

had been infused into these people, I am, of course, unable to report. But I know that, even now, there was no disorder, hurry, or difficulty.

All being ready, the first group are handed on. That member of the party who is entrusted with the passenger-ticket for the whole, has been warned by one of the agents to have it ready, and here it is in his hand. In every instance through the whole eight hundred, without an exception, this paper is always ready.

Inspector (reading the ticket). Jesse Jobson, Sophronia Jobson, Jesse Jobson again, Matilda Jobson, William Jobson, Jane Jobson, Matilda Jobson again, Brigham Jobson, Leonard Jobson, and Orson Jobson. Are you all here? (glancing at the party over his spectacles).

Jesse Jobson. Number Two. All here, sir. This group is composed of an old grandfather and grandmother, their married son and his wife, and their family of children. Orson Jobson is a little child asleep in his mother's arms. The doctor, with a kind word or so, lifts up the corner of the mother's shawl, looks at the child's face, and touches the little clenched hand. If we were all as well as Orson Jobson, doctoring would be a poor profession.

Inspector. Quite right Jesse Jobson. Take your ticket, Jesse, and pass on.

And away they go. Mormon agent, skillful and quiet, hands them on. Mormon agent, skillful and quiet, hands next party up.

Inspector (reading ticket again). Susannah Cleverly and William Cleverly. Brother and sister, eh?

Sister (young woman of business, bustling slow brother). Yes, sir.

Inspector. Very good, Susannah Cleverly. Take your ticket Susannah, and take care of it.

And away they go.

Inspector (taking ticket again). Sampson Dibble and Dorothea Dibble (surveying a very old couple over his spectacles, with some surprise). Your husband quite blind, Mrs. Dibble?

Mrs. Dibble. Yes, sir, he is stone-blind. Mr. Dibble (addressing the mast). Yes, sir, I be stone-blind.

Inspector. That's a bad job. Take your ticket, Mrs. Dibble, and don't lose it, and pass on.

Doctor taps Mr. Dibble on the eyebrow with his forefinger, and away they go.

Inspector (taking ticket again). Anastasia Weedle.

Anastasia (a pretty girl, in a bright Garibaldi, this morning elected by universal suffrage the Beauty of the Ship). That is me, sir.

Inspector. Going alone, Anastasia?

Anastasia (shaking her curls). I am with Mrs. Jobson, sir, but I've got separated for the moment.

Inspector. Oh! You are with the Jobsons? Quite right. That'll do, Miss Weedle. Don't lose your ticket.

Away she goes, and joins the Jobsons who are waiting for her, and stoops and kisses Brigham Jobson—who appears to be considered too young for the purpose, by several Mormons rising twenty, who are looking on. Before her extensive skirts have departed from the casks, a decent widow stands there with four children, and so the roll goes.

The faces of some of the Welsh people, among whom there were many old persons, were certainly the least intelligent. Some of these emigrants would have bungled a relay, but for the directing hand that was always ready. The intelligence here was unquestionably of a low order, and the heads were of a poor type. Generally the case was the reverse. There were many worn faces bearing traces of patient poverty and hard work, and there was great steadiness of purpose and much undemonstrative self-respect among this class. A few young men were going singly. Several girls were going, two or three together. These latter I found it very difficult to refer back, in my mind, to their relinquished homes and pursuits. Perhaps they were more like country milliners, and pupil teachers rather tawdily dressed, than any other classes of young women. I noticed, among many little ornaments worn, more than one photograph-brooch of the Princess of Wales, and also of the late Prince Consort. Some single women of from thirty to forty, whom one might suppose to be embroiderers, or straw bonnet makers, were obviously going out in quest of husbands, as finer ladies go to India. That they had any distinct notions of a plurality of husbands or wives, I do not believe. To suppose the family group, of whom the majority of emigrants were composed, polygamically possessed, would be to suppose an absurdity manifest to any one who saw the fathers and mothers.

I should say (I had no means of ascertaining the fact) that most familiar kinds of handicraft trades were represented here. Farmers, laborers, shepherds, and the like, had their full share of representation, but I doubt if they preponderated. It was interesting to see how the leading spirit in the family circle never failed to show itself, even in the simple process of answering to the names as they were called, and checking off the owners of the names. Sometimes it was the father, much oftener the mother, sometimes a quick little girl second or third in order of seniority. It seemed to occur for the first time to some heavy fathers, what large families they had; and their eyes rolled about, during the calling of the list, as if they half-misjudged some other family to have been smuggled into their own. Among all the fine handsome

children, I observed but two with marks upon their necks that were probably scrofulous. Out of the whole number of emigrants, but one old woman was temporarily set aside by the doctor, on suspicion of fever; but even she afterwards obtained a clean bill of health.

When all had "passed," and the afternoon began to wear on, a black box became visible on deck, which box was in charge of certain personages also in black, of whom only one had the conventional air of an itinerant preacher. This box contained a supply of hymn books, neatly printed and got up published at Liverpool, and also in London, at the "Latter Day Saints' Book Depot, 30 Florence street." Some copies were handsomely bound; the plainers were the more in request, and many were bought. The title ran: "Sacred Hymns and Spiritual Songs for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints." The Preface, dated Manchester, 1840, ran thus: "The Saints in this country have been very desirous for a Hymn Book adapted to their faith and worship, that they might sing the truth with an understanding heart, and express their praise, joy and gratitude in songs adapted to the New and Everlasting Covenant. In accordance with their wishes, we have selected the following volume, which we hope will prove acceptable until a greater variety can be added. With sentiments of high consideration and esteem, we subscribe ourselves your brethren in the New and Everlasting Covenant, Brigham Young, Parley P. Pratt, John Taylor." From this book—"no means explanatory to myself of the New and Everlasting Covenant, and no at all making my heart an understanding one on the subject of that mystery—a hymn was sung, which did not attract any great amount of attention and was supported by a rather select circle. But the choir in the boat was very popular and pleasant; and there was to have been a band, only the cornet was late in coming on board. In the course of the afternoon a mother appeared from shore, in search of her daughter, who had run away with the Mormons." She received every assistance from the inspector, but her daughter was not to be found on board. The Saints did not seem to me particularly interested in finding her.

Towards 5 o'clock the galley became full of tea-kettles, and an agreeable fragrance of tea pervaded the ship. There was no scrambling or jostling for the hot water, no ill-humor, no quarreling. As the Amazon was to sail with the next tide, and as it would not be high water before 2 o'clock in the morning, I left her with her tea in full action, and her idle steam tug lying by, deputed steam and smoke for the time being to the tea-kettles.

I afterwards learned that a dispatch was sent home by the captain before he struck out into the wide Atlantic, highly extolling the behavior of these emigrants, and the perfect order and propriety of all their social arrangements. What is in store for the poor people on the shore of the Great Salt Lake, what happy delusions they are laboring under now, on what miserable blindness their eyes may be open then, I do not pretend to say. But I went on board their ship to bear testimony against them if they deserved it, as I fully believed they would; to my great astonishment they did not deserve it, and my predispositions and tendencies must not effect me as an honest witness. I went over the Amazon's side, feeling it impossible to deny that, so far, some remarkable influence had produced a remarkable result, which better known influences have often missed.

*After this Uncommercial Journal was printed, I happened to mention the experience I describe to Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P. That gentleman then showed me an article of his writing, in "The Edinburgh Review" for January, 1862, which is highly remarkable for its philosophical and literary research concerning these Latter Day Saints. I find in it the following sentences: "The Select Committee of the House of Commons on emigrant ships for 1851 summoned the Mormon agent and passenger-broker before it, and came to the conclusion that he ships under the provisions of the 'Passengers Act' could be depended upon for comfort and security in the same degree as those under his administration. The Mormon ship is a family under strong and accepted discipline, with every provision for comfort, decorum, and internal peace."

SECOND THOUGHT.—The physical appearance of a man sometimes changes the current of events. A case occurred a few weeks ago in this city. The children of two neighbors had their daily quarrels and fights, which resulted sometimes in bruised heads and torn garments. The father of one family, believing his children to have been badly maltreated, and being a passionate man, concluded that the surest way to settle the difference between their two households, permanently, would be to chastise the head of the other family, although as yet he had never seen him. He thereupon procured a rawhide and abruptly entering his neighbor's tenement inquired in a threatening tone for the "man of the house."

"I am here, sir," said a personage upwards of six feet high, and weighing some two hundred pounds, as he approached to learn the business of his neighbor.

"Did I understand that you were the gentleman of the house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I—I just dropped in, sir, to see if this is your rawhide."

—A man who has some "music in his soul," says that the most cheerful and soothing of all fire-side melodies, are the blended tones of a cricket, a tea kettle, a loving wife, and the crowing of a baby.

—Gunpowder reduced to dust and applied to gunshot wounds, is the most powerful agent known for staunching the flow of blood.

[For the Desert News.]

BEAUTIFUL VALE.

Air—Beautiful Star.

Beautiful vale, where prophets dwell,
Ordained by God his laws to tell,
All the schemes of thy foes will fail;
Holy one, guard thee, beautiful vale.

Beautiful vale,
Holy ones guard thee, beautiful vale.

Jehovah all things will control
For good to every honest soul,
In thee a heaven of rest they hall,
Home of the faithful, beautiful vale;
Beautiful vale,
Home of the faithful, beautiful vale.

Industry's sons in thee rejoice,
Obedient to a prophet's voice,
Abundant crops where drought prevailed,
Blossoming around thee, beautiful vale;
Beautiful vale,
Blossoming around thee, beautiful vale.

Well may the Saints thy praises sing
In joyful songs to Zion's king,
For truth will triumph, it cannot fail;
Holy ones guard thee, beautiful vale;
Beautiful vale,
Holy ones guard thee, beautiful vale.

E. H. WALLACE.

(From the Louisville Democrat, July 19.)

JOHN MORGAN.

How he got Three Hundred Horses.

John Morgan is as good at playing a joke sometimes as he is at horse stealing, and the following incident will prove that on this occasion he did a little of both at the same time. During the celebrated tour through Indiana, he, with about three hundred and fifty guerrillas, took occasion to pay a visit to a little town hard by, while the main body were "marching on." Dashing suddenly into the little "burg," he found about three hundred Home Guards, each having a good horse tied to the fences; the men standing about in groups, awaiting orders from their aged Captain, who looked as if he had seen the shady side of some sixty years. The "Hoosier boys" looked at the men with astonishment, while the Captain went up to one of the party and said:

"Whose company is this?"

"Woodford's cavalry" said the rebel.

"What! Kentucky boys! We're glad to see you, boys. What's Woodford?"

"There he sits," said a ragged, rough rebel, pointing to Morgan, who was sitting sideways upon his horse.

The Captain walked up to Woodford (as he and all thought,) and saluted him:

"Captain how are you?"

"Bully! how are you? What you going to do with all these men and horses?" Morgan looked about.

"Well, you see that d-d horse thieving John Morgan is in this part of the country, with a passel of cut throats and thieves, and between you and I, if he comes up this way, Captain, we'll give him the best we've got in the shop."

"He's hard to catch; we've been after him for fourteen days and can't see him at all," said Morgan, good humoredly.

"Ef our hosses would stand fire we'd be all right."

"Won't they stand?"

"No, Cap'n Woodford, 'spose while you're restin' you and your company put your saddles on our hosses and go through a little ev'olution or two, by way of a lesson to our boys? I'm told you are a boss on the drill."

And the only man Morgan is a raid of, Woodford (as it were) alighted and ordered "his boys to dismount, as he wanted to show the Hoosier boys how to give Morgan a warm reception should he chance to pay them a visit. This delighted the Hoosier boys, so that they went to work and assisted the men to tie their old, weary, worn-out bones to the fences and place their saddles upon the backs of their fresh horses, which was soon done, and the men were in their saddles drawn up in line and ready for the word. The boys were highly elated at the idea of having their "pet horses" trained for them by Woodford and his men, and more so to think that they would stand fire ever afterward.

The old Captain advanced, and walking up to Woodford (as he thought,) said, "Captain, are you all right now?" Woodford rode up one side of the column and down the other, when he moved to the front, took off his hat and said, "Now, Cap'n, I am ready: if you and your gallant men wish to witness an ev'olution which you, perhaps, have never seen, form a line on each side of the road, and watch us closely as we pass." The Captain did as he was directed. A lot of ladies were present on the occasion, and all was as silent as a maiden's sigh.

"Are you ready?"

"All right, Woodford" shouted the Captain.

"Forward!" shouted Morgan, as the whole column rushed through the crowd with lightning speed, amid the shouts and huzzas of every one present—some leading a horse or two as they went, leaving their frail tenements of horse flesh tied to the fences, to be provided for by the citizens. It soon became whispered about that it was John Morgan and his gang, and the d-d is not a man in the town who will "own up" that he was gulled out of a horse. The company disbanded that night, though the Captain holds the horses as prisoners of war and awaits an exchange.

[From Galliano.]

A NOTE FOR THE DOCTORS.

A REMEDY FOR DIPHTHERIA.

This affection which comprises those known under the various names of bad sore throat, angina, croup, and the French *angine couenneuse*, has hitherto been considered one of the most difficult to cure. We some time back gave an account of Dr. Tribreau's method, which consists in administering storax under the form of a syrup; but we now find in the *Revue Therapeutique*, a paper by Dr. A. De Grand Boulogne, Vice Consul at Havana, in which he mentions a cure as an infallible specific. As this, from its extreme simplicity, would, if effective, be far superior to any yet tried, we cannot refrain from quoting the cases mentioned by the author, who had published this remedy as far back as February, 1870, and consequently complains (not without reason, if its efficacy is such as he describes it) of the inexcusable negligence of practitioners in not taking notice of it, thereby allowing many valuable lives to be lost. The following cases came under his observation after that date. In March and April, 1861, the disease in question broke out under an epidemic form, and chiefly attacked adults with such virulence that in one week three young women died in one house. One of Dr. De Grand's patients, afflicted with diphtheria, was seized with it, and as he could not immediately attend, owing to the severity of the case, another physician was called in, who ordered emetics and aluminous gargles, which produced no effect. At length Dr. De Grand came, and found the tonsils greatly swollen, and a false membrane covering them. He immediately administered small pieces of ice, and by the following morning the tumefaction of the tonsils had diminished by half and the false membrane had nearly disappeared. That very evening she was enabled to take food. Preferring by this example, a few days after her brother was seized with sore throat, presenting the same preliminary symptoms as those of his sister; but he, without waiting for the doctor, at once took some ice, and was rid of his sore throat in a few hours. Some days later, Dr. De Grand was summoned to a young lady who had been laboring under the disease for some forty-eight hours; all remedies had failed, and the parents, relations and friends of the family were plunged in the deepest sorrow. When Dr. De Grand ordered ice, a general cry of astonishment was uttered by all present. Ice for a sore throat! Impossible! It was sheer murder! Dr. De Grand maintained his ground, and after much expostulation, during which much time was lost, he obtained his end. After 24 hours was over the patient was in full convalescence. Being at Vera Cruz on a mission, he was requested to see a young man who was attacked with malignant sore throat and had been treated without effect by cauterizations with hydrochloric acid and astringent gargles. Here again he had to battle with the prejudices of the family, but was at length allowed to administer ice. The young man recovered in the course of the following day. Dr. De Grand has now been using this remedy for the last twelve years, without having met with a single failure. This is what he says, but even if only half of what he said were true, the method should be tried by others. Cold gargles have been employed with success by Dr. B'ane, of Strasburg; why not ice?

WM. BAKER, THE YOUNG PATRIOT.

"No, William Baker, you cannot have my daughter's hand in marriage until you are equal in wealth and social position."

The speaker was a haughty old man of sixty years, and the person whom he addressed was a fine looking young man of twenty-five.

With a sad aspect the young man withdrew from the stately mansion.

Six months later the young man stood in the presence of the haughty old man.

"What! you here again?" angrily cried the old man.

"Ah, old man," proudly exclaimed William Baker, "I am here, your daughter's equal and yours!"

The old man's lip curled with scorn. A derisive smile lit up his cold features; when, casting violently upon the marble centre table an enormous roll of greenbacks, William Baker cried: "See! Look on his wealth. And I've ten fold more! Listen, old man! You spurned me from your door. But I did not despair,—I secured a contract for furnishing the army of the—-with beef—"

"Yes, yes!" eagerly exclaimed the old man.

"—And I bought up all the disabled cavalry horses I could find!"

"I see! I see!" cried the old man. "And good beef they make, too."

"They do! they do! and the profits are immense."

"I should say so!"

"And now, sir, I claim your daughter's fair hand."

"Boy, she is yours. But hold! Look me in the eye. Throughout all this, have you been loyal?"

"To the core!" cried William Baker.

"And," continued the old man, in a voice husky with emotion, "are you in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war?"

"I am, I am!"

"Then, boy, take her! Maria, child, come hither. Your William claims her. Be happy, my children! And, whatever our lot in life may be, let us all support the government."—*Artemus Ward.*