

THE DESERET NEWS.



ALBERT CARRINGTON, EDITOR.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31.

HALF A LOAF, BETTER THAN NO BREAD.—Circumstances have so transpired as to render it advisable to reduce the size of the 'News' to one half, and also to materially lessen the number printed. By adopting this course, we have paper enough to last one year. This will disappoint many, which we would have been pleased to avoid, as the largest circulation is mutually the most beneficial. But as each Agent will receive his proportion, under the reduced number, it is presumed that all can be accommodated, at least through the neighborly principle of loaning.

ERRATUM.—At the end of the History of Brigham Young in last week's paper, where the list of his children are inserted, the names, dates, and birth places of Elizabeth and Vilate should have been omitted, as they were given at the death of their mother, Miriam, in 1832.

SEVENTIES' MEETING.—On Monday evening 1st, 29th inst., in the Seventies' Council Hall, Elders Solomon Angel, Geo. Sims and Daniel D. Hunt addressed the assembly. Music by the choir.

TYPOGRAPHICAL.—On Friday evening 26th inst., the members and friends of the Typ. and Press Association held their weekly meeting at the Seventies' Council Hall. Prest. P. H. Young presiding. Prayer by Jesse Haven. The President made some appropriate remarks relative to the present crisis—the condition of the people—their feelings, their failings and shortcomings, and the probability that they would be chastened unless they lived their religion more fully. Jesse Haven gave some excellent instructions to the young who were assembled and concluded by a recitation. James McKnight remarked on liberty, recited 'Rienzi's address to the Romans,' and read a short essay on 'Tobacco and its Use.' W. G. Mills read a poetical effusion, on the present crisis, designed for a lady's album. Songs by J. D. T. McAllister, W. H. Walker and John B. Kelly. Music by Wm. Foster. Prest. P. H. Young made a few concluding remarks. Adjourned without date. Benediction by the President.

CARRYING BUNDLES.—Many people have a contemptible fear of being seen to carry any bundle, however small, having the absurd idea that there is a social degradation in the act. The most trifling as well as weighty packages must be sent to them, no matter how much to the inconvenience of others. This arises from a low kind of pride. There is a pride that is higher; that arises from a consciousness of there being something in the individual not to be affected by such accidents,—worth and weight of character.

This latter pride was exhibited by the American son of Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte. While he was in college at Cambridge, he was one day carrying to his room a broom he had just purchased, when he met a friend, who noticing the broom with surprise, exclaimed, 'Why did not you have it sent home?'

'I am not ashamed to carry home anything which belongs to me,' was the sensible reply of young Bonaparte.

Very different pride was this from that of a young lady whom we know, who always gave her mother all the bundles to carry when they went out together, because she thought it vulgar to be seen with one herself. [Cambridge Chron.]

THE TELEGRAPH BUSINESS.—The business of telegraphing, though only in practical operation some seven or eight years, has grown in this country with unexampled rapidity. Lines now extend for many thousands of miles over the United States, and messages are dispatched every hour through the day from one point to another, upon business of almost every kind.

To show how busily the wires are employed daily, though they make no outward show of any kind of activity, the Philadelphia Ledger gives the actual number of dispatches for six days over the Magnetic Telegraph line from New York to Washington.

The New York office sent and received 3,447 messages from the 31st of August to the 5th of September, inclusive; the Philadelphia office, 2,897 messages; Baltimore, 1,406 messages; Washington, 4,205. Total sent and received in six days, 12,155, or over 2,000 messages per day. This is the business of but four offices out of the fourteen on the line.

YOUNG MAN, do you believe in a future state? 'In course I do; and what's more, I intend to enter it as soon as Betsy gets her things ready.' 'Go to!' 'Go to!' If it was not for the law against bigamy, whip me if I wouldn't go a dozen. But who supposed, Deacon, that a man of your age would give such advice to a man just starting in life?

ADVICE.—To a fool advice is like an almanac: it goes in at one ear, and dies out at the other.

MASS MEETING.

FORT CEDAR.

CEDAR VALLEY, March 10, 1858.

The inhabitants of Fort Cedar assembled in the school house and unanimously adopted the following resolutions:—

Resolved, that we sustain his Excellency Gov. Brigham Young in the course he has taken and cordially approve of his Message to the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah, December 15, 1857; and we also most heartily sanction the measures he has taken as Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

Resolved, that we most cordially approve of the Memorials to the President and Congress of the United States, adopted by the Legislative Assembly, Jan. 6, 1858, and regard them as the production of the spirit of '76, and fraught with the principles of constitutional and future liberty.

Resolved, that, inasmuch as we, as a people, have been driven from place to place on account of our religious faith, at the instigation of hireling priests, lying editor and pusillanimous demagogues and pretended politicians, and have had our Prophet and Patriarch martyred in cold blood in Carthage jail, under the pledged faith of the State, our houses and grain burned, our property confiscated and ourselves driven from the confines of so-called Christian civilization, to seek a home among the savages in the barren wastes of the Rocky Mountains, do pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor to maintain and carry out the sentiments expressed in the above resolutions.

Resolved, that the foregoing resolutions be signed by the committee, in behalf of the people of Fort Cedar, and forwarded for publication in the Deseret News.

DANIEL C. THOMAS,

JAMES H. GLINES,

JAMES RODEBACK,

Committee.

ALLEN WEEKS, Ch'n.

JAMES A. LEISHMAN, Sec.

The King of Delhi.

In a recent notice (page 266, Sept. 12) we gave a slight sketch of the careers of Baber, Akbar, and Aurangz-ba, the ancestors of the present King of Delhi, whom it requires no prophetic power to designate as the last that will ever mount the musnud of that capital. To raze Delhi with its marble halls to the dust would be mere insensate vandalism. But that not even a shade of the shadow of the Mogul dynasty will remain we look on as certain. In mere external magnificence probably no Oriental monarchy, not even that of the Bagdad Caliphs or the Ottoman Sultans in the sixteenth century, or the ancient Shans of Persia, surpassed the Great Moguls. Turning over old Indian travels and histories, we find that Tavernier describes the peacock throne of the Mogul Emperor of his day as 'six feet long, four broad, with a cushion at the back round as a bolster, and the cushions at the sides flat,' he counted 108 pearls and rubies in collects upon his throne,—the least weighing 100 carats, some 200—and 140 emeralds.—The upper part of the canopy was all pearls and diamonds. Above this canopy was an arch, and within it, spread out a peacock's tail composed entirely of the most valuable precious stones; the body of the bird was of gold, with a large ruby on the breast. In front of the throne hung detached a glittering diamond immediately in sight of the Padishay. The umbrella that shaded the Monarch was of crimson velvet, fringed with pearls and with diamond studded handle. All this puts us in mind of the shirt of gold thread which Southey would rather not wear on his own back.

Recent accounts of Delhi are numerous, but we have not many personal details of the King himself in recent travels. In an account of an interview between a late Commander-in-Chief and the King, we are informed that the cortege passed through a long corridor or vaulted passage, sufficiently large to admit three elephants abreast, until they arrived at what is termed the red curtain, through which every one save the King must proceed on foot. Here they dismounted and entered a large square. In front was the private throne-room in which the King was already seated, and a crier proclaimed that they had come to see the 'King of the world.' The Commander-in-Chief presented a hundred gold mohurs as a nuzer, then came his investiture of the Khelaut, or dress of honor, followed by a sword, a target, and a green painted stick as an emblem of authority, which were given to the Commander-in-Chief, and it sounds like a satire that the King of Delhi dispensed to the commander of the British forces the title of 'Sword of State,' and made him a commander of 7000 horsemen, in *nubitus*, and allowed him to beat a drum! Then the whole party, except the Commander-in-Chief, proceed outside the red curtain, when they were also robed in cheap shabby dresses and taken back to the King, who sat on a raised throne supported by cushions, and above him a canopy propped up by slender pillars. All round were sentences in Persian, expressive of the Majesty Royalty, and one declaring that 'if there was a heaven upon earth it was his palace.' The peacock throne, which we have above described, and which was carried off by Nadir Shah, was in the recollection of the Court, as the present one is ornamented with small figures of that bird; in short, throne and sovereignty were both shams.

But if we wish to be introduced to the private apartments of this personage, who is a dignitary but no potentate, we must go to the pages of Mrs. Colin Mackenzie's 'Delhi; the city of the Great Mogul'—a most interesting feminine view of India during a six year's residence. This lady made a sketch in the camera of the Dewan Khas, where the peacock throne used to stand. No chair was allowed within the Court; but Captain Robertson, who commanded the palace guard, sent her one. Immediately the servants of the

palace-yard, in a great fright begged her not to sit on it, or they would be turned off. She was then taken (on a message from the King) to the Harem, as the King wished to see the design.—The old man was smoking his hookah, and looked slender and feeble. His bedstead, with four silver posts, was by him, and a crowd of women about him. One old woman was rubbing his feet. The old King wore a gold skull cap, and a cotton chapkan. The King asked Mrs. Mackenzie to draw the Queen; but the latter was so long in adorning herself that it was dark soon after she began. Their life is one of complete idleness and ennui. The women sat and jested with the King; but a black-bearded man—a son, it would appear—remained standing. The King of Delhi has ten or twelve sons and thirty daughters. Sir Theophilus Metcalf told Mr. McKenzie that the King does not give a chair even to the Governor General, and that his father gave a chair on one occasion to a Governor General and repented of it ever afterwards. This tomfoolery is all at an end. The minutest circumstance was reported to the British Resident, and Sir Theophilus Metcalf was even informed by a report from the Palace that a lady and gentleman were employed in sketching views, and that the lady required a chair, but that the King sent a stool for the lady, and requested a visit from her, &c.

We have been allowed to inspect the curious and interesting collection of miniatures of the Royal Family of Delhi, painted in that city, and now in the possession of Miss John Neale.—They represent the King in a yellow dress, fitting tight to the shoulder, with a long milk-white beard, a jeweled cap of light color, and seated on a crimson cushion embroidered with gold. His complexion is very pale, almost as much so as that of a European, for he is not like the other Princes of India, of Hindoo origin, but of a race that originally came from far beyond the Himalaya; besides from generation to generation they have been carefully shaded from the heat of the sun. The late authentic accounts of his Majesty represented him as being rather disturbed by our shells, his sons picking up the fragments from the marble-paved courtyard and showing them to their sire.—[Lon. T. News.]

The 'Comprador' of Hongkong—'Canton-English.'

A 'special correspondent' of the London Times lately gave in that journal his first impressions of British China. He makes some curious observations on a sort of 'old man of the sea,' who afflicts John Bull at Hongkong, in the guise of a 'Comprador,' and on the 'strange mongrel tongue by which John and his necessary evil' communicate with each other. The writer says:

The first great astonishment to a man visiting Hongkong, who recollects Sir Francis Maitland's report, that there was anchorage for ships, and room on the island for one house, is to find many merchant princes living in many gorgeous palaces, a city two miles long, every article of home luxury (except a bracing breeze) and fleets which could feed a principality and conquer an empire. When he has realized this fact, his next idea is what an utterly helpless creature he is in the midst of all this newly created greatness. However kind and self-denying the friend to whom you are committed may be, you soon find out that he knows no more the means of obtaining creature comforts than you do. Every resident, be he married or single, has his 'major-domo,' his 'comprador,' a long-tailed, sleek Chinaman, who is his general agent, keeps his money, pays his bills, does all his marketing, hires his servants, and stands security for their honesty, and of course cheats him unmercifully. The advantage is that he does not allow any one else to cheat him.

The comprador is the link between the barbarian Englishman and the civilized world of China. The Englishman knows very little of China beyond what the comprador chooses to tell him; and the comprador chooses to tell him nothing worth knowing. Of course your comprador is a rich man. He is worth from \$5,000 to \$50,000. There are two here who are reputed to be worth \$100,000. One of them was 'squeezed' (this is the term used) to the extent of \$10,000 by the mandarins, in order to pay the expenses of the present war. Thus, as we found the cannon on board the junks primed with the best Dartford powder, so we see that Yeh pays his braves with English plunder quietly accumulated at Hongkong. The process is this:—The mandarins seize the father, mother, sisters and brothers of the juicy comprador, and submit them to a course of slow torture until the squeezing has its due effect. By this highly effective mode the mandarins keep all the Chinese in Hong Kong under their control, and draw large sums from the colony. When we come to settle with them we ought to insist upon all this money being repaid; we ought to naturalize the Chinamen who live in our Chinese dominions; and we ought to make extortion from them an offence to be provided for by treaty. Unless you protect these people you cannot expect them to look upon you as their master.

The elegant Greek slave imposed his language and his modes of thought upon his barbarous Roman master; our civilized Chinese attendants have communicated to us 'enter barbarians' the syntax of the Chinese tongue. They have made for us a new English language, wherein sounds once familiar to us as English words startled us by new significations. My friend introduced me to his comprador thus:—'You see gentleman,—you tawkee one piecey cooley one piecey boy—Janet pigeon, you savey no number one foglo—you make see this gentleman—you make him house pigeon.'

This was said with great rapidity, and in my innocence I believed that my friend was speaking Chinese fluently. He was only talking 'Canton English.' Translated into the vernacular it would stand:—'You see this gentleman—you must engage for him a coolie and a boy—people

who understand their business, you know, not stupid fellows; you will bring them to him and then manage to get him a lodging and furnish it.'

To whom the polite comprador replied—'Hab got. I catchee one piecey coolie, catchee one piecey boy. House pigeon number one dare, no hab got. Soger man that catchee house pigeon.'—'Must got?'

'Heuign.'

The basis of this 'Canton English'—which is a tongue and literature, for there are dictionaries and grammars to elucidate it—consists of turning the 'r' into the 'l,' adding final vowels to every word, and a constant use of 'savey' for 'know,' 'tawkee' for 'speak,' 'piecey' for 'piece,' 'number one' for 'first-class,' but especially and above all the continual use of the word 'pigeon.' Pigeon means business in the most extended sense of the word. 'Heaven pigeon hab got,' means that church service has commenced; 'Jos pigeon,' means the Buddhist ceremonial; 'Any pigeon,' 'Canton?' means 'Have any operations taken place at Canton?' 'That no boy pigeon, that Coolie pigeon,' is the form of your servant's remonstrance if you ask him to fill your bath or take a letter. It also means profit, advantage or speculation. 'Him Wang too much foolo, him no savey, vely good pigeon hab got,' was the commentary of the Chinese pilot upon the Patsan Creek business.

Until you cannot only speak this language fluently, but also, which is far more difficult, understand it when spoken rapidly in a low monotonous voice, all communication with your servants is impossible.

The second morning after I had been installed in my dwelling, my new 'boy,' Ah Lin, who sleeps on a mat outside my door, and whom I suspect to live principally upon successful rat hunts, for he knocks down about three per diem with a bamboo pole as they run about the room—this Ah Lin, drawing up my mosquito curtains, presenting me with the six o'clock cup of tea, and staring at me with his little round eyes, gravely remarked,

'Massa Smith, one small piecey cow, child hab got.'

It was a long time before I comprehended that, it being part of a boy's duty to inform his master of the social events of the colony, he wished to give me to understand that Mrs. Smith had presented her husband with a daughter.

It makes a bachelor laugh, and an exiled family man almost cry, to hear this grotesque caricature of the language of the nursery.

HOW MAJOR ANDRE MET HIS FATE.—Altho' Andre's request to the mode of his death was not to be granted, it was thought best to let him remain in uncertainty on the subject; no answer, therefore, was returned to his note. On the morning of the second he maintained a calm demeanor, though all round him were gloomy and silent. He even rebuked his servant for shedding tears. Having breakfasted, he dressed himself with care in the full uniform of a British officer, which he had sent for to New York, placed his hat upon the table, and addressing the officers on guard, 'I am ready,' said he, 'at any moment, gentlemen, to wait upon you.' He walked to the place of execution between two subaltern officers, arm in arm, with a serene countenance, bowing to several gentlemen whom he knew. Col. Talmadge accompanied him, and we quote his words: 'When he came within sight of the gibbet he appeared to be startled, and enquired with some emotion, whether he was not to be shot? Being informed that the mode appointed for his death could not consistently be altered, he exclaimed, 'How hard is my fate?' but immediately added, 'it will soon be over.' I then shook hands with him under the gallows, and retired.

While waiting near the gallows until preparations were made, says another authority, who was present, he evinced some nervousness, putting his foot on a stone and rolling it, and making an effort to swallow, as if checking an hysterical affection of the throat. All things being ready, he stepped into the wagon, appeared to shrink for an instant, but recovered himself, exclaiming, 'It will be but a momentary pang.' Taking off his hat and stock, and opening his shirt collar, he deliberately adjusted the noose to his neck, after which he took out a handkerchief and tied it over his eyes. Being told by the officer in command that his arms must be bound, he took out a second handkerchief, with which they were pinioned. Col. Scammel now told him that he had an opportunity to speak, if he desired it.—His only reply was, 'I pray you to bear witness that I meet my fate like a brave man.' The wagon moved from under him and left him suspended. He died almost without a struggle. He remained suspended for about half an hour, during which a deathlike stillness prevailed over the surrounding multitude. His remains were interred within a few yards of the place of his execution, whence they were transferred to England in 1821, by the British Consul then resident in New York, and were buried in Westminster Abbey, near the mural monument which had been erected to his memory.—[Irving's Life of George Washington.]

A windy member of Parliament, in a tedious oration, stopped to imbibe a glass of water. 'I rise,' said Sheridan, 'to a point of order.'

Everybody started in wonder, what the point of order was?

'What is it?' said the Speaker.

'I think, Sir,' said Sheridan, 'it is out of order for a wind-mill to go by water.'

The harder a man works the less he gets. While the poor fellows who dig our canals get two dollars a day, the ruffle-shirt that oversees them gets five.

Beneficence is the most exquisite luxury; and the good man, after all, is the genuine epicure.