

dent's Cabinet. Mr. Harrison was not present, being out of town. Senator Barbour's wife died about six years ago. She was a Catholic, and it was in accordance with the wish of the family that the funeral ceremonies of the Catholic church were adopted over the deceased Senator, though he was always a Protestant.

AN ANCIENT DIAGNOSIS OF LOVE-FEVER.

GALEN, a famous physician of ancient times, lived at the close of the second century of the Christian era. Dr. Finlayson, of Glasgow, is a close student of the old philosopher and medico. In a recent lecture he read a translation of how Galen diagnosed the case of a sick woman. The translation, as reproduced from the *British Medical Journal*, is as follows:

"I was called," says Galen, "to visit a woman who was troubled with insomnia, and was tossing about on a couch. She was free from fever. * * * I made some inquiries from which I might find out how the insomnia was caused. The woman answered to little purpose. At last, with averted looks, she covered herself up entirely with the bed clothes, and lay with her head turned away on a pillow. I left, and concluded that she was suffering from one of two things—melancholia, or some grief which she was unwilling to avow. * * * Next day, on my arrival, I was told by a maid that I could not see her. * * * On the following day I was told the same thing. * * * On the third day the servant told me I might go away, as the woman did not wish to be disturbed. * * * I ascertained that on my departure she made her toilet and resumed her accustomed ways. * * * When I had made sure that she suffered from no bodily affliction, it happened that at the very time I was visiting her someone coming in from the theatre mentioned that he had seen Pylades dancing. Her look and color underwent a change; the brachial pulse, which I was holding, became irregular, and suddenly agitated in several ways, the sure index of mental emotion. On the next day I directed one of those who followed me that when I went in on my visit to the woman he would come in shortly after, and mention that Morpheus was dancing today. This was done, but I found no disturbance of the pulse. On the following day I took care that the name of a third dancer should be mentioned, but again there was no alteration of the pulse. On the fourth evening I made a careful experiment: with the pulse in my hand, it was once more mentioned that Pylades had been the dancer. There was now the same agitation as at first, and I concluded that the woman was in love with Pylades, a diagnosis confirmed on subsequent days."

ITALY SATISFIED.

The tempest occasioned by the New Orleans lynching has all blown over. Baron Fava, the Italian minister to the United States, some time since returned to his old quarters, and resumed his old place as dean of the diplomatic corps. It will be remembered that when there was talk of Italian war vessels bombarding New York and Boston, Fava left this country, and returned to Italy.

Since then negotiations have been carried on which effectually settled what at one time seemed a complicated question, both from a domestic and foreign point of view. Our government has recompensed the Italian subjects who suffered indirectly from the New Orleans tragedy. King Humbert himself received the American gold, and paid it to his injured children. The Baron made a speech in which he said that Italy and her ruler were entirely satisfied, and that there was no further danger to Gotham from trans-Alpine gna.

THE HISTORY OF UTAH.

THE finest book ever published in this Territory is now ready, and will be furnished to subscribers without delay. It is the first volume of the "History of Utah" by Orson F. Whitney. The mechanical work and the general appearance of the book will be an agreeable surprise to the public. It is beautifully printed on first class paper, is handsomely bound and gilt, and the illustrations are of the highest order of the engraver's art.

A history of Utah is necessarily, at least in the commencement, a history of the "Mormons," and that involves a history of "Mormonism." The first volume, then, treats largely of the origin and progress of the "Mormon" faith. This story is told with a fidelity to the facts which renders it truly valuable and will make it a work of reference in years to come.

Commencing with the first visions of Joseph Smith and their effect upon the public mind when related, the history gives the story of the Book of Mormon, its translation and publication, the Solomon Spaulding invention and the proof of its non-connection with the Book of Mormon. Chapters from each of these works are paralleled, affording as strong a contrast as possible between two works in the English language purporting to be historical. The organization of the Church, the principal incidents at Kirtland, the movement into Missouri, the persecutions there and the expulsion from the State, are graphically described. The establishment of the English mission, the building up of Nauvoo, the political troubles arising, the visit of Joseph to the national capital, and all the principal incidents of the sojourn of the Saints in Illinois up to the assassination of the Prophet and Patriarch, form intensely interesting portions of the work. Then follow the accession of Brigham Young and the Twelve, the exodus from Nauvoo, the raising of the "Mormon" Battalion and the start of the Pioneers to the West.

The early history of this region with the explorations of Fremont and others, form an introduction to the coming of the "Mormons" to this spot. The journey of the pioneers is detailed, the establishment of the "Mormon" colony, the return of a portion of the company to Winter Quarters, the coming in of the companies of Saints, and the settling of other spots in these valleys are described, and the organization of the provisional government of the State of Deseret is narrated. The troubles with the Indians,

the organization of the Territory, the formation of a mail carrying system, the tragedy at Mountain Meadows, the difficulties which led to the sending here of the army, particulars of the "Mormon War," the burning of wagon trains, the coming in of the troops, their departure from the Territory and the thrilling events connected with these episodes in "Mormon" history form the closing chapters in the first volume of this most interesting work.

The author's style is well known to the Utah public, and through this history will become appreciated by the people of many nations. The work is not burdened with rhetoric. The plain facts are given in forcible yet polished language, and the interest of the reader is never suffered to flag from the beginning to the close of the volume. The aim has been to write history, veritable and authentic, so that the work might be thoroughly reliable and not a plea for "Mormonism" nor an attack upon its founders.

But here and there are descriptive bits, of poetic beauty, which help to give the work that charm of diction which would be expected of the writers. We have space only for one extract of this kind, which we produce as a truthful sketch of the scene presented to the pioneers when they first looked upon this silent and desolate valley:

"It was no Garden of the Hesperides upon which the Pioneers gazed that memorable July morning. Aside from its scenic splendor, which was indeed glorious, magnificent, there was little to invite and much to repel in the prospect presented to their view. A broad and barren plain hemmed in by mountains, blistering in the rays of the midsummer sun. No waving fields, no swaying forests, no verdant meadows to rest and refresh the weary eye; but on all sides a seemingly interminable waste of sagebrush bespangled with sunflowers—the paradise of the lizard, the cricket and the rattlesnake.

"Less than halfway across the baked and burning valley, dividing it in twain—as if the vast bowl in the intense heat of the Master Potter's fires, in process of formation had cracked asunder—a narrow river, torbid and shallow, from south to north in many a serpentine curve, sweeps on its sinuous way. Beyond, a broad lake, the river's goal, dotted with mountain islands; its briny waters shimmering in the sunlight like a silver shield.

"From mountains snowcapped, seamed and craggy, lifting their kingly heads to be crowned by the golden sun, flow limpid, laughing streams, cold and crystal clear, leaping, dashing, foaming, flashing, from rock to glen, from peak to plain. But the fresh canyon streams are far and few, and the arid waste they water, glistening with beds of salt and soda and pools of deadly alkali, scarcely allows them to reach the river, but midway well nigh swallows and absorbs them in its thirsty sands. Above the line of gray and gold, of sage and sunflower, the sloping hillsides and precipitous steeps clothed with purple and dark green patches. These, the oak-brush, the squawberry, and other scant growths, with here and there a tree casting its lone shadow on hill or in valley; a wire-grass swamp, a few acres of withered bunch-grass and the lazy, waving willows and wild-rose bushes fringing the distant streams the only green things visible.

"Silence and desolation reign. A silence unbroken, save by the crickets' ceaseless chirp, the roar of the mountain