

## Poetry.

[For the DESERET NEWS.  
EUREKA!]

I have found it!—I have found it!  
Yes—a battle I have won!—  
My brow!—the laurel which has bound it  
Tells that victory has begun;

Who's the foe that gave me battle?  
Who—that threw the gauntlet down?  
Who—that made the grape shot rattle  
Over my devoted crown?—

The challenge!—what *Goliath* sent it?  
Bidding me in scorn depart—  
The bow defiant!—who has bent it?  
To propel the poison'd dart?—

Self—the Giant Self's the foe,  
Insidious foe!—with Hydra-head!—  
Prepares us many a cup of woe,  
And makes us many a thorny bed!—

Outer foes, provoke a smile  
Though they mar the "Oil and wine"  
Contempt I give them all the while—  
But Self's within, and must be mine.

Then Self be passive—stoop thy crest  
To me, thy victor—hence for aye—  
From war and battles take thy rest,  
And learn thy conqueror to obey!

HANNAH T. KING.

G. S. L. City.

## THE LAY OF THE PEN.

Scratch, scratch, scratch,  
Paragraphs, Items and News,  
Essays, Tales and Reviews,  
With the blackest kind of blues.

Scratch, scratch, scratch,  
Marriages, Debts and Duns,  
Eulogy, Gossip and Puns,  
Accident, Panic and Pains,  
Scratch, scratch, scratch,  
With a vacuum in the brain!  
Scratch, scratch, scratch,  
Battle, Riot and Raid,  
Music and Cash and Trade,  
Who is and who isn't afraid!

Scratch, scratch, scratch,  
Apology, Challenge and Slur,  
Of It, of Him and of Her,  
Invention, Humbug and Truth,  
Folly, Fashion and Youth.  
Scratch, scratch, scratch,  
Suicide, Sermon and Joke  
Metaphysic, Science and Smoke,  
With upward and downward stroke,  
Ruin and Vice and Shame,  
Virtue, Honor and Fame.

Scratch, scratch, scratch,  
"It's easy as nothing to do,"  
"I could do it better than you"—  
Such are the comments you hear,  
To be considered a "Queer,"  
And nothing at the end of the year.

Scratch, scratch, scratch,  
"You're everybody's tool;"  
The reader calls you a fool;  
"The editor is an ass,"  
So says the critical mass;  
If the paper stops they howl,  
If it's a minute too late they growl.

Scratch, scratch, scratch,  
O slave of the mighty Press,  
The "devil" demands a "mess,"  
For subscribers that never pay—  
O! isn't it jolly, say?

## REMARKS

By PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG, G. S. L.  
City, Oct. 7, 1864.

[REPORTED BY G. D. WATT.]

The brethren who have spoken have been disposed to speak concerning the testimony they have within themselves of the truth of this work. It made me think of a circumstance in the history of Joseph Smith, in which I was an actor, relating to a few men in Nauvoo who sought to make it appear that the printed word was all in all, and immensely superior to the living testimony of the Holy Ghost in the believer, and to the power of the living priesthood. I attended one of their meetings, which was held in Joseph's house, arose to speak, and took for my text, "Ye Saints of latter days, I would not give you the ashes of a rye straw for every word that is contained in the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants, so far as their efficacy is concerned to save any man, independent of the living priesthood of the Son of God, and the testimony of the Holy Ghost in the heart of the believer."

I have never particularly desired any man to testify publicly that I am a prophet; nevertheless, if any man feels joy in doing this, he shall be blest in it. I have never said that I am not a prophet; but if I am not, one thing is certain, I have been very profitable to this people. In the providence of God He has placed me to take charge of His

flock, and they have been abundantly blessed under my administration. I did not desire to be their shepherd; but the Great Shepherd of all the sheep placed me in this position, and there is no man on earth can truthfully say aught against the dealings of the leaders of this people with the Latter-day Saints. We have blessed them with the blessings of life and salvation—the blessings of this life, and of that life which is to come, for the kingdom and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heavens must, sooner or later, pass into the hands of God's people. We are trying to prepare the minds of the Saints for the reception of this great power, that they may prove themselves competent and worthy to hold it. There is not a faithful Elder who does not desire earnestly for the redemption of the stake of Zion; but how seldom we inquire of ourselves if we are prepared to enter upon that work. The Lord is very merciful to us, and more willing to bestow His bounties upon us than we are to receive them, or prepared to appreciate them; for if we were now prepared to receive the fullness of His kingdom, we would be far advanced in the knowledge of God to what we are. I have often remarked that in spiritual things we are one; and we have also got to become one in temporal things as we are one in spiritual things. Br. Kimball has told you that the Lord does not mean that we shall be one in property, in the height of our persons, color of our hair and eyes, in the size and expression of our features, or in the acuteness and vigor of our senses. Being thus physically one would not make us one as the Lord wishes us to be one. He wishes us to be one in our efforts to advance His kingdom. He wishes every man, every woman, and every child that has attained to years of discretion to be one in putting forth their hands, their means and their influence to bring about this desired object. I could give you, Thus saith the Lord; but the faith we have embraced is so reasonable, rational and consistent, and so easily proved, that I am not under the necessity of saying, Thus saith the Lord. If I wanted you to believe a mass of folly and nonsense, such as others wish you to believe, then it would be necessary to say, Thus saith the Lord, to operate upon the fears of the more ignorant and superstitious of mankind. The truth always stands upon its own foundation, and speaks for itself; for, at this time, every Elder and Saint should so live that the Spirit of the Lord will witness unto them the truth of my words, and the words of the apostles, without my being under the necessity of saying, Thus saith the Lord to enforce it. I now say to the brethren and sisters, Be ye blessed in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

[Written for the DESERET NEWS.]

## SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN OLD REPORTER.

How many men of honest, simple hearts,  
Tho' ignorant of God, and self,  
Have braved the rage of bigotry  
For principles they little understood,  
Yet, persecution dragged them into fame  
And gave them what the world admire—a name!

LEO.

The mountains, hills, dales, strathes, glens, and heathery heaths of Scotland are fraught with a thousand reminiscences of local interest, and form in its annals an endless volume, for the pen of the historian, and the tales of the novelist. Invasion, persecution, rebellion, resistance, feudalism and claniship form the stamina of its records from the days of the first Roman invasion, down to the Pretender, in 1745—and to the expulsion of the Covenanters, and from that to the none intrusion party, headed by the Rev. Dr. Chalmers, when upwards of five hundred ministers, left their churches, by law established, in consequence of governmental usurpation. All these put together form a broad sheet for speculation. The customs, religion, and natural development of the country give a coloring to the mental painter, an eminent interest, where the lights and shadows are cast in their truthful bearings, on life scenery and character.

Traveling on my mission of research, in the Moorlands of Clydesdale, I came in sight of a solitary farm house, around which for miles there was nothing to attract attention, save the bleating of the sheep, the cry of the plover, and the mournful wail of the peesweep. The report of a gun occasionally, and the whirring sound of a convey of patrieks, broke the monotony of the cooling dove among the deep moss hags, and the dark turf banks of this solitary wild; but all outside of this, there was nothing to enliven the weary traveler whose mind becomes assimilated to the

picture of barrenness, as he wends his way o'er this lonely tract.

Often had I observed a large mound of a strange formation, as I traveled, lying in the depth of this morass, but now, as my way lay directly to it, and being in the vicinity of the farm, I bent my steps towards the house. A few stunted trees were the only indications of foliage around the place, and these were more like mourners over decayed nature, than the sturdy elms of which they were the representatives. A dark colley dog came barking at me as I approached. The day was sultry, and rather than enrage the angry cur I sat down on the steps of the mound, till some one, would come out of the house. Presently an old man appeared and silenced the infuriated animal. His white locks and reverend aspect inspired me with respect, when I arose and greeted him, which he returned in a distant, though genteel way. I told him that I was traveling as a canvasser for an agricultural newspaper, and as my way was some miles nearer to K— by taking the Moorland road, and being curious to learn something of this mound, which had often attracted my attention, I hoped he would satisfy my request, if not too impertinent, by informing me why such a pile of earth had been raised, and for what purpose? His reserved manner rather cramped my curiosity; however, after telling him of the place of my nativity, and the name of my father's family, he became more familiar, giving me to know, that my grandfather and himself had been school-mates, some sixty years ago, in the parish of Blantyre. After asking me a hundred questions, relating to names, and families of which I had not the most distant knowledge, except the names of a few farm-steads, and hamlets, in the neighborhood of his inquiry. He told me that his forefathers had lived on this farm [pointing to his house] for some hundreds of years, and that he had been in the possession of it, as proprietor, for half a century, 'and,' continued he, 'although I am not free to the ungodly professors of religion—I will tell you my friend, that this mound, is the monument of past intolerance, the labor of my father and his associates, who were persecuted for their religion. This mound was their lookout, their watch-tower, and these glens and hollows among the hills were their gathering places, and their tabernacles, where they met to worship God, when they durst venture out of the caves, and holes of the steep cairn.'

The old man's eyes glistened, moistened with the tears of pity, which dropped over his furrowed cheeks, as he pointed to the dark misty breaks in the hills, and the gray broken crags, that frowned over the barren waste of fern and heather.

'Have you not read,' he inquired, 'the history of the Covenanters, when the strong hand of Episcopacy thrust out our ministers from their churches, and their flocks, and put men in their pulpits by the force of arms and the point of the bayonet? Have you not heard, or read, of bloody Claverhouse, and his merciless troopers, fiends in human form, who rode through these glens, and shot down men, women, and children?'

I looked at the old man's visage, as he paused for breath, but the tear was dried and the flash of his eyes had a scowling, withering look, as he pointed to the earth.

'Yes sir,' he continued, 'the very heather around you grows red from the blood they have shed, and looks up to heaven, from this seared soil, crying for vengeance on the government, who sent and sanctioned their bloody deeds.'

'But,' said I, 'these days of persecution have passed away, and "the act, of toleration," now allows you and every other man, no matter what may be their religious opinions, the liberty of worshipping God as they please.'

'Hold there,' he cried interrupting me, 'protest against the present iniquitous, Socinian, Latitudinarian established church, and the same spirit of persecution will burn, hang, drown and shoot down God-fearing men, as it did in the days of bloody Claverhouse. Do you think, sir, that an act of toleration, betters the condition of any people? What right has any government to pass acts of toleration? What government should dare to meddle with men's religious opinions? And let me ask again, sir, who gained for Scotland, this hypocritical act? the covenanters! and why was it granted? Why? because they could not kill out the defenders of religious rights. To fight against papacy when Catholicism had regal power, was treason, and death at the stake. And when King William, made Protestantism the law of the land, then his religion when it prospered, obtained the

name of virtue, and put to death the adherents to papacy. Episcopacy sir, although Presbyterianism is the established religion in Scotland, still holds jurisdiction over her general assemblies, and sends her commissioners to overrule any act not in unison with their governmental instructions. Christ is not the head of that church—remember that my friend. 'Tis the King, King George the Fourth if you please, a greater w—e-master than Henry the Eighth.'

At this juncture of his polemical relation I could not help laughing at his enthusiasm, while I admired his sincerity, and historical knowledge.

'But,' he resumed, 'the H—s of Loch—n will never yield to the oppression and suppression of religious liberty, although they "give our roofs to the flames, and our flesh to the eagles," as Sir Walter says. Yes, while grass grows and water runs, never, never will the solemn league and covenant be broken by the sons and adherents of the Camerons, the Guthries and Renwicks, who fought and bled at Bothwell, at Drumclog, and on the Moors of Clydesdale, Mearns, Kyle and Carrick. Never will they acknowledge popery or prelacy! This mound will stand as a monument and a witness of their vows, their determination and valor, and should their sons have to take the cold earth for their bed, and the sky for their covering, as their fathers did, and this mound for their watch-tower, they will never yield to a second Grahame, more bloody than Claverhouse—more relentless than Sharp.'

While I looked at his white locks, as they shook by the motion of his head giving sanction to his protestations, I felt lost in the sublimity of his patriotism, and the sincerity of his veneration. Never shall I forget those white locks, that reverend face, and uplifted hand to heaven, against usurpation, bloodshed, and treachery against Scotland's rights. And who could not but admire—who would not love and follow such an unflinching determination in a more truthful cause, and honor a covenant more certainly made, for the redemption of not a nation, but a world, laboring under the sceptre of universal oppression?

The old man kindly invited me to his dwelling, which I accepted, and here, I had another display of family kindness, sincerity and veneration. They took pleasure in showing me the Bible of Renwick, and also the room he slept in, the chair he knelt at in secret and family devotion, and his staff. These relics of a good man were held by them in as much veneration, as the coat of Joseph was by his father. I was shown the cave of three brethren, who were taken by Claverhouse and put to death. Near the opening of the cave a huge pile of rocks, marked the place of their interment. Another old cairn, on the side of the hill was the burial place of a whole family who perished by the hands of the ruthless soldiery, who first shot the father, then his sons, and after desecrating the bodies of the mother and daughters put them to death also.

'There,' said the old man, 'is the cave of three brothers by the name of Nesbet, who were taken to Kilmarnock, and hanged and beheaded. Their bodies were burned there in the churchyard, and their heads were taken to Edinburgh and set on spears in the west port.'

I felt pained at the recital of cruelty, and desired him to take me to the top of the mound, which he did. I could see for miles in every direction. The landscape was an unbroken strath of moss, hills and heather: far to the west I could see the firth of Clyde, the Highland Isles to the west, and Ailsa Craig, on the bosom of the sunlit waters. On the north-east side of the mound in the distance he showed me a solitary house like his own, which he told me was the birth-place of Robert Pollock, who had recently died, leaving behind him a book entitled "The course of time." We found our way back to the house where the old woman and her family were waiting on our return, who kindly invited me to partake of their frugal fare.

The day being far spent I accepted of their hospitality and enjoyed myself, much to my satisfaction, in their conversation during the evening.

The apartment to which I was introduced was their kitchen, dining room and work shop, where the women sat at their little spinning-wheels working, while the old man, his two sons, and myself, talked till bed-time on many religious topics. The fire-place, which was built in the centre of the room, and the chimney above head, occupying nearly one-half of the roof, gave one the idea of very primitive architecture. A great peat [turf] fire, with a piece of tar