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GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Correspondence.

CAMP, NEAR JAFFA GATE,
Jerusalem, March 4th, 1873.
President Brigham Young:

Dear Brother:—We landed at Jaffa about 8 a.m. of the 23rd ult., after a pleasant twelve hours' ride by screw steamer, the *Vesta*, over a smooth sea from Port Said, none being seasick; the sea, being smooth, was very favorable for landing. We went directly from our landing to camp, where our tents were ready pitched, just outside the walls of the small town of Jaffa, and near a Mohammedan cemetery. The Turkish officials only took time to look at our passports, and the custom house officers examined but one trunk, which did not happen to be ours. Mr. Alexander Howard, Mr. Cook's dragoman, met us on board the ship. The orange and lemon orchards at Jaffa are the finest I have yet seen. The town is a disgusting, dirty little jumble of narrow, crooked streets and small buildings.

Mr. Hardege, the American vice-consul, treated us with courtesy, and introduced us to Dr. Hoffman, President of the temple of Jaffa, as they term an association of about 600 Germans, who believe God is rebuilding the temple spiritually through them. They have purchased some land from the Sultan and showed us an Arabic deed of the purchase and a plot of it. Although they have been there but a short time, they have proved to be successful farmers, as it has rained sufficiently to enable them to raise wheat and barley, but fruit and vegetables require irrigation. Several had recently died of liver and bowel complaints, but they were now healthy. The German settlements in Palestine are being increased by some Germans who have lived in Russia, and are leaving the country in consequence of the Russian government's requiring them to ignore their own and learn the Russian language; this will likely strengthen the German interests in Palestine.

We moved out of camp about 9 a.m. on Monday, the 24th ult., and passed over the beautiful plains of Sharon, much of which is in cultivation, and very productive. After lunching at the Martyr's tower near Ramleh, we camped for the night near the entrance to the valley of Ajalon, where there was good water, and reminded us of Joshua's commanding the sun to stand still in the valley of Ajalon. From this camp, on the 25th, we at once entered the mountain region, and nooned in the valley of Elah, near the place where King Saul encountered the armies of the Philistines, and where David selected the five smooth stones for his contest with Goliath; this valley is very narrow. From the plains of Sharon to Jerusalem the country is very rocky; if ever there was any soil in this country, it seems to have disappeared from some cause. We camped near the Jaffa gate, on the west side of Jerusalem, pretty well tired and lame from our two days on horseback.

On the 26th we visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and came to the conclusion that the mother of Constantine was very successful in grouping into so small a space so many of the notable places connected with the death and resurrection of the Savior as to get them within the walls of one building; it is certainly immaterial as to where the identical square yard is, but the old monks have carried the matter of identity farther than we feel to endorse.

Our mail from Liverpool reached us at our noon halt at Ramleh, and some of the parties received letters to January 21; I received one to January 12.

It rained all the night following our visit to the Holy Sepulchre, but our tents protected us very well, three of them are circular wall tents, with fly and lining, provided with iron bedsteads, camp stools, carpets, tables, wash bowls, excellent bedding, &c.; Sisters Snow and Little occupy one, Brothers Snow, Carrington, Little and Jennings another, and myself and Schettler the one in which our meals are served, and over which flies the United States flag. They furnish us three substantial meals a day, very well cooked and served. There is also a circular tent in which the cooking is done on a range heated with charcoal burned from the trimmings of the olive trees.

February 27, we struck tents about 8 a.m., and started in the direction of the Dead Sea, by rather a zigzag route, to enable us to visit certain points. We passed Joseph's well, Rachel's tomb, and over rough and stony hills, to the pools of Solomon, and followed the aqueduct to Bethlehem, where we visited the Church of the Nativity, saw the star indicating the spot where the Sa-

vior was born, the manger in which he was cradled, the spot where Joseph was warned to flee into Egypt, and several other notable points, which are said to be of mathematical accuracy, all grouped within the walls of a Greek Church which contains many rich gifts and fine ornaments. On nearing Bethlehem we met large numbers of young women carrying pig skins full of water; the aqueduct is out of repair, and would require a little work to fix it, but falling that little, the water has to be carried some half a mile. The town is on a side hill, and may contain 2,000 or 3,000 inhabitants. The passages through it are narrow, crooked, steep, and difficult for a person on horseback, and in many places difficult for horsemen to pass. Great numbers of traders surrounded us at the church to sell us trinkets manufactured from pearl, olive wood, and stones from the Dead Sea. We lunched under the shade of an olive tree, and thought it might be the place where the shepherds were informed of the birth of the Savior. We saw sheep on the mountains, and thought of King David, barley growing, and Ruth and Boaz. The buildings around the place of nativity are divided into three portions, by Greek, Latin and Armenian Christians. We visited the monastery of Mar Saba, and the men of our party were admitted, our dragoman having procured a permit from the Greek Bishop of Jerusalem. An ignorant monk established this place about 1,400 years ago, since when no woman has ever been permitted to enter its precincts, so they say. The monks are civil. Mar Saba, the founder, died A.D. 532, aged 94. The present convent is so massive, and appears almost impregnable, and would perhaps be so to any arms, but artillery. They have an immense number of skulls, which they say belonged to their brethren who were killed by the Saracens, and it is said there were 12,000 monks at one time connected with this establishment. The brook Kedron, when it has water, runs by this convent. We passed some tents of Bedouins, and camped near them, about two miles from Mar Saba.

On the 28th we ascended some hills, and descended many, some of which were steep, rocky, and sliding, visited the Dead Sea, rode to the ford of Jordan, and lunched where it is said Joshua and Israel crossed dry shod, by a great miracle, although the river was overflowing its banks as was usual in those days at harvest time; where Elijah and Elisha crossed in the same miraculous manner; where John baptized the Savior and repentant Israel. It is asserted that John began his preaching at Mar Saba, said to be the reason why the convent is placed there. We rode across the valley of Jordan, and came to the conclusion that a farm of several thousand acres might be irrigated from the river. The ruins of Jericho consist of a tower, foundations of an old wall, a broken arch, and several large mounds. The site is covered with a species of thorne resembling that which grew on the site of St. George. We camped at Elisha's spring, so named from his having healed the waters, which are now excellent. Our dragoman showed us a mountain, the highest in sight, which he said was the one upon which Satan took the Savior and showed him all the kingdoms of the world; Antonio said he was so informed, but he was not sure of it. About fifteen Bedouins came to our camp and performed a war dance, and a sham fight, which would have done credit to Utah Indians in Walker's palmy days, and sang, no doubt in elegant Arabic, accompanied by instruments. "Make the ladies' eyes like the moon." We paid the sheik eleven francs for the performance.

On the 1st inst. we lunched at the ruins called Christ's hotel, and, passing Bethany, reached our former camp ground about 2 p.m., our whole journey with slight exceptions being over high hills, rough rocks, and interesting rocky desolation.

March 2d, Mr. Antonio, our dragoman, packed one of our tents, &c., and pitched it a little north of east from the Mosque of the Ascension, in which is shown a print of the Savior's foot in a solid rock, said to have been made by him when he ascended. From this mount one has the finest view of Jerusalem, and can also see the site of Jericho, a portion of the course of the river Jordan, the point where it enters the Dead Sea, and several reaches of the Sea. We returned to camp about noon, going and returning by the Damascus and St. Stephen's, and the garden of Gethsemane.

Backsore, everywhere we hear this word, from little and great, sick and well, young and old; the almost naked man, who lies trembling in the Jaffa road, imploringly reaches out his hands for backsore; he is a professional, and has 600 olive trees, and four or five orange orchards, and spends two months in begging during the season of travelers passing through. All the holy places are thronged with beggars.

Our dragoman hired a Bedouin sheik to accompany us to the Dead Sea, to keep the Bedouins from robbing and plundering us, and notwithstanding he paid him, he called on us to-day for more, and we deemed it best to give him an additional 10 francs.

After getting the mail matter off in the afternoon of the 28th ult., Brother Carrington walked around Jerusalem outside the walls, and on the 1st inst. he walked through many of its streets, and again examined it from different points outside, and after all he says he cannot imagine why King David selected it for a site for a city.

March 3d, I, with the rest of the party, visited the Mosque of Omar. They had no slippers large enough for me, so I tied two pocket handkerchiefs over my boots. We employed a very efficient guide, and I subjoin from my journal the chief items of his comments. The Mosque of Omar and the Mosque of El-aksa are within an enclosure 1,500 by 1,000 feet. The guide first showed us the northern paradise gate, then the east gate, in front of which he pointed out the site of the judgment seat of Solomon, under a small dome called the dome of chains; then through the east or David's gate into the Mosque, where he pointed out a green marble slab in the floor in which 19 nails from the cross had been inserted, of which all but three and a half had disappeared, and when they disappear the world will come to an end; he then pointed out the saddle in which Mehmet rode before he went to heaven; then a number of korans; then a large rock in the center of the Mosque on which tradition says Abraham offered up Isaac, and is said to be the summit of Mount Moriah; on one side of this rock he pointed to a place from which Mehmet ascended to heaven, leaving the im-

pression of his feet in the rock, and to the finger prints in the rock made by the angel Gabriel when he stayed the rock from following the prophet; the Mohammedans had kissed the footprint so much, that, to preserve it, they cut the piece out and locked it up with seven hairs of his beard, which are shown but once a year; he then took us into a cave under the rock, and pointed us to a tongue of rock, on the right hand side, which said to Mahomet: "Peace be with you, you prophet of God," to which Mahomet replied: "Peace be with you, you rock of God;" he then pointed to an altar in the cave where Solomon prayed, to one where Elijah prayed, and to places where Abraham and David prayed; then to a cavity in the top caused by Mehmet's bumping his head against it when rising from prayer; then to a hole in the center of the top through which they threw down the ashes of the sacrifices; then to a round slab, in the center of the cave, over the mouth of a deep well, called the well of souls. We then went outside the Mosque and were shown a pulpit in the open air; near by is a fountain, now dry, used for ablutions previous to praying. We then passed under another building, and were shown a portion of the old wall and several columns of the horse gate; from that to the Mosque of El-aksa, in the same enclosure, and were shown a small black marble slab in the wall, brought from Mecca by Mehmet; those who can walk some fifteen feet, blindfolded, and touch the slab, are pure, the others not. We then went into the Mosque, built about A. D. 607, and were shown the tomb of the two sons of Aaron, the footprints of Jesus in a rock, a marble altar where Moses offered prayer, the pulpit of Omar, made of cedar and ivory, said to be from Solomon's temple, then two sets of two pillars, each set near a tower, those who can pass through and pure, the rest not; then the studio of Omar, surrounded with columns; then a well down which is the garden of Eden; then a marble cradle in which Jesus slept when twelve years old, at the time he was lost from his parents. From that Mosque, still in the same enclosure, we went to the stables of Solomon, now underground, then along the east wall, this wall being also the east wall of the city, to a point where a stone pillar projects horizontally some three feet beyond the outer face, and on which Mahomet is to sit in judgment of the world. From there we went to the site of the golden gate, and had a fine view from one of the towers of the wall. We then went outside the enclosure to a Jewish walling place, the only spot where the foundations of the Temple of Solomon are visible, outside the enclosure. Brother Schettler and I then called on the Rabbi of the Portuguese congregation, to whom I presented a letter of introduction from the Rabbi of San Francisco. He said the letter was a good one, and that he liked the looks of my face. I talked to Brother Schettler, he to a German Jew, and the Jew to the Rabbi, as the latter could only speak in Hebrew, Portuguese and Turkish. He offered me a cigar; I told him I did not smoke. He said he was glad I had called on him, and brought a glass of water and some preserves, also cups of coffee for each of us. He remarked that the Jerusalem Jews were very poor, but if they had control, they would make great improvements. He said the Mosque of Omar was on the site of Solomon's Temple, but not in the center; also that no Jew goes inside the Mosque enclosure. He believed the God of Hosts would some day redeem the land. He introduced me to two of his friends, who showed us some ground they had bought from the Turks, and were erecting upon it a hospital and some dwellings for the poor Jews, with funds from abroad. We then went to their Synagogue, and found it a plain, well furnished building, and from there passed through the grain market, and through a jumble of narrow lanes, arched over in places, and returned to our camp. The Rabbi very courteously said he would call upon me in camp.

March 4th, at 10 a.m., we received a visit from Abram Askenasi, chief Rabbi in Jerusalem; we understand he is selected by the Turkish Sultan, and has received some titular orders from him. They express a firm faith in the redemption of Israel and the return of the ten tribes. They say there are no springs here now, but used to be in the days of Israel's prosperity, and there will be again. Rain water is not their only supply, and later in the season it sells at a farthing a bottle. Europeans have been boring for water, but unsuccessfully, it not being time for it. The interview was very pleasant and interesting, and the Rabbi and three of their principal men who accompanied him appeared to be men of intelligence.

We visited Mr. Shapira's collection of ancient parchments, some of them very old, dug from beneath the ruins of synagogues both in Palestine and Arabia; they possess much interest. These writings are on various kinds and qualities of parchment, one of which, found in the mountains of Meab, discloses the idea that the Gods were male and female, and religion older than the law of Moses.

Your brother in the ministry of the priesthood,
Geo. A. SMITH.

Pen Portraits of the Modoc Chiefs.

The night of the 28th of February the writer slept in Captain Jack's cave, lying down beside the latter with a feeling of perfect security. Since the dreadful news on Saturday the reflection that he did that almost makes his flesh creep.

CAPTAIN JACK.

Captain Jack, the chief of the tribe, and author of the villainous plot, is a full-blooded Modoc of about thirty years of age, though he looks much older. He has a good head, though like all Indians the forehead is low and retreating. His complexion is dark, being a bright copper color, and his eyes are black, full and piercing. His hair is long, hanging down to the

shoulders, and his face is entirely destitute of beard. His mouth is large, and its shape indicates firmness and determination, though it by no means denotes cruelty and baseness—traits which Jack seems to possess above all others. In manner he is cool, self possessed and very dignified. He insists upon being treated with the greatest respect by all with whom he comes in contact, and the chief ruler of forty millions of people could not be a greater stickler for official etiquette than is this same miserable savage. He never smiles. His greeting of his visitors on the occasion of the visit referred to was a splendid exhibition of indifference and haughtiness, notwithstanding at the time he was so ill that he could not stand up. Before this act of treachery he was believed to be the soul of honor. Settlers in the neighborhood who had many dealings with him said that they never knew Captain Jack to do a mean or base act, nor would he knowingly permit any member of his band to do one. If any of the ranchmen ever complained of any act of peculation or other annoyance, Jack was sure to visit punishment upon the head of the offender. He was elected chief of the tribe two or three years ago, and Squire Steele of Yreka acted as judge of election—a fact which has always made Steele Jack's fast friend. He was the last man in the tribe who it would be thought could be guilty of so base an act—an act entirely out of keeping with his past character.

JOHN SCHONCHIN.

John Schonchin, a brother of "Old Schonchin," Jack's predecessor in the office of Chief, is a man about 40 years old. He is a lighter colored man than Jack, but is a great deal stouter, being broad-shouldered and quite corpulent. His hair is long and straight and his eyes small and expressionless. His face is pleasing in expression and he is much less determined in look than the younger chief. Schonchin is a rival to the place occupied by Captain Jack, he believes that he has a hereditary right to the Modoc throne. Consequently he and Jack have not been on the best of terms, though in their horrible plot they seem to have worked together. He is the man who shot Meacham and inflicted the wounds from which the latter is likely to die. Schonchin, in all these peace negotiations, has been more exacting in his demands than even Jack himself. On the occasion of Steele's first visit to the lava bed, he was less friendly than any of the others. He even went so far as to accuse Steele of wishing to "talk with two tongues," and the latter had to make him a sharp speech in reply to prevent a recurrence of the insult.

BOSTON CHARLEY.

The man who shot and instantly killed the Rev. Dr. Thomas, is a young Indian, about 22 years old. He is practically white and his complexion quite clear. Hence the name of "Boston" given him by the Indians, which signifies "white." He has no history at all, and gained no prominence in the tribe until the peace negotiations began, when he acted as messenger. He was one of the young savages who came out to Fairchild's with Steele and party to talk to General Canby about the 1st of March. The General treated them all very kindly, and their return for this is his brutal massacre. "Boston" was believed to be one of the best-dispositioned Indians in the tribe. He was good humored, always laughing and talking, and seemed to like the whites better than the Indians. He was one of those indicted by the Oregon grand jury for the killing of the settlers, but he was known to have had nothing at all to do with that matter, being on the west side of the lake at the time.

HOOKE JIM.

This is one of the worst Indians in the whole tribe. He was the leader of the band who committed the murders in December. He is young, not over twenty-one or twenty-two, but is large and powerful. He is not a Modoc proper, but belongs to a band of Indians known

in Siikyou as the "Como-Twashes." They are composed of remnants of several tribes, and have long been regarded as thieves and murderers. Two of them are in the lava bed—Hooka Jim and the "Doctor"—and even Captain Jack was said to be afraid of them. This Indian has a bad face. He, too, was one of those who came out with Steele, and was the only one that the *Chronicle* correspondent felt uneasy with, when on one occasion on the route he was left far behind alone with him. It was getting late in the afternoon, and the party had got ten miles to ride when they struck the "divide," a gap in the mountain to the south of Little Klamath Lake. There were five whites and fourteen Indians. Steele and Fairchild led the party, and as they came out of the trail and struck the Lost River road, Steele put spurs to his horse and the whole party started for home on a gallop, the Indians riding along heavily armed with their feathers and fox-tails flying like so many pennants. They yelled and howled, and the party came down the slope like flying Tam O'Shanter. Something getting wrong with the *Chronicle* man's saddle, he stopped to fix it, which took nearly twenty minutes. Hooka Jim and Curly-headed Jack, another Indian that would not do to trust far, seeing the correspondent stop, rode on a few hundred yards and stopped also. When the latter mounted he saw his own party fully two miles ahead going like the wind. He started on a run to catch them and then two Indians joined him, and all three went down the valley on a dead run. The Indians rode their ponies one on either side and seemed to be highly tickled at the correspondent's somewhat unskillful handling of his horse. Then they began a series of movements, designed to frighten the latter and make him deposit his precious burden in the sagebrush; and once Hooka Jim, with a yell, deliberately spurred his pony directly against the horse—a movement that nearly accomplished the desired object. On the whole it was an uncomfortable ride, and the reporter breathed much freer when he came up with Steele.

BLACK JIM.

This is another of the murderers of the settlers. He is a tall, savage-looking fellow, with a very dark, thin face. He is about thirty years old, and is one of the most desperate warriors in the band.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Here is another description from a San Francisco paper:

Captain Jack is a stern, dignified looking man, not over 30, though he looks older. He has a good head; though, like all Indians, the forehead is low. His complexion is dark, the pure copper color; and his eyes are black, full and piercing. His hair is long, hanging down to his shoulders, and he is, of course, destitute of all beard. His mouth is large, and its shape indicates firmness, determination, and a great deal of character.

Scar-faced Charley, the next noted one in the tribe, has a Jewish cast of countenance, his nose being long and aquiline and his face thin and narrow. He has a terrible scar on his right cheek, which, but for his naturally pleasant expression, would make his countenance rather repulsive. He is about 35 years old, and is regarded as the bravest Indian in the tribe.

Shack Nasty Jim is a youngster of not over 20 to 22. He sat in the circle with a soldier's coat on, and looked wise as a judge.

Hocker Jim, the leader of the band who committed the murders on the east side of the lake, was rigged out in a cavalry jacket, army pants and black hat. He has a bad face, and though quite young, looked as if he could be guilty of anything.

The Doctor is decidedly the worst looking man in the whole tribe. His face is absolutely devilish, narrow, contracted, with a little eye that twinkles in its wickedness, and a mouth full and sensual. It is a countenance that would make any one shudder.

Black Jim, another of the murderers, is a tall, fine-looking fellow, but one that I would rather not meet alone of a dark night.