

To come, therefore, from such a region to a climate like this was a delightful change. It was a new sensation to be able to make one's bed on the ground in the open air without the least danger of having an attack of sickness therefrom; and conveniences were so few, covered wagons and tents being the only shelter until houses were erected, that the men and boys had frequently to do this, especially when engaged in canyo work. In a climate like that which the Saints left, such exposure and hardships as the people had to submit to here in the first settlement of Salt Lake City, destitute as they were of food, clothing and even bedding, would have more than decimated them—the children, especially, would have been cut down. But the health of these first settlers was extraordinary; it was seldom that any were sick, and deaths were very few. In drawing the contrast between the health of the people in those days and in these latter times, some have attributed the remarkable health of the people then to their living in a more primitive style than they do at present. The statement is frequently made that if our houses were not so well plastered and so close, and our tables were not so well supplied with the varieties of food which we now have, we would be more healthy than we are. The plain food, coarse unbolted flour, etc., and the airy habitations of the early days are pointed to as an evidence that health was more general under those conditions than it is now. There is, no doubt, considerable truth in this statement. It is merely to state an axiom to say that where people live much in the open air and have a simple diet they enjoy better health and are less liable to disease; but the health of the people in those days was not altogether due to these reasons. There were other reasons then why the people should have been so healthy.

The terrible journey from Nauvoo to Winter Quarters and the exposures and privations to which the people were subjected, were fruitful causes of many untimely deaths. Winter Quarters will never be forgotten by those who spent the winter of 1846-7 there. The want of vegetables made scurvy very common, and a great many yielded to disease and were buried in that bleak and dreary stopping place. By the time the companies of Latter-day Saints reached this valley in 1847, and afterwards in 1848, the weakly and delicate ones had fallen by the wayside. They had succumbed to the severity of their trials. The want of nutritious food, the scarcity of clothing and the exposure to the elements for want of suitable habitations, all had their effect upon the people. It required the toughest and most vigorous of constitutions, to live through those scenes. When the companies of 1847 and 1848 reached here, therefore, the members were the strongest and most healthy of all who had started on that great journey. In their cases it was literally "the survival of the fittest." Among such survivors it might reasonably be expected that there would be comparatively few deaths. After passing through those hardships they were in a condition to endure, without breaking down, the stinted

fare, the hard labor and the vicissitudes to which they were subjected in settling Great Salt Lake City. In dwelling upon the health of the people in those early days, therefore, if these causes are taken into consideration as well as the others to which allusion has been made, it may then appear that the good health was not all due to the primitive nature of the life which the settlers were compelled to lead.

Judging by the number of doctors there are in this country, one would scarcely think that it is very healthy now. But their presence is not a sure sign of it being a sickly region, although disease may be more likely to exhibit itself. Little ailments, that in the early settlement of this country would scarcely have been noticed, now assume a serious character in the eyes of families. A child that has some slight sickness, especially if it be the child of a newly married couple, creates anxiety in the breasts of the parents, and instead of having a recourse to mothers who have experience in caring for children, as was the fashion in earlier days, the doctor's advice is immediately sought. This has become the fashion, and the result is that our climate does not get the credit which it deserves for its salubrity, and our country is not supposed to be as healthy as it is. It is not very creditable to Latter-day Saints, making the professions which they do, to have such frequent recourse to doctors. They are without doubt useful in the community, and especially in cases requiring skillful surgery they are the means of doing great good. But it is easy for people to fall into the fashion of calling a doctor into their families upon every slight occasion, and instead of exercising the faith, and good judgment and care in nursing, which God requires at the hands of His Saints, drugs are resorted to. When once this disposition is yielded to, the inclination to seek that mode of relief increases until, instead of there being faith, there is an utter absence of it, and fears and doubts and uneasiness that can scarcely be controlled take possession of the mind.

Speaking of doctors, is it a good sign for so many of our young men to be turning their attention to the study of medicine? Numbers go East to study law, medicine and dentistry, but who hears of any turning their attention to the scientific study of agriculture? Yet there is a great field for usefulness in that direction. There is no more honorable or independent method of making a living than in the pursuit of agriculture. Of course men to succeed in that direction need to have a taste for the cultivation of the soil; but this taste it appears is not fostered as it should be. Agriculture lies at the foundation of the true prosperity of a nation, and that which is true of a nation is true of a community. There may not be so much money made by cultivating the ground as is made in some of the professions named, but it is a calling which leads to independence, and to every right feeling man it must always be a source of pleasure to know that he produces from the elements that which is necessary for the sustenance of himself and others.

NEITHER THIEF NOR SYY.

A man clad in Federal uniform and mounted on a broken-down horse stood gazing anxiously about him. He was tired and very hungry; his horse was in as bad a plight; the sun had set; where should he rest for the night?

Capt. Fairlie was one of Morgan's men. Indeed, he belonged to his staff. It was not a very enviable position at present, for Morgan had been captured, and his command, defeated, dispersed, were trying to find their way singly or in squads back into Dixie.

In the sacking of a lot of Government stores at the beginning of a raid, Capt. Fairlie had possessed himself of a Federal Captain's uniform and had donned it, with no thought of playing spy, but simply that it was new and his old faded. Now it would stand him in good stead in helping him to escape.

What should he do? Where should he go? He had left the turnpike and taken to a bridle path across a wood as safer. But the thought of camping there and going supperless to bed was sad indeed.

Just then a girl, mounted on a handsome thoroughbred, emerged from the woods and struck into the road a little ahead of him. Following this unconscious guide he had reached a house set back in a grove. The young lady had disappeared, but the traveler, rendered desperate by hunger, determined on a bold move. He would pass himself off for a Federal quartermaster purchasing forage, and that, he thought, would insure him a welcome. Whether the owner was Union or Confederate in his feelings no farmer would be adverse to selling hay.

He accordingly rode boldly up to the door and, dismounting, told the gentleman his business and was cordially invited to spend the night. His host proved to be a strong Unionist, and the danger he had run of having his hay snatched by Morgan's command now made him anxious to dispose of it before any further trouble threatened it. He found in Capt. Fairlie a very liberal business man; he agreed to pay a very good price for the hay, and to buy his entire crop.

This put Mr. Lane in a high good humor, and the visitor had every attention showed him, while his horse was taken round to the stable and cared for.

"He seems badly used up," observed Mr. Lane.

"I had the luck to run afoul of a squad of Morgan's men, and had to run for it. The rascals gave chase, though what they wanted to hamper themselves with me for I could not imagine. However, they quite used up my horse, for I did not hanker after their society."

"No; I should not; marauding wretches! I am indeed glad of the fate that has overtaken Morgan. I wish the whole crew could follow their general to the penitentiary. It is where they all belong."

"They would rather crowd the building," said Capt. Fairlie, laughing.

As they spoke Mr. Lane ushered his guest into the parlor, where his daughter sat playing the piano, and Capt. Fairlie at once recognized his guide. She bestowed upon the officer, when introduced, a cold bow and resumed her playing, though in a softer key.

"I wouldn't care if they did find the penitentiary snug quarters; pack them