

Cures For Small-pox.

Although the small-pox is almost entirely eradicated from our city, we publish the following, by the courtesy of President Richards, as it may prove useful in future if not at present. The author is an herb doctor, nearly eighty-two years of age, and of considerable experience in the treatment of diseases of various kinds:

HARRISBURG, Dec. 3, 1876.

To the Hon. F. D. Richards:

Dear Brother:—The late papers informs me that the small-pox has had quite a run among you in Ogden. I thought a few ideas from me might be of service to those suffering with the small-pox. Let them take a tablespoonful twice a day of good, keen vinegar, and a thimbleful of cayenne pepper twice a day, with good nursing, and I have confidence to believe the result will be salutary. I know an herb that grows in the Eastern States as far west as Kentucky, that a tea made of the root will effectually neutralize or eradicate the virus in the system so sure and speedy that vaccination will never take while using the tea. One case was related of an old lady who was speechless and given up to die, but by taking this tea she was up in two days. I do not know these things are so by experience, but know enough to recommend a trial, believing in its utility.

Black Cohosh is the name of the herb; it is known by other names, such as black snakeroot, rattlesnake, and squaw weed. There are four species, belonging to the family of cohosh—the black, the blue, the white and the red; which latter grows in this Territory, and I believe it is as good as the black. The blue cohosh the Indians call papoose root, from its miraculous effects in child-bed, in the virtue of which root I have had an extensive experience in the States, and I could with a good degree of confidence recommend all those species as good for the small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, and yellow fever, or any infectious virus in the system.

Believing you would use this information for the best good of the community, I have directed it to you with sentiments of respect.

PRIDDY MEERS.

—Ogden Junction.

Correspondence.

Council Bluffs—Troy Grove—Preaching—Black Oak—Meetings, Etc.

BLACK OAK, Dec. 11, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

I left home on the 15th ult., accompanied by twenty-eight Elders, among whom were Presidents D. M. Stuart and J. Druce, all en route for their several fields of labor.

We arrived at Council Bluffs in good health and spirits. All "put up" at the Ogden House, except Brother Eggleston and your correspondent, who partook of the hospitality of my partner's brother.

We spent five days in the vicinity of Council Bluffs, allaying prejudice and talking upon the principles of the gospel, and introduced Brothers Eli Pierce and Jno. Woolf to those that had expressed a desire to know more of the doctrine, then took train for Parkersburg, situated in the northern part of Iowa, to visit the uncle of my friend, Bro. Eggleston. We discovered, soon after our arrival, that we were forestalled and misapprehended, as usual. The old gentleman, a second adventist in belief, received us in a cool and formal manner. We left him next morning with a good feeling towards us.

We next put in an appearance at Try Grove, Ill., and were well received by my uncle, Mr. Nixon, a leading Free Will Baptist. This town of five hundred inhabitants has two very fine churches belonging to the Presbyterians and Free Will Baptists, but no preacher.

We found, upon inquiry, that lack of funds had brought this affliction upon them. With a readiness that surprised us, the Baptists proffered the use of their church, and we made the announcement that we would hold forth the next Sunday on the principles believed in by the Latter-day Saints.

At the time appointed full three hundred persons were assembled to hear us. Services commenced in a spirited manner. We proved that the Bible was an insufficient guide to latter-day Christians,

closing with an effort to establish the divinity of the mission of Joseph Smith and through him the restoration of the gospel.

After dismissal, and while the Baptists were passing the hat, Dr. —, an influential Adventist, challenged us to public discussion, stating that he was prepared to prove that the plates we spoke of were brass plates, stolen out of a glass box from Solomon Spaulding, by Sidney Rigdon.

We replied that the plates referred to were golden ones, delivered to Joseph Smith by an angel, not by Sidney Rigdon, that we were not personally acquainted with Mr. Rigdon, hence unable to defend him against the alleged stealing. The audience laughed at the Doctor's mistake and separated.

I parted with Bro. Eggleston at Blue Island; he going to Michigan, I to Black Oak. I found here Elder Lyman Leavitt, visiting with his relatives, two of whom belong to the church. Indeed, I was glad to see them.

We have held two meetings here, some four or five express a desire to join the church as soon as practicable.

Your brother in the gospel,
JOS. R. PORTER.

The Settlement—Meetings—President Chosen—Room for More Families.

CLIFTON, Iron County,
December 11, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

We are situated on the Pahreah creek, thirty miles south-east of Panguitch and sixty miles north of Lee's Ferry on the Colorado. The population of this place is 75 souls, and we are looking for several more families to move in soon. The climate is very nice and warm.

We had a very excellent meeting yesterday, as Bishop W. G. Sevey, Bros. M. Steele and Jos. L. Haywood were here from Panguitch. After some good instruction from Bishop Sevey, he called on the congregation to nominate someone for president for this branch. Elder Jonathan T. Packer was unanimously sustained, and ordained and set apart to preside over the people of this place.

The people are preparing to go to work on the water ditch, and when that is done there will be land enough for fifty or sixty more families.

Yours respectfully,
NEPHI PACKER.

In Congress.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
December 4th, 1876.

Tacta est alca: Sam Randall is elected Speaker of the House, and both parties have girded their (intellectual) loins and are ready—nay, eager—for the fray! Silver-haired Banks and brown-haired Holman have had a set-to already (in all amiability, of course), and Holman, backed by the majority, came out the winner (also of course). It is now eight o'clock, and the House has but just adjourned; for the first time in eleven years the opening day of the session has been characterized, not by gas, but by gas light; and if the signs of the times are true, this will be the most exciting session the country has ever seen since the "fathers" left their cosy quarters in Independence Hall, to continue their debates amongst the (then) quagmires of Washington.

But let us make haste slowly, and review the occurrences of the day. The "Opening Day" of a congressional session is always replete with interest and the galleries are sure to be crowded; but this being a day of extraordinary interest, in view of the existing political complications, they were over crowded. That is to say, the House galleries were; for in the Senate there was considerable room to spare. As early as ten o'clock, a dense avalanche of politicians and sight-seers began coming down Pennsylvania avenue towards the gates of the Capitol, which seemed, like the North Pole, to possess a magnetic influence and draw people towards it from North and South, East and West. By degrees, the vast building slowly filled up; and as if the converging currents of humanity, meeting under the lofty dome which is surmounted by the statue of Liberty, were there met by opposite influences or forces, they again divided and went in opposite directions, one current going towards

the Senate and another towards the House. The former appeared to be the negative and the latter the positive pole of attraction; everybody knew pretty much what the Senate was going to do, but no one could foresee what political capers the House might undertake to cut; and as curiosity is an "overpowering element" (as Weller, Sr., would say) in that wonderful combination which we call human nature, it follows that by far the biggest current went to the House, leaving a comparatively tiny stream to go by the straight path to the Senate.

Arriving at the Hall of the House, the first things to claim the attention of the visitor were the black draperies over the Speaker's chair, commemorative of the death of Speaker Kerr. Sombre and dusty, they cast a gloom over the room which had, at the time, a peculiar significance. At that early hour (ten o'clock), the floor was already pretty well filled with members, ex-members, and members-elect, and the galleries were rapidly becoming crowded; a very large proportion of their occupants being ladies, with or without escorts. By degrees, as the assemblage on the floor and in the galleries grew denser, the atmosphere became insufferably hot and close, and the fair sex were using their fans as vigorously as on a July day. Seated at a vacant desk was an artist from Frank Leslie's, deftly sketching the scene before him, while another, from the Graphic, was similarly employed, making a bird's-eye view of the hall and its occupants from his elevated standpoint in the reporter's gallery. About eleven o'clock, "Blue Jeans" Williams, the Governor-elect of Indiana, came into the Hall, and was immediately, and before he had had a chance to exchange congratulations with his colleagues and introduce his successor, Mr. Humphries, taken in tow by an old lady with a striped shawl, grey hair put up in papers, and black gloves ripped open at the finger-ends, who evidently, to judge from the peculiar cadence of the extended left hand forefinger, was "giving it" to the Indiana Governor, who seemed to take it good-naturedly enough, alternately shaking and nodding his angular head, and only now and then making a futile effort to escape, when the aforesaid old lady immediately would go for one of the huge horn buttons (as big as trade dollars) which adorn his blue jean suit, and pin him down to his chair in a hopeless sort of way. Finally, by a sudden strategic jerk, he managed to tear himself away, leaving the old lady to expostulate with the horn button which she held in her hand, and, becoming disgusted, consigned to the "obscure depths of her pocket."

It was curious to see men of both parties, who had but a few weeks before been vilifying each other on the stump, greet each other here with slaps on the shoulder, and shake hands as everlasting friends. And when, after the contest between the names of Garfield and Randall, the latter had been duly elected Speaker, it was Mr. McCrary, of Iowa (who had nominated Mr. Garfield), and Mr. Cox, of New York (who had nominated Mr. Randall), who were selected to conduct the latter, arm in arm, to the Speaker's chair, and, not knowing exactly how to go about the business, it was, to say the least, amusing to see them step upon each other's toes and Sam Randall's corns in a very undignified sort of manner, until the clerk set them right and told the trio what way to go. To Mr. Holman was awarded the honor of swearing in the new Speaker, which he did standing in front of the desk, and, with uplifted hand, reading the oath, prescribed in such cases, from "Bailey's Digest," to which Mr. Randall pronounced a loud "I solemnly do," which could be heard to the farthest corner of the galleries.

After that came the impressive ceremony of swearing in Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, who was carried in to the Hall, sitting on a chair, by two pages. He took the "modified oath," which was administered by Speaker Randall. Then came the swearing in of five or six new members, whose certificates were found to be in order and to whose seats there were no contestants; and then came the regular routine business of the day, with its wranglings and bickerings, filibustering and sonorous calls of the "roll" in a nasal twang by the clerk, which lasted till half-past seven o'clock, when the House adjourned.

A. A. in the Washington Star, gives his ten year old boy's suggestion that the election trouble be settled in this way—"Let Mr. Hayes and Mr. Tilden run a foot race from the east entrance on the avenue to the White House, to the Capitol, and whichever one of them first reaches the point where the oath of office is usually administered, let him be inaugurated."

—There are plenty of poor people, but, when you talk about honesty, let him who has never taken advantage of another be well remembered. But there won't be many to remember.

—The American eagle still flutters around without lighting on anything.

DIED.

At Brigham City, December 20th, 1876, of dropsy and consumption, ARTHUR GOODWIN, son of Robert L. and Laura Maillida Fishburn, aged 1 year, 8 months and 15 days.

This is the second child which death has taken away in Brother Fishburn's family within a week. It is, however, encouraging that there are some better prospects for the full recovery of the remainder of the family, who have been severely afflicted with sickness lately.—COM.

In American Fork, Utah County, Dec. 22, 1876, of inflammation of the lungs, SARAH W. CAMPBELL.

Deceased was born near London, England, May 30, 1832; obeyed the Gospel in 1849; emigrated to Utah in 1853; moved to American Fork in 1858, where she has resided until her death, beloved and respected by all who knew her. She leaves a husband and eight children, with a large circle of friends and acquaintances, to mourn her loss.—COM.

Millennial Star, please copy.

In this city, of consumption, Dec. 22nd 1876, HANS JEPPESEN.

Deceased was born October 28th, 1834, in Denmark; joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in that country in 1858; leaves a wife and two children.

Denmark papers, please copy.

In West Jordan, Dec. 13, 1876, of diphtheria, KEACHA VIOLET BRICKER, eldest daughter of William and Elizabeth Lather Bricker, aged 8 years, 11 months and 2 days.

This is the second daughter that I have lost with the same malady in two weeks.
W. B.

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