

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

OFFICE OF LONDON CONFERENCE,
81 Latimer Road,
Notting Hill, London, W.,
March 16, 1887.

Editor Deseret News:

A word from this great city may be of interest to some of your readers, coming from one who, like an exile from home, is looking forward to the time when he shall be privileged to return to the home of the Saints and view the grand old mountains, capped with snow, which are like giant sentinels, stationed there by Jehovah, to keep watch over his people and remind them of His promises toward His Israel in the latter days; and once again greet the loved ones at home, who, like him, are patiently awaiting the Lord's time and seeking to do His will.

What a contrast our quiet valleys present to the mind of the wanderer, when compared with this great city with its continuous lines of cabs, buses and coaches of various grades of respectability, ever crowding and hurrying thick and fast upon each other, with their loads of living freight, the din and noise of which reminds one of the sounds of mighty rushing torrents, dashing furiously down the mountain gorges over rocky precipices. The pedestrians that throng the sidewalk appear by their hurried walk as if anxious to catch a train or overtake some person ahead of them. Railroads overhead, railroads underground, tram cars in the streets, all bustle and hurry. To escape the cold wind and drifting wet snow, we purchase a ticket and descend the stairway to the underground railway; upon reaching the platform, a train glides in; we are informed it is not our train, so we look on, and see fifty or sixty passengers alight, and as many others take their places in the train, and away it glides, in less time than it takes to relate it. Ten minutes passed, during that time two more trains going the other way have called and exchanged several scores of passengers with the same dispatch. Our train pulls up at the platform, an eager crowd has accumulated, and a rush is made for the cars, so that it is with difficulty the passengers leaving the train push their way through, having no desire to crush or be crushed, we wait till the excitement is over, and step in just as the train is moving on, and stand up, wedged in between the knees of two passengers, consoling to find several who took part in the rush without seats as well as us. The train speeds on through long dark tunnels, with its load of human beings, beneath the busy streets, thronged with the moving masses of people, horses and vehicles; under houses, churches, and palaces, even under the mighty rivers with ships sailing overhead, and only a few bricks and earth to intervene. But our reverie abruptly terminates by finding ourselves at Latimer Road, and soon we are indoors, looking through the windows of our office at the fast falling snow, which is piling itself upon the roads, to the astonishment of the oldest inhabitants.

From 3:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. the day has been dark as midnight, no fog, but the sky obscured by a dark cloud, reminding one of the solemn time when the earth was covered with a sable pall, at the crucifixion of our Lord. The man who came to clear the snow away from the house said, with a very solemn expression on his face, that he should not be surprised if we were visited with a terrific earthquake. The snow continues to fall thick and fast, reminding us of our Bear Lake winters, where the merry sleigh bells jingle for three months in the year, and the considerate cows walk over the fences hidden beneath the snow, and help themselves from the hay stacks, to save their owners the trouble of coming out in the cold to feed them.

The action of the United States government in passing the Edmunds-Tucker bill, has furnished the sectarian priests a little satisfaction; it is like a temporary breastwork for them to take shelter behind; well, poor things, they need something to console them. A Mormon Elder is an awful disagreeable fellow for them to come in contact with; after they have had one or two interviews with a live Mormon Elder, they are so disgusted that they feel sick at the sight of him; they would not meet him in discussion before a congregation, no, not for any inducement.

Notwithstanding the assiduous labors of our enemies in condemning noble men to prison because they dare to believe in the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and observe the same laws as did those God-fearing men, the work of the Lord is still making headway among the honest in heart in this conference. Intelligent thinking men and women are being added to the Church, the honest in heart are obeying the Gospel, and are anxious to gather with the Saints, choosing to cast in their lot among those who prefer honorable marriage, and purity of life, in preference to the effete Christianity of modern divines, with all its attendant pollutions. The Edmunds-Tucker bill, and the opposition of governors, judges, marshals and their deputies, and all hypocritical religious fanatics combined, have the same effect upon the progress of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, as the blowing of wind from a bellows does upon a fire, after it has been properly kindled.

Our Elders are lifting up their voices bearing testimony to the world, to

high and low, rich and poor, kings, princes, emperors, presidents, lords, rulers and all ministers of state, and men of every station, as opportunity offers, by word of mouth or by letter, that God has spoken from the heavens, and sent angels to earth, and endowed men with authority to act in His name, and to proclaim to the world His laws, and establish His rule and government upon the earth. We have a greater amount of evidence to offer to the world in proof of what we assert than ever men of God had in any former age of the world to prove the divinity of their calling; if the world rejects our testimony, and the evidence we give them, they will be condemned by it; we are not surprised at the opposition we meet, if it were otherwise the sayings of Jesus and the prophets would not be fulfilled.

We have good faithful laborers in the field and have lately organized two branches, one meets at this office and is called the West London, and the other is held at Camberwell, and called the South London branch. We are pleased to report that the blessing of the Lord is attending our labors, and we have had the pleasure of baptizing a few honest-hearted souls into the Church. Some of our brethren are giving lectures upon subjects of interest connected with the history of the Church, which admits of the Gospel being introduced to the people at the same time; by this means many hear the history of the restoration of the Gospel to earth, who would not attend the regular meeting.

Two of our young Elders were listening to an enthusiastic sectarian preacher on the street last Saturday, he was playing a concertina, and singing hymns to gather a few people into his chapel; the only ones he succeeded in taking with him were our two Mormon missionaries; as they entered the large, well furnished chapel, in which were seated some thirty or forty of the well-to-do members, the eyes of the assembly were turned upon them, and a look of satisfaction was exchanged between the audience and the local preacher who had brought in two such likely-looking converts. It was a testimony meeting and several gave an account of their experience; one elderly man, a preacher, had found Jesus thirty or forty years ago; another man, about twenty years ago came to London, and found Jesus after being here a few weeks. Our young friends, after being made aware that liberty was given all to speak who believed in Jesus, took advantage of the opportunity to tell their experience; the first one related his having been born in New York, and going from thence to the Rocky Mountains, and said although he had been deprived through circumstances of a good education, he had a strong testimony to bear to the truth of the Gospel; at this point the speaker was interrupted with the usual ejaculations, such as praise the Lord, etc., from various ones in the congregation; he then testified to them that the Church of Jesus Christ had been again organized upon the earth, with apostles, prophets, etc., etc.; and that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God. The sound of that name had about the same effect as an electric shock upon the nerves of the people, and several heads bent forward while an uncomfortable expression came over their faces. His companion then arose and bore testimony to the truth of what had been said by his friend, and declared that men were commissioned of God to officiate in the ordinances of the Gospel, and these ordinances were the same to-day as in the days of Jesus and His Apostles, viz., faith, repentance, baptism, laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, and closed by praying that the Lord would enlighten their minds that they might be able to understand the truth and see the necessity of yielding obedience to it. Thus the testimony of the servants of God on this occasion was sounded in the ears of many who, perhaps, would never have heard it but for this circumstance; and the faces of many sanctimonious ones who had been relating their love for Jesus, and telling how they got saved, were a look of troubled astonishment when we called upon them to repent, and be baptized. But the testimony of the servants of God will continue to go to the ends of the earth, until every one shall hear the sound thereof and the wicked shall be left without excuse, that when the judgments of Almighty God are poured out, men cannot say, we have not been warned.

The Saints of God to-day have greater hope and consolation, that those in any former dispensation of the world had, for we know that this kingdom which God has commenced to establish upon the earth in these latter days shall never be destroyed and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but all other kingdoms shall be consumed by it, and it shall stand forever. Then let the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing, the kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against His anointed. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision.

We feel well, and determined with the help of the Lord to lift up our voices on the streets, or in houses, wherever opportunity offers, testifying of the marvelous things which the Lord is doing.

The DESERET NEWS is a welcome messenger to us, and we feel disappointed when it does not come.

Trusting I have not trespassed upon your space too much, I remain your fellow laborer in the kingdom of God,

EDWARD DAVIS.

YORICK'S YUMOR.

HE STARTS FOR THE EFFETE EAST.

It was towards the close of the "Ides of March," as Homer has it, that my friend Percival walked into my apartment on First South Street and asked in a buzz-saw kind of a way if I was aware that on the first of the following month the pass system of transportation upon railways in the United States would be a relic of the dim and regretful past.

I replied that I was acquainted with the fact, and added quite heatedly that in my opinion Congress had taken hold of the subject none too soon. Then more in fervor than in anger, I stood up and sawed the air with my arms, the while I delivered myself of the following: "Yes, sir, if a benighted Congress has done nothing else this winter, it has certainly made an effort to strangle this iniquitous business indulged in by railway corporations, of pandering to wealth and influence at the expense of the poor and the lowly; and in so doing Congress deserves the approbation and support of every honest hearted son of our glorious commonwealth. For don't you know, the middle, and as I may say, the non-pass-accepting class, who pay as they go and ask no favors, are the backbone and heart and liver of our country, sir, and when they are discriminated against—when they are ground down by the iron heel of a relentless and hellish passenger tariff, I tell you sir, it is time to pause. To call a halt, to—"

"Well, but," interrupted Percival, "don't you realize that if you and I or any of us who do not compose the vertebra or the other viscera you have mentioned, but are only the gristle and ribs, so to speak, of our country, ever expect to see the color of the sky outside of Utah, we must either wait till we are affluent or else light out before the inter-state commerce law begins the strangulation process which you have described with so much warmth and feeling? In short, do you appreciate the fact that now is the time to strike or never?"

I simply blinked. My friend continued: "That is what I am saying, and recollect—we can never go younger. Now what do you say to trying to work some of these 'vicious corporations' for a tip pass down to the effete east? There is barely time to run down as far as New York, take a look at John Neels and beat a hasty return, but is not the object worthy the effort? Talk quick; there is no time for fooling."

I faltered. Of course I meant every word I had recently uttered about the iron heel of a hellish despotism, but somehow my friend had a faculty of presenting things in such a new and original light that it rattled and unmanned me.

"Is it a go?" he persisted. "I dunno. Seems so sudden." Then my friend went away for half an hour and left me to think it over.

I ruminated. "Am I not slowly but surely making my way into the sweet bald head row of time without having seen anything of the world except Lindsey's Gardens? I am. Have I not yearned for seventeen years to see New York with an irresistible ardor that mocks the power of words? I have. After all it is not simply by a pleasant interchange of courtesies that a poor devil of a cattle king, or merchant prince, or plumber, as the case may be, is enabled to journey hither and thither in the cars without let or hindrance, or dress, or anything of that nature? It is."

I was weakening. Already I regretted the terrible argument which the unfortunate railway companies had received at my hands. New York was the haven of my earthly hopes—the goal of my youthful aspirations—the Mecca of my fondest dreams.

I wondered if I could get a pass.

Everything I had ever done to enhance the interests of railways came surging back into my throbbing brain. The first surge brought back to me as clearly as life, how while acting as assistant local upon a Salt Lake weekly I had painted in vivid colors the thrilling horrors of a railway accident by which a good man was deprived of an aged and highly respectable cow. I afterwards discovered that the cow was a full-blooded, high-priced, short-horned Durham, whose pedigree could readily be traced back as far as William the Conqueror. The railway company discovered it also. Another throbbing and trenchant editorial I had once indicted on the iniquity of running Sunday bathing trains danced before me like a spectre.

I felt that these little items—unsupported and alone—were not perhaps sufficient desiderata to cause any perceptible increase of railway traffic; still they were something. Then I remembered that I had an uncle once who shipped a carload of dried peaches from East Beaufort to Walla Walla. Here, at least, I had a valid and well defined claim. But better than all—my father crossed the plains in the same company with Bishop Sharp. When my friend returned I was calm but resolute.

I would make the effort.

I will not wantonly harrow the feelings of your good readers by a recital of the sundry and ingenious devices, not to say subterfuges, to which I found it necessary to resort in order to get "fixed"—to use the railroad vernacular; but I am duly grateful to be able to acknowledge that my keenest anticipations were shortly, not to say curiously realized, and I was made

the gladsome possessor of a variegated assortment of paste-boards adorned with various insignias and coats of arms, with numerous letters of marque and reprisal, all bearing words of cheer and taffy which I was given to understand would see me safely through my contemplated journeyings, both pro and con, to use a chance poetical expression of Judge Snow's.

I grant you it was not, altogether pacifying to my hitherto unsullied conscience to have to impersonate so many of my friends and relatives, and you may imagine the tax on my memory to be able to talk glibly about the various commercial commodities in whose interests I was supposed to travel. For instance, trusting blindly to your discretion, I will disclose to you that in Omaha I am hides and pelts; in Denver I am gas pipe; in Kansas City, sulky plows; in Chicago, traveling elder, and in New York, second old man. Still I took heart from the assurances of various railway officials that no one ever received a pass because he was entitled to it and that comforted me amazingly.

And now with my transportation peeping from my vest pocket, how cold and uncared for seemed that cruel stab I had given to the established railway methods of the age when my friend first brought the subject to my attention. In the light of my new born aspirations how uncouth and out of place appeared all my erstwhile strictures. How alta club-like seemed my previousness!

And soon it came to be circulated among my friends that I was going from home—and then it was *O tempora mores!* that I became the recipient of such advice as would "prove useful to me when I was away." It was mostly bestowed by friends who, unlike myself, had traveled, and they called each little bit of it a pointer which I should strictly observe so as not to be mistaken for a tenderfoot.

"When you reach Chicago," said a warm personal friend, "you must walk along the streets quite rapidly and not with that slow, gawky, Podimk air so common to the amateur sightseer. If you fail to observe this injunction you become at once a prey to the subtle confidence man who feeds and fattens upon suckers."

Another gentleman, as dear to me as life, whose "fat have pressed the soil of every clime"—to borrow Tullidge, took me gently aside and confided to me that nothing in the world so completely unvelled the amateur tourist to the practiced eye of the lynx-like bunko steerer as to walk fast in a crowded city.

"Rather stroll leisurely along," he said, "just as nonchalantly as possible, assuming the air of one entirely at ease."

Another friend to whom I am madly attached advised me to sew my money to the inside lining of my vest and still another not to take any money at all.

"You'll want a bottle of blackberry brandy," said a medical friend, with a knowing wink. "Take a pill every night before you go to bed" confidentially whispered an aged relative. Half the Co-op drug store would scarcely represent the quantity of soporifics and narcotics and cathartics which it would be handy to have in my valise. Then I wasn't to forget to see the porter and tip the waiter, and beware of pickpockets, and never take a hack, and always inquire everything of a policeman, and never leave my hand baggage or a moment, and be careful about my directions, and never lose my head, and lastly, just as I was leaving, the dearest her eyes and enjoined upon me the pleasant duty of scanning the newspapers each morning for railway accidents, and in case any happened on this continent to wire her immediately that I was not one of the unfortunate and mangled victims.

Well, in a day or so, away we went with a ding dong and a gigantic whoop of the engine, bidding a fond good day to the Warm Spring pasture and arriving shortly at Ogden, not as visitors from Salt Lake, but as near-sighted tourists, with little skull caps and a cold in the head.

Twenty minutes spent in a futile search for that Union depot and we sped up the Weber and the Echo canyons over the hills and through the narrow defiles where the flower of the United States army held Col. Wiunder and ten men at bay all through the winter of 1858, and we reached Evanston and partook of our first meal, served by the Pacific Hotel Company. They set an excellent table, and the waiters (all good looking girls) are as friendly of all came to me with tears in attentive as book agents. They not only bring to your table what you order, but they keep a sharp lookout, and when it appears from the workings of your epiglottis that you have bolted one dish, like a flash they serve upon your plate something else of a relishing nature; indeed, I have no doubt they would convey the food from the plate to your mouth if you would but drop the suggestion. So accommodating they are and so eager to give you seventy-five cents' worth in the twenty minutes which the train waits.

As the shades of evening fell upon us that night an old timer with a little straggly goatee and a large chew of tobacco took the train and rode with us as far as Green River. As I have an especial fondness for 49ers, I engaged him in conversation, and among other things he said:

"Law bless you, this is my old stomping ground. I reckon I know every bunch of grass on the peraries 'bout as well as the bison that used to scamper round. You know old

Fayette Granger, that used to run a tradin' post out yonder on Blacks fork. Well there wasn't no better customer for him than me. Poor fellow might a ben wuth a million his swells no, one I dunno—didn't seem to hang to it right. Stranger you see them low hills back there a little above yon hog back? Well thars where the gayment wagons was burnt time o' the Utah war—you've heard o' that I reckon. Right up on Ham's Fork—taint no great ways. You see Brigham he'd give Lot Smith orders he warn't to shoot—oney keep a peetern of 'em like to keep 'em out o' the valley till he could git a chance to git the ear o' the gayment—and so Lot and his boys all faller o' the devil than a egg's fall n' meat didn't want nuthin better'n that for fun. Ye see them soliers o' Katneys never know'd no more about the country than a billed owl. Jis slike as not they'd turn to and pitch camp right bang in the middle of some swamp or other that 'ud mire a saddle blanket. Then they'd all huddle together of a night shiverin' like a dog that had been eatin' briars and turn their stock out to grass. So Lot and the boys they'd be a watchin' their tom fool maneuverin's up in the bresh injun fashion you know—then bout the shank of the evenin' away them boys 'ud go a horseback, tearin' down the hill, holleerin' like cayotes and stampeed all the gayment stock—like as not some o' them critters runnin' yet."

The honest granger roared and rolled in laughter till his face was red as the bandana handkerchief with which he mopped the streaming mirth from his sun scorched eyes.

When bedtime came that night I was ill prepared for sleep. So I lay and listened to the thumping of the car wheels and thought of the old pioneer and the quaint things he said.

Forty years ago, they called it the "Utah war." To-day, it is only an "irrepressible conflict." Forty years ago it was guns and bayonets. To-day it is only courts and prisons. Forty years ago the President of the United States was determined to wipe out the Mormons by the sword. To-day the President is determined the government shall not be vindictive in its efforts to extirpate the practice of polygamy.

"We are progressing," said I to myself.

ANOMALIES;

Also, Protestantism versus Catholicism.

Editor Deseret News:

The editor of the paper published in this city in the interest of the Methodist Church, seems to have taken umbrage at some remarks made by Bishop Scanlan of the Roman Catholic Church in his sermon last Christmas in reference to the people of the sectarian churches in general, and in more than one reply has not only sought to chastise the Bishop for the onslaught he claims was then made upon the Protestant religion and people, but has retaliated upon the Roman Catholic Church in general and has endeavored to show up the superiority of the Protestant religion. In doing this, he has exhibited an antagonism which is neither new nor strange as which I should not have noticed at a (for I have no part in the fight) were not that about four years ago the said same Bishop—as a Christian minister mind you—was sought in another direction and he was then recognized as a very worthy brother; I will relate At the time of which I speak the Christian ministers of Utah united in petitioning for further special legislation against the Latter-day Saints. Every Protestant minister within reach in the Territory, I believe, signed the petition, and strange to relate, the name of Father Scanlan, the priest then in charge of the Catholic community here, but who has since been promoted to bishop, was dovetailed in between the name of the Episcopal (Church of England) Bishop and the name of the presiding Methodist minister. I made the remark at the time, What an anomaly, for a Catholic priest, to fraternize under any circumstances with any of the apostate churches, against whom the heaviest anathemas of the Church of Rome have been pronounced and have never been revoked. I have seen those who in faith, doctrine, politics and practice were the very antipodes of each other, fraternizing amicably and jointly formulating measures to overthrow Mormonism, who, under any other circumstances never could have been brought together. Notably Christian and Jew, minister and infidel, republican and democrat, prohibitionist and drunkard. I have further seen the highest executive officer acting as chaperon to a notorious demi monde and begging a judge of election to receive her vote, when he was satisfied she was not eligible; for no other reason, than that he knew she would cast a vote in opposition to Mormon nominees. All this and much more I have seen, but the acme of this kind of unity is certainly reached when a minister of the Roman Catholic Church unites with ministers of apostate churches to put down Mormonism. Let me ask, what would be gained if this were really accomplished, and who would be the gainers? For the information of the Church of Rome and all other churches, I will here say that a Latter-day Saint if converted to any other faith would make the poorest disciple imaginable; while