

party of Indians attacked an emigrant company, and killed 10 men, 3 women, and 3 children, and plundered and burnt 5 wagons. Three children were carried off. Some of the bodies were horribly mutilated. Mr. H. says there was news of 3 men being killed by Indians in Cameron Prairie, on Jeffries and McArthur's cut off.

Wheat was selling in Oregon at \$1.50 to \$2.00 a bushel; sales slow.

Oct. 7, fresh peaches were selling in San Francisco at 12½ cents a pound.

Our confidence in the candor of the "Press" was considerably increased upon seeing a letter of Elder P. P. Pratt's published in the daily conducted Sacramento Weekly Union. This letter bears date Sept. 25, and appears in the Union of Oct. 7, and was written to vindicate the virtues of Utah's fair daughters, and the purity of our civil and ecclesiastical institutions against some foul slanders published in a paper called the Leader, printed at Oakland.

SCHULZBERG IN CALIFORNIA.—One Henry Melges forged about \$1,000,000 San Francisco city scrip, over issued \$200,000 of the California Lumber Company's stock, committed other forgeries amounting to \$150,000 more, and put to sea in the bark America, with his family, his brother, John G. Melges, city comptroller, one W. Scammon, and others. The Weekly Union states that hundreds will become poor from this operation.

From the San Francisco Chronicle we learn that six allied vessels of war attacked Petropavlovsk, a town in Kamchatka, and in latitude 53 degrees north. The battle began on the 31st of August, and after two or three days fighting, and having 150 killed, the allies withdrew, with 43 Russian prisoners. The Russians landed their guns very skillfully; their loss in killed is not stated.

SHIPWRECK.—Sunday, Oct. 1, about 4 p.m. a dense fog prevailing, the steamer Yankee Blade, with 800 passengers, and \$163,000 in specie, ran on a reef of rocks about ¾ of a mile off Point Aquilla, and about 15 miles above Point Conception. That night and the next morning by 8 or 9 o'clock, the boats had landed about 250 passengers, when the Gulfiah hove in sight and took aboard the remainder, and proceeded to San Diego, distant 300 miles. On her return, Saturday, Sept. 7, the wheelhouse and part of the stern of the wreck were still that was visible. The Gulfiah took those who had been landed to San Francisco. The paper supposes that about 30 were drowned, and he and several passengers agree in stating that several ruffians behaved in a most fiendish manner during the night, manhandling and plundering everything valuable which they could lay their hands upon, and committing many other outrages, and it is supposed, murders. Comment upon such conduct is unnecessary, nor have we words ready at hand by which to express our feelings in regard to it. It is farther rather plainly insinuated that some 23 or 30 of the known scoundrels who were aboard, and armed to the teeth, brought about the catastrophe, in accordance with a previously well planned design. Truly this is a *prospectus* age in more senses than one.

The present rate of taxation in San Francisco is \$2.15 on \$100.

The papers are mostly filled with news of mere local interest, and squabbles and speculations in the whirlpool of politics, which are of no particular benefit to us, for we are all of one party, or so nearly so that it amounts to the same.

Several California papers are urging the different Express Companies to stretch out and supersede the present unsatisfactory and expensive mail services; and insisting that Government should forthwith make a good wagon road from some point on the Missouri to Carson Valley. We heartily coincide in these suggestions.

EDUCATIONAL.

The following Wards are assigned to the Regents of the "University of the State of Deseret," and their assistants, as the field of their labors for the promotion of Education in Great Salt Lake City:

Orson Hyde, Chancellor, 4, 5 and 6th Wards;
Geo. A. Smith, Regent, 14 and 15th
Lorenzo Snow, " 3, 11 and 12th
Wilford Woodruff, " 13 and 18th
Hon. Elias Smith, Regent, 9 and 10th
Wm. W. Phelps, " 8 and 16th
Alfred Carrington, " 17 and 19th
John Vance, " 1, 2 and 7th

GENTLEMEN.—You are expected to enter upon your respective fields of labor without unnecessary delay.

First, make yourselves acquainted with the legal powers conferred on you by the charter of the above Institution. Consult the legislative enactments of the Territory respecting schools, and also the ordinances of the City touching the same; that while you are conscientiously acting in the discharge of your duties under the higher laws of morality and religion, you may also act in accordance with the municipal laws of the Territory which are designed as aids to enforce the great principles of moral and intellectual improvement.

Second—See that competent schools are established in each Ward or District on a scale extensive enough to accommodate all the scholars of said Wards or Districts; and keep a watchful eye upon the character of the Schools, the manner in which they are conducted; and suggest any improvement that you may discover necessary. Advise with the Trustees, and act as their aids and counselors in their duties and responsibilities.

Third—Enjoin it upon the Trustees and Board of Examination to make it an indispensable requisite in teachers to forthwith qualify themselves to teach the Deseret Alphabet in their respective schools.

Fourth—It is expected that the Regents and the Twelve Apostles who may visit the various towns and settlements in the Territory, together with such agents or agents as may be sent by the Board, will teach and enforce these principles in all their circuits.

As a virtuous and an enlightened education is a prize of inestimable value to all who obtain it, and a wreath of imperishable honors to those who put forth a helping hand to bestow it to the rising generation, every guardian of this sacred treasure should be self-inspired to arouse an ambition on this subject that shall terminate in glorious achievements over ignorance, superstition, and a narrow bigotry; that when the hand of time shall sprinkle your honored heads with the frost of age, you may sit down and enjoy a feast of intellectual pleasure under the golden rays of your setting sun.

By order of the Board of Regents.
ORSON HYDE, Chancellor pro tem.
GEO. D. WATT, Secy.

THE GOLD DIGGINGS OF MAINE.—The Gospel Banner says there is no doubt that gold exists in considerable quantities on the Sandy river, above Farmington in Maine. Profitable operations are even now carried on in that region, and several sanguine gentlemen from Connecticut and New York have leased for mining purposes, two hundred square miles of land in Salem, Dead River, and Jerusalem, for a period of ten years.

A new paper has been started in New York called the *Thief*. If all the thieves in that city patronize the paper, it will be entitled to the post office advertising, on the score of its having the largest circulation.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.

INCIDENTS OF THE CAMPAIGN, &c.

DESCRIPTION OF OLD FORT.

The place selected for landing is a low strip of beach and shingle, cast up by the violence of the surf, and forming a sort of causeway between the sea and a stagnant salt water lake—one of those remarkable deposits of brackish water so frequent along this shore of the Crimea, and abundant close to our present quarters. The lake is about one mile long, and half a mile broad, and when we first arrived its borders and surface were frequented by vast flocks of wild fowl.

There is another sheet to the south of us, and there is another to the north, between our camp and Eupatoria. The causeway is no more than two hundred yards broad, and it leads at the right or southern extremity of the lake, by a gentle ascent, to an irregular table land or plateau of trifling elevation, dotted with tumuli, or barrows, such as are seen in several parts of England, and extending to the base of the very remarkable chain called, from their shape, the Tent Mountains. Towards the sea, this plateau presents a precipitous face of red clay and sandstone, varying in height from 100 to 150 feet, and it terminates by a descent almost to the sea level, at the distance of nearly two miles from the shores of the lake. Thence towards the south there is a low sandy beach, with a fringe of shingle raised by the action of waves above the level of the land, and saving it from inundation. This low coast runs as far as the eye can reach, till it is lost beneath the base of the mountain which ranges over Sebastopol.

The country inland, visible from the decks of the ships, is covered with cattle, with grain in stack, with farmhouses, and seems capable of producing enormous quantities of live stock and fodder. The stubble fields are now covered with wild lavender, southern wood, and other fragrant shrubs, which the troops are now busily collecting for fuel, and which fill the air with an aromatic perfume. We could see the people driving their carts and busy in their ordinary occupations. Now and then some Cossacks were visible, scouring along the roads from the city of Simferopol, the capital, and down south towards the menaced stronghold of the Czar; but they were not numerous.

The ships of our expedition drew up in lines parallel to the beach, the French fleet passed under steam, and extended itself on the right, and ran in close to the shore, below the cliffs of the plateau. Their small war steamers went much nearer than ours were allowed to go, and a little after seven o'clock the first French boat put off from one of the men of war; not more than fifteen or sixteen men were on board her. She was bent quickly on shore at the southern extremity of the red cliff. The crew leaped out; they formed into a knot on the strand, and seemed busily engaged for a few moments over one spot of ground, as though they were digging a grave. Presently a flag staff was visible above their heads, and in a moment more the tricolor was run up to the top, and fluted red outgaily in the wind. The French were thus the first in the taking possession and soiling of the Crimea.

There was no enemy in sight. The most scrutinizing gaze at this moment could not have detected a hostile uniform along the coast. The French admiral fired a gun shortly after eight o'clock, and the disembarkation of their troops commenced. In twenty-two minutes they say that they got 6,000 men on shore. The instant the French had landed a regiment, a company was pushed on to reconnoitre, skirmishers or pickets were sent on in front. As each regiment followed in column, its predecessor, deployed, extended front, and advanced in light marching order *en tirailleur*, spreading out like a fan over the plains. It was most curious and interesting to observe their progress, and to note the rapid manner in which they were appropriating the soil. In about an hour after their first detachment had landed, nearly 9,000 troops were on shore, and their advanced posts were faintly discernible between three and four miles from the beach, like little black specks moving over the corn fields, and darkening the highways and meadow paths.

The French army were on board line-of-battle ships, and were at once carried from their decks to the land by the men of war's boats. The Montebello carried upwards of 1,400 men, in addition to her crew. The Valmy had in all 3,000 men. The Ville de Paris and Henri Quatre were laden with men in proportion, and all the line of battle ships and steamers had full cargoes of troops. In fact, it was found that their small brig and schooners were neither safe nor comfortable, and that they were better suited for carrying stores and horses than men. The fleet of French men of war carried more than 20,000 men. Our army amounted to 27,000 men, and were embarked in a vast number of transports, covering a great extent of water. But they were carried in comfort and safety; and though there was still much sickness on board, it was as nothing compared to the mortality amongst the closely packed French. Perhaps no army ever was conveyed with such luxury and security from shore to shore as ours, in the whole history of war.

About 9 o'clock one black ball was run to the fore of the Agamemnon, and a gun was fired to enforce attention to the signal. This meant divisions of boats to assemble round ships, for which they are told off to disembark infantry and artillery. There was no enemy in sight, but long before the French had landed their first boat's cargo, the figure of a mounted officer, followed by three Cossacks, had fallen within the scope of many a glass. The Russian was within about 1,100 yards. He rode slowly along by the edge of the cliff, apparently noting the number and disposition of the fleet, and taking notes with great calmness in a memorandum book. He wore a dark green frock coat, with a little silver lace, a cap of the same color, a sash round his waist, and long leather boots. His horse, a fine bay charger, was a strange contrast to the shaggy, rough little steeds of his followers, the Cossacks—stout, compact looking fellows, with sheep-skin caps, uncouth clothing, of indeterminate cut, and high saddles. Each of these Cossacks carried a thick lance of some fifteen feet in length, and a heavy looking sabre. At times they took rapid turns by the edge of the cliff in front of us; now to the left, now to the rear of their officer, and occasionally they dipped out of sight, over the hill, all together. Then they came back flourishing their lances, and pointing to the accumulating masses of the French on their right, not more than half a mile from them on the shore, or scurrying over the hill to report progress as to the lines of English boats advancing to the beach. Their officer remained for an hour within range of a Minnie rifle, and when the Highflyer stood in close to the shore, he was coolly making a sketch in his portfolio.

THE LANDING OF THE TROOPS.

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When the latter took the paddle box in tow, leaving her, however, in charge of a careful coxswain, and the same attention was paid to getting the "foyer" on shore that was evinced in getting him into the boat; the sailors (half or wholly naked in the surf) standing by at the bows, and handing each man and his accoutrements down the plank to the shingle, for fear "he'd fall off and hurt himself." Never did men work better than our blue jackets—especially were they with horses and artillery, and their delight at having a horse to hold and to pat all to themselves was excessive.

When the gun carriages stuck fast to the shingle, half a dozen heroic seamen rushed in all the wheels, and with a "give way, my lads—all together," soon spoke it out with a run, and landed it on the hard sand. No praise can do justice to the willing labor of these fine fellows. They never relaxed their efforts as long as man or horse of the expedition remained to be landed; and many of

them, officers as well as men, were twenty-four hours in their boats.

DESTRUCTION OF ONE OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPS.

At 1 o'clock most of the regiments of the light division had moved off the beach over the hill, and across the country towards a village, near which the advance of the French left had already approached. The second battalion of the rifle brigade led the way, covering the advance with a cloud of skirmishers, and the other regiments followed in order of their seniority, the artillery, under Captain Anderson, bringing up the rear. By this time the rain began to fall pretty heavily, and the wind rose so as to send a little surf on the beach.

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Sir George was in danger, but he did not know it. Neither did the Russians see the picket advancing towards the brow of the hill. Sir George was busy scanning the country, and pointing out several spots to the quartermaster general. Suddenly they turned and slowly descended the hill. Cossacks and officers then dismounted, and stole along by the side of their horses. In about five minutes two or three tiny puffs of smoke rose over the cliff, and presently the faint cracks of a rifle were audible. In a few minutes more the Cossacks were visible, flying like the wind on the road towards Sebastopol, and crossing close to the left of the French line of skirmishers.

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By eleven, the rifles and fusiliers had been inspected, and were marching from the left of the line, along the front of the other regiments, towards the right. They ascended the slope of the hill, over the cliffs, passing by the pickets and sentries which had been placed on outpost duty by Sir George Brown, and marching straight on over the plain inland. By twelve o'clock in the day that barren and desolate beach, inhabited but a short time before only by the seagull and wildfowl, was swarming with life. From one extremity to another bayonets glistened, and red coats and brass mounted shakos gleamed in solid masses.

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The air was filled with our English speech, and the hum of voices, mingled with loud notes of command, cries of comrades to each other, the familiar address of "Bill to 'Tom," or of "Pat" to "Sandy," and an occasional shout of laughter. Very amusing was it to watch the loading and unloading of the boats. A gig or cutter, pulled by eight or twelve sailors, with a paddle box boat, flat, or Turkish pinnace in tow, (the latter purchased for the service), would come up alongside the steamer or transport in which troops were ready for disembarkation. The officers of each company first descended, each man in full dress.

Over his shoulder was slung his haversack, containing what had been, ere it went the process of cooking, 4½ pounds of salt meat, and a bulk mass of biscuit of the same weight. This was his ration for three days. Besides each officer carried his greatcoat, rolled up and fastened in a hoop round his body, a wooden canteen to hold water, a small ration of spirits, whatever change of underclothing he could manage to stow away, his forage cap, and, in most instances, a revolver. Each private carried his blanket and greatcoat strapped up into a kind of knapsack, inside which was a pair of boots, a pair of socks, a shirt, and, at the request of the men themselves, a forage cap; he also carried his water canteen and the same rations as the officer, a portion of the mess cooking apparatus, firelock and bayonet, of course, cartridge box and fifty round of ball cartridge for Minnie, and sixty rounds for smooth bore arms. As each man came creeping down the ladder Jack helped him along tenderly from rung to rung till he was safe in the boat, took his firelock and stowed it away, removed his knapsack and packed it snugly under the seat, patted him on the back, and told him "not to be afeared on the water," treated the "sojer," in fact, in a very kind and tender way, as tho' he were a large but not very sagacious "pet," who was not to be frightened or lost sight of on any account—and did all so quietly, that the large paddle box boat, containing 100, was filled in five minutes.

Then the latter took the paddle box in tow, leaving her, however, in charge of a careful coxswain, and the same attention was paid to getting the "foyer" on shore that was evinced in getting him into the boat; the sailors (half or wholly naked in the surf) standing by at the bows, and handing each man and his accoutrements down the plank to the shingle, for fear "he'd fall off and hurt himself." Never did men work better than our blue jackets—especially were they with horses and artillery, and their delight at having a horse to hold and to pat all to themselves was excessive.

When the gun carriages stuck fast to the shingle, half a dozen heroic seamen rushed in all the wheels, and with a "give way, my lads—all together," soon spoke it out with a run, and landed it on the hard sand. No praise can do justice to the willing labor of these fine fellows. They never relaxed their efforts as long as man or horse of the expedition remained to be landed; and many of

them, officers as well as men, were twenty-four hours in their boats.

DESTRUCTION OF ONE OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPS.

At 1 o'clock most of the regiments of the light division had moved off the beach over the hill, and across the country towards a village, near which the advance of the French left had already approached. The second battalion of the rifle brigade led the way, covering the advance with a cloud of skirmishers, and the other regiments followed in order of their seniority, the artillery, under Captain Anderson, bringing up the rear. By this time the rain began to fall pretty heavily, and the wind rose so as to send a little surf on the beach.

The Duke of Cambridge, followed by Major Macdonald, led off his division next in order, and many of the staff officers, who ought to have been mounted, marched on foot, as their horses were not yet landed.

While the troops were disembarking, one of the reconnoitering steamers returned with the news of a Russian camp situated near the beach, about eight miles south of the place where we were landing. The Samson, Fury, and the Vesuvius, in company with three French steamers, at once proceeded to the spot indicated. They found a camp of about 6,000 men formed at a mile's distance from the sea. The steamers opened fire with shell at 3,000 yards. The French shells burst in the air, or fell short. The Fury and Vesuvius were little more successful; but the Samson pitched shell after shell right in among the tents, knocking them over and left, and driving the soldiers in swarms out of the camp, which was destroyed after less than an hour's firing.

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Sir George was in danger, but he did not know it. Neither did the Russians see the picket advancing towards the brow of the hill. Sir George was busy scanning the country, and pointing out several spots to the quartermaster general. Suddenly they turned and slowly descended the hill. Cossacks and officers then dismounted, and stole along by the side of their horses. In about five minutes two or three tiny puffs of smoke rose over the cliff, and presently the faint cracks of a rifle were audible. In a few minutes more the Cossacks were visible, flying like the wind on the road towards Sebastopol, and crossing close to the left of the French line of skirmishers.

Sir George Brown had a near escape of being taken prisoner. He was the first to land, and pushed on without sending pickets or men in front, though he took the precaution, very fortunately, to bring up a few soldiers with him. The Cossacks, who had been dodging him, made a dash when they were within less than a hundred yards. The general had to run, and was only saved from capture by the fire of the fusiliers. The Cossacks booted. Manned, swarms of boats were putting off from the various ships to carry the English troops to land.

The light division got on shore very speedily, and were all landed, with the exception of a few companies, in an hour. The first division landed simultaneously with a portion of their friends of the leading division, the Duke of Cambridge and his staff being early on the beach, with their men, and the Brigadiers Sir C. Campbell and Major General Bentinck preceding their respective brigades. As each regiment landed, the brigade was formed in contiguous columns at quarter distance—the light division on the left, the first division next, and so on