LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

BY A NEW YORKER.

PARIS, January 1852.

Visits to the Opera—Political Matters—Movements of Louis Napoleon—The Law on the Press, &c., &c.

I attend the Opera every evening, when not otherwise engaged, and am still of the same opinion as to the merits of Cruvelli as before, notwithstanding that Marti, it is said, has offered her a profitable engagement. I have understood, not that her success, for she undoubtedly has talent which deserves success, but that her being put forward as a Malibran and a first rate artist, is owing to a violent attachment conceived for her by Mr. Davidson, the musical critic of the London *Times*. He was, it is said, desperately in love with her, and hence all the extravagant things which have been said of her fine singing. But all the critics, and some who are perhaps better judges, have not followed in the wake of the *Times*. Among other sound criticisms, take the following, which I find in the *Chronique Musicale* of one of the leading journals of Paris:—

[From the "Chronique Musicale" of L'Illustration, of Jan. 31, 1852.]

The music of Verdi seems to suit the talents of this young singer better than that of any other composer. We suspected this to be the case, from the way in which she sung in the parts of "La Figlia del Reggimento," of "La Somnambula," and also that of "Norma;" and we are now quite convinced by seeing her in the part of Abigail. This part requires a strong voice, a bold execution, a fierce demeanor—qualities which seem to be natural to Mlle. Cruvelli. Her organ of vocalisation, which is not free from asperity and roughness, was suitable to the character on this occasion, though in itself a defect in other parts. As to singing, (speaking in the strict sense of the term,) Mlle. Cruvelli has many great defects—she still has a great deal to learn. The applause she obtained (whatever opinions may be) was great at the end of the act. This is a fact to be stated. But, in our view, though the intoxication which such success produces is great, yet we earnestly advise Mlle. Cruvelli not to be deceived by it. Singing as she sings, is not singing! Such is our opinion. It is not such singing as characterizes the best singers, whose names are quoted as accomplished artists in the true sense of the term, and as good and perfect models.

I think, after this, that you will not attach much credit to the inflated puffs of this artist, which have been transmitted to you across the water by other correspondents, in contradiction of my former statements.

Mr. Barbieri Nini has never appeared since, and no one has heard anything about her. She could not even fill a house, and has got no engagement at any theatre of consequence, that I know of—fully justifying my remarks on her first appearance, which at that time were the contrary of all the *claqueurs*, but have been confirmed since. She has not sung anywhere for the last two months, because the house is empty when she sings. Such is the plain fact, though I understand by a letter from a friend, which has reached me from New York, that my former letter, previous to my departure for Spain, was contradicted by another letter from Paris.

Politics are all nonsense—I shall not trouble myself with them; no one talks about politics now; the gentlemen prefer talking love to the ladies instead of meddling with affairs of State, which here, at least for the present, are not the affairs of the people, who have nothing to do with such things. I send you, however, the following letter from a friend, a man of great eminence in the political world, and a well known journalist, whose name I am not at liberty to mention. I have translated it, and send it as a curiosity. It was sent to me with great mystery, as a piece of political boldness which it would not be safe to publish in Paris. You will see what your craven spirits, the Parisians, are, when all the boiling feelings of a patriot amount to no more than the following. He says:—

"In spite of all the frightful or absurd reports which malevolence or credulity have set in circulation, France is calm, and reposes with confidence in the wisdom of her new government. Not that we adopt with enthusiasm all his measures, but we wish to see what the effect of them will be. This is quite a novel state of feeling among us, and deserves to be taken notice of to our honor."

It was different under Louis Philippe, for then every measure of the government, good or bad, met with immediate and indiscriminate opposition. The *bourgeoise* did not reflect that this course would end in destroying the government. They see it now and therefore swear (though too late) that they will never be caught in such a trap again. On this account they feel well disposed towards the new government, and receive with docility and patience measures which they dislike, and which seriously displease them.

Among these is to be reckoned the new decree or law of the President against the National Guard, which he has reduced from 100,000 men to 40,000, at most. The citizens were fond of playing soldiers, and the loss of their swords and epaulettes will grieve them. Such is the end of the National Guard, established first by Lafayette, and from which Louis Philippe suffered much, by the importance he attached to the bayonets of the citizens. Apropos of bayonets, the following is a *jeu d'esprit* of M. Guizot, on the bayonet revolution effected by Louis Napoleon on the 2d of December. When told that Louis Napoleon was supported by 400,000 bayonets, he said, "Very true, very true; one may be supported by bayonets, but no one can stand upon them."

This *bon mot* is as true as it is witty, for Napoleon himself acknowledged the instability of bayonets. He said there were but two powers, "the sword and the mind; but, in the end, the latter always conquers the former."

Louis Napoleon understands the spirit of his uncle's words, and therefore is founding institutions to be in harmony with his great power, in which mind will march hand in hand with the sword. Notwithstanding the immense number of votes of the 20th December, France is still agitated greatly by socialists; hence the necessity of severe measures. Great numbers of socialists voted for Louis Napoleon, for they love Louis Blanc and Louis Napoleon with equal devotion. Such is one of the effects of the prestige of the name of Napoleon. The departments which were mostly socialist, and sent reds to the Assembly, all voted for Louis Napoleon. One of their representatives said to me, six months ago, when I asked him if he thought the Prince would be re-elected in his department, "Yes," he said, "there are two men sure to be re-elected in my department; they are the Prince and I." Thus, peasants, women, officers, all voted for the Prince, as nephew of Napoleon; and there is every reason to believe that they will be pleased with him and his government.

As to the opposition of the *salons*, the government is wrong in taking offence at that. It is the life of the French to say witty things about the government, at evening parties. Balls and festivities are still all the rage at Paris, and the several palaces which suffered so much in 1848, are being restored to their former splendor.

The law on the press is still delayed; it is, however, believed that the writers of articles will not be obliged to sign their names at the foot of their articles, and that the stamp duty on the *Feuilleton*, (that is the story-telling part), will be removed. This will be a great boon to the Press. The *Belles Lettres* and the *Beaux Arts* are going to be revived, so as to give that aliment to the public mind which in politics it is not permitted to have. We are going to have another age of Augustus in literature. It is a mistake to say that Mme. G. Sands has been arrested; she has escaped by promising to occupy herself, henceforth, with nothing but romances and comedies. Literature and eminent artists will meet with encouragement now from the government.

To-morrow the reception of M. Montalembert takes place at the Academy. His discourse is of great length, chiefly devoted to politics and the subject of the French revolution. He is to be answered by M. Guizot. It will be an interesting session. In another letter I will give you an account of it.

H. A. B.

PARIS, Feb. 5, 1852.

Recovery of Jewels from the Spaniards—The Gayety of Paris—Dr. Lardner's Soirée—Marchioness of Guadalcasa's Party—Mr. Goodrich's Weekly Receptions, &c., &c.

After six months delay, at last I have recovered my jewels, which the Douane, at Irun, in Spain, took possession of. They are all safe, to the smallest diamond; so there will be no war. I never had any doubts, all along—for I know the Spaniards to be a noble, proud, and honorable race, above anything mean; and in this case it is proved, in a most effectual manner. In what other country custom-house in the world would such a tempting deposite have been safe? It confirms the high opinion I have always felt and expressed for the character of the Spaniards. Let me here add, that the conduct of the government, and especially the kind and feeling behaviour of the Queen of Spain to the American prisoners, is another proof of what a fine and noble people they are. I am greatly indebted to our ambassador at Madrid, the Hon. Mr. Barringer, of North Carolina, for his exertions on my account, in obtaining the order for the restoration of the jewels. Much is owing to the high respect in which his character is held in Madrid. Thus I give due credit to the honorable character of Spaniards. I should be very ungrateful if I could forget the kind attentions and unceasing exertions of our ambassador. He took a great deal of trouble in the matter, and addressed several strong and urgent memorials to the Spanish Ministry on the subject. In fact, these jewels have caused great excitement and some trouble in the world, and made as much noise as the Prince of Orange did. But now it is all over—they are safe in my possession, instead of being buried at Irun.

Paris is gayer than ever. I have been to several distinguished parties, and have my hands full for several others to come. One of the most interesting of these was that of Dr. and Mrs. L——, at their hotel, Faubourg St. Germain. The following account of it I extract from the *Fashionable Bulletin*, as I have not time to give you the full particulars myself:—

[Extract from Le Bulletin de Paris.]

Besides the official receptions, which have been very brilliant, (especially those of MM. Tortoul and Persigny, where the *elite* of literature and the fine arts were fully represented,) we were present at two magnificent private *soirees*. The first was that of Dr. Lardner, the learned author of the Encyclopedia, which bears his name. Dr. Lardner has introduced among us, in the Faubourg St. Germain, a custom which has been quite peculiar to the Americans and English hitherto, viz:—that of scientific *soirees*, and all shades of society of all parties have appeared at them. Side by side with our most illustrious inventors, viz:—Delcuil, Ch. Chevalier, Soleil, Froment, who, in the vast apartments of the learned Doctor, displayed the electric light of the solar microscope, we noticed the Prince Czortoriski, Count de la Tour du Pin, Messrs. de Morternent, De l'Espina, De l'Angle, De Caloner, Barroche, Tioplong, De Jourdan, De Gorostiza; among others, also, were to be seen the famous Thalberg, Girdin, Leopold Meyer, Judant, Frederic de Mercy, Duval le Camus, &c. Among the ladies present were the Princess of Essling, Madame the Countess Freyunet, &c., &c.; also we observed, in the numerous company, Prince Cimino, Prince Pignatelli, Des Roys, Montbreson, &c., &c. Not only was the company entertained with scientific exhibitions, but also there was music and dancing. Cavello improvised several sentimental melodies; M'lle Garcia (now become Madame Leonard,) sang to the great delight of the company, by whom she was much applauded. This applause was redoubled by the appearance of Mr. Leonard, who performed exquisitely on the violin. M'lle Clauss and Mons. Savary, performed in brilliant style two choice pieces, one on the piano and the other on the violoncello. More than three hundred persons were present at this brilliant *soiree*, which will be succeeded by others of the same kind.

The other brilliant *soiree*, the rival of the above, which we have spoken of, was that of Baron Ernouf, son-in-law of Mr. Bignoly, whom the Emperor Napoleon left as one of the executors of his will, and charged him with the commission of writing the history of the diplomacy of his reign, &c. &c.

Another delightful party, which I attended last night, was that given by the Marchioness de Guadalcasa. This distinguished lady is a neice of the famous Talleyrand, and stands high in the great society of Paris. She is the widow of a Spanish grandee, and in her youth was greatly celebrated and admired for her wit and beauty, as she now is for her amiable manners and high breeding. She has delightful receptions every week, which I am almost forced to attend, for she is quite angry with me if I once miss being there. Her husband was an intimate friend of Ferdinand VII. of Spain, and shared his captivity with him under Napoleon, before he recovered his throne. The weekly receptions at Mr. Goodrich's, the American Consul, are also delightful. One meets there the *elite* of American society in Paris. It is an agreeable and pleasant reunion. I met there Mr. Sears, of Norfolk, Virginia, an American of fortune residing at Paris. He is a perfect gentleman; a good specimen of the real Virginian, noble by nature, such as I have ever found them. Mrs. Sears, his lady, is a most accomplished woman; they are well known here in fashionable society, and give splendid parties. Mr. Goodrich represents his country well; he is quite lively and interesting, as well as solid and instructive—one sees in him the personification of the amiable Peter Parley. His lady is a charming, lady-like person; and his daughter a sweet little American beauty. After all, it must be confessed the American ladies bear away the palm for beauty. They surpass the English, and equal the French in grace; while in complexion and rare delicacy of features, they are superior to both of them. I am going to-morrow evening to a grand entertainment given by the Baronness Gourgand, in the most fashionable quarter of Paris. It is to be a highly distinguished party; you see I have as much as I can attend to.

H. A. B.

PARIS, Feb. 12, 1852.

The Attempted Assassination of the Queen of Spain—The Character of Isabella—Soirées—Shopping in Paris and New York—The next American President.

I gave you in my last all the particulars I knew at the time of the attempted assassination of the young Queen of Spain. Never was indignation more generally felt among all classes of persons, and all shades of politics, than on this occasion. I never heard so much sympathy expressed, and indeed the amiable character of this lovely and charming woman, is fully deserving of it all. Having seen and known her so lately, the event impressed me more than perhaps it otherwise would have done. I have met her walking on the Prada in crowds of people, with as much familiarity and simplicity of demeanor as any of our ladies walking in Broadway. Her kind and good qualities are universally appreciated in Madrid, and, I think, are not unknown in the United States. She must be endeared to many mothers and wives there for her generous behavior to the misguided youths who were taken prisoners in Cuba, a part of her dominions which, enticed by deceivers, they had piratically invaded. She is said to have wept over letters addressed to her by mothers in America, praying for clemency for their sons, and she pardoned several on such letters received before she pardoned them all. Even when her life was in danger, and it was not known but that the wound might be fatal, she entreated that the assassin might not be put to death on her account. If it had not been for the bone of her stays, which arrested the point of the knife, the fatal instrument would have penetrated her bowels. This is the best argument I think that could be given in favor of stays—at least for Queens.

I am so tired with balls, and parties, and soirees, and operas, and theatres, and vaudevilles, and Countesses, and Duchesses, and Marquises, &c., &c., &c., &c., in this gay and lively city, that I will grant you a respite for the present from any mention of them, and also to myself a little rest from their fatigue. I am obliged to decline going to the Minister's party to-night, and to the ball of the Prefect at the Hotel de Ville in a few nights, and to the Jardin d'Hiver, and to twenty others, out of sheer fatigue.

As to politics, no one thinks of politics—*vive la bagatelle* is the universal watchword, *i. e.* "folly and nonsense forever, down with dirty politics." Those who want to know anything about French politics, and the things going on here, are obliged to refer to the English papers; for nothing at all is known about these things in Paris. One might as well be in Kamskatska for any insight into present French history. Therefore you need not place much dependence on any letters from Paris professing to give you French news. The people of the United States—even the remotest farmers in Illinois—know as much, and in some particulars, more of present French history and politics, than the people of France. All we know is that the Saviour of France continues to save France the trouble of thinking, and the papers, in consequence, are not worth reading, as they consist of nothing but flatteries of the Saviour of France and the restorer of civilization, with an unbounded admiration of all his acts and measures. Some of the English papers, duly influenced, follow in the same style.

I have already mentioned what an expensive place Paris is, especially for Americans. Formerly the English were looked upon by the French as the rich people, and regular pigeons for plucking, but now it is changed, and instead of calling every Englishman a *Milord Anglais*, they take every American to be a great personage and a millionaire. And, to tell the truth, the Americans keep up the character by their much greater liberality and freedom in expenditure than the English. Whatever the English might have been in former days, they are now become a mean, shabby, niggardly set—that is, in the general, leaving room, of course, for some noble exceptions. As to Paris goods, Paris clothes, silks, shoes, &c., let me say a few words. It is a folly in any of our New York people to send here to Paris for any of those things, as many of them often do; for certainly they can be got better and cheaper in New York. I have been better fitted with ladies' boots and slippers at Jeffries, in New York, than I can here in Paris. As to prices of silks, &c., I have bought them as cheap and as good at Stewart's and Beck's, in Broadway, as I can here; at least the difference is very trifling. Parisians, perhaps, may get such things cheaper, but I defy a stranger to do so. I think, in justice to New York tradesmen, the fashionable people in New York (the real Paris of America) ought to know all this, and be contented with the good things and moderate prices they have at home. In haste,

H. A. B.

P. S.—Can you tell me who is to be next President? I am asked on every hand; but I am entirely ignorant on the subject. Among all the statesmen I have seen during my visits to Washington, I would prefer Mr. Buchanan of Pennsylvania. He is both a statesman and a gentleman, and that is a combination of qualities you will not find in the character of many of the Washington politicians. Do say something for him and his cause.

H. A. B.

DEFENCE OF THE MORMONS.

Letter from the Mayor of Great Salt Lake City.

MORMONISM BY A MORMON—POLYGAMY—MURDER—JACKSON IN HEAVEN—TAYLOR IN LIMBO—STIFF NECKS AND SUPERSTITION—ASTOUNDING DEVELOPEMENTS, ETC.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, Esq:—

SIR—I will thank you to print, as soon as you can, the substance of this letter. Considered only as news, it ought to be worth your while. There is great curiosity everywhere to hear about the Mormons, and eagerness to know all the evil that can be spoken of them. Announce you, that I am a Mormon elder, just arrived from Utah—Mayor, in fact, of Salt Lake City, where my wife and family are still living—a preacher, brigadier of horse, and President of the Quorum of Seventies, and the like; and not one subscriber that went over shoe-tops through the slime of details you gave of the playactor's divorce trial lately, that will not be greedy to read all I have to say upon the filthier accusations that have been brought against me and my friends and brethren. This is what I count upon—thank falsehood. And, if you will publish my letter entire, I will ask for no editorial help from you. I am no writer, but—with the help of the Power of Light—am not afraid of what you can say against us, so long as I walk by the rule of my Master. You walk by the rude working of your fancies.

I must say I have had my doubts about writing out upon these matters, my doing so not being approved by our delegate in Congress, Dr. Bernhisel. The Doctor is one of our gentlemen at home—a real gentleman, and would not say a rough word, or do a rough thing, to hurt the feelings, or knock off the spectacles of any man for the world. But I am no gentleman, in his sense at least, and have had slights enough put upon me, personally, since I came eastward, to entitle me to any amount of stand up self-defence. Dr. Bernhisel's official course in this matter, I suppose I am bound to accept, for I have understood that he had the advice of experienced men, who said to him, "Take up the report of the three officers criminating your constituents, when it comes from the State Department into the House; ask for a special committee, with power to send for persons and papers, and put the false witnesses on oath; but don't stoop to wrangle upon your religion, morals, and political opinions with Mr. Webster or the Congressmen at large, whom the country considers to have enough to do to take care of their own."

This is all very well, and very high, and mighty, and dignified certainly; but while the grass grows the cow starves—while Congress is taking its months to do the work of a day, the verdict of the public goes against us—as the law word is, by default—and we stand substantially convicted of anything and everything that any and every kind of blackguard can make up a lie about. And now I hear that the charges are not to be pushed; two of the officers want to come back to us as friends. They are to be virtually abandoned after doing us all the harm they can. What Mr. Webster thinks, we care little; what is the opinion of most members of Congress, you can hardly believe, in your part of the world, how very little; but public opinion, that power we respect as well as recognise; and, therefore, I am now determined, on my own responsibility, to write myself, and blurt out all the truth I can. I may not be discreet, but I will be honest.

I have written, to begin with, an examination into the causes that induced the three officers to leave Utah, but find it grown on my hands too long for publication. As I must confine myself, therefore, to plain and unargued narrative, I will best begin with the original and beginning of our troubles, found, to my mind, in the notion that, unlike other populous communities, we are not fit, or have not the right, to furnish our own rulers. I doubt if the contrary even once occurred to Mr. Fillmore, who, I am persuaded, had quite a wish to deal justly with us. What was the consequence? At the very outset of our national career, we had to have strangers sent to govern us. Who of worth and standing at home would venture out to our distant and undescribed country? Accordingly the offices went begging among all the small fry politicians who could be suspected of being fit to fill them. And (as I have heard, after sundry nominations were refused) the following were picked up:—

No. 1.—A Mr. Brandebury, who brought his recommendation, saying he had studied law in the office of a Pennsylvania county court lawyer, renowned for successful high and lofty tumbling in the support of the United States Bank, through a bloodless, cruel war, but who, in every other respect, exaggerated the recommendation of a Presidential candidate, of being perfectly and entirely unknown.

No. 2.—Zerubbabel Snow, of Ohio, a lawyer practicing in the interior of that State—qualifications rather ahead of the others—willing to come out, probably having kinsfolk among us.

No. 3.—Mr. P. E. Brocchus, of Alabama, of whom I have again to speak—character unknown, I hope, to the President—in the lower purlieus of the District of Columbia by no means entitled to that recommendation.

No. 4.—B. D. Harris, a smart youngster from a Vermont printing office—I think for Secretary.

And for Indian Agent, No. 5, a lazy little fellow named Day, with half the head of a Yankee, for he was all the time thinking of a "trade."

"Fry stones with butter," says the proverb, "the broth will be good." I don't know what manner of appearance these men present, now that they have taken their titles at our expense, and drawn some of Uncle Sam's money for it; but, as they came among us, the bevy was just such as you will find keeping tavern together at a railway water station. Zerub the active partner—Lemuel, rather slow; but his uncle, superintendent of the road to secure the trains always stopping there breakfast and dinner times; with Harris, the barkeeper to fly round spry, and Day to black boots, pump tank, and lift trunks. To our misfortune they were not kept in their proper spheres.

The first we knew of our becoming a territory was the account of the passage, September, 1850, of the law organizing Utah, which reached us before the year was out. Nothing could exceed the clamorous joy of our citizens at learning that they were thus invited into the family party by their brethern of the Union. Our national flags went up, hailed by huzzas all over the settlement, and when we hoisted our large one on the liberty pole at Temple Block, in Great Salt Lake city, the artillery saluted it with one hundred rounds, rammed home.

The first actual appearance among us, by personal representative, of the government majesty of the United States, was the arrival of No. 1, as above, which came as much as half a year after, (the 7th of June, I think) with a limited amount of personal luggage, and put up at a boarding house on the outskirts of the town, resorted to by traders and carriers passing through the settlement. We welcomed this from our hearts. We did not fire the cannon at it, having saved this honor for our country's standard, or its enemies. Nor did we attend to appearances as well as the French, who made ready for their king by putting white kid gloves on the guide posts' fingers, and a clean cambric ruffled shirt and silk stockings on the body of a criminal hanging in irons. Our means, after all, were limited; but we cordially did our best. As it was the Chief Justice, numbers of us paid him our respects; and, though our calls were not returned, proceeded to get up, after our custom, a ball in his honor. A paragraph or two, descriptive of this entertainment, will not be out of place here, if it gives you an idea of our humble but hearty fashions.

About two and a half miles from the site of our future temple, out of the base of what we call Ensign Mountain, a big toe of the Wahsatch range, gush up a number of hot springs, various in quality and temperature, of which one, in particular, has a constant head strong enough to work a fulling mill. This we have conducted in pine logs to a large house in the city suburbs, and provided there the tubs and other requirements for the most luxurious artificial bathing. Though at the charge of $1 a month per family, it has become a place of frequent resort for our whole population; and as, with Mormons, society and festivity go hand in hand, this concourse has led to the erection of additional buildings, including, besides a ballroom, two parlors for club and party suppers, &c., and a famous big double kitchen to cook up the good things in.

To this Bath House we invited Judge Brandebury. Our hours being early at Salt Lake, we sent the Governor's carriage for him at three in the afternoon; but dressing or something else detained him till five, shortly after which he arrived. The guests were then sometime assembled. Tickets had only been issued to our nicest people, and I will say it, a prettier company no honest man, not a fop, would have asked to meet. After an orchestral symphony, Brother Spencer, by his office, President of the Stake, opened with an appropriate prayer, and quadrilles commenced. Judge Brandebury took the corner at first; but some of our ladies, making true woman's account of the Miss Nancyism of a drawed up old bachelor, that showed he had sat a good deal in the shade, took pains with him, and, though a little piqued at first, we soon got him up, and made him excited. He danced with Mrs. —— and Mrs. ——, again with Mrs. —— and Mrs. ——, and finally left them all, real old bachelor fashion, to pay his exclusive attentions to "that sweet young lady with the wreath of roses round her head"—thus describing little Miss Sarah Badlam, aged, perhaps, thirteen, be the same more or less. Supper was announced at seven. The ladies and gentlemen sat down together—Governor Young at the head of one of the tables, with Judge Brandebury opposite him. Our leading confectionary consisted of roast beef, roast mutton, chickens, roast and boiled, veal, roast pig, wild fowl, bear meat, and game pie, helped through with garden truck and sauce, pies, puddings, preserves, pumpkin butter, and other home dainties, not so well known in these parts, and oysters and sardines in cans, from the East. For drink, we had our own brew of porter and ale—which I could not recommend, as it tastes like one part of the lager article to three of water—and for Brandebury's special use, Champagne wine from the grocery. From supper we went into the dancing again and kept it up with spirit until near two o'clock in the morning, the handing round, at twelve, of refreshments, (consisting of ice creams, cake, pie, nuts, and beverages,) being the only interruption till the benediction and final dismissal to home.

A similar reception was given to Judge Snow and his lady (No. 2,) and Mr. and Mrs. Harris (No. 4,) who arrived out together, I think, the 19th of July, and they were equally pleased with our bath house balls. Mrs. Harris, who danced with the Governor once, I recollect, and with a will too, always being anxious to be heard saying, "Strange, people East know so little of the Mormons." "To think of being so refined, and so peaceful, and enjoying themselves so well," &c. "Fair and softly goes far in a day." Perhaps, though, if called upon after this, we might have said that we had not unmixed cause to be pleased with our new officials. Their speech and conduct, somehow, from the first, created and spread the impression that they wanted to get extra advantage out of us. They complained, not without reason, of the lowness of their salaries, and it was intimated to some that a vote, by ourselves, of a certain increase would be agreeable. They would not organize court, or go to work, but—an ill example to our youth—lived indolent together in their boarding houses, day after day—the only utterly idle persons in our whole community. Yet, at the same time, they assumed airs and graces, and various manners of condescension and superiority, in which, rest assured, they made a very great mistake. It is an error, the prevalent opinion that we all cleanse the nasal orifice with the big toe, and make tea with holy water. We have among us women who play on the piano and mix French with their talk, and men who like tight boots, and who think more of the grammar than the meaning of what they are saying, and who would ask nothing better than to be fed by other people for squaring circles and writing dead languages all their lives—albiet we would not give one good gunsmith's apprentice for the whole of them. And, though we are all out-and-out democrats, in spirit and in substance, we have plenty of the hard-to-comb curly pates of people, of whom the saying is true, that we have seen better days; so that if there is anything we can do, it is to take the measure of sham half-cut pretensions, and write down their true figures. There was one personal informity of Judge Brandebury, I am sure, was as much remarked upon with us as it could be anywhere—even the boarding house folks were not content with it.

Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
That all may gladly board thee as a friend.

May I hope your readers understand? You see, with our score of spring streams rushing through the city plat, our fresh water lakes, our hot springs, baths and Jordan river, more cleansing than Abana and Pharphar rivers of Damascus—we think so much of washing; and soap is not very dear with us either. And we read the scriptures, including Zechariah iii., 3 and 4, where we are taught that the angel would not speak with Joshua before he changed his linen. And, whistle! that shirt the Judge had on at our 24th of July celebration, where we did our best to make a dignity figure of him, was the greatest. It came about as near to being the great unwashed, considering there were ladies present. It was, on the whole, I may say, the most disrespectful shirt ever was seen at a celebration. The Judge never stirred out without his big umbrella, not so much to keep the sun off, but to hide out people, on account of his being shy; but, after this, whenever he was seen dragging about under it, it used to be the joke that he was afraid of rain water getting in on to that shirt. But, of course, no notice was taken of such trifles; and everything went on smooth and glassy as the pool of indolence itself, till after the 17th day of August. This day arrived out from the States, Mr. P. E. Brocchus, and in one short six weeks after this man came among us, he was the means of stirring up all the evil report that we have had to encounter.

Brocchus, as far as I have been able to find anything about him, I make out to be one of those characters that it would be difficult to examine and educate anywhere out of the District of Columbia. Their description is that of the Washington maid of all work—that is, dirty work. Having the "Directory of the Cellars and Garrets" by heart—being the only man to show new "M. C.'s" the fashions after dark—quick to smell feasts—long-suffering chamberers—knowing all the "convenient" people—lobbying as only those men can who have nothing else to do—always ready to hold big men's horses, and willing to blow their noses all day in the waiting room for the chance. They live on the broken victuals of big and little kitchen cabinets, till they come at last by their chance of "boneing" the mutton joint, which they devour in the face of the poor from whom they have it.

Of such came out to us from Alabama, via Washington, nearly one year after we were made a territory by law, our second Associate Judge. To our people at Kanesville, where he stopped for purposes of outfitting, he proclaimed his intention of running as delegate to Congress. He provided intoxicating liquors gratuitously to those in his company who would listen to his discourse on this subject. He said it was his only purpose in going out to Utah; and that, his election secured, he should return at once. He alluded darkly to dangers impending over us at Washington that only he could avert, and declared that he had come out to enable him to be our saviour. Thus he spoke and electioneered with the people of the train till he met a return train, which conveyed intelligence to the States of the election of Dr. John M. Bernhisel. His tone then changed. As soon as he arrived, he announced his intention of returning to the States. He said he was sick, and supported the character in the eyes of his fellow lodgers by eating enormously, without taking any out-door exercise. He was hale and busy enough, to our cost. He must have obtained his influence over the others almost immediately after his arrival. They soon removed to the boarding house in which he was quartered; and, as we think we can see now, there evidently concerted their schemes and manners of molestation and mischief. We heard now distinctly more of discontent and dissatisfaction, and more of the insufficient ompensation and the rest.

We could do nothing ourselves; but a petition to Congress having been drawn up, asking an increase of their salaries, the Governor headed it, and sent it off by Dr. Bernhisel, on the 1st of September. Of much avail was it! Within the week after, there followed the proceedings I am now going to describe. They had not their connected appearance at the time, but we have been at no loss to understand their bearing since.

One day Brocchus reminded the Governor that he was going away very soon, and asked him to do him the favor of procuring him as large an audience of the people as possible, as he was very anxious to set before them in style, the claims of the Washington monument fund. I do not know how he made out his case; but, as he was always specious and smiling, the Governor, willing to show him a pleasure, said, "I will invite you, sir, to speak at our approaching conference. It is a religious meeting, I suppose you are aware; but I wish well to your cause." One of the first buildings we ever raised at Salt Lake was our Bowery, or gallery of rough timber and wattles, for public assemblies. Around it then was all naked ground, though it now stands in the heart of the business part of the city. Our semi-annual conferences have always met in it; and our fall one assembling here by stated appointment, September the 6th. At its opening day, a handsome representation of the people from all quarters being in attendance, Governor Young took the first opportunity of fulfilling his promise. "I was respectfully and honorably introduced," says the published statement of Judge Brocchus.

This individual, I take it, is one of those who, by reason of a certain fluency and custom of easy rambling from subject to subject, spreading themselves out over all they have ever had a thought upon, are able to acquit themselves quite creditably in a conversation or brief friendly letter; while they break down miserably if called on for a speech or essay upon a continuous subject, which exposes in them the defects of their early education, their habitually loose texture of thought, and their want of connected views and consistent principles of any kind. Such creatures frequently pass through the world without being voted ignoramuses or lack-wits, and so with some may this unsteady creature Brocchus pass.

I make this remark because I am certain no one of his acquaintance at Salt Lake city, was prepared for such a speech as he made on this occasion. In its way it beat Brandebury's shirt. I would give a hundred dollars for the sake of our cause, to have had a phonographer to take down the stupendous effort. I can only now profess to remember a few points of it, recalled to my memory by the use that has been made of them since. He began by stating that he had read our history with deep interest, particularly that part relating to our sufferings in winter quarters, on the Missouri River, during the severe winter of '47. I intended to have visited winter quarters, he said, but, alas, was not able. A friend of mine brought me these flowers; here they are; it is all I can present you of that sainted place! At this sympathetic display he forced a tear, and the careless observer would have said, wiped it from his cheek, but Deseret eyes saw the handkerchief pass to the right and the left, while the tear remained on the cheek by an overcast of the head. His reception was next referred to. "I was a stranger, and you took me in; sick, and you visited me," &c. Even a kind lady brushed the flies from my forehead; her kindness I can never forget. Another tear was forthcoming, and wiped as before. Twenty minutes of this sort of thing quite naturally introduced the consideration of his personal merits. In the course of an able and flattering autobiography, he displayed all his advantages of experience and public service in important imaginary capacities. His appointment by his Excellency the President of the United States, was enough to show what kind of a man he was. The President being a virtuous man, could appoint none but a virtuous man like himself; he (Brocchus) being virtuous, therefore, like the President, received his appointment. By this argument he refuted any vile calumnies from the States that he said might have pursued his private character. After this, in a style half school book, half 4th of July, came up Anthony (!) Putnam, the Revolutionary War, and Gen. Washington, who was declared a greater man than Napoleon and all his generals, and only to be compared to President Taylor. Putnam he got at Bunker Hill, but Washington at Burgoyne's, probably Braddock's, defeat. Behold him! he cried, on his white horse at the battle of Yorktown, proudly careering on his white charger over the prostrate bodies of his country's enemies. This sort of thing took up an hour more, by which the patience of the company was pretty nearly worn out, though they remained quiet. "For more than two hours," he writes, "I was favored with the unwavering attention of my audience." But a changed tone then came on him, with a change of subject. He began a studied assault upon his introducer, Governor Young, and an argument to the people against allowing this man so much influence as he possessed, the sum of it being that so long as this continued we could have no party divisions, and without party divisions we could not be a worthy object of the notice or favor of politicians. Soon, however, he found he could do nothing on this head. "Oh ladies, sweet ladies," he cried, "why do you 'go in' for such a man? Your smiles should be turned on the contemplation of men who can handle the sword—George Washington, and Zachary Taylor, the second Washington. Oh, Governor Young can't handle the sword!" Even such soft appeals as this were thrown away. From bad to worse, disapprobation rose, till the orator was groaned. He tried a few insinuations more, and was groaned again, groaned with a will. At this, instead of taking his seat, he changed his ground, and made a direct and undisguised attack upon the audience itself—men and women—without distinction, accusing them of want of patriotism and attachment to the laws, and reproaching and insulting them to their face. General D. H. Wells, of Illinois, and impulsive and hot spoken man, but I am bound to say one of our most liberal and public spirited citizens, had delivered an oration on the 24th of July, severely condemning the course of the federal government towards us. Producing an imperfect report of this speech and commenting on it, Brocchus proceeded to attribute its sentiments to the people, and make them answerable for it, thereupon threatening them with destruction by the whole army and navy of the United States. In the same way he brought up remarks of Governor Young upon General Taylor, threatening the people with destruction for them also, and declaring that his (Brocchus's) influence should break him from office the instant he arrived in Washington. Finally, the women hissing him here, he mentioned Washington, for the first time, in connection with the monument, and as if merely incidentally. "It reminds me, by the way," he said, "that I have a commission from the Washington Monument Association, to ask of you (the ladies) a block of marble, as a test of your citizenship and loyalty to the government of the United States. But in order for you to do it acceptably, you must become virtuous, and teach your daughters to become virtuous, or your offering had better remain in the bosom of your native mountains."

At this climax of insult, the meeting rose as one man, and their cries and uproar compelled the speaker to take his seat. The hubbub continuing, we looked to the other officers of the United States who had been invited to the stand to reply; but as they failed to do so, the Governor being loudly called for, rose and spoke in substance (for I cannot imitate or remember successfully his peculiar style) as follows:—"But for this man's personalities, I would be ashamed not to leave him to be answered by some of our small spouters—sticks of his own timber. Such an orator, I should suppose, might be made by down east patent, with Comstock's phonetics and elocution primers; but, I ask you all, have we ever before listened to such trash and nonsense from this stand? Are you a Judge, (he said, turning to him,) and can't even talk like a lawyer; or a politician, and hav'nt read an American school history? Be ashamed, you illiterate ranter, (said he,) not to know your Washington better than to praise him for being a mere brutal warrior. George Washington was called first in war; but he was first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. He had a big head and a great heart. Of course, he could fight. But, lord! what man can't? What man here will dare to say, with women standing by, that he is a bit more a coward than Washington was? Handle the sword! I can handle a sword as well as George Washington. I'd be ashamed to say I couldn't. But you, standing there, white and shaking now, at the hornets'-nest you have stirred up yourself—you are a coward; and that is why you have cause to praise men that are not; and why you praise Zachary Taylor. President Taylor you can't praise—you find nothing in him. Old General Taylor! what was he?—a mere soldier, with regular army buttons on; no better to go at the head of brave troops than a dozen I could pick up between Leavenworth and Laramie. And, for one, I'll not have Washington insulted by having him compared to Taylor, for a single breath of speech. No, nor what is more, President and General Andrew Jackson crowed down and forgotten, while I am with this people—even if I did not know that one is in one place (of punishment), and the other in another (of reward). Brigham Young spoke this out of his knowledge by the priesthood.

"What's the meaning," continued the Governor, but more at large than I can give it here, "what's the meaning of this insult upon our patriotism? Is it the place of miserable vermin that feed upon its sacred body to teach us the value of the Union? Sense enough you have to see we are bound to be its best friends. But you shall not go home to say you were never told so. Against the Union, are we? We want to have Saint Francisco on one side o us, and Saint Louis on the other, fighting and scratching like any other two Saints of different denominations, do we? And the tax on the foreign goods we use isn't enough, to be sure, but we must want to pay one set of duties at a custom house in New York or New Orleans, and then another at Jefferson City, may be, and another set again at Council Bluffs! That will help us, won't it? No, sir; we're not nailed to North or South, or any other point of the compass, here. We have come out from the North and South as well as East and West, and we want our old States to stick together, because we intend to stick to the whole of them. And we are just the very people to know what tomfool's nonsense it is, the notion of a minority that expects to get into a tight place going off for safety into close partnership with its next neighbors. Who does not know that there is more bother with a quarrelsome neighbor than with a dozen that live further off. And what is a man's chance if, with a neighbor on each side of him, bent upon mischief, he has no other neighbors to help him keep them straight. It is just the same with States. Let the devil of persecution get abroad against any single one of them, as it did against us at home, and let it be Georgia or Illinois on one side, and North Carolina and Tennessee, or Missouri and Iowa on the other, all ready to join, if one is not enough, to put Charleston or Nauvoo down—and where is Charleston, or South Carolina either, going to be, if she hasn't then one outsider to help her? Now, tell all this, when you return to some of your folks in Alabama, where you say you belong; but, if you tell them, instead, the Mormons want to get up a union with Selkirk's Settlement or the Hudson Fur Company, or be annexed by the Mexican half-breeds, or the Indians (say the Crows, or the Blackfeet, or the Snakes), I know they'd rather believe it. Make stories like about all they will believe of Mormons!" After defining very fully his views, after this wise, the Governor concluded, I remember, about as follows:—"What you have not been afraid to intimate about our morals, I will not stoop to notice, except to make my particular personal request of every brother and husband present, not to give you back what such impudence deserves. You talk of things 'you have on hearsay,' since your coming among us. I'll talk of hearsay then—the hearsay that you are discontented and will go home, because we cannot make it worth your while to stay. What it would satisfy you to get out of us I think it would be hard to t