

and in about one and a half hours passengers, luggage and all were transferred to the train specially made up for us, and, laying in a good supply of provisions, started on our way overland rejoicing.

The weather was very rainy and seemed to grow worse as we proceeded, until about 11:30 p.m., when the streams were so swollen that they were washing away the bridges. Among the lot was one over which we should have passed, but to our surprise and discomfiture, we went through, making a fearful wreck of the whole train with the exception of the rear coach. The engine, baggage car, and first coach crossed the bridge, but were all thrown on their sides and smashed to splinters. Our baggage did not fare much better and was exposed to the rain, which didn't help it any.

The engineer and fireman both escaped without serious injury, one of them being slightly scalded. The baggage master and brakeman were in the baggage car and they were quite as fortunate. The Saints in the first coach came out of a turned over, completely wrecked car with so few injuries that their escape really looked miraculous. One sister had her shoulder blade broken, and some of them had their feet and heads cut and bruised slightly.

The second passenger coach stood almost on end—perhaps at an angle of 60 degrees—one end being on the end of the bridge and the other down in the water against the abutment. That end was utterly crushed and the Saints, seats, luggage, etc., jammed down into the shattered end of the car. Amid all this confusion we were pleased and thankful to say that the people came out almost unscathed, Elder Durant and Miss Adelaide Allen being the only ones who were seriously hurt, the former's left leg being badly bruised, and the latter's left arm being broken near the shoulder.

The doctor came from Lynchburg, three miles distance, as soon as possible, and did what he could to alleviate the sufferings of the injured, and advised that they be left for about three weeks to recuperate.

By 11 the next morning we were all taken on board a special and the fragments of our luggage were gathered up and taken to Lynchburg, where we were transferred to another train.

After making the necessary arrangements for leaving Elder Durant and Miss Allen in charge of Elder John Shelton and Miss Patience Bennett, under the care of the doctor, at the expense of the R. R. company, and with the understanding that the company would send them home and pay all their expenses as soon as they were able to travel, we started once more on our journey, but with decidedly less composed nerves than might have otherwise been.

We cannot say anything in favor of the cars provided us, but we managed to get along very well till we were within about two miles of Memphis, when once more we were shaken up by being run into by a regular passenger train, and

the rear part of the hind car was derailed, frightening some of the people in that carriage so badly that they were almost sorry they ever left England.

From Memphis we were more comfortably provided for, and on our arrival at Kansas City we were met by Mr. Hendershot, who did all he could for our comfort, and provided a splendid lot of coaches to convey us to Pueblo, which made the Saints feel much better.

From Pueblo we were provided with good cars to complete our journey with, and were all in hopes of our having done with our adventures, but such was not the case. Arriving near Castle Gate Station, in Castle Gate Canyon, the locomotive became seriously disabled and we were detained for about six hours and a half, which seemed to drag very heavily, as we made up our minds to be in Provo fully two hours before we left our camp. Finally an engine came to our relief and we were soon at P. V. Junction, where all those who booked for that place left us, and were met by their friends and conducted to their final destination. They were all feeling well in health and very thankful that their journey was so near ended. Charles Bennett left us at Price.

Mr. Hillam and Mr. Haige met us at Pleasant Valley, bringing the sad news to Brother Wm. Grimsdell and his granddaughter, Miss Emily Hillam, of the death of the latter's little eight-year-old sister.

We had not left P. V. Junction long before we came to another stop, waiting for another train. The wait was long and tedious, and on inquiry we learned that the wires were down and we could not get orders through, the only thing, Elder Kelson dryly remarked, that could possibly happen to us to detain us, all other means being exhausted. However, we are thankful to have got home at last.

On Sept. 21 our representative had a conversation with Elder Wm. P. Payue, of Fillmore, Millard County, who had charge of the company of immigrants which arrived yesterday. He left on his mission to Great Britain May 3, 1888, and on his arrival at Liverpool was assigned to labor in the London Conference, as traveling Elder. He remained in that conference during his whole mission, and met with good success in his labors. He engaged in 115 out-door meetings, baptized 26 persons, and distributed from door to door about 1300 tracts. Elder Payne says he never enjoyed himself better in his life, and when his health began to fail and it was suggested that he should return home, he made a strong objection. He grew still more feeble, but was still averse to leaving the field. A severe attack of inflammation of the lungs came on, and the presiding authorities considered it imperative that he should leave the damp English climate before winter came on. He was accordingly released. Brother Payue gives the following account of the trip from Liverpool to Utah:

We left Liverpool on August 31, and from thence to Queenstown the ocean was as smooth as glass. We stopped at Queenstown about three and a half hours, waiting for the mails. Here the wind arose, and kept getting stronger. When we reached mid-ocean the ship began to roll badly, though the swell on the water was not at first very considerable. Presently, however, it reached such an extent that the waves swept over the deck. Many sea-sick passengers were at this time either sitting or lying upon it. I shouted to the members of our company that they must go below, and those who were unable to do so were rendered assistance. Before they could get cleared away, however, a huge wave had dashed over the sides of the vessel, causing the utmost consternation and drenching some of the passengers. After the elapse of an hour or so the sea again became calm, but next day the waves raised once more, accompanied by a high wind, rendering it impossible to stand upon the deck. For five or six hours there was another lull, but after that the ocean became as rough as ever, and so continued until the arrival at Sandy Hook. Fortunately, however, the *Wisconsin* escaped almost entirely the fury of the disastrous gale which prevailed along the Atlantic Coast.

Sandy Hook was reached about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, Sept. 11th, but the water was so dangerously rough at this time that no pilot would venture out, and the *Wisconsin* was compelled to stay out until next morning, drifting around the lighthouse, and occasionally tossing about in a most unpleasant fashion. Indeed a large number of the passengers—more especially the women and children—were so terrified that they preferred to walk the cabins during greater part of the night instead of going to bed, the frequent blowing of the fog-horn by no means lessening their terror.

Morning at length came, still the waters raged violently and still no pilot could be seen. Three other vessels were now awaiting that anxiously looked-for guide.

Towards 11 o'clock a.m. a boat was lowered from the *Wisconsin's* side, and a crew of six men started out on the tossing sea, now and again being almost lost to view amid the angry waves. This frail craft was making for an outward bound steamer, off which the pilot was taken and rowed to the *Wisconsin*. Having been put on board, the vessel headed for New York harbor, where it safely landed us about three o'clock in the afternoon. Having remained on board all night, we were met next morning by Mr. Gibson, agent of the Gulf Line, and by him treated with every courtesy.

The same afternoon we proceeded to the old Dominion docks, took up our abode there for the night, and on the following day, at 2:30 p.m., set sail for Norfolk. The voyage was an extremely pleasant one, and we were treated handsomely. The