fourth, "if they were a starvin' a week afore, and had nothin' but him or a turf-clamp to ate; but by my sowkins, they'd want to insure their teeth afore they tackled him; take him out iv that iv he's able to walk, and let the dace it gentleman get up on the quality's car, where he'll have a bit of ould Harkaway's blood forrest him."

"Bad scan to you! What do you mane?"—Shouted a fifth indignantly. "Sure you know that that ould three legged baste av yours was only turned out av the slaughter-house last Monday bekase he was too rotten to be killed. Don't insult a fine young gentleman from England, by axin' him to spile his dacent shoot of clothes by puttin' them on such a shanrajan as that. Here you are, sir—an omnibus an' a stage-coach on two wheels, rowled into one, where you can sit wid your back to the houses. In wid you, sir, an' show the blaguard's you're above thraveling wid the likes of 'em, have a real taste for the illegant."

"I'm going by the train," said I, when I could get in a word. "I don't want a car."

"Oh! but you'll take your death of cowld, sir, iv you go by them, for the windows is all bruk in the carriages, and none iv the axletrees is greased."

"How is that? I asked, in evident alarm, turning to a car-driver beside me, upon whose countenance innocence and candor were graven, if ever they rested upon mortal face.

"Bekase ye see, sir, the company spent all their money last week in puttin' the leathric telescope along the lines, an' they haven't as much left after it as id buy the lard. Up wid ye here, sir, an' we'll distance 'em in no time."

I saw in a moment how it was, especially when a loud laugh rang in my ears from the healthy lungs of the surrounding body.

"Bring that truck here," I said authoritatively! "Faith, an' I thought he was a gentleman above sich a thing," said one.

"Have a care, Barney, or he'll be sitting on the top iv it," cried another, "and givin' you tuppence for wheelin' himself an' the rest ov the thrum-pervy."

"Who'd think it av him?" asked a third; "sure, an' he looks cact'n."

"Divil a bit of it," chimed in a fourth, "he's only a tailor's snip out on a spree; don't ye see he's doin' the chape?"

"Shame on ye!" roared a fifth, "don't ye see he's only a deck passenger, an' he wants to stretch his legs wid a walk, to get the chill of the night out ov 'em."

"Faith, Darby, an' it's thrus for you—he's got the wool from the pigs he was lyin' wid on his master's clothes."

Flattering remarks, truly, when the individual complimented happens to be of the 'first person singular,' and the impression formed by no means prepossessing! Now, if there is one position in life more galling than another, it is being made the butt for sarcasm, when the inner man is anything but convalescent, and the outward signs and tokens decidedly unfavorable. So felt I, and it was with a vague fear of some more practical jokes following, that I passed up beside the truck on my way to the station.

"Go in the front door, your honor, an' I'll bring the things round this way, an' put them into the thrain, whil' you'd be winkin' one of your eyes."

I did as directed; when I arrived on the further platform, my traps were all placed in safety, so I tended the porter or truckman a shilling.

He turned it round leisurely in his hand; and then said, "Maybe you'd like me to wheel 'em all the way to Dublin for this much?"

"I've no such desire," was my reply.

"Oh, I thought you had," said he—"for haven't you g'ven me a thril' too much?"

"If I have, you can keep it," said I, magnanimously.

"Thank you for nothin'," he returned, with a laugh.

"Do you want any more, my man?"

"Arrah, an' to be sure I do; sure an' it's only humbuggin' me you are."

I assured him I had no such ambition.

"Why thin, in throth you ought to be ashamed to look a dacent glass av whiskey in the face, af'er givin' a man a dirty twelpenny, wid a hole in i an' the hary rubbed off, for pullin' the arms out av his body, wheelin' such a cart-load ov things up the hill be- vant. Look here now," (and he turned himself slowly round until his face was again before me) "this is all that's left av me af'er that job."

"I cannot help that," I said, getting into a first class carriage. He called at me through the wooden rails that are erected on the platform, for the purpose of keeping such customers at a proper distance.

"Hillo! that aint your place?"

"Where else then?" I asked, bewildered.

"Under the axletree, an' the sooner you're there the better."

I drew in my head, finding that I was doubly fooled, and was closing the door behind me, when he approached the window and said:

"Why, thin, sure you aint a gon' off in that away? give us a thril' to drink long life to you, an' the say sickness'll go off you, like a coat made out av a cobweb."

"Well, what is your charge?"

"Only another shillin', yer honor," in a deprecating tone. "I would nit ax you for it only that my wife is layin' up at home wid a pair of twins that was only born last night."

"Then there's another sixpence for you."

"Good luck to your honor—but it's yourself has the flaughlough fist. Sure an' I knew it was only takin' a rise out ov me you were—but haven't you such a thing as a copper about you?"

"Not one, I assure you."

"The praties is mortal dear, your honor—and there's seven ov 'em at home to feed."

"I can't help that, I've no more for you."

"Not a bit of tibbacy to put in the pipe?" (displaying a short black one) "see it's in mouruin' for the last whiff that was in it."

"No, nor that either," I answered; "stay, there's a cigar for you."

"Long life to your honor! Oh, an' its proud I'll be of it," saying which he put it into his mouth, but as suddenly expectorating the small portion he had bitten of it, he shouted with a fearful grimace, "Bad luck to it, it's pison."

"Then give it back to me," said I, affronted at his method of treating my three-pennyworth.

"Not I, by my sowkins; it'll do for to kill the rats wid."

The bell rang, and the train started, leaving him behind upon the platform. A moment afterwards I looked out to see where he was. There he stood laughing and exhibiting the money and cigar to men who had been employed like himself in similar jobs, whilst his impressive gesticulations gave me fully to understand that he did not look on me as a paragon of good sense. As I cast myself back in the seat, I heard his opinion as to my general merits audibly pronounced; there was no verbosity in his style—it was succinct, yet comprehensive—the comparison capable of being grasped by the weakest intellect. These were the words:—"Poor devil—he's as green as a gosling."

TRESSPASS IN LAW.—"Bless me Mr. Rounce, what is this?" (reads) For that the John Snooks, on the tenth day of May, with force and arms, broke and entered a certain dwelling house of the plaintiffs, and made a great noise and disturbance therein and so continued to make a noise and disturbance for the space of twenty-four hours—

"That sir, is the declaration in trespass."

"But the man only knocked; he didn't make any disturbance at the door for twenty-four hours."

"A mere formal allegation, sir, not necessary to be proved."

"But he didn't break in divers, to wit; twenty doors. There were not twenty doors in the house he didn't break any."

"Pooh, sir, don't you see it is laid under vide-licet!"

"Laid under a what?"

"A videlicet! that means you mu'n't prove the allegation, if it is immaterial; but if material you must."

"But what's the use of it, then?"

"The use of it my dear sir! And you don't understand these things—they are vocabularis."

"And what may that be?"

"Why words that raise doubts, swell costs, and enable the professional man to make the most, of a very small case.—[Ex.]

TRUE.—People who suppose that a good prayer is preferred to a good act, doubtless imagine that God has more hearing than eye-sight. The end, we fear, will show that they reasoned from false premises. The poor are oftener prayed for than helped. The reason is, we believe, that breath is cheaper than bullion.

SWEARING.—An intelligent lady whose little boy was beginning to swear, anxious to express to the child her horror of profanity, hit upon the novel process of washing out his mouth with soap suds whenever he swore. It was an effectual cure. The boy understood his mother's sense of the corruption of an oath, which, with the taste of the suds, produced the desired result. The practice, if universally adopted, would raise the price of soap.—[Ex.]

HATRED.—It is the nature of the human disposition to hate him whom you have injured.

DISCOURSE

BY PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG, BOWERY, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 17, 1856.

[REPORTED BY GEO. D. WATT.]

We have had the privilege of hearing the testimony of br. Whiting, who has just returned from his mission, upon which he started two years ago from San Pete.

Brs. Merrill and Clinton, and several others, have lately arrived from their missions, and I will here give an invitation to those brethren to come to the stand, Sabbath after Sabbath, and bear their testimony and speak to the people. I wish to say to the Elders who arrive, come, we would be happy to see you with us; come, we will find seats for you; and if you are not all eloquent preachers, come and bear your testimony. Br. Whiting says that he is a man of but few words. I am satisfied that there is greater wisdom with many who say but little, than there is with those who talk so much; as for the multitude of words, they are but of little consequence, the ideas are of far the greatest importance.

The kingdom of our God, that is set up on the earth, does not require men of many words and flaming oratorical talents, to establish truth and righteousness. It is not the many words that accomplish the designs of our Father in heaven with him it is the acts of the people more than their words; this I was convinced of, before I embraced the gospel. Had it not been that I clearly saw and understood that the Lord Almighty would take the weak things of this world to confound the mighty, the wise, and the talented, there was nothing that could have induced me or persuaded me to have ever become a public speaker. I did think and I now think that I am personally as well acquainted with my own weaknesses as any other mortal is with them, for this is my fortune, my good fortune and blessing, and I am ready to acknowledge that it is more than many have got. I am of the opinion that I know and understand myself, about as well as any person can know and understand me; yet I may think that I know my weaknesses and incapacities to the fullest, while others may see weaknesses that I do not. Still I am so constituted that when I discover my weaknesses I bear them off as well as I can; and I say to all people, if you discover that I falter, when I do the best I can, what are you going to do about it?

When I first commenced preaching, I made up my mind to declare the things that I understood, fearless of friends and threats, and regardless of caresses. They were nothing to me, for if it was my duty to rise before a congregation of strangers and say that the Lord lives, that he has revealed himself in this our day, that he has given to us a prophet and brought forth the new and everlasting covenant for the restoration of Israel, and if that was all I could say, I must be just as satisfied as though I could get up and talk for hours. If I could only say that I was a monument of the Lord's work upon the earth, that was sufficient; and had it not been for this feeling, nothing could have induced me to have become a public speaker.

With regard to preaching, let a man present himself before the saints, or go into the world before the nobles and great men of the earth, and let him stand up full of the Holy Ghost, full of the power of God, and though he may use words and sentences in an awkward style, he will convince and convert more, of the truth, than can the most polished orator destitute of the Holy Ghost; for that Spirit will prepare the minds of the people to receive the truth, and the spirit of the speaker will influence the hearers so that they will feel it.

These reflections are my true sentiments, and it is knowledge with me with regard to speakers and people who have honest hearts, who desire the knowledge of the Lord, who are seeking to know the will of God and willing to become subject to it. The Spirit of truth will do more to bring persons to light and knowledge, than flowery words. This is my experience, and I presume it is the experience of many of you, and that you can call that to mind when you first received the Spirit of this gospel.

When you see a person at a distance, you can, at times, see the spirit of that person before you have the opportunity of speaking to him; you can discern his spirit by the appearance of his countenance. This has been my experience from my younger days, and more especially since I have become acquainted with sacred things. My later experience has been very vivid with regard to the spirits of people, and it matters not to me whether they say much or little, so they but let me hear their voices and see them, let me hear and see the manifestation of their spirit, that I may know whether they are constantly with us in their feelings. I wish to know the spirits of those that are around and with us.

Brethren, you who have returned and are this season returning from missions, we shall be happy to have you take your seats with us on this stand, and when opportunity offers we shall be glad to hear your voices and testimonies.

When I rise before you, brethren and sisters, I often speak of the faults of the people and try to correct them; I strive to put the Saints in a right course and plead with them to live their religion, to become better and to purify themselves before the Lord; to sanctify themselves, to be prepared for the days that are fast approaching. I do this oftener than I speak of the good qualities of this people, and I have reasons for this which, perhaps, you would like to hear.

The froward and disobedient need chastisement, the humble and faithful are sealed by the Spirit of the gospel that we have received.

I have not time nor opportunity to caress the people, or flatter them; to do right; nor often to speak well of them, portraying their good qualities.

The consolations of the Holy Spirit of our Gospel comfort the hearts of men and women, old and young, in every condition of this mortal life. The humble, the meek and faithful are all the time consoled and comforted by the Spirit of the gospel that we preach; consequently their comfort, happiness, joy and peace must be received from the fountain head. As Jesus says, "in the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye have peace," so we say to ourselves, so we say to the Saints; in the Lord ye have joy and comfort, and the light of truth which shines upon your path.

The Holy Ghost reveals unto you things past, present and to come; it makes your minds quick and vivid to understand the handy work of the Lord. Your joy is made full in beholding the footsteps of our Father going forth among the inhabitants of the earth; this is invisible to the world, but it is made visible to the Saints, and they behold the Lord in his providences bringing forth the work of the last days.

The hearts of the meek and humble are full of joy and comfort continually; do such need comfort from me? Yes, if any mourn, perhaps a few encouraging words from me would give them consolation and do them good. I am always ready to impart what I have to this people, that which will cheer and comfort their hearts, and if the Lord will lead me by his Spirit into that strain of reflections and teaching, I am more willing and ready to speak comforting words to this people, than I am to chastise them.

But I hope and trust in the Lord my God that I shall never be left to praise this people, to speak well of them, for the purpose of cheering and comforting them by the art of flattery; to lead them on by smooth speeches day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, and let them roll sin as a sweet morsel under their tongues, and be guilty of transgressing the law of God. I hope I shall never be left to flatter this people, or any people on the earth, in their iniquity, but far rather chasten them for their wickedness and praise them for their goodness.

The Lord praises you and comforts you, if you live as you are directed; if you live with your life hid with Christ in God, you do receive, from the fountain head, life, joy, peace, truth, and every good and wholesome principle, that the Lord bestows upon this people, and your hearts exult in it, and your joy is made full.

This people are the best people upon the face of the earth, that we have any knowledge of. Take the congregation now before me, and what portion of them has been in the church twenty six years? What portion has been in the church fifteen years? But a small part.

How many of those before me were personally acquainted with Joseph, our Prophet? I can see now and then one; you can pick up one here and another there; but the most of the people now inhabiting this Territory never beheld the face of our Prophet; even quite a portion of this congregation never beheld his face. All this I consider.

But few of this congregation have been assembled together more than a very few years, to receive and be benefitted with the teachings from the fountain head, directly from the Living Oracles.

How long have they been gathered? Some one year, some two years, and some five or six years; and I can only pick out a few, in this congregation, who were acquainted with the Prophet.

I could pick out a few of this assembly who have been here seven and eight years.

You who understand the process of preparing mortar, know that it ought to lay a certain time before it is in the best condition for use. Now suppose that our workmen should work over a portion and prepare it for use, and when it is rightly tempered, suppose some one should throw into the mixture a large quantity of unslacked lime, this would at once destroy its cementing quality, and you would have to work it all over and over again.

This is precisely like what we have to do with this people; when a new batch is mixed with the lime and sand which were prepared ten days ago, before it is fit for use it has to be worked all over with the ingredients and proportions that were used to make the first.

Some think this rather hard, but they have to be worked over, because they are in the batch. Again, they are in the mill, and like the potter's clay which br. Kimball uses for a figure, they have got to be ground over and worked on the table, until they are made perfectly pliable and in readiness to be put on the wheel, to be turned into vessels of honor.

Now suppose, when it is in this good state, that somebody should throw in a batch of unworked clay, it would spoil the lot, and the potter would have to work it all over; the clay that was prepared has to be worked over with the unprepared.

This principle makes many feel sore, and some are starting for the States and some for California, because they will not be worked over so much, and we cannot set a guard over the mill to keep the new clay from being thrown in.

You may say that that is my business; no, it is my business to throw in the new clay and work it over and over, and to use the wire to draw from the lump any material that would obstruct the potter from preparing a vessel unto honor.

I do not wish you to think that I chastise good men and good women; chastisements do not belong to them, but we have some unruly