

## REMARKS

By President BRIGHAM YOUNG, Tabernacle,  
Aug. 4, 1859.

REPORTED BY G. D. WATT.

On Sunday last, I took the liberty to invite the different wards of this city to hold their fast meeting here to-day, and I now wish those who possess the Spirit of God to occupy the time. By the utterance of the mouth, the feelings and impulses of the heart are made known, and I wish to know how the brethren feel. Let those who enjoy the power of the holy gospel build up their brethren, and inspire them with a spark of that inward and eternal influence that will kindle into a flame of true devotion.

When the eternal living principles of the gospel of the Son of God are implanted in the heart of a genuine intelligent being, they do not leave him when the wicked present their blandishments and the ungodly their enticements to swerve the godly and the righteous from the paths of rectitude. I put it down for a fact that those who will give way to wickedness do not belong to the elect. With me it is a fact that persons of sound sense and possessing correct principles and striving for eternal life, will not exchange those principles for a gill of whisky or a pinch of snuff, nor cast them aside for every stranger who meets them and says, "how I love you." Such persons, when convinced that the sun shines, that it was dark last night, that it stormed yesterday, that the river Jordan runs from Utah Lake and empties into Great Salt Lake, that there are mountains on our right and left, do not, after sleeping for five minutes, wake up and dispute those facts and declare it nonsense to believe that we are here, and that we might as well at once cease all efforts to do right.

We must meet periods of trial, or how can we prove that we have faith, and do actually permit the power of the sensibility placed within us by our Creator to have its free, untrammelled course? And those who can be led away by the enticements of the servants of the evil one, do not belong to the number of the elect.

It is a pity that the Latter Day Saints who live here, who say that they have embraced the gospel of eternal life and are willing to sacrifice all for their salvation, or to give up all for Christ, should be bought over by a gill of whisky. After they have traveled thousands of miles for their religion—for their faith—it is pitiable to see some enticed from their integrity through the proffering, by the wicked, of a fancied good job, of a little speculation. The Lord intends to know whether we will be led away in this manner and destroy ourselves with such trifles, and for this reason temptations are permitted.

You remember my expression of my feelings a year ago, both in public and in private. I wanted to travel from one end of this Territory to the other and cry aloud to the people, and ask them whether there was one left in Utah who had not forgotten his God. That work commenced, and you then understood and now understand there was a reformation. Some of the results are plain to us—the results of that reformation in which excessive care and labor and much exposure caused the death of br. Jedediah M. Grant. I wished to go through the Territory and ask whether there was one left for God, or whether all had gone astray. I ask that question now, and can answer it. A great many—the majority of those who profess to be Saints—are trying to live their religion. Blow upon the spark of the Holy Ghost within you, and, without which, we need not anticipate building up the kingdom of God, that the wicked may be foiled in their efforts to corrupt and destroy. They say that it is dangerous for people to believe in the Lord God and possess his Spirit; "O dear, it will trouble the magnanimity of the law, and the supremacy of the law." What do they know about the Almighty and his purposes and work in the latter days? Nothing. Live your religion, keep the commandments of God, and you will have no occasion for breaking the laws of the land.

If you can be enticed away, it proves that you are not worthy of the salvation which Jesus purchased for you by his blood. Live your religion, or else come out and say, "I am not willing to live my religion, I will renounce it," fearless of big men or little men. You must be for God and know that you are his friends, or he will disown you. Fear not him that can only kill the body and then has no more that he can do, but fear Him who has power to cast both soul and body into hell, which is the first and second death. Fear no man, but fear the Lord God and keep his commandments. Walk righteously before God and before each other; and though the enemies of Jesus howl, though temptations come and the floods of persecution overflow, trust in Him and strive to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free.

When I learn that some can be overthrown—can be enticed to run here and there and forfeit every principle of right, of truth, virtue, honor, and honesty—it is soul sickening to me and discouraging to angels and all good men. It is discouraging to see persons receive the principles of eternal life, practice them for a season, and then forsake them and follow the principles of death and destruction. If you live your religion you will be a Saint to-day, to-morrow, the next day, and all the time. You will walk humbly before your God and deal justly one with another, and disregard the condemnation and aspersions of those who are ignorant of the principles of the eternal law of Jehovah, and of the intent of the laws of the nations of the earth.

Blow upon the spark that is within you, blow it to a flame, and see whether the fire of God's eternal love and the principles of the holy gospel can not be kindled within you. Some may think that I am discouraged. I am not. I have views of the nations of the earth and of the situation of the people, and when I reflect upon the faith, the feelings, and the conduct of those who try to live their religion, and contrast that with

the condition and conduct of the mass of the children of men, I can plainly discern the great difference. This is the best people upon the earth. True, some complain because comparatively a few are going astray, but I do not feel nearly so discouraged as did an ancient prophet, when he said, "Lord they have digged down thine altars, and I alone am left," while at the same time the Lord informed him that he had preserved seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal.

Compare this people with the mass of mankind, and what other class will sacrifice for their faith what we have—will sell their buildings, farms, and other property, subject themselves to poverty and want, and travel thousands of miles? Not many who profess the Christian religion, though some of the Pagans might. The Latter Day Saints sacrifice everything for their religion. Do not be discouraged, for the Lord is on Israel's side, and it behooves us to prove to Him that we are on his side.

Some are fearful that the Lord will forsake them. A child may begin to cry right here and be distressed with the fear that this house is going to leave it, and its conduct would be as consistent as to fear that God will forsake any person who is walking in the path of truth. Who does He forsake? None save those who first forsake Him and begin to walk in by and forbidden paths where neither He nor his angels walk, and then such persons say the Lord has forsaken them. They have forsaken the path of rectitude and are upon the grounds of the devil, being led captive by his will, and do not enjoy the benign influence that flows from the fountain of all intelligence, as they did when they were in the path of truth. Never be fearful that the Lord will first forsake you, for you have first to leave Him, since He never forsaketh those who are striving to do right. Abide in the truth and you are sure to enjoy, more or less, the sanctifying influence of the Holy Ghost; and if you do not, you have strayed from the paths of rectitude and truth, of love and mercy; you must forsake the ways of the Lord, in order to get out of the way, and then the Lord will forsake you; otherwise He is with you, more or less, by his influence—with you by his angels, and his protecting care. I want you to thoroughly understand that you are not to fear any being in heaven, on earth, or in hell, superior to fearing that Being who has created the heavens and the earth—by whom we and all things are.

Now, brethren, I wish to hear you express your feelings, and want you to occupy the time. We have all the time allotted to us in a state of probation, and then forever and ever, worlds without end. And if we do not live to enjoy truth it is because we take the road that leads to dissolution. We must live to be prepared for better or for worse for all time to come so we will not hurry the exercises of our meeting.

God bless you, and fire your hearts to speak and to exercise yourselves in the faith of the holy gospel, that we may know and understand for ourselves. Amen.

## THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.

[Correspondence of N. Y. Times.]

CASTIGLIONE, ITALY, }  
Friday Night, June 24, 1859.

I came from Brescia early this morning, and arrived just in time to witness the last half of what I have very little doubt will turn out to have been the greatest battle the modern world has seen. You will get the official summary of its results by telegraph before this letter reaches you, and will be prepared, therefore, for this statement of its magnitude. I cannot describe it with any precision as yet—for it has lasted all day, and extended over a circuit of not less than fifteen miles; the noise of the cannonade, and even of the musketry, moreover, is still in my ears, and none of those engaged in it, except the wounded, have returned to give us any distinct and connected report. But not less than 450,000 men have been engaged in it; and of these not less than 30,000—dead or disabled—lie, on this bright, starry night, upon the bloody field.

The battle commenced at a little before five o'clock in the morning—not far from sunrise. Just back of Castiglione rises a high range of hills—which projects a mile or thereabouts into the plain, and then breaks off towards the left into a wide expanse of smaller hills, and so into the rolling surface which makes that portion of the plain. The Austrians had taken position upon these hills, planting cannon upon those nearest to Castiglione, which they could approach, as the French army was in full force in and around that little village, and had stationed their immense army all over the surrounding plain. As nearly as we can learn, the Emperor Francis Joseph had collected not less than 225,000 troops, and commanded them in person. His evident purpose was to make a stand here and risk the fortunes of the war upon the hazards of the day. Napoleon promptly accepted the challenge, and commenced the attack as soon as it was light this morning, by placing cannon upon the hills still nearer to Castiglione than those held by the Austrians, and opening fire upon them on the heights beyond. He took his own stand upon the highest of these—a steep, sharp-backed ridge, which commands a magnificent view of the entire circuit of the plain, and from that point directed the entire movements of his army during the early portion of the day.

The French very soon drove the enemy out of the posts they held nearest to the town, and followed them into the small villages of the plain below. The first of these was Solferino, where they had a sharp and protracted engagement. The Austrians disputed every inch of the ground, and fought here, as they did throughout the day, with the utmost desperation. They were three times driven out of the town, before they would stay out. The people of the village, moreover, took part against the French, upon whom they

fired from their windows, and the French were compelled, in self defence, to burn the town. When they found it impossible to hold their ground any longer, they fell back, slowly and steadily, until they reached the village of Volta, which, as you will see by the map, lies directly southeast from Castiglione, and is only about a mile from the river Mincio, from which, however, it is separated by a range of hills. Upon these hills, in the rear of the town, and overlooking it completely on the south and southeast sides, the Austrians had planted very formidable batteries; and when I arrived upon the field and went at once to the height where the Emperor had stood at the opening of the engagement, but which he had left an hour before to follow his victorious troops, these batteries were blazing away upon the French who were stationed on the plain below.

I was too far off to observe with any accuracy the successive steps of the action, but I could distinctly see the troops stationed upon the broad plain, and moving up in masses towards the front, where the artillery was posted, as their services were required. But as soon as they reached this point they were speedily enveloped in the smoke of the cannon, and disappeared from observation. But the general result was soon made evident by the slackening of the Austrian fire, and by the falling back of their smoke and a corresponding advance on the part of that which rose from the French artillery. The cannonading at that point lasted for over an hour; but in precisely what direction the Austrians retreated, it was not possible, from the position I occupied, to see. I was afraid to change it, moreover, because, although I might easily have gone more directly and closely upon the field, I could not have found any eminence upon the plain from which I could have had so sweeping and complete a view. Part of the Austrian force probably crossed the Mincio river, which flows southward from the lower end of Lake Garda, and empties into the Po. But the battle continued to rage all over the region northwest of a line connecting the towns of Castiglione, Solferino, and Volta.

At one point after another a sharp cannonading would arise and continue for half or three-quarters of an hour—and after each successive engagement of this kind, the result became apparent in the retreat of the Austrians and the advance of the French forces. During all the early part of the day the sky had been clear and the weather hot. But clouds began to gather about noon, and at 5 o'clock, while the cannonade was at its height, a tremendous thunderstorm rolled up from the northwest; the wind came first, sweeping from the parched streets an enormous cloud of dust, and was soon followed by a heavy fall of rain, accompanied by vivid lightning and rapid explosions of rattling thunder.

The storm lasted for about an hour, and the cannonading so far as we could distinguish, was suspended. Then the rain ceased, the clouds blew away, the sun shone out again, and the air was cooled and perfectly delightful. Though the cannon may have ceased for a time to take part in it, the fight had meantime gone on,—and when I again resumed my post of observation, from which the storm had expelled me, the cannonading commenced quite on the extreme left of the entire field and on the very borders of the lake, north east from Castiglione and west of Peschiera. The Piedmontese troops, under the King, who commands them in person, had been posted there and received the Austrians as they came around.

From about seven o'clock until after night-fall an incessant and most terrible combat was here kept up. The batteries of the two armies were apparently about half a mile apart,—and at the outset they were both served with nearly equal and effective vigor.

But the Austrians gradually slackened their fire and several times took up new positions,—while the Sardinians poured a rapid and uninterrupted shower of balls upon them,—suspending only for a few minutes at a time, and then renewing it again with redoubled fury.

The wind had now gone down, the air was still, and the sound of musketry, as well as of the cannon, was distinctly heard. The former was continuous, sharp and incessant, sounding like the constant and irregular pattering of hail upon a roof, while the latter was occasionally suspended, but while it lasted was overwhelmingly grand and terrible.

Over the Sardinian park rose a dense white cloud of smoke, directly upwards, its sides perfectly upright and well defined, and spreading out both ways at the top like an enormous sheaf of wheat. The sun was making a glorious setting in the west, and as his light gradually departed, the vivid flashes at each discharge of the cannon gleamed through the smoke like sharp lightning through the breast of an enormous cloud. Sometimes only a single flash would be seen, then two or three at once, and sometimes half a dozen would burst forth in instant succession.

It was beginning to be dark when I turned to descend the hill, and all the way down I still heard the roar of the cannon and the clattering of the guns of the infantry.

But the Austrians were clearly falling back, and could scarcely have failed to sustain a total rout. It is possible they may be in condition to make one more struggle in the morning, but, judging from my own observation, it certainly is not probable. They have sustained an overwhelming defeat, and it seems to me not unlikely that the Emperor may now be induced, by the representations of the neutral powers, to accept the peace which Napoleon will be very likely to tender him.

Just before nightfall a tremendous cannonading was distinctly visible in the direction of Mantua, and it was supposed by one or two French officers that Prince Napoleon was assaulting that fortress as part of the general plan of the day's operations, while the Emperor was engaging the enemy in the open field. But I see no reason to suppose that this is true, as Prince Napoleon

could scarcely have reached Mantua by this time, as he was in Florence only a week ago.

I have thus given you a very general outline of this great battle as it came under my own observation. I have mentioned no names of subordinate officers, because I have had no opportunity to learn the specific part which individuals took in the engagement. All that I must leave for subsequent letters, or refer you for it to the official reports which we here shall not see for three or four days after they are published in Paris.

The town to-night, as might be expected, is simply a camp. The streets, which are narrow, are crammed with artillery and provision wagons trying, almost in vain, to make their way through the town; bivouac fires light up the orchards and fields all around the village; two streams of troops pour out on the two roads leading to the field of battle, extending as far as the eye can reach; sutlers, fruit pedlers, and small dealers of every kind circulate among the soldiers who crowd the streets; an immense train of Piedmontese artillery are brought to a stand in the street while trying to make their way through the town to their place of encampment; and thousands of French infantry, despairing of reaching their tents, have seated themselves upon the narrow sidewalks, and with the house walls for a back and their haversacks for pillows, they have addressed themselves in that position to the labor of obtaining a night's rest. It is a striking scene most certainly, and the most wonderful part of it is the perfect order and good behavior of the troops.

I have not seen during the whole day a single instance of disorder, or of even rudeness in word or deed from any soldier. Not one have I seen in the slightest degree intoxicated; not one have I seen shouting or singing, not a rough or rude remark have I seen or heard addressed to any one, nor have I failed, in a single instance, whenever I have applied to a soldier for information or addressed him on any subject whatever, to receive a courteous reply and the most polite endeavor to aid my wishes. Nor have I heard a single cheer over the victory, or a single syllable of exultation over the prisoners as they come in. The most respectful silence has in every case been preserved.

Expressions of sympathy with the wounded were constant, and prompt attention, so far as possible, was always given to their wants.

Private property in the town, so far as I can see, has been treated with perfect respect. In selecting fields for the camp, those which will be injured by it least seem uniformly to be chosen. Bakers' shops, and groceries with cheese, bacon, sausages, &c., freely exposed, are open, and I have repeatedly seen soldiers bargaining for supplies at their windows. But I have heard of no instance and seen no indication of the slightest interference with private property. Yet there is no great rigor or discipline enforced, for the soldiers seem to be quite at their ease, and wander about town very much at their own discretion. But they look upon war as a business—as something to be done, like everything else, with as little fuss and excitement as possible. So they look upon a battle, and the operations attending it, the care of the wounded, the reception of prisoners, &c.—as merely part of the regular routine—just like cleaning their muskets, or boiling their soup over their bivouac fires.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following details of the Battle of Solferino, received, it states, from Cavriana, under date of the 25th:

"Yesterday was distinguished by one of those battles which, if they do not terminate a war, enable us at least to anticipate its conclusion.—The Emperor of Austria commanded in person; he has now seen with what a nation he has engaged in hostilities.

The Austrians in their previous retreats still contemplated a renewal of the attack. Their last decided retreat behind the Mincio was intended to inspire us with an excess of confidence, to leave a wide space open to the rapidity of our movements, and thus to expose our columns, placed at a distance from each other by their order of march, to a sudden attack which might have weakened, by isolating, them. But, fortunately, the Emperor had not departed from that extreme discretion which governs even his courage. The further the Allied army advanced the more our columns strengthened each other by being brought closer together.

During the night of the 23d we found that the Austrians were repassing the Mincio, and advancing to meet us. A battle was imminent. The whole army of the enemy, retracing its steps, was prepared to oppose our forward movement; Solferino, San Sossiano, Cavriana, all formidable positions, were occupied by the Austrians, who, supported by a strong force of artillery, crowned all the heights as far as Volta. To their left, in the plain, between Volta, Guidizzolo, and Medole, numerous columns of infantry, mixed with artillery and cavalry, were advancing to turn our right. Between Solferino and Peschiera the enemy had also a considerable force, intended to oppose the troops of the King of Sardinia, marching from Disenzano towards Pizzolengo. The two armies occupied these respective positions when, at 5 o'clock in the morning, the 1st Corps (Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers) commenced the engagement before Solferino. The heights and the village were taken and occupied after an obstinate engagement. During this action the 2d Corps (Marshal M'Mahon's), which was on the right of the 1st in the plain, was extended towards its own right, in order to unite with the force under General Neil, who was advancing upon Medole.

The Emperor had taken the command of the whole army; His Majesty ordered the infantry and artillery of the Guard to move forward into a position between the 1st and 2d Corps, and to take San Cassiano. Then, to reinforce the right of Marshal M'Mahon (2d Corps), which was