

refined, distinguished, fascinating belles of Paris are in mourning and weep; the marble halls no longer resound with the magic strains of exquisite music; and the theatres, though partly reopened, are struggling vainly to conquer the gloom, which, like a pall, hangs over the unhappy city.

Mark now the countenance of the passers-by—do you not see every species of misfortune in that sad motley crowd? There is the famished artisan, who, after five months' siege, after unheard of privations, after weeks of uncertain, anxious efforts to live through the reign of the Commune, is now, without work, without bread, while in his wretched garret, his wife and little ones are perishing with cold and want; no wonder he looks down upon the troubled waters of the Seine, as upon the only friend, in whose embrace he madly hopes at least to find refuge and deliverance. See there, the anxious face of that once proud, prosperous man of business; he fears every moment will bring forth events that will plunge him into utter despair and bankruptcy. Again, watch the mournful features of those poor women, whose undried tears, and black, soiled garments, also tell another tale of misery and woe; where are their sons, their husbands?

But why should this gloom last? Why should such anxiety, such fears keep the people of Paris in a deplorable state of suspense? Has not France at last the government of its choice, the Republic, for which Paris has, time after time, fought and struggled?

France has now a republic, it is true, but such a republic! It is only a delusion. Such a republic is not that free democratic government desired by the people; it is a republic only in name; in fact, it is but another kind of despotism, opposing fiercely the introduction of the reforms, needed for so many years, and eagerly demanded by the oppressed poor. It is again that tyrannical ruling of the few, who enrich themselves, and build up their palaces at the expense of the many, whom they would keep in ignorance and subjection.

The National Assembly, formed hastily after the armistice of the 28th of January, 1871, by which Paris, and in consequence the whole of the French forces, surrendered, is becoming daily more unpopular; the majority of its members are monarchists, and were it not that they are divided among themselves, the republic would be strangled at once, and a monarchy, worse than any France has ever had, would once more govern the nation. But if the majority in the assembly realize well that, while so divided, they can accomplish nothing in the interests of monarchy, they are at any rate determined that the imposing and constantly increasing minority will not accomplish anything for the public good. So that France has for a novelty, a republican assembly, opposing every law, every project, that is even slightly republican in tendency. It is sufficient that a proposition be made by one who is decidedly a republican, for it to be hooted and implacably repulsed, without even a fair discussion of its merits.

This dangerous *status quo*, this uncertain condition tends to check the development of every resource. France has yet four thousand millions of francs to pay, the Germans still occupy certain portions of French Territory, the French army needs reorganization, the school system must be completely changed, and money must be raised; commerce, which has already suffered so much by the war, is even now in a pitiful condition; and in spite of all this, the Assembly spends days and months in useless, undignified and unpatriotic disputes and persecutions.

I believe public opinion is every day becoming more hostile to the Assembly, and is unanimous in desiring its dissolution; at any rate, almost every partial election (to fill up vacancies) for the last three months, has given the majority of votes to Republicans [moderate or radical, which in the long run are the same]. It is an improvement, no doubt, showing that, even among the peasantry, republican ideas are beginning to take root. Should all turn Republican, the monarchists in the Assembly will have to blame themselves.

President Thiers can do nothing. He is himself, or was, a convinced monarchist, a partizan of the Orleans dynasty, but he has solemnly sworn, and so far, has honestly kept his word, to maintain the government entrusted to him. The majority, in their dishonesty, hoped Thiers would sacrifice the republic. They are disappointed, and they seize every opportunity to show it, and to annoy him, opposing every project of the old diplomat and historian. The Republicans, although far from satisfied with Thiers' policy, nevertheless have backed him up hitherto, lest, by losing him, they should also lose even the shadow of the republic, which is their hope, and which they are confident will, in time, grow into a healthy, strong and prosperous government.

I stayed but a short time in Paris, and took leave of it, with feelings of deep sadness, hoping, however, to see the day, when joy, peace and plenty will once more return, to console the hasty, unruly, excitable, but kind, hospitable and intelligent Parisians.

Traveling in a southeastern direction, we passed through the renowned vineyards of Burgundy, and finally reaching the eastern frontier, we entered Switzerland by a remarkably fine pass, through the Jura range.

Yours respectfully,
C. L. BELLERIVE.

LOCAL AND OTHER MATTERS.

FROM TUESDAY'S DAILY.

EXPECTED WITHOUT FAIL.—By reference to our dispatches it will be seen that in Washington the Supreme Court decision upon certain Utah questions is "expected next Monday without fail."

HICKMAN.—This notorious self-confessed murderer was riding through the public streets yesterday evening about six o'clock, in company with Gillson, bailiff of the Grand Jury.

FANCY FARMING.—There is not much "fancy farming" in this Territory, but perhaps some of our farmers could almost match the following report in results—

"A fancy farmer sent in the following truthful report of his agricultural operation to the Assistant Assessor of the revenue tax: Mr. K., my farming operations I have to report as follows: My cattle have eat up my crops, and my hired men have eat up my cattle."

ENLARGED.—The first issue of the enlarged form of the WEEKLY DESERET NEWS came from the press to-day. We believe it is now the largest Weekly between California and the Missouri River, presenting sixteen pages of closely printed matter, affording instructive and amusing reading to a wide variety of tastes. Those wishing to post their friends at a distance with regard to the progress of matters and things in this western region cannot do better than subscribe for and send it to them. The circulation of the Weekly News in this Territory and other parts is positively immense. It is a paper suitable to all classes. Single copies can be had at this Office for 10 cents.

A SHAM COURT.—A gentleman who had occasion to drop into a certain beer saloon on East Temple Street the other evening, states that he saw there at the head of one of the tables a U. S. judge, and seven or eight other persons, in various stages of exhalation. The party had formed themselves into a court of Justice (?) the judge presiding, for when our informant entered a voice said, "Who will challenge the jurors?" which question was appropriately responded to by one who volunteered his services. The witness of this little frolic did not wait to see the jury impaneled, but went on his way, wondering which would in reality be the most legal jury, the one thus formed or others that had been called and impaneled in another way. He was unable to arrive at a conclusion. He thought, however, there was not a great deal of difference.

SHOOTING A SEDUCER.—Yesterday Dr. E. F. Colzey sought Mr. Charles Ligon, the son of Mr. John Ligon, of this city, and finding him on lower Broad street he confronted him and said: "You know I told you once if you were to violate the sanctity of my house, by improper conduct with a daughter of mine, I would take your life, and I am come to do it." Mr. Ligon, raising his hand up, started toward the doctor, whereupon he fired two pistol shots at him, one of which took effect in the left temple, passing into the brain—whether the second did or not we have not heard. Drs. Stanford and Terry were called to see him, but could render no assistance. The young man was carried to his father's residence, where he soon expired. Dr. Colzey hunted up Sheriff Bradford and delivered himself into his custody and he is now in the charge of that officer.—Columbus, Georgia, *Enquirer*.

Served him right.

PIONEER CELEBRATION CONCERT AND BALL.—A Pioneer Celebration Ball at Corinne came off last night. The poem of Mr. Nat Stein, composed for the occasion and read by the author, was a very fine effusion. The instrumental music, brass and string combined, managed by Messrs. Croxall and Olsen, was all that could be desired. There was singing by the "Pioneer" choir of Corinne which, with the exception of a "Pioneery" ring to it, was tolerably fair. The dancing was lively and conducted in good style, which is more than could be said of the speeches, which were the only ridiculous and out of place feature in the festive occasion.

Some people would be likely to burst were they not permitted to deliver themselves of a tirade with regard to "Mormonism" and the "Mormons." We of course have not the least objection to this if it does them any good. It may keep them from getting too bilious, and then it does the "Mormons" no harm. Only think of O. J. H. getting up in a ball room, where people are supposed to come together for a few hours' social enjoyment, and reading his rabidity, three quarters of an hour long, against the "Mormons," and keeping the guests, as the old saying goes, "on needles and pins." Some parts of the "piece" were really amusing. He, the people of Corinne, were the real pioneers of Utah. That's very funny.

Governor Woods also delivered himself in a somewhat milder strain, and in his highfaluting, spread-eagle style—plethoric with adjectives and with a few extra gestures of the wind-mill kind. Great, glorious, sublime, huge, stupendous, grand—exactly.

The gall of bitterness at a social gathering is not in the best taste, but some people don't seem to know that.

FROM WEDNESDAY'S DAILY.

CORROBORATIVE.—It will be seen by the dispatches from the west that Californians and Nevadans have been experiencing shocks of earthquake to-day, which is corroborative of the statement of Mr. Dunford about the shaking here early this morning.

SOME TRUTH IN THAT.—The Gold Hill News observes—

"A writer from Salt Lake declares that if the Mormons were poor and lived in mud huts, we should pay as little attention to their religion as we do to our own."

BEAR RIVER CITY.—"A. N." writes from Bear River City, Box Elder Co., that mail matter is received very irregularly there, and that the people would be glad of a change for the better in that respect. There is plenty of room there for good respectable settlers, there being a good stock range, and plenty of good farming and meadow land a short distance west of the settlement. A saw mill is in course of erection.

FARMERS' & GARDENERS CLUB.—We received the following this morning from Draper, under date of March 25th:

"At a meeting of the citizens of this place held on the 20th inst., for the purpose of organizing an Agricultural Society, after the meeting had been addressed by several of our prominent citizens in a very lively and interesting manner, they proceeded to elect officers. Joshua Terry, Esq., who occupied the chair, was unanimously elected president; John Eaniss, vice-president; Scosin, 2nd vice-president; R. M. Rogers, corresponding secretary; John Heward, recording secretary; J. Z. Stewart, librarian, and John Heward, treasurer.

Resolved, That a notice of the organization be forwarded to the DESERET NEWS for publication, and that this society be known by the name of the Draper Farmers' and Gardeners' Club.

R. M. ROGERS, Cor. Sec.

EARTHQUAKE.—Mr. Dunford informs us that he felt, at his residence in the Twentieth Ward, a distinct shock of earthquake at eight minutes to one this morning. He states that it was impossible for him to be mistaken, as he was wide awake and was positive that there was an oscillating movement of the house, lasting, as near as he could calculate, about six seconds, and the bed upon which he was lying at the time rocked from side to side. In order to convince himself that he was not mistaken, he went to another portion of the building where there were other inmates and found that they also were awake and feeling somewhat frightened at the unusual moving of things in general.

Although the shock occurred at an hour when most are buried in slumber and probably not dreaming of being buried by an earthquake, there are doubtless numbers of others who felt the shock.

AN INGENIOUS INVENTION.—We were shown yesterday, by Mr. William Boaz, of the 8th Ward, a very ingenious machine for clearing snow from blockaded railroad tracks. The principle upon which the machine operates is exceedingly simple, and from a close scrutiny of the model we could not discern anything to cause us to think otherwise than that it would prove completely practicable for the purpose for which it is intended.

Perhaps a brief description of the machine may be interesting to our readers: Its entire length, including the car, will be thirty-seven feet. The forward part is tubular, the mouth of which is square and measures thirteen by thirteen feet. Passing through the center of this tube is a rod to which are attached three wings, which are scooped at the ends or near the mouth of the tube. This contrivance is so constructed as to operate on the same principle as an augur—that is when boring into any substance the core is thrown out at the back of the tube on to the car behind, just as the wood core is thrown upwards in the process of boring with an augur. The machine inside the great tube will be worked by a six-horse-power engine, placed on a raised platform eight feet above the bottom of the car, so as to present no obstruction to the snow thrown out upon the car. The pressure to force the machine forward and enable it to cut its way through the snow is supplied by an ordinary locomotive in the rear. By having the cars to fold down at the ends a connected train of any number of cars could be filled with snow and run back and emptied. Br. Boaz proved the applicability of the principle upon which this machine is constructed by working a model in the snow by means of a small crank.

Naylor Brothers are in company with Mr. Boaz in the concern, and the model was to be forwarded to Hon. Wm. H. Hooper to-day for the purpose of having it patented. We hope the application for patent will prove successful, for it appeared to us in examining the model that it would take the machine but a short time to go through a mile or two of snow blockade.

THE PIRATES OF THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

Among the numerous industrious races inhabiting the Twelve Thousand Islands of the Indian Archipelago some twenty-five years ago, there were whole tribes devoted to the exciting pursuit of piracy. It must

not be supposed that they constituted a handful of men, whose haunt was some secluded or unknown isle, whence they issued occasionally on a piratical expedition, but a vast and organized body who boldly put forth to sea at certain periods of the year in large boats, well manned and armed, and with cruel determination spread like a vast web through the intricate channels of the Eastern Seas to attack and plunder every vessel that came within their reach. Not satisfied with cruising in the immediate neighborhood of their haunts, they set sail on long voyages during several months in the year, after which they returned laden with rich stores to their homes. Incapable of fear, they scorned to envelop their movements in secret, but in the face of day lay in the open sea in wait for the first trading vessel, no matter to what nation she belonged, when, sometimes to the sound of music, and yells of defiance, they bore down upon the richly-laden ship, surrounded her, massacred the crew, and after rifling her of her stores, sank or left her drifting tenantless upon the sea. Sometimes the pirate fleet, with their swift and noiseless boats, stole stealthily down through the tree-shadowed waters of the narrow channels, and beneath the shelter of the jungle, rested its oars until the dead of night.

A peaceful village had been seen in the evening light clustering upon the beach on its raised platforms. The labor of the day is over, the song of the Dyak maiden floats on the air, the voice of children at their play makes a low murmur, the father leans from the long balcony running across the front of the little community of houses; groups are busy here and there. Early they retire to rest and perfect silence broods over the scene. The bright moonbeams play upon the waves, dotted with isles as far as the eye can reach; an undulating surface of jungle stretches interminably away in the back ground. Scarcely has the serenity of sleep stolen upon the spot when the waters around the shore are disturbed by the movements of many keels, that cut the waves and produce a rippling murmur, unheard, save by the cruel marauders intent upon their prey. A hundred krisses are unsheathed as they set their foot on shore, and a loud yell of triumph bursts from their lips as they find themselves secure upon the village platform. In hopeless fear the wretched victims fly to arms—the cry of despair from the mother, who, in dying, perceives her little one borne away from her arms—the shriek of the maiden struggling with her captor—all mingle confusedly with the groans of the dying and the loud yells of the pirates, who, krissing the aged, carry away into hopeless captivity the maiden and the child. As a last act, a burning brand is applied to the frail tenement, and soon a mass of forked flame rises into the air, while the buccaneering fleet again put to sea and steer away before any alarm is given to the surrounding country. The morning sun rises upon a heap of black and smoking ruins.

Such scenes were of frequent occurrence in the Indian Archipelago twenty-five years ago. The burning of villages, the massacre of women and children were the constant practices of the freebooters, who dwelt not on some obscure island, but whose homes were scattered far and wide over the Archipelago. No one coming abruptly upon the rude-built and strong villages inhabited by these men could for one moment imagine the inhabitants to be the same who, at certain periods of the year, scoured the seas on expeditions of depredation and murder. The utmost taste presided over the disposition of their gardens and houses; the light of rude luxury was displayed, and many of the productions of Europe were found scattered in their dwellings, standing sometimes on perches raised forty feet above the ground. Their wives and families were decked with every savage ornament; and while they remained at home, the freebooters appeared to forget the daring exploits of the sea, in the peaceful enjoyment of domestic comforts. The life of these pirates, if investigated, would be found to be one of singular romance and variety; but that of the less ferocious seagypsies, skimming by day with their white-sailed prahus, over the ocean, and clustering by night near the shore, possesses in the highest degree the attributes of romance. It is a satisfaction to know, however, that since the period of which we have been speaking, Sir James Brooke and his associates have swept the seas of these vast buccaneering hordes, and have put a stop to the inhuman barbarities which were formerly of such frequent occurrence.—*Sacramento Union*.

DISGRACEFUL SHOWING.—As appears, the Japanese are "doing" New York, but such is the municipal condition of that city that a fitting reception to the Oriental gentlemen cannot be extended. There has been so much corruption in high places, so much swindling, theft of public means, and extravagance in official quarters, that the commercial metropolis of the Union can not receive a semi-civilized Embassy in a fitting manner! Rather a poor showing for the van of civilization, and one not to be proud of.

Spurgeon experiences great physical exhaustion after public speaking, and his physician advises him to desist for a while. He has published over one thousand sermons in London.