

THE DEPARTURE OF BISHOP JOHN M. WOOLLEY.

BY E. R. S.

A battle's fought—a victory is won.
Another valiant soldier has laid off
His gross insignia, and entered on
His grand promotion. He is one that ne'er
Had swerved from loyalty—he ne'er was known
To fly the track of duty. He, a soldier of
The cross, to our great Captain, Jesus, had
Sworn fealty—entered service, and on board
Salvation's mighty ship he went, with heart
And soul—with all he had, nor cast a look
Behind him.

Insubordination to
The ship's command, for once, has never sold
His fair escutcheons. Ever reverent to
The great Eternal's orders, he obey'd
Each requisition as the word was giv'n,
Whether at helm, on deck or at the masts,
The scullery or at the cabin's board.
At the laboratory or beside
The desks, he has prov'd faithful everywhere;
And all performed with his full armor on.
For heaven's eternal Majesty's grand crew
Is on a martial cruise, and all must fight
Or die.

Fight what? Iniquity, not men.
Salvation's proclamation proffers peace,
And 'tis a peace worth fighting for. Hence, God
Requires his servants, with the two-edged sword
Of truth and righteousness, to war with sin—
To break the chains, with which blind ignorance
Enslaves the world—to stop corruption's course,
And lead mankind to God and Liberty.
Such is the warfare J. M. Woolley wag'd.
He fought and conquer'd—he let's ordeals pass'd,
And now he's through, without the smell of fire
Upon his garments—Glorious victory!
Sudden transition! Some would call it death:
Pity such ignorance—good men never die.

We do not think of death as many think:
"To be, or not to be," with us, is not
A "question." We've an unctious from on high,
Reaching within the veil, and showing us
Things present, past and that which is to come.
We know that when mortality, the clog
That holds affinity to earth, and binds
Us here, is disl'd, we do more truly live.

Worthy the high promotion, he that's gone
Is now a witness in an upper court,
Where courts of justice are conven'd in heav'n,
To sit in judgment on transactions here:
He was both truthful, and of judgment sound,
(Rare qualities in this degenerate age)
Such testimonies, pro or con, have weight:
Ye righteous ones, he'll nobly plead your cause—
Let evil doers tremble at the thought.

We think of him with joy, yet sadness comes
Unasked, at thought of the bereavement, which
Is felt, and deeply felt by many, but
Within the sanctuary of his home,
Warm pulses beat, as pen cannot express.

But faith looks forward—time is on the wing,
Its course will soon the resurrection bring.
He is not far away: he's gone before,
Yet the dear lov'd ones he will still watch o'er:
While his fond heart is yearning over you,
Acquit yourselves with honor—being true.
God is the widow's God—He'll shield and bless
And be a father to the fatherless.

The friend, companion, father, brother lives—
He is not dead, but purer life receives.
"Peace to his ashes"—yonder lies his dust
In earth's cold bosom.—He is with the just.

G.S.L. City, Aug. 20, 1864.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—OBITUARY.

John Mills Woolley departed this life at 2 o'clock on Thursday afternoon. We regret having to record the unfortunate circumstances connected with the death of so worthy a citizen. The following account of the accident has been furnished us by br. Isaac Groo.

"On the 16th Inst., while Bishop John M. Woolley, in company with several of his workmen, was examining a bridge at the foot of one of the "run ways" in Little Cottonwood canyon, some of the men on the mountain above rolled a large log on the "slide," which came down with alarming velocity to the place where he was standing, and striking a pile of loose rock at the base of the slide scattered them before it in every direction with great force; one of which struck br. Woolley on the side of the neck and face, prostrating him to the earth in a state of insensibility. He was immediately carried to his house at the mill, where medical, and every other assistance was offered, to restore him to consciousness and to life, but without the desired effect. He lingered till Thursday the 18th, between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when death kindly and calmly "came to his relief," and released his generous spirit, and took from us one of our most esteemed and useful citizens.

His body was brought to his residence in this city on the morning of the 19th, and at 4 o'clock p.m. of the same day his funeral was attended by a very large assembly of relatives and friends, anxious to console with his afflicted family, and to pay him that tribute of respect, honor and esteem that he so justly merited by a life of devotion to God and His cause, and his unyielding perseverance in striving to promote among his fellow men, every principle of virtue, truth and holiness."

From what we have been able to learn, the stone which struck br. Woolley on the head, or under the ear broke his right jaw and caused a severe concussion of the brain, which in all probability produced hemorrhage. Another stone struck him on the hip or thigh, causing a bad bruise. Though he lived about fifty hours after the accident, he never spoke or made any reliable sign of consciousness.

He was born in New Lynn, Chester county, Pennsylvania, on the 20th of Nov. 1822, was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the 7th of Oct. 1840. Ordained an Elder in Nauvoo, at the April Conference in 1842, started on a mission May 15th of the same year and returned in Feb. the year following, and in April was ordained into the fourth Quorum of Seventies. By the counsel of Elder Kimball he started in June on another mission; the former was to the States of Tennessee and Kentucky, the latter to the eastern states. Returned to Nauvoo in Nov. 1844, worked on the Temple through the Winter and following Spring. Came west at the time of the general exodus from Nauvoo, and arrived in this valley in 1847. He was counselor to Bishop Taft of the 9th Ward from Oct. 1852 to Oct. 1856 when, at the Semi-Annual Conference, he was appointed brother Taft's successor in the Bishoprick. This office he magnified to the day of his death, being ready at every call, prompt and energetic in carrying out the measures of his superiors in the Priesthood. He was a man whose mind was richly stored with the good things of the kingdom of our God, brilliant in thought, and quick to perceive the revelations and whisperings of the Holy Spirit. He has left a large family to mourn his present loss.

THE EUROPEAN MISSION.

We copy from the *Millennial Star*, the following account of arrivals and appointments of a portion of the brethren who left here last spring on missions to Europe, believing such items will be of interest to our readers, and especially to the relatives of the Elders whose names are mentioned:

ARRIVALS.—Elder William Williams, who was appointed, with many other Elders, at a General Conference held in Zion, on April the 6th last, on a mission to Europe, arrived in this town on Thursday, the 30th ult., on the steamship Edinburgh. On the next day, July 1st, Elders C. Wilderborg, Jesse Y. Cherry, George W. Cleaveland, George J. Linford, George W. Gee, Seth M. Blair, jun., and Ephraim T. Williams, who were also appointed on missions to Europe at the above-named Conference, arrived on the steamship Virginia. These Elders left New York on June 18th; they are all in the enjoyment of good health.

APPOINTMENTS.—Elder Jesse Y. Cherry and George W. Cleaveland are appointed to labor in the Norwich Conference, under the Presidency of Elder Henry C. Fowler.

Elder George J. Linford is appointed to labor in the Bedfordshire Conference, under the Presidency of Elder David Gibson.

Elder Seth M. Blair, jun., is appointed to labor in the Edinburgh Conference, under the Presidency of Elder John Smith.

Elder Ephraim T. Williams is appointed to labor in the Warwickshire Conference, under the Presidency of Elder Robert Pixon.

Elder George W. Gee is appointed to labor in the Liverpool Conference, under the Presidency of Elder Septimus Sears.

Elder William Williams is appointed to labor in North Wales, under the Presidency of Elder William H. Waylet.

WHOSE BUSINESS IS IT?—At the southeast corner of the Theatre there is a miserable crossing; no bridge has ever been there, to our knowledge since the house was built. True, there has sometimes been a slab laid across the creek, with the round side upward, at other times a plank, and now a board about six inches in diameter. Suffice it to say that it is a very bad crossing of dark nights, such as we are now having, especially for ladies, and it is much worse in winter. We believe that the simple question to be solved is, *Whose duty is it and who ought to put a good foot bridge there*, the city authorities, or the management of the Theatre. Let this be determined and we will soon have a good broad plank passable foot bridge at this important crossing. Everybody knows that such institutions are much needed in other parts of the City, but we will pass them by for the present.

POLICE REPORT:—George Hall, a few days ago, mounted another man's horse near the theatre and rode off. He was arrested, taken before Judge Smith, and committed to await the action of the Grand Jury at the next term of the Probate Court. The stolen horse has not yet been found.

THEATRICAL.—On Wednesday evening last, the "Corsican Brothers" was reproduced, the old cast being held to except in the characters of Emilie and the Brothers, which were filled respectively by Mrs. Bell and Mr. Pauncefort. Mrs. Bell played with ease and spirit. Mr. Pauncefort was very good as the Twin Brothers. The last scene—the duel—was excellently played.

The "Duke's Motto," on Saturday night, fully justified the expectations excited concerning it. It is one of the most effective, and we surmise will be one of the most "taking" pieces we have had put upon the boards here. It should be, for the splendid style in which it is put on is, of itself, deserving of high eulogy. The plot is good, the language neat, but rarely bordering on the eloquent, the points are numerous, and the situations effective. The opening scene in the prologue started it briskly, though the characters are mostly villains of the "heavy" order, "gentlemen of the sword" who behave "politely, quite politely,"—when they can't help it. The climbing feat in the last scene of the Prologue would tell better if it were done quicker, but when a chevalier is jack-tarring it, hand over-hand, up a rope, with an interesting little specimen of humanity in the person of an embryotic Duchess in his teeth, after having placed some four or five assassins *hors de combat*, in a duel "eight against two," considerable allowance is made for him. The second scene in the first Act is magnificent. The gitanos in their picturesque costume, with the ever present tamborines, sung and danced delightfully. The rugged defiles, the scene of wild and abrupt splendor stretching away beyond, with the lively Gipseys in the foreground, the lugubrious, of Passepoil (Mr. Margetts) for his lost love, the parting of Pepita with the tribe, and the quick vengeance of Lagardere on the sixth of the assassins, all grouped in one short scene, allowed no chance for flagging, and excited mirth, sympathy and admiration. The illuminated gardens in the Palais Royal and the Saloon in the Hotel de Gonzague, were splendid scenes, the latter eliciting a prolonged burst of applause when the flat opened and disclosed it.

Mr. Pauncefort's Lagardere was well played, and his *Æsop* was a fine piece of acting. Mrs. Bell's Blanche was tastefully rendered. Mr. McKenzie made the most of a part that has nothing to commend it to the sympathies of an audience. "Phil" was droll as ever. Mr. Hardie's Peyrolles would be better if he would throw himself loose, and adopt a more easy and natural gait and manner. He took his death remarkably easy; without a struggle. Mrs. Bowring played in her usual style. If she would cultivate more the elegance of cadence and the effectiveness of emphasis, it would give a charm to her acting which it now lacks. A little more soul thrown into the meeting between her and Blanche would make it tell: there is a fine chance for a good point there. Miss Alexander's Pepita was piquant and lively.

We are glad to see the "Duke's Motto" announced for repetition. It will well bear it, and ought to draw for several nights, if the season were to be prolonged. Go and see it.

SUN STROKE.—Last Friday, while brother Thomas Cope, of the first Ward was working in the canyon, he was sun struck: His friends brought him home on Saturday. All efforts to save his life proved unavailing; he expired on Monday about 10 o'clock a.m. We are informed that deceased was in the habit of working bare-headed in the hottest of weather, and having a bald head—was in still more danger of sun stroke.

THE WEATHER, has been changeable during the past week. Sunday afternoon, the sky became overcast and a slight shower fell in the valley, and a heavy one in the mountains; showers also fell on Monday and yesterday, cooling the atmosphere, and causing the thermometer to fall 18 to 20 degrees. A very agreeable change after two months of such scorching hot weather. Now is the time to be careful of health.

BANNACK EXPRESS ROBBERY.—Last Saturday, while at or near the mouth of Portneuf canyon, the Bannack Express was attacked by four desperadoes with double barreled guns; one of them pointed his gun at the driver, the others aimed at the passengers in the coach, threatening to shoot if they did not deliver up all their money. The rascals got \$24,000 in dust from the passengers, and left for parts unknown.

FROM MILLARD COUNTY.

FILLMORE CITY, Aug. 17, 1864.

EDITOR DESERET NEWS:

DEAR BROTHER:—Presuming a few items from Millard county might not be entirely uninteresting to your readers, I take the liberty to drop you a line.

Our citizens are now busy in the harvest field. A few early pieces of wheat were cut some weeks ago, but the crop in general is now being reaped, and, so far as I have learned, promises a rich reward to the husbandman.

No very great amount of grain is raised in and around Fillmore city, but the lack will be in a great measure, if not altogether, supplied the present season by the excellent crops raised at Deseret city, a fine grain growing region on the Sevier river, about thirty miles to the northwest. Of sugar cane there will probably be an average crop raised in Fillmore; how it is in other parts of the county I am not advised.

Fillmore promises to be a fine fruit growing district. It is really gratifying to behold so many fine orchards where, a few years ago, there was nothing to be seen but sage brush. Peaches will be very plentiful, and there will be quite a quantity of a fine assortment of choice apples and plums. Yesterday, br. Starley and myself had had the pleasure of visiting a few of the orchards here, and we saw some as fine looking apples and plums as one need wish to look upon. To name the proprietors of the various orchards we visited, and to enumerate the many varieties of fruit growing therein, would perhaps trespass upon your valuable time and space; but to give you an idea of the size of the apples, I cannot forbear mentioning that we found one in br. Stokes' garden that measured 11 5-16 inches in circumference; one in A. Henry's 11 1-2 inches; and one in br. Wm. Stott's 12 inches. We also saw some fine looking pears in br. A. Russell's orchard. One curiosity I saw in br. Starley's garden was a yearling plum tree bearing quite a quantity of fruit. I may also mention that I noticed in br. Starley's orchard some of the finest black and white mountain currants (seedling) I had ever before seen, some of which measured 2 11-16 inches in circumference.

Hoping you will excuse this, perhaps too lengthy scrawl, I subscribe myself your's very respectfully,
JOHN KELLY.

THAT IMPORTATION.—Our friends of the *Daily Telegraph* complained in their Saturday's issue of "an importation" of live stock, belonging to the pestiferous species and of the genus *Pulex irritans*—For their benefit, and all others interested we cull from the California Farmer the following sovereign remedy:

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY AGAINST FLEAS.—We hope we shall not be inuolated by the vendors of "flea powder," if we spoil their trade—but we have an experiment we wish those who "hate fleas" to try. The remedy is simply bathing in "bay rum." Now we hope there will be no speculation in this article on account of this notice—but we believe if it shall be tried, it will be found effectual. Wash or bathe face, neck, arms, and fleas will be scarce. Take a "pet dog" and bathe him, and every flea dies. Try it—try it—and then when it is proved, let us have your blessing for the relief of this pest.

THE "IDAHO TRI-WEEKLY STATESMAN," a neat and wide awake paper, published in Boise city by James S. Reynolds & Co., is before us with a please X, which is promptly and cheerfully complied with.

FINE SAMPLE OF OATS.—Brother Curtis E. Bolton brought to our sanctum a fine sample of oats, the stalks measuring 5 feet 6 inches in height. Br. Bolton informs us that he obtained the seed from Edward Guest, and that the oats raised from this seed last year weighed 44 lbs. to the bushel.

INFERNAL ATROCITY.—The spirit of demons seems to possess the rebel guerrillas that are now robbing and murdering in different parts of the State. Last week a young man by the name of George Hartle, living in the neighborhood of Farmington, St. Francis county, a member of the E. M. M., was taken from his home by a band of bushwhackers, conducted to the woods and tortured to death in the most horrible manner. His hands were tied behind him by inserting small withes under the tendons of each wrist; he was then suspended by another withe around his neck, and at the same time his flesh was scored with knives. He was found dead the next morning! What punishment is too severe to be meted out to these fiends in human shape?

WHERE OUR IVORY COMES FROM.—You carry a beautiful cane—it cost \$3.50—\$1.50 extra, on account of its beautiful pure ivory head. Your wife has a costly fan, with a pure ivory handle. In your pocket is your pure ivory-handled pocket knife, very pretty and fine. On your table is a set of knives and forks with pure ivory handles, and little expense they have cost for being pure ivory. The ring in which are the reins of your costly double harness is pure ivory. The handles of parasols are pure ivory—and so on, with many articles useful and ornamental. But it happens that this "pure ivory" is manufactured from the shin bones of the dead horses of the U. S. Army.