

A BURNED STEAMER.

A Thrilling Incident on Lake Huron.

STEAMER CITY OF ALPENA,
Lake Huron, June 29, 1887.

Editor Deseret News:

Leland is one of the dearest towns in northern Michigan. If a person desires to get beyond the bustle of active civilized life, or entirely out of the world, he should go to Leland. The inhabitants, slow and easy, are content with a bare living, providing it comes without work, but are opposed to any kind of manual or mental exertion. This lethargy in a climate so conducive to activity of mind and body seems at first paradoxical; but the cause is easily explained: The town has had a boom and is now having its relax. A few years ago a large iron foundry was put up at a cost of \$50,000. The town was boomed by speculators. The price of land

BECAME FABULOUS,

and in real estate the inhabitants grew suddenly rich. But the works failed, were closed two years ago, and the town's decline has been as rapid as its rise. The "moss-backs" now loaf around the old furnace, or on the street corners, telling one another of the flush times that were, and wishing, with long drawn whiffs of tobacco-smoke, for something to turn up. A steady growth is better than a boom.

Leland, however, is not a typical Michigan town; for life, activity and business characterizes every other one I have visited. But in such a country as Michigan is and with such a climate as she has, progress is easily possible. Rolling hills covered with heavy forests, valuable timber, beautiful inland lakes and navigable rivers, and a cool healthy climate are sources of immense wealth to those who will but work to obtain it.

You are no doubt already informed of the loss of the Lake Michigan steamship *Champlain*, about a week ago by fire.

THE PARTICULARS ARE HARROWING.

She had not been long out of Leland harbor, and was sailing quietly along Traverse Bay in a calm sea, when the frightened passengers were awakened from their sleep by the cry of "fire!" All rushed, they knew not where, for reason had left them, and man, unto whom women and children look for protection in the time of danger, forgot his manhood in a vain endeavor to save himself, and left the helpless to help themselves. Thirty-one, according to the latest reports, of the fifty-four on board were either burned to death or drowned. The fire started in the engine room by the explosion of a lamp, and on account of oil and inflammable materials there, spread so rapidly that the engine could not be stopped.

The vessel was under such high speed that the boats when lowered were entirely useless; the only hope, therefore was to run the ship ashore. This was tried, but she struck a coral reef about a mile from land in twelve feet of water. Before this, however, many passengers had jumped overboard, some with and some without life preservers. Few succeeded in reaching the shore unaided by the boats that came to help them, and three of those that did, died afterwards.

The *Champlain* was considered a safe vessel and well supplied with all life-saving contrivance, yet how utterly useless all the contrivances proved to be in the emergency! One man asserts that the life preserver he had was more a hindrance than a help, and had it not been for a small board which he caught he would have drowned.

We left Leland on our return to Detroit, Sunday, June 25. Owing to the loss of the *Champlain* our vessel had the work of two to do, and we were therefore greatly delayed. The long stoppages, however, afforded us an excellent opportunity of visiting the many little shore settlements.

Charlevoix is a noted

SUMMER RESORT.

Many of the wealthy business men of Chicago and other cities have built summer cottages here, where with their families they can escape the heated cities and enjoy the cool, invigorating lake breezes. Here we noticed the burnt hull of the ill-fated *Champlain* pulled up on the beach.

Elk Rapids is noted for its iron and chemical works. These works are combined, as alcohol and acetate of lime are incidental products in the manufacture of iron. They have thirty-five one-hundred-cord charcoal kilns, the smoke from which produces immense quantities of alcohol and tar. The tar is mixed with sawdust and used as fuel, the alcohol is clarified with lime—the lime thus becoming acetate of lime—and is then shipped to the distillery or the saloon. We learned that the quality of the liquor depends upon the kind of wood, hard, dry wood producing the best.

Petosky is Charlevoix' rival as a summer resort. It has the advantage, however, in railroad communications, but above all in the abundance of the beautiful

PETOSKY STONE.

This is a kind of fresh water coral known, I believe, as the star coral. It is capable of high polish and is much prized as an ornament.

At St. Ignace we changed vessels, staying there about 24 hours. The principal attraction was the iron foundry. This, although not quite so extensive as the Elk Rapids works,

turns out a good quality of iron. The superintendent, Mr. Willis, was very kind in showing and explaining in detail how iron is smelted, but the chemical works were "closed to all visitors, as we have experiments going on there for our own benefit and not for the public's."

MORE ANON.

AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

"E. N." Goes from New York to
Liverpool.MID OCEAN, 1,500 MILES OUT
from New York, June 15th, 1887.

Editor Deseret News:

At 12 m. to-day our log showed us just 1,500 miles out on the broad blue ocean from New York. We have seen two large steamers westward bound, two or three sailing vessels, and a few porpoise to-day.

It is now evening and the saloon is enlivened with music and singing. Every state room in the saloon is occupied, and some intermediate passengers were unable to exchange for a saloon state room.

About 50 Utah

EXCURSIONISTS AND MISSIONARIES

are on board this steamer, the *Nevada*. The intermediate is full and a large number of steerage passengers were on deck to-day, for it was a lovely day.

Our last day's log shows 307 miles, our best day's work on the voyage. We left New York on Tuesday, June 7th, at 5:30 p. m. Out on Sandy Hook we were compelled to cast anchor on account of a heavy fog. It is seriously dangerous to trifle with so many lives on this bar. At 7 o'clock a. m. on the 8th we raised anchor and were off again. But not without a continuation of the fog which grew much heavier after our pilot left us and we were obliged to hear the fog horn, so lovely at sea, for the best part of two days. Every few minutes the fog horn could be heard with its shrill sound warning others not to come in collision in the midst of the dense fog. After a time the curtain raised and things looked more cheerful, and on the 9th a chart was put up showing 342 miles.

At least two thirds of the passengers were

SEA SICK,

some of whom have not fully recovered as yet. Yesterday being the Sabbath, the saloon was crowded to its utmost capacity. English services occupied fifty minutes. A tall reverend closed with a short exhortation to love one another, with a full stock of charity extended to save and enlighten. This minister was a passenger. Groups were gathered discussing here and there, all in quiet. Some Latter Day Saint tracts were distributed; our captain was presented with one, and we presented one to the minister and joined in a religious conversation with him very pleasantly, but we thought rather suspiciously on his part.

WHILE IN ALLEGHENY CITY, Pa., we met a Mr. C. T. Russell who publishes 10,000 copies of *Zion's Watch Tower*, in the interest of the "Millennial Dawn." He is liberal and much of a gentleman. We were engaged with him nearly all of one day. He remarked that he had a very easy way of getting rid of his company when he desired to do so, but he expressed a delight in the investigation of our doctrines, and took Elder I. W. Pierce and myself to supper. It was nine o'clock when we parted, very friendly. He said the sectarian world could do nothing with us scripturally, for he himself could swamp them with Bible in hand. He acknowledged being enlightened and pleased with our visit. He made us each a present of a book entitled "Millennial Dawn." We have exchanged correspondence since.

To-day, June 15th, at noon, our log says 307 miles, yesterday 325 miles and the day before 331, the day before 304 miles; total up to date of 2,767 miles. It is 98 miles to Queenstown and in a few hours we will see land. As there are many in Utah who will be pleased to learn that their friends, the excursionists, are well, I presume this note will meet a response of thankfulness with them. The trip has been pleasant. There are 381 passengers on board, two of whom are stowaways, and are in chains.

This is the 147th trip for this ship over the ocean, or the 294th time she has crossed the ocean safely. Will mail this at Queenstown this evening, Friday, June 17th, where we will arrive at 7 or 8 o'clock.

E. S.

IN MISSISSIPPI.

The Usual Varied Experience of
our Elders.LAWRENCE, NEWTON COUNTY,
Miss., June 27th, 1887.

Editor Deseret News:

On the 15th of October, 1885, I left my mountain home, in company with several other Elders, to fill a mission to the Southern States. So far, I have enjoyed my labors very well, and have made a number of very good friends, and as a rule have been treated very courteously.

That the Southern people are poor, is true, but when once their friendship is gained, they will divide the last crust of bread with one in need, and their hospitality is proverbial.

The Southerners are what the world would call

A RELIGIOUS PEOPLE;

and among them it is considered very unpopular not to be connected with some of the general religious societies. Their favorite ideas as to what it takes to make a true Christian, though, are very inconsistent. A member of their churches can commit all manner of abomination; he can have children of all shades and colors, running about in rags, whom he will not own; he can cheat his fellow-man, rob the widow and wrong the fatherless and, in fact, be a man of the world. For all this he will be looked up to and his fellowship will not be questioned. But he must not dance, neither play the fiddle, and must refrain from giving a cup of cold water to a "Mormon" missionary. If he has the audacity to break this latter injunction, his ecclesiastical head is in danger.

As these facts are met with in the experience of the Elders in combatting error, one feels to pity the people, as well as to look with disgust upon their actions. Surely modern Christianity has made the doctrines of Christ of none effect by its traditions!

Here, as elsewhere, I find the same apparent opposition to the Gospel as has been experienced by the Elders in other localities; and the same blessings attend, and the condemnation follows, those who receive or reject its message.

Some months ago, myself and Elder George W. Lewis, of Arizona, had the privilege of holding meeting in a school house, and of addressing a large and attentive congregation. We spoke mainly on the apostasy and restoration of the Gospel. We showed them, in our humble way, from the Bible, that the apostasy had been predicted by Christ and His Apostles, and the condition of the world for generations past proved that it had occurred. We then testified of its restoration by an angel. Immediately in front of us sat

A METHODIST PREACHER,

by the name of Lack (a very appropriate name by the way). By his looks one could readily see that he did not agree with our remarks. After we dismissed, he requested the audience to be seated, and then, in an excited manner, charged us with quoting very good scripture, but said it was doctrines of devils. He said we had opened the box, but had not gone down to where the poison was, etc. After abusing us for some time, he admonished his hearers to beware of us. He informed us that we were breaking the laws of the land (doubtless thinking it was blasphemy to quote very good scripture); and said he was a civil officer and had the authority to, and would arrest us if we did not leave the neighborhood. We invited him to listen to us, but he refused and left in a fit of anger.

The Apostle Paul says the fruits of the good spirit are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness," etc. Judging our accuser by the standard the Apostle gave, he was lacking the requisite qualifications of a true Christian. If he, as well as his co-ministers are convinced that we are sinners, why not come with love and the "law and the testimony," and demonstrate to us that we are wrong? God's servants in times past

NEVER THREATENED

to all sinners for not believing their teachings.

This harangue of the preacher did good; it made us more friends than ever. We did not leave the neighborhood until we had taught our friends the Gospel for several weeks. They finally concluded that it was unpopular to investigate the teachings of the Savior. After they had rejected our message, we, feeling that we had faithfully done our duty, quietly left their neighborhood.

One of the promises of the Gospel is that those who are sick and have faith, shall recover by the laying on of hands of the servants of God. In testimony of this fact, I will mention a case or two. A lady by the name of Sally McDaniel had been afflicted for the past seven years. She came over to Lawrence to be under the doctor's care. While here she met with three of the Elders, and stated that her parents had advised her to come over for treatment, but that she had no faith in a physician and requested us to administer to her. From that day (about four months ago) she has had the

BEST OF HEALTH.

She had so improved that when I met her a month after, I could scarcely recognize her.

On another occasion an old lady who believed, called in one of the Elders, and through the prayer of faith was healed. Both of these ladies have since joined the Church and rejoice to know that the Lord still blesses those who put their trust in Him. There are other cases that might be mentioned, but perhaps this will be sufficient.

On account of some few of the honest in heart in this neighborhood being baptized, "Mormonism" seems to be the leading topic of the hour. It is discussed in the press, in the pulpit, in the farmer's club, and in the various gatherings that are wont to meet at this season of the year; and through all, I trust the ignorant will learn something about this peculiar doctrine. Considerable talk has been indulged in of late, and various schemes have been considered in order to get rid of the "Mormons." A noted preacher of the Baptist persuasion, has been indulging in foul allega-

tions against Joseph Smith and the "Mormon" doctrine in general; some of which have been published in the *Newton Dispatch* (a local sheet published in this county). The editor published one article in reply from our side; but refuses to favor us any more while he continues to publish all that may be written against us. But the truth will prevail; and, as the poet says:

Thrice is he armed that has his quarrel just;
And he is mocked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

While some have been circulating a petition to get up a mob to run us out, and scaring old men and children into signing it, others have been meeting in a church to decide which would be the better policy, to mob us or starve us out by having nothing to do with us. They finally concluded that the latter policy would be the safer, and have therefore agreed to let us severely alone, as well as those who would befriend us. Our friends say if their neighbors can stand it they can, as they seldom come anyway except to beg or to borrow.

HENRY E. PARRY.

ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

The Famed and Romantic Mackinac
Island.

LELAND, Michigan, June 23, 1887.

Editor Deseret News:

Mackinac Island is perhaps the most noted of all the islands of the Great Lakes, at least so say newspaper reports, and so also say the poster advertisements of steamers interested in carrying passengers to its shores. So I determined, now an opportunity presented itself, to visit and see it for myself. Our trip from Detroit on the Detroit and Cleveland Steam Navigation Company's elegant steamer, *City of Mackinac*, had all the novelty and pleasure of a sea voyage and lacked that one thing which makes sea voyages dreaded—sea sickness. Thirty-six hours run brought us to the beautiful Bay of Mackinac. The water was calm, with gently heaving undulations reflecting the setting sun in ever varying beauty. Little fishing smacks were gliding, some towards the shore laden with fish, some carrying nets out to reset—all noiseless. At the head of the bay and stretching for half a mile along the shore lay the town, partly old-fashioned of eighty years ago and partly modern. Behind the town on a little rise of ground, sufficiently high perhaps to be called a hill,

OLD FORT MACKINAC

stands, pointing her fearful but harmless guns out over the bay and the straits beyond. Guards were patrolling, flags flying, and everything looked dignified if not important. The Fort and the town were closed in on the inland side with beautiful forests covering the rolling hills, uniting to make a picture that at once convinced me that the newspaper reports had not been greatly exaggerated.

There was not much bustle on shore, for the season of summer resorts had not come; but preparations were being made for a grand time during July and August. A large hotel capable of accommodating one thousand guests will be ready July first, and if we were rightly informed, besides the hotels, almost every private house is crowded with visitors.

Mackinac Island contains about two thousand acres of land, has a happy location, as will be seen by referring to a map of Michigan, and is endowed with more than its share of natural objects of interest. Arch Rock is a wonderful freak of nature. A little gulch slopes rapidly to the lake, having at its mouth an arch way of rock fifty feet high and half as wide. Sugar Loaf is a solid rock one hundred and fifty feet high situated on a level plane as though put there by art instead of nature. Lover's Leap, Devil's Kitchen, Robinson's Folly and a few other places of similarly significant names are all interesting to the romantic tourist.

THE BATTLE FIELD

where, during the war of 1812 the English and Americans fought for the possession of the island, receives its share of attention from visitors, and many hours have been spent by some in a vain search for relics. After two hours of diligent scratching we were rewarded by finding an old pocket knife, but whether the knife was a relic of the battle or the unlucky property of some straggling Indian we could not decide. But the island has other than natural characteristics to make it interesting. The prolific imagination of the Indian has a legend for every glen and many of these legends have been immortalized by Longfellow in his *Hiawatha*. Hiawatha was the Menu-bosho of the Algonquins, and Mackinac Island is claimed to be his birth place.

Of all the attractive features, however, of the island none is more attractive than the climate. The heat is never oppressive, the nights are cool, in fact it is just such a place those seeking rest and retirement from the crowded, heated cities would desire to find.

A twenty-four hours' run brought us to Leland.

MORE ANON.

The external work on the eastern tower of the Manti Temple is reported finished.

A CONTEST WITH SIGN-SEEKERS.

Two Elders in Tennessee Meet
Them.FLINTVILLE, Lincoln Co., Tenn.,
June 30, 1887.

Editor Deseret News:

"Jesus said unto him, It is written again thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Matt. 4, 7.

"Then certain of the scribes and pharisees answered, saying, Master we would see a sign from thee. But he answered and said unto them, an evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; but there shall no sign be given it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas." Matt. 12-38.

"Show us a sign."

"Give these converts of yours a dose of deadly poison and see if it won't kill them."

"If you'll let a rattlesnake bite you and it don't hurt you, I'll join your church," etc.

"Raise the dead."

"Put an arm on this man."

"People never die then in your country do they?" and so on.

These are expressions with which every Elder is acquainted that has traveled in the midst of this perverse generation, falsely called Christendom, preaching a doctrine very unpopular, although the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The Pharisees existing anciently must have been but the seed to germinate and produce a mammoth crop in the dispensation of the fulness of times.

Last Sunday, in Moore County, was a model day with us among the

"SIGN SEEKERS."

A couple of these characters figured very conspicuously. These modern divines are representatives of the Campbellite persuasion, but better known as parsons Kerby and Shaw. We held meeting at Brother Helton's in consequence of the baptism of himself, wife and three others, the Sunday before. This was the development of some of our "dry branches" after being labored with two years. As is usually the case, when people take upon them the name of Christ, it had a tendency to stir up the Devil or his deputies. One day's notice about baptizing was enough to bring out about 150 mixed souls. Some were of Israel, others were curiosity-seekers, or sign seekers and others were standing neutral.

Of course the greatest care and anxiety was the anticipation of seeing the Holy Ghost "come down" at the confirmation meeting. You may judge how they got their "little cups filled up" in that respect.

But let us return to

LAST SUNDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

Our meeting drew out a congregation of eighty, including our newly made Saints and these two "modern divines." The intention of the latter was to reply to our remarks and overthrow "Mormonism."

As we claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own consciences, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where or what they may, we advanced our own doctrine and let other people's alone; but this respect was not paid to us.

Immediately after our services Parson K. took the floor to reply. His principle intention was to show that the Book of Mormon was a delusion; and that it was not the particular book mentioned by Isaiah, although we said nothing about it in our discourse.

He commenced on the 29th chapter of Isaiah, blundered around for a while, but failed entirely to explain anything about the particular book, and the next thing we knew, he was quoting the Josephites and other statements something like the "Western Wilds," and wound up by vilifying and slandering our people, and continually wanting a sign.

This called for a reply on our part, and Elder S. took the stand and explained the whole book question predicted by Isaiah, and of its emerging out of the ground. The medley had now begun, to last two hours.

My opponent made the second speech, his colleague the third, Elder S. coming in turn and ending the discussion with the third warning.

We are not in the habit of debating, and avoid it as much as possible, but this was inevitable. It certainly resulted in our interest and to the condemnation of those who fight against Zion. It was a good opportunity to expose "Mormonism."

People remarked they heard much more than they bargained for and would not have missed it for anything. It was an excellent thing to encourage and build up the Saints.

TO SEE THE CONTRAST,

and set people thinking that never thought before.

Our opponents' position was to fight against the kingdom of God. Our position was to defend it. So will for a sign was Mr. A. that he said: "I would to God somebody would give you a dose of poison." We gave them to understand that we were not going to tempt the Lord, and no sign should be given, only the sign of repentance.

Not much repentance among the tares. We should not get the "cart before the horse." Jesus said that signs should follow, not go before faith. We can promise them to all who receive our proclamation knowing they always follow if we do our part.

Another one says: "It seems you men have been a long time in this