

Correspondence.

PAROWAN, Dec. 22d, 1869.

Dear Brother Cannon:—On the 16th instant, we had a big visit from Black Hawk, his brother, Mountain, and quite a number of his band. Black Hawk and Mountain talked to the people in the meeting house in the evening, bro. Shelton, from Beaver, being the interpreter. Black Hawk made great declarations of friendship and said he wanted a big peace, a strong peace and a long peace. The day before his arrival, the Navajoes had made a raid on our horses, and a company of men were in pursuit. Black Hawk offered to go and bring the horses back, if we would furnish him and his men fresh horses to ride, but it was not seen fit to accept his generous offer. He told us to catch the Navajoes, if we could, when they came to steal, and not kill them, but talk to them and show that we do not desire to shed blood; send them back to their home and friends to tell what was said to them. This he said, would do far more good than killing them.—This is very good advice, but comes with rather a bad grace from such a quarter. He said that he wished to see the settlements on the Sevier River established again, and promised that they should not be disturbed by the Ute Indians.—Black Hawk's consumptive look and hollow cough indicate that he cannot last long.

His brother Mountain, a thoughtful and intelligent looking Indian, then addressed the meeting, and said that he had always told the Indians, when they wanted him to join their raids, that he would not go, for he had horses to ride, and when he wanted anything to eat he could kill deer and rabbits, and always advised the Indians to stay at home. The Indians present testified to the truth of what he said. He told them that they had stolen hundreds of cattle and horses, and they were poorer now than ever, and they always would be poor while they continued to steal.—Now they had no chief—they were all under ground, and they would all die, if they did not do better. He says he does not want to shed the blood of any body, but wants all to live till God wants them to die.

This Indian I believe to be no coward, has a great influence among the tribe, and will likely be the chief at Black Hawk's death. The people had to furnish them the usual amount of beef, biscuits and flour, and they went on their way rejoicing.

The general health of the settlement is good, things move on peaceably, as usual, with the exception of our Indian troubles. A great many of the brethren have been quite successful in securing their next year's bread and seed wheat, by laboring and trading in other settlements, and are preparing to farm extensively next season, and hope to make up the loss caused by the grasshoppers the past season.

For the past week, the weather has been very severe, freezing much harder than it has before for several years.

I remain, most respectfully yours,

W. C. MCGREGOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, Dec. 27, 1869.

Editor News,—Dear Sir:—Two letters written by me at Ogden, Dec. 2nd, were received in this city ten days after; one letter, written at Franklin, Cache county, on the 7th inst., reached here yesterday. This and another one, written at Paris, both bearing the Franklin post-mark, Dec. 8th, should have arrived here within three days of mailing, instead thereof, they were some twenty days coming about 110 miles, 50 of this by railroad.

The postmaster at Logan told me that the entire letter and paper mail due from this city Dec. 5th, had not reached its destination on the 22nd.

I am satisfied the blame does not rest, in these instances, with the post masters here, at Ogden, or at Franklin, but I fear the letters, &c., referred to, were not taken from the cars at Ogden and probably have had a ride either to the States East or West.

I regret this carelessness as it makes people feel bad, and would, in any other community, promote profanity, besides, it is difficult for men of business to "connect" when their communications are not regularly received and answered.

Respectfully, &c.,

A. MILTON MUSSER.

Provo, Dec. 25th, 1869.

Editor Deseret News:—Dear Brother—I have been retrospectively the period since the year '47. On the first Christ-

mas after we came to these valleys our greatest luxuries were the wild thistle and a little beef, well pounded in coming over the plains. Comparing those days with our present comforts, who cannot see that the hand of the Lord has been over us and that His voice has dictated every move of our leaders for the good of His people, and now in the year 1869 is it likely He will turn a deaf ear to his many faithful children? I think not.

As the labor of making farms, building cities and subduing the climate has been measurably overcome, the people are in a condition to give greater attention to the improvement of our schools. I am proud to say that we have a number of good schools in Provo, conducted by able and efficient teachers, who are performing a good work because they are of the true faith. This has not always been the case with us here.

I commenced teaching school in the days of the Prophet Joseph, in Nauvoo, and have always advocated the early instruction of children in correct principles—that children do not attend school simply to learn what is contained in their books, but they should also be taught good manners, morals, truth, integrity, and everything that is calculated to fit them for usefulness. Teachers should understand how to smoothe the way to the head through the heart, and if the heart be good all the other good qualities will manifest themselves if taught to them. Meekness is also a beautiful virtue of Christian modesty; in fact it is the most commendable.

This is a great age and we are all students in a great school, if we can only live according to the rules laid down and be diligent, the gain will be ours, and it will be well for us when our term is expired.

MRS. M. PATTERSON.

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. Bringham, 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 Biderman, 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. McCauley, 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 groggeries 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. Bringham joins me in love to you and all friends.

Your Brother,

W. H. RITER.

Upwards of one hundred and forty-two thousand emigrants reached the port of New York in 1856. To obtain an approximate idea of what the emigrants brought into the country in ready cash, the Commissioners of Emigration took particular pains that year to inquire of each one what amount of money he or she brought to the country. Many of them were unwilling to give the information sought; but it was ascertained that they had brought with them, in money, an average of sixty-eight dollars per head, amounting in the aggregate to about nine million, seven hundred thousand dollars.

The San Francisco Morning Call uses this information to show its readers that the right kinds of immigrants are of benefit to a State in more ways than one. Speaking of immigration to California it says:

"Probably ten thousand immigrants to this State would add a million of dollars—and might add several millions—to the permanent capital of the country, besides the far greater benefit they would be in the new wealth they would make by cultivation of the ground, manufactures and mining. Up to a certain point of population, an increase of it, of a self-sustaining character, is a benefit. It will probably be a good while before California's inhabitants will reach that degree of density. We have such a vast extent of territory, and are notwithstanding the railroad, so far from the great radiating human centres, that our increase from immigration must necessarily be rather slow. We need not, for many years, fear an overplus of valuable population."

The new lord mayor of London is a printer.

Died:

At Newton, Goshen Valley, Utah Co., November 17, 1869, Henry Lyman Cooke.

He was born July 8, 1808, in the town of Kingsbury, Washington Co., State of New York; obeyed the gospel in 1837, at Detroit; moved to Quincy at the time the Saints were driven out of Missouri; moved from there to Nauvoo, and from thence to Winter Quarters; was with the Saints in their last struggle in Nauvoo, and crossed the Plains in 1850. He leaves a wife and five children to mourn his loss.—Com.

At St. George, on the 6th of December, 1869, Henry David, son of Henry and Lois Horsly, aged 1 year and 11 months, lacking three days. Mill. Star please copy.

At her residence, in Tooele County, at 9 p.m. December 21st, 1869, Sister Ellenor Bryan, wife of Bro. George W. Bryan.

She died suddenly while sitting in her chair, apparently without a struggle, although for several years past she had not enjoyed the best of health, but up to the time of her death there was not any indications of sickness more than common, being cheerful, as usual, throughout the evening.

Sister Ellenor Bryan was the daughter of Thomas H. and Charlotte Clark, born in the parish of Bosbury, Herefordshire, England, January 21st, 1828; baptized by Elder W. Woodruff, in 1840. Previous to her baptism she was a member of the society known as the United Brethren; emigrated with her parents to Nauvoo, in 1841, at which place she lived, sharing the sufferings and joys of the Saints, until driven from her home west to Winter Quarters. Emigrated from there to Utah in 1849, bearing the fatigues of the journey and the difficulties and privations dependent upon the settlement of a new country, without murmuring or repining.

It can be truly said that she has lived the life of a Saint, and leaves behind her a large circle of friends, who mourn her loss.—Com. Mill. Star please copy.