

plauded enthusiastically. McKinley has a very priestly aspect, and speaks as if he had got his elocution from helping to sing high mass among Dutch Catholics. He felt that this one Yankee vote was a kind of wooden nutmeg, and that he was being made a fool off. He said: "I demand—that no delegate in this convention who does not want to cast reflection upon me shall cast a further ballot for me." He has a sense of the ridiculous, anyhow. Bishop Fallows' prayer is probably doing something.

Kentucky cast one vote for Frederick Douglass, but Fred did not get up and withdraw. New York cast 59 votes for Harrison. A poll was demanded and taken. North Carolina has nine districts, but one district, the ninth, got suppressed. Probably some democrat spread his overcoat on this district or stuffed it away in a ballot box. The national committee was charged with vast geographical ignorance. The missing district was found without the aid of Pinkerton, and a Mr. Shook represented it.

The fifth ballot did not develop anything new. Sherman, Harrison and Alger are most talked about. It looks as if Gresham were politically defunct. The Blaine craze still exists, and he is gaining with every ballot. After this ballot recess was taken till 4 p.m.

At 4 p.m. the convention came to order, or rather to disorder. After a long skirmishing fire adjournment was agreed on until Monday morning at 10 o'clock. The convention decided on adjournment by a vote of 492 yeas to 317 nays.

Convention tickets were issued for five days. One ticket, with three coupons attached, providing for a day of three sessions, was issued for each day of five days. Now the

**FIVE DAYS HAVE ELAPSED,**

but the convention is still there. It was announced that the unused coupon on the fifth day ticket would secure admittance on Monday.

As the immense concourse filed into the streets comments were heard on every hand. This was too much of a convention. The visitors from distant parts thought it time to leave town, and yet they would like to see the convention over. However hopes are entertained that a speedy settlement will result on Monday next. The Gresham men have great hopes this evening. New York will antagonize Iowa every time. California will have nothing to do with Sherman, or Harrison, and Allison it would not look at. Then Gresham is the most favored. But others cry for Blaine and Alger.

Many individuals maintain that the protraction of the convention is the result of a bargain between hotels and delegates. The flambeau clubs of Kansas are a special feature of this convention, and they seem to wish that it would last just six weeks.

**MR. DEPEW'S WITHDRAWAL**

is said to be brought about by representatives of Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa, having called on him, and informed him that his business was distasteful and unpopular in the whole Northwest. Mr. Depew says: "It means that the railroad men of the country are to be disfranchised, that to be a railroad man is to be a bar to public service, that the railroad men are not to be trusted, and that they are to be denied the rights belonging to the humblest citizen in the land." How pathetically Mr. O'Shaughnessy's Paddy poses as a martyr the day after the battle. He was one of the chief sachems who framed the Utah plank in his party platform. He listened with willing ear to the perjured vipers who misrepresented Utah here, and heeded their poisonous counsel in inserting a disfranchisement clause, because of a mythical, imaginary polygamy alleged to exist in Utah. On the evidence of Mr. McBridge and Mr. O'Dawley. Mr. Depew is not a polygamist, but now he is as practically disfranchised as if he came under the Edmunds-Tucker Irish Disability bill. God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.

Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, is quoted as saying that his party must put forward an obscure candidate, "somebody like Hayes in 1876." Probably this belief prevails among other leaders of the party, and this may account for so many men of the political dude type now present at the convention. There is Fred Grant. He has a war record. He kicked Harry Donovan, our late post office employe, when Harry was a newspaper reporter. Harry was a good democrat but a poor fighting man, though physically he ought to be. He is a muscular looking fellow, and stands fully six feet high. Besides Harry is of Irish parentage. But the Irishman who would allow Fred Grant to kick him is a poor specimen of humanity, and is not fit to be a democrat. Probably that is why he was fired out of the post office a few months ago. But Harry is still alive, and is a living illustration of Fred Grant's war record, and of Fred's physical prowess. Then why not start Fred? A good campaign could be made with him.

**THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM IS**

NOT GIVING THE SATISFACTION anticipated for it, to old party followers. Pensioners recognize the fact that a revision of the tariff must inevitably come, and that if the internal revenue is abolished, the chances for pension payment are slim. Then again the Church and Christian following in the party don't take very naturally to the free whisky idea. The prohibitionists call attention to the inconsistency and hollowness of the platform, and its

efforts to arouse the baser feelings of Americans for party purposes. Mr. Brooks the candidate for vice-president of the prohibition party tersely says of the republican platform that it alludes to slavery, polygamy and feudalism as if they were in actual existence in the United States, when it is known that the whole three are no longer questions of the hour, and have been settled long ago. The South pays most of the internal revenue and yet this is what the South promises as a pension guarantee fund. Probably a party may arise that will do away with a war tariff, and with internal revenue by suppressing whisky and tobacco. JUNIUS.

**A WALK IN NEW YORK.**

**Her Glory and Her Shame.—A Few Facts Worth Remembering.**

It is the boast of New Yorkers that their city is the gate-way of the continent, the metropolis of the greatest domain undivided, continuous and connected, with which any people have ever been endowed. This is not altogether a vain boast, for by means of a hundred avenues of steel, the untold and ever increasing resources of America flow out to meet the waiting ships of all nations.

New York is in reality not one city, but a cluster of cities, of which it proper is the centre. It occupies Manhattan Island and a portion of the main land, and is about sixteen miles long with a width varying from a few hundred yards at the south end to four and a half miles at the north. Around this central city, like a circle of gems around a central one are situated Harlem, Long Island City, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken and Weehawken.

It is said that New York was

**FIRST VISITED**

by Europeans in September 1609, when Henry Hudson, a Dutch navigator, sailed into the harbor and for some distance up the river which bears his name. In 1624 a formal settlement was made, and in 1625 the island of Manhattan on which stands the heaviest portion of the city, was purchased of the Indians for twenty-four dollars. The place was named New Amsterdam, and a fort was built, while the surrounding country received the appellation of New Netherlands. In 1664 the English took possession of the fort and country, and changed the name to New York. It was recaptured by the Dutch nine years later but finally ceded to the English in 1673. For a hundred years it flourished under English rule, and at the period of the revolution contained twenty-three thousand inhabitants. From 1785 to 1790 New York was the seat of government of the United States. Here, George Washington, on the balcony of the old City Hall, corner of Wall and Nassau streets, took the oath of office as the first President of the United States, April 30th, 1789. The old flagstone, on which he stood, may still be seen in the place now known as the sub-treasury of the United States.

The visitor who has but a limited time to stay in New York, should not fail to visit Central Park. So late as 1858 this tract was a rough wilderness of marsh and rugged rocks and tangled wildwood. But thirty years' labor and millions of money, under the skillful hands of engineers and landscape gardeners, has worked a wonderful transformation. The stranger is often amazed by the rush and roar of business, and perhaps disheartened by the scenes of poverty and wretchedness which he sees in the lower parts of the city. It is well then for him to wander out to more pleasant surroundings. Perhaps, really the best way to see the Park is to go on foot, and enter it by the way of the Artisan's Gate at the end of Seventh Avenue. The path may then be taken that gently curves to the right, and passes under a pretty vine covered bridge, and then past a little lake fringed with flowers.

**THE BRIDGES**

in the Park are a study for architects; they are forty-eight in number and no two of them are alike. The paths wind in different directions. We pass a thousand objects of interest of which only a few of the most prominent can be mentioned.

The Mall is a broad path, perhaps forty feet wide, and a half mile in length. It is lined on either side with trees, and forms the great fashionable promenade. Many fine statues may be seen here; among others we noticed those of Shakespeare, Scott, Burns and Fitz Green Halleck. Further north we come to the lake, the banks of which have been formed in so many graceful curves that the mind is delighted with its beauty.

Further on is the ramble, which, as its name signifies, is the place where one may ramble for hours through shady paths and mossy dells, over picturesque bridges, along winding lanes, among deep thickets and rugged rocks. The paths, both small and great, wind in every conceivable direction and cross each other in such a delightfully confusing way, that it is really amusing to follow them to see where they go. Turning westward, we catch a glimpse of the obelisk, standing on a slight elevation. It is a simple square column of reddish-colored granite, eight feet square at the base and eighty feet high, terminating in a pyramidal

cone at the top. It is well known that this monument of antiquity was given to the American government in 1877. Its companion was given to the British government and stands now on the Thames Embankment in London. As we stood gazing at this relic of hoary antiquity, now transplanted to this bustling American civilization, the thoughts were many that crowded upon our minds. The words of Napoleon to his soldiers, at the battle of the pyramids, came vividly to my recollection: "Forty centuries look down upon you."

**THE DRIFTING SANDS**

of the desert during the long weary ages have so beat against the obelisk as to wear away the inscriptions and make them illegible for the lower twenty feet, and on the side that was most exposed to the winds, the characters are indistinct nearly all the way to the top. As we looked on the figure of that Pharaoh, known in profane history as Thutmes III, deeply cut in the hard granite, I thought of these lines:

"I need not ask thee has that arm when nerved,  
A Roman soldier ever mauled and knuckled;  
For thou wast dead and buried and embalmed,  
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled."

Yes we were standing before an object the history of which reached not merely to the days of the ancient Druids and the beginnings of English history; but two thousand years before that. Not merely to the days of imperial Rome, or the still earlier times, when Alexander or Cambes marched their legions with thundering tread over the ruins of oriental cities; but a thousand years before that. In the story that is told us is correct, (and I see no reason to doubt it,) Joseph, the ruler of Egypt, led his bride beneath the shadows of this obelisk, into the temple of On; and around its base his children, Manasseh and Ephraim, played in their childhood days. When Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt this pillar had been erected more than five hundred years or a good deal longer time than has elapsed since Columbus first ventured to cross the stormy Atlantic. Yet here it stands to tell to American youth a tale of man's frailty and decay.

When we were weary of wandering we left the Park and rode down Broadway. We need not stop to describe it; we have heard it attempted many times, but no one succeeded, as we remember. The enormous traffic, the crowds on the walks, the frantic haste that seems to possess every one, the variety of men and teams, and the general uproar and confusion, make a picture as peculiar as it is original.

**TURNING UP**

we find this is the center of the great printing establishments. Vast structures of brick and stone are on either hand, and the names of dozens of leading periodicals, in bold capitals, glare down upon us. It is truly the land of printing presses. We watched one of the presses at work. It printed on both sides, pasted, folded and labeled thirty-two page papers at the rate of forty-eight thousand copies per hour; and they said it was not a good day for printing presses at that. We went through Wall Street and the Stock Exchange. There seems to be a great effort here to make gambling respectable. A friend kindly conducted us through the new Produce Exchange. We saw men busy selling and buying the harvest of next July—yelling themselves hoarse in the hope of getting money.

After this we ascended to the sixteenth story of the building, and gazed down on the hurrying, jostling crowd below. We descended and walked up Broadway, till we came to Wall Street; and then turning to the left, entered Trinity Churchyard. Scarcely twenty feet away were the eager, jostling crowds; but within its gates all was calm. It is a strange contrast, this old church and graveyard facing two of the busiest streets of this great metropolis. And yet, perhaps, it is well. They serve as silent monitors to the eager aspirant for wealth and fame. Trinity Church was founded in 1607 and some of the gravestones bear the date of 1609. Here lie many whose names are well known in early American history. Among others we noticed the graves of Captain Lawrence, General Richard Montgomery and Alexander Hamilton. It was Hamilton for years published the *Federalist*, a periodical that wielded a mighty influence in behalf of the union of the States and the adoption of the present Constitution. Hamilton was shot by Aaron Burr at Hoboken in 1804.

But none made a deeper impression on my mind than the grave of Charlotte Temple. Her history is well known to most general readers. Her misfortunes have awakened general sympathy, and the numerous kind and noble acts of her life have given a fragrance to her memory. Her grave is covered by a simple slab, now sunk to a level with the path; yet humble as is that grave it is, often strewn with flowers, in token of the esteem in which she is held by the donors. We took a stroll to

**BROOKLYN BRIDGE,**

the length of which is more than a mile and the height of the towers more than three hundred feet. It is indeed a noble structure. One of the grandest views of the city and harbor of New York can be obtained while walking across it. Its necessity will be

better understood when we recollect that fully one hundred millions of persons pass over it annually. Often two hundred and fifty thousand persons pass over it in a single morning between six and nine o'clock.

But amid all the subjects for reflection nothing impressed our minds more deeply than the condition of the poor in the centre of New York.

It is said that in the most densely populated districts of London there are 170,000 persons to the square mile. Here in New York there are fully 290,000. To form a better conception let us take one block in a tenement house district. It will measure 700 by 200 feet. On all four sides are rows of tenements for or five stories high. Altogether there are fully 17,000 rooms. In these rooms exist more than 2000 souls divided into 400 families. Almost all the bedrooms measure only seven feet by nine, and often have no outside windows. The door leads into the apartment that serves as kitchen, parlour, sitting-room, laundry and workshop. Up the dark stairway, the moisture from the cellar, the fumes from the under-ground beer halls and the sewer gas from the drains are continually rising. At all seasons of the year the inhabitants of a tenement house must meet one another in the entries, sometimes less than three feet wide. But when the summer heats are on, and men and women crowd together on the top of the house, waiting for a breeze; when men will sit all night on a seat in the park to escape the closeness of a room where fire has been burning all day not for cooking, but to heat the irons for the laundry or the tailor's shop; when every window and door must stand open to let in what little air there is, then it may be seen that

**PRIVACY IN A TENEMENT HOUSE**

is not much more possible than in the steerage of an emigrant vessel. From one room may come oaths and imprecations ringing out on the fetid air. From another come the shouts and frantic laughter of men and women trying to drown their misery in liquor, while from the flat roof of a neighboring house come the words of a ribald song sung out shamelessly to all within hearing.

Thus human nature is left to do pretty nearly what it likes, and the lower passions are not slow to assert themselves. Here are jumbled together in utter disorder, Prussians, Bohemians, Swiss, Irish, Chinese, Italians, Turks and Jews, black and white, a restless, seething mass of human beings, unable to think or talk together—able only, under some overmastering passion, to act together. The very tones of their voices carry with them a sense of moral contamination. A man told us he had heard eighty-four distinct languages and dialects spoken in New York. Is it possible for true liberty to long exist among a people containing such discordant elements? Let the thoughtful pause and ponder. Have I painted the picture too plainly? If so—let the curtain fall.

J. H. W.

New York, June 16, 188.

**BATTALION PENSIONERS.**

**Why So Many of the Mormon Battalion Left Widows.**

*Editor Deseret News:*

According to some eastern journals the government is surprised at the heavy per cent of widows of the Mormon Battalion applying for pensions, as compared with other soldiers of the Mexican war, whilst those who are posted marvel that there are not many more than we see. This wonderment on the part of government officials is probably one reason why the commissioner seems so unwilling to grant their pensions, and appoints so many special examiners where the evidence is clear and the most positive that could be given, both as to the identity of the soldier, her legal marriage to him, his death and every other requirement of the law.

Whilst we do not question the integrity of the officer referred to, nor his wish to do justice to all, his policy works a great hardship and does injustice to the widows of those brave soldiers who were devoted to their country.

Among the many reasons that might be shown why a heavy per cent of the Mormon Battalion, as compared with other soldiers might be expected, are the following

**HISTORICAL FACTS:**

"The call (of President Polk for the Battalion) could not have been more inconveniently timed. The young and those who could have been spared, were then away from the main body, (of the Mormon exiles) either with pioneer companies in the van, or their faith unannounced, seeking work and food about the northwestern settlements, to support them till the return of the season for commencing emigration.

The force was therefore to be recruited from among the fathers of families, and others whose presence it was most desirable to retain.

But the feeling of country prevailed and, in three days, the force was reported mustered, organized, and ready to march."

(See Col. Thomas L. Kane's discourse before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, History Mormon Battalion, pages 79-80.)

"It was enlisted too much by families; some were too old, some feeble,

and some too young. It was much worn by traveling on foot, and marching from Nauvoo, Illinois."

I will here add, in relation to Col.

**COOK'S ASSERTION**

made at Santa Fe, that the Battalion "was much worn by traveling on foot and marching from Nauvoo, Illinois," that while his statement is strictly correct, it was much worse worn by the foolish and unnecessary forced marches of Lieutenants Smith and Dykes, which utterly broke down both men and beasts, and was the prime cause of the greater amount of sickness and probably of many deaths. (History Mormon Battalion, pages 173, 174.)

It is a notorious fact that the great majority of other soldiers were single men, while a heavy proportion of the Battalion were men of families, and some of them quite aged and feeble. But few of other commands when they die leave widows, whilst the rule is just the reverse with the Battalion.

As to the comparative death rate we are not posted, but when we consider the class of men enlisted and the hardships of the campaign, with the then and previous exposures, it is reasonable to expect it to be much greater. Put men of from forty to sixty years of age on an infantry campaign of twenty-four hundred miles, the

**LONGEST INFANTRY MARCH**

recorded in history, packing over one half the distance their guns, knapsacks of clothing, blankets and thirty-six rounds of ammunition, amounting in all to over forty pounds to the man, pulling at long ropes to aid the teams and much of the heaviest portion of the journey on less than quarter rations, the only wonder is that there was one left to tell the tale! Which then is the greater wonder that there are so many widows or that there are so few?

We hope the good people where those worthy widows reside will not allow one of them to suffer for the comforts of life, while waiting the action of our tardy government. They are the wives of those who offered their lives not only to serve their country, but also to save the Latter-day Saints from a general massacre on the banks of the Missouri River.

DANIEL TYLER.

J. Curran, 18 years of age, who left Globe, Arizona, on Friday last, to go to Silver King, was found on Tuesday by Dr. Alex. Trippe, Justice Job Atkins and Henry Dohrmann, about thirteen miles east from Globe, in the wild gorge of the east fork of Plato Creek, where he had wandered from the trail and, bewildered, remained four days fearing to leave the water. He had been without food for five days and undoubtedly would have perished with hunger had the parties mentioned (whose mission was to inspect a mining claim in that unfrequented locality) not discovered him. The boy had written two notices on scraps of paper attached to rods stuck up in the trail, appealing for assistance, and stating that he would be found near the first water further up the cañon. It required a long search, however, before he was discovered lying under a shelving rock, by his rescuers. He appeared to be equally animated with joy and fear at being found. He presented a pitiable appearance, face was, hair disheveled, clothes torn and shoes scuffed out from clambering over the rocks. He had time and again ascended the precipitous sides of the cañon to the summit, only to become more bewildered and afraid to leave the water, and he would invariably retrace his steps, and with tongue swollen seek the little pool in the creek bed to quench his thirst. One day he encountered a bear and got within ten feet of him before seeing him, and he was so frightened by the adventure that he climbed into a tree that night and slept there. After that, however, his fatigue was greater than his fear, and he was glad to make his bed on the ground. Dr. Trippe and party, after giving him a liberal allowance from their lunch, piloted him through the cañon to the ranch of John Kuhn, only three miles from where Curran was found, and which he could easily have reached had fear not deterred him exploring the cañon further.

**FOR SALE.**

**PROMISSORY NOTES—THE MOST APPROVED FORM**—in books with stub, or in tabs without at the DESERET NEWS Office

**MARRIAGE LICENSES.**

**TO MEET THE REQUIREMENTS OF** the lately enacted Territorial law, providing for a marriage license being issued by the Clerk of the Probate Court of the county in which the intended bride resides before a marriage can be legally performed, there has been issued from the press at this office a supply of licenses of approved form, which Probate Clerks will do well to avail themselves of. The law also requires that the person performing the ceremony return with the license, within thirty days after the marriage, a certificate over his own signature and countersigned by two or more witnesses present at the ceremony stating the date and place of the marriage. These certificates, suitable for either a civil officer or an Elder of the Church to use, can be had at this office in any quantity, and Probate Clerks ought to keep some of them on hand also, so that if necessary they could supply the person applying for a marriage license with a certificate also, to provide against the possibility of the person who is to officiate in performing the ceremony not having one to furnish them with.