

# Mormon Expositor.

Vol. 1.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

No. 1.

## BRIGHAM YOUNG IN THE PULPIT.

It is a fact with which all residents of Utah are familiar that until a few years since many of the sermons of Brigham Young, as delivered in the Tabernacle in this city, were so full of profanity, and abounded with so many obscene and indecent expressions, as to be utterly unfit for publication. That the public may form a correct estimate of the real character of this man, who professed to be a Prophet of the living God, and who, as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints assumed to himself the triple function of Prophet, Seer and Revelator,

we lay before our readers the following extract from one of his sermons. The selection is made from a verbatim report of a sermon delivered by Brigham, in this city, on the first Sunday in September, 1861, upon the subject of the "Proneness to Follow Gentile Fashions." Nothing has been exaggerated, nothing extenuated, nor ought set down in malice; but the prophet's own words have been presented just as they were delivered before a congregation of more than 2,000 men, women, and children. We also give selections from sermons of the "lesser lights," which show that they have been apt scholars of a vulgar tutor:

## Extract from a Sermon Delivered by Brigham Young.

*SUBJECT:—Proneness of the Saints to Imitate Gentile Fashions.*

That man that sells liquor and believes that he must, I will promise him damnation for it.

That man that makes liquor and gives it to his neighbor, he shall have his reward in Hell. That man that says he cannot live without destroying truth and virtue from the earth—what is he fit for? If Hell was at my disposal, I would not give him hell room. I'd annihilate him; and that is what the Lord will do with him.

Give us a little Gentileism, for Heaven's sake, you say. The women say, let us wear hoops, because the whores wear them.

[After speaking of their imitation of the Gentiles in their styles of boots and hair-cutting he added:] I believe if they were to come with a cob stuck in their behind, you would want to do the same. I despise their damnable fashions, their lying and whoring, and God being my helper, I'll live to see every one of these cursed fools off the earth, saint or sinner. I don't know that I have a wife but what would see me damned rather than that she should not get what she wanted, and that is what I think of all of them, and the men too.

I would see a Gentile further in Hell than they ever got, before I would follow their fashions, if it did not suit me. There is not a day I go out but I see the women's legs, and if the wind blows, you see them up to their bodies.

If you must wear their hoops, tie them down with weights, and don't let your petticoats be over your heads. It is ridiculous and should not be. It belongs to a set of whory congregations that love iniquity and corrupt themselves with one another. It belong there. It don't belong to this community.

How do you think I feel about it? Who cares about these infernal Gentiles?

If they were to wear a s—t pot on their heads, must I do so?

I know I ought to be ashamed, but when you show your tother end I have a right to talk about tother end. If you keep them hid, I'll be modest and not talk about them.

There are those fornication pantaloons, made on purpose for whores to button up in front. My pantaloons button up here (showing how), where they belong, that my secrets, that God has given unto me, should not be exposed.

You follow the Gentiles, and you will be partakers of their plagues, if you don't look out. That is the work of the Lord.

Break off from your sins by righteousness. Will you do it? This is the word of the Almighty to you, through his servant, Brigham. Keep your secrets sacred, and hide your bodies and preserve your bodies.

Now if a whore comes along and turns up her clothes don't turn up yours and go through the streets.

## SERMON DELIVERED BY DR. JETER CLINTON,

*In the Thirteenth Ward Meeting House, Salt Lake City.*

My words to-night will be the subject of Mormonism. I am going to speak words to convert strangers, and bring them in the true path of virtue and truthfulness of Mormonism. A good many like to hear a regular Mormon sermon, and I'm going to preach one to-night. Mormon is the word the Devil called us, but God gave us a saint, a prophet by the name of Mormon, but we are God's chosen people, the Latter-day Saints. The Jews and Gentiles have driven us from place to place, and they have tried to drive us from here, but I can tell you, friends, that we are not a-going from here. The filth and dirt will devour themselves; God will see to that, as I do not want to dirty my hands with them. Then the filth, the dirt, the scum that was sent here to teach and direct us in the paths of virtue and right—God keep us from such righteousness.

To-night I am going to speak plain with you. Now, let us clean the outside and keep the inside clean, as you would one of your platters. Wash it, wash it, purify it, and by that means clean it; if you do not, it will be dirty, sticky, foul. Now there are men and women in this congregation who do not belong to this Church, who have come out of curiosity; but this is the kind of sermon which will do more to convert them than anything else. Now for these women, the low, nasty street-walkers who live in the Thirteenth Ward; the low, nasty, dirty, filthy, stinking bitches—they stink—that will invite strange men into their houses and introduce them into their family circles. Their excuse was they were boarders; but it is a lie, and that is their excuse. They ought to be shot with a double-barreled shot-gun. That is my doctrine (pointing to a soldier), and when you see those street-walkers following behind such women, (God keep me from calling them women), take a double-barreled shot-gun and follow them, and when you catch them, shoot them to pieces; and if you do not overtake them before they get to their haunts or dens, go in and kill them both. That is my doctrine. I am the Justice of the Peace. I am the Coroner of the county, but I will never fine you. I will guarantee that.

I have been in this country sixteen years.

You never see such people in my house, for they are not wanted there. I have had these same kind of women come to me for advice, and I used to give it, and they would go to my enemies; but I have got too old for them now. I use the words of our Savior, "Go your way and sin no more." Now, I can tell you, one and all, when I came here there was not a groggery in the place, and not a lot of gambling loafers, horse-thieves and filth, who congregated and dance by an old siddle. They are not only Gentiles, but Saints; such Saints! (throwing up his hands.) Now, the only comparison I can make to show you, is what I heard from a brother, who compares them to a Missouri hog, a long-nosed hog, for after you get him out in these hills he would be a hog still. I thought when we got out here we would be clean, not sullied, and to God's chosen people I come. You might want to know what for? I came for my religion and to bring up my family in holiness and purity. And now for another comparison: If a man was a thief in Missouri, he would be a thief here, and therefore the thieves are here. My friends, you may think it strange that I should have dealt so leniently with that young blackguard whom I fined \$100 a few days ago, but my jurisdiction would not allow me to do more. I mean to clean out the Thirteenth Ward—purify it. I will send our teachers all around—Jew and Gentiles—it is our right, etc.—to every house in the ward, and when we find one of these houses, tear it down. It is not the first that has been torn down here (they never come to me about it), and I will help you. Shoot down the miscreants who infest the city; I will promise you that no law shall trouble you. Now, what have we to expect? When Noah entered the Ark with eight persons, there was one bad one there, and I think that was Ham, for he was mean and dirty, for he married a nigger wench (gestures), and another thing shows, that when the waters returned from the earth, they planted some grapes and made wine, and "Old Noah" got on a spree and distilled himself and fell asleep in the vineyard, when Ham, instead of hiding his father, slipped off his clothes from him, and called the people in to witness his father's nakedness.

## SERMON DELIVERED BY BISHOP WOOLEY,

*In the Thirteenth Ward Meeting House, Salt Lake City.*

Well, Brothers and Sisters, Jew and Gentiles, they call me a hard case, but the Doctor has taken the wind out of my sails, so that I have only to put on the finishing touches. Now, I have commenced the new year, and I am going to keep it up in the

Thirteenth Ward. When our teachers go around, as they will do, they will find out the business occupation, number of families, etc., and try to break up the low, vile dens of the ward. I am coming right down upon them. Why, I can throw a

stone from the pulpit on a house of whoredom, and another around the corner. They have carried on their whoredom long enough under our very noses. Yes, there are plenty of gentlemen in this congregation, and some white livered gamblers—I know them by their eyes; yes and by their hang-dog looks,—and whores and whore-masters. They can't stay among us and bring up their bastards on us. I can tell you so. You can go to some houses in this ward and see some lone widow woman and see a lot of strangers there. They never came there without an invitation. No, they never come to my house, for they are not wanted there. I have been here sixteen years, and no strangers but my own family come there. I am the stranger's friend. Why don't they go to the public houses? No, it is for prostitution and nothing else, and these miserable excuses are all lies, black lies. I would do as the doctor says, kill them; but their filth will kill themselves. They were sent out here to dictate to us, and for our welfare. What have they to do with our plurality of wives? Nothing. I read in a newspaper this afternoon, speaking about what they had accomplished in one year, and how much they had benefited the country. "God help the good they have done." They have fetched the Devil here, whores, whore-masters and bastards. Tear down their houses if they persist in their damnable wickedness. There is no help for them. Why, I told Sister —, (the name was given, but we decline to give publicity to private scandal,) if she persisted in going to Camp, and among Gentiles, years ago, what it would bring her to. Now, you see her daughter Lizzie is a whore, "a dirty, stinking huzzy, a filthy bitch." I have put up with her mother's whining and sniveling long enough. Of course a mother loves her child, but it is the Sister's own fault, and I told her so. And there is our Brother G. W. Stevens and his "dearly beloved" wife. What shall

we do with them? Send them out of the Church? Our streets are filled with whores, thieves, gamblers, pimps, etc. The only way to purify it is to drive them out. Tear down their houses and send them where Gebow and his gang (looking toward Camp) went. That Gebow was a Mormon—Brother Gebow—was a Mormon once (laughter); but it is true, though. I suppose some of these remarks will be seen in that little vile sheet, the *Vilette*, for I presume some are taking notes now. We are going to cut off some of these from the Church to-night. It was only last Sabbath night that we had two men stationed at the door. If there had been any such disturbance as we had the Sunday before, we would have "hoisted" them down stairs, so they would not come again; and God would have been with us—and those men felt like it, too.

Now, when they speak of President Young, they speak of me, and when they insult him they insult me. Now, I am going to expel and cut off Lizzie from the Church, and all those who are in favor of expelling Lizzie will please raise their right hand (six hand raised). Carried. Now, all who are found harboring Lizzie, from this on, after to-morrow's sun, or anybody not belonging to the Church, their houses will be battered down, and if she shall go to another ward, we will use our influence and drive her out of that, and send her where Gedow and his gang went (looking toward the soldiers). Now, in reference to G. W. Stevens and his "dearly beloved" wife, you will please signify by raising your right hand. Carried. Now, we have some more to cut off, but we will keep them until next Sunday night, and see further in their cases. We have put up with Geo. W. Stevens and his wife three years too long. They talk about the plurality of wives, but when they speak of my wives and children, they touch the apple of my eye. Amen.

Short Sermon Delivered by the Bishop of San Pete, one  
Sunday in May, 1875, before Six or Seven Hun-  
dred Men, Women and Children.

Brethren and Sisters, I feel good to-day. I feel like preaching some sound Gospel to you, if the Holy Spirit will help me, and he will, for I feel him within me. I know that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God, for I feel it within me. I know that polygamy is right, for I feel it within me. I know that Brigham Young is the mouth-piece of Jehovah, for I feel it within me. The Saints are poor, and that is one reason why I know they are the people of God. Why, Brethren, though I am a bishop now, yet I was eighteen years of age before I ever stuck my head into a hat or my foot into a shoe. Now I am

coming to the point I wish to speak about. Now, Brethren you must fix up your fences, if you wish to prosper, and you had better attend to it this afternoon when you go home from church. The next thing to attend to is the stock. Brother Tidwell has a lot of stray steers in his corral; you had all better go by that way, see if they are yours, and if so, take them home with you. Speaking of steers remind me of another thing. We must improve our stock, and you know as well as I do that the only way to do it is to get a good bull for our cows. We had just as well attend to this to-day as any day. Brother J., how

608501  
6 Aug 42

much will you give? (Brother J. gives some wheat, Bro. S. some carrots, another brother some potatoes, etc.) Well, we haven't enough yet to get the scrubbiest bull in all Utah. We want a bull that our cows will not be ashamed to be seen with. Sisters, now you are just as much interested in this matter as the brethren. If you have a good bull you will have better calves, and the milk and butter will be richer. Sister L., how much will you give? (Gives some eggs; another some chickens; another some yarn, etc.) Well,

that does pretty well, and I think we can buy a pretty respectable bull now. Now, one thing more. It is about time to take your mares to the horse. Brother Wm. B. will be found with his stud at the old stand on Mondays and Tuesdays. I want you all to take your mares down there when they are in season. Price three dollars for a colt. This is the everlasting Gospel that I have preach to you to-day. May the Lord bless you, and keep you faithful in his Gospel, is my prayer for Christ's sake. Amen.



# MORMON EXPOSITOR.

Vol. 1.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

No. 1.

---

## BRIGHAM YOUNG IN THE PULPIT

It is a fact with which all residents of Utah are familiar that until a few years since many of the sermons of Brigham Young, as delivered in the Tabernacle in this city, were so full of profanity, and astounded with so many obscene and indecent expressions, as to be utterly unfit for publication. That the public may form a correct estimate of the real character of this man, who professed to be a Prophet of the living God, and who, as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints assumed to himself the triple function of Prophet, Seer and Revelator,

we lay before our readers the following extract from one of his sermons. The selection is made from a verbatim report of a sermon delivered by Brigham, in this city, on the first Sunday in September, 1861, upon the subject of the "Proneness to Follow Gentile Fashions" Nothing has been exaggerated, nothing extenuated, nor aught set down in malice; but the prophet's own words have been presented just they were delivered before a congregation of more than 2,000 men, women, and children. We also give selections from sermons of the "lesser lights," which shows that they have been apt scholars of a vulgar tutor:

## EXTRACT FROM A SERMON DELIVERED BY BRIGHAM YOUNG.

*SUBJECT: -- PRONENESS OF THE SAINTS TO IMITATE GENTILE FASHIONS.*

That man that sells liquor and believes that he must, I will promise him damnation for it.

That man that makes liquor and gives it to his neighbors, he shall have his reward in Hell. That man that says he cannot live without destroying truth and virtue from the earth – what is he fit for? If Hell was at my disposal, I would not give him hell room. I'd annihilate him; and that is what the Lord will do with him.

Give us a little Gentileism, for Heaven's sake, you say. The woman say, let us wear hoops, because the whores wear them.

[After speaking of their imitation of the Gentiles in their styles of boots and hair – cutting he added:] I believe if they were to come with a cob stuck in their behind, you would do the same. I despise their damnable fashions, their lying and whoring, and God being my helper, I'll live to see every one of these cussed fools off the earth, saint or sinner. I don't know that I have a wife

but what would see me damned rather than she should not get what she wanted, and that is what I think of all of them, and the men too.

I would see a Gentile further in Hell than they ever got, before I would follow their fashions, if it did not suit me. There is not a day I go out but I see the women's legs, and if the wind blows, you see them up to their bodies.

If you must wear their hoops, tie them down with weights, and don't let your petticoats be over your heads. It is ridiculous and should not be. It belongs to a set of whory congregations that love iniquity and corrupt themselves with one another. It belongs there. It don't belong to this community.

How do you think I feel about it! Who cares about these infernal Gentiles!

If they were to wear a s—t pot on their heads, must I do so?

I know I ought to be ashamed, but when you show your tother end I have a right to talk about tother end. If you keep them hid, I'll be modest and not talk about them.

There are those fornication pantaloons, made on purpose for whores to button up in front. My pantaloons button up here (showing how), where they belong, that my secrets, that God has given unto me, should not be exposed.

You follow the Gentiles, and you will be partakers of their plagues, if you don't look out. That is the work of the Lord.

Break off from your sins by righteousness. Will you do it? This is the world of the Almighty to you, through his servant, Brigham. Keep your secrets sacred, and hide your bodies and preserve your bodies.

Now if a whore comes along and turus up her clothes don't turn up yours and go through the streets.

## **SERMON DELIVERED BY DR. JETER CLINTON,**

### ***IN THE THIRTEENTH WARD MEETING HOUSE, SALT LAKE CITY.***

My words tonight will be the subject of Mormonism. I am going to speak words to convert strangers, and bring them in the true path of virtue and truthfulness of Mormonism. A good many like to hear a regular Mormon sermon, and I'm going to preach one tonight. Mormon is the word the Devil calls us, but God gave us a saint, a prophet by the name of Mormon, but we are God's chosen people, the Latter-Day Saints. The Jews and Gentiles have driven us from place to place, and they have tried to drive us from here, but I can tell you, friends, that we are not a-going from here. The filth and dirt will devour themselves; God will see to that, as I do not want to dirty my hands with them. Then the filth, the dirt, the

scum that was sent here to teach and direct us in the paths of virtue and right – God keep us from such righteousness.

Tonight I am going to speak plain with you. Now, let us clean the outside and keep the inside clean, as you would one of your platters. Wash it, wash it, purify it, and by the means clean it; if you do not, it will be dirty, sticky, foul. Now there are men and women in this congregation who do not belong to this Church, who have come out of curiosity: but this is the kind of sermon which will do more to convert them than anything else. Now for these women, the low, nasty street-walkers who live in the Thirteenth Ward; the low, nasty, dirty, filthy, stinking bitches – they stink – that will invite strange men into their houses and introduce them into their family circles. Their excuse was they are boarders: but it is a lie, and that is their excuse. They ought to be shot with a double-barreled shot-gun. That is my doctrine (pointing to a soldier), and when you see those street-walkers following behind such women, (God keep me from calling them women), take a double barreled shot=gun and follow them, and when you catch them, shoot them to pieces; and if you do not overtake them before they get to the haunts or dens, go in and kill them both, That is my doctrine. I am the Justice of the Peace. I am the Coroner of the county. I will never fine you. I will guarantee that.

I have been in this country sixteen years. You never see people in my house, for they are not wanted there. I have had these same kind of women come to me for advice, and I used to give it, and they would go to my enemies; but I have got too old for them now. I use the words of our Savior. “Go your way and sin no more.” Now, I can tell you, one and all, when I came here there was not a groggery in the place, and not a lot of gambling loafers, horse-thieves and filth, who congregate and dance by an old fiddle. They are not only Gentiles, but Saints; such Saints! (throwing up his hands.) Now, the only comparison I can make to show you, is what I Heard from a brother, who compares them to a Missouri hog, a long-nosed hog, for after you get him out in these hills he would be a hog still. I thought when I got out here we would be clean, not sullied, and to God’s chosen people I come. You might want to know what for? I came for my religion and to bring my family in holiness and purity. And now for another comparison: If a man was a thief in Missouri, he would be a thief here, and therefore the thieves are here. My friends, you may think it strange that I should have dealt so leniently with that young blackguard whom I fined \$100 a few days ago, but my jurisdiction would not allow me to do more. I mean to clean out the Thirteenth Ward – purify it. I will send our teachers all around – Jews and Gentiles – it is our right, etc. – to ever house in the ward, and when I find one of these houses, tear it down. It is not the first that has been torn down here (they never come to me about it), and I will help you. Shoot down the miscreants who infest the city; I will promise you that no law shall trouble you. Now, what have we to expect? When Noah entered the Ark with eight persons, there was one bad one there, and I think that was Ham, for he was mean and dirty, for he married a nigger wench (gestures), and another thing shows, that when the waters returned from the earth, they planted some grapes and made wine, and “Old Noah” got on a spree and distilled himself and fell asleep in the vineyard, when Ham, instead of hiding his father, slipped off his clothing from him, and called the people in to witness his father’s nakedness.

## SERMON DELIVERED BY BISHOP WOOLEY,

### *IN THE THIRTEENTH WARD MEETING HOUSE, SALT LAKE CITY.*

Well, Brothers and Sisters, Jew and Gentiles, they call me a hard case, but the Doctor has taken the wind out of my sails, so that I have only to put on the finishing touches. Now, I have commenced the new year, and I am going to keep it up in the Thirteenth Ward. When our teachers go around, as they will do, they will find out the business occupations, number of families, etc., and try to break up the low, vile dens of the ward. I am coming right down upon them. Why, I can throw a stone from the pulpit on a house of whoredom, and another around the corner. They have carried on their whoredom long enough under our very noses. Yea, there are plenty of gentlemen in this congregation, and some white livered gamblers – I know them by their eyes; yes and by their hang-dog looks, – and whores and whore-masters. They can't stay among us and bring up their bastards on us. I can tell you so. You can go to some houses in this ward and see some lone widow woman and see a lot of strangers there. They never came there without an invitation. No, they never come to my house, for they are not wanted there. I have been here sixteen years, and no stranger but my own family come there. I am the stranger's friend. Why don't he go to the public houses? No, it is for prostitution and nothing else, and these miserable excuses are all lies, black lies. I would do as the doctor says, kill them: but their filth will kill themselves. They were sent out here to dictate to us, and for our welfare. What have they to do with our plurality of wives? Nothing. I read in a newspaper this afternoon, speaking about what they had accomplished in one year, and how much they had benefited the country. "God help the good they have done." They have fetched the Devil here, whores, whore-masters and bastards. Tear down their houses if they persist in their damnable wickedness. There is no help for them. Why, I told Sister \_\_\_\_\_, (the name was given but we decline to give publicity to private scandal,) if she persists in going to Camp, and among Gentiles, years ago, what it would bring her to. Now, you see her daughter Lizzie is a whore. "a dirty, stinking huzzy, a filthy bitch." I have put up with her mother's whining and sniveling long enough. Of course a mother loves her child, but it is the Sister's own fault, and I told her so. And there is our Brother G. W. Stevens and his "dearly beloved" wife. What shall we do with them? Send them out of the Church? Our streets are filled with whores, thieves, gamblers, pimps, etc. The only way to purify it is to drive them out. Tear down their houses and send them where Gebow and his gang (looking toward Camp) went. That Gebow was a Mormon – Brother Gebow – was a Mormon once (laughter); but it is true, though. I suppose some of these remakrs will be seen in that little vile sheet, the *Vidette*, for I presume some are taking notes now. We are going to cut off some of these from the church to-night. It was only last Sabbath night that we had two men stationed at the door. If there had been any such disturbance as we hid the Sunday before, we would have "hoisted" them down the stairs, so they would not come again: and God would have been with us – and those men felt like it, too.

Now, when they speak of President Young, they speak of me, and when they insult him they insult me. Now, I am going to expel and cut off Lizzie from the Church, and all those who are in favore of expelling Lizzie will please raise their right hand (six hands raised). Carried. Now, all who are found harboring Lizzie, from this on, after to-morrow's sun, or anybody not belonging to the Church, their houses will be battered down, and if she shall go to another ward, we will use our influence and drive her out of that, and send her where Gedow and his gang went (looking toward the soldiers). Now in reference to G. W. Stevens and his "dearly beloved" wife, you will please signify by your right hand. Carried. Now, we have some more to cut off, but we will keep them until next Sunday night, and see further in their cases. We have put up with Geo W. Stevens and his wife three years too long. They talk about the plurality of wives, but when they speak of my wives and children, they touch the apple of my eye. Amen.

**Short Sermon Delivered by the Bishop of San Pete, one Sunday in May 1875,  
before Six or Seven hundred Men, Women and Children.**

Brethren and Sisters, I feel good to-day. I feel like preaching some sound Gospel to you, if the Holy Spirit will help me, and he will, for I feel him within me. I know that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God, for I feel it within me. I know that polygamy is right, for I feel it within me. I know that Brigham Young is the mouthpiece of Jehovah, for I feel it within me. The Saints are poor, and that is one reason why I know they are the people of God. Why, Brethren, though I am a bishop now, yet I was eighteen years of age before I ever stuck my head into a hat or my feet into a shoe. Now I am coming to the point I wish to speak about. Now, Brethren you must fix up your fences, if you wish to prosper, and you had better attend to it this afternoon when you go home from church. The next thing to attend to is the stock. Brother Tidwell has a lot of stray steers in his corral; you had all better go by that way, see if they are yours, and if so, take them home with you. Speaking of steers remind me of another thing. We must improve our stock, and you know as well as I do that the only way to do it is to get a good bull for our cows. We had just as well attend to this to-day as any day. Brother J., how much will you give? (Brother J gives some wheat, Bro. S. some carrots, another brother some potatoes, etc.) Well, we haven't enough yet to get the scrubbiest bull in all Utah. We want a bull that our cows will not be ashamed to be seen with. Sisters now you are just as much interested in this matter as the brethren. If you have a good bull you will have better calves, and the milk and butter will be richer. Sister L, how much will you give? (Gives some eggs; another some chickens, another yarn, etc.) Well, that does pretty well, and I think we can buy a pretty respectable bull now. Now, one thing more. It is about thime to take your mares to the horse. Brother Wm. B. will be found with his stud at the old stand on Mondays and Tuesdays. I want you all to take your mares down there when they are in season. Price three dollars for a colt. This is the everlasting Gospel that I have preached to you to-day. May the Lord bless you, and keep you faithful in his Gospel, is my prayer for Christ's sake. Amen.