

THE SIX HUNDRED.

MEETING IN LONDON OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE CHARGE OF BALAKLAVA.

The old soldiers of the Light Cavalry Brigade, the men who "rode into the Valley of Death" on that fatal October morning one-and-twenty years ago, were invited to attend a meeting last night to make arrangements for a dinner in celebration of the anniversary of the Balaklava charge. The trysting-place was the Prince of Wales Tavern, Villier street, Strand, and the hour fixed for the muster was nine o'clock, to enable those engaged in business to put in an appearance. In consequence of the disagreeable drizzling rain, not so many came as were expected, but a respectable contingent, in every sense of the word, of war-worn veterans answered to the roll call all the same. Hale, hearty men they were, the most of them; but so portly of build that they set one wondering what sort of a light cavalry that must have been where the weight in the pig-skin ran up to eighteen stone of living flesh in sundry instances. Jovial of manner and neat of address, they discussed the matter before them as one might have expected—in brief, soldierly and most harmonious manner. It was agreed that a dinner should be solemnized in the Charing Cross Hotel—is not solemnized the correct word, for has not Charles Lever defined a dinner as a social sacrament?—on the 25th of October, and it was stated that many officers who had helped to write one of the most brilliant pages in our military annals had promised to give the event the sanction of their presence. The greater part of these in the room had belonged to the 11th Hussars, that distinguished corps having been principally recruited in London. One warrior had served his apprenticeship to arms under De Lacey Evans in Spain; another was remarkable as having borne the flag of truce to the Russian lines the day after Balaklava; a third was never tired of celebrating the *hauts faits* of his ancient captain, Sir Roger Palmer, who led the E troop of the 11th into action, and did his slaughter with cold steel, having forgotten his revolver in the hurry to jump into the saddle. After the formal proceedings were over there was some rare gossip over former campaigns, and the non-military observer was enabled to pick up some interesting reminiscences.

It is a curious circumstance that every man but one who won that supremest of all military distinctions, the Victoria Cross, in the magnificent mad ride immortalized by the laureate, had his horse shot under him. There was trooper Samuel Parkes, of the Light Dragoons, who stood on the ground with his charger writhing in the death agony beside him. Trumpet Major Crawford flashed by; his good steed stumbled, the rider was dismounted, and his naked saber sent whirling out of his grasp. A pair of Cossacks saw their opportunity and spurred upon the defenseless Crawford, but Parkes confronted them and kept them at bay. When the retreat came, the two brave fellows followed their comrades, and were pursued by six Russians, but Parkes, with his single sword, held them at arm's length and retired slowly, fighting and defending the Trumpet Major until deprived of his weapon by a shot. This is no rhodomontade, but plain fact, as recorded in the *Gazette*. Lieutenant Alexander Robert Dunn, of Cardigan's boys, was another hero of that day, fruitful in heroes. He saved the life of Sergeant Bentley, of his own corps, by cutting down two or three Russian troopers who were attacking him from the rear, and afterward hewed to the chine a Russian hussar who had fallen upon Private Levett. This Dunn, it will be remembered, afterward commanded the 33rd, being the youngest man of his rank in the army, and perished in the Abyssinian Expedition. Riding-master Joseph Malone had his horse shot in the charge, but, properly speaking, his bit of glorious gun-metal was gained the day previous, when he volunteered with three troopers on the march to Balaklava and captured an escort of the enemy's cavalry and baggage they were conveying to Sebastopol. Troop Sergeant Major John Berryman, of the old "Death's-head and Crossbones," the same sturdy cavalier who took prisoner three Russians

while they were within reach of their own guns at Mackenzie's farm, behaved splendidly at Balaklava. When his horse was shot under him he stopped in the field with Captain Webb, who was surrounded, amid a shower of shot and shell, and although repeatedly told by that officer to consult his own safety and leave him, he refused to do so, and Sergeant John Farrell coming by the two faithful fellows carried Captain Webb out of range of the guns. The courageous Irishman Farrell, who lost his horse, like the majority of his plucky companions, and had gone near to losing his life, was awarded the envied honor, but did not long survive to wear it. Charles Woodcock, now Quartermaster in the 104th foot, was another of the 17th lancers who earned the cross on the 25th of October, 1854, and he too had his charger killed in the wild melee. Assisted by Dr. Monatt, of the Inniskillen dragoons, he succeeded in carrying Major Morris, of his own regiment, who lay dreadfully wounded, to a place of safety. In chatty recollections such as those we have tried to pen, and in tales of half-breadth escapes in the hard days gone by, the time was pleasantly passed, and shortly before midnight the survivors of the "Six Hundred" separated, looking forward with joyous anticipation to a merry meeting on Balaklava Day. *London Standard, Sept. 23.*

The Golden Rule, and the Rule of Gold.

A few days ago a gentleman of this city received by mail a check for \$500. He deposited it in his bank, and went down into the streets, there to be met by a rumor that sent him back in haste. Just twenty-five minutes had elapsed. The teller's little door was shut. The money was gone. Had it been stolen? Was the banker a swindler? No, he had only failed.

About the same time, a merchant received a large quantity of goods one day near the close of business hours. He made some commonplace excuse for not making immediate payment, and promised to send a check the next morning. The first announcement of the morning was that he had failed. He had the goods, but the real owner was without his check. Was the merchant a thief? Ought he to have gone to jail? Not at all. He had merely suspended. He was unable to meet his obligations!

Two young women were recently brought into one of our police courts on a charge of stealing shoes from a Third Avenue store. They were decent in appearance and it was believed by some that they had been driven to crime by want. Had they failed, or had they suspended? Or was it because they were unable to meet their obligations? Not at all. They were thieves—common thieves—very common thieves. They were sent to the penitentiary for two months. —N. Y. Tribune.

An old writer on manners says: "When a woman would impress the beholders favorably, let her carry herself with her chin drawn in as by a bridle. It giveth an air of decorum and stateliness becoming to her womanhood."

The editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser has bought a chair which was once occupied by Daniel Webster. He might be still more like Daniel by neglecting to pay for it.—*Courier Journal*.

DEED.

In this city, Oct. 16th, at the residence of her son Millen, COLLY A'WOOD, aged 85 years, 4 months, and 4 days.

At Mill Creek, Oct. 13th, 1875, of inflammation of the bowels, JAMES LANG, son of John Hamilton and Sarah Lang.

Deceased was born in Ireland, county of Armagh, June 11th, 1818; emigrated with his parents to Canada at the age of fourteen years; married Mary Ann Campbell in 1840; embraced the Gospel in 1844; emigrated to Nauvoo in 1846; shared in the persecutions; was ordained a Seventy at Kanawville in 1848, under the hands of President Joseph Young; came to this valley in 1852; was ordained a High Priest in 1870 by Bishop Reuben Miller; went on a mission to Canada in 1875; returned the same year; had a family of fifteen children; leaves a wife and ten children and seventeen grand-children, and a large circle of friends. He died in the hope of a glorious resurrection. Canadian papers, please copy.

In Scipio, at one p.m., October 14th, of whooping cough, MARGARET ELLEN, daughter of John B. and Nancy Arilla Warden, aged three years, eleven months, and fourteen days.

Millennial Star, please copy.

At Wilkes, Lancashire, August 26th, ROBERT H. son of William and Brooks, aged one year.—*Millennial Star*.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Agents and terms free. TAUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

NEW BOOK AND MUSIC

STORE, Ephraim, Sanpete County.

A good stock in our line at reasonable prices. Agents for the New England Organ Co., Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., and the Wilson Sewing Machine Co.

Christianson, Anderson & Co.

TO Merchants and Others.

DO NOT IMPORT WOOLLEN GOODS

When you can buy them in GREAT VARIETY and at Prices that Defy Competition, at

PROVO WOOLLEN FACTORY.

See Samples at Z. C. M. I. and at Taylor & Cutler's, Salt Lake City, also at the Factory.

200,000 lbs. WOOL WANTED.

Special Rates and attention given to the Trade.

with JAMES DUNN, Supt.

Ayer's CHERRY PECTORAL!

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Cold, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption.



THE few compositions, which have won the confidence of mankind and become household words, among not only one but many nations, must have extraordinary virtues. Perhaps no one ever secured so wide a reputation, or maintained it so long, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It has been known to the public about forty years, by a long continued series of marvellous cures, that have won for it its confidence in its virtues, never equalled by any other medicine. It still makes the most effectual cures of Coughs, Colds, Consumption, that can be made by medical skill. Indeed the CHERRY PECTORAL has really robbed these dangerous diseases of their terrors to a great extent, and given a feeling of immunity from their fatal effects, that is well founded, if the remedy be taken in season. Every family should have it in their closet for the ready and prompt relief of its members. Sickness, suffering, and even life is saved by this timely protection. The prudent should not neglect it, and the wise will not keep it by you for the protection it affords by its timely use in sudden attacks.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

Practical and Analytical Chemists. Sold by all Druggists and dealers in Medicine.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR

To its Natural Vitality and Color.



ADVANCING years, sickness, care, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition, all turn the hair gray, and either of them incline it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, by long and extensive use, has proven that it stops the falling of the hair immediately; often renews the growth, and always surely restores its color, when faded or gray. It stimulates the nutritive organs to healthy activity, and preserves both the hair and its beauty. Thus brassy, weak, or sickly hair becomes glossy, pliable and strengthened; lost hair regrows with lively expression; falling hair is checked and staid; thin hair thickens, and faded or gray hair resume their original color. Its operation is sure and harmless. It cures dandruff, heals all humors, and keeps the scalp cool, clean and soft—under which conditions diseases of the scalp are impossible. As a dressing for ladies' hair, the VIGOR is praised for its grateful and agreeable perfume, and valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

Practical and Analytical Chemists. Sold by all Druggists and dealers in Medicine.

Sold at the Z. C. M. Institution. (No. 1.)

ESTABLISHED 1857.

PIONEER FURNITURE STORE,

BY

H. Dinwoodey.

Sale Rooms—75, 77 and 79 First South Street, Salt Lake City

Half Block West of Z. C. M. I. Clock.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Imported and Manufactured

FURNITURE!



Parlor and Bed Room Suits

PARLOR BRACKETS,

OFFICE AND PARLOR DESKS,

Folding Camp Chairs,

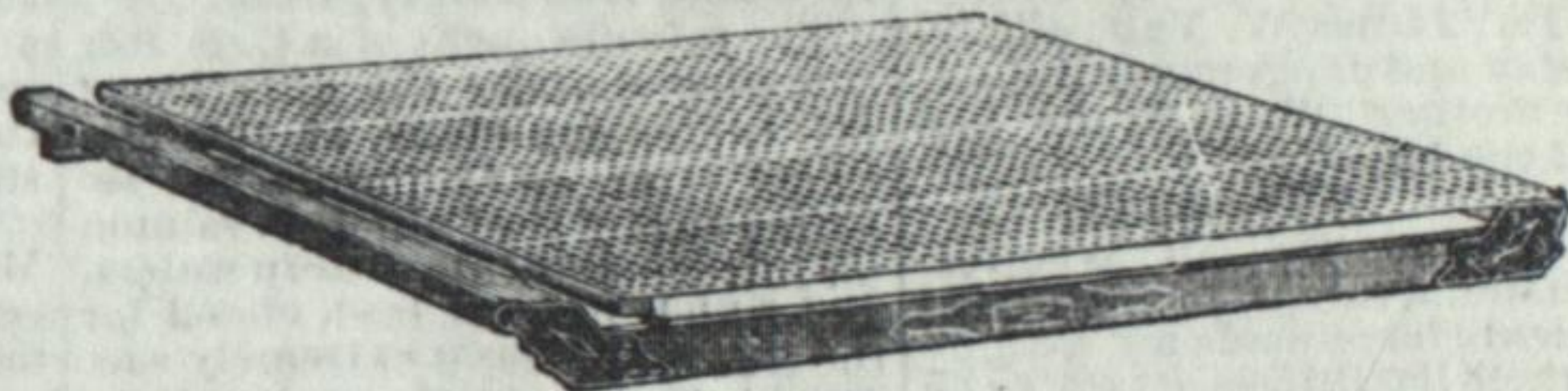
SPRING BEDS,

MATTRESSES

Feathers, Wall Paper,

Mirrors and Mirror Plates, Cupboard and Meat Safes

Wonderful Wire Woven Mattress



Special Inducement to dealers.

BURDICK'S CHAMPION! ROTARY HARROW.



REVOLVES continually while in operation so that large lumps or any obstruction of the kind cannot clog it. Therefore as a Pulverizer, Soil Mixer, Grain Coverer, and to Level the Surface it has no equal, doing three times the work of any other Harrow with same labor. Thousands have been sold and are in use, giving the greatest satisfaction.

LOCAL TESTIMONY:

Every Farmer that we have seen witness the working of Burdick's Champion Rotary Harrow is convinced of its Practical Utility and Superiority.

WILFORD WOODRUFF,

G. B. WALLACE,

WM. THORN,

A. P. LOCKWOOD,

JNO. E. WINDEL,

H. G. CLARK.

Manufactured and for sale at

H. Dinwoodey's Furniture Factory.

d10w w18

TAYLOR'S HOTEL,

Over Taylor & Cutler's Store, Salt Lake City,

IS THE BEST PLACE FOR VISITORS

TO STAY AT.

Their Charges are Reasonable.

Rooms from 50c to \$1 per day.

Board.....\$1 per day.

TAYLOR & CUTLER,

PROPRIETORS.

WASHINGTON HOUSE,

Third South Street,

Between Main Street and State Road.

SALT LAKE CITY,

Renovated and Refitted, is opened as a

Select Boarding & Lodging House.

Meals, 25c.; Beds, 25c.; Rooms, 50c.

Special Rates for families and Weekly Boarders.

A quiet place for quiet people.

J. M. WHEELER, Lessee

THIS Handle never gets loose. It is not affected by wet weather. It is the most durable handle known. A New Article, "PATENT HANDLE," the most durable white handle known.

The Meriden Cutlery Co., 49 Chambers St., NEW YORK.

Our Goods are kept by Z. C. M. I. and all its branch stores, and also by the Co-operative stores throughout the territory.

MADE BY

And Exclusive Dealers of

TABLE KNIVES AND FORKS OF ALL KINDS.