

Horrors of War and Plague Told By a Salt Lake Woman

MAY 10, 1861, the day when the government was to come into possession of the cannon at Camp Jackson, will ever be remembered by the citizens of St. Louis. Camp Jackson, situated south and west of the city was the scene of a battle. It was not thought to be a time of danger. Hundreds of people went out to witness the federal troops take the fort. A verse of Jingle of that time occurs to my mind, which expresses the southern sentiment of some of the people.

"Twas on the tenth of May,
Kelly's men were all away,
The Dutch surrounded Camp Jackson;
Lynn was there with Beauregard and Blair.

To drive them from the happy land of Canaan."

"Neither my parents nor myself went out to Camp Jackson. I was too young to realize what the proceedings of the day meant. But as the day progressed, a heavy feeling, a feeling of dark foreboding filled the air, fell on the people who remained in the city, yet no one surmised what it meant. Wild rumors were brought in before the close of the day, that the Dutch (as they were called) had, without word of command, when some one shouted 'Hurrah for Jeff Davis,' fired into the populace, composed of innocent men, women and children, spectators who were watching the surrender of the cannon, killing and wounding more than a score of them. Excitement was unbounded, as the dead and dying were brought into the city.

I well remember a young girl, named Ellen Summers, about 16 years of age who was killed, also the babe of an acquaintance killed while sleeping on her breast, and two young men, members of our Bible class, Jerome Doromy and John Dickinson, one carelessly leaning on the shoulder of the other. A shot penetrated the leg of the last named, and he eventually recovered. I was not acquainted with a frenzy seized the minds of the people, and disorder reigned, which resulted in the city being placed under martial law.

My parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. George Dunford sailed for England with the younger children during this time of trouble, to be present at the opening of the Crystal Palace in London, leaving their business in the care of the head clerk, John Doyle, the books and their home in charge of myself.

While the city was under martial law, all business was suspended at 4 p. m., and all the men, (they had been drafted into the militia,) drilled for two or three hours each day.

It was a time of danger and suspense of war and bloodshed. A time of dread, too, for sometimes an irresponsible person, would shout out at some gathering of the people "Hurrah for Jeff Davis," thus precipitating disturbance and bloodshed, and the police, (Greatest street one of them, a shocking place to incarcerate people in,) were full of prisoners, who were never brought to trial, and spent years in such dungeons where death alone brought release. Perhaps some of them had shouted for "Jeff Davis," and if one had an enemy whom they were wishing to get even with, the word was whispered, where it would cause the arrest and imprisonment even of innocent people, whom the informers said had southern sympathies.

Missouri was a slave state, and feel-

ings ran high, and the vote of the legislature to secede from the Union was a close one. Missouri wavered, faltered, but she remained in the Union of states.

About this time Gov. Jackson ran away with the school fund; it was subsequently returned, but not before both the grammar grades and the high school pupils had to pay tuition to help run the schools. Things were somewhat quiet when my parents returned. Martial law was raised, and I again continued my studies at the high school. About this time, Mr. George A. Alder, afterwards my husband, joined the Union forces and was sent south to the front. Business was prostrated by all these events, so that property was only worth half of its value, with no buyers.

A fierce battle was fought 20 miles from St. Louis, in which Gen. Lyon was killed. When the dead and wounded were brought in to St. Louis, a whole row of empty stores on Fourth street were converted into an impromptu hospital, and some of the ladies of St. Louis installed as nurses. The matrons took charge, and the young girls assisted them. We were asked to pick lint, which we did, taking table cloths, napkins and towels, and rolling the lint into large balls, to dress the wounds of the soldiers. The sight at the hospitals was a pitiful one, each suffering on his cot, writhing in pain, or with glazing eyes, was some mother's darling boy.

St. Louis was a military center, the troops constantly coming in for furnishings, and leaving for their fields. As the shades of evening fell on one side of the city, could be heard the tramp, tramp of soldiers, singing "The Battle Cry of Freedom," and others, leaving by another side, still singing the strains of the same song, which gradually grew fainter in the distance, till they died away.

In the spring of 1864, an immense fair was held in St. Louis for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers, called the Mississippi Valley Sanitary fair. More than a city block was taken in the western part of the city, and temporary wooden buildings erected, both commodious and handsome. There were Dutch ovens (Holland), Yankee litchens, a huge chance wheel, a shoe, about six feet long, filled with every variety and size of dolls, in which sat Nellie Grant, now Mrs. Sorotis, daughter of Gen. Grant, who was the mother of "so many children, she did not know what to do," booths where all manner of things were sold, and every device that could be thought of for raising funds for this worthy cause. The ladies of the churches were in charge of their respective lady church members. I labored under the direction of Mrs. Cousins, wife of the chief of police, and her daughter, Miss Phoebe Cousins, the lecturer, who also sang in the church choir, and was one of the soliciting committee. All of whom had an official book, wherein each one stated his gift and the amount, also assisted at the fair during the 10 days it was open.

Over \$100,000 was made. St. Louis did herself proud, and we were proud of her and our work. To the stated sum was added the amount realized from the sale of the buildings which augmented it considerably.

Thus was I early brought in contact with the horrors of war, and I have said I never wanted to see another, nor the grief, suffering and tears it entails. For instance, we had a domestic in the



UTAH AND IDAHO GRADUATES FROM THE 1909 CLASS OF THE NORTHWESTERN MEDICAL UNIVERSITY, CHICAGO, ILL.

Reading from left to right—Top row: Otto H. Jeppeson, Brigham City; Philemon Kelly, American Fork; Clarence Openshaw, Salt Lake City; Thomas Ray Gledhill, Richfield, Utah; Pehr W. Eliason, Moroni, Utah; Fred M. Ray, Malad, Idaho.

Bottom row: Casper W. Pond, Thatcher, Idaho; Edwin S. Budge, Paris, Idaho; H. Smith Woolley, Paris, Idaho.

family, a woman whose husband had gone to the war. One day, when I returned from school, I found a distressing scene. Maggie had received word her husband had been killed. "O if he would only come back," she wailed, "he might read all the novels he liked." It appeared he had been a cobbler by trade, but worked at reading novels while his wife was in need of even the necessities of life.

Another gloomy time in St. Louis was when President Lincoln was assassinated; though the sun was shining, yet it was black as midnight. At the time of his funeral everyone repaired to church, where sermons were preached and hymns sung in memory of the illustrious dead.

I have seen the negro sold at the block, and publicly whipped at the

whipping post, for which his owner paid; I have known them in the home, have seen them bond and free, and thank God for the latter. I have felt the spirit of war, and bloodshed, and seen pestilence follow in their wake, when crepe was hanging from a dozen doors in one block, and cholera stalked abroad in the city. Gathering in its hundreds in a day; when no hearse could be obtained, but an express wagon, or a dray, passed down the street, and each one loaded on his dead, with none to help him.

People become injured to grief, and sorrow. This hour the dead were through their suffering, the next might be the bereaved one's turn.

O the horrors of war and pestilence! How beautiful the white dove of peace!

LYDIA D. ALDER.

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STATE TRACK MEET
At Logan, May 15th. Excursion via Oregon Short Line. Round trip \$2.50. Special train will leave Salt Lake 8:30 a. m., returning, leave Logan at 8:30 p. m.

SALT LAKERS IN GOTHAM

(Special Correspondence.)
NEW YORK, May 9.—Saturday and today conference for the mission presidents is being held at mission headquarters and at Hawthorn hall. President Rich's arrival Thursday evening from Salt Lake, Chicago and Chattanooga, has been the keynote for great activity around headquarters and a number of elders with their presidents have come into the city to attend the meetings. President Rich's trip west has been an extended one, business keeping him in the west and south longer than he anticipated.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Richards arrived a week ago and are staying with Mr. and Mrs. T. Dewey Richards on west One Hundred and Forty-fourth street. It is another family reunion. Mr. and Mrs. Richards are making the trip east as they do once or twice a year to visit with their relatives.

Last Monday Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Russell moved into a furnished apartment for a few weeks at 619 west One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street, very near River Side drive. Boarding houses and hotels are not the most convenient places to live and furnished apartments are easy to obtain this time of year. Mr. Russell is busy all the time, frequently being obliged to leave town for the day on newspaper business, and it is pleasant to have wife and baby situated near their home place.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrill Nibley who are on their wedding trip to Europe passed through the city and stayed three days with their sister, Miss Rea Nibley, and visited with Mrs. Nibley's niece, Mrs. Isaac Russell. Their time being limited, theaters and auto rides were the chief amusement. Saturday morning as the Cedric pulled out Mr. and Mrs. Nibley, who were passengers, were smiling and waving adieu to friends on shore. They expect to be abroad three or four weeks, returning to America in the early autumn and several of the important cities not seen on their out going trip will be visited on their way back home.

Saturday morning Mr. Joel Nibley arrived in the city too late to see the departure of his brother and wife—he will be here several days with his sister, Miss Nibley.

Tuesday afternoon the Misses Rea Nibley, Mae Scowcroft and Telitha Browning gave a matinee party at the Colonial to Miss Boss Price, previous to her departure for her western home. The Misses Louise and Claudia Holt, Miss Nan Clawson, Mrs. City Squires and Miss Leslie Woodruff were also of the party.

In about three weeks Miss Claudia Holt expects to give a song recital at her teacher's studio. Prof. Laurisons has urged her to give this before leaving for home and Miss Holt's friends have all expected her to do this some time in May or June. Mrs. Rockwell, a friend of the Misses Holt and devoted music lover, gave a reception last Tuesday at which Miss Holt sang before several critics who expressed great hopes for her future in a musical way.

Mr. Albert Scowcroft of Ogden, who came in from the west Wednesday to purchase goods for his firm, with his niece—Miss Mae Scowcroft—gave a dinner and theater party to their friends, Miss Telitha Browning and Mr. and Mrs. Stuart M. Kohn. Mr. Scowcroft

is staying at the Imperial and will be here for several weeks.

Among the ten conference presidents at conference today was Elder Samuel Gerard, now president of the Boston conference. Elder Gerard labored for a short time in the Brooklyn conference until sent to preside over the New England branch. Elder Dredge was also present, he having labored in the Brooklyn conference, but is now presiding in East Pennsylvania. President Rich called upon several of the conference presidents to speak at today's services. Oscar Kirkham sang a sacred solo, and Miss Nora Eliason and R. C. Easton sang a duet. A fine meeting was held. Elder Joseph Kimball addressed the congregation for a short time. There was a big attendance from Brooklyn, Ocean Side and Newark. Mrs. Anthony E. Jacobson, a lady missionary, was called by President Rich to address the meeting, which she did, and made a most agreeable impression on all who heard her. Elder Jacobson and wife are laboring in Pittsburgh.

Elder John G. Allred of Philadelphia and Elder Page, who is just returning from Europe—having visited Turkey and the orient, were also visitors and interested spectators at the afternoon services.

Saturday evening the Canadians gave their last entertainment of the season with buffet supper, at Delmonico's on Fifth avenue. The soloists of the evening were Miss Nora Eliason and R. C. Easton. Both sang several solos and three duets. It was the first time Miss Eliason has sung before the Scotch people, and the impression she made upon all was most pleasing. Her solos were applauded, encores being demanded. The duets were warmly received, also Mr. Easton's solos, he being a favorite with all the Scotch societies in the city, musically and artistically. It was a great triumph for the artists. Mr. A. M. Durham and Mr. Call were the accompanists.

Manager George D. Pyper of the Salt Lake Theater and John D. Owen of Poulton-Madsen-Owen & Co., arrived in the city Thursday morning and are staying at the Gregorian, West Thirty-fifth street. Messrs. Pyper and Owen were chapel visitors today. Mr. Pyper spoke to the people for some time very interestingly on Sunday school matters. Both gentlemen are here on business, Mr. Owen for his firm and Mr. Pyper on theatrical bookings. Mr. Pyper has a broad smile while here, one that refuses to come off, at the happy ending of the Peace theatrical—Klaw & Erlanger-Belasco & Plske consolidation. Like all managers he knows the benefit derived from such a union and his bookings will be delightful chance to the "Salt Lake" patrons the coming season. Everything points to a successful theatrical year out west as well as east. Mr. Pyper and Mr. Owen expect to be here about 10 days longer.

Today's Sun and the last week's Musical Courier, give considerable space to the young American singer "Emma Gates" who has made such a fine impression on Berlin critics and the public in her two public appearances in "Der Freischutz" and "Mignon." The fact that Miss Gates has "arrived" after so much hard study and perseverance on her part has brought great satisfaction to her many friends here as well as in Salt Lake. JANET.

There may be other Sales

But there is no such Sale as now being held by the FREED FURNITURE AND CARPET COMPANY. The past two weeks have been awfully busy ones, but we intend to make the coming week just as busy. We have made further reductions throughout our Entire Stock, every article in the house has been re-marked on A YELLOW TICKET. We have received several Carloads of furniture this past week and all go in this Sale.

TO YOU MR. AND MRS. BUYER we suggest go to the other stores where they have Sales, look and get their prices then come to us and compare our prices on our BIG CLEAN, NEW AND UP-TO-DATE stock of FURNITURE, CARPETS and all kinds of household goods; you will then be able to prove to your own satisfaction who has the best goods for the money.

DO NOT BUY at the first place you go to; in justice to yourself come here and see what we have to offer you. Our stock is large, we have over 5000 different pieces of Furniture to show you, we have without doubt the finest assortment of FURNITURE AND CARPETS ever shown in the city.

TO OUR MUTUAL INTEREST, BE SURE TO VISIT US NEXT WEEK.

WE POSITIVELY WILL UNDERSSELL ALL COMPETITORS NEXT WEEK.

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