

Correspondence.

NAUVOO, HANCOCK CO., ILL.,
December 19th, 1869.

Editor Deseret News:—Presuming that a few lines from a former city of the Saints might not be uninteresting to your many readers, who were once residents of this place, I give you a few items that have come under my observation since my sojourn here.

Accompanied by Brother Wm. Bringhurst, I made a detour from the direct route to the East, for the purpose of visiting Nauvoo, also some relatives residing in the vicinity. We found communication by rail to Montrose. On Sunday, Nov. 28th, we crossed the Mississippi to Nauvoo. The river was full of floating ice, and it was with some difficulty that we crossed. On arriving at Nauvoo, we went to the "Nauvoo Mansion," and found Major Bideman, the husband of Emma Smith and proprietor of the house, engaged in playing cards. The fire having gone down, the Major, with sundry twists of the poker, assisted by some oaths, too profane to be mentioned here, succeeded in arousing the fire. I mention this as it forcibly struck me to think of the contrast between that house now and the days when it was occupied by its original proprietor. At dinner I saw Emma Smith for the first time. I must confess I was somewhat disappointed in her appearance. Since my arrival, I have been engaged in visiting my relatives and other acquaintances, who reside in the prairie east of Nauvoo. I have been received with the greatest friendship and cordiality. We expect to leave here on the morrow for Cleveland, Ohio.

It has been with peculiar feelings that I have trodden the streets and viewed this ruined city. The thought suggests itself, Where are the many faithful souls who, by their hard labor in so short a time, raised these piles of brick and stone? Where are the masons, whose trowels rang over the walls of the Nauvoo House, Masonic Hall and the Temple? Where are the stone-cutters, whose hammers clinked on the hard limestone of the adjoining quarries? Where are the carpenters, the sound of whose chisels and axes rang in the construction of the homes of the fugitive Saints? Where are the ploughboys who first turned the prairie sod and planted the corn for the sustenance of the brethren? Where are the brickmakers, the hewers of wood and drawers of water? the merchant, the printer and the preacher of the word? Where is the Prophet, by whose instrumentality, in the house of God, arose the city, the ruins of which I see around me? Where is the Temple, whose grandeur was the pride of the Saints and the greatest ornament of the Mississippi Valley? They are all, all gone. At Montrose, Garden Grove, Mount Pisgah, Council Bluffs, Winter Quarters, and over the hills and dales from the Missouri River to beyond the Rocky Mountains, are to be found the final resting place of many of them. These, at least, have found an asylum forever secure from the wrath of mobs. Others, with their numerous descendants, are to be found in happy homes in the peaceful valleys of the great basin. And some—painful thought—yielded to the pressure and turned from the truth. The Prophet's blood is at Carthage Jail; he, too, is forever secure from the hands of those who shed his blood. And the Temple, once the crowning glory of this city, by the hands of wicked men is not left "one stone upon another." What a complete metamorphosis!

The next question that naturally arises is: What is the cause of all this? None of the present inhabitants of Nauvoo can tell me; they shrug their shoulders, they shake their heads at the question. I must go farther for an answer. I must not ask the prejudice of the American people; it would not answer truly. He who would answer me truly, would say: the cause lies in the intolerance with which religious truth has ever been received upon the earth, in the proclivity the world has ever had to crucify their Messiahs in the same cause that shed the blood of Christ and desolated the houses of the former-day Saints.

An old inhabitant took me to the spot where once stood the noble Temple; not a vestige of it remains; grape vines and weeds encumber the soil. The stones of which it was built are scattered to the four winds; some have been used in the construction of less pretentious edifices, some shipped to St. Louis and other cities, and some are used for the door steps of the neighboring farm-houses. The Nauvoo House is just as it was left; the walls are in as perfect a

condition as when the masons left them. The Masonic Hall remains and is used for the purpose for which it was built. The Seventies' Hall has been torn down and rebuilt for a church, I think. The residence of Bros. Brigham, Kimball, Hyde, Snow, Jos. Young, sen., and others are still standing. Brother Parley's house is used for a temporary Catholic Church, and a fine edifice for the same purpose is being erected adjoining it. The arsenal has been converted into a private residence; many of the smaller buildings have been torn down, the majority of the larger ones remain. The inhabitants of Nauvoo are nearly all wine-bibbing, beer drinking Germans, and number about three thousand.

I have respectfully asked what has become of those who drove the Saints from their homes; and the unvarying testimony has been that those who are alive are socially and politically dead. Mr. M. M. Morrill, an attorney in Nauvoo, brother of Senator Morrill, of Maine, who is an old inhabitant of the place, in reply to the above question said: "They are either dead, in the penitentiary, or gone to h—l." Palma, the fiend who set the Temple on fire, is now a convict in the penitentiary at Fort Madison. The Rev. Thos. Brockman, commander of the mob forces who expelled the remaining Saints from their homes, in Sept. 1846, afterwards ran for the office of county clerk for this county. He made his eminent services in expelling the Saints a radical point in his claims upon his party for election. He was defeated overwhelmingly and left the country in disgust. Before leaving, he made a valedictory address to the citizens of Carthage, in which he bitterly complained of the treatment he had received from the citizens of Hancock Co. in being ungrateful to him for his mighty services rendered in expelling their enemies. During his address he had the flag which waved over his myrmidons laying on the desk before him. He pathetically said, he wished to bequeath the flag to some citizen of Hancock Co., who would preserve it, and asked who would take the flag. No one made answer for sometime; finally a man, whose name I have forgotten, stepped forward and received that glorious flag (?) which had waved over fifteen hundred brave heads (?) who had succeeded in driving a few defenceless men, women and children from their homes.

Brockman and Col. Williams are both dead, died enjoying the respect of no one as far as I can learn. Col. McCarty, one of the leaders of the mob, still lives, but in a state of abject poverty and his faculties are close bordering on idiocy. Tom. Sharp still lives; it is said his nose lengthens as he grows in years. The present citizens of Hancock county, as far as I can learn, deprecate the expulsion of the Saints, and none of those engaged in the unholy act ever enjoyed any social respect afterward—nay more—they were despised by their neighbors and former friends.

Joseph Smith certainly had an eye for for the beautiful when he selected this for the site of a city. It is one of the most beautiful situations for a city that I ever saw. Efforts are being made by certain parties to have Nauvoo selected as a site for the proposed new National Capitol. The whole city is now a vineyard, and wine is nearly the whole traffic of the inhabitants.

To me there appears to be a gloom settled over this locality. The streets are not animated with the busy throng, as was once the case. At the groceries culminate all the apparent life of the inhabitants, and the houses generally appear to be occupied by a very untidy class.

How different is the scene now, from that which would be presented had the peaceful, industrious Saints been permitted to remain! Instead of a squalid, dilapidated town the traveler would find here the handsomest city in the Mississippi valley, surrounded by a paradise. When will the world learn who are its benefactors?

Bro. Bringhurst joins me in love to you and all friends.

Your Brother,

W. H. RITER.

A Western man has invented an "ink pencil," which is said to be the best thing yet. It consists of a tube about the size of an ordinary pencil, containing ink. Near the point of the pencil is a little iron stopper, resting on a spiral spring inside. When the point of the pencil is placed on the paper, the stopper is forced up and the ink flows evenly, without blotting the paper. It needs no adjustment, and can be carried in the pocket.

The official returns of emigration show that since 1853, one million and a half of people emigrated from Ireland.

A Wisconsin paper gives an account of the capture, in northern Montana, of "an animal of a species wholly unknown by the naturalist, which is claimed by some to be a relic of the mastodon." This marvelous creature is only two years old, but stands seven feet high.

Liebig, the famous agricultural chemist, declines to accept the fund being raised for him in Germany. He will accept a silver medal, but at his request the fund will be devoted to the encouragement of scientific agriculture.

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G. D. KEATON, Clerk.
Salt Lake City, Dec 9th, 1869. w45-1m

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w47f

JOHN W. YOUNG.