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The World's Wisdom.

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His was a broad and massive brow,
And intellect was there;
Altho' the coat upon his back
Was much the worse for wear.
And the strange light in his dark eyes
Could not be bought with gold;
And yet he passed unnoticed on,
Because his hat was old.

I watch'd that pale and earnest one,
And saw him step aside,
Lest his coarse dress should slightly press
The rustling robe of pride.
Oh! many a look of proud disdain,
Oh! many a glance of scorn
Was cast upon the humble garb
By the pale stranger worn.

They could not heed the noble face,
The brow so proudly fair,
The deepened dye of the dark eye,
The wealth of feeling there;
They only knew the garb he wore
Was coarse, and poor, and old;
They could not prize the manly heart
Which throbb'd beneath its fold.

Months,—years flew by;—a laurel wreath
Circles a pale high brow,
In halls of light, pride shines to-night—
Go seek the stranger now.
No stranger now, for wealth and power;
Our earthly prospects change,
Place wealth's fair crown on whom ye will,
Be sure he is not strange.

They rush to gaze upon his face;
They bow to hear him speak;
Fashion's bright sun—that gifted one—
So gifted, yet so meek;
Oh! fel! they laud his courtly dress,
They tell you of his fame,
They're proud to know him, why? because
The laurel wreaths his name.

And can they prize his lofty soul:
So full of burning thought?
They value more the med of praise
Its gushing wealth has bought;
And doth the garb outweigh the heart,
Its costly folds may press?
Oh tell me which is worth the most—
The creature or the dress?

FEBRUARY 1, 1859.

Letter from the President.

WASHINGTON, 22d Nov., 1858.

Gentlemen:—I have had the honor to receive your invitation to be present, on the 25th instant, at the Centennial Anniversary of the capture of Fort Duquesne; and I regret that the pressure of public affairs, at a period so near the meeting of Congress, renders it impossible that I should enjoy this privilege.

Every patriot must rejoice whilst reflecting upon the unparalleled progress of our country within the last century. What was, at its commencement, an obscure fort, far beyond the western frontier of civilization, has now become the centre of a populous, commercial and manufacturing city, sending its productions to large and prosperous sovereign states further west, whose territories were then a vast, unexplored and silent wilderness.

From the stand point at which we have arrived, the anxious patriot cannot fail, whilst reviewing the past, to cast a glance into the future, and to speculate upon what may be the condition of our beloved country, when your posterity will assemble to celebrate the second Centennial Anniversary of the capture of Fort Duquesne. Shall our whole country then compose the united nation, more populous, powerful and free than any other which has ever existed? Or will the confederacy have been rent asunder and divided into groups of hostile and jealous states? Or may it not be possible that ere the next celebration, all the fragments, exhausted by intermediate conflicts with each other, may have, finally, reunited and sought refuge under the shelter of one great and overshadowing despotism?

These questions will, I firmly believe, under the Providence of God, be virtually decided by the present generation. We have reached a crisis when upon their action depends the preservation of the Union according to the letter and spirit of the constitution; and this once gone, all is lost.

I regret to say that the present omens are far from propitious. In the last age of the republic, it was considered almost treasonable to pronounce the word Disunion. Times have since sadly changed, and now Disunion is freely prescribed as the remedy for evanescent evils, real or imaginary, which, if left to themselves, would speedily vanish away in the progress of events.

Our revolutionary fathers have passed away, and the generation next after them, who were inspired by their personal counsel and example, have nearly all disappeared. The present generation, deprived of these lights must, whether they will or not, decide the fate of their posterity. Let them cherish the Union in their heart of hearts—let them resist every measure which may tend to relax or dissolve its bones—let the citizens of different states cultivate the feelings of kindness and forbearance towards each other—and let all resolve to transmit it to their descendants in the form and spirit they have inherited it from their forefathers; and all will then be well for our country in future times.

I shall assume the privilege of advancing years, in reference to another growing and dangerous evil. In the last age, although our fathers, like ourselves, were divided into political parties which often had severe conflicts with each other, yet we never heard, until within a recent period, of the employment of money to carry elections. Should this practice increase until the voters and their Representatives in the State and National Legislatures shall become infected, the fountain of free Government will then be poisoned at its source, and we must end, as history proves, in military despotism.

A Democratic Republic, all agree, cannot long survive unless sustained by public virtue. When this is corrupted, and the people become venal, there is a cancer at the root of the tree of liberty which will cause it to wither and die.

Praying Almighty God that your remote posterity may continue, century after century, for ages yet to come, to celebrate the anniversary of the capture of Fort Duquesne in peace and prosperity under the protecting banner of the Constitution and the Union,

I remain, very respectfully, your friend,
JAMES BUCHANAN.

A ROMANCE IN ROYAL LIFE.—In the whole of Bavaria there is nobody who can play the "zither" better than Duke Max. Often his Royal Highness has moved the members of the Munich Court to tears by performing on this noble and singularly plaintive instrument, this national guitar of the German Alps. The Duke is accustomed to spend the summer in the mountains, when, armed with his rifle, and the "zither" hung round his shoulders, he delights to roam about in the garb of a common hunter. A short time since, on one of these rambles, he sat down on the trunk of a tree, and awakened the echoes of the opposite chain of hills. He fancied himself unobserved, and revelled long in the sweet sounds. At last he stopped. Immediately some peasants, who had been his secret auditors, stepped forward, and one, acting as spokesman, addressed the Duke in the cordial way of the country as follows:—

"Thou, indeed, canst play it wonderfully; now, come with us, and we will dance to thee in the inn down there. We will pay for as much beer as thou canst drink."

"Thank you," replied the Duke, "I am not thirsty; but I shall certainly go with you."

So the Duke accompanied the men, and played for more than two hours in "the inn down there." The peasants and their lasses got almost out of sense while dancing to the tunes of their new friend. With the poetical feeling native to the mountaineers of the Alps, they sang, jumped about, and kept up a steady demand for more tunes. The Duke's face beamed with joy, but he grew so tired that ultimately he prepared to leave.

"Thou mayest go," said one of the peasants, "but not till thou hast played the new dance composed by Duke Maximilian; that is the most exquisite piece of music I ever heard; play it, and I'll give thee twenty-four kreuzers."

The Duke did as he was requested, got his kreuzers, and then no sooner had he the door behind him, when one of the peasants made the following speech to his fellows and their partners:—

"My dear comrades! permit me to tell you that you are asses. Every one of you plumes himself on his knowledge of the 'zither,' and none of you, while hearing the best player in the land, recognized Duke Max. I did at once."

The peasants, still more delighted with the condescension of their illustrious friend, ran after him, thanked him, and got the promise that he would play for them once more.

"As to the twenty-four kreuzers," the Duke said, "I shall keep them; they are all I have ever made by playing my zither."—[Court Journal.

Riband Society in Ireland.

The following is given in a Dublin paper as the substance of the rules and regulations of of the Riband Society now being revived in Ireland:

The Association is divided into five orders or distinctions: "1. The County Delegate; 2. The Parish Master; 3. The Body Master; 4. The Committeeman; 5. The mere Ribandmen. Each county in Ireland has a delegate, and every shire in England and in Scotland, in which Irish emigrants are in any number located, has its delegates and its lodges." The meetings are held in such public houses as have a private room. In all places where there may be strangers, the members of the Association use signs and pass-words to ascertain whether or not there are any of their own fraternity present. These pass words are decided at the quarterly meetings of the general body.

The funds, it is said, are raised thus—the County Delegates returning from the quarterly meetings summons a county meeting of Parish Masters, to whom he conveys the "goods"—the signs and pass-words, and in return they pay him each five shillings; when the Parish Master goes back to his own District he passes on the "goods" to the Body Master, each of whom pays him 1s., and from each individual member the Body Master exacts a payment of 6d. Each member must attend the summons of his order within two hours. If a member enters a room where there is a mixed company, he says, "What do you think of the times?" A Ribandman answers him, "We are expecting a change." To test the fact that the reply is given intentionally and not by chance the Ribandman rejoins, "In what case?" and if the stranger answers, "The present Ministry," the new comer knows that he has found a brother. If he sees a quarrel, he says to one of the combatants, "Don't be contentious, sir!" and if he is answered, "Not with you!" he ranges himself on the side of his brother.

The organization has assumed such formidable proportion, that the Governor-General has issued a proclamation declaring that all societies banded together by oaths unlawfully administered are illegal; and that all who participate in such associations, or promote their objects, shall be guilty of felony and may be punished accordingly. The Lord-Lieutenant also announces his firm determination to use all means in his power for the suppression of such societies, and for the punishment of the persons belonging thereto. He offers a reward of £100 for information leading to the conviction of any person who has administered any oath, or a reward of £50 for the conviction of any person who shall be found to be a member of the society.

In many of the towns of England the tradesmen have agreed to extend the Christmas holidays for three full days, from Saturday to the next Tuesday, in order to afford a more convenient opportunity to persons engaged in trade, whether principals or assistants, to visit their friends and enjoy a seasonable relaxation.—[Cou. and En. Dec. 29.

A SHEPHERD'S DOG.—A friend of ours who owns a large ranch and several hundred head of sheep, is the fortunate possessor of one of the best dogs in the State. The intelligent creature was brought up among the sheep, nourished upon ewes milk, his whole life being passed with the flock and devoted to its defence. He has been taught to open and shut the fold into which they are driven at night, and he cares for them with all apparent thoughtfulness that a human being could display. In the morning when the flock is driven to the field, he goes with it, selects some commanding place, and watches the sheep during the whole day, driving up stragglers, and allowing no one but those with whom he is acquainted to approach.

Should an ewe drop a lamb and pass on with the herd without noticing it, as she sometimes will, he has been known to take it up, and carrying it after her, compel her to take care of it; at night he drives the sheep into the pen, fastens the door after him, and seating himself in their midst, lays there watching them all night. In the morning he unfastens the door, drives out his charge to the pasture and keeps ward and watch until night comes. In fact so faithful is he that his master frequently absents himself from the ranch, for days together, with perfect reliance upon his dog to find all safe when he returns.—[California Firemen's Journal.

One of the neatest replies ever heard in a legislative body, or anywhere else, was lately made by Mr. Tilson, of Rockland, Me. A member had replied to something Mr. Tilson said, and, pausing a moment, he inquired if he saw the line of argument. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "in answer to the gentleman, I would say, I hear the humming of the wheel, but I cannot see any thread."

Interesting Russian Facts.

It appears from a return just published by the Russian Government, that at the beginning of the present year the debt of Russia is \$352,467,120. This sum cannot be considered excessive, the debt of France being \$1,284,860,000; that of England \$3,295,610,000; that of Austria \$1,124,890,000, and that of Prussia \$159,630,000. Thus Russia is the least indebted of all great states but one, and she is the least of any compared to her population. In England, for example, the debt is equal to \$143 for each inhabitant; in France \$42; in Austria \$33; in Prussia \$11, and in Russia only \$7. The sums employed by each state annually in payment of interest and in sinking funds is \$142,750,000 in England; \$102,249,000 in France; \$68,640,000 in Austria; \$30,000,000 in Russia, and \$9,450,000 in Prussia. Russia is here again the last but one, and according to population the lowest. In England each inhabitant paying \$4 59; in France \$2 38; in Austria \$1 53; in Prussia 50 cts., and in Russia 48 cts. Finally, whilst in England the public debt absorbs 43 per cent. of the whole budget, it only takes 30 per cent. in Austria and France, in Russia 12 per cent., and in Prussia 11 per cent. According to the last annual report of the Minister of the Interior, there are in Russia 88,000 noblemen who own each 1 to 10 serfs; 57,000 with 10 to 20; 30,000 with 20 to 100; 18,000 with 100 to 500; 2000 with 500 to 1000; 1400 with 1000 to 10,000; and five with 20,000 and more serfs each.

The agricultural population consists of 9,000,000 serfs who belong to the crown, and 11,780,000 who belong to individual noblemen. The condition of those serfs who do not belong to a large estate is by far the worst. They have to work all their lifetime for masters whom their own poverty renders cruel; seeking a living in the larger cities as mechanics or servants, they have to pay to their owners a yearly body-rent, which very often exceeds their ability, and regularly leaves them nothing but the means of scanty subsistence. Skill and ability to work does not improve their condition, but only increases their burdens.

The first attempt at emancipation was made in 1803 by Alexander I. By transforming the serfs of the crown domains into personally free farmers, he reduced the numbers of serfs from fifty to thirty millions; but the noblemen were not disturbed in their ownership. He soon stopped in his reforms, and Nicholas had to think of other things in the first years of his Government than of the peasants. These lost at last their patience, which had been tested so long. Already, under Alexander, they had perceived who it was that opposed their emancipation. When Nicholas also failed in conquering the nobility, horrible scenes were enacted in some parts of the empire. Ever since 1842, insurrections of serfs formed a standing item of the events of the year—even the Ministerial reports did not dare to deny that every year sixty or seventy noblemen were killed by their peasants.

THE EVIL OF A BAD TEMPER.—A bad temper is a curse to the possessor, and its influence is most deadly wherever it is found. It is allied to martyrdom to be obliged to live with one of a complaining temper. To hear one eternal round of complaint and murmuring, to have every pleasant thought scared away by their evil spirit is a sore trial. It is like the sting of a scorpion—a perpetual nettle, destroying your peace, rendering life a burden. Its influence is deadly; and the purest and sweetest atmosphere is contaminated into a deadly miasma wherever this evil genius prevails. It has been said truly, that while we ought not to let the bad temper of others influence us, it would be as unreasonable to spread a blister upon the skin, and not expect it to draw, as to think of a family not suffering because of the bad temper of any of its inmates. One string out of tune will destroy the music of an instrument otherwise perfect; so if all the members of a church, neighborhood, and family, do not cultivate a kind and affectionate temper, there will be discord and evil work.—[Steele.

KEEPING PROMISES WITH CHILDREN.—A gentleman of nervous temperament once called on Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College. One of the Doctor's boys was rather boisterous and pestered the nervous gentleman somewhat, whereupon he said to him:—"My boy, if you will keep still while I am talking to your father, I will give you a dollar." Instantly the boy hushed down as gentle as a sleeping lamb. At the close of the gentleman's remarks he attempted to leave without giving the boy the dollar; but Doctor Dwight was too fast for him. He put a dollar into the man's hands, saying, "You promised my boy a dollar for good behavior. Give him that as you promised. If sir, we lie, our children will be liars also."

Violent shocks of earthquakes were experienced at Santa Barbara, Cal., on the nights of the 28th and 29th of Dec. Lamps were overthrown and walls cracked.