

THE DESERET NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

NUMBER 48.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1858.

VOLUME VII.

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MOLTEN ROCKS.—At certain depths in the earth, and lying beneath all other deposits, we find certain rocks of hard and crystalline nature, composed, indeed, of three substances in the state of crystals, mica, quartz, and felspar. This first division of the rocks is further distinguishable by two important characters—the one being that they present no organic remains, no fossil object of any kind, nor any traces of stratification; of that division into layers or beds which we observe in every pit or quarry of sandstone, limestone, or chalk. As it is evident, from the character of these beds, that they must have crystallized from a state of fusion, that is, they must have melted first, and cooled down to crystals afterwards, they are usually styled plutonic, or the melted rocks, consisting of granite, gneiss, and similar rocks to these. Immediately above them occurs another series of deposits which, resembling those just described in all other particulars, composed, like them, of crystals of mica, quartz, and felspar, and, like them, destitute of organic remains, differ in the important circumstance, that they do exhibit those markings of stratification, those partings into layers and beds, which are absent in the works beneath. These deposits are styled the metamorphic, or, in plainer terms, the altered rocks, from their being conceived that they have been metamorphosed or altered from their pristine condition to the crystalline character which they now present, by the agency of heat, emanating from the interior of the earth itself. The next division is furnished by the volcanic rocks, the modern lavas, basalts, &c., which are ejected from every volcano now in action on our globe—substances too familiar to require farther explanation—and the fourth term in the series is supplied by those vast systems of deposits, which, unlike the preceding objects, owe not their origin and appearance to fire, but are the depositions of water, the sediments and beds of primordial rivers, lakes, and seas, and which contain, in their present mineralized condition, the remains of those creatures by which the earth and ocean were inhabited during the early eras of our planet. This last division of rocks is of enormous magnitude and importance, extending from the earliest fossiliferous beds, the transition deposits, as they are called, up to the beds of indurated sand and mud which overlie the chalk, and fill up the basin of London and the valley of the Thames. This fourfold division of rocks is susceptible of reduction to two. The first three, the plutonic or melted, the metamorphic or altered, and the volcanic rocks, are all evidently the products of fire; while the fourth class, comprising the fossiliferous beds, is as evidently of sedimentary origin, the deposit of water, it being to the antagonist forces of fire and water that the Almighty has delegated the task of renewing and perpetuating the crust of our globe. The melted and the altered rocks supply veins of precious metals, and yield us tin, copper, silver and gold; while the sedimentary deposits afford us limestones, sandstones, marbles, cement, iron, and coal.—[Geological Notes.

A MOUNTAIN OF SALT.—REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—It seems that the resources of our noble State will never cease developing. Something new, great or wonderful is constantly turning up. The latest discovery is a specimen of salt rock handed us yesterday by Mr. Nettleton, clerk of the steamer Garvin. It was taken from a hill or mountain of the same material, just discovered a short distance from the Mississippi river, on the Missouri side, and about seventy-two miles from St. Louis. It is situated on the Saline creek, in Perry county, and almost on a line dividing that county from St. Genevieve county. Saline creek empties into the Mississippi river, about three and a half miles below St. Mary's Landing. The specimen before us resembles a piece of quartz rock, and is a little mixed with a substance resembling iron ore. It is a pure sweet taste, and when ground to powder is as white as any salt now in general use. If we are not misinformed, this hill of salt will prove an immense speculation to its owners, and will cheapen the price of that article very materially in this city.—[St. Louis Democrat, Sept. 22d.

HISTORY OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

My brother Phineas Howe gives his history as follows:—

"My earliest recollection of the scenes of life are relating to myself and my brother Joseph. A short time before I was two years old, he cut off my right hand, except a small portion of my little finger, with an ax, while

we were at play, my mother doctored it and saved it.

The same winter, or soon after this accident, my father moved to Whitingham, Windham Co., Vermont, where we lived three years, and during this time I recollect being taught to pray, and obey my father and mother. We then moved to the State of New York, where we lived for many years, most of the time in Chenango and Cayuga Counties.

At the age of 19, I married Clarissa Hamilton, and commenced in the world for myself. I now began seriously to think of getting religion, and according to my best light I sought the Lord, but finding very little or no comfort in this I soon gave it up, and concluded to make the best of this world.

I sought for riches, but in vain; there was something that always kept telling me that happiness originated in higher pursuits, and in the fall of 1823, a few months previous to my twenty fourth birth-day, I again commenced seeking the Lord with greater energy and a more fixed determination than at any former period of my life.

I forsook all my former associates, and commenced praying and fasting, and watching every weakness of my nature, and the more I prayed the more I saw my weakness and felt my dependence on God.

Thus things continued with me until the February following, when I found relief and felt the spirit of justification resting upon me: I was then told that I had got religion, but my mind was not wholly satisfied, I felt to pray day and night for greater manifestations of the spirit and power of God.

In April I gave my name to the Methodist Reformed Church, and thus was numbered with that body. In the fall of the same year I was baptized by immersion, that being the only mode that I could acknowledge, or that would in any way satisfy my mind. About that time I received license to speak in public, and I felt a great responsibility resting upon me, and I prayed continually to God to make me holy and give me power to do good.

While in this state of mind I had a very singular manifestation, which I will here mention. I was at a prayer meeting at the house of Israel Pease, in the town of Hector, Tompkins Co., New York; the congregation were mostly praying for sanctification; I felt like one alone, for I could pray for nothing but to become holy, and I had got in one corner, as much alone as possible, when all of a sudden I saw a body of light, above the brightness of the sun, descending towards me; in a moment it filled me with joy unutterable; every part of my system was perfectly light and perfectly happy. I soon arose and spake of the things of the kingdom of God, as I had never spake before. I then felt satisfied that the Lord had heard my prayer, and my sins were forgiven.

Soon after this, while at home, I was called to see a young woman in the neighborhood, who had long been sick of consumption. The messenger said the lady was dying, and her friends wished me to come as soon as convenient. I called on my brother John, who lived on the way, and asked him to accompany me, which he very readily did.

We soon arrived at the house; on entering we found the family and friends weeping, and the young woman, to all appearance, breathing her last. I stepped to the bedside, and adjusted the pillows of the dying girl, as she seemed to respire with great difficulty.

At this moment her mother approached me, and asked me if I thought she had a sense of her suffering. I replied, 'I cannot say, she appears to be about through with the struggle.' She then said, 'Will you pray?' I immediately knelt and commenced to invoke my Father in heaven in her behalf, asking him to ease her out of this world of sorrow, and take her to a world of bliss.

After praying thus a few moments I felt a check on my spirit, and a voice whispered to me, 'Pray for her recovery.' I immediately commenced praying that she might be restored to health, and almost the same minute the same voice said, 'Lay hands on the sufferer and rebuke the disease.' I did not wait to think of the probable result, but arose without saying Amen, went to the bed side, laid my hands on the dying girl, and bade the power of the destroyer, arise, and said, in the language of the Savior, rise and be made whole. (Here I would say that I had never seen anything of the kind in my life, but had always believed that the people were living far beneath their privileges.) The girl arose as one from the dead, and sat up in bed and praised God with a loud voice, and soon became a hearty and healthy woman, and as far as I know is still living and well: her name was Mary Webber.

Soon after this I went into the town of Canandaigua, Ontario Co., and commenced preaching in a little village called Cheshire, which was said to be the wickedest place in western New York. I was very successful in my labors, and soon raised up a branch of forty five members, and then returned home, after an absence of forty one days.

I then settled up my affairs, took my family, and moved to Cheshire, in Ontario Co., where I staid and preached three years, laboring for the support of my family. During that time, in the fall of 1826, I became acquainted with Heber C. Kimball, in the town of Mendon,

while on a visit there to see my brother-in-law John P. Greene, and having understood that others of my father's family were going there, I concluded to sell out and move to Mendon, which I did in the spring of 1828.

About this time my father, brother Lorenzo and others of my father's family, moved into the town. We immediately opened a house for preaching, and commenced teaching the people according to the light we had; a reformation commenced, and we soon had a good society organized, and the Lord blessed our labors.

The Baptist Church, with their minister, all seemed to feel a great interest in the work; the reformation spread, and hundreds took an interest in it.

Thus things moved on until the spring of 1830, and I might say until 1832, there was little or no change in the progress of the reformation; notwithstanding I, as an individual, felt that we had arrived at the zenith of our enjoyment in the course we were pursuing.

In April, 1830, having received the Book of Mormon, as I was on my way home from the town of Lima, where I had been to preach, I stopped at the house of a man by the name of Tomlinson, to get some dinner; while engaged in conversation with the family, a young man came in, and walking across the room to where I was sitting, held a book towards me, saying, 'There is a book, sir, I wish you to read; the thing appeared so novel to me that for a moment I hesitated, saying, 'Pray, sir, what book have you?' 'The Book of Mormon, or as it is called by some, the Golden Bible.' 'Ah, sir, then it purports to be a revelation?' 'Yes,' said he, 'it is a revelation from God.' I took the book, and by his request looked at the testimony of the witnesses. Said he, 'If you will read this book with a prayerful heart, and ask God to give you a witness, you will know of the truth of this work.' I told him I would do so, and then asked him his name. He said his name was Samuel H. Smith. 'Ah,' said I, 'you are one of the witnesses.' 'Yes,' said he, 'I know the book to be a revelation from God, translated by the gift and power of the Holy Ghost, and that my brother Joseph Smith, jun., is a Prophet, Seer and Revelator.'

This language seemed to me very strange, and I thought, rather ridiculous, still I said but little more to him; but thought he must be deceived, and that the book was a production got up to lead people astray; however, I thought it my duty to read it, as I had promised, and search out the errors, and as a teacher in Israel expose such errors and save the people from the delusion.

I bought the book and went home, and told my wife I had got a week's work laid out, and I hoped that nothing would occur to prevent my accomplishing my task. She said, 'Have you anything new to attend to?' I replied, 'I have got a book here, called the Book of Mormon; and it is said to be a revelation, and I wish to read it, and make myself acquainted with its errors, so that I can expose them to the world.'

I commenced and read every word in the book the same week; the week following I did the same; but to my surprise, I could not find the errors I anticipated, but felt a conviction that the book was true.

On the next Sabbath, I was requested to give my views on the subject, which I commenced to do; I had not spoken ten minutes in defence of the book, when the Spirit of God came upon me in a marvelous manner, and I spoke at great length on the importance of such a work, quoting from the Bible to support my position; and finally closed by telling the people that I believed the book. The greater part of the people agreed with my views, and some of them said they had never heard me speak so well, and with such power. My father then took the book home with him, and read it through. I asked him his opinion of it? He said it was the greatest work and the clearest of error of any thing he had ever seen, the Bible not excepted.

I then lent the book to my sister Fanny Murray; she read it, and declared it a revelation; many others did the same.

In August following, my brother Joseph Young came from Canada to see me; he had been there preaching, and having a desire to have me in this field of labor for a season; he came over to the States with the intention of getting me to go back with him.

We accordingly left for Kingston, in Upper Canada, about the 20th of August; and passing through the town of Lyons, we called on an old acquaintance by the name of Solomon Chamberlain; we had no sooner got seated, than he began to preach Mormonism to us; he told us there was a church organized, and ten or more were baptized, and every body must believe the Book of Mormon or be lost.

I told him to hold on, when he had talked about two hours, setting forth the wonders of Mormonism—that it was not good to give a colt a bushel of oats at a time. I knew that my brother had but little idea of what he was talking, and I wanted he should have time to reflect, but it made little difference to him, he still talked of Mormonism.

We tarried a short time with him, and then went on our way, pondering upon the things we had heard. This was the first I had heard of the necessity of another church, or of the importance of re-baptism; but after hearing

the old gentleman's arguments, on the importance of the power of the holy priesthood, and the necessity of its restoration, in order that the power of the gospel might be made manifest, I began to enquire seriously into the matter, and soon became convinced that such an order of things was necessary for the salvation of the world.

We soon reached the place of our destination, it being but 18 miles from Kingston, in Earnest town, where we commenced our labor. I tarried some time with my brother, trying to preach, but could think of but little except the Book of Mormon, and what I had heard of Mormonism.

One day after I had been preaching in Lobborough, I said to my brother, 'What did you think of my preaching to-day?' 'O,' said he, 'if you had just come from the priest factory in the States, I should have thought you did very well, but I don't think there was much God in it.' I then told him I could not preach, and that I should return home; I accordingly started in a few days.

On my way I attended a quarterly meeting, held by the Episcopal Methodists in Kingston, at the close of their annual conference. At the close of the meeting, an Indian gave an appointment to preach in the British Chapel, at early candlelight. I determined to go, for the Book of Mormon, and the Lamanites, were before me continually. As soon as the candles were lit, I was in my seat near the desk; the preacher was there, and soon commenced; I listened with great interest, while he set forth the traditions of his fathers in a masterly way, and made many statements corroborating the truth of the Book of Mormon.

After meeting, I went to my hotel, where the most of the members of the conference assembled for the night; I think Bishops Heading and George were present. After all were seated in two large rooms, I took my place at the door between the two rooms, and, calling the attention of the people, I asked them if any one present had ever read the Book of Mormon? I paused for an answer, and after a short pause, a gentleman said that he had never seen or heard of such a work. I then said the book was called by some the Golden Bible.

This seemed to take the attention of the whole assembly, consisting of more than one hundred; a gentleman requested me in behalf of the people present to give them some account of the book. I commenced by telling them that it was a revelation from God, translated from the Reformed Egyptian language by Joseph Smith, jun., by the gift and power of God, and gave a full account of the aborigines of our country, and agreed with many of their traditions, of which we had been hearing this evening, and that it was destined to overthrow all false religions, and finally to bring in the peaceful reign of the Messiah.

I had forgotten every thing but my subject, until I had talked a long time, and told many things I had never thought of before; I bore a powerful testimony to the work, and thus closed my remarks, and went to bed, not to sleep, but to ponder with astonishment at what I had said, and to wonder with amazement at the power that seemed to compel me thus to speak.

The next morning I took passage on a packet for the States, landed at Old Oswego, took passage on a canal packet for Manlius Square, where I met a great number of my friends, who had assembled for our annual conference; among the number was my old friend Solomon Chamberlain. He told me he had come to offer the conference the Book of Mormon, saying that if they rejected it, they would all go to destruction. He soon filled his mission, and was driven from the place by the voice of the conference.

One man whose name was Buckley, and an elder in the Methodist Reformed Church, rallied on brother Chamberlain, and abused him shamefully; he immediately went crazy, and was carried home to the town of Smyrnia, a distance of 20 or 30 miles, and died in a few days raving mad.

I attended the conference, bore my testimony and left for home, in company with my brother-in-law, John P. Greene.

On our arrival, we found our families all well. I still continued to preach, trying to tie Mormonism to Methodism, for more than a year, when I found that they had no connection and could not be united, and that I must leave the one and cleave to the other.

About this time my brother Brigham came to see me, and very soon told me that he was convinced that there was something in Mormonism. I told him I had long been satisfied of that.

About this time we heard there were a few Saints in Bradford Co., Pa., and we determined to make them a visit. We accordingly got Heber C. Kimball to take his team and accompany us; we started about the 20th of January, and took our wives with us, visiting our sister Nancy Kent, in Steuben Co., and my wife's mother and sisters in Tioga Co., N. Y., and then proceeded on our journey to Bradford Co., Pa., where we spent some days with the few Saints that were there, and became more and more convinced of the truth of Mormonism. We bade our friends farewell, and returned home rejoicing, preaching the gospel by the way.