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PRESIDENT YOUNG'S TRIP NORTH.

G. S. L. CITY, Sep. 1. 1863.

EDITOR DESERET NEWS:

DEAR SIR:—I have pleasure in penning you a brief sketch of President Brigham Young's recent visit to Cache county.

On Wednesday, the 19th ult., Presidents Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Daniel H. Wells, with portions of their families; Apostles John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, George A. Smith, Charles C. Rich and Franklin D. Richards; Joseph Young and John Van Cott, of the Presidency of the Seventies; Daniel Spencer and George B. Wallace, of the Presidency of this Stake of Zion, and other Elders and friends left this city for Logan, where a Conference had previously been appointed to be held. The company halted for noon at Bishop Layton's Ward, where an excellent dinner had been provided for the whole company in the basement of the new meeting house. The public schools of the Ward were assembled and waved their banners and sang songs of welcome to the Presidency. I noticed the mottoes inscribed upon four of the banners, as I passed them; they were couched in the following words:

"Children of Zion," "Welcome President Young," "We are pleased to see you," and "Our Mountain Home."

In the afternoon we proceeded to Ogden, where we were kindly entertained during the night by President Farr, the family of Bishop West, Judge Farr, Elders McGaw, Hammond and Ballantyne, Capt. Brown and others.

Thursday we drove to Brigham city, Box Elder county, where we held meeting at 3 o'clock p.m. Presidents Young, Kimball and Wells preached on the life, the trials and blessings of the Saints.

When we started through Box Elder canyon on Friday I perceived that our company had increased in numbers at each settlement we had passed through, and, on examination found it to be composed of the following persons and carriages:

COMPANY.

President B. Young, family and clerks, 7 carriages,	30
President H. C. Kimball,	4
President D. H. Wells,	6
Elder Taylor,	2
" Woodruff,	2
" Smith,	2
" Rich,	5
" L. Snow,	4
" F. D. Richards,	5
" Jos. Young,	5
" Van Cott,	4
" Spencer,	5
" B. H. Young,	4
" A. M. Musser,	2
" F. A. Hammond,	2
" R. D. Sprague (Ogden Martial Band),	10
" R. T. Burton,	4
" J. L. Stoddard,	3
" L. I. Smith,	2
" P. Harrocks,	2
" J. S. Smith,	2
Bishop Raleigh,	4
" Layton,	3
" Young,	3
" Rowberry,	2
" A. Cord n,	3
Total number of persons,	121
carriages,	32

Before reaching Wellsville, we were met by an escort of mounted men, who relieved the Box Elder escort, and led the way into town, where, apparently, all the inhabitants had turned out to welcome the Presidency. I did not pretend to take notes of all the banners which were unfurled to the breeze, but among the number I did take were the following:

"Hail to our Mountain Chief," "Welcome to our President," and "Polygamy forever." The man who wrote the last one has just got married!

Our animals cared for, the dust washed from our faces, and justice having been done to the comforts of life provided, we repaired to the meeting house. On the meeting being called to order, the choir sang:

"Give us room that we may dwell."

I was credibly informed that the members of the Wellsville choir are very enterprising, and being very anxious to move out of their forts into broad, town lots, they have adopted the above hymn as a sort of family prayer, which they sing whenever they think it will help them to the consummation of their wishes.

Elders John Taylor, Franklin D. Richards and Charles C. Rich addressed the congregation on the practical duties of Saints, the necessity of making improvements in every city, town and village throughout the valleys of Ephraim. President Young followed with instructions relative to the building of a meeting house, the planting of orchards and gardens that their very numerous progeny which

he observed growing up among them might have fruit of every description in the season thereof. He admonished them to live daily in the light of the holy gospel that they might constantly enjoy the influences of the Holy Spirit.

The President and company went to Logan the same evening, where we found that Presidents Benson and Maughan had made every desirable arrangement for the comfort and convenience of the company, so that all found neat and comfortable quarters provided for them on their arrival. I am not sure that the Ogden Martial Band and the Logan Brass Band played all night, but they were certainly serenading long after I went to bed, and they were playing "Yankee Doodle" when I awoke on Saturday morning.

CONFERENCE AT LOGAN.

Saturday, at 10 a.m., the conference was called. Elder Wilford Woodruff delivered the first discourse, which was listened to by an attentive audience. Presidents Young and Kimball also addressed the congregation. The sermons were all of a highly interesting and practical character, to some extent local in their doctrinal points.

In the afternoon, President Daniel H. Wells preached. He expressed his gratitude for the opportunity of meeting with the Saints in Cache valley, and he rejoiced in the knowledge of the gospel which they had all embraced. Exhorting to faithfulness in the discharge of every duty. President Joseph Young then addressed the meeting. His subject was chiefly the saving of grain against a time of scarcity, together with the exemption to be wrought out by the Latter Day Saints. President Young followed with appropriate instruction on the temporal and spiritual salvation of the Saints; the necessity and importance of perfect union amongst them; the classification of labor for the general good, our object being to build up Zion.

A priesthood meeting was held in the evening, at which, Elders Rich, Richards and Van Cott gave some valuable instruction to the quorums present.

Conference resumed its session at 10 a.m. Bishop Layton offered prayer, and Elders John Taylor and George A. Smith preached. Elder Taylor reasoned upon the building up of the kingdom of God, the way and manner in which it is to be done. Elder Smith gave an account of his trip through the southern counties, in company with Judge Kinney, and then dwelt at some length on the literal building up of Zion, in accordance with the revelations and law of God.

At the afternoon meeting the sacrament was administered by the Priests of Aaron.

President Young then arose and preached from these words:

"For by the power of my Spirit created I them; yea, all things, both spiritual and temporal: firstly, spiritual—secondly, temporal which is the beginning of my work; again, firstly, temporal—and secondly, spiritual, which is the last of my work."—Book Cor. Sec. x, Par. ix. This discourse was in every respect calculated to teach men how to live.

Monday the 24th, we turned about and started for home, reaching Brigham city about 3 o'clock—a meeting was held in the Court House. President Joseph Young gave a pleasing account of his first acquaintance with the fulness of the gospel as revealed through Joseph Smith. President Kimball made a few remarks, instructing the people to lay up their grain against time of famine, admonished them to be obedient to the counsels of the priesthood. President Young followed upon the same subjects, and endeavored to show them the propriety of regulating the prices of the grain they raise, and making speculators pay a good price for all the grain they got from them.

On Tuesday morning our company came to Ogden. A meeting was held at 3 p.m. in the Tabernacle, and the audience was addressed by President Wells, Elders Hiram B. Clawson, John T. Caine, William H. Folsom, John V. Long, George A. Smith, and then by Presidents Kimball and Young. At this meeting, which lasted nearly four hours, many important topics were treated upon. The President called upon the people to covenant to keep his counsel, and then told them that he wanted them to lay up grain for a time of scarcity, not to sell their wheat for less than two dollars a bushel nor their flour for less than six dollars a hundred. He chastised the Bishops for neglect of duty, and for doing things which they had not been commanded to do.

The President and company returned to this city on Wednesday the 26th, calling at Farmington for dinner.

I will remark in conclusion that, there is an increasing and praiseworthy desire among the brethren north, to raise fruit. Elder Benson's fruit orchard is still two years in advance of any other in Logan; the opinion of some inexperienced men to the contrary notwithstanding. President Maughan and bro.

Gates have set out good orchards but they are not yet in bearing, still their labors in this department are deserving of emulation.

Very respectfully, your friend,
J. V. Long.

NAPOLEON'S DEATH.

At six o'clock in the evening on the 5th of May, 1822, the Emperor Napoleon died at St. Helena, after a cruel imprisonment of six years years. The latter days of his life were almost exclusively directed to religious thoughts.—He was exceedingly weak, suffering great pain, and often in extreme dejection of spirits. One evening, but a short time before his death, he made the following remarkable confession to Count Montholon:

"Upon the throne, surrounded by generals, far from devout—yes, I will not deny it—I had too much regard for public opinion, and far too much timidity; and perhaps I did not dare to say aloud, 'I am a believer.' I said 'religion is a power, a political engine.'—But even then if any one had questioned me directly, I should have replied, 'Yes, I am a Christian.' And if it had been necessary to confess my faith at the price of martyrdom, I should have found all my firmness. But now that I am at St. Helena, why should I dissemble that which I believe at the bottom of my heart? I desire the communion of the Lord's supper, and to confess what I believe. I will not force any one to accompany me there; but those who love me will follow me."

Even in these solemn hours of approaching death he had no penitence to express in view of his political career, for his motives had been exalted, and his measures beneficent in the extreme. With gratitude and well-founded pride, he could say:

"I have hallowed the Revolution by infusing it into our laws. My code is the sheet anchor which will save France and entitle me to the benedictions of posterity. The plan of leveling the Alps was one of the first formed at commencement of my career. I had entered Italy, and finding that the communications with Paris occupied a considerable time, and were attended with much difficulty, I endeavored to render them quicker, and resolved to open them through the valley of the Rhone. I also wished to render that river navigable, and blow up the rocks under which it engulphs and disappears. I had sent engineers on the spot. The expense would have been considerable, and I submitted the plan to the Directory. But we were carried away by events. On my return from Egypt we applied our hammers to the Alps. We executed what the Romans had not dared to try, and traced through blocks of granite, a solid and spacious road, capable of resisting the efforts of time."

As, restless with pain, and burning with insupportable thirst, he tossed upon his pillow, he said to Dr. Antommacchi: "This is not life; it is mere existence. Death will soon terminate my sufferings. In what state am I, Doctor? Everything seems to weigh upon me to fatigue me. I can scarcely support myself. Have you not, among the resources of art, anything to revive the play of the machine?"

He had some fish in a pond near the door and he was fond of feeding them with crumbs of bread. Suddenly they all died. Sadly he said: "You see very well that there is a fatality attached to me. Everything that I love, everything that belongs to me, is immediately struck."

At length the hidden disease, which subsequently proved itself to be a cancer in the stomach so prostrated him that he rarely left his bed, and the pain was so great that but seldom he could get even a moment of sleep.—"Doctor," said he, "what a delightful thing rest is! The bed has become for me a place of luxury. How I love it! I, whose activity was boundless, am now plunged into a lethargic stupor, and must make an effort even to raise my eyelid. I sometimes dictated upon different subjects to four or five secretaries, who wrote as fast as words could be uttered. But then I was Napoleon. Now I am no longer anything."

One day he vainly endeavored, leaning upon another's arm, to walk across the room. His limbs sank beneath him. "They are exhausted," said he. "See, there is nothing else—mere skeletons. Everything must have an end. I am fast approaching mine; and I do not regret it, for I have, indeed, no reason to be attached to life."

The news came one day of the death of his sister Eliza. It threw him into a state of stupor. His head fell upon his breast. Deep sighs escaped him, and for a long while he uttered not a word. Then fixing his eyes intently upon the doctor, he said: "You see that Eliza has just shown us the way. Death, which seems to overlook our family, now begins to strike it. My turn cannot be far distant. I have no longer any strength, activity or energy left—I am no longer Napoleon. The last person of our family who will follow

Eliza to the grave, is the great Napoleon who here drags on a miserable existence, who sinks under its weight, but who, however, still keeps Europe in a state of alarm. As for me, all is over. My days will soon end on this miserable rock.

Dr. Antommacchi was an infidel.—One day he ventured to assume a contemptuous expression of countenance, in view of some religious conversation which was passing between the Emperor and the Abbe Vignali. Napoleon said to him severely, "You are an atheist, sir. Be an atheist if you will.—But as for me, I will fulfil all the duties which religion imposes, and seek all the solace which it administers."—Then turning to the Abbe, he said, "I wish you to say mass in the chapel every day, and continue to say it after my death. You will not cease till after I am buried. As soon as I am dead I wish you to place a crucifix upon my bosom and your altar at my head.—And you will not omit solemnizing the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper and offering daily prayer, until I am buried."

Thus day after day lingered sadly along, until the 2d of May. The Emperor was then in a burning fever and his mind was in a delirium. His spirit was wandering through the scenes of the past, and moved amidst the carnage and uproar of the field of battle. At one time he cried out wildly, "Steingel, Desaix, Massena, victory is declared. Run, hasten, press the charge. They are ours!" In his eagerness, with that momentary strength which delirium gives, he leaped from his bed, but fell prostrate to the floor. After a few hours the fever abated and reason returned. "I am very ill," said he, "I am going to die. My poor Chinese servants. Do not let them be forgotten. I must take care of them also." In his will he had particularly remembered all of his friends and those from whom he had received any acts of kindness.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 3d of May, after a very touching conversation with his friends who surrounded his bedside, sent for Abbe Vignali, and received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. After the solemn ordinance, the placid expression of his countenance indicated the peace which rested within his soul.—He slept quietly through the night and in the morning he said to his valet, "Open the window Marehand, open it wide, that I may breathe the good air which the good God has made."

The night of the fourth was dark and stormy. The dying hour had come. The little household at St. Helena were all gathered around their dying friend. The Emperor lay unconscious and motionless, breathing very heavily, and occasionally uttering broken and almost inarticulate words. "Twice I thought," says Count Montholon, "that I distinguished the unconnected words, France, Army, Head of the Army, Josephine." At six o'clock in the evening, as he was lying upon his back, with one arm out of bed, and his eyes fixed, as if in deepest meditation, he gently, and without a struggle, ceased to breathe. Just as the sun was descending below the horizon, sinking behind the clouds of that sombre and tempestuous day, the spirit of Napoleon took its flight into the dread unknown. Isle of Elba, Napoleon were the last utterances of the true and loving Josephine. France, The Army, Josephine, were the last words which trembled upon the lips of the dying Emperor.—[Abbott.]

RETURN OF GEN. CONNOR.

On Friday last, in the afternoon, Gen. Connor, who had been absent several weeks on business connected with his command, in Nevada Territory, and also on a flying visit to California, his adopted State, arrived in this city on his return to the headquarters of his District. He was met on the State Road, three or four miles south of the city, as reported, by the cavalry stationed at Camp Douglas, who went out early in the forenoon, as far as Eding's brewery, and were there awaiting the arrival of the overland stage, by which he came passenger and escorted into the city with as much pomp, splendor and parade as was possible under the circumstances to be displayed. The escort was accompanied by the Regimental Band of the Second cavalry C. V's, which performed their part of the ceremonies exceedingly well, but neither the pageantry of the parade nor the stirring strains of the music, seemed to astonish the natives.

Mr. Jeremiah Woodbury has raised some of the dwarf wise cherry—which do very well for a variety—especially where we better can be had.