

evening air that we are reminded of being in the sunny South.

Since we have been here, ten batteries of light artillery, the Ninth cavalry and the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth regiments of infantry have left for Tampa, Fla. Still here are the First, Second, Third, Sixth and Tenth cavalries, and the Second, Seventh, Eighth, Twelfth and Sixteenth infantry regiments, and we are expecting a large number of volunteer troops at this point of mobilization. Every regiment has its squads of recruits drilling daily. There are a few foreign officers attached to the staff for observation.

The camps are continually besieged by excursion parties, who come from Chattanooga every day, and which by the way is situated 13 miles northwest from here.

After our all too brief but pleasant sojourn in Salt Lake City, the paradise of the West, which we left with many a pang of regret, we passed through Utah into the Colorado, through the Royal Gorge, but unfortunately, at night. Sunday evening was spent in the beautiful city of Glenwood Springs, Col. Monday we were in Pueblo, Col., then crossed the plains of Kansas, where the eye can wander across the country apparently for hundreds of miles in every direction with here and there a solitary house to relieve the monotony, and your next door neighbor is 40 miles away; where the houses are lashed to the ground to prevent the cyclone and devastating tornado from depositing you in the next state, or a cellar is dug wherein to seek refuge on such occasions. Travelling farther east, nature, aided by art, has amply atoned for her prejudice against the western portion of the State, and no better do we see it exemplified than in and around the pleasing little town of Osawatomie, the home of John Brown, a liberator who was hung for living 50 years ahead of his time. Then on to Kansas City, a city of railroads, smoke, bridges and commerce, the surrounding hills dotted with palatial residences overlooking the Missouri river, —a foretaste of returning civilization; then on through Missouri to St. Louis, a city which is fortunate in possessing one of the finest railroad depots in the country, and contrasting with its grandeur and that of the city generally are still to be seen here and there evidence of the terrible hurricane that wrought so much destruction two years since.

Crossing the Missouri river, breathing with life and industry in every direction, to East St. Louis, we traverse Illinois south through much swampy land and where the colored population seem to thrive in their miserable but picturesque habitations, to Cairo, Ill., on the Ohio river, occupied by General Grant during the civil war, and where he concentrated his army for his attack on Vicksburg—then crossing the Ohio river and the southwestern portion of Kentucky into Tennessee, we arrive at Nashville Thursday morning.

We were greeted with a uniformity of good feeling the entire route, both day and night, firing of guns, the primitive anvil, music and fireworks, and the singing of "God be with you till we meet again." Our congenial chaplain responded to the expressions of welcome with appropriate remarks on all suitable occasions. The only difficulty we experienced was our inadequate supply of soldier buttons to meet the demands of the fair sex, and for which they would trade hat pins, ribbons, and in some cases articles of apparel, and when the supply became exhausted they were willing to take buttons not of brass. One man broke his arm writing autographs.

The watchword all along the line was, "To hell with Spain," "Remember the

Maine." Thursday evening we arrived at Chattanooga, after passing through portions of Tennessee and a narrow strip of Alabama, lavish with nature's charms, both hill and valley alike displaying a luxurious and umbrageous growth which renders the little hamlets here interspersed, cool and shady. And here a glorious panorama presents itself. We discover that we are travelling along almost at the base of and parallel with Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, which rises in majestic splendor on our right, covered with trees and foliage, and extending along its summit for miles are to be seen hotels, pleasure resorts and private dwellings, with here and there an occasional observation tower and so forth. Indeed it is a grand sight, and one that would amply repay us for any discomfort we might hereafter experience in our nomadic career. Eventually we reach Chattanooga, a city strongly favoring of the hospitable South, and where we remain over night, and finally coming out here, as I before mentioned, on the following day on the south-backward-and-forward-railroad.

THOMAS J. BEECHING.  
Band, Sixteenth U. S. Infantry.

### PIONEER FROM CLYDAU.

The following appears in the Scranton Republican of April 9:

Mr. James S. Lewis, the Mormon missionary, now residing on the West Side, has had a unique career, and after over 50 years of active work under extraordinary difficulties is yet a hearty and hale old man working with a vim for the faith he espoused before the Latter-day Saints contemplated the colonizing of Salt Lake. Mr. Lewis was born in Clydau, Pembrokeshire, in 1829, and was the youngest son of Shadrach Lewis of Clydau, a veteran of the famous battle of Waterloo. He was wounded in that battle and enjoyed a pension. He met his death in a terrible manner. Being employed by Col. Colby of Ffynhonen in 1840 as game keeper he surprised two poachers in the preserves, Thomas Thomas and Benjamin Griffiths, who brutally killed him with an ax. They were afterwards sentenced to be hung, but were reprieved and transported for life to Botany Bay.

When 24 years of age Mr. Lewis married Elizabeth, a daughter of William Williams of Llanelly, then a storekeeper for the big Neville coal corporation. The young couple were married on February 22, 1854, and decided to take their wedding trip to America and to cast their lot with the Latter-day Saints in far off Utah. They sailed from Liverpool two or three days after their marriage and in six weeks arrived in New Orleans and from thence went by steamer to the site of Kansas City. From that point they commenced a weary march of three months across the plains to Salt Lake City, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis walking the entire distance while a team of oxen hauled their goods. During the journey they encountered herds of buffalo numbering their thousands, and met hundreds of roving Indians, who treated them kindly. At Fort Laramie they met 6,000 Indians whose behavior was most kind. Three days afterwards the same tribe killed thirty pilgrims who passed by. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis reached Salt Lake City in September, 1854, and passed through all the adversities and prosperity of the Territory and State. In September last he was assigned with George Brinkerhoff for missionary work in this city and since that time has baptized fifteen persons in the faith. Mr. Lewis has six children, viz.: Mrs. Stokin of Herriman, Salt Lake City; James W., John H., William W., T. D., all of Salt Lake City, and Robert W. of Nevada. His son T. D. Lewis is one of the best known men in the State,

now holding the office of internal revenue collector and being the first person who obtained a degree in the University of Utah.

The gentleman who sends the above clipping to the "News" adds:

Brother Lewis feels keenly the death of Bishop Morris, whom he loved most dearly. In speaking of his death at one of our meetings, tears, the mark of affection, were visible. Elder Henry Gill also passed through the same ordeal in speaking so kindly of their beloved Bishop. Elder Lewis says that his blessing is being literally fulfilled. Elder George Brinkerhoff of Thurber, Wayne county, is his companion.

Elder Gill is up and doing. He is now at Pittston holding meetings there with Elders B. and Perry. We hold two meetings every Sabbath, Sacrament in the morning and preaching in the evening at a private house. War and hard times are the talk of the masses. Our coal mines are working so poorly a great number of our coal breakers are idle. Those few working don't make one fourth time. One of our largest breakers, the Oxford, was buried down a few days ago. Some of our Welsh brethren in Utah frequently worked there. Five hundred men thrown out of employment.

Yours as ever in the Gospel,

E. HOWELL.

1402 Washburn St., Scranton, Pa.

### SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

The properties of orthoform, a new compound obtained by Dr. Einhorn, have been a subject of experiment in Germany by Dr. Keilenberger. The material is a fine white powder, nearly insoluble in water, and is pronounced quite harmless, large injections having produced no toxic symptoms in animals. It is both anesthetic and antiseptic. While it does not act through the skin or mucous membrane it has a marked anesthetic effect on wounds, burns, ulcers, etc., and is not easily absorbed, like cocaine, while its action is more prolonged, having even been very perceptible after 35 hours and more. It is powerfully anti-septic, pieces of rabbits' muscle sprinkled with it being perfectly preserved. It diminishes the discharge from wounds, and may be applied in ointment to burns, etc. A suggestion is that it may take the place of morphine after accidents.

The record of the ordinary tuning fork chronograph is traced on a surface blackened by smoke. A new and far more delicate chronograph consists of a cylinder, rotated with a surface velocity of 100 feet per second, on which is photographed a pencil of light which has passed through a hole in the end of a rapidly vibrating tuning fork. A recent curious record is that of the compression of a copper cylinder by a blow. A 33-pound weight falling 15 inches permanently compressed the cylinder 0.1658 inch, and the chronograph curves show the progress of the compression during its interval of 0.30317 of a second.

As many as 75 deaths from chloroform in a year have been reported in England. Dr. E. A. King, however, pronounces it perfectly safe when properly administered, pointing out that the Hyderabad commission of 1890 proved that it has no direct action on the heart, the thing necessary being to avoid suffocation by properly diluting the vapor with air.

A full-grown Shetland pony owned by the Marchese Carcano of Milan, is but 24 inches tall, being the smallest horse in the world.

Investigators have demonstrated in