

The south point of the island in search of a landing among the savages in their own country. This, I regret to say, we never found, the whole east coast being one continued line of foaming breakers that carried death upon their rolling crests to everything like a boat.

Where were the fine harbors of the Count de Benyowsky? The roaring of the surf was our only answer. More than once, however, impelled by our excessive curiosity to learn more of these unknown people, did we attempt to land; and more exciting attempts at shore-going I never participated in.

Upon one of these occasions we entered upon the dangerous trial with two of our best boats; but, upon nearly losing the inner one, with all who were in her, we wisely returned on board. We got more than one near view of the savages, however, heard their voices, and answered their signs; but all this only increased our desire to know more of them, for now we saw that they were veritable red men; and what were red men doing on the island of Formosa?

As we pulled back to the ship after our narrow escape, we could not but think it providential that they of the inner boat had failed in landing through the surf; for, even had they succeeded in gaining the beach with whole bones, their arms would still have been rendered unserviceable by salt water, and, had the crowd proved unfriendly, we in the outer boat would certainly have kicked prudence overboard and pulled in to share their fate; and the probability is that we should all have had our throats cut, and our bodies roasted for supper, by bad men who wore large rings in their ears."

From what I could see over the distance which separated our boat from the crowded beach, I found the previous description of our "innocent sportsman" substantiated by my own eyes and those of others. We saw an excited crowd of fine looking men and women, copper colored, and possessed of the slightest possible amount of clothing, the former boasting only a cloth tied around the head, while the latter had but a thin loose garment that seemed to gather around the throat and extended no farther than the knee. Some of the men were armed with bow and arrow, others with very serviceable locking matchlocks; the women held various articles in their hands, probably for barter, and, as we pulled away after our narrow escape, they evinced their sorrow and desire to trade by loud cries and the most violent gestures.

Our Chinese boy had almost fainted from fright as the inner boat backed into the surf in the attempt to land; he could only tremble and cry out, "Dey eat man! dey eat man!" His friends on the other side had evidently impressed him with that unpleasant national characteristic, and hence his flight when apparently about to be rolled helplessly to their feet by a boiling surf.

The same day upon which we made this our last attempt to land among them, we steamed along up their coast, keeping as close as was prudent—in fact closer—and examining with our glasses as far back as we could see. In this way we saw small but apparently comfortable stone houses, neatly kept grounds—what looked like fruitful gardens and green fields—all being cultivated by "Chinese prisoners who had not yet been eaten," we were told on the other side; or, rather, were told that their friends, when captured, were made to work until needed for culinary purposes.

We were surprised at this air of comfort among half naked savages, and could not but wonder how they could have built such nice looking houses, until we finally concluded that their prisoners had been made to turn their hands to masonry as well as gardening.

Thus ended our second and last visit to Formosa, and all that we learned in regard to it may be condensed into a few words; namely, we found it two hundred and five miles long by about sixty average width. It runs N. by E. and S. by W., has a range of mountains running along its entire east coast, and is peopled by two different races of men—Chinese and red men. The former possesses the north and west side of the island, the latter the east and south, and they exist in a state of constant hostility.

The country in the possession of the former is undulating or low, that of the latter rugged and mountainous. There are harbors on the north and west side, and none on the east. All else is conjecture. So much for Formosa and its mysterious red men.

**THE LAST CENT.**—The fiat has gone forth. There are to be no more copper cents. This wealthy nation, rolling in "surplus revenue," in a few years will have "nary a red."

The cent was proposed in 1782 by Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and was named by Jefferson, two years later. It began to make its appearance from the Mint in 1792. It bore then the head of Washington on one side and a chain of thirteen links on the other.

The French Revolution soon after created a rage for French ideas in America, which put on the cent, instead of the head of Washington, the head of the Goddess of Liberty—a French Liberty, with neck thrust forward and flowing locks. The chain on the reverse was replaced by the olive wreath of Peace.

But the French Liberty was short lived, and so was her portrait on our cent. The present staid classic dame, with a fillet round her hair, came into fashion about thirty or forty years ago, and her finely chiselled Grecian features have been but slightly altered by the lapse of time.

The new cent is to be one eighth nickel, and consequently much smaller, and much more convenient. It will be of lighter color when new, though probably as dark when old.

A flying eagle is to take the place of Liberty's head, in order that it may not be mistaken for the five dollar gold piece.—Albany Eve. Jour.

**The Printer's Devil and his Love.**

A printer's devil was pierced in the heart  
With charms of a little miss;  
Quoth he to the lass, "My dear, ere we part,  
Let us seal our love with a kiss."  
The maiden replied, as the imp she eyed,  
"Dost thou think I'll let you reveal  
Where others before you have vainly tried?  
No, no, I'll not kiss the devil!"

Years rolled along, and the sweet little lass  
Became an old, sorrowful maid;  
She lived like a queen—was rich—but, alas!  
Her beauty was all decayed.  
Once again they met and the old maid tried  
To recall her former issue,  
But he gaily smiled, and only replied,  
"The devil now wouldn't kiss you!"

**The Pyramids.**

The approach to the Pyramids is first a rich green plain, and then the Desert—that is, they are just at the beginning of the Desert, on a ridge, which of itself gives them a lift above the Valley of the Nile. It is impossible not to feel a thrill as one finds oneself drawing nearer to the greatest and most ancient monuments in the world, to see them coming out stone by stone into view, and the dark head of the Sphinx peering over the lower sandhills. Yet the usual accounts are correct which represent this nearer sight as not impressive—their size diminishes, and the clearness with which you see their several stones strip them of their awful or mysterious character. It is not till you are close under the great pyramid, and look at the huge blocks rising above you into the sky, that the consciousness is forced upon you that this is the nearest approach to a mountain that the art of man has produced.

The view from the top has the same vivid contrast of life and death which makes all wide views in Egypt striking—the desert and the green plain; only here, the view over the Desert—the African Desert—being much more extensive than elsewhere, one gathers in better the notion of the wide heaving ocean of sandy billows which hovers on the edge of the Valley of the Nile.

The whole line of the minarets of Cairo is also a peculiar feature—peculiar because it is strange to see a modern Egyptian city which is a grace instead of a deformity to the view. You also see the strip of Desert running into the green plain on the east of the Nile, which marks Heliopolis and Goshen.....

The strangest feature in the view is the platform on which the Pyramids stand. It completely dispels the involuntary notion that one has formed of the solitary abruptness of the three Pyramids. Not to speak of the groups, in the distance, of Abou-Sir, Sakara, and Dashur—the whole platform of this greatest of them all, is a maze of pyramids and tombs.

Three little ones stand beside the first, three also beside the third. The second and third are each surrounded by traces of square enclosures, and there eastern faces are approached through enormous masses of ruins as of some great temple; whilst the first is enclosed on three sides by long rows of massive tombs, on which you look down from the top as on the plats of a stone-garden. You see, in short, that it is the most sacred and frequented part of that vast cemetery which extends all along the western ridge for twenty miles behind Memphis.

It is only by going round the whole place in detail that the contrast between its present and its ancient state is disclosed. One is inclined to imagine that the pyramids are immutably, and that such as you see them now such they were always. Of distant views this is true, but taking them near at hand it is more easy from the existing ruins to conceive Karnac as it was than it is to conceive the pyramidal platform as it was.

The smooth casing of part of the top of the second pyramid, and the magnificent granite blocks which form the lower stages of the third, serve to show what they must have been all, from top to bottom; the first and second brilliant white or yellow limestone, smooth from top to bottom, instead of those rude disjointed masses which their stripped sides now present; the third, all glowing with the red granite from the first cataract. As it is, they have the barbarous look of Stonehenge; but then they must have shone with the polish of an age already rich with civilization, and that the more remarkable when it is remembered that these granite blocks which furnished the outside of the third and inside of the first, must have come all the way from the first cataract.

It also seems from Herodotus and others, that these smooth outsides were covered with sculptures. Then you must build up or uncover the massive tombs now broken or choked with sand, so as to restore the aspect of vast streets of tombs, like those on the Apptian Way, out of which the great pyramid would rise like a cathedral above smaller churches.

Lastly, you must enclose the two other pyramids with stone precincts and gigantic gateways, and above all you must restore the sphinx, as he (for it must never be forgotten that a female sphinx was almost unknown) was in the days of his glory.

Even now, after all that we have seen of colossal statues, there was something stupendous in the sight of that enormous head—its vast projecting wig, its great ears, its open eyes, the red color still visible on its cheek, the immense projection of the whole lower part of its face. Yet what must it have been when on its head there was the royal helmet of Egypt; on its chin the royal beard; when the stone pavement by which men approached the pyramids ran up between its paws, when immediately under its breast an altar stood from which the smoke went up into the gigantic nostrils of that nose, now vanished from the face, never to be conceived again. All this is known with certainty from the remains which actually exist deep under the sand

on which you stand, as you look up from a distance into the broken but still expressive features.

And for what purpose was this sphinx of sphinxes called into being—as much greater than all other sphinxes as the pyramids are greater than all other temples or tombs? If, as is likely, he lay crouched at the entrance, now deep in sand, of the vast approach to the second, that is, the central pyramid, so as to form an essential part of this immense group; still more, if, as seems possible, there was once intended to be (according to the usual arrangements which never left a solitary sphinx any more than a solitary obelisk) a brother sphinx on the northern side, as this on the southern side of the approach, its situation and significance were worthy of its grandeur.

And if, further, the sphinx was the giant representative of royalty, then it fitly guards the greatest of royal sepulchres, and with its half human, half animal form, is the best welcome and the best farewell to the history and religion of Egypt.—[Ex.

**National Debt of Great Britain.**

According to the table published in the Glasgow Journal of Thursday last, there are 269,736 national creditors or fund holders, of whom about 90,000 draw dividends under £5,40,000 under £10, and about 90,000 under £50. About 49,500 draw dividends varying from £50 to £2,000 per annum. The number drawing dividends above £2,000 is only 210.

Now take the maximum in each case, and say the first 90,000 draw £5 each, and we have £450,000; 40,000 £10 each, £400,000; 90,000 £50 each, £4,500,000; and 49,500 on an average of £1,000 each, £4,950,000; and we have £10,300,000 as the proportion of the £27,000,000 sterling of the yearly interest of the National Debt drawn by 269,736 out of the 269,736 creditors. The remaining balance of £17,000,000 or thereabouts, must of course be drawn by the remaining 230 or 236 creditors, whose share of debt cannot, on the average, be less than £2,000,000 each, and their dividends on the average less than from £70,000 to £75,000 each per annum.

Now, here is a fact not generally known, namely, the fact of 230 individuals—a mere handful of the creditors, and an infinitesimal fraction of the nation—absorbing no less than £17,000,000\* sterling of the annual wealth produced by the labor and industry of the country! Who are these leviathan capitalists?—What are their names? Where do they dwell? Lord Overstone, we know, is reputed to be worth ten millions. He, undoubtedly, is one. The same may be said, probably, of Rothschild and the Barings. But who are the others? We know our sovereign lady, the Queen, her ministers, the lords spiritual and temporal, the commons, our judges, our generals—but who are millionaires? Who are the men who constitute the money power—a power greater than the Queen, Lords, and Commons, for it cannot only raise or lower prices, forestall markets, and derange commerce, but influence legislators, upset ministers, and overturn thrones and dynasties.

We talk of the power of the aristocracy, but we suspect the plutocracy is a power that greatly outweighs them. It is unquestionable if it be consonant with wise and enlightened policy to allow such prodigious wealth to be concentrated in the persons of so small a number in the State. The Jewish economy was opposed to the accumulation of riches in so inordinate a degree, and decreed the cancelment of all debts, private and public every fifty years. No country in any period of the world's history ever exhibited anything approaching to such an ownership of debt, or command over the industrial and productive powers of a people, in the hands of so small a number. Prior to the revolution in 1688 and the advent of our national debt and funding system, introduced by Dutch William, England had nothing of the kind. She had no money-mongering class living on the products of the industry of their fellowmen by indirect taxes, interest, dividends, annuities and other factitious devices of the sort.

Various reflections spring up in the mind as to the mighty good these men might accomplish. No doubt they supply nations with the sinews of war, and the means of making railways, &c.; but in this case they still look for their per "shentage." The transactions are commercial, not philanthropic. They look to the accumulation of their hoards, whereas, were they inspired with Christian feeling and benevolence, they could immediately set to work and give food to the 50,000 starving men now parading the streets of London; they could relieve every parish in England, Scotland and Ireland, of poor rates; they could endow Alms Houses; they could build and endow schools and colleges; they could reclaim waste lands, and establish self-supporting colonies at home and abroad; they could gracefully submit to pay double or triple income tax, and not feel to be overburdened themselves while relieving their fellow-payers of the tax; they could do a thousand things were they not Shylocks in spirit, and were not gold the only object of their worship.

As in the pre-Adamite stages of the world it was peopled with mammoths and behemoths, may we not infer that in the future development of society—when sociology will be better understood—the social world will exhibit no such anomaly as a money power in the State greater than the State itself; no ichthyosauri or other monstrous creatures like these debt owners, swallowing up their fellow-men—in short, that the genius Fundholder will then be extinct, or, if found, found only as petrifications or fossil remains—testifying as to the comparatively limited progress of humanity in bygone ages, and that in the nineteenth century, society with all its boasted civilization, was but a short way removed, from barbarism, and jus-

tice and benevolence but little recognized in the actual government of the world.—[Bankers' Circular.

\*Interest (payable in gold) on a debt incurred and inflated by paper.

**REASONS FOR WEARING A MOUSTACHE.**—We have been able to draw up a table of the different reasons for wearing a moustache. We have questioned not less than 1,000 persons so adorned, and their answers have helped us to the following result:

To avoid shaving, 69; to avoid catching cold, 32; to hide their teeth, 5; to take away from a prominent nose, 5, to avoid being taken as an Englishman abroad, 7; because they are in the army, 6; because they have been in the army, 221; because Prince Albert does it, 9; because it is artistic, 29; because you travel a deal, 17; because you have lived long on the Continent, 4; because the wife likes it, 8; because you have weak lungs, 5; because it acts as a respirator, 29; because it is healthy, 77; because the young ladies admire it, 471; because it is considered "the thing," 10; because he chooses, 1. It will be seen from the above table, that not one person confesses to "vanity" being the motive. The majority of persons wear a moustache because they imagine, in their conceit, that it becomes them, but how rarely you meet with a person who has the courage to admit it.—[Punch.

**BUSINESS NOTICES.**

**FURNITURE.**

**WANTED**—In exchange for Furniture—SCRIP, WOOD, LUMBER, PRODUCE, &c. H. W. NAISBITT

**ROPE AND TWINE.**

**W. A. McMASTER**, Rope, Twine, Lasso, Girth, Broom and Weavers' Twine Manufacturer, 11th Ward, informs the public that he will break and dress Hemp and Flax, or spin any of the above named to all who wish, on cheap terms, &c. 27th

**J. L. HEYWOOD,**

**HAT, Cap and Muff Manufacturer,** 17th Ward. WANTED in exchange—all kinds of Furs, Sheep and Lamb's wool; also all kinds of produce, County and Territorial orders. 21st

**SHEEP, CATTLE & HORSES**

**WILL** be taken by us on Bingham Creek south to herd or raise on shares, at the usual rates, length of time immaterial with us. We shall prepare to feed our stock when necessary during the winter. (7th) BLAIR & BROTHER.

**Brand Sheets! Brand Sheets!**

**NOTICE** is hereby given that the Brand Sheets, now neatly bound, can be had by calling at the President's Office, price \$1 cash or wheat at cash price taken in payment. Persons having cattle estrayed, or those purchasing, will find it to their advantage to have the Brand Sheets by them for reference. H. B. CLAWSON, Recorder of Brands. 49t

**W. BALLAN,**

**WATCH-MAKER**, respectfully informs the inhabitants of Great Salt Lake City and vicinity, that he intends carrying on his business in the house formerly occupied by A. L. Hale, North Temple st., 17th ward, and will warrant all work done by him to give satisfaction, as he understands his business in all its branches. Jewelry neatly repaired; charges very moderate. 43-tf

**ENGRAVING SHOP**

**A. T. J. M. BARLOW'S**, 1st door east of the Deseret Store, where all kinds of engraving may be done. Names engraved on guns, watches, rings, spoons, knives, &c. Public Hands and others please take notice. Any kind of available pay taken. Terms moderate. DAVID MACKENZIE, Engraver. 25-tf

**NOTICE.**

**THE** Subscriber, having purchased the Woollen Factory at Jordan Mills, formerly owned by Mr. Gaunt, has repaired and fitted it up in good order and has it in successful operation. Carding, Spinning, Weaving, Pulling and Dyeing done to order at short notice, and on reasonable terms. With a new set of cards and good workmen, he flatters himself that he can do as good work as can be done in the Territory. Wool worked up on shares, if desired. 29-tf A. GARDNER.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.**

**HAVING BEEN APPOINTED** ADMINISTRATOR of the Estate of Thomas Tennan deceased, by the Judge of the Probate Court for Great Salt Lake county, the undersigned hereby requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate, to come forward without delay and cancel the same, and those having demands against said estate will please file them with the Judge of the aforesaid Court, properly authenticated, as soon as circumstances will permit and within the time specified by law. DANIEL SPENCER, Administrator. 34-tf

**ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE!**

**THE** undersigned having been appointed by the Judge of Probate, for Great Salt Lake county Administrators of the Estate of A. W. Babbitt, deceased, hereby notify all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to come forward without delay for settlement; and all persons having claims against said estate will please file them with the Hon. Elias Smith, Probate Judge, on or before the first day of June, A. D., 1857. JULIA ANN BABBITT, W. H. HOOPER, BENJ. P. JOHNSON, Administrators. Great Salt Lake City, Dec. 20, 1856. 42-tf

**Cows, Sheep and Herding.**

**AM** now keeping a herd at Santaquin (or Summit creek) and prepared to take cows and sheep on shares, or any kind of stock to herd, both summer and winter, and to make myself responsible for all losses sustained by neglect or mismanagement. I will give one half the butter, cheese and increase from cows; and one half the wool and two thirds the increase from sheep, and will deliver without expense the butter, cheese and wool as it becomes due. Our range for stock, both for summer and winter, is unsurpassed in the valleys of these mountains. Those in or near G. S. L. City having stock to let or to be herded can inquire of or leave, their stock with D. T. Le Baron, Mrs. A. W. Babbitt's residence, G. S. L. City; and any one desiring to trade sheep for good work oxen can by him be accommodated. 6tt B. F. JOHNSON.