

MINUTES

OF THE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE HELD IN OGDEN CITY, FRIDAY, NOV. 2, 3 and 4, 1855.

[TAKEN BY ELDER W. WOODRUFF.]

11 A.M.

Singing. Prayer by Elder O. Pratt.

Elder Wm. Gibson spoke upon the principle that no man can know the things of God but by the Spirit of God, nor without it teach to the edification of the saints. Touched upon obedience and the receiving those who are sent to teach them.

P.M.

Elder Joseph W. Johnson expressed himself well pleased with Elder Gibson's remarks, alluded to the necessity of listening to the 'living oracles,' and contrasted the different degrees of prosperity enjoyed by the Nephites when they obeyed or disobeyed their counsels.

7 o'clock in the evening.

Elder P. P. Pratt addressed the congregation, taking for his text the "Thirteenth General Epistle of the First Presidency." He spoke at length upon the necessity of the young men and maidens receiving their endowments and obeying the instructions to marry and raise up a righteous posterity. He also instructed the saints in the principle of consecration, urging them to give strict attention thereto, if they wished and expected the blessings of heaven to attend their efforts for building up Zion.

Saturday, Nov. 3.

In consequence of the damage done by high wind during the past night, the Conference was not opened until noon.

Singing. Prayer by Elder Wm. Gibson.

Elder O. Pratt occupied the time in speaking upon the attributes of God, and the future state, exaltation and glory of those who keep the celestial law.

7 o'clock in the evening.

Elder W. Woodruff instructed the saints in the practical duties of everyday life.

Sunday, Nov. 4, 11 A.M.

Singing. Prayer by Elder J. W. Johnson.

Elder Richard Cook gave a retrospect of the history of the Church, and alluded to the effect which the latter day revelations had upon our traditions.

Elder P. P. Pratt followed with an exhortation to the people.

2 P.M.

Elder P. P. Pratt discoursed upon a variety of subjects. While he was speaking I was obliged to leave, in order to fill an appointment at South Weber.

The Spirit of God has been abundantly manifested during the Quarterly Conferences held thus far, and much has been and doubtless will be accomplished by the labors of the 'Home Missionaries.'

MINUTES OF THE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE HELD IN THE CITY BOUNTIFUL, NORTH COTTONWOOD, NOV. 17 and 18, 1855.

[TAKEN BY ELDER W. WOODRUFF.]

Saturday, 11 A.M.

Singing. Prayer by Elder H. Herriman.

Elder H. S. Eldridge contrasted the faith and blessings of the Former and Latter Day Saints, and was followed by Elder Z. Pulsipher who spoke upon the dangers attending prosperity, the sending of angels and giving revelations, exhorting every one to be careful not to lose the Spirit of God.

2 P.M.

Prayer by Elder O. Pratt.

Elder H. Herriman alluded to the great blessings we are privileged with, exhorted to faithfulness in all things and strict obedience to the counsels of all who are placed to preside. Elder O. Pratt followed, instructing the saints to live for the gifts and blessings of the gospel, and remarking upon the necessity there is for us to be diligent in obtaining faith and power with God, that we may be able to cope with the increasing rage of the adversary.

6 P.M.

Prayer by Prest. Joseph Young.

Elder Gilbert Clements addressed the meeting upon the "rest that remaineth for the people of God," the seventh day, the seventh year, the millennium, the gathering of the Jews and the fulfillment of prophecy, and exhorted to diligence and faithfulness in our duties. Elder J. L. Heywood bore testimony to the truth of what had been said, and felt that it was good to listen to the counsel of those who are set to preside.

Sunday, 10 A.M.

Prayer by Prest. Joseph Young.

Elder P. P. Pratt addressed the congregation, calling their attention to that portion of the Book of Mormon which relates the fulfillment of prophecy, and in view of what was transpiring, counseled all not to set their hearts upon the things of this life, but upon the things of God.

2 P.M.

Prayer by Elder Thomas Grover.

Prest. Joseph Young exhorted the people to listen to the teachings which they had received, and to be careful in attending to family prayer. Elder Erastus Snow followed, expressing great pleasure in what br. Joseph had just taught, and counseled the people to build a good meeting house.

6 P.M.

Prayer by Elder O. Pratt.

Elder W. Woodruff spoke upon the great variety displayed in all the works of God, yet all governed by the same Spirit; also upon the variety displayed in the teachings of the different elders, yet all tending to edification. Exhorted the elders to keep journals of the dealings of God with them, and spoke in favor of studying phonography. Elder O. Pratt made a few closing

remarks. The people were highly edified with the meetings, and trust that they will result in great benefit to all present.

[From Household Words.]

PRINCE BULL.

A FAIRY TALE.

PRINCE BULL, - - - England, TAPE, - - - Official routine and Fogysim.

Once upon a time, and of course it was in the Golden Age, and I hope that you may know when that was, for I am sure I don't, though I have tried to find out, there lived in a rich fertile country, a powerful Prince whose name was Bull. He had gone through a great deal of fighting in his time, about all sorts of things, including nothing; but had gradually settled down to be a steady, peaceable, good-natured, corpulent, rather sleepy Prince.

This Prussian Prince was married to a lovely Princess whose name was Fair Freedom. She had brought him a large fortune, and had borne him an immense number of children, and had set them to spinning, and farming, and engineering, and soldiering, and sailing, and doctoring, and lawyering, and preaching, and all sorts of trades. The coffers of Prince Bull were full of treasure, his cellars were crammed with delicious wines from all parts of the world, the richest gold and silver plate that ever was seen adorned his sideboards, his sons were strong, his daughters were handsome, and in short you might have supposed that if there ever lived upon earth a fortunate and happy Prince, the name of that Prince, take him for all in all, was assuredly Prince Bull.

But appearances as we all know, are not always to be trusted—far from it; and if they had led you to this conclusion respecting Prince Bull, they would have led you wrong, as they often have led me.

For this good Prince had two sharp thorns in his pillow, two hard knobs in his crown, two heavy loads on his mind, two unbridled nightmares in his sleep, two rocks ahead in his course. He could not by any means get servants to suit him, and he had a tyrannical old godmother whose name was Tape.

She was a Fairy, this Tape, and was a bright red all over. She was disgustingly prim and formal, and could never bend herself a hair's breadth this way or that way, out of her naturally crooked shape. But she was very potent in her wicked art. She could stop the fastest thing in the world, change the strongest thing into the weakest, and the most useful into the most useless. To do this she had only to put her cold hand upon it and repeat her own name, Tape. Then it withered away.

At the Court of Prince Bull—at least I don't mean literally at his court, because he was a very genteel prince, and readily yielded to his godmother when she always reserved that for his hereditary Lords and Ladies—in the dominions of Prince Bull, among the great mass of the community who were called in the language of that polite country the Nobs and Snobs, were a number of very ingenious men, who were always busy with some invention or other, for promoting the prosperity of the Prince's subjects, and augmenting the Prince's power. But whenever they submitted their models for the Prince's approval, his godmother stepped forward, laid her hand upon them, and said "Tape." Hence it came to pass, that when any particularly good d'scovery was made, the discoverer usually carried it off to some other Prince, in Foreign parts, who had no old godmother who said Tape. This was not on the whole an advantageous state of things for Prince Bull, to the best of understanding.

The worst of it was, that Prince Bull had in course of years lapsed into such a state of subjection to this unlucky godmother, that he never made any serious effort to rid himself of her tyranny. I have said this was the worst of it, but there I was wrong, because there is a worse consequence still, behind. The Prince's numerous family became so very downright sick and tired of Tape, that when they should have helped the Prince out of difficulties into which that evil creature led him, they fell into a dangerous habit of moodily keeping from him in an impassive and indifferent manner, as though they had quite forgotten that no harm could happen to the Prince their father, without its inevitably affecting themselves.

Such was the aspect of affairs at the court of Prince Bull, when this great Prince found it necessary to go to war with Prince Bear. He had been for some time very doubtful of his servants who, besides being indolent and addicted to enrich their families at his expense, domineered over him dreadfully; threatening to discharge themselves if they were found the least fault with, pretending that they had done a wonderful amount of work when they had done nothing, making the most unmeaning speeches that ever were heard in the Prince's name, and uniformly showing themselves to be very inefficient indeed. Though that some of them had excellent characters from previous situations is not to be denied.

Well! Prince Bull called his servants together, and said to them all, "Send out my army against Prince Bear. Clothe it, arm it, feed it, provide it with all necessities and contingencies, and I will pay the piper! Do your duty, my brave troops," said the Prince, and do it well and I will pour my treasure unhesitatingly, like water, to defray the cost. Who ever heard me complain of money well laid out!" Which indeed he had reason for saying, inasmuch as he was well known to be a truly generous and munificent Prince.

When the servants heard those words they sent out the army against Prince Bear, and set the army tailors to work, and the army provision merchants, and the makers of guns both great and small, and the gunpowder makers, and the makers of ball, shell, and shot and they bought up all manner of stores and ships, without troubling their heads about the price, and appeared to be so busy that the good Prince rubbed his hands, and (using a favorite expression of his,) said "It's all right!" But while they were thus employed, the Prince's godmother, who was a

great favorite with those servants, looked in upon them continually all day long, and whenever she popped in her head at the door, said, "How do you do, my children? What are you doing here?"

"Official business, godmother."

"Oh!" says this wicked Fairy. "—Tape." And then, all the business went wrong, whatever it was, and the servants' heads became so addled and muddled that they thought they were doing wonders.

Now, this was very bad conduct on the part of the vicious old nuisance, and she ought to have been strangled, even if she had stopped here; but she didn't stop here, as you shall soon learn. For a number of the Prince's subjects, being very fond of the Prince's army who were the bravest of men, assembled together and provided all manner of eatables and drinkables, and books to read, and clothes to wear, and tobacco to smoke, and candles to burn, and nailed them up in great packing-cases, and put them aboard a great many ships, to be carried out to that brave army in the cold and inclement country where they were fighting Prince Bear. Then up comes this wicked Fairy as the ships were weighing anchor, and says, "How do you do my children? What are you doing here?"

"We are going with all these comforts to the army, godmother."

"Oh!" says she. "A pleasant voyage my darlings.—Tape!"

And from that time forth, those enchanted ships went sailing, against wind and tide and rhyme and reason, round and round the world and whenever they touched at any port were ordered off immediately, and could never deliver their cargoes anywhere.

This again was very bad conduct on the part of the vicious old nuisance, and she ought to have been strangled for it if she had done nothing worse; but, she did something worse still as you shall learn. For, she got astride of an official broomstick, and muttered as a spell these two sentences "On Her Majesty's service," and "I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant," and presently alighted in the cold and inclement country where the army of Prince Bull were encamped to fight the army of Prince Bear. On the seashore of that country, she found piled together a number of houses for the army to live in, and a quantity of provisions for the army to live upon, and a quantity of clothes for the army to wear; while sitting in the mud gazing at them, were a group of officers as red to look at as the wicked old woman herself. So she said to one of them, "Who are you, my darling, and how do you do?"

"I am the Quarter-master General's Department, godmother, and I am pretty well."

Then she said to another, "Who are you, my darling, and how do you do?"

"I am the commissariat Department, godmother, and I am pretty well."

Then she said to another, "Who are you, my darling, and how do you do?"

"I am the head of the Medical Department, godmother, and I am pretty well." Then she said to some gentlemen scented with lavender, who kept themselves at a great distance from the rest, "And who are you, my pretty pets, and how do you do?" And they answered,—"We are the aw-staff-aw-Department, godmother, and we are very well, indeed."

"I am delighted to see you all my beauties," says this wicked old Fairy, "—Tape!"

Upon that, the houses, clothes, and provisions, all mouldered away, and the soldiers who were sound fell sick, and the soldiers who were sick died miserably; the noble army of Prince Bull perished.

When the dismal news of his great loss was carried to the Prince he suspected his godmother much indeed; but he knew that his servants must have kept company with the malicious Beldame, and must have given way to her, and therefore he resolved to turn those servants out of their places. So he called to him a Roebuck who had the gift of speech, and he said, "Good Roebuck, tell them they must go."

So, the good Roebuck faithfully delivered his message, so like a man that you easily might have supposed him to be nothing but a man, and they were turned out—but, not without warning, for that they had had a long time.

And now comes the most extraordinary part of the history of this Prince. When he had turned out those servants, of course he wanted some others. What was his astonishment to find that in all his dominions, which contained no less than twenty-seven millions of people, there were not more than five and twenty servants all together! They were so lofty about it, too, that instead of discussing whether they should hire themselves as servants to Prince Bull, they turned things topsy turvy, and considered whether as a favor, they should hire Prince Bull to be their master! While they were arguing this point among themselves quite at leisure, the wicked old red Fairy was incessantly going up and down knocking at twelve of the oldest of the five-and-twenty, who were the oldest inhabitants in all that country and whose united ages amounted to one thousand, saying, "Will you hire Prince Bull for your master?" To which one answered:—

"I will if next door will;" and other "I won't if over the way does;" and other, "I can't if he, she, or they, might, could or should." And all this time Prince Bull's affairs were going to rack and ruin.

At last, Prince Bull in the height of his perplexity assumed a thoughtful face, as if he were struck by an entirely new idea. The wicked old Fairy seeing this was at his elbow directly, and said:

"How do you do, my Prince, and what are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking, godmother," says he, "that among all the seven-and-twenty millions of my subjects who have never been in service, there are men of intellect and business who have made me very famous both among my friends and enemies."

"Aye, truly?" says the Fairy. "Aye, truly," says the Prince.

"And what then?" says the Fairy.

"Why, then, says he, since the regular old class of servants do so ill, are so hard to get, and carry it with so high a hand perhaps I might try to make good servants of some of these." The words had no sooner passed his lips than she returned chuckling.

"You think so, do you? Indeed, my Prince?—Tape!"

Thereupon he directly forgot what he was thinking of, and cried out lamentably to the old servants, "O, do come and hire your poor old master! Pray do! On any terms!"

And this for the present, finishes the story of Prince Bull. I wish I could wind it up by saying that he lived happy ever afterwards, but I cannot in my conscience do so; for, with Tape at his elbow, and his estranged children fatally repelled by her from coming near him, I do not, to tell you the plain truth, believe in the possibility of such end to it.

GOOD HUMOR.—Keep in good humor. It is not great calamities that embitter existence: it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the 'minor miseries,' that make the heart heavy and the temper sour.—Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality. It helps nobody, and hinders everybody. It is always foolish, and always disgraceful, except in rare cases when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that 'noble rage' seldom mends the matter. Keep in good humor.

No man does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart makes nimble hands and keeps the mind free and alert. No misfortune is so great as one that sours the temper. Till cheerfulness is lost, nothing is lost. Keep in good humor.

The company of a good humored man is a perpetual feast. He is welcome everywhere.—Eyes glisten at his approach, and difficulties banish in his cheering presence. Franklin's indomitable good humor did as much for his country in the Congress as Adams' fire or Jefferson's wisdom. He clothed wisdom with smiles and softened contentious minds into acquiescence. Keep in good humor.

A good conscience, a sound stomach, and a clean skin are the elements of good humor.—Get them, keep them, and keep in good humor.—[Ex.]

VOLCANIC PHENOMENON.—On the 19th inst., as the steamer Tishomingo was wending her way up the Ohio river, the officers and passengers on board of her beheld a remarkable upheaving of waters in the center of the stream.—When about seventy-five miles below Louisville, they beheld a dense body of mud and water, some thirty or forty feet in diameter, thrown up, somewhat after the manner of a fountain, to a height of fifteen feet.

It rose and sank several times, and the last time, when the boat was nearly opposite it, threw forth a huge volume of black slime and froth, which spread widely over the surface of the river. The weather at the time was clear and calm, and nothing unusual was perceived upon the shore.

Some of the Ohio papers are filled with speculations as to the causes of this singular phenomenon, and express fears lest a volcano should arise in the middle of The Ohio, and vomit forth flame and lava from the bowels of the earth!—[Ex.]

SWEARING.—The absurdity and utter folly of swearing is admirably set forth in the following anecdote of Belzebub and his imps:—

The latter went out in the morning each to command his set of men, one the murderers, another the liars, and another the swearers, &c.—At evening they stopped at the mouth of a cave. The question arose among them, who commanded the meanest set of men. The subject was debated at length, but without coming to a decision. Finally his Satanic Majesty was called upon to decide the matter in dispute. Whereupon he said: 'The murderer got something for killing, the thief for stealing, and the liar for lying, but the swearer was the meanest of all, he served without pay. They were his Majesty's best subjects; for while they were costless, their name was legion, and presented the largest division in his (Satan's) employ.—[Ex.]

HARD TO BEAR.—The Paris correspondent of Le Progress, is terribly severe on 'Monsieur Bonaparte:—He says, speaking of the affairs in the Crimea:—

'There were in the Crimea two cities—a seat of war and a seat of art; Sebastopol and Kertch. The one terrible and ready for combat, the other charming, and open to hospitality. At Sebastopol, ten thousand pieces of cannon, a fleet, and a heroic garrison; at Kertch, a port crowded with merchantmen, elegant promenades, and old temple of Esculapius—women and children. M. Bonaparte has taken Kertch.'

SCENE.—Editor's Sanctum on a Daily Paper. 'The paper is getting dull, Mr. Smith. We want more crime for the women and clergymen.'

Can't be possible! Since Monday we've made no less than three murders, four suicides, and one desperate attack on an unprotected female. I'm now engaged on a highway robbery, in which \$8,000 in gold is lost by a returned Californian, and two foot pads are dangerously wounded in the scrape. If the readers of the 'Ensangued Battle Ax' want more than this, you must have an assassin to work on purpose for the office, I can do no more.—[Ex.]