

make the others as happy and comfortable as possible.

Bishop Hunter, the chairman of the committee, was in his happiest vein. Everybody in this part of the country is more or less acquainted with that large hearted nobleman of nature, whose life has been the living embodiment of philanthropy, in being mainly devoted to producing the happiness of his fellow beings, and it was a fitting compliment to him that the new locomotive of the Utah Western Company should be named after him, so that Edward Hunter was not only the prime mover in getting up this excellent treat for the old folks, but "Edward Hunter" actually hauled the party to Clinton's station and back again to the city.

The census of the company was taken, which developed the fact that there were two hundred and forty-four persons on board, that the average age of one hundred and eighty of these was seventy-two years, and these were the genuine excursionists, for the remaining sixty-four under sixty years of age were properly looked upon in the light of nurses to look after and care for the more aged.

We looked around for the oldest man in the party, and found him in the person of Father Merrill, who lacks a little less than four years and a half of a century, being on the last half of his 96th year. He informed us that his posterity was very numerous, being rising of 700, and that the fifth generation from him, of Merrills, was in existence.

The eldest lady in the company was Aunt Rhoda Richards, who is in her 91st year, and the faculties of both those respected individuals are still bright.

This was a most refreshing excursion party, not only on account of the exceedingly advanced age of those composing it, but because of the utter absence of worldly pride and folly, there being not the slightest exhibition of anything of that kind, which was a feature also that distinguished it from nearly every other excursion party now-a-days, when the simplicity and naturalness which are a good indication of purity and honesty of heart are now at a considerable discount.

Albert Smith, George Smith, Charles Evans, William Foster, John Andrew and James Standing kindly supplied excellent instrumental music for the company free of charge.

On arriving at Clinton's the excursionists left the train and adjourned to Clinton's hotel, the proprietor of which, Dr. Clinton, met and welcomed the party with great cordiality, the spacious house, which is by far the finest building of the kind outside of Salt Lake City, in this region, being thrown open to them.

After the company had regaled themselves with refreshments, all adjourned to the large dancing hall, and other rooms on the second floor, when order was called and Brother George Goddard, of the managing committee, made a few timely remarks interspersed with humorous sayings, when he introduced Bishop Edward Hunter, who offered up a prayer to God, which was an appeal of such simple earnestness, and so expressive of the devotional sentiments of the company, that not a few were very much affected.

Dr. Clinton then delivered a short address of welcome.

The "Temple Song" was sung, most of the company joining and Brother John Andrew accompanying on the organ, and afterwards, "O Ye Mountains High," was sung with great unction.

Father Lee, in his 81st year, sang, "How Sweet is the Union of Souls!" the company joined in the chorus. He sang well, and when reaching the higher notes his voice was feeble and tremulous, but none the less touchingly pathetic, his tones being strongly contrasted with the swelling volume of the powerful voice of Brother John D. T. McAllister, who stood near and assisted him, and here was exemplified man in the meridian and plentitude of his physical powers and man advancing near to the verge of that "bourne" that all have sooner or later to reach.

Father Turnbull, in his 83rd year, sang, with a strength and vim that astonished everybody, a song of the Saints about "Jackson County," to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

Sister Barrell recited one of Miss E. R. Snow's poems, after which

Sister Vienna Jaques, 88 years old, was called for. She gave a very interesting recital of the manner in which she became acquainted with the gospel. When living in Boston, Mass., in 1831, she read something in the paper about the "Mormons," and about a golden bible being found in the western part of the State of New York. Being impressed on the subject, she traveled six hundred miles to find out for herself, arriving at Kirtland, Ohio, July 4th, of the same year, and was baptised eight days afterwards. The Prophet Joseph and others were absent at the time, but returned before she had left for home. He shook her by the hand and said, "I thank God that it is given me to know when a person is honest-in-heart," or words to that import. Then followed a narration of the way she received a knowledge of the truth of the work, and of the fact of her never having doubted a moment subsequently. She had lived to her advanced age without stimulants of any kind, her chief diet being milk. She had lived to the Lord, and when she died she wanted to die in the Lord.

Sister Jaques is the same lady as is spoken of in the revelation which appears on the 251st page of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants.

Most of the company then adjourned to the steamer *City of Corinne*, and enjoyed a pleasant sail of a couple of hours, a gentle, pleasant breeze prevailing. As on shore so on the bosom of the Great Salt Lake, the feelings of all appeared like the surface of this fine sheet of water, calm and unruffled, yet also like the water, deep, with grateful aspirings to God for so grateful a union of people whose main desires are to serve a just and merciful Creator.

Music, songs and dancing were in order, and it was indeed pleasant to see people whose lives have extended over a period of three quarters of a century tripping lightly over the deck to the excellent music of the band.

On nearing the landing after the sail, one of the boat hands, a young lad, was throwing out a rope, when plump he went overboard into the Lake, which incident caused some little stir and excitement, but he was able to swim, and with a few strokes he reached the landing supports, and was hauled out by means of a rope which was thrown to him.

Before the passengers landed three rousing cheers were given for Captain Dorus, whose numerous courtesies to his aged guests were gratefully appreciated.

The company returned to the Clinton House, where refreshments were again in order, and afterwards music and singing again came into play, Marshal McAllister rendering with excellent effect that most pathetic Scotch song, "The Drunkard's Ragged Wean."

At five o'clock all were aboard the train, and, after a cheer from the residents of the locality, who were gathered near the cars, the home trip was commenced. All went "merry as the marriage bells" for a few miles, when a violent jar and thump were felt, and, although there appeared to be no fear manifested, the general impression was that an accident had happened, and that was so. The kingbolt of the baggage car had broken, causing the front wheels to turn round under the car, crushing the bottom into splinters and letting a quantity of casks filled with liquors and other freight fall through on to the track, tearing up and damaging the ties, &c., more or less, for a distance of forty or fifty feet.

Superintendent Kimball, with a number of men to assist him, threw the damaged car off the grade, and, after a delay of about one hour, the train proceeded on its way, arriving in the city at 8 o'clock, without anybody getting hurt.

As was the case in conveying the excursionists to the train in the morning, so it was in conveying them home on their arrival at night. The street cars were placed at their disposal free, and private citizens supplied teams, wagons and other conveyances for the same purpose. A card of thanks, published by the committee, in another part of the NEWS, makes it unnecessary for us to allude further to the services and courtesies extended to the excursionists by various parties. The committee themselves, Bishop Hunter, Brothers Goddard and Savage, worked as

faithfully, agreeably and effectively as probably ever men did under similar circumstances for the happiness of those under their care, and were ably assisted by Marshal McAllister and others.

Bishops McRay, Thorn and Hickelcooper were with the company, and several bishops' counsellors, among them Brother W. Ashman, were there also. All the committee were accompanied by members of their families, and among the most well known ladies who accompanied the party were Sister E. R. Snow, Sister Whitney, Sister Richards, editor of the *Exponent*, and others.

We believe that the verdict of nearly all was that they had never enjoyed a more interesting day in their lives.

No railroad superintendent could act with greater promptitude, kindness and consideration than did Col. Kimball.

FROM MONDAY'S DAILY, MAY 17.

**Tabernacle Meeting.**—Elder John Taylor preached in the New Tabernacle yesterday afternoon.

**Correction.**—In Saturday's NEWS, in the closing paragraph in an article headed "Proceedings Extraordinary," where the word sworn occurs it should have read shown.

**Tasker Discharged.**—The examination of Ben Tasker, before Justice Pyper, on a charge of stealing Mr. Stahri's mules, was concluded on Saturday, resulting in his acquittal.

**Good.**—The City recently placed a street lamp near the corner of Major Hempstead's residence lot, at the foot of Arsenal Hill. It was very much needed in that locality, and is much appreciated by residents thereabout.

**Office Removed.**—The Desert Telegraph Company have removed their office from the premises recently occupied by them, in the same building as Zion's Savings Bank and Trust Company, to the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

**Increasing.**—The United organization of the First Ward are extending operations. Quite a number of acres of excellent land have been sown with sugar cane, and negotiations are proceeding for the purchase, by association, of machinery for manufacturing molasses, and the necessary water power has been secured.

**A Forlorn Hope Burglary.**—The riffling of the ring and the ring followers must be peculiarly "hard up" and desperately bad off for expedients to "raise the wind" for them to break into the quarantine pest-house and steal the blankets and clothing therefrom. Everybody who buys second hand bedding or clothing, should be on his guard, or he may have these pest-breeding blankets and overcoats in his family before he knows it, when it may be too late.

**Mule Stealing.**—About the 10th of last month Mr. Joseph Sewell, of Ogden, missed some mules, which he had good reasons for believing were stolen. Recently he received a dispatch from Bingham, from John Drake, informing him his animals were there, in possession of Robert Lund. The latter has understood, told several different stories as to how he obtained the mules, and has been arrested on a charge of complicity in stealing them. He is now in the county jail. The case will come up for examination on Wednesday, in Justice Pyper's Court.

**Always Prepared.**—The patrol guards which are going the rounds of the Wards every night appear to be having a good effect in keeping a check on the operations of the various burglariously disposed individuals who are now infesting this City, as cases of the kind are getting less frequent.

Some people still, however, appear to keep a sharp look out for those kinds of characters. So thought a gentleman who resides not a hundred miles from this office, the other morning, about one o'clock, when he went out, lantern in hand, to examine the water ditch, on East Temple street, to prevent the water flooding his lot. Just then a certain well known saloon-keeper rode up on horseback, when the man with the lantern accosted him with, "Hilloa; how goes it?" when, quick as thought, he was covered by the horse-man's pistol. "What's the matter?" said the man with the lantern. "It's

you, is it? I always go prepared," was the answer, and away he rode.

**The "City of Corinne" on the Great Salt Lake.**

The first vessel on this sea-girt globe was the *Ark*, a small amphibious craft of only forty-five thousand tons burden, built by Mr. Noah, of Diluvian notoriety, and launched at Floodgate in the year of the world 1656. The next, putting great nautical events in the order of their importance, was the *Kate Connor*, a majestic steamship of forty-five tons, which was launched from the banks of the Jordan in the year of our Lord 1869.

Many other great conceptions in the way of providing facilities for travel by land and water have become the theme of an admiring world, since the consummation of the two above chronicled, including the Great North Pole Railway, commencing at the horizon and making its terminus at the North Pole.

No such enterprise, however, of modern date, eclipses in generosity that of the gentlemanly projectors of the steamer *City of Corinne*, launched into Bear river on the 25th of May, 1871; for although the snug little sum of \$48,000 was sunk in her construction, she still floats to require annually additional outlay for repairs, &c., saying nothing about running expenses, interest, &c. This sum they generously donated to the encouragement of commerce and navigation—not among the South-sea Islands, but among the islands of the Great Salt Lake, which, since Kit Carson hewed out his log canoe, has shown some wonderful freaks of adaptability to the various purposes of water transit.

"*Corinne*," a title derived from among the poetical goddesses, was first applied to a half-mythical emporium near the mouth of Bear River, and subsequently, with true poetic fancy, transferred to the little stern-wheel steamer now bearing it. She is 175 feet in length over all, 28 feet beam and 8 feet hold in the clear; is propelled by an engine driving two 16 inch cylinders; 4 ft. 10 inch stroke, two 24 ft. boilers 40 inches in diameter; burden, 250 tons; draws 5 feet of water, and is a stiff, sea-worthy, handsome little boat. She was recently purchased by John W. Young, Esq., who purposes running her as an excursion boat in connection with the Utah Western Railway. In connection, also, with the present "exhaustive view of ship building" and navigation at large, it would be quite out of place not to incidentally mention the most notable adventure in the history of inland navigation—the two days' excursion on Salt Lake on board the "City of Corinne," Capt. Thomas Dorris.

Now, as there is nothing that gives a man such spirits as going at full speed, our excursionists discreetly took seats in three of the Utah Western Railway Company's elegant coaches, and, with superintendent H. P. Kimball himself as conductor, in less time than one can satisfactorily tell of it, were wafted across the plain, along the mountain side and by the southern shore to the point on Great Salt Lake where the little steamer lay at her pier, dancing upon the sparkling blue-green waves, awaiting their arrival.

No appreciable time was consumed in the process of embarking, after the dangerous delay of waiting for a tardy delegation from Tooele was past. Meanwhile a young Old boreas was piping up from the southwest.

"No longer gee-up and gee-ho, But fix, fix-z, and off we go,"

Steaming away before the wind, passed Black Rock. Under the lee of the high bluffs the breeze lulled, the waves became still, and far up on the hurricane deck of the steamer arose the sweet strains of music whose voluptuous swell soon called thither the trippers of the light fantastic toe; and feet never swept more blithely through the mazes of the dance for an hour or more, till dinner was called, and the happy company, composed of portions of the elite of Salt Lake City, accompanied by their ladies, besides a number of distinguished strangers, descended to tables groaning under a weight of good things. The steamer about this time changed her course to the northward for Antelope Island, which threw her into the trough

of the sea, the waves rolling pretty heavily before a strong breeze.

And now the scene became very suddenly transformed. Faces, just then glowing with health, or blushing in the praises of their own loveliness, suddenly put on an anxious pallor. The steamer continued rolling, and the guests of the cabin continued to desert the tables until, in an incredibly short space of time, but few remained. Finally a heavy sea completed the clearing of the tables by demolishing everything. The waiters of the boat were among the first "laid out" by the sea-plague; and the managers of the excursion all of whom, luckily, had seen service on salt water, were compelled to don the apron and walk into the pantry with the fragments of edibles and crockery, which must have amounted to more than the scriptural twelve baskets full. And the accomplished manner in which our esteemed friend, Wm. C., went into the dish-tub, and the *ecbat* that so peculiarly marked the administration of Maj. P. D., as waiter-general, also that of his illustrious assistants, during the remainder of the trip, (for it doth not appear that the steamer's waiters ever again put in an appearance after that summary clearing away of things) will remain a green spot in the memory of every grateful survivor of the two days' excursion.

Running close along the western shore of Antelope (or Church) Island, the anchor was dropped. A boat load of male excursionists left the steamer to visit the copper mines. The heavy surf filled the yawl as soon as she struck shore, and the copper-seekers, scrambling out half-drenched, got ashore as they best could and stood casting eager looks towards the steamer and wishing they were aboard again. The copper mines suddenly ceased to have any charm for them; and just then, as if to intensify the interest of the situation, the fresh breeze increased to a gale. The lake was covered with white caps; and the heavy surges broke against the sounding shore with dismal fury.

O solitude, where are the charms that Sages have seen in thy face? Better dwell in the midst of alarms, than reign in this horrible place.

Serious thoughts were entertained of making a break for the eastern or leeward of the island, which would involve a rugged jaunt of three or four miles over the mountain; but fortunately the gale began to slacken, reviving the hope of making good their retreat from the west side. This little episode in nautical life caused a delay of five hours, the daring invaders of the solitudes of Antelope being finally rescued, a few at a time, through the personal exertions of Capt. Dorris and a couple of his men, who dashed into the breakers and held the second boat head to the sea, to prevent her from filling also, while the salt-christened excursionists waded in by the stern sheets.

The storm increased to such an extent that it was determined to seek shelter, which was found under a precipitous bluff at the north end of Antelope Island, where she lay to an anchor all night, within a few rods of the rock.

Next morning it was concluded to return to Clinton's, where all arrived safely, and some feeling relieved of anxiety.

At 5 o'clock p.m., took the special for Salt Lake City, which was reached at half past six.

At a meeting of the passengers upon the cars, while returning home, Col. S. F. Nuckolls was chosen chairman and Wm. C. Hendrie secretary. Dr. Allen Fowler, Gen. P. E. Connor, and E. Stover were appointed a committee, who reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That the thanks of the entire party are hereby tendered to the committee of arrangements for their indefatigable exertions and untiring labors, in behalf of the comfort and welfare of all on board.

"Resolved, that to Gen'l Supt. Kimball we are indebted for many acts of courtesy and kindness rarely found in a R. R. Supt.

"Resolved, That our thanks are tendered to Olsen's splendid band for the superb music furnished on the trip, which so much contributed to the enjoyment of the entire party."