

into a mouse-hole, or Jim has just come in from the canyon and is washing his feet with it. Then there is an outcry for the knife they cut meat with. "Where is the butcher knife?" Billy has had it out of doors, and has left it in a neighboring ditch. They may have bread and meat, a bread knife and a meat knife, but neither of these articles has a recognized home in the house, and you are just as likely to find them in one place as another. "Where is the bag of flour?" "I don't know; I think I saw it under the stairs this morning when I was rumaging around." It is at last found stuck in a dirty corner with dirty cloths thrown over it, and perforated with mouse-holes. The bread pan is lost; the rolling pin and board cannot be found, and when the board is found it has been converted into a checkerboard, and then used in the chicken-coop; and when the broom is wanted little Jack is astride of it in the street, deliberately walking through a mud hole. Instead of their houses being houses where order and economy reign, confusion, disorder, and waste prevail.

Some of our professed good housekeepers, in my opinion, come far short of really deserving that character, at least I should think so, were I permitted to see them cook breakfast. There are potatoes to boil, bread to bake, meat to cook, and fruit to stew. Perhaps the first thing that is done is to put the tea to steeping then fry the meat, then prepare the potatoes for boiling, and about the time the potatoes are done the bread must be mixed; while the bread is baking the tea is spoiling, the meat and potatoes are getting cold, and unfit to eat; when the bread is ready as likely as not the fruit is forgotten, and a great effort has to be made to prepare the fruit; much bustle, confusion, labor, and time have been expended to get the food ready, and when it is served up the tea is not worth drinking, the potatoes are tough, watery, and cold, the meat is dry, hard, and unpalatable, the biscuits are baked too much on the outside and not enough in the inside, while the fruit is only half-cooked; and taking it altogether it would be better for the stomach to reject such a meal of victuals, if there existed a prospect of dining upon a more wholesome and better prepared meal at noon.

We have been gathered together in these valleys to be taught. We must first learn to control ourselves before we can think to control our fellow creatures. The Lord has given extensive lines of operation to both Saint and sinner, but when he gathers his family he expects them to first master these so-called little things; he wishes us to learn to live with each other, and to surround ourselves with all the common necessities and comforts of life. Until this is done we are unprepared to receive the greater blessings, for if we had them now we should not know what to do with them. It is our business to live, to learn how to preserve our lives, and labor to make the earth into a Garden of Eden; unless we do this, we are unworthy to possess eternal life. "And he said unto him, Well, thou good servant, because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities." He that is not faithful in the things of this world, who will commit unto him the things which pertain to eternity?

All things belong to the Lord, and we belong to the Lord, and if we are faithful until we have passed the ordeal and proved ourselves worthy before the heavenly storehouse, then we shall receive a deed of that which the Lord gives to us. Until then that which we hold we hold only as stewards for the Lord. It is our privilege to grow and increase continually, to receive knowledge upon knowledge, and prepare to enter upon the higher duties of eternal life. We thus proceed from one step to another until we merge into immortality. We do not become another kind of beings in passing through the resurrection, but we are more refined through the application of the laws of the gospel to our lives and passing through the grave. The grave will take away every deformity from the mortal organisms of the faithful, and they will be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect.

We have now space to prove ourselves worthy to receive the glory that God has in store for the faithful, but we have to learn the little things first. We are brought here expressly, in the first place, to raise potatoes, grain, fruit, wool, flax, and every other necessary and mortal comfort we can produce in this climate. Some of our Elders will preach until they preach the people blind, and will die in their ignorance and go to hell, unless they learn what their lives are worth and how to preserve them. I am speaking to the Saints here if we do not learn what God has brought us here for and the nature of the mission he has given us, we may preach Bible until we are blind and old as Methuselah, and die and be damned at last. It is our duty to learn how to govern ourselves, and how to conduct ourselves pleasingly in the sight of heaven towards our friends, families, and neighbors, building up cities and towns, opening farms, planting vineyards and orchards, and improving our country, until finally, we shall be ready to rule.

May God bless the faithful, and overthrow the wicked and ungodly, and establish his kingdom no more to be thrown down is my daily prayer: Amen.

**A HUGE TUSK.**—J. Helt of the Independent mining claim at Kincaid's Flat, Cal. on the 10th June, found a tusk 8 feet long and 24 inches in circumference, weighing 250 lbs. It was imbedded in a dry, sandy soil, about 15 feet below the surface of the ground.

[For the Deseret News.]  
TASTE.

It is far easier to designate what is not taste, than what is. It is far less fatiguing to the mind, to create doubts, and deal in negatives, than it is to demonstrate principles. It seems to be an inherent feeling in human nature, to criticize the performances of others; a discontent *without* the necessary qualifications we set up for a judge; without perhaps even a knowledge of the first principles upon which a just decision should be rendered. It might be said that, as man was granted a mind that should be used, and a knowledge, or judgment, the freedom of which is indisputed, he has a right to form such opinions as he may deem proper. This is perfectly just so long as he respects the feelings and rights of others, but in forming and expressing an unjust opinion upon any subject he is more liable to injure the prospects of others than he can be to better his own. We all, more or less, rely upon the judgment of respected friends, and by close communion we are liable to receive the impress of their errors; and they thus, by contracting a false taste, and erroneous judgment, unintentionally injure us.

We thus see that taste, which in designating the fitness of things, is synonymous with judgment, plays an important part in the economy of life; and a proper cultivation and application of it, in the daily drama of existence, would be the means of enabling us to make a noble and beneficent use of the talents God may have granted us. Egotistical vanity may cause us to overrate our own perfections, but it should never obliterate the desire for improvement.

Taste, as it is often understood, judges more the fitness of words, of formations, and substances, than the appropriateness of ideas. In expression, or the mode of addressing ourselves to the understanding of others, taste is all important; but too often the ideas, if they have nought of vulgarity, may be vicious in the extreme, and yet pass with enthusiasm among the thinking, who judge by the mere glitter and glare of inflated expression. To an observer, of sound understanding, taste is an almost infallible criterion of national morality; for where we see the evil passions, and the crimes of the age, dissected by the caterer of public amusement, to satisfy the abnormal cravings of a vitiated taste, there we may expect but little of nobleness or virtue to dwell. The pomposity of a Michelet is perhaps bearable, but the disgusting morality of De Balzac, Madam George Sand, or even of the brilliant Rousseau, is certainly anything but a restraint to youthful passions and licentiousness, and bespeaks a lamentable lack of virtue among the gay inhabitants of the capital of the fashionable world. Perhaps America can lay claim to the second rank in this brilliant but vicious literary confederation, in which genius is the caterer to crime, and taste the vehicle of communication. There are noble hearts that have long fought against this increase of immorality; and in all lands have they bravely confronted this most demoralizing of all principles, "that desire and inclination should at all times be gratified, for God designed they should be."

Virtuous minds, taste might compel to choose a virtuous subject, a lofty and noble mind, a lofty and ennobling subject; yet it is seldom indeed that we find taste combined in the just proportions necessary to constitute this harmonious subject treated upon in a confused and inharmonious manner, and without strength of expression sufficient to convey a just conception of things, shocks the mind; and by this absence of all taste is the joining together of parts, incongruous in nature, gives us a dislike for the very virtues we should cultivate.

How vicious upon public morals, this seeking for a flowing combination of liquid sounds and harmonious modes of expression, is at the expense of virtuous principles, would be difficult to judge; yet it is nevertheless true that, the mind of man asks more after that which is ably explained, even though meretricious, than that which is poorly advocated, though a true and heaven-born principle. This may be called taste carried to an extreme in a morbid desire for harmony and mere beauty of expression, which passes with too unwary for virtue. We may call this false taste, yet it is a natural sequence to the manners of the age. The education of the present day cultivates the intellectual at the expense of the moral faculties, and takes from man the high prerogative to which he is entitled.

Though in this respect taste is abused, yet is this expression to be cultivated, for without it no man can properly explain his ideas. The inharmonious manner of some, confuses the mind, which labors vainly to comprehend the meaning. Taste might be designated by a single term, "appropriateness." That is, a fitness of subject, of words, and a proper harmony, and strength, in the construction of sentences. No two men are formed exactly alike, nor do any two experience like sensation upon viewing a similar object. The principles upon which the human form is developed are similar in all, yet the parts constituting it are of various proportions and qualities. The outlines and general contour are alike, but the arrangement is dissimilar. In like manner is taste developed in different minds. An alchemist mixes his drugs in various proportions, to produce certain results, and those results never vary, if the proportions are alike; yet taste is seldom, if ever, found similar in any

two persons, however near alike in temperament, or general characteristics, yet is it alike in principle.

When we meet with any one who views with distaste the varied and stupendous workings of Nature, we may lay it down as an axiom of unerring truth, that he is devoid of all true taste. The fanciful should never be cultivated at the expense of the solid, and real wisdom will always create a true division of the two.

Tastes, however, may vary, and both be instructive and proper. I may have no ear for music, or even be unable to distinguish one note from another, yet such a fact does not presuppose, or substantiate, the position that I am void of all taste, but that I do not possess taste in that one respect. I may be unable to appreciate the harmony of musical sounds, and yet be awe-struck, and listen with reverence to the deep tones of the thunder as it flashes from the murky atmosphere of some tempest dark cloud. I may be unable to discern the beauties of the ideal creations of Raphael or Angelo, and yet stand confounded before the huge mountains prepared by God's great hand; and my soul careless of Madonna's, or Apollo's, reserved and indifferent to their glories, may bow before the lowly violet of the field, and yet this is taste.

Taste should be nature; simplicity should be the first of all acknowledged beauties, and then this affected pomposity, so nauseating to an ingenious and warm heart, would no longer be cultivated to the exclusion of truthfulness. The complicated forms of fashionable expression, so prolific of hypocrisy, is injurious to all virtuous sentiment. The aged who have viewed life in its many and varied phases, can perhaps discern between the light of the pure gem, and the glitter of the false crystals; but the young, the impulsive, and the warm hearted, are apt to be lured, by the hope of present pleasure from the cultivation of a taste which knows no reaction and which is a constant source of usefulness and pleasure.

There is scarcely anything that gives rise to pleasure to a greater extent than taste, or which in its source is more pure and intellectual. It should be our pride to cultivate, and acquire, a polite and refined taste, that whenever amid the varied and complicated scenery of life, we are called upon to pass judgment upon any production of mind or of art, we may be able to do so, with credit to ourselves and justice to the object judged.

The bigotry and fanaticism of sectarian parties should never be the cause of condemning a meritorious performance; and our minds should be unbiassed by prejudice, and we should found our decisions upon the real merits of what we judge and not condemn a history, on a treatise on philosophy, simply because the moral character of the writer is a libel to virtue.

The multitudinous variety presented in works of art, displays the difference existing with regard to taste; yet, though all those modes may differ in outward resemblance, nevertheless they are alike in one ingredient, purity; at least those that are said to be such by unbiassed and impartial judgment. The figure of a Venus, presenting in every nerve and outline a sensuous and indolent expression, may perhaps be perfect, or in accordance with fallen nature; yet would it never embody, to our mind, an idea of purity and virtue. Many in their personations, strive too much to pattern after mankind as they are, and not as they should be; and instead of advancing in purity, they retrograde.

In having the vices of our fellow beings upheld constantly before us, we become accustomed to their deformities, and it begets a feeling of morbid sympathy, injurious to the expansion of correct and generous principles. The idea that public punishment will check crime is a mistaken one, as we find by history that it exists in a much greater degree where the laws are rigorous and severe, and where punishment openly follows transgression. It is only the timid who are awed by the display of force; for the daring and reckless will brave it for the very excitement to which it gives rise.

Perhaps no one individual could ever give a true and correct definition of taste, so that it would apply equally to all. Difference of temperament, often constitutes difference of taste and inclination, yet this diversity but adorns life.

So much sameness pals the mind and imagination, which plays a principal part in the economy of happiness, would have no opportunity to expand and to increase the means productive of contentment and joy. The useful stands in juxtaposition to the fanciful, in many instances, yet the object to be gained being properly understood, judgment should guide our decision. Fitness, or as we have already said, appropriateness is and ever should be, the criterion of taste. This, in a moral view, some might say, cannot be, for taste, or appropriateness, may lead us to commit an unjust action, simply because we deem it necessary to forward our own peculiar desires and selfish aggrandizement. This is not so—we have already said, true taste cannot exist without purity, and where purity is, sin and selfishness cannot come.

That object or that expression which calls the glow of shame to the cheek of the most innocent of God's children, is vicious and untasteful. It is true severe words, like severe medicines, have at times to be uttered to stay an erring nature from the commission of crime; yet, even then a moderation has to be observed. If this is applied for the reformation of our character, and then only as the virulence of the disease dictates, how wrong must they be who would by precept and

example demean all mankind to their own level—yet alas! how often do we find it so.

We all are erring, and therefore in our judgments should we be merciful. Some when they hear the maxims and precepts of the wise, as taught by them, and when they see how sadly they fail in the application of their own laws, say they are hypocritical; yet, it may not be so. The intellectual is far ahead, and superior to the physical organization of man; and, though mentally he may know what is just and correct, yet physically he may be unable to perform. Any one who seriously reflects, who notes the various and conflicting interests, and conglomerated chaos that is seething around, can but admit this fact. Indeed we can safely say, we are none of us perfect nor infallible in judgment, and that we are extremely fallible in actions, yet this should never stay our endeavors. The mind is a progressive substance (if substance it is,) and we have the means by us to form it into a noble and everlasting treasure. Why not then cultivate this taste, so peculiarly adapted to enlarge our joys, and the joys of those around us? It may require toil, it may require study and effort, but the idea of an everlasting existence should spur our endeavors, for O! how transcendently blissful will it prove to our future progress!

ORION.

## THE HORRORS OF THE BATTLE FIELD.

The following extracts from letters written on the battle field near Richmond, by Lieut. C. C. Baker of the 2d Michigan, to his mother in Brooklyn, N. Y., published in the *Journal of Commerce*, are exemplifications of the horrors of war.

BATTLE FIELD, June 2, 1862.

DEAR MOTHER:—I wrote you yesterday a short letter-note, and so you know that I am all safe and sound, although I have been in the hardest battle, I believe, that was ever fought on this continent. It is awful. I cannot describe it—it is beyond all power of description. I have seen a spot of ground this morning, some fifty or sixty rods across, and I can't tell how long, but altogether too long, where the rebels first attacked us. It is a positive fact, you can scarcely get your feet on the ground between the bodies of the dead. They lie four and five, and in some few places more than that deep, of dead and wounded. There are so many it will take three or four days yet to bury them all, and do the best we can, too. I hope and trust I may never see such a sight again; and, what is more, may I never go into or on another battle-field. I have never realized it until to-day the horrors of a battle-field. While in the fight, I never thought of it, but I was under the excitement of the moment. As the battle-fields grow thicker, the dread of going into the battle does not grow any less, but after the first gun has been fired, that all goes, and I am as calm and cool as you are at Brooklyn. At the battle the other day only seven companies were in out of our own regiment. Two went in about two o'clock, while the right wing (five companies) did not go in until about six o'clock. We were put in a place where a whole brigade had been driven out, and in less than two minutes after the enemy opened on us, every fourth man was "hors du combat." It was indeed an awful sight. This morning, only 1,200 men, i. e. fighting men, are all that can be got together of our brigade.

SEVEN PINES, June 5.

Our boys have buried some 1,800 rebels, and have not got them all buried yet. Our loss is estimated in killed, wounded and missing at 8,000. The rebels say, that is, some of them that we have taken prisoners, that their loss was over 10,000. Don't you think I have seen some pretty hard fighting? I believe I have been where it was not very safe, to say the least. I want to go into one more skirmish. I have not wiped out quite as many as I want to; yet I believe I have done my share on that score. What do you think our brigade numbers now? It has been in two fights since we came here. We numbered some 3,500 men when we were at Yorktown, but now there are only 1,130 in the whole four regiments; ours, only 410. One year ago to-day, we left Detroit 1,070 strong. Another battle will wipe us out. Then good bye to the Second Michigan. But if all other regiments do as well as we have, the Union will be cemented together so strong with the heart's blood of her soldiers, no power on earth can break it.

BRITISH CLEANLINESS.—One of the prime British fallacies is that we are the cleanest people on earth. Like our domestic felicity, and our capacity single-handed to whip any three Frenchmen, the delusion is positively mischievous. We are not a clean people. In the ordinary arts of life, in which cleanliness is a main element, we are far behind even the European standard. Our cookery—that is, the cookery of common life—is not only the least scientific, but the dirtiest and most slovenly practised by any modern nation. I require but to compare the pots and kettles and pans of average kitchens, as well as of hotels, either in France, Spain or Germany, with those of England, to disenchant ourselves as to our national virtue of cleanliness. We say nothing about Holland, which is to a proverb tidy and clean. It is only, probably, in the navy, and in prisons and hospitals, that tidiness is practised among ourselves by rule and on principle. As to the lower classes in England, they have a positive hatred of cleanliness and sanitary rules.—[Saturday Review.]