THE MORMONS.

POLYGAMY AMONG THE SAINTS.

TERRIBLE ACCUSATIONS.

Extraordinary Defence of Elder Grant, Mayor of Salt Lake City.

The following extracts from a letter dated "Great Salt Lake City, Utah territory, February 28, 1852," go to confirm the official report of the United States Judges lately returned from that country, with regard to the existence of polygamy among the Mormons, and their treasonable and seditious sentiments against the general government:—

"The Legislature is now in session, although the term allowed by law has expired some time since. They are waiting, it is thought, for the news from the States, as they expect some rigid measures by the government. Should it be so, they will then adopt such a course as will enable them to defend and resist her authority to the extent of their power and means. Many boldly say that they have fled for the last time—that they will die here. The proceedings of the Legislature, in general, present a scene more resembling an excited town meeting than a deliberative body—they have neither system nor order. All who feel an interest in any measure before the House, whether members or not, are allowed to participate in the debates. Judge Snow, a Mormon, is a frequent speaker. The Governor makes it his business to direct him what to do, on all occasions, when they are divided. However much the House may disagree on any subject, it is only necessary for his opinion to be known, and they are all unanimous; and as none will dare disobey him, of course his will becomes the law. The members were, in fact, appointed by him; he selected the man to be voted for in each county or district, and he was elected by the voters without opposition. There was a debate in the House in relation to the disposition which should be made of the per diem allowance of the members. It seemed that it was considered as a church fund. Some were in favor of placing it into the tithing office, or church store, to enable to purchase a new supply of goods; others were for giving it to a Mr. Williams, a Mormon merchant, to enable him to purchase his spring supply of goods. Mr. Williams, although he was not a member, participated in the debate with as much zeal, and seemed to exercise as many privileges as any member of the House. The members were much divided, and the Governor rose, he said, to put a stop to the debate, and settle the matter for them. In the course of his remarks, he logged in the general government, Judge Brocchus, and Secretary Harris, and in his chaste and elegant style, said "that Judge Brocchus and Secretary Harris came here the representatives of a poor, damned, corrupt, rotten government; and that they, poor, damned, drunken curses, thought to lead the government of Utah as they would a —— by the tail," with much abuse of a similar character not recollected. * * * * *

Upon another occasion, while addressing a large collection of his people, men and women, (I cannot call them ladies and gentlemen), he seemed to be much displeased with some of the women for appearing, or affecting to show a little modesty.

He rebuked them with the most indecent expressions, which it would not be seemly either to write or print.

Such and similar language is used by him upon all occasions—he seldom preaches a sermon or addresses his people upon any subject but he winds up with the most vulgar and abusive epithets against the general government. I could give you instance upon instance, when, in addressing his people, in what he calls preaching, he used similar vulgar language. Yet he is looked upon by his people as something heavenly, and obeyed in his every wish. He has about fifty wives. A few days since, a member of his church wished to marry his own sister, and applied to Governor Young for permission to do so, and to perform the ceremony. All who marry have first to consult him and get his permission. The Governor requested that he would send his sister to him, and let him talk to her upon the subject; he would then advise him to act. She was sent accordingly; the Governor found her young and likely, married her himself, and, after keeping her in his house that night, sent her home to her brother in the morning. The Governor's lawful wife, upon a visit at our boarding house a few days afterwards, laughed and talked of the circumstance as a smart thing in the Governor, and approved his conduct throughout. This is the woman so much lauded by Mr. Kane for her virtues and lady like conduct.

I have heard it said on good authority, that the Mormons intend to form an alliance with the Indians, and excite them against the government, for the purpose of resisting her authority; and that they were now preparing for a conflict. This report seems to be sustained by the fact that the governor and the Mormon sub-agent, S. B. Rose, with interpreters take frequent excursions, with presents, &c.

In relation to the wife system, I will begin wit Brigham. He, as I have before stated, has abou fifty—among them two sisters. Heber C. Kembl and William Richards, also have harems of women, from ten to thirty. In fact, all the leading men in the Mormon church have from two to ten. There are several instances here where men have married widows, who have daughters, and now have the mother and daughter both as wives. Heber C. Kemble has the mother and daughter; A. M. Turpin has mother and daughter; C. E. Bolton has mother and daughter; also John Taylor. In fact, all the head men have more or less—it is more unusual to see a family with but one wife, than to see one from two to ten. Yet their preachers, over the country, deny it in the most positive terms.

To look at Mormonism as it is in this valley, one would think that if there was any system in the wide world that has been gotten up and propagated by the devil, it is that of the people called Latter Day Saints. JUSTICE.

ELDER GRANT'S DEFENCE.

The following extracts are from the extraordinary and self-convicting defence of the Saints, by Elder J. M. Grant, Mayor of Great Salt Lake City. This defence consists of several letters, published in pamphlet form, and addressed to J. G. Bennett, editor of the NEW YORK HERALD. The pamphlet is entitled "Truth for the Mormons:"—

There is a great deal in the report about the influence of Brigham Young—unbounded influence of Brigham Young, &c., &c.; and we are told: "He rules as he pleases, without a rival or opposition, for no man dares question his authority." This, you observe, is quite good abuse, provided you will confound the Governor's personal or political with his church or religious authority. Now, a word about this Brigham Young. When Joseph Smith lived, a man about whose real character and pretensions we differ, Joseph was often and almost invariably imposed upon by those in whom he placed his trust. There was one man, almost only that one of his early adherents, he could always rely upon to stick closer to him than a brother, steadiest in faith, clear in counsel, and foremost in fight. He seemed a plain man to us in those days, of a wonderful talent for business, and hundred horse power of industry, but least of anything affecting cleverness or quickness. "Honest Brigham Young," or "hardworking Brother Brigham," was nearly as much as you would ever hear him called, though he was the almost universal executor and trustee of men's wills and troubled estates, and the confidential manager of our most intricate church affairs. We had a piebald sort of luck in those days. At last the fulness of time was come for Joseph to obey his own prophecy and be slain, and his body, with his brother Hiram's, were brought to us one afternoon from Carthage Prison, bleeding all the way upon the wagon in which they were laid, and against the boughs and hay placed under and over them to dead the jolting and keep off the flies. Brigham Young was not in Illinois at that time; but, when our foes, grown fierce by their tasting of blood, rose in packs that became armies to hunt us down; when the Nauvoo sky was reddened after sundown by the firing of the outfarm settlements, and white-necked women, gathering their night clothes about them as they ran, came flying to us for shelter, and stray children appeared in the streets, hungry and asking for their parents; in that hour of trial and doubt—the worst of trial—the hopes of all who still hoped for the human race, and loved their God, were turned on him. Many who pretended to much higher gifts were put aside, though offered. By the unanimous vote of the people in great council assembled, Brigham was called to take the place of Joseph. Then first were made manifest his admirable gifts. He rallied the hearts of the wavering, and inspired them with a portion of the courage that was in him. He led us through the seas of the wilderness to the Canaan we inhabit; and, called to the duty it was denied Moses and Joshua to unite, he planted us also hopefully in the wonderful peace and prosperity we there enjoy. And will we desert him now? Yes! when we can find an equal man to take his place—any man or men of man, as wise a thinker, as good a ruler of other men. I can't undertake to explain Brigham Young to your Atlantic citizens, or expect you to put him at his value. Your great men eastward are, to me, like your ivory and pearl handle table knives—balance handles—more shining than the inside of my watch case, but with only edge enough to slice bread and cheese, or help spoon victuals, and all alike by the dozen, one with another. Brigham is the article sells out West with us, between a Roman cutlass and a beef butcher knife—the thing to cut a deer or cut down an enemy, and that will save your life or carve your dinner every bit as well, though the hand-piece is buck horn and the case a dog skin hanging in the breech of your pantaloons. You, that judge men by the handle and sheath, how can I make you know a good blade?

If I were going to make one point for Brigham more than another, it would be his likeness in character to the great man of old, of whom it was said, that whatever you saw him once take up, you would have said it was the occupation of his life. Brigham naturally can judge between right and wrong quicker than any mortal I ever saw. He is nice in his person, and must have everything "just so" about him: his pride, moreover, is in his affectionate and joyous temper, and a humanity that makes the dogs and cattle know him to love him. For all social harmonies, too, it is true of him by figure as it is besides in fact, that "he loves all the best music that heart can invent." But he has no mind for some kinds of niffy naffy finical whilly whaing. He has never tried to make himself a lamb, or a dandy, or a lawyer; and therefore neither can I try here to make him out such. And, if men don't treat him well, and rather make up their minds to be his enemies, I go out of my way here to say what I think to his credit; it is 54 40 then or fight; he has no manners to spend on them at all. He can't smile and stab in the same wink, as they learn to do in Washington.

When he led the van of our pioneers, seventy strong, pushing for the great basin for the first time, we were met by the Pawnee warriors, in force say eight hundred mounted men, demanding that we, and all who followed us, should pay tribute for passing through their country. Brigham gave us our orders beforehand quietly, and we halted still till they were crowded close upon us, threatening, and off their guard. Suddenly, at the word, down went our rifles to the sights, and covered all the head men and chiefs individually, and then Brigham spoke up his answer:—"Now, down off your horses, this instant, or you front rank are dead as a snap!" This was all the answer he gave. Themselves then asked pardon; and no more trouble from the Pawnees have we had since. Our saying hence is, Brigham treats his unfriends Pawnee fashion. After they have once proved their ill will, good bye to compliments. He shows what a proud man he was born; and if his scorn is quiet, it is the harder to bear. Here is the explanation, if any were needed, of a scene particularly attested by Boy Harris, who, coming into the Governor's room at a time when he was administering a rebuke to an unfaithful public servant of our own sect, was so ignorant of the first rudiments o politeness as to sit out their whole interview. Brigham Young can mix up devotion and drollery, eloquence and old English, quaintness and magnanimity, with a variety that only the most highly educated order of perception can fully appreciate. How, then, in the name of Grace, could such commonplace feckless flunkies as our forlorn snobs of officers be expected to understand the man? You might as well have brought together old Oliver Cromwell and the turnspits of Charles Stuart's kitchen. His demeanor quizzed them, his jests puzzled them, his religion reared them, and his acts confounded them. There is one fact shines out in Brocchus's letter:—"Had he (Gov. Young) pointed his finger at me," says the "defender of his country," "had he pointed his finger at me, in that instant, I should have been a dead man." I shall not deny that Brocchus really did think so.

To cross back to my argument. Briefly:—We Mormons may value Bringham Young most for his spiritual endowments, and we may believe we owe him most for his guidance of us on our heavenly pilgrimage. In the good old cause of God's rule and man's happiness, we know that he is the champion who will bite the firebrand that stands in his way, and who, if hacked to pieces, will stand up in every piece to fight on for the right. In the great cause of redemption and its holy war, we have seen in him combined the virtues of the four Captains Shaddai sent to regain man-soul, those "rough hewn men that were fit to break the ice and make their way by dint of sword." We may think, besides, he can go down into the black den and drag forth devils thence, like Putnam's wolves. I may choose to say even we believe he is Greatheart himself, incarnate to slay the giants Grim, Maul, Slavgood, and Despair, and conduct safe our pilgrims to the land of Beulah and the gate called Beautiful. What matters it, so long as outside and above all this—which to you is within the realm of superstition, to us within the sphere of heaven—there is that more than enough which makes Bringham Young stand up like Saul, the king, a head and shoulders above all other men?—And so be it ever!

As for Mr. Young's personal opinions on subjects at large: for men so much his inferiors as these, or any others, to call him to account for them is sheer impertinence. Out of the range of his official duties he has as much right to think what he pleases, and say what he thinks, as any other citizen of the United States—Mormon, Methodist, or Presbyterian. Is he to be outlawed because he holds unpopular opinions of Zachary Taylor? I will give mine then to be pilloried, as they accord with his. Taylor is not to be compared with Washington, no, nor with Jackson; and never justly will be, so long as a general's greatness is measured by the lives he saves and not the lives he sacrifices. Do you want to try the two together? Look at Taylor at Monterey, and our poor fellows' blood running there by gutters full, through his obstinate ignorance; and then look at Jackson after the battle of New Orleans, urged to gain renown by attacking the British in retreat, but saying:—"No, sir; by God, I am bound to the father and mother of every boy that's followed me from Tennessee to bring him back safe and sound!" When Bringham Young looks into the future, does he see old greyhead Jackson at the judgment seat of God? The bodies of his (six and seven) thirteen men killed at New Orleans come up at the trial and stand by to grasp his hand, while they thank him for saving their beloved country. But when they call up Zachary Tayler, thousands of widows and orphans, wailing, flock to lay their complaints before the Eternal Throne; and at their head, their spokesman, appears an earthly orator the death angel is now just calling for—and he demands vengeance for the slaughter of his gallant son—and this is Henry Clay! When I lay my head down to die I want no weight upon it like the glory of Buena Vista.

And as for the Governor's language—his "vehemence," and "vulgarity," and "obscenity," as the Pole Kittens editor characterizes it—and as for the language of Mormons in general, (see "language profane," "bitter exclamations," "invectives of great bitternesss," &c., &c.,) it is our boast that, as we have manners and customs growing up in our basin, differing from those of the people lying across the beaten tracks of travel, so we have already a style of speaking all our own. My theory is—this nation has not been pushing round the globe westward, till it has come to the east again, without becoming fitter to enter the eastern world than it was when it started. My word for it, you'll see our Jonathan American's Sombreros from San Francisco walk into Japan and China, just where the old bull Englishmen's gaiters behind them have failed entirely. People don't note the progress of the preparation. But it has been going on in speech just as it has in habits and fashions. I don't ask you to believe as I do, that Mormonism is going to be the great entering wedge of new civilization into Asia. But what I have to say now, and do say, is that the people of Utah, in their manners, evince more of this adaptation, as you would call it, more of the characteristic ways of western men, and in their speech also bring out more forcibly those hyperbolic fancies which, though you style them screameriems, are the earnest of future splenders in Oriental diction, than the citizens of any other part of the Union. If the territory of Utah is to be called to account for the sayings of its citizens or their ex-presidents, I offer myself again for condign punishment. At one of our public celebrations, the name of a late chief magistrate being proposed for a groan, it was received with such spirit that the chair called upon me to couple it with an impromptu sentiment, and, glasses being fresh filled for the purpose, with the whitest water, I gave:—

"Matty and mobocrats—May they be winked at by blind people, kicked across lots by cripples, nibbled to death by young ducks, and carried to hell through the key hole by bumble bees!"—(Signed, Chesterfield.)

You are rich in New York town; you raise your yearly crops of merchant princes and millioners, with pike-eat-pickerel overgrown fortunes, who build their chateaus so high that they can look clean over the Five Points. But what's all this for glory, when it has on and over it the runnings and rotmarks of sin that is shame! What, sir, I ask you, are whole dreadful columns of advertisements in your paper, but the image of a state of society so radically corrupt, diseased, and wretched, that the charlatans of science are paid fortunes for pretending to palliate a fraction of its sufferings! In our country, we don't see what you look at every day. We don't see old men in the highway picking up manure with their fingers, or children in cotton factories dwarfing their backs before their milk teeth are shed. We don't wear pantaloons sewed at ten cents a pair, and French nose rags brocaded at one hundred dollars a piece. We don't have churches laid out in Sunday opera boxes, for fashionable hiring. We don't see men hire other white men to wait on them at table, with bands round their hats, and cockades and uniforms to set off and proclaim their miserable subjection. Our men don't see their own species put out thei hands to them for alms in the streets; and, sir, my lord, they don't see what's worse, able-bodied young women for money asking the favor God has made man to beg of woman, and that even the dog asks of his female! What is quoted for our ancestors and forerunners of Plymouth is true of their descendants of Utah:—"As Ireland will not brook venemous beasts, so will not that land vile livers." Heaven be praised! there is not yet a brothel or a beggar, or a dram-shop or a drunkard, or a thief or a tavern keeper, or a palace or a prostitute; no, thank God, not one of them yet in all our settlement.

Now, let me take up the charge of polygamy, and Governor Young with his score of wives, and a sucking baby a piece, airing in one omnibus. This is the only specification of the charge. I pronounce it false, and call for the proofs. Who are the other polygamists? Our delegate and myself! We are here, and we brand it as a lie. Who else? Speak out. The census says our inhabitants stand in the proportion of about six males to five females. If polygamy be general among us, every wife must have more husbands than every husband has wives, and this our *qui tam* informers have abstained from charging. Is there any intelligent visiter of our settlements, then, who has seen the thing among us? The otherwise abundantly itinerant officers visited nowhere outside their boarding-house. If they saw any thing impure there, weren't they the men to shift their lodgings? What was to hinder their being mercilessly hoaxed, too, with what they showed they wanted so much to hear? "Greediest swallow bolts most gnats." It was Willard Snow, not Professor Orson Spencer, I heard the boys say, stuffed "Brandy Without" with a story that he had two wives, "one at home and one over in the lot"—his defence being, that his first wife was too sound a sleeper for him; and the great unmixed did not take the joke that "the lot" was our grave-yard, and that the first wife had been snoozing there for a couple of years! But, as to this charge of polygamy again: suppose I should admit it at once; whose business is it? Does the constitution forbid it? Is there anything in the act for the government of the territory forbidding it? And where else are we to find it written down as a crime? Was either Brocchus or Brandebery sent out to hold an ecclesiastical court, and to discipline sinners against the seventh commandment, for the good of their souls? Couldn't their commission be extended then, while they are living in the District of Columbia on full pay for doing nothing (except writing lies for the newspapers), so as to reform morals there? Or, is it true that the concerns of the bed chamber lose their national interest as they approach the shadows of the capitol? And this leads me again to the murder charge. Both of the cases spoken of were of death inflicted on an adulturer by the hand of the husband who was wronged. I say, the murder was right; and whatever others of our people may say to the contrary, I for one stand up for the defence. Power of truth! How I would like to do it here in good, bold, burning words, that would make the groundling's ears tingle, denouncing our whole present system of laws as good for nothing to afford protection to anything but property, and appealing from them to the Great God's law, the law of principles, that lasts from hundred years to hundred years, and ever will last, because it is the simple logic of human right and duty—the perfect science of all reason put in practice.

"Shall I for fear of feeble man.
The Spirit's course in me restrain?"

—Alas! to speak thus would be Mormonism, and dare not. But I ask my countrymen, floundering as they are in every State, among the double and triple reformed constitutions, and revised and revised Revised Statutes, does any amount of translating yet seem to fit the present English law for our brave country? When the lords of Great Britain could meet their dues from their own peers, giving verdicts upon honor, it was all well enough for the rest of the people that had their rights to bed, board, and wages, but had nothing to do with honor, chivalry and fine sentiments. But, with the progress of these Latter Days, every American is going to be born a nobleman and a gentleman, and will claim the rights and feel the wrongs of nobleman and a gentleman. And if our laws do not offer an honorable redress to the American citizen, he'll have it outside of the law; because he will seek it by the duello of the old nobility. The open duels of the West, that pap-fed people make so much fuss over, are one of the greatest signs of civilization of the times. I have seen a duellist protect virtue and restore honor. I never heard of the law doing it yet. Try it by a case. I have in my house one flower, a wife or only daughter, through and for whom alone the light of life is dear to me. And a miscreant, not content with robbing me of this, tramples it under foot, defiles it with his filth, and then loading my head with it as a shame, turns me—turns us—out on the highway, a jeer and a hissing for the passers by. And am I to be the low Englishman to hire an attorney to sue him in the courts for a trespass *quia sarvitium* to get back the hire I have lost!—the hire of my rose-bud, my song bird, my beauty, my darling,—the angel sent me by God, sent down by him to hell! No, by the Lord, but I will spill his blood!

And if I do, will they hang me? No, he was on his way again this man, sowing his rot among the pet lambs, when I met and slew him; and they know it is they owe me a bounty for the scalp of his cursed wolf's head. But I have committed what they must call murder; and for this they must try me, and then hold their own laws up for a laughing stock, to show how easily they admit a mockery of justice.

If I go on in this strain, I shall be called a fanatic, and discredit the highest truth that is in me. But do I speak wild of the facts? Here is a slip I cut from that moral paper the *Tribune*, since you published my other letter:—

Near St. Albans, Vt., the only daughter of a blind mother and decrepit father, rushed before a train of cars, was run over and killed. Cause, seduction under an unfulfilled promise of marriage. How much better than a murderer is the villain who ruined this girl?

This is the public sentiment. And you can't get a man punished for murder who carries it out; though every once a week about, there is a paragraph runs through the papers, of some infanticide or suicide by a girl that has been betrayed. In the New Jersey cases, of Mercer at Camden, and the Irish girl at Jersey City, all the powers on earth could not prevent the juries from breaking their oaths, to find the assassins insane; and numerous are the cases everywhere, in which, as in that of Dr. Wilson in Maryland, the Governor speaks for the community, when he says, as he exercises the right of pardon, that "he is ashamed to have to do it." Is this right—to break the law outright, or to evade it, or to have to do a wrong? Shall a whole community—a sovereign people, having the right to make their own laws, consent to a confederated hypocrisy, a common juggle? No! swear the Mormons. This is no forefather's law, or law of ancestors of ours. It is Charles the Second's law; law, the modern fountain of which was that dirty, Scotch-fiddling lecher, foul with all disorders. Two generations nearly before that kingling came back from the stews of France, our ancestors had declared the first American law, the law of Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth Rock, that no English Restoration could disturb. This was the Law of the Bible; that law we now affirm. And by it adultery is punished with death. Mark this. Read Bancroft if you want to see if "this penalty was inexorably enforced;" and, spouters for Buncombe, only a little too hastily crammed! read the other Yankee historians, or else be a little careful what you say. Read them, if you only want to see how many other things that you object against the Mormons, from the Jewish masquerade of Rhode Island to the Seven Pillars of Connecticut, were characteristics of the pilgrims before us. Why? Because, as Norton, one of Bancroft's own authorities, says, "New England [like Utah,] New England was a religious plantation, not a plantation for trade."

I hope it will not be long before an act of our territorial legislature, making death the punishment of adultery, will be up before Congress for its approval or rescision. We will stand there upon the broad question of State rights. There is room for doubt if a handful in a territory have a right to decide for themselves a question like that of slavery, affecting the settlement of lands, and therefore important to the interests of the United States as the proprietor and administrator of the public domain; but I defy any one, strict constructionist or not, to strike a difference between the right of a fully organized society in a Territory, and one in a State, to decide for itself what shall be its domestic institutions.

LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1852.

SIR—I send you copies of my letters to the New York Herald, and request for them your perusal.

Though they are written in a loose and popular style, you will see that I tender issues involving bold decisions in questions of high importance. We claim, in their broadest sense, the rights of—

1. Religious liberty, including the right of individuals to establish and maintain, as well as to bestow ecclesiastical titles upon, a church hierarchy, as far as themselves judge proper. Upon which our stand is with the Roman Catholics.

2. Political liberty, admitting the largest possible power of self-government in the community, and the entire independence of its domestic institutions. Upon which we stand with the opponents of centralization and advocates of State rights, and, at the present time, with the South.

And, for all beyond this, we contradict every single statement of the delinquent officers, and by wage of law or battel will equally rejoice to be brought to prove their falsehood. We call for the examination under oath. Of this we put ourselves upon the country. Our last cry is trial!

Sir, you will be rewarded for all the good you may have it in your heart to do us; I would I could say you will not be punished if you do us wrong, for I am, with sincere respect for the finer features of your character, your true well-wisher.

JEDEDIAH M. GRANT.

MILLARD FILLMORE, President of the United States.

The Watering Places—The Effects of the Maine Liquor Law.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, Esq:—

Sir—I have just visited the south side of Long Island, to select a resting place during the hot days of July and August, commencing at South Hempstead and ending at East Hampton. Of the many places, none appear so well calculated for sport, and easy access to the sea beach, as Quogue. Here you may walk to the sea without the trouble of crossing a wide bay of five or six miles to get to the sea shore, and the sea bathing is very fine, and here they have several good houses, who take boarders during summer. J. P. Howell, Esq., post master, has a good house; John Post and John Foster, as well as Capt. Gardner, have good houses. Owing to this stupid Maine Liquor Law, myself and friends will not visit the Eastern States this summer; for almost all who take sea bathing, after coming out of the water, take one or a part of a glass of Gov. G. M. Davis' fine Port, Sherry or Madeira; and we may be annoyed by these Maine liquor men, if we visit Newport or Nahant; so I would recommend all my friends to locate where they can enjoy themselves without Jesuitical restraint. Respectfully yours,

CHAS. H. WALTON.

SAG HARBOR, May 22, 1852.

The New Drama of "Lola Montes in Bavaria."

BY ONE OF THE TRANSCENDENTAL OYSTERHOUSE CRITICS.

The historical drama which has been written for Madame Lola Montes was produced at the Broadway theatre for the first time, on Tuesday evening, and played to a crowded house. Aside from the somewhat extraordinary novelty of a lady performing a part which she has heretofore played in reality before all Europe, the idea is equally original and novel of a celebrated *danseuse* jumping all of a sudden into the position of a clever actress, and playing the principal part in a drama of five acts! The management of the Broadway, as well as the public, were evidently taken by surprise. The former had a *ballet* ready, taking it for granted that the drama would be a failure. The public, instead of damning the piece, and the actors and actresses, were very much pleased with it, and it will probably continue to be played to crowded houses during the rest of the week, when Madame Lola goes South to fulfil an engagement.

This drama was dictated by Lola herself, although written out and adapted to the stage by Mr. C. P. T. Ware, the dramatic writer of the Broadway and Astor Place Theatres. The scene is laid in Bavaria, and runs through a period of three years. Lola plays the part in it which she performed in reality for the King and Court of Bavaria. She first appears as a *danseuse* at Munich where she attracts the attention of King Louis, who is struck with her originality and genius, and advises with her in reference to a liberal policy in his affairs, which, at her suggestion, he adopts. The King gives her a palace and creates her a peeress of the realm. Mr. Barry takes the character of the old King Louis, and plays it to the life. In fact, it is said he bears a wonderful resemblance of the abdicated king.

The Prime Minister of the King is a Jesuit, the Baron d'Abel, who, acting under the direction of Prince Metternich, of Austria, endeavors to bribe and win over Lola to the interest of Austria, in which he is unsuccessful, and, in turn, is banished and disgraced. The part is performed by Mr. Conway, and some of the passages are remarkable for their dignity and beauty. In the first act Abel, speaking of the King, who has just left, says:—

Thus, in the humor as I find him, take I prompt advantage of its bent, so passing one more block the nearer to the keystone of my arch, reared by my acts of seeming honesty, to build our power. (Jesuit.) Thus man doth make of greater man his servile tool; thus mighty royalty sails onward o'er the deep of scheming purposes, unmindful of the little hand that wheels the helm; and thus good honest councilors make of their kings the pawns upon the chess game of their politics.

The minister finding that he cannot carry his point, resorts to poison. He then instructs his Jesuit followers—

Drug then the wine thyself, that it be sure of work, and let thy purse to him that serves it swell to a full rounded sack of gold. Success will pay at thrice the cost. Go, go; and let me hear of it within an hour from this. Go you and look about the town, and here report to me how far the tumult spreads beyond the hope of crushing back its tide.

And yet while vengeance seeks the petty cause to kill the insect that hath stung—how smother the event, that lives and breathes, and bears its face upon the world! How stop its breath! The rumor, like a pestilential slander, will not die, save by its own disease; but, by the cross, the news will spread to Switzerland, and in the flash of such a thunder stroke the liberals may mark their way to lead the populace, blinded so long in darkness, into the light of freedom!—and all this quake of empire in one moment roused by the uplifted finger of a jade! (pauses.) Is there an end of power when the great masonry of human minds, conjoined in one huge monument of solid thoughts reared by the toil of years, whenever to raise the giant standard of their might—thus feels its towering fabric trembling at the teeth of every rat that plucks at it unseen within its vaults! Nay; 'twas by a work of slow and prospering security we fooled this patient king into the very crowning height of Austria's dearest hope; and though that fall, there is another engine, Louis, that hath made far weightier kingdoms shake; and the time for it will come—ha, ha.—I'will come, I will come!

As the piece progresses, the interest in it increases. There are some very laughable characters introduced. Mr. Fenno, as the Baron Von Poppenheim, portrays to the life the insolent pomposity and ignorance of the German aristocracy.

The part of Baron Ludwig Von Schootenbottom, a poor painter, as taken by Mr. Davidge, is one of the most amusing characters introduced, and enacts some funny scenes. In one part he is conversing with his wife, who observes that Justice will be walking into their house some day, and seize everything for debt. To this Ludwig replies, "I may have the law, but justice and law now-a-days are two things. Law may walk in, as you say, and it may take my paints, till all is blue; or it may conceive a relish for my palette—that proves its taste; or it may take my easel—that's easily taken. In that case I shall establish an Art Union Association."

FRAN.—And what's that, I should like to know?

LUD.—What's that? Ask any free country. Why it's a kind of pitch and toss game between the public and the managers, as to whether the managers shall get your money for nothing, or whether you shall get nothing for your money.

Some thirty-four different characters are introduced, and all possess usual interest. The Jesuits succeeded in establishing their power. Lola escapes in the disguise of a peasant, and becomes an exile, and there the curtain drops.

The drama possesses merit and great interest from beginning to the end. But the greatest attraction is to witness a novice acting the part with all the coolness of a veteran actress. The lady accounted to the manager for so singular a fact, after the first performance, by observing, with a great deal of *naiveté*, "Oh, it gives me no trouble at all; I merely do and say precisely what I did and said when all those things in the drama occurred." In this lies the secret of a great actress. Her part is "Lola," and she makes it very effective by her clever acting, which is perfectly natural and unstudied. It is the part she had rehearsed in real life. Whatever may be the merits of her dancing, there can be no mistake in her capabilities as an actress. In her part in the new drama, she has an opportunity of displaying before an audience those capabilities, advantages, lady-like qualities, genius, and intellect which have bewildered so many wise heads in European life. As a dancer, she had no opportunity of doing so, and people have gone to the theatre to see her dance, and came away wondering what could have been the power which had made her so attractive as to have been so celebrated—as it is notorious she has been—before she came across the water. In the dress and character of Lola Montes, as a *danseuse*, she has no more power than thousands of others who have danced, died, and been buried. As an actress, they can see her as she has been seen in those events which have made her name historical, and connected it with the public events of a powerful European kingdom.

The Broadway was crowded on the first night of the new drama, and it will probably be filled every night of her engagement, which ends this week, when she takes her departure for the South.

Probably Lola will abandon dancing for the drama, in which she has an opportunity of showing her intellectual powers, and will create an astonishment which will be felt in every city that she visits.

Whipping in the Public Schools.

NEW YORK, May 26, 1852.

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT:—

DEAR SIR:—Through the medium of your columns I would respectfully call your attention, and that of the public, to the treatment of children in our public schools in the city of New York. It has been carried to a great extent, and with a high hand—that of whipping. In speaking of my own family, a child five years of age, that has attended one of the primary schools under the control of the Public School Society, has been sent home severely whipped, and the marks of which have remained upon the child for hours. Not willing to put up with this kind of treatment of my own daughter, and unwilling to take her from the school, I desired my wife to call and remonstrate with the teacher, and request that she would refrain from doing so for the future, telling her that the child was quite deaf, and could not hear distinctly. The teacher replied that the child did not require chastising; but the next day the child came home marked as above. I could not submit to it, and called to see her about it. I respectfully asked the lady if she made it a general rule to whip all the children in the same manner as she had my own, and if there was any rule in the by-laws that gave her the right to inflict punishment of that kind, and wished to see them. She remarked that she had "not time to look for one, and, in fact, had not read them, but should use her own discretion in that respect, and would whip the children." She immediately flew into a passion, and, seizing a ruler, at the same time striking it upon the desk, ordered me from the room. Just at that time I observed a child sobbing and crying, and noticed a red mark across the side of its face, and asked the teacher why that child was weeping so hard. She answered by saying that she supposed "the child had been whipped." I could not endure it longer, and went immediately to the trustees for redress, and the consolation I received from them was, that they were in favor of whipping, and that if I had been whipped more when young, I would have been a better man.

Now, then, these are the facts in the case, and I am willing to be qualified, and would ask, can nothing be done in the premises, to put a stop to it? Yours, &c. T. G. N.

VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.—The members of the Presbyterian General Assembly of the United States visited the tomb of Washington, on Saturday last, in company with other distinguished strangers, and their ladies. In front of the tomb, uncovered and in silence, there went up to heaven heartfelt thanks for the past, and prayers for the future peace and prosperity of our glorious country.—*Republic 24th inst.*

THE PRESIDENCY.

The Chances of the Candidates Before the Convention.

MOVEMENTS IN THE COUNTRY.

Names, as Far as Known, of the Delegates to the Democratic National Convention.

THE LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

&c., &c., &c.

The Delegates to the Democratic National Convention.

The following list of delegates to the National Democratic Convention is as full as can be given at present. Some of the delegates have not yet been chosen; and in some remote quarters district conventions have been held, but returns have not yet been received from them. We have indicated by italics and small capitals the preferences of some of the delegates. This has been done where the preference of the delegates has been expressed, or where instructions have been given. In some instances the reports of the proceedings at the district conventions have given the number of votes for the different names likely to be before the Baltimore Convention as Presidential candidates. In such instances, the names of the delegates not being given, it was of course impossible to designate them in this list. Several individual State conventions have expressed a preference for a particular candidate, as Illinois for Douglas, New Hampshire for Pierce, &c., which is not indicated by this table:—

*Cass Delegates in Italic—Buchanan in small caps—those marked * are delegates from Union Democratic Conventions—the remainder are uncommitted, or have not expressed a preference in a manner which can be indicated by a table of this kind.*

ALABAMA.
At large.
A. P. BAGBY,
W. FLEMING,
JOHN ERWIN,
P. PHILLIPS.
Districts.
1—J. M. WITHERS,
P. WILLIAMS,
J. W. BRIDGES,
2—E. Y. FAIR,
G. T. YELVERTON,
A. J. MCALLISTER,
3—S. W. HARRIS,
C. M. JACKSON,
G. W. GOLDSBY,
4—J. L. MARTIN,
ASA AMASON,
SAMUEL PICKENS,
5—O. H. OATES,
J. N. MALONE,
WM. L. DEARING,
6—E. C. BETTS,
R. T. SCOTT,
PEYTON ROWAN,
7—JOHN T. HEFLIN,
E. G. RICHARDS,
W. P. DAVIS,
Robert Jamison,*
George N. Stewart,*
F. S. Jackson,*
G. W. Lane,*
1—James M. Tarleton,*
A. B. Cooper,*
2—Sterling Ross, Jr.*
Thomas J. Judge,*
3—Howell Rose,*
J. M. Gonder,*
4—Alfred Vanhoos,*
R. H. Smith,*
5—R. W. Walker,*
R. H. Eicks,*
6—A. C. Beard,*
Major Humphreys,*
7—Robert Mitchell,*
George T. McAfee.*

ARKANSAS.
At large.
N. B. Burrow,
J. A. Jordan,
S. S. Jones,
T. B. Bradley,
S. C. Roane,
J. Smith,
S. H. Hempstead,
W. R. Cain.

CONNECTICUT.
At large.
J. T. Pratt,
William P. Burrell,
Ephraim H. Hyde,
Minott A. Osborn,
John W. Stedman,
Frederick Chittenden.

CALIFORNIA.
At large.
M. M. Wambough,
Judge Henry A. Lyons,
J. M. Covarrubias,
Wm. H. Richardson.

FLORIDA.
At large.
D. L. Yulee,
Dr. S. W. Spencer,
Districts.
1—C. C. Yonge,
John Julian,
Jesse Coe.
2—Ex.-Gov. John Branch,
A. K. Allison,
John Westcott.
3—C. Byrne,
G. Humphreys,
J. G. Bell,
4—W. W. McCall,
M. C. Brown,
L. W. King.

GEORGIA.
Districts.
1—SOLOMON COHEN,
JAMES L. SEWARD,
JAMES M. SMITH,
MARK WILCOX,
R. B. HILTON.
2—L. B. MERCER,
JOSEPH STURGIS,
N. W. COLLIER,
C. J. MUNNERLYN, Jr.,
P. L. J. MAY.
3—S. T. BAILEY,
N. C. BASS,
T. C. HOWARD,
Z. E. HARMON,
GEORGE R. HUNTER.
4—ALFRED WELBORN,
OBEDIAH WARNER,
THOS. GRIFFIN,
A. NELSON,
T. A. LATHAM.
5—JOHN W. LEWIS,
A. K. PATTON,
JOHN JONES,
L. W. CROOK,
W. H. STILES.
6—N. L. HUTCHINS,
GEORGE KELLOG,
GEO. D. PHILIPS,
WM. MARTIN,
E. S. HOPKINS.
7—JOSEPH DAY,
W. W. WIGGINS,
DR. T. FORT,
J. W. BURNEY,
JAMES HOOK.
8—A. J. LAWSON,
JAMES GARDNER, Jr.,
E. ANTHONY,
WILLIAM SCHLEY,
W. GINSON.
Union Delegates.
John H. Lumpkin,*
John E. Ward,*
James Jackson,*
John Milledge,*
Lewis Tumlin,*
A. H. Kenan,*
Thomas P. Saffold,*
William Taylor,*
Arthur Hood,*
Marshal J. Welborn,*
Luther J. Glenn,*
J. H. W. Underwood,*
William H. Hull,*
George D. Rice,*
Thomas D. Harris,*
Henry Jones,*
C. E. Welborne,*
I. T. Irvin,*
John S. Rowland,*
J. W. Armstrong.*

INDIANA.
At large.
Ethan Allen Brown,
John W. Davis,
W. J. Brown,
Joseph S. Buckles,
W. W. McCoy,
M. G. Bright.

ILLINOIS.
At large.
John A. McClernand,
Lewis F. Casey,
John W. Merritt,
Sam. A. Buckmaster,
Francis W. Rawlins,
Timothy R. Young,
Geo. W. Wise,
J. W. Ross,
Francis C. Sherman,
S. Snowden Hayes,
G. H. Norris,
Leonard F. Ross,
Wright Casey,
James Brockman,
John Bement,
Thos. J. Turner,
Julius Manning,
James W. Keyes,
John L. McConnell,
J. C. Thompson.

Also, democratic members of the House of Representatives from Illinois, and Gen. James Shields, of the Senate.

Districts.
1—T. M. Hope,
W. G. Dale,
Wm. A. Hacker,
Lewis