

THE DESERET NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

NO. 31.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1867.

VOL. XVI.

The Deseret News:

IS PUBLISHED EVERY

Wednesday Morning.

ALBERT CARRINGTON, EDITOR

OFFICE:

CORNER OF SOUTH & EAST TEMPLE STREETS.

TERMS:

One Year.....\$5.00.
Six Months..... 3.00.
Three Months..... 2.00.

Calendar for AUGUST 1867.

First Quarter, 6th day, 11h. 40m. P.M.
Full Moon, 15th day, 3h. 8m. A.M.
Last Quarter, 22d day, 1h. 53m. P.M.
New Moon, 29th day, 5h. 36m. A.M.
Apogee 10d. 11h. P.M. Perigee 6d. 7h. P.M.

D	M	W	Moon's place at Noon.	Signification of Signs.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.
1	T		1 ♍ 14	Bowels & Belly	4 56 7 16	
2	F		15 59		4 57 7 14	
3	S		29 18		4 58 7 13	
4	S		12 ♎ 41	Reins & Loins	4 59 7 12	
5	M		25 33		5 0 7 11	
6	T		8 ♍ 15	Secret Members	5 1 7 10	
7	W		20 33		5 2 7 9	
8	T		2 7 40	Hips & Thighs	5 3 7 7	
9	F		14 37		5 4 7 6	
10	S		26 31		5 5 7 5	
11	S		8 ♎ 23	Knees & Hams	5 6 7 4	
12	M		20 18		5 7 7 2	
13	T		2 18	Legs & Ankles	5 8 7 1	
14	W		14 24		5 9 7 0	
15	T		26 40		5 10 6 58	
16	F		9 ♎ 5	Feet & Toes	5 11 6 57	
17	S		21 41		5 12 6 55	
18	S		4 ♍ 29	Head and Face	5 13 6 54	
19	M		17 32		5 14 6 53	
20	T		0 ♎ 50	Neck & Throat	5 15 6 51	
21	W		14 23		5 16 6 50	
22	T		28 12		5 17 6 48	
23	F		12 ♎ 18	Arms, Should'rs	5 17 6 47	
24	S		26 39		5 18 6 45	
25	S		11 ♎ 11	Breast, Stomach	5 19 6 44	
26	M		25 51		5 20 6 42	
27	T		10 ♎ 31	Heart & Back	5 21 6 41	
28	W		25 6		5 22 6 39	
29	T		9 ♍ 29	Bowels & Belly	5 23 6 37	
30	F		23 25		5 24 6 36	
31	S		7 ♎ 20	Reins & Loins	5 25 6 34	

[SPECIAL TO THE DESERET NEWS.]

By Telegraph.

London, 24.

The House of Commons has passed a bill for the abolition of Church rates, &c.

Portland, Maine, 25.

Rev. R. G. Chase and wife, Miss Hampole, Miss Tazwell and J. Harman, all of Philadelphia, and S. F. Clark and wife and Capt. C. Robinson, of Fremont, were capsized in a boat and drowned in the harbor off the mouth of Deseret Island.

Nashville, 25.

At Rogersville, East Tennessee, on the 23d, a large crowd had assembled on the public square, to hear Etheridge, the conservative candidate for Governor, speak; there were many, both conservatives and radicals, present. After Etheridge had spoken an hour, he was interrupted by Tom. King, a leading radical, to pronounce a statement he had made a damned lie. Etheridge retorted bitterly, when some one shot at him. Numerous other shots followed, and the crowd broke, the conservatives in one direction and the radicals in an opposite direction. After volleys for about 20 minutes, two conservatives and a colored man were wounded, and about 30 slightly wounded were conveyed to a hotel where they remain. Etheridge was not hurt. There were two killed.

Paris, 25.

The Corps Legislatif yesterday passed all the provisions in the budget for extraordinary expenditures; by this action the only sections in the budget which had not previously been agreed to were disposed of; the other general business of the session has been completed, and the Corps Legislatif adjourned.

London, 25.

Omar Pasha reports that the military forces under his command had succeeded in suppressing the insurrection in Candia, and that war in that Island is now ended.

By order of the British War office, a trial of the American 15 inch Rodman guns was held today, in the presence of a number of naval and military officers and experts; it was proven by the tests to which the guns were admitted that no iron or steel armor, yet invented, was capable of resisting the projectiles.

Omaha, 25.

Seventy-five Indians attacked a surveying party of the Union Pacific Railroad, on Bitter Creek, on the 22nd, and mortally wounded P. T. Brown, the engineer in charge of the party; Brown died on the 23rd. The Indians virtually have possession of the road between Fort Sanders and Fort Bridger.

London, 26.

Much caution is shown by capitalists and business men here, they fearing a general war between France and Prussia.

Private dispatches from Berlin report that it is the general opinion there that war is certain, and add that Prussia is actually urging forward preparations for such an event.

New Orleans, 25.

The brig William Roberts, from Havana, has arrived at Pass La Outre, with 230 coolies on board; other shipments of small numbers have arrived, and are already at work.

Quebec, 26.

During a heavy thunderstorm last evening five persons were drowned by the swamping of a boat, while on a pleasure excursion.

Florence, 27.

Ratizi has made an offer to garrison the City of Rome with national troops, to protect it from the threatened attack of the party under Garibaldi and Mazzini.

Vienna, 26.

Napoleon has sent to the King of Prussia, urging him to surrender the Danish provinces in North Schleswig to Denmark. The Emperor of Austria declines to interfere in the matter.

Washington, 26.

The President has appointed Generals Sherman, Harney and Terry members of the Indian commission. The Indian Bureau will immediately place itself in communication with the members of the commission.

President Johnson's proclamation against filibusters has been prepared, but will not be issued unless more evidence of movements against Mexico is developed.

The summing up of counsel in the Surrat case began to-day on behalf of the prosecution. The court room was crowded to suffocation; the interest in the trial is intensified as it draws near an end. Surrat winced a good deal when the District Attorney was denouncing him as a spy, blockade-runner, murderer and assassin, and seemed visibly affected when the counsel charged that he deserted his mother at the scaffold.

London, 27.

A dispatch from Munich announces the death of Ex-King Otho of Greece, of measles.

Vienna, 27.

The Sultan has arrived here from England, and is the guest of the Emperor Francis Joseph.

The official journal says it is the right and interest of Emperor Napoleon to enforce the treaty of Prague. The same paper says the Czar has sent to King William of Prussia a note to the foregoing effect.

Miscellaneous.

THE MUSICIAN'S MARRIAGE.

After having passed the summer in visiting the principal towns of Germany, the celebrated pianist, Lizst, arrived at Prague in October, 1846.

The next day after he came, his apartment was entered by a stranger—an old man, whose appearance indicated misery and suffering.—The great musician received him with a cordiality which he would not, perhaps, have shown to a nobleman. Encouraged by his kindness, his visitor said:

I come to you, sir, as a brother. Excuse me if I take the title; notwithstanding the distance that divides us; but formerly I could boast some skill in playing on the piano, and by giving instructions I gained a comfortable livelihood. Now I am old, feeble, burdened with a large family and destitute of pupils. I live at Nuremberg, but I came to Prague to seek to recover the remnant of a small property which belonged to my ancestors. Although nominally successful, the expense of a long litigation has more than swallowed up the trifling sum I recovered. To-day I set out for home penniless.

And you have come to me? You have done well, and I thank you for this proof of esteem. To assist a brother professor is to me more than a duty, it is a pleasure. Artists should have their purse in common; and if fortune neglects some, in order to treat others better than they deserve, it only makes it the more necessary to preserve the equilibrium by fraternal kindness. That's my system; so don't speak of gratitude, for I feel that I only discharge a debt.

As he uttered these generous words, Lizst opened a drawer in his writing desk and started when he saw that his usual depository for his money contained but three ducats. He summoned his servant.

Where is the money? he asked.

There sir, replied the man, pointing to the open drawer.

Why, there's scarcely anything."

I know it, sir. If you please to remember, I told you yesterday that the cash was nearly exhausted.

You see, my dear brother, said Lizst, smiling, that for a moment I am no richer than you; but that does not trouble me. I have credit, and I can make ready money start from the keys of my piano. However, as you are in haste to leave Prague and return home, you shall not be delayed by my present want of funds.

So saying he opened another drawer, and taking out a splendid medallion, gave it to the old man.

There, said he, that will do. It was a present made to me by the Emperor of Austria—his own portrait set in diamonds. The painting is nothing remarkable, but the stones are fine. Take them and dispose of them, and whatever they bring shall be yours.

The old musician tried in vain to decline so rich a gift. Lizst would not listen to a refusal, and the poor man at length withdrew after invoking the choicest blessings of Heaven upon his generous benefactor.

He then repaired to the shop of the principal jeweler in the city, in order to sell the diamonds. Seeing a miserably dressed man, anxious to dispose of magnificent jewels, with whose value he was unacquainted, the master of the shop very naturally suspected his honesty; and, while appearing to examine the diamonds with close attention, he whispered a few words to one of his assistants. The latter went out, but speedily returned, accompanied by several soldiers of police, who arrested the unhappy artist in spite of his protestations of innocence.

You must first come to prison, the said; afterwards you can give an explanation to the magistrate.

The prisoner wrote a few lines to his benefactor, imploring his assistance. Lizst hastened to the jeweler.

Sir, said he, you have caused the arrest of an innocent man. Come with me immediately, and let us have him released. He is the lawful owner of the jewels in question, for I gave them to him.

But, sir, asked the merchant, who are you?

My name is Lizst

I don't know any rich man of that name.

That may be; yet I am tolerably well known.

Are you aware sir that these diamonds are worth six thousand florins—that is to say, about five hundred guineas or twelve thousand francs.

So much the better for him upon whom I have bestowed them.

But in order to make such a present you must be very wealthy.

My actual fortune consists of three ducats.

Then you are a magician!

By no means, and yet, by just moving my fingers I can obtain as much money as I wish.

You must be a magician!

If you choose, I'll disclose to you the magic I employ.

Lizst had seen a piano in the parlor behind the shop. He opened it and ran his fingers over the keys; then, seized by sudden inspiration, he improvised one of those soul-touching symphonies peculiar to himself.

As he sounded the first chords, a beautiful young girl entered the room. While the melody continued she remained speechless and immovable, then as the last note died away, she cried, with irrepressible enthusiasm:

Bravo, Lizst! 'tis wondrous!

Dost thou know him, then, my daughter? asked the jeweler.

This is the first time that I have had the pleasure of seeing or hearing him, replied she; but I do know that none living, save Lizst, could draw such sounds from the piano.

Expressed with grace and modesty, by a young person of remarkable beauty, this admiration could not fail to be flattering to the artist. However, after making his best acknowledgments, Lizst withdrew, in order to deliver the prisoner, and was accompanied by the jeweler.

Grieved at his mistake, the worthy merchant sought to repair it by inviting the two musicians to supper. The honors of the table were done by his amiable daughter, who appeared no less touched at the generosity of Lizst, than astonished at his talent.

That night the musicians of the city serenaded their illustrious brother. The next day the nobles and most distinguished inhabitants of Prague presented themselves at his door.—They entreated him to give concerts, leaving it to himself to fix any sum he pleased as remuneration. Then the jeweler perceived that, talent, even in a pecuniary light, may be more valuable than the most precious of diamonds. Lizst continued to go to his house, and to the merchant's great joy, he soon perceived that his daughter was the great cause of these visits. He began to love the company of the musician, and the fair girl, his only child, certainly did not hate it.

One morning the jeweler coming to the point with German frankness, said Lizst:

How do you like my daughter?

She's an angel!

What do you think of marriage?

I think so well of it that I have the greatest possible inclination to try it.

What would you say to a fortune of three million francs?

I would willingly accept it.

Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you; you please my daughter; her fortune is ready—be my son-in-law.

With all my heart.

The marriage was celebrated the following week.

And this, according to the chronicles of Prague, is a true account of the marriage of the great and good pianist, Lizst.