

## A UNITED NATION.

It would have been very difficult to find a lingering remnant of our civil conflict possessed of sufficient distinctness to be observed, even before the war notes of the present struggle resounded throughout the land. When these began to wake the echoes and banish from the people any condition of lethargy which may previously have existed, there was no remnant, however faint or tenuous, left of the fratricidal strife. As when the tide of ocean makes its majestic swell out upon the beach, then up against the heights and prominences of the mainland, sweeping along all movable things and obscuring all others that it passes over, so did the quiet but impulsive uprising of this powerful republican empire overcome and obliterate all trace of the sectional lines which once were so prominent. As if by the manumitting wand of some mighty conjurer, the issues and divisions out of which arose domestic discord were swept aside, and harmony, union, determination, took their place. The state lines remain and separate governments are maintained, just as in a large but united family individuality in all respects is preserved; but there is no longer any pulling apart, any dissension or other reminder of what is past than what is found in libraries. There is now no North because it embraces the South, no East because it reaches out to and contains the West; it is all one and the same thing, the integers constituting a harmonious, magnificent whole.

Whom does the reader suppose was the first major general to be sworn in to service by reason of the reorganization of the army? None other than he whose sobriquet of "Fighting Joe" has made as well known as though the family name of Wheeler were added to it. The political establishment which once had temporary existence on this soil under the name of the Southern Confederacy had done precisely the thing which the government of the United States did yesterday. In the former capacity he was one of the most dashing, daring and adroit of all the men on horseback of a region which produced and produces such men in great multitudes, and under the Stars and Stripes it is not to be expected that his bravery will abate one jot or his energy one tittle, although more than thirty-three years have passed since he occupied a saddle as a hostile factor in a belligerent cause. Some men never do become old, but wear the outward expression of a soul supernatural and changeless until the mechanism runs down and the long night succeeds the cloudless day. So it is with Wheeler; and it is a fair presumption that in all the broad land none is more gratified than he that time and circumstance have brought to him the opportunity to be enrolled as a champion of union at home and honorable peace abroad. It may safely be predicted that the man will be found abreast of the occasion at all times; that he will well and truly magnify his calling.

All that is herein said of Wheeler is equally true of the one who was next sworn in as a major-general, Fitzhugh Lee. He is so well known throughout the land, is so thoroughly respected and so altogether popular that it is useless to enlarge upon his merits. He is one of the modern chevaliers without fear and without reproach, equally at home in the drawing room or on the field of battle. The Southern people will be none the less, but rather, if possible, more proud of him because he no longer belongs exclusively to them, but, like them, gives full and unstinted fealty to the flag and the nation. "Major-General Lee, U. S. A."

has a sound and an appearance that are significantly rhythmic.

Before the present outbreak it was the prediction of some of the Spanish newspapers, backed no doubt by hope on the part of those who made it as well as a great number of the people of that country, that the Southern States would now find the opportunity to accomplish what they could not during the four years ending in 1865, and that finding such an opportunity would embrace it. That hope had but a poor foundation to begin with. It was made of the stuff that dreams are made of and has been dissipated in the same way that dreams depart—by physical awakening. All the Southern quotas are filled with ten times as many more men ready and willing to go to the front at their country's command. "The brigadiers are again in the saddle," but it bodes no good for Spain that they are. "The Confederacy is about to arise"—yes; it has already arisen, but not in its fullness. The men who live in that part of our land which lies south of an imaginary line bearing the name of Mason & Dixon are in arms or prepared to be to a man, and ready and willing to keep as precise and advancing step to the "grand, glorious music of war" as any people in ancient or modern times that ever took up arms in defense of their own kind; and under the flag of freedom of the United States joined with the flag of liberty in Cuba, they will drive the despoilers and oppressors of that land into the sea.

## THE JULIA ANN WRECK.

Salt Lake City, April 22, 1898.  
In your issue of the 4th inst. I read an article under the caption, "A Perilous Sea Voyage," written by Brother Amasa Potter of Payson, Utah county. The article gives some interesting details of the loss of the bark Julia Ann, on which a small company of Saints emigrating from Australia to Utah had taken passage, in 1855. But as Elder Potter obtains some of his information from the memory of another party, it is but natural that inaccuracies should occur. Permit me, therefore to present to your readers in brief what, in my historical researches, I have gleaned from the most reliable sources concerning the unfortunate Julia Ann, which represents the only case of shipwreck that has ever occurred in the long history of Latter-day Saint emigration from foreign lands to their gathering places in America.

The American bark Julia Ann, Captain B. F. Pond, sailed from Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, Sept. 7, 1855, bound for San Francisco, Cal., with 56 souls on board. Twenty-eight of that number, including Elders James Graham and John S. Eldredge, two American missionaries returning home, were Latter-day Saints on their way to Utah. Elder John Penfold Sr. had been appointed by President Augustus Farnham to take charge of the company. The bark left the Sydney Heads at 2 o'clock p.m. with the wind blowing from the northeast. Rather rough weather was encountered for a few days, with strong winds from the east northeast, which caused considerable sea sickness. Otherwise the voyage was successful until the 3rd of October, about 9 o'clock p.m., when the vessel struck on the reefs off the Scilly Islands. Captain Pond, expecting to pass between Moptia and the Scilly Islands, had set the watch in the foretop. The log was hove about 8 o'clock p.m., and the bark was found to be making  $11\frac{1}{2}$  knots per hour. Shortly afterwards the sea became broken, and in about an hour the vessel with a tremendous crash dashed head on to a coral reef. She immediately swung around with her broadside to the reef,

and the sea made a complete breach over her at every swell.

Directly after she struck, Captain Pond ordered all the passengers into the after-cabin. A scene of indescribable confusion followed as the steerage passengers rushed into the cabin, and several mothers were seen holding their undressed children in their arms as they had snatched them from their slumbers. In a few moments the fear was in some measure allayed by a sailor who came to the cabin for a light, and who told the passengers that although the ship would be lost their lives would be saved, as they were close to the reef.

By the aid of the spanker boom and the expert swimming of one of the sailors, a rope was carried ashore and fastened to the reef, by means of which many succeeded in making their escape in comparative safety from the vessel. Five, however, were drowned, namely, Sister Eliza Harris and child, Sister Martha Humphreys and her daughter Mary, and Marion Anderson (daughter of Andrew Anderson), ten years old.

The noble and heroic disposition of Captain Pond was exhibited throughout the whole sad affair. While the crew was engaged in getting the passengers ashore, Mr. Owens, the second mate, was going to carry a bag containing eight thousand dollars belonging to the captain ashore. The captain ordered him to leave the money and carry a little girl ashore instead. He did so; the child was saved, but the money was lost.

Brother John McCarthy, one of the passengers, who furnished the editor of the Western Standard with a graphic description of the disaster, writes:

"I saw mothers nursing their babies in the midst of falling masts and broken spars, while the breakers were rolling twenty feet high over the wreck. One lady—Sister Harris—preparatory to leaving the ship with her two children, the eldest of which was two years old, tied the youngest, a babe six weeks old, to her breast; the vessel immediately afterwards broke in two across the main hatch, and the waters rushing in, engulfed herself and child amid the struggling waves and timbers of the wreck.

"There was another lady—Sister Humphreys—who had three children. When the vessel struck she told her friends to protect her children and convey them safely to Great Salt Lake City, for her earthly career was run. Shortly afterwards she, with one of her children, was swept by a sea into the foaming surf, and they were seen no more. There was also a young mother of seventeen, who manifested true courage during the dreadful scene; her husband took their child and lashed it to his back, and struggled to the reef on a rope, with his wife close behind him, and the three were saved unhurt. I must here remark, that amidst all these awful and appalling scenes, not a shriek of despair was heard from one of these mothers and children.

"By about midnight the principal part of the passengers had reached the reef, with the exception of Elder James Graham, and some of the brethren. Soon afterwards the vessel broke to pieces, and the part they were on was providentially carried high upon the rocks, and they were landed in safety. All hands reached the reef, excepting two women and three children who were drowned.

"With our bodies much lacerated by the sharp coral reef, and with a dreary waste of water without land in sight, our situation was a pitiable one; but when the light burst forth from the eastern horizon, we discovered at the distance of about twelve miles, the outline of the Scilly Isles. It was then ascertained that the vessel had struck on the southwest reef of these isles;