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## "THE PAINTER" AND "THE ARTIST"

"I have used similitudes," Hosea, 12th ch., 10th v.  
"To vindicate the ways of God to man," Milton.

Within a lofty, spacious, airy room  
A noble Painter stood; his studio this—  
The lattice opened wide, with trailing  
Woodbine decked, whose pendant blossoms as they  
Swayed, shed perfume far and wide.  
Beneath his feet the beauteous landscape  
Spread, which bounded by distant towering  
Hills, whose summits bathed themselves in amber  
Light. 'Twas such a scene as poets' passion  
Crowns with ardent love!

The quivering air seemed instinct with  
A gorgeous jeweled life, and summer's  
Incense rose from earth's broad altar to its  
Maker—God! Glad green verdure wrap ed our  
Mother in its cool embrace, while flowers  
In rare luxuriance gemmed the verdant scene,  
The dancing rills and winding streams made varied  
Music as each breeze but swelled or died!

And still the Painter stood;  
His outward gaze transfixed; his inward  
Soul adored the hand which fashioned,  
Painted, bid that glowing scene to be!  
Silent, earnest reverence swelled within  
His heaving breast, bursting the bounds of earth's  
Grand temple, forced for itself a passage  
Straight, where beauty hath its dwelling place  
Within the palace of Creation's King!

The Painter turned to where his easel stood,  
The paraphernalia of his art around  
Was strewed; models of countless form which  
Ere had served to cultivate his taste  
And form incipient fame; pallet  
And pencils, tools of every size and shape,  
Colors of every hue and tint as found  
In Nature's broad domain; confusion seemed  
To be, but purposed order reigned.

I marked his eye suffused, his form  
Was bent, his knitted brow, and step of baffled  
Power, the while with restless tread, he seemed  
To spurn those schoolboy aids, as trifling toys,  
For all his labors past had failed to write;  
On fame's grand muster roll his humble name.

The Painter turned again; but how transformed,  
For inspiration drawn from nature's living  
Fount had lavished his wrinkled brow, the fires  
Of genius lit his steadfast eye, his step  
Elastic, might have walked the wind!  
An Artist now, with compressed lip  
Denoting purpose doomed to be fulfilled;  
Upon the canvas immortality to win!

He grasped the pencil, and his grand ideal  
Soon in prophetic outline dimly gleamed,  
The wondrous work commenced, while idle  
Gazers laughed to scorn his simple means  
And deemed the man was mad.

The hours and days, nay  
Years, swift rolled along, till gradual  
Patient toil evoked from crude material  
Startling forms of beauty, grace majestic  
Such as undeveloped mortal hath not viewed,  
For soul was there, each as it breathed, and from  
The fabric fain would start, to walk 'mongst men  
As gods.

What varied tints and shades this wondrous art  
Hath given to life! Here, dark and glossy  
As a raven's wing; there, as with pencil  
Dipped in golden light, here imperial  
Purple, there cerulean blue, here like  
The ruby's flash, and there the emerald green,  
With countless intermediate grades  
And lustre, needed for the labor of an  
Artist's love.

The picture thus transferred from active mind  
To outward show, now claims intense regard  
And special care, the Artist's highest power  
And skill, a slight touch here, and there a darker  
Stroke, with general blending where the colors  
Join, 'till none so keen can say where this begins  
Or that doth end; this softening, toning down  
Bespeaks the master-hand; o'er all he throws  
The surface glaze, which hardening seems to bid  
Dissolve to old Time's corroding touch!

Upon the canvas now complete, behold  
The work, its subtle power and beauty  
Men in unborn time shall sway, instinct  
With life's ideal, only born of a flux  
From the fount of inspiration's vast  
Creative skill, millions shall gaze and worship  
As they weep, till centuries pile their ever  
Ponderous weight, crumbling art's proudest triumphs  
In the dust, sweeping the idol and the hosts  
Who worshipped, where dread eternities unveil  
The real of man's ideal, the substance  
Of the shade, where light for ever dwells!

Such is the secret of our common life!  
That power which poised the planets in their orbs,  
Those central suns of systems, grand, sublime,  
Which formed the myriad satellites  
Who circle there, prescribed the erratic  
Course of comets through the fields of space,  
And the majestic universe designed;  
Hath deigned to look on man!

He on the fabric of the human soul  
His outline forms, guards from the cradle with

A jealous care, each individual one,  
In every providence of fourscore years  
His hand distinct we trace; the lights and shadows  
Of the weary years are his; in suffering  
Forming darkest lines, and in prosperity  
The lines of light; in every phase and change;  
Through all combined—the ideal grows apace!

The Master Artist on life's pallet blends  
Each circumstance and color, here repressing;  
There, an exaltation gives, and varied shades  
Of character creates, develops good,  
And real evil curbs, by every wise device  
Of friends, associates, teachers, rulers,  
Social joys, and precious gifts.

O'er all he throws the rich deep glow of pure  
Religions, mellow light, this blends life's  
Coloring, rounds the angles o'er, and grace  
Imparts, 'till by its searching power it rules  
Preserves, and in the lapse of ages will  
Secure the consummation of the grand  
Design; to form a man to be a son,  
An heir, and thus develop god!

For this creation is, for this each rounded  
Orb, first formed, then tried, then proved  
And purified when ruled by highest law!

For this the eagle soars, for this "the sparrow  
Twitters on the eaves," for this bright flowerets bloom;  
The precious grains, and luscious fruits abound.

For this the sparkling fountain showers  
Its crystal drops, the rills and rivers run  
Their ordered course, for this the seas exist  
And break their glistening waves on every strand.

For this all elements combine, and myriad  
Forms and grades of life are found, each in their  
Sphere to minister to man; below the angels  
Formed, yet destined to be crowned  
With glory, honor, immortality  
And power of endless life!

The frivolous dreams of men are gross  
To this, their aims are sordid all, their lives  
Misspent. Ours may it be a passive mood  
Or active ail, to win a higher stand,  
The platform raised by Gods for man;  
For man and Gods, for righteous progress  
Pioneers the path to happiness and bliss!

G. S. L. City, March 12th, 1862.

## REMARKS

By President BRIGHAM YOUNG, Tabernacle,  
Feb. 9th, 1862.

REPORTED BY G. D. WATT.

I have four sermons that I wish to preach  
this morning, and I wish about thirty-five  
minutes in which to preach them.

The first subject I shall notice this morning  
is robbing the dead. Many have desired me  
to express myself in public relative to what  
has transpired in our grave yard during four  
or five years past. Robbing the dead is not a  
new thing. Robbing dead people of their  
jewelry and clothing is customary in the cities  
of Europe; and it has been and is customary  
in many places to steal the body for the pur-  
pose of dissection. I have, in the course of  
my life, been under the necessity of watching  
graves to keep them from being robbed.

It appears that a man named John Baptiste  
has practised robbing the dead of their cloth-  
ing in our grave yard during some five years  
past. If you wish to know what I think  
about it, I answer, I am unable to think so  
low as to fully get at such a mean, contempt-  
ible, damnable trick. To hang a man for such  
a deed would not begin to satisfy my feelings.  
What shall we do with him? Shoot him?  
No, that would do no good to anybody but  
himself. Would you imprison him during life?  
That would do nobody any good. What I  
would do with him came to me quickly, after  
I heard of the circumstance; this I will men-  
tion, before I make other remarks. If it  
was left to me, I would make him a fugitive  
and a vagabond upon the earth. This would  
be my sentence, but probably the people will  
not want this done.

Many are anxious to know what effect it  
will have upon the dead who have been rob-  
bed. I have three sisters in the grave yard in  
this city, and two wives, and several children,  
besides other connections and near relatives.  
I have not been to open any of their graves to  
see whether they were robbed, and do not  
mean to do so. I gave them as good a burial  
as I could; and in burying our dead, we all  
have made everything as agreeable and as  
comfortable as we could to the eye and taste  
of the people in their various capacities, ac-  
cording to the best of our judgments; we have  
done our duty in this particular, and I for one  
am satisfied. I will defy any thief there is on  
the earth or in hell to rob a Saint of one bless-  
ing. A thief may dig up dead bodies and sell  
them for the dissecting knife, or may take their  
raiment from them, but when the resurrection  
takes place, the Saints will come forth with  
all the glory, beauty, and excellency of resur-  
rected Saints clothed as they were when they  
were laid away.

Some may inquire whether it is necessary to  
put fresh linen into the coffins of those who

have been robbed of their clothing. As to this  
you can pursue the course that will give you  
the most contentment and satisfaction; but if  
the dead are laid away as well as they can be,  
I will promise you that they will be well  
clothed in the resurrection, for the earth and  
the elements around it are full of these things.  
All that is needed is power to bring forth those  
things necessary, as Jesus did when he fed  
the multitude with a few loaves and fishes,  
perhaps no more than would on ordinary oc-  
casions feed six men; he organized the ele-  
ments around, and fed five thousand. In the  
resurrection everything that is necessary will  
be brought from the elements to clothe and to  
beauty the resurrected Saints, who will re-  
ceive their reward. I do not trouble myself  
about my dead. If they are stripped of their  
clothing, I do not want to know it.

Some, I have been informed, can now remem-  
ber having had similar dreams, and others have  
heard rappings on the door, on the bedstead, on  
the floor, on the table, etc., and have imagined  
that they might have proceeded from the  
spirits of the dead calling on their friends to  
give them clothing, for they were naked. My  
dead friends have not been to me to tell me  
that they were naked, cold, &c.; and if any  
such rappings should come to me, I should tell  
them to go to their own place. I have little  
faith in those rappings. If I felt that I ought  
to pay attention to such things, I would not,  
so to speak, let my right hand know what my  
left did; and it would require a greater power  
than John Baptiste to make me believe either  
a truth or a lie.

I thought the remark made by a lad to a  
group of weeping women was very appropriate,  
though I do not blame them for weeping when  
they saw the clothing they had put upon their  
departed darlings; said he, "supposing the linen  
was all burnt up and the ashes scattered to the  
four winds, could not the angel Gabriel call  
those particles together as easily as he could  
call together the particles of the body?" The  
elements are all here, and they will be called  
forth in their proper time and place. Let the  
minds of the people be at rest upon this mat-  
ter. What has been done they cannot help.  
If any wish to open the graves of their dead  
and put clothing in the coffins to satisfy their  
feelings, all right; I am satisfied. I am also  
satisfied that had we been brought up and tra-  
ditionated to burn a wife up in a funeral pile,  
we should not be satisfied unless this practice  
was followed out; we would have the same  
grief and sorrow that we now have when we  
find that our dead have been robbed of their  
clothing. Or if we had been brought up as  
our natives are, when a chief died if we did  
not kill a wife or two, a few horses, or a few  
prisoners, etc., as soon as the darkness of  
night set in we very likely should fancy our-  
selves haunted with the spirits of the dead,  
dissatisfied at our not giving them proper  
burial rites, and company to pass with them  
through the dark shadows of the grave to the  
good land where there are better hunting  
grounds. The power and influence of tradi-  
tion has a great deal to do with the way we  
feel about this matter of our dead being  
robbed.

We are here in circumstances to bury our  
dead according to the order of the priesthood;  
but some of our brethren die upon the ocean;  
they cannot be buried in a burying ground,  
but they are sewed up in canvas and cast into  
the sea, and perhaps in two minutes after  
they are in the bowels of a shark, yet those  
persons will come forth in the resurrection  
and receive all the glory of which they are  
worthy, and be clothed upon with all the  
beauty of resurrected saints, as much so as if  
they had been laid away in a gold or silver  
coffin, and in a place prepared expressly for  
burying the dead. If you think opposite to  
this, your thoughts are vain. "And I saw the  
dead, small and great, stand before God; and  
the books were opened; and another book was  
opened, which is the book of life; and the  
dead were judged out of those things which  
were written in the books, according to their  
works. And the sea gave up the dead which  
were in it; and death and hell delivered up the  
dead which were in them: and they were  
judged every man according to their works." If  
the particles of which the body is com-  
posed are distributed to the four quarters of  
the earth, at the sound of the trumpet, when  
the dead are to come forth, the dust that com-  
posed their bodies, that portion that is suffer-  
ed to endure, will come from the ends of the  
earth, mote by mote, particle by particle, atom  
to atom, bone to bone, sinew to sinew, and flesh  
will cover them, and the same body will come  
forth in the resurrection, as much so as the  
body of Jesus came forth from the tomb.

Do as you please with regard to taking up  
your friends. If I should undertake to do  
anything of the kind, I should clothe them  
completely and then lay them away again.  
And if you are afraid of their being robbed  
again, put them into your gardens where you  
can watch them by day and night until you  
are pretty sure that the clothing is rotted, and  
then lay them away in the burying ground. I

would let my friends lay and sleep in peace.  
I am aware of the excited state of the feelings  
of the community; I have little to say about  
the cause of it; the meanness of the act is so  
far beneath my comprehension that I have not  
ventured to think much about it.

I will now proceed to my next text. I have  
lately preached a short sermon to the Bishops,  
in a Bishops' meeting, and I now wish to pre-  
sent the subject of those remarks to this con-  
gregation; they were in relation to the Bishops  
building dancing rooms for their school-houses  
and ward meetings. In my heart, soul, affec-  
tions, feelings, and judgment I am opposed to  
making a cotillion hall a place of worship.  
All men have their agency, and should be  
permitted to act as freely as consistent, that  
they may manifest by their acts whether they  
are controlled by the pure principle of right-  
eousness. Many of you remember that at  
first we assembled in a bowery on the south-  
east corner of this block, where we met for  
some time, under its shade, and held preach-  
ing meetings, sacrament meetings, political  
meetings, and every kind of public gathering,  
because it was the only place that would then  
accommodate the people. Soon after that we  
built this Tabernacle. We probably had not  
the first stick of timber on the ground before I  
was besought to build it for dancing in and for  
theatrical purposes. I said no to every one  
that requested me to do that. I told them  
that dancing and theatrical performances  
were no part of our religion; we are me-  
ly permitted to occupy a portion of the time in  
those amusements, being very careful not to  
grieve the Spirit of the Lord. More or less  
amusement of that kind suits our organization,  
but when we come to the things of God I had  
rather not have them mixed up with amuse-  
ments like a dish of ecstacy.

I like to dance, but do I want to sin? No,  
rather than sin I would wish never to dance or  
hear a fiddle again while I live. Let that  
which I would sin in be taken from me, and  
let me be kept from it from this time hence-  
forth and forever, no matter what it is. I  
like my pastimes and enjoy myself, as you do,  
in amusements wherein we do not sin. Br. E.  
D. Woolley and myself had some conversation  
upon this subject, and he thought that he  
would build a house to accommodate social  
gatherings, but could not at that time very  
well do it, so I built the hall which is called  
the Social Hall. In it are combined a dancing  
room and a small stage for theatrical per-  
formances. That is our fun hall, and not a  
place in which to administer the sacrament.  
We dedicated it to the purpose for which it  
was built, and from the day we first met there  
until now I would rather see it laid in ashes  
in a moment than to see it possessed by the  
wicked. We prayed that the Lord would pre-  
serve it to the Saints; and if it could not thus  
be preserved, let it be destroyed and not be  
occupied by the wicked. You know what  
spirit attends that room. There we have had  
governors, judges, doctors, lawyers, merchants,  
passers-by, etc., who did not belong to our  
church, and what has been the universal de-  
claration of each and every one? "I never  
felt so well before in all my life at any party  
as I do here;" and the Saints do not feel as  
well in any other place of amusement. We  
have a beautiful assembly room in the 13th  
Ward, but you cannot feel as well in a party  
there as you can in the Hall that was built  
and dedicated to that purpose. Every thing  
in its time, and every thing in its place.

In the year 1849, I think it was, I was  
called upon to give a draft for a school house  
that would be commodious and suitable for  
each Ward. I gave that draft, and I do not  
think that I could now alter it for the better.  
Has there been a school-house built accord-  
ing to that draft? There have been a few  
wings built, and the main body of the build-  
ing I drafted was not intended for a dancing  
hall. By referring to the plan I gave you can  
see my idea of a Ward school-house, but it  
has not been carried out. It is now whispered  
around that we are opposed to dancing in the  
14th Ward school room. This is not so. I  
have been there several times, and enjoyed  
myself well, as also in the 13th Ward house,  
which is called the Assembly Rooms, though  
I would call it a cotillion hall. I am opposed  
to making the youth of our land believe that  
dancing and frolicking are a part of our re-  
ligion, when in truth they are not any part of  
it; though I hear from every quarter that the  
Gentiles say, "I like this part of your re-  
ligion, for I understand that this is one  
branch of your religion, and I like this dan-  
cing very much." It is no part of our religion,  
and I am opposed to devoting to a cotillion  
room a house set apart for the worship of  
God. I am opposed to having cotillions or  
theatrical performances in this Tabernacle.  
I am opposed to making this a fun hall, I do  
not mean for wickedness, I mean for the re-  
cuperation of our spirits and bodies. I shall  
not be opposed to the brethren's building a  
meeting house somewhere else, and keeping  
their cotillions halls for parties, but I am not  
willing that they should convert the house