

THE following letter on "Mormonism" and the "Mormons," from the Chicago Times of the 4th instant, will be perused with a good deal of interest by our readers. It is rare indeed that such a truthful and impartial report on the subject has found a place in the columns of the press anywhere:

A VISIT TO A MORMON FAMILY.

SALT LAKE CITY, March 24.

Some time since, I heard the rube-cent-headed Miss Anna Dickinson scold upon Salt Lake City, the Mormons, and polygamy.

In that tirade Miss Dickinson informed her audience that the faces of the women of Utah were always sad, because they so abhorred the system of a plurality of wives. Remembering this statement, when I received a formal invitation from a gentleman high in authority among the Latter-day Saints to dine at his house with himself and family, consisting of eleven wives and more than thirty children, I was prepared for a very solemn and sedate feast. The hour finally arrived, and with it I arrived at the mansion of my polygamic friend. Your correspondent has been about the world some, and mingled in various sorts of society without any distressing degree of diffidence. But when he was ushered into the spacious and elegantly furnished drawing-room of his Mormon host, and was

INTRODUCED ELEVEN TIMES

To Mrs. Brown, the wife of Mr. Brown, and every time Mrs. Brown was a distinct individuality, he admits to a slight perturbation of spirits, and a feeling of supreme and excruciating awkwardness. Still, the introductions by Mr. Brown were genial, free-handed, and in no ways calculated to disturb equanimity.

But the change from a monogamic civilization was so novel and great that for a few moments it was hard to collect one's manners and proceed to general conversation. However, the novelty of affairs soon wore off, and the eleven Mrs. Browns and Mr. Brown and a few invited guests were rattling away on all sorts of interesting topics, and there was no face among all the ladies present as sad as the face of Miss Anna Dickinson. On the contrary, they all were jovial, lady-like, and evidently happy as any wives you ever saw.

THIRTY-THREE CHILDREN

were soon introduced, and proved themselves as well behaved and in conversation as polite and proper as any juveniles I have ever seen. Generally, the children of Salt Lake City are as bright and as well advanced in their studies as you can find anywhere.

THE DINNER.

But to return to dinner, which is announced. The dining-room is spacious and well furnished. The doors and the window casings are of mountain cedar, stained and striped with gilding. The table is supplied with china and silver. About seventy persons, including children, are soon seated, and after grace has been said, roast turkey, beef, mutton and boiled ham are served, together with a general assortment of vegetables and their concomitants. Never, anywhere, did your informant, cross his legs under a better loaded board, nor dine with a pleasanter, more talkative, and agreeable company of ladies and gentlemen.

Polygamy is a part of their religious faith. It is not founded upon lust. It is, in their opinion, a duty devolving upon all those Mormons who are pecuniary able to maintain more than one wife and a numerous offspring.

THE MORMON WOMEN

are, taking their own words for it, perfectly satisfied with the system, and they certainly commend it in a most zealous and earnest manner. Seated at that table were ladies as well educated and accomplished as you will find anywhere. At the head of the table was the patriarch of the family. And I imagined that if I could transform the ceiling and furniture of the room and the costumes of the people to oriental styles, that I could easily, for a time, believe that I was an antediluvian and partaking of the hospitalities of some of the ancient patriarchs. The family was not as extensive as that of Solomon, but after the same model, and I presume that David sustained a household of much larger dimensions, and it is not recorded that any Cullom bills were enacted against either of these eminent scriptural personages.

WHAT MORMONISM HAS ACCOMPLISHED.

Whatever we Gentiles may say of Mormonism and polygamy, as a fact their civilization has accomplished some things better than has ours. Mormons founded and built Salt Lake City. It is a polygamous municipality. There are hundreds of families dwelling therein which are polygamous families. The city contains 20,000 inhabitants, and until the present mining excitement began it contained neither a brothel nor a saloon. Even now it has only three saloons, and probably no greater number of the former institutions, and they are only the advance guard of the superior morality of the admirers of Mr. Cullom and his bill prescribing continence to the Latter-day Saints.

Miss Dickinson—the gentle Anna—said, in her consolidated lie about the Mormons, that in Salt Lake City there was only one school-house, and that for the special use of the children of Brigham Young. The truth is that the city is divided into 20 wards, and that in each ward there is a commodious and substantial school-house. The children all go to school, and all learn to work, too, as industry is a cardinal virtue in Utah.

THE OFFSPRING IN POLYGAMOUS FAMILIES

are physiologically quite superior, and mentally exceedingly sharp. On Sunday, I observed a boy taking down, in short-hand, the sermon of Elder Orson Pratt. Upon inquiry, I learned that the youth was John Q. Cannon, the son of Elder George Q. Cannon, and that he was only 13 years of age, could report with enviable correctness, and had just finished reading Caesar's Commentaries in Latin. Upon this I sought and made the boy's acquaintance, and found him to be a fine student, ambitious and diligent. And many other of the Mormon youths, whom I met, evinced equal advancement in intellectual pursuits. This is nothing, perhaps, in favor of polygamy, but it is something like justice and truth in behalf of a people whom all the sectarian bigots in America have been abusing, and whom hundreds of itinerant gabblers, called lecturers, both male and female, have been deriding and slandering for ten or a dozen years, without intermission. It is a peculiar fact, too, that nearly all of the journey-men vilifiers and liars who are now roaming the country and delivering denunciations of the Mormons, wind up their discourses with an appeal for a trifling pecuniary consideration to aid a mythical church or college in Utah, with which they propose to evangelize the disciples of Joseph Smith. It is safe to remark, and my language is plain, that for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the sectarian beggars for imaginary missions in Salt Lake City are fully equal to the heathen Chinese in bigotry, deception, and all manner of rascality. The Mormon people, numbering in the Territory of Utah more than 100,000 souls, aggregate as much of honesty, virtue, and industry as any other 100,000 human beings on the face of earth. And Salt Lake City would be a most excellent community in which to locate many radical members of Congress, to learn them sobriety, honesty, and the fundamental elements of official decency.

At one mansion, where I had the pleasure of visiting, I met the six wives of my host, and his twenty-six children. The six wives had lived together happily and harmoniously, rearing their children together, for eighteen years, and they all assured me that they would not exchange places with any other wives in the world.

The outside world east of the Wasatch mountains, at the foot of which the capital city of Utah, with its apple and almond orchards and vineyards, nestles so close, knows very little of this people, and therefore I may write to them through THE TIMES again, and tell them more of the Mormons and mines in this wonderful valley.

By courtesy of Lewis S. Hills, Esqr., we have been permitted to peruse an interesting letter to him, dated Rome, March 14th, from Horace S. Eldredge, Esqr., and from which we make the following extracts:

After having coughed myself nearly away in the dew, smoke, fog and soot of Old England, I concluded to try a few weeks on the continent, being urged to do so by my friends as a judicious step for the recovery of my health. I, in company with Mrs. Eldredge, left Liverpool on the 21st of Feb., for Lon-

don, where we were joined by Brother Lorin Farr, who accompanied us. On the evening of the 22nd we landed in Brussels via Dover and Ostend, and put up at the Hotel de la Europe. I sent my card to General Chetlain and the next morning himself and lady called on us and kindly invited us to partake of their hospitality during our stay in Brussels. We availed ourselves of the offer, receiving their kind attentions and enjoying ourselves "hugely." They appeared the same as when in Utah, were very happy to see us and not the least backward about introducing us as their Mormon friends from Utah.

Brussels is one of the finest cities I have seen on the Continent, in point of cleanliness, order and general beauty, besides it boasts a magnificent array of paintings, sculpture and other works of art. We visited the Museum, the Duke's Palace, Hotel de Ville, or City Hall, the Cathedral of San Gudale, the Zoological Gardens and other places of interest.

We arrived at Cologne at 4 p. m. of the 25th and on the 26th journeyed up the valley of the Rhine, by rail, the steamers not having yet commenced to run. It would be impossible for me to describe some of the scenery we witnessed. A few of the mountain gorges reminded me of our canyons. Many of the prominences are topped with the ruins of ancient castles, towers, &c., and the mountain sides are terraced with walls reaching nearly or quite to the summits and are thickly covered with vines and shrubbery. Every available foot is cultivated, even in places where soil had to be carried up in baskets to fill the crevices. The scenery was beautiful and grand beyond description.

We stayed at Basel over night and arrived at Berne the next afternoon, where we were met at the station by Elders E. Sheenfield and Henry Snell. Berne is the headquarters of the Swiss and German mission. Henry Snell here joined our party and acted as guide and interpreter for us, he having traveled through Italy last fall. He speaks German very well, a little French and a smattering of Italian, hence we have been able to get along very comfortably.

We left the beautiful city of Lucerne on the 1st of March, per steamer, and enjoyed a very pleasant sail up the lake to a small town at the head of it called Fluellen. The scenery was very fine and you will doubtless remember that it is in this locality that tradition says William Tell figured. At the last named town we took the diligence, drawn by six poor horses, and commenced ascending the Alps. We passed on our way, through a small town in which there was a statue of William Tell, which is said to stand on the spot where he shot the apple from his son's head. It is truly astonishing to witness the amount of labor expended on these mountain sides to make them yield a scanty subsistence for the poor peasants who cultivate them. The women, old men and children carry manure and soil far up the steep slopes. I saw some of them at work as we passed along. At noon we changed our diligence for sleighs and proceeded about six miles, when we again changed for one horse sleds or jumpers capable of carrying two passengers and the driver. We then commenced to ascend the steepest parts and reached the summit without much difficulty. At the top the altitude is between seven and eight thousand feet and is called St. Gothare Pass. It reminded me very much of some of our mountain passes. When on this summit the snow capped mountains still towered far above us. The descent was much more dangerous than the ascent, for our Italian drivers did not seem to appreciate the value of our necks half as much as we did. Fortunately we escaped without any broken limbs. There were fourteen puns and only five of them upset in descending. One of them, with horse and driver, rolled over several times. This was somewhat trying to the nerves, to look down several hundreds of feet and see the road beneath winding in serpentine form and horses and puns going at break-neck speed. About 11 p. m., we arrived at a hotel, feeling thankful we had come off so well in crossing the Alps at this season of the year.

Next day, after a few miles ride on a diligence, we took steamer down one of the beautiful lakes of Italy, to Arona from which place we traveled by rail to Milan, where we spent one day and two nights and visited many places of interest; one of which is the great Cathedral. It is a magnificent edifice, is covered with statuary and is decorated internally in splendid style.

We left Milan on the 4th, for Venice, which may be called the floating City. Nearly all travel through it is done on the water, in gondolas or floating omnibuses. On our way to Venice we passed a defile where Hannibal fought and conquered a portion of the Roman army over two hundred years B. C.

We have been in Rome nearly one week and expect to leave it on the 26th. What we have seen and what we have experienced in our feelings it would be useless for me to attempt to describe. Here are the prison walls within which the ancient Apostles were incarcerated, the crumbling ruins of old castles, towers and edifices that were erected from two to three thousand years ago, the tombs and sepulchres of the ancients and the towers and edifices of modern times. All these things are calculated to produce reflections of a peculiar kind in the thoughtful mind. The wretchedness, poverty, filth and degradation that exist here are sufficient to make the heart sick. This is the greatest city for beggars I ever was in. We have seen nearly everything and every body we wanted to see except the Pope. We visited his Palace or Vatican and examined his splendid collection of paintings and statuary, said to be the finest in the world.

We will go from here to Naples and Pompeii and return, via Genoa, Marseilles, Lyons and Geneva to Berne, where we will attend Conference on the 2nd of April. We will then proceed to Copenhagen and visit the Conferences in the Scandinavian Mission and, if we be prospered as we have been, will return to Liverpool sometime in that month.

My health has improved very much, and the prospect is that I will feel quite like myself by the time we finish our trip.

COAL.—During the prevalence of stormy weather in March the hauling of coal from the mines on the Weber to Echo city was almost entirely suspended. The result was that coal from those mines became very scarce in the city, so scarce in fact that it could not be purchased. But Evanston being accessible to cars, the coal from the mines at that point was brought in, and many purchased it. By this means they had the opportunity of testing the difference in the quality of Evanston and Weber coal. We have heard but one expression upon the subject, which is confirmatory of our own experience, that Weber coal is far superior in quality as a fuel. Our engineer found difficulty in generating steam with the Evanston coal which he had never known when using that from Coalville. Similar complaints come from families who were under the necessity of burning fuel from Evanston, and a general satisfaction is felt in the roads being settled and the coal that we have been in the habit of using being brought to the city again.

Among the virtues which the Weber coal possesses is that of softening and making iron more malleable than it can be made by other coal.

Gentlemen of experience from Pennsylvania, who have examined the coal from that region, express the confident opinion that it will be found an excellent article for the manufacture of iron. The bituminous coal of Pennsylvania runs together, and forms a crust, through which the air cannot pass. This is an objection which cannot be overcome in making iron. But our coal will not cake in this manner, and it is stated that it possesses the necessary qualities for that purpose. Experience in its use will familiarise our mechanics and manufacturers with its properties; in the meantime its worth as a fuel is being more highly appreciated. Never did the coal from Weber stand so high in the estimation of the people as it does to day.

PARIS, 10, via London 11.—The Mat d'Ordre says the losses of the nationals on Saturday and Sunday were 225 killed and 435 wounded. It is reported that the main attack of the Versailles army, on the city will be made in the direction of Montrouge. Verrisole, a member of the commune, was killed at the outposts. Thiers has offered to give safe conducts to delegates from the party of conciliation who may be permitted to leave Paris. One of the delegates, Desournas, has gone to Versailles without waiting for a safe conduct. Amoureux, a member of the commune, is arrested. It is asserted that there is a misunderstanding between the commune and the central committee. The cannonade slackened to-day. Barricades are building by order of the committee, on the Champs Elysses, the Place de la Concorde and adjacent streets. The iron-clad flotilla in the Seine, is in sight and an attack is imminent.

A Vermont paper says stages run so slow in that State that chickens roost on the axles.