

comes serious, we shall have to appeal for protection, but so long as it keeps within limits, it is rather a good advertisement for us."

In London there dwells a miserable specimen of humanity, who glories in the euphemistic appellation of Schaller, whose sole stock in trade, not forgetting his incurable weakness of lurid lying, consists of a weather-beaten banner that bears the legend: "Mormon Murders" together with an awful atrocity (artistically) in the shape of a picture illustrating an alleged Mormon priest cutting the throat of a certain Mrs. Maxwell, he also is furnished with some pamphlets, likewise illustrated, that ought to be preserved as typographical curios. Of these he is constantly reminding his punctuates his lectures on Mormonism with a reference to the same "only one penny each." As he unblushingly admits, when cross-examined on the subject, that he has never been out of England, his lecture is somewhat unreliable, nevertheless the sensation-loving street loafer does not mind a little discrepancy such as that. Of course it is a regular gold mine for him to follow the Elders around at their open air meetings and consequently sells out on every occasion. By dint of patience and long-suffering Elders Stewart and Stringfellow succeeded in getting their audiences over to their side last summer at Hummersmith, where things ultimately got extremely nauseating to this aforesaid purveyor of penny dreadfuls. The London Elders opened up a new district at Watford this spring and so great has been the interest in their teachings that a hall that has been hired in the center of the town has been crowded on Sunday evenings and large crowds listen to them on the streets during week nights. Needless to remark the Elders were somewhat chagrined to see that Schaller had come down from London with an extra edition of his penny horrible, one evening three weeks ago when they were about to start an open air meeting. That Saturday night was distinctly Schaller's, the appearance of Elders Stringfellow and Anderson being greeted with cries of "down with the Mormons, duck 'em, kill 'em." The crowd promptly made a rush for the boys smashing their hats and indulging in a regular rough and tumble display under the very nose of the solitary policeman on the square, who promptly advised them to get out to the outskirts, which they did, followed by Schaller and his imps. As the rocks in that part of Watford were not glued down. The procession headed back to town cross-lots; finally the police realized that the Mormon baiting had gone far enough and rescued the principals and escorted them to the police station, where they were subsequently, not exactly let over the wall in a basket, but ushered out the back entrance, whilst Schaller continued his harangue upon the market place. Such in brief are the devil's methods of fighting truth. After twenty months' experience in the field I have yet to find the man who will fight Mormonism upon doctrinal grounds, despite the fact they unhesitatingly designate it as fiction and fraud.

The staff here at headquarters has become somewhat depleted. Brother Edwin F. Parry, who has for the two years past ably assisted in editing the Star, and further answering scurrilous attacks on the Latter-day Saints on all occasions through the columns of the press, sailed last week on the Lucania for home. He was accompanied by Elder C. L. Rose, who has made a record by the number of tracts and an edition of the Doctrine and Covenants that he has run off out in the miniature press room down the yard. President Rulon S. Wells also has left for an extensive trip on the

continent, where he will visit all the various conferences as he returns. On the same day, Dr. James E. Talmage arrived on the Etururia, conveying a valuable case of ammunition in the shape of numerous views of sceneries in the Beehive State, ready mounted for lecturing purposes. The stereopticon searchlight is a new, up-to-date development in the warfare against the usurper Satan, who will have to wake up somewhat and get the strategic beard into action. One by one his obsolete muzzle loaders are getting dismantled, and only in rural districts in Great Britain does that moss-covered piece of siege artillery (the Mormon Danite and throat-cutting gag) ever explode with any éclat. Some time back Major General William Jarman indulged in some pyrotechnics in the peaceful little Kentish town of Dover. The rabble was stirred up to the extent of indulging in the usual hoodlum display. Our genital-eyed doctor—he with the Walter Scott brow—late of Cedar City, was openly accused of decamping with six of Dover's comeliest, hired girls. However, the paper of the town saw through the major general of the Brimstone Fusiliers, and the following editorial note was the consequence: "Anything more revolting or vulgar than the discourse which the ex-Mormon priest delivers to expose his former associates in Utah it is impossible to conceive. But what passes my comprehension is that there are people willing to accept for 'gospel' the strange and startling narratives which the West countryman retails for the edification (?) of his excited hearers. I don't want to use any improper language concerning the details of Mr. Jarman's stories, but I may say that I, for one, decline absolutely to treat him au sérieux. Nothing will induce me to believe that Mr. Jarman's 'facts' exist other than in his own fertile and morbid imagination. I once took up his 'book'—shilling plain, two shillings cloth covered—as a matter of curiosity; but I had not read a score of pages before I resolved to resign it to the refuse heap. I hope for the sake of the dustman's finer feelings that he did not discover it." etc.

Another old-time weapon of attack is in danger of being placed on the retired list, viz: "The Downtrodden Women of Utah," wheeze. This one time effective weapon of offense is likewise classed among the antiques. Several of these downtrodden women have, during the past two years, spoken in public over here and created quite an impression. Reinforcements have arrived, and two bright, intelligent Utah girls—Sisters Jennie Brimhall and Inez Knight—who have been called and set apart for a mission to Great Britain, are now successfully engaged in rendering another pet missile of slander hors de combat.

GEO. E. CARPENTER.

#### LIFE OF A VOLUNTEER.

Patriotism and \$15 a month were the chief factors in moving me to enlist with the Utah recruits for Captain Young's battery. Bacon and rice, coffee and hard tack have thus far furnished the momentum for my daily, hip! hip! hip! halt! right about face! and my love of fair Columbia and a few other American girls, has made the blanket I sleep on and my hammer-sack pillow soft enough to keep me from regretting. But God bless the "Red Cross," for having done more than anything else to render the volunteer's life endurable. Uncle Sam is generous with his soldiers, but many of his stewards are absolutely without conscience when they see that by furnishing a poor quality of food and clothing to their country's defenders, they will be enabled to add to their

private bank account more rapidly than if they lived up to the full letter of their contracts. Much has been said and written regarding the shoddy uniforms and equipments furnished the volunteers by contractors here in San Francisco; but the story has not been fully told. The facts reveal a condition of affairs that is simply disgraceful, but as they affect only the private, the poor devil who has nothing but his life to offer his country, they continue unchanged. Volunteers don't expect luxuries, or many comforts, but they would appreciate the necessities of which wholesome food and warm clothing constitute the whole. But for the "Red Cross" and other Christian associations, our stay in this warm-hearted city would be, to say the least, discouraging.

San Francisco is a military camp. Soldiers are thicker in this city than grass-widows in Seattle. It would be a difficult feat to throw a rock down Market street now-a-days without hitting a raw recruit. Volunteers, soldiers, everywhere, and in all stages of maturity, from the rawest of the raw, to the overdone and brainless coxcomb, who considers the particular part in his hair and the particular swagger of his off-duty gait, as being the only proper way of doing things. There are two such with the Utah cavalry volunteers at Camp Merritt. Little, short, thick calved fellows, with small, empty heads on bull necks. To see them don their best fighting gear and sally forth of evenings, to capture the hearts of button-girls, is more heartrending than to have cold rice for breakfast. But taking them all in all, Uncle's boys in blue, are a pretty fine set, and quite capable of holding their own in the profession they at present follow. Discipline grinds hard on some of them. They can't seem to understand the necessity of every man being at his post at proper or stated times, and of their obeying the commands of their superiors, who in citizen life were not so. I am proud to say that the Utah boys, with one or two exceptions, are fully awake to the demands of the hour, and that there seems to be a keen competition among them for the future promotions. They drill about four hours every day and are fast losing the marks that distinguish the recruit from the regular, and most of them show much aptitude in catching on to new drills. We have one fellow though in our company, who does not seem to know his right from his left; in fact he seems to have left his right at home. He claims to be right, the drill sergeant says he should have been left. No doubt he wishes he had been; he was exercising on the wood pile this morning.

Our esteemed Lieutenant Wedgwood is confined in his bed at Lane hospital, with quite a serious attack of typhoid fever. We all hope for his speedy recovery, and as he is a man of great will-power and determination no doubt he will pull through. Our battery recruits are temporarily in charge of Lieut. Dless of the California volunteers. Uniforms and equipments have not yet been issued to all of our battery recruits and much dissatisfaction is shown, and justly too, by the majority of those who have received uniforms, because of their miserable quality, and the fact that many of them are second hand and entirely unfit for Americans to wear. This condition will be remedied, however, in the near future and no doubt the volunteer recruits will be treated as Uncle Sam intends they should be, as soldiers and champions of truth and liberty.

Today is one long to be remembered by the Utah battery boys. After our morning drill we were lined up again, and marched over to the hospital tent.