REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Mormons at Home: with Some Incidents of Travel from Missouri to California, 1852-3. By Mrs. B. G. Ferris, Wife of the late United States Secretary for Utah.

On the 19th of last month, three hundred Mormons—men, women, and children—left Birmingham Railway Station to embark at Liverpool for the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. This last detachment of Mormon emigrants is but a small portion of the number which has been wandering Utah-ward of late years; nor does the spring tide of emigration in that direction present any symptoms of abatement: It is our duty, as journalists, to collect for the information of our countrymen everything that can throw light on the character of a society and country which presents to many such irresistible attractions; and here is a book written by the wife of a gentleman who sojourned six months in Utah, in an official capacity, to which the authoress has prefixed her name, and in which she has recorded what she saw, thought, and felt whilst among the Mormons. Mrs. Ferris arrived in the city of Utah in the last days of October, 1852, and left it in the last days of April, 1853. "After any one has been in (she says), I take pains to inquire into his history, and especially, whether he has more than one wife. The extra wives (she says) are known by sundry designations—some call them 'spirituals,' others, 'sealed ones,' our landlady is fond of calling them 'fixins;' and the tone in which she brings it out, is in the degree contemptuous, and makes me laugh every time I hear it. It seems these left-hand marriages are termed 'sealing;' the woman is said to be sealed to the man":—

A MORMON SUFFERER.

"In one house was a tidy English woman, from Bath, of some native refinement of manner. The room was garnished with little momentoes of her native city; and, as she took down a print to show me the environs, and the particular point from which she came, her eyes filled with tears at the remembrance of home. I felt some hesitation in probing her heart with the ruthless question—'Are you the only wife?' Pretty soon, a broad, red-faced woman came in, and seemed perfectly at home. As soon as she went out of the room, I said:—'That woman lives with you?'—'Yes.'—'Are you relatives?' The poor thing twisted her apron—her lips quivered. I then asked: 'She is your husband's second wife?' It was some moments before she could find words to assure me that it was even so. She then went on to narrate, in a simple, artless way, how happily she and her husband had lived together; how they were anxious to emigrate to this country; how they had been told that the Valley of Salt Lake was a paradise; that her husband could have land for nothing, and earn five dollars a day; how their expenses had been defrayed by the Mormon agents, to be refunded by her husband's labour here on the public works. And then, with tears streaming down her face, she said her husband, about three months since, had been persuaded to marry another wife, and how badly she felt when she first heard of his resolution. This coarse, blowzy, greasy specimen of womanhood had ruled her with a rod of iron. She could not even have the privilege of a cup of tea without asking this jade's permission, so effectually had the intruder usurped all authority in this humble abode. My heart wept for her. She believed in Mormonism, because her husband did; and he believed, because he thought it a fine thing to be a landholder, get high wages, and be a priest in the church. This kind of logic probably accounts for the conversion of the great mass of English here."

THE MORMON ELDERS AND THEIR CONCUBINES AT A DANCING PARTY.

"Last evening we attended the Governor's party at Social Hall—an affair sufficiently unique in its way. This Social Hall is a large building, which the saints have erected for the sole purposes of parties of pleasure and theatrical performances. It is provided with a kitchen, in one part of the basement, for the preparation of the feast. We went sufficiently late, not to be among the first arrivals, and were ushered into an ante-room, to be divested of cloaks and shawls. From this, a short flight of steps brought us into a long saloon, where six cotillions were in active motion. Another short flight landed us on a raised platform which overlooked the dancing-party, and here a band of music were in the full tide of performance This dais was well accommodated with seats, including two or three sofas, on which were elders and apostles reclining, with a few of their concubines. Brigham was there, and had his hat on, according to his usual habit. Elder Kimble, one of the chief men, was very sociable. He has a harem, numbering some twenty-five or thirty; but, strange to say, has continued to treat his real wife (so the story goes) as superior to the rest She was at his right hand on the present occasion, and looked careworn and sad; on his left was one of his sealed ones, a keen, shrewd-looking woman from Philadelphia, and who, in the few words of conversation I had with her, evinced some intelligence. Near them sat a delicate woman, with raven hair and piercing black eyes, who proved to be Eliza Snow, the Mormon poetess, and who belongs to Brigham's harem. I found Mrs. Orson Hyde a pleasant woman, of much simplicity of manners; and to her husband's credit be it said, he lives with her alone, although one of the the twelve apostles Amasa Lyman, was pointed out, a man of grossly sensual appearance. This man lives in San Bernadine, and has a straggling harem, extending, at convenient points, from that place to Salt Lake. He collects the tithings in California, and is constantly going back and forth. A heavy, dark-coloured, beetle-brow man was pointed out as Elder John Taylor, who had been badly wounded, when the prophet was murdered in Illinois. He had his wife on one arm, on the other was a young widow from Tennessee, reputed to be wealthy, and reputed also to have been lately sealed to this pious elder. The cotillions upon the floor when we went in were soon danced out, and the dancers came crowding upon the platform—and here happened what seemed to me the crowning incident of the evening: Parley Pratt marched up with four wives, and introduced them successively as Mrs. Pratt. The thing was done with such an easy, nonchalant air, that I had difficulty from laughing out right. The thought came over me, with what scorn these people who are here first and foremost, would be banished from society at home. Did the man do this, to show what he could do or because he thought politeness required it of him? I don't know. Some, however, only introduced the first wife, and I internally thanked them for their forbearance. One thing was peculiar—it was only the first wives that tried to make themselves familiar with me. Dancing continued fast and furious till a late hour. Each man danced with two women at a time, and took the lead in all the chasses promenades; so it seems, that even in their amusements women take a subordinate position. The private secretary to the Governor acted as master of the ceremonies; and, at the commencement of each cotillion, called off the number with which each man was furnished on entering the establishment. The supper came off late, and I was rejoiced at the signal, for I had become tired of the scene. Mrs. Snow pointed out to us numbers of the Governor's wives, who were active in waiting upon the tables. We retired soon after supper."

SAINT PARLEY RAISING THE WIND.

"I have just heard a story of that wonderful saint, Parley Pratt, which, told anywhere else, or of anybody else, I would not credit for a moment. Here, however, where the ordinary rules of religion and morality are reversed, and roguery is commendable, I am justified in believing anything. Some two years and a half ago, the redoubtable Parley was appointed to a mission in Chili; and though on such occasions they pretend to go without purse or scrip, as commanded in apostolic times, yet these are only pretences for the uninitiated, and a pretext for the universal beggary which they practise. It happened, in this emergency, that Parley's money market was in a crisis; but this was not the worst of it; he had borrowed so often, forgetting to pay, that his exceedingly bland manner had lost its influence. He was in a fair way of starting on his mission in a far more apostolic fashion than suited his inclinations. But Parley is a man of resources under difficulties. His house was somewhat overstocked with wives, and, as they are a species of property here, having a marketable value, it occured to him, that he might drive a good bargain with Walker, the Indian chief, who, with a band of Utes, was holding a talk with the authorities of the city. He accordingly proposed to the chief to 'swap' one of his white squaws for ten horses—a proposition which was at once accepted. Martha, a good-natured English girl, was the inmate of his harem chosen for this exchange; and the heartless wretch informed her of the transaction, and bade her prepare for this new phase in her eventful life, with the smiling aspect, with which he would have invited her to visit their next-door neighbour. The poor thing was greatly shocked. She had lived long enough with the brute to learn that he concealed, under a friendly garb, a heart of supreme indifference to the feelings and happiness of others; yet, to be spared such a fate, she prostrated herself before him, in agonizing entreaty, though in vain. A few days, however, intervened, before the 'swap' could be finally consummated, and these few days did the work of years upon the poor crushed woman. Her cheeks became sunken and pallid, her countenance exhibited the deep-drawn lines of unmistakable agony; and, finally, when she was brought face to face with Walker, with eyes red and swollen with weeping, the savage turned his back with disgust, saying, 'Me no want old white squaw.' The bargain fell through, and there is enough of secrecy hanging over the affair to enable the rascal, liar as he is, to deny that it ever had existence. This notable expedient having failed, Parley was again in trouble; just then he heard of a female freind, who had lately received a sum of money from some source, and from her he procured the requisite supplies, and proceeded to his post. His mission, however, proved unsuccessful. The Chilians turned a deaf ear, alike to the merits of Joseph Smith and the eloquence of the great Parley. His means finally melted away, and, in wandering back, he found himself at San Bernardino, in a state of great destitution. While waiting at this point, a train came in from Salt Lake; and the waggon-master, who had gathered a few hundred dollars of hard earnings, was wheedled to place them in the itching palm of the wily hypocrite. With this timely supply, the baffled missionary purchased mules, and returned to his harem, the forgiving Martha ready and willing draw the veil over her past trials. It is needless to say that the waggon-master has made unavailing efforts to obtain a repayment of his money."

MELANCHOLY STORY OF A DANISH FAMILY.

"In the curious gathering from the four winds, which forms the population of this sequestered region, not the least interesting are a few families from Denmark. Yesterday I visited a Danish family, and partly from them, and partly from others, I have learned enough of their history to feel a strong sympathy for them. Erastus Snow, a brother of Judge Snow, is the privateer who claims the honour of making this Danish prize This family, in their own country, were in good circumstances, and above the common order in education and refinement. The wily missionary wormed himself completely into the confidence of the worthy Dane. He gave him a glowing account of the climate and fertility of the valley of the Great Salt Lake, of the flourishing condition of the Mormons, of the rigid purity of their morals, of the opportunity for building up a great fortune by investing his property in the church; but not a word about polygamy. He lived for months in his family, enjoyed his generous hospitality, drank his wines, and used his horses and his purse with all the freedom of long-established friendship. The simple Northman sold his estate, placed 10,000 dollars in the hands of Elder Snow, to be invested in church property; collected together his household goods, and turned his back upon his native land, and his face towards the New World. On going aboard the steamer, his family were turned with the common herd into the steerage, jostled to and fro in the general rush and scramble which belongs to such occasions. As soon as he could, he sought out, and found, the Mormon Elder upon deck, and accosted him somewhat angrily: 'You certainly could not have purchased steerage tickets for myself and family, with the money I gave you?'—'Surely not; you are merely put there temporily till we sail, which will be this evening—the emigration fund will not allow any better accommodation for the rest of the saints, and they would grumble if we made any distinction.' This seemed plausible, and, with a bewildered air, he seated himself upon his luggage in the midst of his wife and children, whose *abandon* of grief, at parting from home and friends, made all parts of the vessel alike to them. After the ship got under weigh, he went to the purser to get the number of their state rooms. That important official looked over the list, and shook his head: 'Sir your name is not here.'—'No, it is not. Whom did you purchase your ticket of?'—'I gave Elder Snow the money, with directions to procure two state rooms.'—'Well, all I can say is, you are in the steerage, and the Elder has the best state-room in the ship for himself—please to make room for others.'

He made another effort to see the saintly Elder, but it was difficult crossing the absolute line of demarcation between cabin and steerage, and he did not find him for some days. He was then told there was some mistake about it, which should be rectified, and in this way was put off from time to time, and finally lectured on the necessity of bearing patiently these minor inconveniences, in reference to the glorious consummation in prospect. Compelled to submit, they were landed in St. Louis, dissatisfied with their treatment; but they were utter strangers, and ignorant of the language, and were carried along in the stream of emigration to Salt Lake. Here they are lodged in a wretched hut, which, they are assured, will be exchanged for a large and comfortable mansion in the ensuing summer. When I saw them yesterday, they looked the very picture of discomfort, and, I may add, despair. They were all huddled together, evidently unused to such extreme domestic emergencies. The table exhibited the remains of a scanty dinner; a splendid harp stood in the corner, with a sack of flour leaning against it for support, *vis-a-vis* with a valuable painting. They have made some disagreeable discoveries. They have discovered that the money which the husband placed in Snow's hands is the beginning of his tithing, and belongs to the church; that a house is to be built for him, if he wants it, for which he will be in debt to the church; and their daughter is approaching a marriageable age, and will soon be needed in Elder Snow's harem; that their hands are in the lion's mouth, and will remain there for some time. The mother pointed to a fair, sweet-looking, flaxen-haired girl of sixteen, and made me understand, in her broken English, that their neighbour, a great burly Briton, had made proposals to her to be his sixth wife, the five favoured mortals already under his roof being, at the same time, in a state bordering on starvation. The young thing exhibited a look of disgust and terror at the prospect before her; but the crushing weight of persecution will be brought to bear upon them, and there is too much reason to fear that the poor girl is destined to a life of shame. The Englishman alluded to is a very fair comic actor at their saturnalian theatre, and is, withal, a mechanic of more than ordinary ingenuity. It would be difficult to describe the huts in which his real and sealed wives are kept. On the boards—full of beef, beer, and fat—he acted the good-natured, frollicking Paddy to the life; and you would suppose his disposition all sunshine, and his life all charity to his race. But, like the rest here, he is fairly embarked upon the Styx; and, as Charon has charge of the boat, it is quite easy to perceive his final landing-place."

We learn from the Miramichi *Gleaner* that the recent heavy gale was accompanied with thunder and lightning in that part of the Province, and that several cows and sheep were killed by the electric fluid.

FEARFUL HURRICANE.—The County of Oxford, C. W., was visited by a tremendous tempest on Sunday last, but fortunately its ravages were confined to a narrow compass. So potent was it, that almost everything within its range was prostrated, and we regret to say that several lives were lost It is stated, that the stationhouse at Eastwood was blown down, which resulted in the death of the station-master and one boy, and the serious injury of his wife and another child. A daughter and son of the station-master at Princeton were out driving when the storm approached; the former sprang from the carriage and prostrated herself on the ground to escape the fury of the blast, but the latter having remained was seriously injured. The vehicle was broken to pieces, if not torn plank from plank, while the horses were thrown down and considerably hurt. It is rumoured that one or two other persons have been killed. We also learn, that in the neighbourhood of Woodstock the storm was very severe. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a column about six feet in width and forty feet in length was observed coming towards the city. As it approached it increased in size, and looked truly frightful. It made a noise like the Falls of Niagara. As it passed the city, trees were torn up in every direction; the chimneys of several houses were blown down, and otherwise a vast amount of damage done.—*Montreal Pilot, July 3d.*

The *Moniteur* states that, in consequence of the promise which the Emperor and Empress of the French made to become the godfather and godmother of all children born in France on the same day as the imperial prince was born, more than 3,600 claimants of that honour have addresed applications to his majesty on behalf of their offspring. Assistance has already been sent to those who are found to be needy. An annual sum will be set down in the budget of the civil list for the relief to be given hereafter to such as may be in poverty, and their majesties will undertake to provide for those who shall become orphans.

FRUIT TREES.—Nearly all fruit trees are, on their trunks or among their branches, affected with moss, lice, and various kinds of insects. These can all be effectually cleared away by a wash of ley, made from potash or wood ashes, of a strength sufficient to bear up an egg. It will kill every noxious thing, and will not hurt the bark. A pound of potash to a pailful of water will make it sufficiently strong.

Good nature is the very air of a good mind, of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.

Cure for a scolding wife,; never fail to laugh at her until she ceases—then kiss her. Sure cure, and no quack medicine.

Why is the letter J like the end of spring?—Because it is the beginning of June.

What is the difference between a bantam cock and a dirty housemaid?—The one is a domestic fowl, the other a foul domestic.

The following contains the alphabet:—John P. Brady gave me a black walnut box of quite a small size."

Excuse me, madam, but I would like to ask you, why you look at me so very savage?"—"Oh, beg your pardon, sir! I took you for my husband!"

Joe, how many scruples is there in a drachm?"—"Don't know, zur."—"Well remember, there's eight,"—"Be um? feyther always takes his'n without *no scruple.*

A wag went several times to an office but never found his lawyer in, although the card on the door said—"*In from* 10 to 1." He accordingly altered it, so that it read, "*It's* 10 *to* 1—*you'll never find me!*"