

Poetry.

REFLECTIONS

On the Death of Elders ANSON V. OALL and BRIGHAM W. KIMBALL, who died on the Plains, on their return from a Mission to England.

By which also He, (Jesus,) went and preached to the spirits in prison.—[PETER.]

Why then are they baptized for the dead?—[PAUL.]

Two valiant soldiers of the cross, have gone,
With full commissions—with their armor on,
How little thought they, when they went
abroad

To bear the Gospel of the Son of God,
The greater portion of their mission, lay
Beyond the confines of this mortal clay!

How clear the vision brightens, when we
know

The spirit-world is like the world below
Without its evils—being freed from all
The mortal ills, transfer'd through Adam's fall—
Free from all sickness, and the coils that bind
The power of thought, and check the march of
mind—

That order, there, with more perfection reigns,
Than e'en the Priesthood on the earth main-
tain;

O'er all the earth—extending far and wide,
How many millions honest souls have died,
Who never heard the precious Gospel's sound—
Who ne'er salvation's joyful path had found?

In the great world of spirits, now they live,
Where they with gladness will the truth re-
ceive:

And faithful elders of the church below,
Must to the spirit-world, on missions go.

We read of Pharaoh, one of Egypt's boast,
Being in Hades, reigning o'er his host.

Are people there as nations, much the same?
As they existed here from whence they came?
The German, German in each true respect—
The French still French, with their own dialect?
And should we, were the parting veil upr'd,
Behold all nations in the spirit-world?

The Saints of God who pass from life below
Have gathering places there, to which they go.

In Zion's Temples, holy men will stand,
With Uriah and with Thammim at command,
By day and night, when God shall them inspire;
They, for the dead and living, will enquire;
That we, of God's own mind, may be appriz'd,
And not mistake for whom to be baptiz'd.

Stupendous work! How wide our duties
spread—

Not only to the living, but the dead!
We here, the Ordinances must receive
For those who, in the spirit-world, believe.
And many elders—old and young—the best
Of Zion's sons—those who have stood the test;
Must go, to fill the mighty purposes
Of God, in saving this low world of His.

And such are those young brethren: to the last,
In faithfulness, they held their Priesthood fast;
And now they're wanted elsewhere. They have
gone

To finish up the mission they were on.
Altho' to us, their sun of life, has set,
They're yet alive and on their mission yet.
On England's shores, the light of truth they
spread;

Perchance they're preaching now, to England's
dead;

Fulfilling thus, the pattern Jesus gave,
When He went forth, the prison-bound to save.

They don't dread mortality that they might go
And preach to spirits, what they preach'd below.
Such was their mission, and they knew it not:
They fill'd the earthly portion well, and thought
To join their kindred, in their homes on earth;
God purpos'd otherwise: He knows their worth.

O, how we miss them! Yes, we miss them
here—

To many, many hearts, they're very dear—
Bright hope expectant smiled on many a brow;
Where chasten'd sorrow twines the willow now.

We bless their mem'ries: Angels guard their
dust,
Until the resurrection of the just;
When, re-united, with immortal bloom,
They'll join the shout of triumph o'er the tomb.

G. S. L. City. E. R. Snow.

BRIGHAM YOUNG AND MOR-
MONISM.

BY A MORMON ELDER.

(From the Galaxy.)

In their tours—commercial, profes-
sional and ministerial—through the
United States or Europe, the Mormon
Elders have only to mention the name
of Brigham Young in the hearing of
ladies and gentlemen at the principal
hotels or on the Atlantic steamers to
draw at once public attention. The
whole import and force of Mormondom
—its present existence and future des-

tiny—are all crowded into a potent
name; when this name is mentioned it
conveys the sum of the whole to the
hearer. Nor is this fact detrimental to
the Mormon Commonwealth, but rather
gives it a massive consolidation and
conservative power. Nor has it been
prejudicial to the individual interest,
since out of the poor of the working
classes, gathered from many lands, it
has founded a hundred cities in twenty-
one years.

Brigham Young was born early in
June, 1801. He was not one of the very
first who "received the Mormon work,"
though he embraced the faith in the
early period of the church. It was Jo-
seph Smith who was the Prophet of the
"Latter-day Church," and the revelator
of the scheme of Mormon empire-
founding, toward which, to this day,
Brigham, Joseph Smith's disciple,
works with full confidence of success.

The "Book of Mormon" somewhat
accidentally—at least indirectly—fell
into Brigham Young's hands. He read
it several times, investigated it, weighed
it, and was convinced of its truth; and
thenceforth the Mormon mission was
scarcely more Joseph Smith's than
Brigham Young's. He forthwith went
not to Joseph Smith, but into Canada,
where his favorite brother, Joseph
Young, was preaching Methodism, to
bid that brother follow him "into the
new light." Together they then trav-
elled to the headquarters of the Mor-
mon Prophet. There is a wide-spread
tradition among the Mormons that—
after their first interview with the man
who was important enough in his life-
time to be known through the United
States and Europe as the "American
Mahommed"—Joseph declared that
Brigham Young would yet lead the
Church.

Brigham was a carpenter by trade.
The practical executive capacity of his
guild he may be said to have carried
through all his life and presidential
career, marvelously manifesting it in
due time in his own proper character
of statesman and empire-founder. His
mission is not so much to build up a
church of abstract faith as to found a
State of the American Union. No man
could be born more equal to this work.
Whatever be the opinion of society, or
the judgment of the future concerning
his career as a religionist, mankind
must, I think, agree that no statesman
of the age is the match of Brigham
Young in empire-founding traits of char-
acter.

Brigham was chosen by the Mormon
Prophet as one of the first Twelve Ap-
ostles, of whom there are now left but
four. He was not the first "President
of his quorum," since that fell by seni-
ority to Thomas B. Marsh. But so sim-
ple a matter as the quarrel of Marsh's
wife over a little milk threw her hus-
band, the then President, out of the
church, and the mantle fell on Brig-
ham. Leaving out of view the Provi-
dence of our mission, this simple "quart
of milk" gave us Brigham Young.

The world at this day knows Brigham
Young, as it knows Oliver Cromwell, as
a religious enthusiast who plays a
mighty part in the destiny of the world.
But we know the man in his simple
character of Mormon Elder. He is our
chief, of whom we other Mormon El-
ders are prouder, as being our own great
representative, than as the President of
the Church. We see him in ourselves,
and there is a self-glorification that we
see ourselves in him. We partake of
his qualities; his genius and work are
in us. He, too, left home and family,
without purse or scrip, traveling with
blood in his shoes, as many of us have
done, to preach the Mormon Gospel—
that Gospel which I am free to confess
we all fanatically believe, as, indeed,
without this earnest faith we should
have done nothing. Brigham was one
of the first Apostles in England, though
his chief compeer, Heber C. Kimball,
opened the work in foreign lands. But
Brigham was mightier there as a coun-
sellor and director of his brethren—the
"Twelve"—than as a great preacher or
proselytor. He it was who provided
money for printing the first edition of
the "Book of Mormon" in England.
He was ever a great financier, and at
that early date this quality of his was
of great import to us. I believe it is
from our church history that I have
picked up the following anecdote: Pass-
ing, one day, the chapel in London
where the divine John Wesley preached,
Brigham stopped and reverently un-
covered his head. The greatest potentate
that ever lived could not have provok-
ed the reverent homage thus paid to a

Wesley, whom we Mormons love. This
incident shows, too, the religious in-
stincts of the man, and explains the
powerful influence of Joseph Smith
over a character which, as far as hap-
pens to humanity, is omnipotent in its
individualism.

In the early periods of our Church,
Brigham Young, though an apostle, was
by no means one of our most showy
men, nor, indeed, is he to this day. As
he is not of the type of genius which
exhibits splendid impulses and inspira-
tions, so he is not, on the other hand,
of the "smart" and clever type of men.
The latter he has always despised, and
ranks them lower than the gardener
who prunes his fruit trees. He is that
other half of genius which we call *cha-
racter*. Cromwell, William of Orange,
Frederick, Peter the Great possessed
what I mean in a higher degree than
the first Napoleon, whose endowment
was rather splendid genius than cha-
racter. In Mormondom, Brigham
Young was at first what Cromwell was
in Parliament. The smart men of our
people (who were vastly less in weight
and individual force), such as Sidney
Rigdon, lifted a higher head than Brig-
ham Young, but the profound judge of
character would, even then, have pro-
nounced him "the coming man," should
Joseph pass away.

And this event was coming upon the
disciples faster than they dreamt. They,
however, and much less those who
took the Mormon prophet's life, did not
yet know the man upon whom the
mantle of Joseph would fall. But he
was close at hand; and the world to-day
is more impressed with the name of
Brigham Young than it ever was with
the exaggerated one of the "American
Mohammed."

Joseph Smith became a candidate for
the Presidency of the United States,
doubtless, with no expectation of be-
ing elected, but as a manifesto of his
mission. He sent forth his views and
policy of Government. The Twelve
and many others of the elders were call-
ed to take a political mission through
the States, to present Joseph to the na-
tion as a fitting man to represent it as
Chief Magistrate. All the Twelve
started, except Willard Richards and
John Taylor, both of whom were in
prison with Joseph at his assassination.
During this political mission of the
Twelve, the assassination came, and
the brothers, Joseph and Hyrum,
were killed by a painted mob, who
broke into their jail at Carthage, while
John Taylor received four balls, his life
being saved by his watch which shield-
ed his heart from the bullet which
would have reached it. The private
journals of Wilford Woodruff—upon
which the writer worked for eighteen
months—illustrate at once a great epoch
in Brigham's life, and his quality of
heart and attachment to his chief.

"Brigham" and "Wilford" (for we
affectionately call our leading men by
their Christian names) were together at
a railway station, if I remember rightly,
about to start for the City of Boston,
when the news of the assassination of
Joseph reached them. They said noth-
ing to each other of the tragic event
which touched them so deeply—too
deeply for speech. Silently they per-
formed their journey. Silently they
walked together to their abode, at an
elderly sister's house, and with one ac-
cord sought their chamber. Then, at
length they found speech—nature's
deepest speech, when she spoke in
strong-souled men. Brigham took
the arm-chair, Wilford the bed,
and both sobbed like children in the
convulsive agony of their bereavement.

Brigham Young lost no time in des-
pair and indecision. Much less did he
and his brethren of the Twelve confess
the Mormon problem solved in the end
of the Acts of the Latter-day Apostles.
He forthwith called a council of the
Twelve and elders at Boston, and it was
resolved that the Twelve return im-
mediately to Nauvoo, to the stricken
church, now ready to be scattered as
sheep without a shepherd, or drawn
astray by aspirants for the leadership.

On their return, the Twelve found the
famous Sidney Rigdon laying himself
out to take the "guardianship." But
the master spirit was now at home.
The great day to choose the "guardian"
was set, and Sidney was allowed to pro-
ceed with his little drama for power.
There was one, however, who felt the
might of Mormondom in himself, and
was content to let Sidney's child's play
go on to its denouement. The day hav-
ing come, Rigdon was invited to lay
his claims before the assembled church

and its apostles. Sidney made his
grand charge upon the people for his
"guardianship," and then Brigham
Young leaped into the field. All felt
the master spirit then, and saw that the
mantle of Joseph had fallen on the man
before them. A strange phenomenon
was manifested on that day, often spok-
en of by us at home and abroad. "It
was not Brigham that was before them
on the stand, but Joseph himself; it was
Joseph's voice, Joseph's gesture, Jos-
eph's power, Joseph's very person,
towering above that of Brigham." Their
martyred prophet was not dead, but
living in Brigham Young. How could
that vast multitude be carried away by
"psychological delusion," as most of my
readers will consider it? To this day it
has all the substance of reality to the
thousands of witnesses who cannot be
brought to admit that it was a mental
fancy proceeding from the excited state
of the people at that time. The Mor-
mons will ever consider it as a divine
manifestation that the mantle of Joseph
had fallen on Brigham, and that Joseph
was there in him.

Soon after, came the great exodus of
the Mormons from Nauvoo to the Rocky
Mountains. Early in the spring of 1846,
the saints took up their line of march
under Brigham Young, to follow him
wheresoever he led, and a remnant was
left to bring up the rear next Spring,
according to the terms of the forced
treaty, which their exterminators un-
lawfully exacted from them. The Mor-
mons submitted to be driven from their
homes. Yet they were chiefly Ameri-
can-born citizens; for the community
had not in Nauvoo been swelled, as now
in Utah, with floods of emigration.
The modern Israel, who left under their
Moses, were sons and daughters of
America, whose sires had fought in the
Revolution, and some, as, for instance,
Apostles Parley and Orson Pratt, could
trace their parentage to the Pilgrim
Fathers. It was these men who con-
sented, by a regular treaty (in which
Douglas and others had a hand), to be
driven from the country their sires had
settled and the national family their
Revolutionary ancestors had formed.

Nothing in history since the exodus
of Israel from Egypt equals this Mor-
mon exodus. The Mormons had fif-
teen hundred miles to travel across a
waving ocean of prairie land, and the
rugged Rocky Mountains, before they
reached the Great Basin. They had to
make roads and bridges as they jour-
neyed along. Had not the people been
heroic and devoted beyond measure to
their religion, like the disciples of old,
they would have gone back. But Brig-
ham, Heber, and the Apostles sustained
the exiles, and led them boldly into the
wilderness. The main body of pilgrims
traveled as far as Council Bluffs, and
went into "Winter Quarters," while
branches were scattered on the route.
They all set to work building forts for
the winter, and preparing to continue
their journey in the Spring of 1847.

A Grand council was held between
the Mormon and Indian chiefs, and
formal articles of convention signed;
and then the renowned chief Pied
Riche, surnamed Le Clerc on account
of his scholarship, arose and said:

MY MORMON BRETHREN:—The Potawatomi
came sad and tired into this unhealthy Mis-
souri bottom not many years back, when he
was taken from his beautiful country, beyond
the Mississippi, which had abundant game, and
timber, and clear water everywhere. Now you
are driven away the same, from your lodges
and lands there and the graves of your people.
So we have both suffered. We must help one
another, and the Great Spirit will help us both.
You are now free to cut and use all the wood
you may wish. You can make all your im-
provements, and live on any part of our actual
land not occupied by us. Because one suffers
and does not desert it, it is no reason he
should suffer always, I say. We may live to see
all right yet. However, if we do not, our chil-
dren will.

In reverse of this picture of humanity,
of savages welcoming their Mormon
brethren, was the scene at Nauvoo,
between the civilized exterminators and
the exiles. The remnant according to
the terms of the treaty, were to remain
till the following Spring; but the ex-
terminators broke faith with them, and,
after a siege of the city of Nauvoo, and
a three days' battle, they were driven
out at the point of the bayonet, in the
month of September, to be overtaken by
Winter and to perish by the way. The
city of Nauvoo, which means the "beau-
tiful," was left a city of desolation.
Well do I remember Wilford Woodruff's
description of the last mournful look
upon Nauvoo and the beloved Temple,
as they receded in the distance, and
were lost to the aching sight. Since I
last wrote in *The Galaxy*, I have visit-
ed the spot where that temple stood,