

OUR OGDEN LETTER.

OGDEN CITY, Utah,
Aug. 12th, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

The Junction City has for a few days past been enlivened to some extent by the visits here of large delegations of the "ancient order of

UNITED WORKMEN."

They have come from the East and the West, the North and the South, and make a fine appearance as they assemble in knots or parade in small squads through the streets, exposing to the review of the curious uninitiated the regalia, which they seem to wear with considerable pride, on the left breast, bearing the initial inscription "A. O. U. W." etc. They have held a number of meetings for the transactions of business pertaining to the order. Their sessions are secret and their deliberations are not intended for the ears of the outsider. They publish only those parts of their proceedings which they deem proper.

Yesterday at one of their sessions they elected the following gentlemen to fill the various offices for the ensuing year: J. C. Harlem, of Virginia City, Nev., Grand Master; Thomas Cupit, Park City, Utah, Grand Foreman; Robert Smith, Green River, Wyo., Grand Overseer; Thomas Thorburn, Ogden City, Grand Recorder; J. R. Clark, Butte, M. T., Grand Receiver; John Strickley, Bingham, Utah, Grand Guide; Frank P. Keris, Missoula, M. T., Grand Watchman; W. Zastrow, Helena, M. T., Grand Trustee. The Supreme Representatives are: J. W. Kinsley, James Sullivan, both of Helena, M. T., and W. S. Chubock, of Gold Hill, Nev. Mr. Kinsley was formerly of Ogden, and for some time was editor of the *Pilot* (deceased), which had its birth and demise in this city. It never was healthy, and as a sequence, its career was short before it went the way that all wicked pilots will go.

THE SPITTERS

are aiding the deputies to pile up considerable work for the new judge in the First District Court, when he arrives to do the crime of the officially defunct Powers. These creatures are anxious to make for themselves records, reputations and ducats, all of which they are doing, and are gaining unenviable notoriety.

Yesterday Bishop J. S. Dewey, of Deweyville, was arrested by Steele and Paddy McLennon, and brought before Judge Black, U. S. Commissioner, when he waived any preliminaries except through W. G. Child and Job Pingree, who furnished security in the sum of \$1,500 for his appearance when needed, and \$200 each for three witnesses. Of course the charge is violation of the Edmunds law.

About 7 o'clock last evening the raiders made.

ANOTHER DESCENT.

This time it was on the residence of Mr. Edmund Robbins, of Wilson, about one mile west of Ogden City. A gentleman from the north was visiting with the Robbins family and when the deputies entered at one door the host and guest departed at another in the rear side of the house. A lively chase ensued for a short time, during which Mr. Robbins made a dive for the corn patch, and the other person for the brush, the raiders lost sight, scent and track of their game and became bewildered. But the Irishman had a

COUPLE OF BRUTE DOGS

who are as vicious as himself. These he started in pursuit, and whether they scented blood or no, I am unable to say, but they succeeded in springing the cover of the gentleman from the north whom the officers captured, but found he was not the exact game they were hunting. Robbins had escaped, and up to this time his whereabouts has not been discovered.

Their captive was an entire stranger to them. Of course they had no papers for his arrest and he could not be legally held by them. But they hung to him for "dear life," right or wrong. He was under no obligation to reveal his name, so he kept it concealed. The "conquering heroes," however, brought their captive on to this city, hoping, Micawber-like, that something "would turn up" to reveal his identity. And something did "turn up." Shortly after their arrival one H. S. Blacette, an ex-juryman and spotter, stepped up to the trio, and addressing the captive, said, "Hello, Sam, how are you?" at the same time extending his treacherous hand. "Do you know this man?" said the officers. "Why, yes," replied the other, "this man is

SAMUEL PARKINSON,

of Franklin, Idaho. "All right," said Mc. "We will communicate with the officers up there and find out if he is wanted." They did communicate, and received a reply requesting them to hold the prisoner, for he was wanted in Idaho. They hold him.

EXCURSIONS TO LAKE PARK

are "all the go" just now. They are frequent. A very large party left here yesterday for that new and already popular resort. Other excursions to the same place are inaugurated. One left to-day, another is arranged for the 18th and yet another for the 20th inst. There is a feature about one of these last named that I do not endorse. Perhaps that will not amount to much—maybe it will a little. I notice the handbill says the train from Ogden will not leave for the Park till after 7 p. m. Of course it will be near 8 o'clock

when they reach the resort. Their recreations and various amusements will, I am told, continue until midnight, rendering the hour too unseasonable, in my opinion, for the youth of this people to be so

FAR FROM HOME.

I am not in favor of starlight excursions nor moonlight rambles at unseasonable hours of the night. I think to be discreet is safe, and that in these matters of enjoyment, as well as in others, "discretion is the better part of valor." I make these remarks free. They can be had "without money and without price."

Our enterprising fellow citizens of Plain City and other places, having found an outlet

FOR THEIR POTATOES

through the agency of Willard Kay & Co., are busy hauling the tuber to the railroad depots. Some of the "spuds" are destined for California, some for other places. They are chiefly the "Early Rose," and at this time fetch a fair price—50 cents per bushel—which is far more than they have been able to command in the past for a long time. If the demand continues at these rates the farmer will realize means from the sales of this product that will enable him to meet some of his pressing demands that at present bear heavily upon him.

Our local guardians of the peace carefully watch the movements of the light-fingered fraternity, and other transgressors of the law and breakers of the

MUNICIPAL ORDINANCES.

Among others they have hauled in a couple—male and female—who have been guilty of lewdness and lasciviousness. They were brought before Justice Dee, where they did not pretend to justify themselves. The female is young in years, small in person, but appears to be bold, brazen and hardened in sin. This is not the first time she has been arraigned on such a terrible charge and proved guilty. She has acquired much invariable notoriety by her adulterous associations in this town. Her name is Fanny Branson, but her partner in guilt in this instance refused to disclose his name. He was fined \$50, and the girl was sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment. The Marshal and his aids have their eyes upon others who doubtless will be brought to grief ere long.

Between five and six o'clock this morning some of the heaviest dark clouds that we have seen for a long period in these parts appeared in the west.

TWO BEAUTIFUL RAINBOWS

Were set in those sable billows, and all who beheld them predicted that a deluge was imminent, and might be looked for at any moment. Two hours afterwards the upper deep presented a clear blue aspect and a few drops of drizzling rain was all that visited the earth in Ogden. But the heavens are again overcast and the weather prophets say "it will come." Well, if it should come now a great deal of hay and grain will be very likely to suffer, for there is much of it exposed, both in the fields and in stacks half built.

A FATAL ACCIDENT

occurred at West Weber last evening, in which a man named Thomas T. Rutter lost his life by drowning. It appears from what I learned from Mr. W. Tilford, who lives at West Weber, and one of the party who found the unfortunate victim of the watery element, that Mr. Rutter started out late in the afternoon to hunt and bring up the cows of Joseph Alvord. He had been gone so long, and no tidings were heard of him, and in the meantime the cows came home without him, that his friend's began to experience much uneasiness at his absence. A company was at once formed and

A SEARCH WAS INSTITUTED

For the missing man. They proceeded to the river and searched the bottoms, and in the brush and adjoining fields, but without success. Night set in but the search was continued until about 2 o'clock this morning, when the party went to their homes to gain a few hours' rest.

At an early hour this morning the hunt was resumed, and it was not until about ten o'clock that they had the melancholy satisfaction of discovering that their friend had found a watery grave.

It appears that Mr. Rutter traveled about one mile due north from where he started. He had crossed the river at one point and was returning, when he came to the place where a long projecting willow extended from the bank into the water. There was a large limb of black willow stretching out into the stream. It was very bushy, and being near nightfall it is supposed that the horse on which Mr. Rutter was riding became frightened, that he plunged about and finally jumped down the river bank, which is about twelve feet deep, carrying the rider with him. After reaching the water the animal fell and threw the rider off. The horse escaped, but the man, from some cause unknown at present, was less fortunate, and was drowned.

When found this morning he was in very deep water, near the projecting willow and was standing in an

UPRIGHT POSITION

with his head about twelve inches from the surface of the water. Whether his feet touched the bottom or no, they

did not ascertain. Of course life was extinct. The body was taken from the stream and conveyed home where an inquest was held, the verdict of the jury being that he came to his death by accidental drowning in the Weber river. Deceased was between 40 and 50 years of age. He leaves a wife and three children, one of whom is in England at this time. His wife and a daughter have, for some time past, been working at the Broom Hotel in this city, and the news of the untimely death of the husband and father was, as may readily be conceived, a terrible shock to them. He was a man of good character, sober, steady, industrious habits. The family have the sympathy of the whole people of the settlement. They are Latter-day Saints, and came to this country a little over two years ago.

This afternoon I met a deputy who had in charge a man named Nelson, who is charged with three offenses, viz.: Obtaining money under false pretenses, forgery, and opening letters unlawfully which did not belong to him. He was turned over to Sheriff Belknap for safe keeping for the time being. I understood the officer to say the prisoner hailed from Brigham City. About ten o'clock to-day one of the Celestials who had been living in a den on Fifth Street in town, was

FOUND DEAD IN HIS BED.

As no one appeared to know, or cared to tell if they did know, the cause of his death, a coroner's inquest was held, and the result was that "Wing Wah" died from the effects of an overdose of opium, administered by his own hand, but whether for suicidal purpose or not, the Coroner, from whom I obtained this information, did not say.

In my account of Brother Gibbons' in my last letter his given name was stated as Thomas. This is a mistake. The proper name is Francis L. Gibbons. WEBER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

By a Utah Man Who Was There.

MIXE No. 3, ARMY,
Utah County, Wyo.

Editor Deseret News:

In the Semi-Weekly News of June 8th, appeared a note from John Reynolds, in answer to an inquiry about the gallant 800 in the battle of Balaklava. I always understood, from information received on the spot, that the light cavalry went into that engagement 750 strong, and returned with only eleven men. It happened that I, in company with a number of my shipmates, went on shore to view the scene of the conflict, shortly after the engagement; dead horses were lying in all directions with their accoutrements untouched. On the way to the front we met several ambulance wagons coming in with the dead and wounded. In some places the ground was thickly strewn with grape shot, the orders (old Nicholas) sent to his army having been to "give them grape shot, grape shot," and to take Balaklava at any cost, because most of the ammunition, forage and provisions of the allied armies were stored there. Had the Russians succeeded in accomplishing their designs, in all probability they would not only have destroyed the shipping in the harbor, but would have driven the English army into the sea.

To briefly describe Balaklava, it was a natural harbor, situated on the Black Sea, nine miles from Sebastopol, in the form of a basin about one mile in circumference, surrounded on three sides by high rocky cliffs. The entrance was zig zag and just sufficiently wide to allow a two-decker war ship to pass into the basin, which was deep enough to float vessels of the largest build.

Early in the morning of the day the battle was fought, as a precautionary move, the shipping in the harbor was ordered out to the open sea, our vessel, the paddle steamer *Emperor*, of Hull, among the number. This vessel, having superior saloon and cabin accommodation, was chosen by Lord Raglan, commander-in-chief of to convey his staff of officers, (60 in number) 47 horses, and 600 of his regiment, the 18th, to Scutari, on the Bosphorus. I joined the ship in London, in the capacity of baker and assistant to the saloon cook. We proceeded to Plymouth, got our troops, crew, and cargo aboard and were second on the list to start for the seat of war; the *City of London*, paddle steamer, of Aberdeen, preceding us by 24 hours. We landed our troops all safe at Scutari, and were employed for about two months thereafter, along with other steamers, in picking up transport sailing vessels with troops and towing them up to headquarters. The French troops made their headquarters at Gallipoli, a Turkish town of the Dardanelles. When the British and French troops were all landed at their several headquarters, the steamers, with as many sailing vessels as they could tow, together with the Turkish fleet and transports and allied armies on board, proceeded to Varna, a town on the Black Sea, about 170 miles from Balaklava. At this place the cholera broke out and made sad havoc among the troops. Our skipper fell a victim to this scourge; notwithstanding all that could be done to save him, he died in six hours illness.

In the midst of this distress, orders were given to proceed to Balaklava.

The three allied armies, with all their munitions of war, were shipped in one day from Varna, to join the allied fleets awaiting them at a place called Balchick Bay. When all was arranged, the scene that presented itself was truly grand. At all points, as far as the eye could discern, was a complete forest of masts. Conversation was kept up by flag signal telegraphy between the vessels. It may be noted in passing, that the Bosphorus, in some parts, is a very narrow gut, with a strong, seven mile an hour current running from the Black Sea towards the Golden Horn, and it forms the key to the Mediterranean, so much coveted by the Russians, and to defend which was one of the main causes that led to the war.

Passing over the time that the battles of Alma, Inkerman and Balaklava were fought, the next grand move was the attack of the Allied Fleets on the forts of Sebastopol.

The day previous to the fight, an officer, of the rank of post captain, came on board our steamer and gave orders to the skipper to have all hands on deck. After all were formed in line, he commenced to harangue the crew about what was to be done on the morrow, predicting that the combined fleets would smash up the forts, Sebastopol would fall and the day after we were to have a glorious feast of roast beef and plum pudding to celebrate the event. He wound up his speech by asking those to step forward who would volunteer to tow a couple of line-of-battle ships, lashed alongside the *Emperor*, to within gun-shot range of the forts. The idea of such a thin iron shell of a steamer as the *Emperor* was, to venture within gun-shot range, where a couple of balls would have sent her to the bottom in 20 minutes, was too absurd. Seeing that none of the crew would consent, he wrathfully told us he would send a boat from Her Majesty's Navy and take us all aboard a man-of-war and make us fight. On making enquiry about the matter we learned that, before leaving the cabin he had primed himself with a tumbler of brandy, and that he went far outside of his orders. However, we did tow in two line-of-battle ships next day, and then retired to a safe distance and cast anchor.

With a calm sea and a clear sky we could see where the balls from the Russian forts struck the water. The British on the right, the French in the middle and the Turks on the left, peppering away at the forts for three hours and a half, but, beyond blowing up the magazine of Fort Constantine, about 20 minutes after the action commenced, and boarding the fort, which was done by the crew of the *Agamemnon*, very little impression was made. During the night following, the Russians sank a number of their war vessels across the mouth of the bay, opposite the forts, which prevented all further operations of the fleets during the winter. As many of the crews, marines and gunners, as could be spared, were marshaled and equipped for service to assist the army on shore.

The next thing of any importance that happened was the great gale of Nov. 14th, 1854, in the Black Sea, in which some millions worth of shipping was destroyed. Such was the force of the gale that all of the vessels driven ashore dragged both anchors along with them. The most unfortunate of all was the loss of the iron screw steamer *Prince*, having on board a cargo valued at over a million pounds sterling, in winter clothing and money to pay the troops. She was anchored outside of Balaklava, under the lee of a rocky cliff, and, as the gale was blowing lushore, they got stam up, but, when heaving anchor, she swung around, and the cable got foul of her fan; being thus completely at the mercy of the gale she dashed against the rocks and went down in 30 fathoms of water, with all on board. Such was the account furnished us when we returned to Balaklava from Varna, with a cargo of 600 French troops, 53 horses and a number of brass cannon, some of which had done service under the first Napoleon. We left Varna early on the morning of the 14th, having in tow two small French brigs, also loaded with troops and horses. Shortly after leaving Varna the wind began to blow heavily; by 8 a.m. it rose to a perfect hurricane, and so continued for 24 hours; the waves rose to the height of what might well be called mountains. To secure the safety of our own vessel, the captain ordered the towing cables to be cut and let the two vessels go. We learned, a few days afterwards that one of the brigs was totally wrecked, the other weathered the gale. I could not begin to describe the situation on board the *Emperor*. The troops had to be kept below, under battened-down latches, and suffered terribly. Next morning the cook managed to prepare breakfast under difficulties, but finding the stewards in no hurry to take it because the troops and officers were too sick to eat, he swore terrifically, and finally threw the food out of the galley on the deck, from whence it was picked up by the sailors in the twinkling of an eye. The bakery was in the pantry on deck, where all the cabin crockery and cold meat, lard, fowls, etc., were stowed. Before retiring for the night, I secured everything as well as I could, but, to my disappointment, in the morning I found the heavy crockery had burst the locker doors, the bake trough was overturned, bread sponge, flour, broken dishes, cold meat, boiled ham, roast fowls, all mixed in a heap, and on top of all, the marble slab used for rolling pastry, the whole in a pool of sea water six inches deep.

We had six horses more than we had stalls for; these were haltered to the bulwarks on deck, and all died from injuries received from being pitched from side to side of the decks. Those in the stalls were more fortunate, being slung to the rails of the stalls by broad belly bands, which kept them on their feet. Out of the whole number, we lost eleven, the balance being more or less demoralized and unfit for immediate service.

We got into port just as the gale was dying away, and after landing our troops, took a tour along the coast to view the wrecks. Many of the sailors who managed to get ashore from the wrecks, were either taken prisoners or slaughtered by the Russians. To prevent the enemy from plundering the wrecks, the English sailed a few of their gunboats as near shore as they could float with safety, for the protection of the vessels, and what could not be taken off the beach into deep water was stripped of everything of any value and burnt to the water's edge. Our captain gave permission to the carpenter, third steward, four seamen and I, to man one of the boats and board one of the vessels, new, full rigged ship, called the *Tyrone*, of London, driven ashore on this her first trip, with both anchors down. From this vessel we took 7 boat loads of wreckage including a full set of new sails that had never been bent. We could have had a large quantity of saddles and artillery outfits, but as that was government property we did not hazard the risk of keeping them. The water being up in the hold to within a few feet of the upper deck, the articles had to be fished up with hooks and tackle. The principle part of the cargo apparently consisted of baled hay. Before leaving the *Emperor*, the Captain told us not to venture on shore except at our own risk; some of the boys did go nevertheless, although a few cassacks could plainly be seen riding around, at a distance, on the beach. Our ship's carpenter said, in his thirty years experience as a sea going man, he never witnessed such a scene. Dead bodies were lying in every conceivable position, some half buried in the sand.

Soon after this event the troops had to pass through the rigors of a Russian winter. Though of short duration, some 8 or 9 weeks, it is very severe while it lasts. The soldiers often came on board while we were lying in Balaklava, and told us their whiskers had been frozen to the ground in the night. Not a few of the officers, who had to do their own cooking, would come on board, beg for a hard ship biscuit and flash it as a sweet morsel. I was thus brought face to face with the stern realities of hard campaign, an account of which, correctly recorded in history, shows it was a badly managed affair from beginning to end, so far at least, as the British were concerned, for, while the British were thinking the French were acting, in a manner that showed they had not forgotten the lesson of the retreat from Moscow under the first Napoleon. When the winter set in the French found themselves snug in winter fixings. If the report was true that the *Prince* steamer could have landed her cargo some days before the storm, but was prevented by Lord Raglan on account of some misunderstanding, a grave responsibility rested either on the Commander-in-Chief, or the Admiralty in London. One thing I do know, the *Prince* steamer lay at anchor for a week before our vessel left Balaklava for Varna, and when we returned not a vestige of her was to be seen.

About the beginning of February, 1855, feeling a little home sick, I asked for and obtained my discharge, at Balaklava, got a passage to Constantinople in one of the Austrian mail boats, and engaged as cook on board a small brigantine, bound for England, with a cargo of linseed, in bulk. Here I got a taste of what sailors have to endure at sea; living on salt junk and "hard tack" for three months. From the time we left Constantinople till we crossed the Bay of Biscay, there was a continued succession of storms. On one occasion the vessel was three days and nights hove-to, under a small rag of canvass, and was driven 300 miles out of her course; no sun to be seen in the skies, the captain could take no reckoning. When we arrived at Falmouth, there was not a pound of biscuit left in the lockers, or any other food save a few pounds of rice; six weeks being an ordinary voyage in fair weather for a sailing ship from Constantinople to England. I spent a few weeks in London taking in the sights, notably the British Museum, the Crystal Palace, then removed to Sydenham, the National Gallery of paintings, Tower, etc.

I will close this narration by relating my experience on board an unlucky ship, so designated by the English press, after making her first voyage to Balaklava and back. This vessel, the *Transit*, was a large, iron screw, navy transport steamer, next in size to the *Himalaya*, the largest merchant screw steamer then afloat. She was built at Portsmouth and fitted up in a hurry for the special purpose of carrying out troops and horses to help take Sebastopol, but she didn't "get there" in time to do much good.

The *Transit* sailed from Sheerness with 700 troops and 190 horses on the 14th day of July, 1855, my rating was, military steward's mate. There were between 60 and 70 commissioned officers in the cabin on the main deck, the naval officer's quarters were on the upper deck. When three days out the report spread that the ship was on fire, which caused much consternation and confusion for a while. The fire was