

ONE MILLION LIVES LOST BY FAMINE.

Of the terrible famine in India it now appears that half had not been told. The details received were bad enough, but later and more complete accounts far surpass anything previously recorded. The *Friend of India* of November 29th contains the following:

Mr. T. Ravenshaw, Commissioner of Orissa, has sent to the Bengal Government a report of the famine in that province. Never has so heart-rending a picture been drawn. An official whose bias, if it exists, must lead him to tone down the horrible facts, estimates the loss of life from want of food and its consequences at from 500,000 to 600,000, and in some places at three-fourths of the whole population. This is among the four and a half millions of Orissa alone, where the official reports show the deaths to be still going on at the rate of 150 a day.

The mortality was not less severe proportionally in the adjoining district of Mindapore, with its population of more than half a million. In Ganjam, with nearly a million of people, the calamity was comparatively light, but famine, disease and debility swept away thousands. The same is true of Chota Nagpore.

We have a reliable record of the deaths of paupers from famine-stricken districts in Calcutta. Add to these the mortality in the other districts of Bengal, from Saugor Island to Patna and the borders of Nepaul, and we have a record of the loss of life which exceeds in horror and extent that of any one of the six great drouths of India during the last century. Before the destroying angel takes its final flight the tale will have mounted up beyond a million known deaths. This is worse than in the great famine which carried off 800,000 people from the Northwestern Doab in 1838.

We have reason to believe that the most terrible of all recorded afflictions of this kind, that of 1760, was not more ruthless in its murderous work than this which still demands its daily holocaust. For the greater part of that million of deaths has occurred, not over a wide extent of territory, nor among millions of people, but within an area not larger than that of England and Wales, and among a people who do not exceed six millions in number. No plague, no black death, no yellow fever, no great physical convulsions like the most tremendous earthquake on record, has engulfed so many victims. The last famine, of which Baird Smith was the alleviator and historian, carried off half a million, or only a twenty-sixth of the thirteen millions affected, and the starvation price of food was never higher than 7½ seers the rupee. This, ere it closes, will have swallowed up a sixth of the people, among whom rice was not to be had at all, and for many a long month not lower than 6 seers the rupee.

THE DEPTH OF SNOW.—According to a Yale College professor who writes to one of the New Haven journals, the heavy snow of last month, though unusual, has many parallels. He says:

The amount of snow which has fallen the present season is greater than has fallen in the same time during several of the preceding years, but not so great as has been recorded in several former years. According to the record kept for the Connecticut Academy, by President Day, there fell in the month of December, 1802, thirty inches of snow, and in January, 1805, forty-three inches, making over six feet of snow in two successive months. I estimate the snow which fell in December of the present season at ten inches, and in January at eighteen inches, making twenty-eight inches for the two months, which is less than half the amount for 1805. The fall of snow in January, 1821, was estimated at thirty-four inches; and in January, 1806, at thirty-one inches; and during the twenty years commencing with 1804 there were fourteen instances in which the fall of snow in a single month was as great as eighteen inches. Indeed the fall of snow this winter would not have attracted attention as being specially remarkable, had it not been that for several years past the amount of snow has been unusually small, and also that this year we have had an unusually long continued low temperature, which has prevented the snow from wasting.

Dansk Væsnings.

ET BREV,

tilsendt et dansk Blad i Staterne.

Mens Sneen i Fanerhar spærret min Dør,
Og Ingen paa Gaderne vove sig tør,
Jeg sidder saa lunt her ved Stoven;
Men da Tankerne ikke kan spærres af

Dør,
De foer viden om Jord—ja til Dem, Hr.
Redaktør,

Jeg er Dem maaske lidt forvoven?
Dog undskyld min Frihed at skrive Dem
til,

Lidt Nyt herfra Utah jeg haaber dog vil
Deres ærede Læsere fornøje.

De veed vel, at Utah, den Stakkel, er
dømt,

Fordi hun om Velstand og Lykke har
drømt,

Fordi hun har Dyden for Oie?
At Onkel vil tugte det vanartige Barn,

Ja pidske tilgavns det forgiftige Skarn,
Som trodser de kristne Sæder?

Hun stoler paa Guddommen! hvor tør
hun det?

Hun har Profeter? ei, ei, vil man sel!
Sin Magt hun stadigt udbreder!

Hun ymter om Skjøger, hun har ei en!
Bebreider mig Vellyst, hun kalder sig ren!

Og Spillere helt hun foragter!
Hun tror man mig snyder paa hver en

Facon,
At jeg er troskyldig, la'er dem go along,
Mens hun efter bedre Ting tracter?

Det er en Fornærmelse saadan en Snak,
Er hun bedre end Andre? jo jeg siger Tak!

Jeg kan ei forstaa hendes Fagter.
Hvad har hun isinde, den næsvise Tøs?

Vil hun vække mig op af min rolige Døs
Og rive mig Magten af Haanden?

Sine Søstre hun sigter for Hang til Likör,
I Salt Lake hun lærer, man drikke ei bör—

Det skulde da være af Aanden!
Jeg skal hende lære af lyste mit Bud,

Jeg hende fortæller med Haar og med
Hud,

Hun skal ikke mer eksistere!
Det Sted, hun beboed, skal blive en Ork,

Hendes Glæde skal spilles, hendes Sjæl
blive mørk,

Og nævnes hun skal ikke mere!
Saadan er Stemningen mod den Forhadte,

Saadn bedømmes den stakkels Forladte,
Af Dyder og Goder man ser ikke en.

Men Utah hun er nu saa saare godmodig,
Og tænker det samme om Andre igjen;

At Onkels Ideer og Sjæl er saa blodig,
Den Tro slaar ei Rødder hos hende, min

Ven.
Onkel er pirrelig som alle de Gamle,
Og hele hans Vrede betragtes som Skrømt,

Hans Blik er ei klart, han begynder at
famble

Efter den Lykke, hvorom han har drømt.
Det er blot nogle faa af hans vanslegete

Sønner,
Som skræmmer den Gamle ved høilyse

Dag,
Han lader sig narre af byklerske Bønner
Og firer bestandig—fordi han er svag.

Især er det Connor, McGrorty og Præsten
Og ligesaa Weller og Titus med Fler,

Som ivrer saa kjerligt for Staten og
Næsten,

Indtil af Penge der ei gives mer.
Lidt Løgn og lidt Ondskab, lidt Tort og

lidt Skjændsel,
Var Midlet og Lønen, men hvad siger det?

Naar Greenbacks og Smiger—Skurkenes
Længsel—

Kun flyder rigt, gjøres Uret til Ret.
Det er dette med mer, som gjør Onkel

saa galen,
Det er dette, som rængster den aldrende

Mand,
Han ser ei, bag Sønnernes Ore er Halen

Af listige Ræv, men Andre det kan.
Hvad siger vel nu de fortørnede Mormoner,

Som trues og krænktes paa alleslags Led?
Vil de sig omvende, gaa fra deres Koner

Og adlyde Djævelen i Zebaots Sted?
Nei, tro ikke det! de er ikke saa rædde,

De stoler paa Guddommen nu saasom før;
De har for været trued af graadigste

Gjædde,
Men endnu de lever med alt sit Behör.

Man vil gjøre vort Utah til Part af
Nevada—

En Mo'er har jo for maattet redde sit
Barn—

Den Spæde har Gjæld og kan ei gaa alene,
Utah har Grunker, og er grumme erfaren.

Men sæt nu det gik som de Vise har
ønsket,

At Begge blev Et, udeå Splid eller Mæn,
Mormonerne stemmer saa underlig enigt,

Og faar fire Delegater istedetfor en!
Montana og Idaho stolte har vraget

Alt Mel og alt Flesk fra de Helliges By;
Nuvel, de ei vraged, da Hunger dem

plaged,
En anden Gang maaske vi kan hjælpe

paany.

Mens Andre med Glubskhed grov efter
Guldet,

Vi dumme Mormoner vi grov efter Korn;
Mangen en Reisende, pjaltet og hullet,

Har takket vor "Dumhed" for Livet
tilforn.

Alle de vestlige Stater og Egne
Var Intet idag, hvis ikke med Flid

Vort fattige Folk havde allevegne
Utah opdyrket med Møie og Slid.

Hvad er vor Misgjerning, hvad er da vor
Brøde,

At Alle os hader, belyver og slaar?
Skal atter igjen vore Ynglinge bløde?

Kan De mig fortælle hvad os forestaar?
At civilisere os, det er kun Paaskud,

Gid alle laa Baand paa sit Jeg, saasom vi,
Hidtil kun vist os Laster og Raahed,

Som ingen Civiliseret vil finde sig i.
Man ynkes saa svært for Mormonernes

Kvinder,
Spørg først om til Medynk og Hjælp de

har Trang;
Kom, se deres Oine og trivlige Kinder

Og dømsaa om debærer Vidne om Trang.
Men Verden ei fatter Aanden i Tingen,

Derfor man dømmes saa høiligen feil;
Vi er muntre og glade som Fuglen paa

Vingen,
Finder ingen Forhindring eller Bakke

for steil.
Vi elsker vort Land og dets herlige

Grundlov,
Vi tror den blev givet ved Visdom fra

Gud;
Det smelter os dybt at se den beskaaret,

At se den behandlet som uværdig Klud.
Gid Hadet og Fordom maa lægges tilside,

At Statsmænd maa dømmes med Kund-
skab og Aand,

Saa Følgerne af den Daarskab de indser
itide,

Som paalægger Brødre myttige Baand.

Engang Buchanan han slog sig for
Fanden:

"Skal Magten jeg holde, da offerer jeg
Fanden

Utah og hele Mormonernes Leir,
Dog er det uvist, det skaffer os Seir.

Blive vi stilled for Sandhedens Fakkell,
Til Skjændsel vi vorder, og jeg, arme

Stakkel,
Nytte ei faar af min nedrige Plan,

Og frakjendt jeg bliver hver Smule
Forstand."

Alle foragter den sølle Forræder,
Smaastater i Syd for hans Trædskhed

end sveder,
I Mørke og Dynd hans Stjerne sank ned,

Landet vist aldrig vil gjenfaa sin Fred.
Beskytte os gjorde dengang Jehova,

Naar Ulvene tuded og Faarene rev;
Ingen kan vide, hvad nu han vil gjøre,

Ei til Fortvivlelse end han os drev.
Mere Forstand bör de Overste dyrke,

Vil de ei strande paa Buchanan's Skjær,
Lovene skjærme og Retfærd bestyrke,

Hædre Patrioter trods Lögneres Hær.
Utah har udtalt sin Mening om Sagen,

Hun evigt ei sviger, hvad hun har for-
kyndt,

Skaffer en renere Slægt frem for Dagen,
Maaske den kan fuldbyrde, hvad vi har

begyndt.
Noget saa Stort kan Verden ei skatte,

Bedre se til—til man lærer at fatte.
Ærbødigt

P. O. THOMASSEN.
Salt Lake City, 11te Marts 1867.

N.B.—Naar nu den sidste Afdeling af Diglet
Læses fra overst til nederst paany,

Men ikkun et Ord af hver eneste Linie,
Saa ser De vor Tanke, beskedn og bly.

FIRST ADVICE TO A MARRIED COU-
PLE.—First, there must be no anxiety

about a livelihood. Whatever the in-
come on which you can rely, resolutely

live within it, resolutely keep a surplus
ahead, resolutely keep out of debt. This

is the first condition. There is no en-
joyment at home, or of the thousand

beautiful things in this world, with the
anxiety of poverty. Live poor, work

hard, forego all luxuries and any at-
tempt at elegance, until you have

achieved the practical independence of
an honest and assured subsistence.

—A learned judge being asked the
difference between law and equity

courts, replied: "At common law you
are done for at once, at equity you are

not so easily disposed of. One is prussic
acid and the other is laudanum."

—Long ago, in Massachusetts, it was
the custom for a person to go about the

meeting-houses during divine service,
and wake up the sleepers. "He bore a

long wand, on one end of which was a
ball, and on the other a foxes tail,

When he observed the men asleep, he
rapped them on the head with the knob,

and roused the slumbering sensibilities
of the ladies by drawing the brush light-

ly across their faces."

R. T. ROSS.

C. R. BARRATT

PIONEER
REGULATORS.C
R 1 B
G

NO. 1 & 3,

Second South Street, Great Salt Lake
City.REGULATORS OF
COMMERCIAL VALUES!

Contrary to the usual custom, which has been
to put up the price of everything necessary to
the comfort and wants of the Community, when
all ingress and egress to this place is blocked
with snow, and when it is no longer possible
for trains to come in with supplies, we propose
to make a still

FURTHER REDUCTION

IN THE

PRICE

—OF—

GOODS

THUS

REGULATING

THE VALUE OF

MERCHANDISE

So that those things which are needed by the
people can always be had at

REASONABLE PRICES.

This we can do, as we have ON HAND a
MAMMOTH STOCK of all kinds of MER-
CHANDISE, and can supply,

TEA, SUGAR, COFFEE,

ROPE, SOAP, CANDLES

&c., &c., &c.

WITHOUT LIMIT.

We propose to Sell until further notice at

RETAIL

And for CASH Only

Prime BROWN SUGAR	per lb	40
Choice WHITE do.	"	45
Choice GUNPOWDER TEA	"	3.00
Choice IMPERIAL do.	"	3.00
Choice YOUNG HYSON do.	"	2.50
Good IMPERIAL do.	"	2.50
Choice JAPAN do.	"	2.00
Fair YOUNG HYSON do.	"	2.00

CLOTHING,
SHAWLS,

And a Great Variety of other
Goods at COST.

WGL