

JOURNEY EASTWARD.

Passage Through Several Southern States.

New York, Sept. 20, 1888.

Editor Deseret News:

Elders Stevenson, Black and Jensen left Kansas City on Wednesday the 19th for New York. The first 487 miles travel through the States of Kansas, Missouri and Arkansas, occupying nearly a day and a night, was uneventful. We passed through some very rich and fertile and also through considerable poor and unproductive country. Southwestern Missouri is but very thinly inhabited, and east Arkansas consists chiefly of swamps and forests, with only here and there a spot made desirable through human labor. The country is very unhealthy, and most of the inhabitants are negroes. We crossed the Mississippi River to Memphis, Tennessee, a city of 75,000 inhabitants. The great Father of Waters at this point is nearly a mile and a half wide. Owing to the competition with the railroad lines steamboat traffic on the American rivers is almost a thing of the past. Hurrying through the world, as most people in this great land of ours now do, there are only a few who have patience enough to enjoy the comparatively slow passages which steamboats afford; they almost invariably prefer to risk life and property on those railroad lines advertising and running the fastest trains. Consequently we saw only one steamboat about Memphis besides the ferryboats, one of which brought us across the river in 15 minutes.

The city of Memphis will be remembered by many of the Saints in Utah who emigrated from Europe years ago and came by way of New Orleans and St. Louis on their Zionward journey. It was already then quite an important town, but much larger now, and it expects to double the number of its present inhabitants in a few years, as the place is enjoying a real boom—not like the one we had in Salt Lake City last spring, but a real increase of capital, property and population. Ten years ago Memphis became almost depopulated through the ravages of the yellow fever, and it took a long time before the effects thereof ceased to be felt, but now the sanitary regulations and sewage system have been brought to such a degree of perfection that the inhabitants claim Memphis to be as healthy as any place in the Southern States.

We continued our journey with a Memphis and Charleston railway train through the states of Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, to Chattanooga, Tenn., where we arrived safe and well in the evening of the 20th, but not without adventure. In Decatur, a north Alabama city on our route of travel, yellow fever had broken out a few days previous and the whole country was wild with excitement and fear in consequence thereof. Up to the time we passed only two deaths had occurred from the terrible malady, and there were only a few other cases, but this was enough to cause a general stampede. Of a population of about 5000 souls, only a very small percentage remained, and that chiefly of negroes. All who could possibly get away had fled in terror to more healthy climes. At the little station of Trinity, four miles west of Decatur, our train was boarded by a physician who gave orders to lock every door and close every window of the cars in which we were, after which we passed slowly through the ill-fated city, where every store that we could see, from the railway track was closed and the streets, save for a few straggling negroes, appeared empty and desolate. After crossing the Tennessee River east of Decatur, we were again permitted to inhale the fresh air admitted through the reopened windows. But our troubles were not yet over. A few miles east of Decatur is the flourishing city of Huntsville, a noted summer resort for southerners. Fearing the importation of yellow fever, that lively municipality had quarantined against Decatur the day previous, and as our train had passed through—although in shape something like a funeral procession—the local board of physicians inferred that it possibly might be infected through the presence of a young man from Decatur who had got on board at the little town of Trinity previously named. He had been spotted by a detective who, unknown to anyone, was on board our train. Consequently, when we arrived at Huntsville, passengers who had purchased tickets for that place were not permitted to get off. This caused quite a discussion, and some angry words between the conductor and health officers. The young Decatur man, contrary to his will, was taken up to a mountain station beyond Huntsville, and then finally permitted to leave the train with a reprimand from the conductor. But Chattanooga had in the meantime become alarmed lest the deadly epidemic should be imparted to her people, and while traveling through the mountains between Stevenson and Chattanooga a quarantine officer passed through our train and had all the passengers give their names and ages and also state under oath where they were from, where they were going and particularly where they had spent the last fifteen days of their lives. It was a great relief to us when the officer got through and announced that we could pass on as there was no one on board from the pest infected districts. By looking over our notes we found that

we this day had breakfasted in Arkansas, dined in Mississippi, lunched in Alabama and taken supper in Tennessee. Such is railway travel.

Having arrived at Chattanooga we tried to find the office of the Southern States mission, but being unsuccessful as it was very late in the evening, we put up at the Read House, where we had very comfortable quarters for the night.

The next morning Elder Wm. Spry, President of the Southern States mission accompanied by Elder Smith of Colorado, visited us at the hotel, we having succeeded in informing him by mail of our arrival. He afterwards accompanied us on our journey about 150 miles or as far as Rogersville junction; he was going out to hold a conference meeting. He gave us a general outline of the condition of the Southern States mission, which embraces all that portion of the United States lying south of the Ohio and west of the Mississippi Rivers. This vast territory is divided into twelve conferences, namely, the East, West and Middle Tennessee, South and North Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, South Carolina and North Carolina. At present there are 112 Valley Elders in the mission, mostly young men who are laboring with a zeal and energy worthy of their high and noble calling. There is considerable persecution in some parts of the mission, principally in Tennessee, where four Elders were brutally whipped a short time ago. But taking it altogether, the prospects for a successful missionary campaign next winter are very good, as a great many of the inhabitants of the South are investigating the principles of the Gospel very earnestly. There are at the present time about fifteen hundred Saints in the mission.

We spent half a day in Chattanooga and vicinity, and managed to find just time enough to make a trip to the celebrated Lookout Mountain, where during the late civil war the famous battle above the clouds was fought between the Confederates under General Bragg and the Federals under General Hooker, the latter gaining the victory. Lookout Mountain is one of the highest points in the Southern States, the summit being about 2,640 feet above sea level and 1,800 above the bed of the Tennessee River, which winds through the narrows below and forms immediately north of the base of the mountain the world-renowned Moccasin Bend. The mountain is reached by traveling three miles with street car from Chattanooga to the beautiful village of St. Elmo; then by cable car up an incline 4,500 feet long, to the grand six-story hotel recently built on the slope of the mountain facing Chattanooga; thence by rail (dummy road) to Sunset, near the summit of the mountain. The ascent is made in a few minutes. A few hundred feet below Sunset Station is the famous Sunset Rock, standing out boldly from the west side of the mountain and perpendicular to the height of several hundred feet. Even to us who have seen so many Rocky Mountain cliffs the sight was a delightful one. A new building, which we believe is intended for a photograph gallery stands boldly on the outermost edge of the rock. Returning to the mountain hotel we climbed a rocky stairway to the summit of Pulpit Rock, where Jefferson Davis delivered a remarkable speech to 14,000 confederate soldiers a short time before the mountain was taken by the federals. At the time he delivered this speech, the position occupied by the two opposing armies was exceedingly favorable to the confederates, and Jeff. Davis, alluding to the small army of federals stationed in and around Chattanooga, said that they (the confederates) had now got the Yankees just where they wanted them, and that a glorious victory to the south would naturally be the result. But the trouble was the Yankees did not stay where President Davis wanted them, for a few days later, through a successful maneuver on the part of the Union soldiers and by a remarkably quick transportation of a large body of troops from distant parts, the Confederates were not only driven from their positions on Look-out Mountain but also from their strongholds on Missionary Ridge, not, however, without immense losses on both sides.

Time did not permit us to visit the National Cemetery and other points of historical interest around Chattanooga, but the beautiful bird's eye view of the Valley of the Tennessee and surrounding country enjoyed by us from the top of Look-out Mountain will long be remembered.

About 11 o'clock p. m. we were again comfortably seated in the cars and continued our journey eastward. Just before entering the city of Greenville, East Tennessee, our attention was drawn to a grand monument standing on the right on a piece of elevated ground, designating the spot where rests the remains of the late President Andrew Johnson. It was raised by his family and is said to have cost \$100,000.

At 8 o'clock in the evening we arrived at Bristol, an important city on the boundary line between Tennessee and Virginia, its main street being the state line. On Saturday evening we arrived safely at Norfolk, having traveled 2,872 miles, mostly by rail, since we left Salt Lake City.

Norfolk is an important seaport town in the Old Dominion, and a great deal of business is done here. We enjoyed the privilege of sailing out of the harbor by moonlight on board the steamer *Guyandotte*, and the sights, as we left the Norfolk harbor, and subse-

quently passed Newport News, Hampton, Old Point Comfort and Cape Charles on the left, and the Rip Raps, Cape Henry and the Virginia shore on our right, were indeed grand and lovely. After leaving the Chesapeake Bay and emerging into the open ocean, the ship commenced to rock a little, and some of the passengers began to feel a little dizzy, but we had in reality a very fine night.

The next morning, September 23d, found us sailing off Cape May, New Jersey, after which our course lay near the shore of that State, bringing us in full view of Atlantic City, Long Branch, and finally, Sandy Hook, which we passed about dark. We landed safely in New York at 11 p. m., and put up for the night at Smith & McNeill's Hotel. We were ushered into dark and dreary rooms under the roof, and otherwise treated in a manner that didn't suit us. Consequently, we changed our quarters to the Stevens House, where we at this writing are located very comfortably.

ANDREW JENSON,
EDWARD STEVENSON,
JOSEPH S. BLACK.

ADVENTURE WITH A SERPENT AND TIGER IN INDIA.

The following thrilling experience is related by a gentleman who was sent to India by an animal house at Amsterdam, to procure a den of poisonous snakes for an American circus. It was not much of a feat to secure the serpents wanted, and in a fortnight the party was ready to pull up stakes. It was on the last night of the hunter's stay in the snake regions, however, that the incident occurred which nearly cost him his life. He says:

The hut I occupied had been used as a storehouse. On each side of the single doorway was a stout fence made of poles and running out about twenty-five feet, thus making a lane or passage about three feet wide. When the house was filled with grain a sentinel watched at the mouth of this lane. Only one person could go or come at a time, and each was thus under supervision. They had slung a hammock for me so that I faced the door and looked down this lane when lying on my right side. Each night a fire was built just at the mouth of the lane, and there were so many other fires scattered about that we felt safe from tigers or serpents. On this night I turned in at about 10 o'clock. Half an hour later it began to rain heavily, and in a few minutes all the fires were out. The rain continued until after midnight, and then it cleared up and the moon rose. I had slept for an hour, and awoke just as the light of the moon came over the jungle. It shown full up the lane, and the first thing my eyes rested on was a large cobra making its way toward me. We had seen none of them in our two weeks' stay, but I knew the species the instant I caught its motion. My two guns were in the hut. To spring out of the hammock and seize one of them and fire at the serpent was the work of ten seconds. That was my programme, but as I made the first movement I found myself fast. I had not removed my trousers, and the buckle had worked itself down among the fibers and become fast.

I had only time for the one effort. To get clear I must dump myself out on my knees, and the serpent was too near for that. The cobra might flee in fright, but he was more likely to spring upon me. And suppose there was a pair of them and that the other had already entered the hut. In ten seconds after this thought came to me I was in a cold sweat and so weak that I could not have stood on my feet. The slight movement I had made alarmed the cobra and he coiled himself and waited full two minutes before coming again. I ought to move and also use my voice, but for the life of me I could neither raise a finger nor utter a sound.

The serpent might have been ten minutes crawling the fifteen feet which brought him into the hut. As soon as he was over the threshold he was in the darkness and I could no longer see him. I heard him crawling about over the dried grass on the floor, however, and knew that it was only a question of minutes when he would seek a closer acquaintance. He might not strike me at once. It never attacks unless cornered. It never strikes a sleeper. My hammock was slung about three feet from the ground. After a few minutes I heard the snake crawling toward me, and I prepared for the worst.

When I turned in it was very close and oppressive. I had therefore, thrown the blankets out of the hammock. The cold rain had chilled the snake and he was looking for warmth. The blankets were on the ground, and this fact prevented him from coming into the hammock. I could not see him, but I could hear and scent him as he twined about and finally curled down. When he had become quiet I felt that I had a chance for my life. I would wait until he was asleep, and then make a sudden spring and a snub. If I waited until daylight aroused the natives the cobra would certainly bite me.

I was cooler now, and I waited from twenty to twenty-five minutes before moving. I was just planning to dump myself out of the hammock, when the moonlight revealed a new and an unexpected danger. Standing at the mouth of the lane, and looking straight in upon me, was a tiger. That he had entered the village in search of prey I knew by his demeanor. That he was an old tiger and a man-eater one could

see by his lordly air. Instead of coming in from the jungle, he had come across the open and cultivated land, and my hut was the first in his path. I did not believe he would enter the hut. The lane would look like a trap to him and he would fight shy. After looking at me for perhaps two minutes the tiger moved out of sight, and presently I heard him stealing around the hut to look for an opening. There was no other and he returned and surveyed me again. While my eyes were wide open, I did not move a finger, and the animal no doubt believed me asleep. He probably saw the blankets on the ground, but I don't think he suspected the presence of the serpent.

When the tiger finally entered the opening and began to approach me I gave myself up for lost. With this feeling came that of coolness, and I was never more clear-headed in my life. For a moment I forgot the snake, but presently, as the tiger was within ten feet of the doorway, I heard the serpent utter a low hiss and move about. The tiger had eyes and ears only for me. He skulked over the ground exactly as you have seen a cat, making no more noise than a mouse. When he reached the doorway and stood with his forepaws on the threshold my heart stopped beating. His next move would be a spring. He would find me helpless.

There was an interval of perhaps thirty seconds. My sight went away from me. I was half dead with terror. I faintly remember hearing a hiss and a snarl, and all at once I rose. The cobra and the tiger were rolling over and over in the lane, and raising such a row that the whole village was aroused in a moment. I saw all the fight but remember very little. Serpent and tiger rolled away down the lane and back again, the one hissing like a steam engine and the other rolling and growling. In ten minutes it was over. Both were dead. I fainted away and was unconscious. The cobra had bitten the tiger in more than fifty places, and the tiger had used his teeth and claws to tear his enemy.

A West Indian Goldsmith.

The nude limbed smith enters noiselessly as a spectre, squats down upon his little mat before his little anvil, and turns inquiringly toward us a face half veiled by a black beard, austere, regular, and withal slightly unpleasant in expression. "Vie beras," observes my creole driver, pointing to his client. The turbaned smith lifts his voice, utters the single syllable "Ra!" and folds his arms.

Almost immediately a young woman responds to the call, enters, squats down on the earthen floor at the further end of the bench and turns upon me a pair of the largest black eyes I have ever seen. She is very simply clad in a coolie robe, leaving arms and ankles bare and clinging about the figure in gracious folds; her color is a clear, bright bronze—new bronze; her face a perfect oval and charmingly aquiline. I perceive a little silver ring, in the form of a twisted snake, upon the slender second toe of each bare foot; upon each arm she has at least ten heavy silver rings; there are also large silver rings about her ankles; a gold flower is fixed by a little hook in one nostril and two immense silver circles, shaped like new moons, shimmer in her ears. The smith mutters something to her in his Indian tongue. She rises, and seating herself on the bench beside me, in an attitude of perfect grace, holds out one beautiful brown arm to me that I may choose a ring.

That arm is much more worthy of attention than the rings; it has the tint, the smoothness, the symmetry of a fine statuary's work in metal; the upper arm, tattooed with a bluish circle of arabesques, is otherwise unadorned; all the bracelets are on the forearm. Very clumsy and coarse they prove to be on closer examination; it was the fine dark skin which by color contrast made them look so pretty. I choose the outer one, a round ring with terminations shaped like viper heads; the smith inserts a pair of tongs between these ends, presses outward slowly and strongly, and the ring is off. It has a faint, musky odor, not unpleasant, the perfume of the tropical flesh it clung to. The smith snatches it from me, beats it in his little charcoal furnace, hammers it into a perfect circle again, slakes it in an earthen bowl of water, and burnishes it.—*Lafcadio Hearn, in Harper's Magazine.*

The fur of seals is concealed by a coat of stiff over-hair, which must be laboriously removed before the skin is ready for use. Seals from two to four years old have skins weighing from five and a half to twelve pounds, and three of these skins are required for a lady's sacque.

BIRTH.

CARDALL.—G. W. Cardall, of the Bee-Hive Restaurant, Salt Lake City, has received another partner in his business, being presented by his wife with a fine ten pound boy, October 11th, 1888. Mother and son doing well.

DEATHS.

ROBINSON.—At Cosgrove, Summit Co. Utah, August 31st, 1888, from pneumonia, Margaret Gardner Robinson, wife of John Robinson, born near Cosgrove, County of Durham, England, Feb. 16th, 1836. She joined the Church in 1861 and lived and died a faithful Latter-day Saint, loved and respected by all who knew her.—[Com.]

SAINSBURY.—In the Twentieth Ward, Salt Lake City, October 9th, 1888, of brain fever, Reuben Henry, twin son of Hyrum and Sallina Sainsbury, aged 13 months and 14 days.

OVARD.—At American Fork, Utah, Oct. 9, 1888, Hannah, beloved wife of Thomas Ovard. She was born December 14, 1815, at Brules, Warwickshire, England, and was among the early converts to the Church. She had a numerous, well known and highly respected family of children. Before her death she called her family around her and blessed them one by one. She died in a sure hope of a glorious resurrection.—[Com.]

Millennial Star, lease copy.

HILL.—In the Fourteenth Ward of this city, October 12, 1888, of diphtheria, Samuel, son of Samuel H. and Martha Hill, in the tenth year of his age.

HIGBEE.—In Toquerville, Washington County, Utah, Sept. 23, 1888, of pneumonia, Lula O., daughter of Isaac W. and Etta L. Higbee; aged 3 years, 1 month and 2 days.

Als o, of the same disease, on October 2d, 1888, George, child of the same parents; aged 1 year, 1 month and 7 days. These were the only children in the family.

HAIGHT.—In Toquerville, Washington County, Utah, Sept. 24th, 1888, of bronchial pneumonia, Leonard A., son of Isaac C. and Elizabeth M. Haight; aged 1 year, 8 months and 21 days.

IMLAY.—In Beaver City, Beaver County U. T., September 29th, 1888, of dropsy, Margaret Elizabeth Imlay, wife of John W. Imlay, of Pangulth, and daughter of Bishop Wilson D. and Marian Pace, of New Harmony, Washington County; born at Spanish Fork City, Utah County, May 30th, 1853. She leaves a husband and six children and many relatives and friends. The remains were brought to Pangulth for interment.

JOHNSON.—At Johnson, Kane County, Utah, October 2d, 1888, of typhoid fever, D. William, son of Nephi and Conradina A. Johnson; aged 15 years, 1 month and 20 days.

WHITING.—In Springville, September 10th, 1888, of pneumonia, William Whiting; born October 17th, 1834, in Nelson, Portage County, Ohio. He leaves a wife and eight children and numerous relatives and friends to mourn his loss.

IRWIN.—In the Ninth Ward, this city, October 5th, 1888, Caroline A., wife of Simon Irwin, formerly of Bristol, England. Millennial Star, please copy.

MYLER.—At Louisville, Bingham County, Idaho, Sept. 25th, 1888, of heart disease, Annie Christine, wife of William O. Myler, aged 35 years, 11 months and 16 days. On Sept. 12th, 1888, she gave birth to twin daughters, one of whom died Sept. 28th, 1888. She leaves to mourn her loss a husband and ten children and many relatives and friends.

BLACKWOOD.—William Blackwood was born in Inchgotry, Ayrshire, Scotland, Dec. 1, 1840; baptized in Hurford, Ayrshire, Scotland, Feb. 22, 1879; emigrated to Utah in June, 1886; died at Almy, Uintah Co., Wyoming, Sept. 18, 1888, in full faith of the Gospel. Millennial Star, please copy.

LAMB.—At the Deseret Hospital, this city, October 10th, 1888, about 2 o'clock a. m., from general debility, John Lamb, aged about 55 years.

He was born in Roxburghshire, Scotland, embraced the Gospel in Edinburgh, in April, 1861, and emigrated to Utah in 1863. He was a widower, and leaves a number of helpless children, in Provo, in poor circumstances. He was in delicate health for several years, and consequently had a hard struggle to support his family. He was an honest man, and was firm in the faith of the Gospel.

MILLER.—In the Twentieth Ward, this city, at 11:30 p. m., October 10th, 1888, of the results of an operation for the removal of an ovarian tumor, Ellen, wife of John Miller, of Nephi.

Deceased was born in Lancashire, England, June 12th, 1823, and hence was aged 65 years.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION:

One old brown HORSE, white stripe in face, collar marked, no shoes on; branded K on left thigh.

Which, if not claimed and taken away before Friday, October 26th, at 10 o'clock a. m., will be sold to the highest responsible bidder.

J. M. FISHER, Jr.,

Poundkeeper.

East Mill Creek, Salt Lake County, October 11, 1888.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION:

One light grey MARE, 6 years old, some saddle marks; brand on left shoulder legible.

If the above described animal is not claimed on or before October 26th, 1888, it will be sold at public auction, at the estray pound in Tooele City, at 11 o'clock a. m., October 26th, 1888.

M. B. NELSON, Poundkeeper.

Tooele City, October 11, 1888.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION:

One red and white STEER, 5 years old, branded W C on right ribs, vented; crop and underbit in left ear, and underslope right ear.

One red COW and 7 months' old calf; cow branded T O on right hip; no marks.

One white and yellow necked STEER, 4 years old, swallow fork and underbit in right ear, no brands visible.

If damages and costs on said animals be not paid within 15 days from date of this notice, will be sold to the highest cash bidder, at the Scipio estray pound, at 10 o'clock a. m., on the 25th day of October, 1888.

Dated at Scipio precinct, Millard County, Utah, this 10th day of October, 1888.

JESSE B. MARTIN,

Precinct Poundkeeper.