

upon a table in front of him, was to the effect that all men are born enemies to God, and are worthy of eternal condemnation to a place of everlasting torment resulting from the action of brimstonian flames. However, if at the very last moment of life the vile sinner would believe in the blood of the Savior he would go to a place of ever-enduring enjoyment. He spoke with great vehemence and did not seem to be at a loss for language with which to express his flaming thoughts, though his utterance was characterized by a strong English provincial accent. After dismissal one gentleman said to a fellow passenger:

"How did you like that man's sermon?"

"Vel, he vas a goot speaker, and his mout vas full of vorts."

The interrogator remarked that, considering the extent of the orifice that was full of words, the answer meant a good deal.

The sermon was unpopular, as none who heard it appeared to be anxious to stand in the relationship of "born enemies to God," and various uncharitable remarks were made concerning the preacher and his discourse. As a consequence his next service, a week later, was not so well attended as the first. At its close the old gentleman sent for six-penny-worth of brandy, which he swallowed in the presence of a large proportion of his congregation, somewhat to the astonishment of some of the people who composed it.

Two concerts were given in the first cabin saloon. In some respects they were highly enjoyable, because a portion, at least, of the talent exhibited on both occasions was of a very high order. Mr. Valentine Smith, a bright star in the musical world, was among the passengers, and at each entertainment delighted all who heard him with his splendid singing. He is the head of an English opera company which bears his name. It has been in existence three years and has made an excellent reputation in the United Kingdom. Mr. Smith had been on a visit to the United States to make arrangements for a professional tour. He purposes crossing the continent with his company, and if he does, Salt Lake will be one of the points where an engagement will be filled. Mr. Smith visited Utah on two occasions with the late Emma Abbott—not the last time that lady was there. When with the troupe of that talented vocalist he was known by the professional title of Signor Fabbrini. He is a tenor of great flexibility and volume. His execution, at one of the concerts on shipboard, of "The Anchor's Weighed," was masterly and created great enthusiasm among the listeners. One effect of his singing was to overshadow all the other performers, some of whom might otherwise have been considered good.

Among those who sought musical distinction on board was a young woman who had been connected with some sort of a theatrical company. She largely monopolized the saloon piano, on which she accompanied herself daily while she sang something that was unintelligible, the words being uttered without distinctness of articulation. She was afflicted with *vox tremula*, and when she rendered what

she deemed a vocal climax, the production resembled something between a shriek and a squall, causing the listener to experience a nervous sensation similar to that which ensues when a penknife is drawn sharply over the surface of a slate.

A passenger who has his shaving done by a barber and is unable to take off his own beard is sometimes in a predicament on shipboard where there is no tonsorial artist. The writer allowed his facial hairs to grow until he was in danger of appearing like the heavy villain of a sensational drama. Finally he found a steward who was willing to perform the barber act for him. As a rolling sea was on at the time the task was somewhat difficult. Besides the razor was blunt and the artist inexperienced. A Catholic priest who had passed through his hands had been observed a few moments before emerging from his room with his face partially peeled, and a map neatly drawn in red lines on his left cheek. This spectacle did not add to the comfort of the next proposed victim. When all was ready the amateur barber balanced on the corner of the cabin and made a dash at his subject with the razor. The operation was a little smoother than grubbing sagebrush, but not much. The victim asked the victimizer if he didn't think he could get along better if he used a crosscut saw. The gentlemanly fellow said, with gravity, "No, sir, I think not." He reminded one of Handy Andy, who took a large jug of hot water for shaving to the room of his master. The latter said, "Why do you not at once bring a bucketful?" Andy forthwith took away the jug and immediately returned with a stable bucket brimful of hot water. He was very matter of fact. The writer remarked to the steward: "As long as you don't sever my jugular vein I think I can stand it." "I do not think I will cut it, sir," was his stolid reply. During the balance of the voyage that beard was left to pursue the even tenor of its way.

Among the steerage passengers were three festive cowboys from the glowing west. One of them was a unique figure. He was a big, stoop-shouldered young fellow who had only recently stopped growing. He had evidently purchased his pantaloons before the fulness of his growth was obtained, as they clung to his lower limbs so that an observer was led to speculate as to how he could ever get them off or on without first oiling his legs. They had also crawled above his ankles. He was surmounted by the usual broad-brimmed hat. One of his companions wore his nether garments in such a slouchy way as to give him the appearance of being hobbled to prevent his running out of the ship into mid-Ocean. The trio brought with them from the western plains all the pugnacity with which their class is credited. They had several skirmish fights with other passengers, and in one instance a treaty of peace was entered into, the conditions of which were that the final settlement should be reached in Liverpool, the winner to receive fifty dollars. Doubtless when that town was touched each of the combatants would at once start out in opposite directions.

The writer had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of an editor of a paper published in an Irish country town. He did not appear to have a superabundance of ideality. His remarks seemed to make that impression at least. Aside from asking a few questions, his conversation seemed to simply consist of a greeting. Every time he met the writer he would say: "Well, how are you getting on?" This was repeated so frequently that a determination was formed to forestall him. Next time a meeting occurred the person encountered said: "Well, how are you getting on?" The Irish editor stood still for several seconds until his face lighted up as if a brilliant thought had struck him and he said: "Oh, very well. How are you getting on yourself?" Once he said: "By the way, what about Brigham Young. Didn't he go out to Utah and seize an immense tract of land?" It was explained to him that neither Brigham Young nor any other person could seize a large area of land in the United States. Even if he had a sack big enough to hold it, it couldn't be carried away. All citizens obtained possession of public lands by compliance with law and purchase. An attempt was also made to explain to the understanding of the questioner the magnitude of the work accomplished by Brigham Young as the leading founder of a great commonwealth, all of which, however, the interrogator did not seem to clearly understand. He next branched off to another subject, by saying: "Brigham Young had a number of wives, had he not? How did his family get along? They quarreled, did they not? I don't see how they could get along. How was that?"

"There is an obstacle in the way of my answering that question."

"What is that?"

"I always had an idea that a man's domestic concerns were his own property, and did not think it was my business to inquire into those of President Brigham Young. Consequently, I am not in possession of the information you seek."

There ensued a brilliant flash of silence, which was finally broken by a revolution in the tenor of the conversation, which soon terminated.

Altogether the voyage was a pleasant one, there being many agreeable and polite people on board. The officers and all hands connected with the ship were attentive to the passengers and did all in their power to make them comfortable. The passage was somewhat lengthy, a little over eleven days, twenty-four hours having been lost by the inadventitious shipping of an inferior article of American coal. The engineer was out of temper all the way in consequence, but the heat he displayed in that way had no perceptible influence in increasing the pressure of steam. Captain Worrall is every inch a seaman. During the prevalence of a fog, which prevailed for two or three days of the last end of the trip, he remained sleeplessly at his post, in case a collision with some outgoing vessel might occur.

A great many people are acquainted with Mr. Ramsden, Gulon & Co.'s Liverpool agent. He is still at his post, and although his health has