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THE RIGHT WILL RIGHT ITSELF.

When overcome with anxious fears,
And moved with passion strong,
Because the right seems losing ground
And everything goes wrong,
How oft does admonition say:
"Put trouble on the shelf;
Truth will outlive the liar's day,
And right will right itself!"

By all the triumphs of the past,
By all the victories won,
The good achieved, the progress made
Each day, from sun to sun;
In spite of artful ways employed
By perfidy or pelf,
Of one thing we can rest assured,
The right will right itself!

Unbaken in our faith and zeal,
'Tis ours to do and dare,
To find the place we best can fill.
And serve our Maker there;
For he is only brave who thus
Puts trouble on the shelf,
And trust in God, for by His aid
The right will right itself.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

THE LAKE PEPIN DISASTER.

On the night of July 13 there occurred on Lake Pepin, Minn., a terrible storm which caused an appalling loss of life. The disaster is thus recounted in a press dispatch dated Lake City, Minn., July 14:

Surrounded by beautiful cliffs and farming lands, Lake Pepin's unruffled surface gave today little evidence of the fierce struggle with the elements and of the death-dealing fury of the lake that raged off this city last night. With scarcely a note of warning there burst upon this region the severest storm ever known in its history, and the loss of life is probably greater than any other single calamity that ever visited any part of the northwest. Sixty-eight bodies had been recovered when the search was discontinued at dark tonight. How many more were lost is a matter of uncertainty.

The steamer *Sea Wing* of the Diamond Jo line carried a party of two hundred or more excursionists from Red Wing to the camp of the First Regiment, Minnesota National Guards, just below the city. When

the day was coming to a close Captain Weatheren prepared to return the boatload to their homes. Many among them feared the approaching storm and asked that he postpone departure until after the storm had passed over. Thinking the storm would not prove serious he would not consent, but at about 8 o'clock started up the lake towards Red Wing, nearly two hundred passengers being on board. The wind was blowing a gale. A point of land runs out from the Minnesota shore just about this place, across from which is what is known as Maiden rock. To pass around this point it was necessary for the steamer to turn slightly toward the Wisconsin shore, and immediately the hurricane seized hold of the already struggling and cracking vessel, and twisted her out of the control of her engines and crew. An attempt to beach her failed and over she went with her great load of passengers. The large *Jim Grant*, which was in tow, and on which about one quarter of the excursionists had crowded, was also seized, her awning being crushed in and the passengers thrown into the water. This happened just below the point, and as the helpless hulks drifted before the gale.

The steamer righted herself for a moment, but in another moment she keeled over. The large broke loose and drifted down opposite the town and those still on board, about twenty in number, were rescued. The steamer drifted in back of the point and sank. Many were saved, however, and the heroism of a number of rescuers cannot be too highly praised. Corporal B. L. Terry compelled the spectators to assist him and saved the lives of eighteen of those who were clinging to the wreck. Others there were like him and over sixty were rescued from what seemed to be certain death. Small boats cruised around for several hours and picked up some three score of still living unfortunates.

As soon as word reached the militia camp volunteers were called for and every one volunteered. Adjutant General Miller immediately took charge of the regiment and the work of rescue was begun and carried out. Body after body of men, women and children, in some cases whole families, were taken

from the water, some alive, others unconscious, but not dead, and yet others from which the breath of life had forever fled.

Sad experiences were those of many parents who had children missing, and other people looking for friends and relatives ran up and down the beach all night and today, inquiring if any more bodies had been recovered and for the names of the identified dead. The anguish of the many parents whose children had been ruthlessly torn from them by the awful calamity cannot be portrayed.

At 2 o'clock this morning fifty bodies had been recovered, identified and sent to Red Wing. By 8 o'clock more had taken the same mournful journey, and at 3 o'clock this afternoon seven others were added to the gruesome number. Few of the bodies had any bruises or other marks of injury upon them. The fact that the militia were in easy call undoubtedly resulted in the saving of many lives. General Mullen and Sergeants Fitzgerald, Clark and Cain were notable and commendable.

During the morning a systematic patrol of the water over which the boats drifted after being first struck by the gale was kept up by citizens of Lake City. After the last bodies had been taken from the hulks General Mullen pressed into service all row boats within reach, with which the soldiers began this afternoon a thorough dragging of the lake at the scene of the disaster. No bodies were found up to dark, when the search was abandoned for the day. Dynamite will be used in the morning. There were a good many who made use of life preservers, but probably none were so fortunate as Robert Adams, the 17-year-old son of Dr. Adams of Lake City, and another boy. They secured three life preservers and were in the water six hours before being rescued. Young Adams could not swim, but his companion could not. They had the good sense to float quietly and not attempt to fight against the waves during the six hours they were buffeted by the billows and blown hither and yon by the gale. They drifted about a mile down past the town, and then a change in the wind carried them up the river to Fontenac, seven miles from here,