

subdued by the aid of two powerful pumps, one for pumping into the vessel the other for pumping out, and by throwing wet blankets over the hatchway. The sailors continued pumping for some time after all danger was past until the report was given out that the ship was leaking, and sure enough to all appearance she was. The engineer stood by the engine, which was below the main deck, up to his ankles in salt water, driving the machine for all it was worth, and he succeeded in landing her safe in the harbor of Brest, a naval station on the coast of France. It turned out, on investigation, that the chief carpenter, who had charge of the pumps, had kept the wrong pump going, and instead of pumping water out of the ship they were pumping water in as hard as "Old Harry" would let them. The fire was caused either from ignorance or neglect of the engineer in charge, in allowing one of the boilers to get so low in water as to burn out some of the upper tubes and set fire to the wood-work in close proximity. Here we were detained for three days while a gang of French boiler makers were repairing the damage. Three days after leaving Brest the engines, which made but slow progress from the first, refused to work, and for the next 24 hours we had to sail under canvas, until a large steamer steering the same course took us in tow for two days more. From that time on it was a continued succession of breakdowns and stoppages. The main bearings of the engines had to be kept cool by a continual stream from the sea-water hose. In consequence of these delays we ran short of water and having so many horses on board they had to drink condensed water from the boilers before it had time to cool enough to be drinkable. During the voyage out we lost one man overboard. Boats were lowered to search for but did not find him, and it could not be ascertained whether it was an accident or suicide. When nearing Yarna we were suddenly aroused from slumber, about one o'clock a.m., by an alarm that one of the boilers was about to burst. A number of the crew made for the fore-castle, as far from the boiler room as possible, and waited until word came that the danger was averted by withdrawing the fire from underneath. The smoke and steam were stifling in the operation. We arrived at Balaklava, at the end of the sixth week, on a Saturday evening in time to witness a grand illumination in the sky, in all directions of Sebastopol. The news came on board that the light was from the flames of the enemy's shipping in the harbor, set on fire by the Russians themselves, and towards noon further news was brought that the last stronghold, the Malakoff and the Russian Towers, were in possession of the French and English and Sebastopol was taken. This put an end to the war, after a two years hard struggle, despite the predictions of both Army and Navy that the war would be finished in six months.

It took the *Transit* six weeks to reach Balaklava, while the steamer *Himalaya* accomplished the same distance, with a cargo of troops, in eleven days and some hours. About 14 or 15 of our horses died, and the remainder were sent to useless by poor feeding, and drinking hot condensed water for one half of the way. After landing our troops, and what remained of the animals, we got orders to proceed to Scutari and take home invalid soldiers to England; which occupied our attention for six weeks more on the trip home. During the homeward trip one accident happened fatally to one of the soldiers; while walking along the main deck, and when opposite the engine hatchway, the ship gave a lurch and pitched him clear over the hatchway on top of the engine, crushing both legs before the engine could be stopped; he died in twenty minutes after. Two cases of that barbarous practice of the British Navy took place on the outward trip, hogging with the cut o'line knife; one of the most revolting spectacles that a sensitive person could be called on to witness.

Very respectfully,
A. CROLL.

Editor Deseret News:

It is not often that a Latter-day Saint can thank the Lord for anything that Mr. Dickson does, but positively after reading his effusion at the rink, I feel that way, and feel encouraged to persevere in the work in which we are engaged. The whole of his tirade could be summed up in the word "defeated." With a pliant judge, a packed jury with whom it mattered little what evidence might be offered, the verdict would be the same, with every rule of evidence reversed, with no legal rights allowed to anyone who opposed him, he has to acknowledge himself beaten. He reminds me of an individual who kept a store for some time, and then when he failed was bewailing his bad fortune to one of his clerks. Said he, "With all our short weight, cheap goods, and with all our lying and swindling whenever we had the chance we are busted after all."

The parsons tried us at one time but they have learned to let us alone, knowing that they will only be beaten. They have called for laws and the lawyers, and these after trampling on the Constitution and proving themselves traitors to the Government they profess to represent, acknowledge their defeat and call on the soldiers.

What next? What a pity it is that W. D. has not the power of Torquemada, I have no doubt he would aim

to rival him and have roast "Mormon" for breakfast. Bishop Bowen is said to have enjoyed the scent of roasted heretic.

Now, honestly, is there a man who has served his time in the Pen would change his place with Mr. D. If they had the power? They at least have the respect of themselves and their friends Mr. D. seems to have neither.

It was certainly unkind in that lady whom he mentioned that she did not inquire into the paternity of her daughter's child, but perhaps she thought like a man who was called as a witness in a case of assault but in an opposite direction.

Said one of the lawyers to him after some other questions, "How far were you from the complainant when the accused struck him?"

"Six feet ten inches and three quarters."

"Indeed, said the lawyer," thinking he had him in a corner, "and how came you to know so exactly as that?"

"Why," said the witness, "I say to myself, I had better measure this for I expect some fool of a lawyer will ask the question and I just took my rule out and measured it."

It seems unkind that after all the trouble and hard work, the appropriations should be cut down as they have been. It seems like a want of appreciation of the great and glorious (?) work of the friends and their assistants, such as fetching parties from Springfield and Provo to Salt Lake City for the benefit of the railroads, pet anti-"Mormon" U. S. Commissioners and others.

Cheyenne, August 10th, 1886.

Elders Arrested by Maories—Progress of the Work—Curious Customs.

Hastings, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, July 13, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

Some time ago two of our Elders, Elias Johnson, son of Bishop Johnson, of Provo, and Ephraim Maceby were arrested by some hostile Maories and tied to a fence for about three hours. They were then unbound and taken to their captors, Pah (village), and guarded for three days. At the end of that time they were liberated with a threat that it would be worse for them if caught there again. The affair was taken before the courts, but a minister of one of the Christian (?) churches was the judge before whom it was tried, and he dismissed the case as frivolous, at the same time asking Brother Johnson if his church did not practice polygamy. The Elder told him he thought the question had not anything to do with the case before the court, and was told if he did not answer he would be fined for contempt, and at the same time the preacher-judge further insulted the brethren. Since then, Mr. Ballance, a leading man in Parliament, and native minister, was called to the place where this occurred, and his speech on the subject does him great honor. He told them the "Mormons" must be left alone, and so long as they did not break any law of the land they would be protected by the government. "If you shed the blood of these Elders it will be the seed of their church, and it will spring up and grow all over the land." He told them other churches had persecuted them for years, and it had caused them to grow, and if they continued to do so their faith would spread over all lands and they would "fill the whole earth." All intelligent men were against this spirit of persecution. To him the "Mormon" religion had but one bad feature in it; that was plural marriage, and the intelligence of the age was against it. There was one article of their faith that he admired: They believed in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law. He said as long as they observe these articles of faith there will be no difficulty. "You must not persecute them. If you do the government will punish you." I got these facts from a leading Maori who had written them down.

The work of God continues to roll along among this strange but interesting people, and we have added as many as 23 to the Church in one day in this district, and they are among the finest men of the Maori nation. It is strange that most of our converts are leaders among their own people. This is my fourth mission, and it is very different from any of the others. My traveling companion, Amasa Aldrich, is a young man from the same town as myself, Mount Pleasant, and is one of the best Maori speakers on the island to-day.

The Maories are very religious as a people. They hold public Karaka (prayer meetings) every morning and evening—before breakfast and after supper. The exercises consist of singing a hymn, reading a chapter in the Bible, prayer and giving such instructions as the Holy Spirit dictates. We are called together by the ringing of the bell—a cow bell answers where they have no other. The Bible is the only book they read and they know it almost by heart. They are all preachers—men, women and children. Our traveling is all done on horseback, and we can always tell what kind of a reception we shall meet from the sounds that greet us some distance before we reach the pah. Haere mai! Haere mai! is the sound that tells us we are welcome, and the more vigorous the call the greater the welcome. If we had been absent for some time—five or six weeks

—we have to hanga (rub noses), and I have not been ashamed to hanga with them, even in the streets and cities of the pakeha (white man). Of their haka (war dance) and their hanga (weeping for the dead) I have not time to write now.

I have enjoyed my mission, although my health has not been as good as I could wish. I thank God I am His servant, hunting out Israel from the dens and caves of the earth, for such they truly are. And the promises made to me by the Lord through his servants could not have been fulfilled without this mission.

Yours in the truth,
EDWARD CLIFF.

A SOUTHERN UTAH BASE BALL MATCH.

PANGUITCH, Garfield Co. Utah, July 31, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

The base ball enthusiasts of this part of our fair Territory, were offered superior attractions on the 26th inst., at the Pangutch Lake in Garfield Co., where, between five and six hundred people assembled to witness a series of three games of base ball between the Pangutch and St. George Clubs, for the championship of Southern Utah.

It was a grand contest, and the vast assemblage were kept in a high state of excitement from the start to the finish. The light sky and delightful weather conducted largely to the gathering of a large number of people from the adjacent settlements. Among whom were many ladies in summer costumes, light in color and texture, ornamented with gay ribbons, and presenting a pretty picture of beauty, beautifully adorned. The ladies, too, were among the most enthusiastic during the game, and half-suppressed laughter could be audibly heard, as some usually sedate Miss became rapturously boisterous over a particularly brilliant play. Her immediate friends and acquaintances would laugh at her antics of delight. As for the male portion of the assemblage, it went wild at times. The game began at 2 p. m., with Pangutch at the bat. The pitching of Evans and Owens, was a fine feature of the game, and the batting was excellent. After two hours and twenty minutes the game was easily won by the Pangutch Club.

Promptly at 9 a. m. on the morning of the 27th inst., both "Nines" stepped upon the field, each player looking confident of success. At the call of play the Pangutchites, for the second time, went in to bat, and led off with some magnificent batting, which was neatly and artistically fielded by the Dixiettes. A long and stubborn game took place, during which the Pangutch boys had the sad misfortune to get their pitcher, catcher, first baseman, and one of the fielders, seriously crippled: which, as a matter of fact, to a great extent, retarded their progress in the game, and greatly diminished their chances of success. But nevertheless, the Pangutch nine held together with astonishing tenacity. But at the close of the ninth inning, they succumbed to the inevitable, and the visitors were hailed the victors of the second game of the series, amid tremendous applause.

At 3:30 p. m., came the "flux of war," the third and deciding game. Play being called, the Pangutch club again picked up the "ash," and assumed the defense, and as is characteristic of the home team, wielded the bat in fine shape. In this game it was really amusing to witness the Pangutch nine, (those disabled), huddle up to the plate when called to strike, accompanied by a substitute to attend to the running—strike, retire, and with words of encouragement cheer their "sub." This was by far the most exciting game of the series, and was manfully contested by both clubs. The home team led the score to the close of the sixth inning, when the Dixie men took a spurt; and through some pretty plays made in the out-field, put a quictus on the anticipated victory of the Pangutch nine, (or cripples), and compelled them to retire on the seventh and eighth inning with two blanks. This unexpected turn of affairs, practically decided the match; and after two hours and forty minutes duration, victory for the second time, perched upon the banner of the visitors, amid the wildest kind of excitement, and unbounded applause.

In justice to the Pangutch club, be it said, that they played under damming circumstances, from the fact that in the early part of the second game, their four principal positions were disabled, and rendered "hors de combat," and their regular man to occupy the "box" was absent. On taking these facts into consideration, we think the defeated nine made a remarkably good showing, displaying nerve to the bitter end.

We would make special mention of the splendid catching behind the bat, of Mr. George Riding of the St. George nine, and the fielding of Messrs. A. R. Whitehead, and A. W. Evans, all of which was first-class. Also the catching of Mr. Jno. A. Lee; the pitching of W. T. Owen, and the fielding in general of other players of the home team, which were notable features of the game.

The band put in an appearance and discoursed some fine music, which was highly appreciated by all present. The best of order and good feelings prevailed throughout the entire match.

The umpire, I. W. Imby, Esq., of Pangutch filled this responsible and laborious position to the entire satisfaction of both players and spectators. Thus ended one of the most notable match games of base ball ever witnessed in Southern Utah; and to-day,

the St. George base ball club of Washington Co., are acknowledged Champions of the "Diamond" in Southern Utah, which title they fairly won and richly deserve.

Respectfully,
JOHN M. DUNNING.

NOTES FROM A MISSIONARY—NOTICE TO GET OUT—A PHENOMENAL GIRL AND WOMAN.

SPRUCE PINE, Franklin Co., Ala., August 2th, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

On the 26th of June we were agreeably surprised to meet Elder Arthur O. Lee of Panaca, Nevada, direct from Salt Lake.

The health of the Elders is generally good, and a reasonable amount of good is being accomplished, though very few have obeyed the Gospel in this conference this season. However, there is good being done from the fact that the enemy is quite active in opposing the Elders in their efforts to spread the truth. The following notice, which is given exactly as it was, fell into our hands a few days since, through the medium of one of our friends:

"State of Ala July the 4 1886 fair warning to All morious preachers we the peple of this cuntry will let you pas one time more but the second time will gi you what you need we are gittin tired of your lofun up and Down this road."

For the past month the people's minds have been wholly occupied with politics, but there will probably be a calm after the election, which takes place to-day.

There has been quite a stir occasioned by a twelve-year-old girl at Vernon, Lamar County, who, it is said, was very sick, the physicians being unable to relieve her. She stated that she was going to die and after being dead one hour would revive. Life was apparently extinct until the expiration of the hour, when she began to show signs of life. She soon gained sufficient strength to get up, whereupon she went to the door and began preaching, stating that she had been to heaven and saw God and sang with the angels. She further stated that God previously appeared to her in the tobacco patch and commanded her to warn the wicked to flee from the wrath to come, which she did not do and God sent a judgment on her for disobedience. Her talk continued from five in the evening till midnight. Since the above statement appeared a correspondent of the Fayette Journal contradicted it, stating that her pulse beat regularly and her preaching was an idle prettling.

By private letter to Elder Campbell from Mississippi, we learn that a woman residing in Pontotoc Co., of that State, claims to have had a revelation to squelch "Mormonism." She succeeded in breaking up a meeting and a Sunday school. There is strong talk of her being reported to the grand jury on a charge of being non compos mentis. It is claimed by some that this is in fulfillment of the second chapter of the Prophet Joel.

During the month of July the farmers apprehended a failure of crops owing to the scarcity of rain, but their fears were somewhat alleviated by a nice shower yesterday and another to-day.

G. W. BAKER, JR.

DIPHTHERIA AT UPTON.

UPTON, Summit County, August 9th, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

The family of M. T. Staley has been called upon to mourn the death of two children, aged three and five years, a son and daughter, by the dread disease diphtheria. We chronicled in your columns a few days ago the deaths of three children of Brother Wm. Staley; thus five children have been taken away by this disease in the short space of two weeks, causing a cloud of sorrow to come over the entire settlement. Great care is being taken to check the spread of the disease.

Our grain crop is light. Hay is very good. The late rain has revived the crops. Should the frost keep off we may anticipate a good harvest.

BISHOP JOHN CLARK.

Interesting Communication from One of the Brethren in Prison at Detroit.

DETROIT HOUSE OF CORRECTION, Michigan, July 30, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

Many of my friends asked me when I left my home in Idaho to write to them. But a rule here only permits me to write once a month. I therefore request you to publish this letter, requesting my friends to be satisfied with this mode of filling my promised to them.

On May 20th, 1886, we arrived about sundown, at Detroit railroad station, from which we were transported in a wagon (11 Elders and two Chinamen) to the prison and ushered into the presence of a registrar to whom we gave our religion and our occupation. After our pockets were relieved of their contents we were weighed. Next we were taken to the barber shop and shorn of hair and beard and washed clean from dust. We then donned a dark gray suit of clothes and a round cap was placed on our now nearly bald heads. By courtesy of the officers we were permitted to use our own

under garments, our underclothing is washed and a change regularly brought in on Sundays. We had our supper and were then escorted to our cell apartments 7x4, with iron grating doors, opening out to a balcony leading around the cages, which are well ventilated and airy, pretty well lighted and kept clean. An iron bedstead hangs to the wall, with a straw tick, straw pillow and a pair of blankets. There are also a spittoon, a chair and an iron bucket. These constitute the furnishing. Some cells have two beds and occupants.

When the heavy iron doors were locked behind me I could not help but utter: "O God, should I at this stage of life, with out any crime against God, man or dumb animal, be lodged in a felon's cell," and as I bowed down on the stone floor pouring out my heart's desire in prayer to my Father in heaven, tears streamed from my eyes. This relieved me and I became calmer. I reflected this way: "Jesus, thy Master, was a prisoner. He was spit upon and called bad names, and His word was: 'I have they called the Master Belzezebub, how much shall they call his housefolks,' and I felt constrained to pray: 'Father, forgive those that unjustly and severely deal with Thy servants, for they know not what they do, being blinded by the craftiness of men—cunning hireling priests and political tricksters, who think they can gain popularity, office and above all, a few dollars.' Truly the Latter-day Saints can hold this thing out as long as the prosecutors can, as we have the eternity to gain. What we now loose will be given us back an hundred fold. What does the government gain? Nothing. Who gains by the legal segregation process? Echo answers: the Prosecuting Attorney receives a stated amount for every indictment carried to conviction. I do not know whether the grand jury gets any of the spoils, but I have found them ready and willing to indict on perjury committed by deputy marshals and lying commissioners, and can prove what I say, and intend to use the proofs some day, when the Lord Jesus Christ calls for evidence against these now glorious personages.

But, to come back again to my story: On Sunday, the 30th of May, our food was brought us and we were permitted to rest our weary bodies after our journey. Monday morning we were called out and the general rules read to us. They are about as follows: You are not allowed to communicate with your fellow prisoners, neither by word nor writing. Always look to your overseer or officer. Be obedient and clever and five days a month good time will be allowed.

After this we were separate and sent to different shops, and, up to date, some of the party I have not seen since, do not know whether they are living or dead, but hope they are all well, although a good deal of sickness exists. We are generally working ten hours a day at the shops, making all kinds of chairs. Food is plentiful and there is a good variety. We take our meals in a large room furnished with seats and tables, I should judge, for over five hundred persons. It is full most of the time, and sometimes crowded. Everything is orderly and proper and the officers enforce strict discipline in everything, which is much needed, as they sometimes have to deal with hard characters. On Sundays several denominations hold service in the Prison Church (to which we are marched) inside of the prison, with the men in one large room and I suppose females in the gallery, which, however, is curtained. There is plenty of reading matter furnished to prisoners for Sunday perusal. I have my Church books always in my cell, a privilege I appreciate. My heart swelled with joy when I read about the good time enjoyed by my brethren in the Utah "Pen" on the 4th of July.

Time passes slowly 2,000 miles from friends and home, but through the mercy of God bearing my prayers, I rejoice in the Gospel of Jesus, and say to my family and friends: be humble and true. God reigns over nations and directs the destiny of Zion, which all do not have in their hearts, and we have not always been as humble as we ought to be.

Your brother in the Gospel,
NEILS GRAHAM.

Did you Sup-

pose Mustang Liniment only good for horses? It is for inflammation of all flesh.

LOST.

A LARGE LIGHT BAY MARE, 6 YEARS old, with a very long body, a large head, slightly roman nose, small star in forehead, branded X on left shoulder. The mare strayed from farm at South Point, with halter on, and was last heard from going north through Sandy. Likely making for old range in Morgan County. Any person giving information concerning said animal will be suitably rewarded.

JOHN W. TAYLOR,
25 Quince St., Salt Lake City.