

cabins! Bacon and hominy! Bacon and Indian bread, honey and milk, and they were perfectly satisfied. As I heard one of these great nobles say, on a certain occasion when at his house; we were holding a two-days' meeting; he did not belong to the Church, but his family did. Said he, "Mr. Young, I have a great deal of property and some money, and I do not know what to do with it, I think I will go up to your place and buy." He had a log house, all in one room, with six beds in it. Not a light of glass to light the room; and just to instruct my sisters how to cook, I will tell them something about the first meal we had there. A twelve-quart tin milk pan was set on the table, filled with beef, stacked as you see cannon balls, up to the peak or roof, in arsenals. I think there was about two ounces of butter on the table, white as cheese curd. This was in the month of August, when the fat beeves were standing around, and I do not know how many cows, sheep, oxen, horses, geese, turkeys and fowls were running round his yard; and I do not think that his pile of beef in the milk pan had a half or a quarter of an ounce of fat on it. Said they to us, "Help yourselves, lay hold and help yourselves;" and we did, to a piece of dry bread, dry beef and a little "clean" butter—we always called such butter "clean," because it looked so white. I recollect on Sunday morning, you will excuse me for telling this anecdote, after we had sat down and had eaten a little, the lady of the house said, "Brother Young, take a piece of pie! Brother Kimball, take a piece of pie." They had a large peach orchard, with hundreds of bushels of ripe peaches, probably not all worked up into brandy, but still they could not afford a ripe peach for a pie. The lady put a piece of pie on the plate, and I cut

a little off and turned it over and looked at it, and said I, "Yes, I will taste your pie, for I never saw the like before in my life; did you, Brother Kimball?" "No, S-i-r, I n-e-v-e-r did." There were peaches that had fallen from the trees before they were ripe, cut in two and the pits taken out, put on a piece of dough, not even the fuzz wiped off, and then another cake put over the top, nothing else inside but this, and then baked in a bake pan, or "Dutch oven," as we used to call it. "It is peach pie, Brother Brigham; Brother Kimball, will you take a bit of pie, it is peach pie." I never saw the like before, and there the man sat, as happy and contented as could be. And this is like Missouri, all over, as it used to be. "I do not know what to do with my means," and yet he had not a light of glass in the place, and had to open the door to see to eat; and six beds in one room. We slept there with the family, not with the wife, but with the whole family—men, women and children. Said the owner of the place, "I declare, I think I will go and purchase some land." I said to him, "How would it do to have this floor fixed and made comfortable?" It was made of oak boards sawed out and dried up, and you might have shoved your hand down between each one; and it was just so with the chamber, and when a person walked on it, it went "clatter," "clatter," "clatter." Said I, "how would it be to have this floor planed, matched and nailed down, so that when the children walk over it it will not make so much noise? And how would it be to have a window? When the weather gets cold, it will be pretty uncomfortable to have to open the door to see to eat, knit, sew and so on?" "Well," said he, "I declare I never thought of that;" and I do not suppose he ever