

CORRESPONDENCE.

Critical Judgment.

CHICAGO, Feb. 8th, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

We will take an excursion into the sacred realms of literature and see what flowers we can pluck in the gardens of these hospitable republics. No one can say otherwise than hospitable, for the commonwealth of letters is as free to the disciple of Confucius and Buddha, as to him of Jesus Christ and Moses.

It often strikes me, how beautiful it would be to read the New York or Washington special correspondence of the "Hong Kong Gazette," or the "Pekin World," but I am afraid that boon will be denied me for some time yet, I am afraid the grave celestial will see but little in our institutions worth transmitting to the other side of the Pacific. If it were possible to read the views of some of these oriental journalists on our morality and civilization, no doubt it would cause us to smile bitterly. It is to be hoped that our own country will bring forth a censor and save the pig tailed philosopher the trouble of telling us our faults. England had her Samuel Foote, France her Moliere, but in this country we have had no one except Henry Ward Beecher, Mr. Bowen and Mrs. Woodhull. 'Tis true we have Emerson, but who can comprehend him? His senseless rhapsodies do not come even near the ravings of an Indian chief, nor the high-sounding phraseology of Ossian. We have Gail Hamilton, who finds it necessary to write an elaborate defence of Whittier the poet. Somebody was mean enough to charge the sublime bard with "social inferiority" and "poverty," etc. Now the sprightly writer above mentioned comes forward and proves that the poet is descended from a line of Irish kings, and that there was no such thing as poverty in the family since the time of the flood; in fact, the bard's paternal mansion was the home of minstrel, vagrant and knight. How humiliated a true poet would feel to read this defence! Certainly it would be sweet music to the ear of a Scotch schoolmaster, an Irish tailor, or an American politician, but it would be infernal discord to the ear of a Goldsmith or a Johnson.

I have been often wondering whether this Gail Hamilton is a man or a woman, or what the Latins used to term *epicene*. One can generally give a good guess as to the sex of the writer from the thoughts expressed in the writing; but really the productions of this he, she, or doubtful are to me entirely a riddle. The petulance of the woman is so combined with the arrogance of the man, that one can't distinguish which sex preponderates. Then again there is the garrulity and impertinence of the true Bohemian, mixed with the vagaries of the quixotic philosopher, so that the more we study the character the more are we at sea.

Some other pretender to the title of *savant* indignantly disclaimed against the flood of that species of literature known as criticism, which now threatens to submerge the fair fields and verdant pastures of legitimate literary graziers. The cry is taken up by a herd of others and re-echoed until our ears are hurt by the dismal wail. Every school-boy, at least McCauley's school-boy, knows that criticism is to literature what the judge is to law, or the priest to religion; therefore if we do away entirely with the critic, we do away with polite literature; if we do away with the judge in our law courts we may as well relapse into utter barbarity; if we do away with the priest in religion, we may as well return to African fetishism. 'Tis true, there are bad critics, bad judges, and bad priests, but that is no reason why criticism, justice and religion should be arraigned. Criticism is philosophy, and every writer, orator and teacher should be submitted to the critical test, before allowing them places in the temple of fame, from which they will be ignominiously hurled a generation or two hence. There is not in this country at present one legitimate school of criticism. Every ass turns man of taste and inflicts on an unoffending world the deafening and stupefying accents of his braying. That was a good joke of Arsene Houssaye, when he said of a deceased friend that though an ass he was no *savant*. People laugh at this joke who are themselves the source of it, like that old gentleman who laughed at his own caricature in Foote's comedy. 'Tis possible for a man or woman to laugh at themselves.

I suppose the name of Blaine has reached the mountain fastnesses of Utah, but whether the great discussion as to his birth, religion and family has moved your quiet social circles I do not know. Some insolent writer has started the theory that Blaine, because once a Catholic and of a Catholic parentage, is not eligible for official honors. The man, it is averred, is now a good Presbyterian, yet people don't like this because once a Catholic one forever. Good old Luther would have no chance now in this country with these *savants*. He was once a Catholic, and I believe the glorious Knox was not far removed from the obnoxious sect in his early days. Ah, but Blaine has friends, and they speak for him. You can't find a friendless statesman or poet in this country. Those friends stoutly maintain that Blaine never bowed the knee to infallibility, and that he was always a Presbyterian and the descendant of a respectable Scotch-Irish family. Now how nonsensical such talk as this must appear to the stranger studying our republican institutions. The ground-work of our constitution is "all men are born equal before the law, all religions are equal before the law," yet, when we see our *savants* perverting those golden foundations of society we must feel a pang of pain indeed. Burns the poet would say:

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us."

'Tis a pity the genealogists of Blaine could not see themselves as others see them. If they did it would save that statesman a good deal of annoyance and humiliation. Some of his admirers tack the little epithet Scotch to his ancestry, thinking to ennoble the family history. Now, in the name of common sense, what is it to us whether a man is descended from a Scotch piper, an Irish bard, or an English baron? One thing is certain, that, whoever looks at the visage and shanks of Blaine, and is then told that there is no Irish in him, this observer will be forced to entertain very doubtful thoughts of the good judgment of those who make the assertion.

We have another class of *savants* who style themselves the "Simon-pure" Americans, and indulge in wholesome intolerance to "foreigners" at all available times. Suppose the stranger student of our history meditates for a moment on the utterances of these patriotic people, what conclusions must he inevitably come to? That we are a foolish, unthinking, intolerant people; that the man who came to this country yesterday is as much a native as the man who came one hundred years ago. This student knows well that it was oppression and poverty drove the early colonists to this country, and he knows well that even in this country they had to fight against oppression. Then why revile the poor emigrant who flew but yesterday from poverty, persecution, priestcraft, and king-bondage? It must be admitted, and we may as well say it ourselves, as leave some future satirist to say it, that the only difference between the plodding yeoman who sought these shores yesterday, and the puritan who sought them two hundred years ago, is that poverty and persecution became intolerable to one family two hundred years sooner than to his neighboring family.

Of course ten or fifteen years hence, there will be a good chance for a man or woman to boast of a proud ancestry. They can say they came over to see the Centennial, and liking the country they remained here. They can show a family history as far back as Adam; no one can question it, because they came to see the Centennial. It is useless for us to indulge in any excuses of this kind. We may say our fathers came over to convert the Indian, or to hunt the buffalo, or chase the bison, but these tales will hardly hold. We might as well say our fathers came over to settle themselves and be done with it at once. What use is it for us trying to prove what country or king our fathers belonged to? What we want is men and women, and the poet or statesman who can exhibit the picture of an honest and worthy parent, presents family history enough for any sensible person. Let him also transmit the picture of an honest and worthy father to his son, and the chain of family history is complete and undefiled. It matters not what creed, color, or nationality the parent may be, so long as he is a man and possesses all the attributes of man. In my opinion this ought to be the creed of every sane and reasonable man and woman.

A cursory glance at the existing state of things will be enough to prove that some school of critical judgment is required to guide us. We may not want the Hotel de Rambouillet of France, or the literary club of Garrick, Goldsmith, Burke, and Johnson, but we require some school of common sense critics and academicians to build us some kind of society. There is chaos enough among us to make a dozen worlds. Who knows but the academy which is to mould society and reconstruct the social fabric may yet spring up among your splendid mountains and fertile valleys, your mineral treasures and golden harvests of the Western world?

MRS. D. B.

An Interesting Letter.

EL PASO, State of Chihuahua,
February 10th, 1876.

Brother John Nicholson;

I herewith send you an account of the country and people in this region.

DESCRIPTION OF EL PASO.

The city of El Paso is situated on the right bank of the Rio Grande del Norte, in the State of Chihuahua, on a low bottom, liable to much damage from high water; land sandy, and the streets are simply the old cattle trails running in every direction; if an idea can be given of them without mapping, it will be by saying they followed the forks in the trails, giving the grounds somewhat the shape of irregular triangles. The River being quick-sandy, it costs a great deal to keep the water ditch in order.

The houses are one story, of adobies, solid block, mainly after the old Moorish style of small fortress, hollow square in centre and one door in front.

CLIMATE AND PRODUCTIONS.

The climate is warm and pleasant. Plowing and sowing can be done any time during the winter. This makes the farmers rather indolent, as they do not have to hurry, as ours of the colder climes do. The products are wheat, corn, barley, beans, peas, onions, pepper, sweet potatoes, and some few other vegetables. Many things more might be profitably cultivated if once introduced, but the people seem satisfied with what they have and manifest but little interest for new introductions.

The fruits are grapes, in great abundance and of the best quality; a great deal of wine is made, of good quality; pears, which the people dry in abundance, price 10 cents per pound. They are excellent. Their apples are small seedlings, not worth eating; a few peaches, of excellent kind, do well here. I have seen no other kinds. I hear there have been small fruits, such

as strawberries, cultivated by some of the foreign residents, and that they do extremely well.

CRUDE AGRICULTURE.

The mode of agriculture is plowing with the old wooden plow, working their cattle by the horns. They scratch up the ground very poorly, afterwards doing much work with a hoe; they regulate their land for watering by making small embankments around small, irregular plots, from twenty to fifty feet across, flooding the land. I think this a poor way, as their land bakes badly, but this is the manner their fathers did it and they think they knew how. They cultivate all open crops with the hoe, using the large old-fashioned negro hoe, and also cut their hay with the same tool. In Arizona we saw hundreds of tons at the government posts cut in this way. They harvest with reaphook and thresh with goats or flails.

MECHANICS, DOCTORS AND LAWYERS.

Mechanics are scarce. In this town of ten thousand inhabitants there are one blacksmith, three or four carpenter-shops, two tailors, three or four shoemakers, one wheelwright, one silversmith, and this, as far as I have been able to learn, is about the whole number.

To compensate for this lack, there is but one doctor and one lawyer, and the latter is supposed to be insane, as he has quit the practice, walks quietly around the streets, says but little to any one, is polite, dresses neatly, and seems to quietly mind his own business. As for my opinion, I think he is the most sensible lawyer I ever saw.

LIMITED COMMERCE.

The commerce of the country is limited. The people sell off their wines and dried fruits generally as soon as ready. They go to all the surrounding country, to Chihuahua as well as up the country to Santa Fe and Arizona. There are three Jew stores and one Mexican store, and their business is small. There are many small dealers of many kinds, and there are many people who seem to live on occasional small amounts, but how they get their money deponent saith not.

NON-PROGRESSIVENESS.

The people are slow to adopt improvements; things look about as they did when I was here nearly thirty years ago, in 1847. The town looks about the same; a very little has been done about the square and church, hardly perceptible. They use wooden-wheeled carts, and everything seems as though it was but a short time since I was here and saw things just as they now are.

HOSPITALITY.

Is natural to the inhabitants of this country. A kinder-hearted people naturally I do not believe can be found. They are polite and mannerly, even the lowest of them. Their children are quiet and obedient, there being no hoodlums here. They have great reverence for Deity, their religion and old age. Get them once directed right and they will be the best people on earth.

HEALTH—MORALS.

The people are generally healthy, there being but little disease among them. There are few Americans living here. As to their morals, I believe the people of this town stand above par compared with more civilized communities, the Apaches being the only people who are said to be entirely virtuous that I have met on this journey as yet, though it is generally admitted that the aborigines are much more virtuous than the mixed race of this country. Here the people are a mixture of Spanish and native, the native blood predominating. Of the pure natives there are about two hundred only remaining. Catholicism prevails more than in the interior, so I am informed by persons from the lower states of Mexico. Here liberty of conscience is beginning to be more popular, and priestcraft is losing its power over many, but not enough for them to be popular as yet.

STOCK, &c.

The stock of the country is scarce and inferior. Horses, cattle, goats and sheep are tolerably plentiful. There are a few pigs and fowls. The circulating mediums are corn, copper, coin, greenbacks and a little silver. Dogs are in great abundance, noisy, but seldom bite.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

Taxes are light, except for work on the dam and water ditch. The municipal regulations seem good; they have a police force, but it is seldom needed. The head officer, political chief, seems to control. There are some minor officers, such as police magistrate, &c., but the first seems to be manager of almost everything of a public nature. The present incumbent, Pablo Padia, is serving his second term, having been re-elected lately. He seems to be much of a gentleman. The people are very obedient to official authority, and show great respect to the same.

VARIOUS.

With all the faults of this people, which faults are more blameable to the manner in which they have been ruled than to the people, there are many good and noble principles among them. Their devotion to their religion I consider a virtue, for they have had no chance to have any better. Their reverence is unbounded, and, as I before stated, let them once be enlightened with the gospel—and I believe they will receive the truth—and they will not fall away, but will stick to the right.

D. W. JONES.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO. Augusta, Maine.

Seven Weeks Rain—Grand Scenery—Good Prospects.

BERN, January 23, 1876.

Elder Joseph F. Smith:

Dear Brother—I frequently think of our pleasant trip through Switzerland last summer, which was in every way a success and could not have been made in a more propitious time.

Shortly after you left, it commenced to rain, and continued from day to day and from week to week for about seven weeks, producing quite a panic among hotel-keepers, who had hardly any guests to entertain, and also causing the farmers to look quite discouraged, as much of the grain and hay became a total loss. In August the weather was fine again, and strangers poured in from all directions in large numbers.

I had the pleasure of making several trips in August to some of the most romantic portions of Switzerland, and seeing some of the mighty glaciers face to face. My sister, who resides in Germany, came here on a visit, and with her and at her expense I made the above named tour.

It is a pity that your time was so limited when you were here, for although you saw some very fine scenery, yet those magnificent glaciers towering up into the sky must really be seen to be fully appreciated.

I learn with great satisfaction of the spirit of reform which is being cultivated and extended in Zion, and sincerely hope that it will bring about a mighty revolution in the right direction.

I continue to enjoy my mission, and feel grateful that I was accounted worthy to come to this land. Nevertheless, whenever the time comes for me to again labor in Zion, I shall gladly embrace the opportunity. I realize that a great work will have to be done among the Saints at home, so that the Elders who have labored abroad need not take the harness off upon their return, but should rather continue and double their energies in the great work of uniting the hearts of the inhabitants of Zion.

The Book of Doctrine and Covenants is about completed and will be ready for sale in a short time. I feel grateful that our circumstances here permitted the publication of that sacred volume, and that we have been able to do it without incurring the least indebtedness. In fact, our financial condition is a very satisfactory one, and although from four to six American and from two to three native Elders have had to be sustained during the last eighteen months, yet, through the blessings of God, we have a surplus to help some of the worthy poor to gather home to Zion. Our labors have been truly blessed and the prospect for the future looks quite encouraging.

Please remember me kindly to Presidents Young and Wells.

Your brother in Christ,
HENRY EYRING.

Conferences—Baptisms—Inquirers—Emigration.

BERN, Jan. 22, 1876.

Elder Joseph F. Smith:

Dear Brother—It is with pleasure that I look back to the time you were in Europe, to your visit to this country last summer and the good time we enjoyed while together. The time is passing away very rapidly. We shall soon be on the eve of another emigration, and peradventure I may be released to return home and meet you again in the peaceful valleys of Zion.

I see by the papers that the adversary is still at work through his emissaries, trying to overthrow the kingdom of God, which to me is a sign that the work of the Lord is progressing, and no doubt pinching or treading on his toes.

We, have as other seasons, held conferences again during the holidays at Herisan, Zurich, Bern and St. Imier, and had a very good time, many strangers were present at some of the meetings. Brothers M. Lenzi and R. S. Wells, who arrived in November in good health and spirits, were with us at all four places, which gave them a chance to get acquainted with a great many of the Saints in different parts of the mission. They were not able to talk much, still they make pretty good progress.

One hundred and fifty-two persons were baptized the past year, which is a small number, and yet considerable when we consider the

darkness that is surrounding the people, and the prejudice that exists against us in many places. Nine have got baptized since New Year. Fourteen were baptized in Germany last year. At present there are a number of persons at Mannheim and vicinity that are enquiring after the truth. Brother Theurer is going to labor there for a time. It is to be hoped and I still have faith that the way will open by degrees for the spreading of the gospel among the German nations. My health generally has been very good. The rest of the brethren are well also.

We hope to be able to make up a pretty good emigration this coming season. A great many wish to emigrate, but it is a small number that have the means to do it.

We have had a fine winter here, dusty roads up till lately.

Yours in the gospel,
J. U. STUCKI.

Preaching—Bearing Testimony, etc.

The following are portions of a letter from Elder Junis F. Wells, dated Canton, Fulton Co., Ill., 4th March, 1876—

"I am hard at work here. Have excellent opportunity to inform myself and also to bear my message to the people. I held two meetings last Sunday, one on Tuesday and one on Thursday evening, also a fast meeting on Thursday afternoon, in which three saints besides myself took part, and eight or ten others. To-night I will baptize three persons. To-morrow, we held two meetings for the public and one sacrament meeting for the saints. I have several friends who are beginning to investigate the truth, and you see I have work to keep me busy for some time to come. Brother Stuart will be here from St. Louis to-night, and we will travel to Nauveo and Carthage together.

"I have a hall here that I can occupy as often as I please, and I hold my meetings, get congregations to hear me, and go along with my work independent of any one. After bearing my testimony and presenting the truth before the people, I feel that I have done my duty.

"I continue well, and daily have occasion to be thankful to our Heavenly Father for his manifold mercy and the blessing of his Spirit."

By Telegraph.

DUBUQUE, Ia., 11.—The latest intelligence from Hazel Green, Wis., reports these facts—The storm struck the village between four and five o'clock this evening, on the western side, sweeping through the entire village, leveling to the ground some twenty-five buildings and killing outright some eight persons, besides seriously wounding some twelve or more others. The following are the names of those known to have been killed—Joshua Richards, Mrs. John Looney, Mrs. Thos. Richards, Mrs. Thos. Edwards, Miss Thompson, daughter of Edward Thompson, who, together with his son, is also supposed to have perished, also the son of Joseph Jackson. The following are among the buildings demolished—the houses of Mrs. Thos. M. Richards, John Looney, Jas. Edwards, Mr. Eastman, E. Thompson, M. Thompson and Joseph Jackson, besides which were a large blacksmith and carriage shop, name of the owner not known, and the Primitive Methodist church building. These are all that are known at present to have been destroyed. The carnage is reported to be terrible. The hurricane was succeeded by a deluge of rain and hail. The village of Hazel Green has a population of probably a thousand inhabitants; it is situated twelve miles east of Dubuque, and is almost wholly a mining village, and is situated in the very heart of the best Wisconsin lead diggings.

BOSTON, 11.—William Robinson, a journalist, known as Warrington, died at his residence in Malden, today.

The Supreme Court, in the suit of N. C. Musson vs. the Boston, Hartford and Erie Railway Co., has rendered a decision by which it is settled that a lien upon property by attachment is preserved by the bankrupt act. The plaintiff sought to recover \$873,312 for building the road and filling flats belonging to