

THE MARCH OF COLONEL CONNOR'S COMMAND TO AND THROUGH SALT LAKE CITY.

A few weeks since, we published a communication, from the correspondent of the *Bulletin* [S. F.] accompanying Col. Connor's command, written at Ruby, on the day the command left there for Salt Lake. The following giving the details of the march from Fort Crittenden to and through the city, may be equally interesting to those not fully advised in the premises.

JORDAN SPRINGS, U. T.,
Saturday, October 18, 1862.]

The Salt Lake Expedition, numbering 750 men, is within 25 miles of the City of the Saints, having marched 20 miles north of Fort Crittenden to-day. From the slope on which our camp is pitched we can discern the white specks which constitute the residences of the modern apostles; but at present we are more interested in the designs and doings of said apostles than in the general appearance of their habitations. I closed yesterday's letter [see *Bulletin* of 30th October] by mentioning a camp rumor, to the effect that the Mormons would prevent a nearer approach of our troops to the city than Fort Crittenden, and that the banks of the narrow stream called Jordan, which empties the waters of Lake Utah into Great Salt Lake, would form the field of battle. At the time it caused no further thought than as the starting-point of rambling conversations respecting Mormonism and the mission which the command has been detailed to execute—both subjects upon which we have but little information. However, at the present writing—sundown—reliable advices received tend to establish the probable truthfulness of the report. When information reached the city, as it did last night, that Col. Connor would not purchase the buildings erected by Johnson's command in 1858 at what was then Camp Floyd, now Fort Crittenden, and that he designed to occupy some locality within striking distance of the heart of Mormonism, the most intense excitement is said to have prevailed. The leaders are represented to be in conclave, meditating upon the question and striving to arrive at a determination, while the people were in a high state of expectancy as to what the leaders would do, what the troops would do, and what they themselves would be called upon to do. The Chief of the Danites—better known perhaps as the Destroying Angels, whose duty it is, if report be true, to place parties odious to the leaders where they never can tell tales—is represented as riding through the streets offering to bet \$500 that we would not and should not cross the river Jordan, the bet being untaken. Furthermore, not simple camp rumor, but reliable parties assert that Brigham Young would, when we near Jordan, have us met by Commissioners empowered to inform us that the Mormons objected to our close proximity to their city and would forcibly resist an attempt on our part to cross that stream.

How much truth there may be in these advices, or how much the real state of affairs in Salt Lake is exaggerated I know not. As a faithful correspondent it is only my province to inform you of the exact condition and operations of this command but further than that I cannot go, and, of course, will not be held responsible for the correctness or incorrectness of the rumors which reach the command. Be they, however, true or untrue, and be the opinion entertained by our Colonel what it may, certain it is that he is moving with the utmost prudence, that 30 rounds of ammunition have just been issued to each man, that the two 6-pounders are abundantly furnished with destructive missiles and the 12-pound mountain howitzer amply supplied with shells, that the camp is so pitched upon an open plain that no force can get to it, without a fair fight; in short, that every preparation for war that can be made is made, and equally certain is it that on to-morrow we will cross the river Jordan if it lies within our power.

Col. Connor sent word to-day to the aforementioned chief of the Danites that he would "cross the river Jordan if hell yawned below him;" and the battle-fids of Mexico testify that the Colonel has a habit of keeping his word.

Thus you see that whether we are to have a fight or not rests entirely with the Mormon rulers. And if it be true that United States troops, when ordered by Government to occupy United States territory, are to be forcibly prevented, by those who live upon United States lands, from executing that order—if this principle is to constitute the national policy, then the nation has ceased to be a live nation, and the sooner it recognizes the Southern Confederacy the better. But if our troops are to march on United States territory wherever Government sends them, then those who resist their march, because of polygamy, are as really traitors as those who resist because of slavery, and are to be dealt with as such. This command, from the highest to the lowest, is disposed to treat the Mormons with true courtesy and the strictest justice, so long as they remain friendly to the Government; but the moment they become traitors the river Jordan will be as acceptable to us as the river Potomac, for we shall be fighting for the same precise principle—the flag and national existence—as are our Eastern brethren; and even should annihilation be our fate, of which we have no fears, the belief that our countrymen would think of our graves as they do of those in Virginia, and that the Union men of California, our old friends, would swarm forth by

the thousand to avenge us—such a hope and belief would nerve us for death.

Nevertheless, unless he fails to exercise the statesmanship universally accorded to him, Brigham Young cannot but foresee the results which would flow from a war of his beginning. Admitting him to have an army of 8,000 well-drilled and effective men, or, for that matter, one of 50,000—and admitting him to be able to capture our force and all the forces which California could send hither, yet, in the course of one, or two or three years, the Government could flood his valley with regiments, and sweep it with a gulf stream of bayonets. That he is prepared to initiate a movement which cannot fail to bring upon his people the full power of the nation, I do not believe; and yet there may be hot-heads over whom he has but partial control. A small spark can ignite the powder of a vast magazine.

Having given you the prevalent opinion of the camp, there should also be given what probably may turn out to be the cause why some, if not most, of the rumors current in Salt Lake were set afloat. When Floyd, after expending \$5,000,000 in the erection of quarters in Camp Floyd, ordered the disgraceful and outrageous sale of the same, the buildings were bought for a mere song by private parties. On several occasions, in fact during the whole march, Col. Connor has been solicited by the agents of owners to re-purchase them. He did not see fit to do so; but it was expected that the smallness of the command and the avowal that the Mormons would not permit him to locate nearer the city, taken in connection with the fact that his arrival so late in the season would prevent him from erecting winter quarters, it was expected, I say, that these and other prudential reasons would induce him to effect the purchase of Fort Crittenden; and it is more than probable that his refusal of the offers was regarded as a financial manoeuvre by which to secure the property at low figures. Hence the idea that we really would not winter at that point has never been realized by them; and so thoroughly has the belief that we would winter there pervaded the Mormon people, that when we march beyond it, they—unable to understand the object of the expedition and fearful that the real, and to them a hostile, design is hidden under the avowed one—have their fears a thousand fold quickened, and imagine an attack upon the city possible. In addition, it appears that the Chief of the Danites is the principal owner of the buildings, and decidedly anxious to sell, and that the agents have from time to time assured him of the certainty of his prospects. Up to the hour that Col. Connor's decision was unknown at Fort Crittenden, the city is reported to have been perfectly quiet; but in about the time that it would take to telegraph his refusal to Salt Lake, the excitement is said to have begun. There can, therefore, be little doubt that the already aroused suspicions of the Mormons have been worked upon by parties interested in the sale of the property, and who, failing to persuade Col. Connor into buying, now seek to frighten him therein by threats of forcible resistance, and mayhap a display of military power. In this they will most signally fail, for I must say that he is a blessed hard man to scare. At the same time, if it is the settled Mormon policy to resist the Federal government, and if the people have been toned up to the Union pitch, a few leaders actuated by selfish motives, can easily initiate its execution. A courier will arrive late to-night with authentic intelligence, which I will endeavor to obtain.

I make my evening bow with the following scraps for your lady readers: As we came into camp, a middle-aged lady, dressed in home-spun, a yellow sun-bonnet, nature's stockings, and no hoops, was espied sitting near the spring busily engaged in sock knitting. Scarcely any power extant could have restrained the embodied and hooped female curiosity of the regiment from paying a scouting visit. We learn that the visit was married in the States; that her husband became a convert to Mormonism and moved hither; that against the solicitations of her friends she clung to his fortunes; that in the course of time he proposed to take a second wife, whereupon she "reared, kicked, plunged," but finally consented; that he also took a third wife, who was divorced from a former husband for that purpose, and that by her he had a daughter, whom the first wife raised; that said daughter grew into maturity; finally, that he made said mature daughter his fourth wife, and has by her a child one year old. Whether he will also marry his third wife's granddaughter has not yet transpired; but if he should, and his third wife's granddaughter should have a daughter, what relation will that daughter be to each wife, and the whole concern? The first wife lives in a house by herself and takes care of all the children that are born unto her liege lord. She says that she is perfectly contented; keeps her house thoroughly clean; is thrifty and frugal; is a simple-hearted, frank, and child-like mother, and a devoted lover of her husband.

SALT LAKE CITY, October 20, 1862.

When Sunday's reveille awoke the command, it awoke expectant of battle ere another one should roll out upon the grey day-break. Blankets never were got from under and compactly strapped in knapsacks more promptly; cooks never prepared steaming breakfast with greater alacrity, and upon the principle that the aggregate stomach of a regiment has a great deal to do with the aggregate prowess of a regiment, they never prepared a more

bountiful repast. Upon the same principle, no breakfast during the whole march was ever stowed away in a more cool, nonchalant, jovial manner. The routine of months was dissipated, and, doubtless, each man's curiosity to know how he would personally stand fire, and the more general question—which side would whip—made everybody happy. The first scene which met my eyes was Col. Connor seated upon a log, calmly engaged in loading his revolvers and playing with his toddling child. In some directions were heard the popping of muskets and the thud of ramrods, as the men made sure of their pieces, while in others could be seen individuals seated on the ground, vigorously burnishing up their already glittering muskets and brasses—determined no doubt to die according to regulations, if die they must. No difference what thoughts raged within each breast, the exterior seemed quiet and determined.

An incident at the hospital will serve as a criterion of the general animus. Five men were sick in the hospital and 36 sick in quarters. At sick call, Surgeon Reid, who had been arranging his abominable knives, saws and probes, said that this was a day when every man able to carry a musket should do so, and one that would determine who were loafers and who were soldiers. 28 out of the 41, many of whom were really unfit for service, shouldered their pieces, and the remainder did not, only because they could not.

A strong force of cavalry preceded the staff and the command moved forward in so compact a body, and with such a steady springing step that Gen Wright's heart would have rejoiced at the sight. The fact that the carriages formed behind the staff as usual was an imitation to the men that a fight was improbable, and word presently passed that a courier had arrived with information that no resistance would be made at the bridge. Before it did so, however, as the Colonel passed the artillery, he put several questions to Lieut. Hunneymann, commanding, respecting the quantity and kind of ammunition in the caissons, and also the numbers of the ammunition wagons. When through, the Lieutenant, who has seen service, said: Colonel, if you expect an attack to-day, I will overhaul those wagons and take more cannister," with the same air that one calls for fried oysters in a restaurant. The reply was, "Not to-day; but to-morrow do so." There were other incidents of the same kind, but I did not happen to see them.

After a speedy march of 15 miles—during which not one of the usual stragglers fell back from his position—we crossed the Jordan at 2 p.m. and found not a solitary individual upon the eastern shore. It was a magnificent place for a fight, too, with a good-sized bluff upon the western side from which splendid execution could have been done; but all were glad that no necessity existed therefor, as we heartily desire to avoid difficulty with the loyal citizens.

While camped for the night, it was definitely ascertained that although there had been some excitement in the laity, yet it was far from general, and was instigated by parties interested in selling the Fort Crittenden buildings. Furthermore, that the mass of the people were glad of our near location, as it would bring many a dollar into the city circulation. Bishop Heber Kimball, who, I am told, ranks next to President Young, is reported to have spoken thus in his sermon at the temple: "Letters have been written to Col. Connor's command, to California and the East, that we are opposed to the coming of the troops; that we are disloyal to the Government and sympathizers with Secessionists. It is all a d—d lie." This certainly was a gratifying assurance, though not mildly expressed.

This morning, Monday, we resumed the line of march, thoroughly ignorant of the spot that would next receive our tents, but decidedly hopeful that it would receive them permanently. That it was to be near the city we knew; that the leading Mormons objected to its proximity because of the danger of difficulties between the soldiers and citizens, we knew; that in 1838 they had resisted the now traitor Johnson's 10,000 men, and after compelling him to winter in the mountains, had, late in the Spring forced him into a treaty, by which he bound himself not to locate within 40 miles of Salt Lake, we knew; that they were far stronger and better armed now than they then were, we knew; and that more than one of their leading men—among them a Bishop—had offered to bet that we would not come within twenty miles of the Temple, we also knew. A large and influential party was avowedly opposed to any near approach, and, in view of the advices received by our commander—which were from reliable sources—the precise animus of the people and the treatment that would meet us, we did not know. That, should they see fit, it was in their power to vastly outnumber and in all probability annihilate us, was more than possible, and that we were 600 miles of sand and drought from reinforcements, was certain. All these certainties and uncertainties conspired to create the same excitement that passengers in olden days felt when two Mississippi steamers lapped guards, burned tar, and carried the engineer as a weight on the safety valve. We had generally supposed, and the people had universally supposed, that the command would pass around the city, or at the most but through the outer suburbs, which course, under all the circumstances, was considered decidedly bold, and upon the whole not as conciliatory a policy as had been adopted by Gen. Johnson's thousands.

Accordingly, when some two miles out a hal. was sounded and the column formed as

follows: Advance guard of cavalry; Colonel Connor and staff; Cavalry brass band; Cos. A and M of 2d Cavalry, C. V.; Light Battery; Infantry field Band; 3d Infantry Battalion; Staff, Company Quartermasters and Commissary wagons; Rear-guard of Infantry. You may imagine our surprise—strive to imagine the astonishment of the people, and the more than astonishment of the betting Bishop—as the column marched slowly and steadily into the street which receives the overland stage, up it between the fine trees, the sidewalks filled with many women and countless children, the comfortable residences, to Emigration Square, the theatre and other notable landmarks were passed, when, about the centre of the city, I should think, it filed right through a principal thoroughfare to Gov. Harding's mansion—on which, and on which alone, waved the same blessed stars and stripes that were woven in the loom of '76. Every crossing was occupied by spectators, and windows, doors and roofs had their gazers. Not a cheer nor a jeer greeted us. One little boy, running along close to the staff, said—"You are coming, are you?"—to which it was replied that we thought we were. A carriage, containing three ladies, who sang *John Brown* as they drove by, were heartily saluted. But the leading greeting was extended by Gov. Harding, Judges Waite and Drake, and Dr. —, who met us some distance out. Save these three instances, there were none of those manifestations of loyalty that any other city in a loyal territory would have made.

The side-walk by the mansion was thoroughly packed with Mormons, curious to know what would be the next feature. It was this: The battalion was formed in two lines, behind them the cavalry with the battery resting upon their right, in front of the Governor's residence.

After giving the Governor the salute due his rank, he was introduced by Col. Connor to the command, and, standing in his buggy, spoke precisely thus:

Here followed the speech as published in the News, No. 17.

At the conclusion of the speech, Colonel Connor called for three cheers for our Country and Flag, and three more for Gov. Harding, all of which would have drawn forth the admiration of your Fire Department. Thereupon the march through the city was resumed—the bands continuing their flood of music; and a tramp of 2½ miles east brought us to the slope between Emigration and Red Butte canyons, where a permanent post will probably be established.

I have very astutely discovered that we could have reached the spot by a much shorter road, and that we marched over 6 miles for the purpose of passing through the well-built metropolis of the modern Saints. There was no reason why we should not do it that is recognized by the United States Government, and I for one was curious to see rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes.

And so ended the long tramp from your good State, and the attempts to frighten Col. Connor into the purchase of Fort Crittenden.

PREPAYMENT OF LETTER POSTAGE.

We are informed by the Postmaster of this city that a large number of unpaid letters are usually dropped into the post office box every Sunday, from which it is inferred that many of the newly-arrived immigrants are unacquainted with the American postal law, which requires the prepayment of all letters sent to any portion of the United States, and also to certain foreign countries, and that also in the new style of stamps. All such letters are "held for postage," and unless prepaid by stamps, are sent to the Dead Letter office.

The following are now in the office in this city:

Chas. P. Debois, Woodland, Cal.;
Hannah Stayner, Leavenworth City; 2
Geo. Caun, Santa Fe;
Amos Cram, Meredith Village, N. H.;
W. J. Thomas, Euclid, Ohio;
C. H. Raven, Vallejo, Cal.;
Mrs. Mary E. Barnes, Throopsville, N. Y.;
E. B. Bond, Peoria, Ill.;
Thomas Gayton, Fort Des Moines, Iowa;
John Walker, Lone City, Cal.;
Mrs. Mary D. Wilson, New Philadelphia, Ohio;
Miss M. L. Deighan, Mansfield, Ohio;
Mrs. Susan Gamet, Nephi;
Rasmus Neilson, Box Elder;
Caroline McIntyre, St. George;
Peter Makkeyram, Cedar City;
M. Yates, Lehi;
Mr. A. Hunter, Florence, Nebraska Territory;
G. J. Taylor, Kaysville;
Thos. Boulder, Ogden;
Jewith Anderson, Box Elder;
J. B. Thompson, Trail Creek, Colorado Territory.
Farley B. Granger, Alvarado, Cal.

VALUE OF A FILE OF PAPERS.—The San Francisco *Herald* announces that at an auction sale in that city recently a file of that paper—from its commencement to August, 1860, was sold for \$510, about four times its subscription price. Some people know the value of a file of papers, but there are many who do not, and never preserve them, but doom them to destruction as soon, if not before they read their contents.