

LOCAL NEWS.

FROM MONDAY'S DAILY, JUNE 23.

Bound Over.—Chris. Larsen, who was brought before Commissioner McKay, charged with using threatening language toward James J. Wyatt, of the Nineteenth Ward, was to-day placed under \$2,000 bonds to keep the peace.

Priesthood Meeting.—The regular monthly meeting of the Priesthood of this Stake will convene at the Assembly Hall on Saturday, July 4th, 1885, at 11 a.m. The clerks of the different Wards of the Stake will please remember their statistical reports.

Arrested.—Joseph McMurrin was arrested this morning on an indictment found by the grand jury, charging him with unlawful cohabitation with his wives, and taken before Commissioner McKay, where he gave bonds in \$1,500 to await trial, Mifflin Palmer and Solon Foster becoming sureties.

Killed.—On Friday a fatal accident occurred in a snow shed on the U. P. R. R., near Sherman, Wyoming, by which M. H. Benner, a brakeman, lost his life. Benner was on top of one of the high coal cars of the Northern Pacific, and had just set the brake when the train plunged into the shed, the cross beam striking him on the back of the head, crushing in the skull, killing him almost instantly. The unfortunate man was about 26 years of age and of temperate and steady habits.

Arraigned.—In the District Court this morning the following arraignments were made: Wm. D. Newsom, charged with polygamy and unlawful cohabitation with his wives; plea of not guilty entered. John Connolly, John Nicholson, John Daynes, George Romney and Andrew Smith, unlawful cohabitation with their wives; not guilty, except in Mr. Nicholson's case. He preferred to make no plea to the indictment, but to remain mute in relation to it. The Court set Monday next at 2 p.m. as the time at which the matter of the plea in this suit will be decided.

Belva A. Lockwood.—This talented lady is announced for a lecture in the Salt Lake Theatre on Monday evening next, July 6th, on "Political and Social Life in Washington," a subject with which she is thoroughly acquainted. She will also visit and lecture in Provo on Tuesday, 7th, Ogden, Wednesday 8th, and Logan, Thursday, 9th.

Mrs. Lockwood is the lady lawyer who was the first to be admitted to practice her profession before the bar of the United States Supreme Court; is one of the editors of the organ of the Equal Rights party, and was its candidate for President of the United States. She is an interesting speaker and a brave, outspoken woman, who advocates what she believes to be right, independent of public opinion, and no doubt a large audience will be attracted on the occasion of her lecture.

Third District Court.—Proceedings on Saturday: Dr. E. B. Foote et al. vs. Dr. Foot, "Jr.," leave granted to amend return of service of summons to conform to facts; damages waived; judgment of default and permanent injunction granted, with costs. Proceedings to-day, June 29: Peremptory call to-morrow of equity calendar.

Kate Cannon vs. Angus M. Cannon, Jr., dismissed.

United States vs. John Nicholson; unlawful cohabitation; defendant arraigned and declines to plead; time to hear the matter of plea set for Monday, July 6, at 2 p.m.

United States vs. Andrew Smith; unlawful cohabitation; defendant arraigned and pleaded not guilty.

United States vs. George Romney; same charge and plea.

United States vs. John Daynes; same.

United States vs. John Connolly; same.

United States vs. Wm. D. Newsom; polygamy and unlawful cohabitation, plea of not guilty to both counts.

Adjourned until to-morrow.

VISIT TO PUEBLO, INDEPENDENCE, CARTHAGE, NAUVOO, RICHMOND, ETC.

AN INTENSELY INTERESTING SKETCH.

SALT LAKE CITY,
June 27th, 1885.

Editor Deseret News:

Nearly forty years ago Joseph William Richards, seventeen years of age, was mustered into the Mormon Battalion at Council Bluffs. He was enrolled as a drummer boy in Company A, under Captain Jefferson Hunt, on the 16th day of July, 1846. After some months of fatiguing service—too arduous for his youthful frame, he was seized with a mortal illness, and was left with other sick of that devoted band, at the old stockade of Pueblo in Colorado. In the chilling month of November he died, and was buried with several of his dead comrades a short distance from the fort. His last breath was drawn while he lay in the arms of Brother Carat Row, who had nursed him with all the care and fidelity of a brother's love. This veteran of the Mexican war—Carat Row, now lives at Mount Pleasant, Sanpete County. From his kindly hands I received a plan of the lonely

cemetery in the desert where my young brother and his loyal compatriots were interred.

For several years I have been possessed of a very strong desire to visit this locality, and make an effort to find the spot sanctified by the dust of our dead heroes. Having been counseled and encouraged in the plan by President Taylor, I determined to take the necessary journey; and, if any trace of the graves could be found, to designate and protect the spot in some appropriate way. In pursuance of this project, with my son Charles, I took passage from Salt Lake on the 9th of May last, via the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, having been courteously furnished the necessary transportation by politeness of Agent S. W. Eccles, Esq.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

It has been my fortune, in the providence of the Almighty, to traverse a goodly portion of this country and some parts of Europe, which are world-famed for their fine scenery. But I have long been of the opinion that our own Rocky Mountain region is unsurpassed for variety and sublimity. This feeling of admiration for the mountains, valleys and waters of the great West was intensified upon my recent trip. The Grand Cañon of the Arkansas, the Black Cañon, and the Royal Gorge are appalling in their grandeur. The sensation of rapid travel among these mighty works of nature is delightful and awe-inspiring. We were whirled at the rate of forty miles an hour, by the side of brawling torrents, beneath perpendicular or overhanging cliffs—the tops of which were cloud-rests; around dizzy passes and across stupendous chasms. All the time our train was laboring upon its sinuous upward track or gliding swiftly downward upon its winding way. In all this mountain travel there seemed to be no level stretch and scarcely a tangent upon which the train could stand at its full length.

RESTING PLACE OF THE REMAINS OF THE BATTALION BOYS.

We reached Pueblo on the evening of the 10th, and sought information upon the subject of our visit from the oldest settlers in the place. We met with courteous treatment from Judge Smith, from a member of the State Legislature, and from other prominent gentlemen; and secured the services of Mr. Lewis Conley, who had lived in this locality about forty years. When I showed him the plan furnished to me by Elder Rowe he was astounded at its accuracy and extent. From Mr. Conley's recollection and the draft which we carried with us, we made a most diligent search; we spared nothing which could assist us in the effort to find the burial place of our dead; but without avail. Every trace was obliterated. The earthly tabernacles of our friends had been deposited within the sound of the never-ceasing Arkansas. Thrice during the long interval of time which has elapsed since that melancholy event, the turbulent river has inundated the surrounding country, each time completely changing its channel, and has carried away upon its raging bosom the habitations of death and of life. No hillock of any kind now marks the last resting place of the Battalion boys who died at Pueblo.

In later years, when settlers came into the region, they interred their dead out of the reach of the waters, upon a high bluff overlooking the old fort. Still later, when the present town began to extend itself, the human remains were exhumed and removed from this rude graveyard, and carried to a new cemetery, where they could not obstruct the onward march of the town. But we could not learn that any bodies had ever been taken up from the river bottom. But even after receiving positive assurance that the graves we sought had been swept away or covered up by the Arkansas, we continued our search and made a careful examination of the new place of interment. The only result of this extra effort was to fully satisfy us that we had done everything in the matter which could be accomplished. And our final conclusion was that though we could tell within a comparatively short distance of the spot where our brethren had been laid to rest, we could not designate it with sufficient accuracy for any practical use.

Being disappointed in this labor of dutiful love, we were compelled to depart from the town, leaving only a prayer upon the field which to us was sacred. We visited Denver, Manitou Springs, Cave of the Winds, Glen Eyre and the Garden of the Gods, in Colorado; and found much to instruct and entertain. On the 13th ult., we took train at Colorado Springs for Kansas City, Missouri, at which latter point we arrived on the evening of the day following. In crossing the Centennial State we found it looking more bare than is usual in our valleys at home, and the season seemed late and cold. The cattle were numerous but they looked very lean. Kansas City now enjoys but little river trade, as nearly all the traffic is left to the railroads. But it is a very enterprising place, having immense stock interests. There are three immense slaughter houses in the town, one of which has a capacity of killing and dressing 5,000 animals per day. The numerous stock yards, in the vicinity of the railroad lines, contained thousands of cattle of all kinds. This city is a vast receptacle for the immense herds of stock which are sent east from the Western Territories.

THE PLACE OF THE TEMPLE.

Shortly after our arrival at Kansas

City we were made acquainted with Mr. William Epperson, who gave us the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. Archibald Means Rodgers, whose dwelling-place is near to the town of Independence, in Jackson County, Missouri. This latter city was our next destination, and when we reached it, on the 16th ult., we were met by Mr. Rodgers, who carried us about with his vehicle to view the sights of the locality. Among many noted things we were shown the outlaw Frank James, whose deeds of violence have made his name a household dread throughout the States of Missouri and Kentucky, Kansas and Iowa.

This County of Jackson claims to have more and better thoroughbred stock than any other district of Missouri—and Missouri asserts that she is not behind any other State in these respects. The residents take great pride in showing their fine animals to strangers.

Around this point stretches a goodly land, which smiles to heaven in its plenty. This region, so far as its natural facilities are concerned, is above all other places choice and precious. Here we saw the spot designated by the finger of Almighty God as the place where a temple should be built unto His name. It is a beautiful enclosure, bearing a luxuriant crop of grass, and surrounded by shade trees which have been recently planted. But there is no building of any kind upon it. The popular sentiment is that should any private or commercial edifice be placed there, Omnipotence would punish the sacrilege by the destruction of the desecrating structure. The Josephites appear to be settling here in considerable numbers. They have secured a title to the temple lot. The title to this temple block was awarded to them by a decree of court, and has been vested in a board of trustees. These followers of the deceived son of the immortal Prophet appear to meet with great favor in this section of Missouri. This is very natural, for in the beginning of this bogus organization, the new leader announced that he would not promulgate any principle as a revelation which the people would object to. Of course the design was to build up a sect that would not meet with the opposition which the Church of Christ had encountered under the leadership of the martyred Prophet. Popularity was and is still sought for, and some of their members quote with great pleasure and evident satisfaction the favor with which they and their doctrines are received.

The Josephites at Independence are called Mormons and the sharp-sighted speculators of that neighborhood knowing how attractive Salt Lake City has been to tourists, hope by the means of this people and their labors to make Independence a place of interest to the traveler—a hope which I need not say will never be realized through such agencies.

There are promises made by the Lord concerning Independence, but no people however zealous and however determined they may be to possess these promises, can ever accomplish that work unless they are the people whom He has chosen and whom He recognizes as His.

AT CHICAGO.

From this town of Independence, so full of vital interest for us, we departed for Chicago, which we reached on the afternoon of the 17th. This being Sunday, we devoted ourselves to reading the news from home and returning messages. On the day following we visited many points of interest. We ascended the tower of the immense waterworks, to a height of 200 feet. We visited the huge Exposition Building in which Grant, Garfield, Arthur, Blaine and Cleveland were nominated. It is now used as an art gallery, and for concerts and similar entertainments. We were deeply interested in the mammoth grain elevators of this great wheat center. We were shown through one called the Galena Elevator, which has a capacity of 700,000 bushels. From this elevator in ten hours 120,000 bushels of wheat can be transferred to a ship. Sixteen men can unload eight cars containing 4,000 bushels; can weigh the grain and deposit it in bins—all within the space of fifteen minutes. Its cost was nearly half a million of dollars. Chicago has seventeen of these structures, one of which can contain 1,500,000 bushels. We called at the city hall and court house, a grey granite pile covering an entire block and possessed of considerable architectural grace. Within it we visited eight courts in simultaneous session. We were shown through the office of the recorder of Cook County. Here in an immense vault we saw 1,680 volumes of records, with 90 large indexes, all of which have been filled since the fire of 1870, at which time the records up to that date were completely destroyed. We were informed that at present the recorder is filling an average of one volume per day.

SCENE OF THE MARTYRDOM—GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF IT.

On the noon of Tuesday, the 19th, we left for Jacksonville, 215 miles from Chicago, and the next morning we reached Carthage, in Hancock County. It was to this point that our thoughts had long tended. And the moment that we reached the town we sought out the historical jail. It is now occupied as a dwelling-house by James M. Browning, a respectable and courteous man who has in his time held the office of county treasurer. To-day it seems a place of peace. To the casual observer it would possess not even a passing interest. But to us who held the knowledge of

the mighty events which had transpired within its walls, of the dark cloud of sin which had rested upon it, and of the mighty martyrdom which had cried aloud to heaven and the ages from its bullet-torn frame—there was something so impressive in its every stone that our hearts were filled with solemnity, and our eyes with tears. We went into the room which had been the prison-place of God's servants previous to the murderous attack. We stood upon the self-same floor which was trodden by the feet of Joseph and Hyrum and John Taylor and Willard Richards on that cruel day of slaughter. We saw the hole in the door made by the bullet which gave Hyrum his mortal wound. We bowed over the spot where he fell exclaiming, "I am a dead man." With chastened feelings, we stood at the door-frame and recalled how President Taylor had interposed his body between the Prophet and his bloodthirsty assailants, and how he had struggled to beat back the guns of the murderers, while discharging a torrent of flames and lead. We leaped from that famous window from which the Prophet jumped or fell, and from which President Taylor was thrown wounded and stricken, and tossed back by that providential bullet which struck his watch, shattered it, and cast him upon the floor. We thought of this wonderful interposition of almighty power which saved his life for the great purposes which God has since accomplished through him, and which are yet in store. We retraced our steps down that tragic stairway which had once been crowded with devils in human form; and sought the well where Joseph Smith, the Prophet of God, ended his earthly career. But it is now filled up. The spot, however, is easily discernable. It is now a dainty flower-bed, bearing masses of pure and fragrant blossoms. It was sweet to see the spot so hallowed—this ground where Joseph lay stretched in death, "when the fiend approached with a knife to sever the head from his body, and was stopped by a flash of lightning from the heavens." With the remembrance of all these things upon us—recalling the blackness of that hour, the woes of our subsequent wrongs, and then looking at the wondrous condition of the Church to-day, we were lost in a wilderness of emotions. There was much sadness in this visit, and the memories which it called forth. But there was a compensating sensation of triumph in the thought of the utter powerlessness of mankind—even though calling murder and rapine to their aid, to war successfully against the cause which has within itself the seeds of divine progress.

A man named Edward Matthews, who keeps a livery stable in the town of Carthage, carried us on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 20th ult., twenty miles to Nauvoo. On this little journey we passed over the general route on which Joseph and Hyrum and their company last rode in the life of the Prophet and Patriarch; and upon which that solemn and woeful funeral returned. The only changes which have been made from the original route are those occasioned by the laying off of the road upon section or quarter section lines. But its usual direction is the same as it was forty years ago. I recognized many fields formerly owned by the Saints, with their half fences upon ditch banks; and bearing many monarch trees which had been planted by the Saints. We passed by the farm of the Prophet Joseph Smith. All of these lands are now under a high state of cultivation; filled with vineyards, orchards and meadows. As we traveled, Mr. Matthews entertained us with remarks upon the country and its former and present residents. Among other things we learned from him that Tom Sharp, of mob infamy, is now the editor of the Carthage Gazette, and is a member of a law firm making pretensions of respectability.

NAUVOO AS IT IS—MEMORIES OF THE PAST STIRRED UP.

We crossed Casper Creek and entered Nauvoo on Parley Street, and turned from there to Mulholland. Near the southeast corner of the Temple Block we saw a tavern bearing the sign "Temple House, kept by Valentine Laubersheimer." We put up at this place of entertainment; but before we could bring our minds to think of food or rest, we visited the site where once stood the beautiful temple. Of the stately structure not one stone was left standing upon another. The pollution of man has done its work, and melancholy and decay now abide amidst the scattered fragments. After a long walk we returned to our hotel, and for the first time in forty years I ate, drank and slept in the city of Nauvoo. Oh, the old home of the Saints, once so great, so lovely and so dear; but now fallen into desecration and decay!

The early morning found us abroad. Our first visit was, of course, to the Temple block. The place is occupied by stores and houses. We met a Mr. Reinhold, who is the present possessor of a portion of the block, and the proprietor of a mercantile house located there. He consented to act as our guide and informant, and to take us with a vehicle about the place. His store is standing very near the spot where the entrance to the Temple premises was in former times; and his stable yard, in the rear of his warehouse, extends so far upon the sacred site as to include the well which supplied the water for the baptismal font. The basement has all been filled in with debris—up to the level of the surrounding ground, and the well has been walled up to this

surface with stones from the Temple. Cattle and horses are watered there daily. We drank from it and found the water clear and delicious to the taste. We filled a bottle with the crystal liquid, and brought it home, that others might partake of it. That which we have remaining of it still retains its purity and sweetness.

It was within my recollection that the Prophet Joseph had caused the building of a stone burial vault at the south side of the Temple block where were to be interred the bodies of his family. We sought out the spot and found the vault included within a building where it is used for a wine cellar. We next called at the lot where I built a brick house of two stories in 1843. We drank at the well which I dug. We plucked locust seeds from trees which I planted more than forty years ago. We picked bits from the moss-covered, crumbling pickets which I shaped with my own hands when I was in the flush of young manhood. I well remember that when I built the fence it was extremely difficult to drive a nail through the hard wood. But to-day the oaken and maple shafts can be shattered by the fingers of a child. Some of the trees on this old place had been cut down, and upon the stumps still standing I traced the annual rings showing two score years of growth. The house itself was gone. A small shanty stood in its place, surrounded by lilacs in full bloom. The old well-curb remains, but the water has been polluted and is offensive to the taste. A man named Hanaska now lives upon the place with his wife and one child.

At the corner of White and Durfee streets we found the lot which had once belonged to my uncle Willard Richards. In it he had buried the body of his wife Jennetta. The property came into the possession of the father of our acquaintance, Mr. Reinhold. By him the house was torn down and a new one erected, partly upon the old foundation. In extending the residence beyond the old foundation walls the coffin containing Aunt Jennetta's body was discovered. Both casket and corpse were in a good state of preservation, and were removed to another portion of the premises. Within the house I found that the cellar walls and doors with their old-fashioned knobs, were the same as I remembered them in the early days. This place had a peculiar interest to us, for it was in the old house of Uncle Willard that I wrote, under his direction, many chapters of the history of the Church, which abide now in the volumes of our historian office. We found the former residences of Prests. Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball; both are in a tolerably fair state. In the front of Brother Heber's house still exists the stone placed there by him, bearing his initials and the date of its construction.

The Seventies' Hall was once a very pleasant building, built of brick to a height of two stories. It has been reduced, and is now a one-story school-house. I talked with the lady teacher for a few moments, and learned that the old seats, with their original numbers on them, had been loaned out to the religious worshippers of other denominations, as they were not needed in the room, which had been fitted with desks more suitable for school purposes. The house itself shows marks of age, though it appears reasonably sound, and may stand for many years.

After this, we went down to Joseph's brick store—the place which he had sanctified by his presence, by his ministrations, and by the promulgation of some of the grandest principles which were ever given by God to lead mortality unto the higher life. Upon the upper floor of this building were the well known large room and Joseph's private office, consisting of two apartments. Here were prepared the political doctrines contained in "Views of the powers and policy of the general Government, by Joseph Smith;" and his letters to Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun. Here he received the revelation on the eternity and plurality of the celestial marriage covenant. Here was organized a Council of the kingdom, and here—when the spirit prompted him that his life's work was drawing to a close and when he saw that his earthly days might be ended before the completion of the Temple—he called a chosen few, and conferred upon them the ordinances of the holy endowments, so that the divine treasures of his mind might not perish from the world with his death. Even bricks and stones are made sacred by such associations; and my mind has often dwelt upon this place with a feeling of sublime reverence.

An extension has been built upon it, wherein hogs are slaughtered in the killing season. The store proper is filled with barrels in which pork is salted and packed. The rooms which had once been the private offices of God's chosen messenger are occupied by a young man who covers hams with paper and canvass. This structure had once echoed the footsteps and the voices of men whose deeds and names are immortal. It was redolent with the air of divine whispers. Men came and listened to the words of the Almighty from the mouth of His beloved Prophet and carried away the grand message for the redemption of waiting thousands. To-day, alas! it gives back the hoarse cry of the slaughterer; its floors drip with gore; it has the odor of a charnel-house.

We went on our way in sad thought. We were in a fit frame of mind to visit the Nauvoo Mansion, associated with those solemn funeral recollections which will continue until death in the