

Correspondence.

The following letter to Bishop Edward Hunter, from Elder Joseph C. Rich, on a mission in the Eastern States, has been kindly furnished for publication by Bro. Hunter.

CARTHAGE, HANCOCK, COUNTY,
Illinois, Dec. 25th, 1869.

Bishop Edward Hunter.—Dear Brother: Having a few hours leisure while awaiting the arrival of the train for Springfield, I feel that the time cannot be better appropriated than writing to you, as I have visited several places once familiar to you. I have recently visited Galesburg, in this State, where I stayed a week with Mr. John F. Edgerton, a portrait painter, who spent the winter of '50 and '51 in Salt Lake City, and Mr. John T. Barnett, an old settler of Nauvoo. They were exceedingly kind and sociable, friendly towards our people and particularly inquired concerning your welfare. Galesburg has grown to be a place of considerable importance.

From Galesburg I went to Burlington, in Iowa, where I spent a week, stopping most of the time with J. Wilson Williams, formerly surveyor of Hancock County, and of the city of Nauvoo. He also was very kind and wished to be remembered to you. Near his place I visited Mr. Mathew Peck, a son of Bishop Peck, who, I ascertained, had renounced "Mormonism" and grafted himself into the Methodist church. They were very much opposed to polygamy and attacked me rough-shod on that subject before I had been in the house ten minutes. They were so pious that their faces hung down longer than mules and their righteous groans resembled the woeful lamentations of a Pi-ute squaw at the loss of her last "pappoose." As they expressed great faith in the scriptures I gave them a short essay on the polygamic history therein contained, but before I had proceeded far the lady informed her husband it was time to go to bed, (about 8 o'clock), and to prevent any further discussion on religious subjects they had breakfast ready by half past two the next morning, and I footed it five miles before day light to the railroad station. They were evidently determined I should not be too late for the train. From Burlington I came down the river to Montrose, stopping at the hotel kept by old sister Bowen, who could not do too much for the son-in-law of her old friend Bishop Hunter. She had a hundred questions to ask concerning yourself and family. She still continues strong in the "Salt Lake Mormon faith," notwithstanding the prevalence of Josephism in that vicinity.

The next day I crossed over to Nauvoo, experiencing some little trouble, as the river was almost blocked up with ice, which at times completely hemmed in our skiff. I went to the Mansion House for dinner, and there, as all the time I stayed in the city, I experienced feelings that I never felt before. I always have venerated the name of the Prophet, and the impressions made on my mind in reading the Church history have caused me to look upon Nauvoo and the places frequented by Joseph as almost holy ground. Judge then my feelings when I crossed the threshold of the Mansion House, where once the spirit of God seemed to animate even the very building itself. I stepped into the office where, perchance, angels once visited and there sat three men, two were playing checkers and the third, old Bidamon, the present husband of Emma, sat spitting tobacco on the stove. Pictures of the assassination of Lincoln and steamboat and railroad notices adorn the walls, while the furniture and general appearance of the room were old, unclean and decidedly shabby. Dinner was announced and I passed through the hall, once familiar to the Saints, into the kitchen. There I beheld for the first time that I can remember, Emma, the youthful wife of one of God's most honored prophets. I sat down at the table to eat, but my thoughts were on other times. Emma looks very old and broken; she never spoke while I was in the room only to give directions to the hired girl who waited on the table. While in conversation with Bidamon at the table, I stated, in answer to his questions, that I was from Salt Lake City, at the same time telling who I was. I looked over to where Emma was sitting, knowing that she was well acquainted with my parents. But she never raised her eyes or said a word while I remained there. I could not help thinking, "what a

change has come over that woman!" Now she is the wife of a man who, even among his friends, is reproached as everything vile.

The outside of the Mansion House looks even more dilapidated and forsaken than the inside. It does not seem that one improvement has been made since the prophet left it.

I next visited the Nauvoo House, which still stands as it did when the work on it ceased. It has the appearance of recent work in its masonry. The bricks are as good as the day they were made, and the finishing touch of the trowel indicates that it was done but yesterday. Old Bidamon claims to have purchased the property, and expects, in case of the removal of the Capitol here, that he will yet derive from it a handsome fortune.

The Masonic Hall still stands, but looks old. President Young's house remains in good repair and Bro. Kimball's as good as the day he left it.

I went all through your house, just below the Temple, now owned by a German. It stands as you left it, in splendid condition. The barn, though weather-beaten and old, is still good, and the "old oaken bucket still hangs in the well." I stood upon the spot where once stood the Temple of the Lord. "Not one stone is left upon another," a few fragments only remaining, while the cellar has been filled, and a vineyard now luxuriates where the Saints once attended to the ordinances for their dead. The Temple rock can be seen all over the city, converted into wine cellars and basements for stores, drinking saloons and residences. I took dinner with Doctor Wells, who also inquired about you. I visited the old "Mormon" graveyard—now a complete forest of oak and hickory. There is, probably, fifty tomb-stones standing. Among the number I found one to the memory of my sister. The fence around the graveyard is down and exposed. The ground was bought by the city in "Mormon" days from Wm. Marks, but no deed for it exists on record, and many of the old settlers here in Nauvoo are anxious that a deed should be made either to the present corporation or some responsible party that the "Mormons" might name, in order that the ground may be enclosed and held sacred from agricultural encroachments. At present it belongs to no one, and having a fine forest of timber therein the probability is that ere long some one will enclose it and forever obliterate its existence as a graveyard. Application has been made by Barnett, Chauncey, Robson and others to Marks for a quit claim deed to the property, in order that it might be taken care of, but he refuses to make one, although he has received his pay for the land from the old city of Nauvoo.

I stayed an hour or two with old Kreamer, who, flatfooted, asserts that you are an honest man. He is very friendly, and would walk forty miles to shake hands with you. Uncle Benny Riter is also your particular friend, and says he is not "troubled a 'damb bit' with the kind of divine grace they have in this country."

I visited your farm on the Carthage road: the house stands good but the barn and outbuildings show old age. The double ditch has been ploughed down and a young Osage orange hedge has taken its place. Cottonwood trees have grown up in the hollows and wet places east of the house, but otherwise it looks as you left it. The settlers in this county are generally of the opinion that land once occupied by the "Mormons," no matter as to the richness of the soil, has never seemed profitable to the owners since the Saints were driven away. They say the curse of God is visibly manifested in the earth's productions. I have told some of them that I wished to God it would refuse to produce even white beans, but I realize it would not do for me to judge these matters.

The old mob spirit has about died out and a general feeling of regret at the manner of treating the "Mormons" is very prevalent. Lawyer Morrill, in Nauvoo, says the mobocrats of this county, are nearly all dead and in hell, while the few that are remaining wish themselves there speedily. Old Tom Sharp is here, but persons have told me that he has not ventured out after dark for ten years for fear of being murdered.

I wish you would tell Heber John Richards that his mother lies buried in the south east corner of the square, where the old grave yard was, south of the Temple. Last summer, while an old Frenchman was making an excavation for a wine cellar he came upon the vault containing her remains. Everything was in splendid preservation, my informant stating that she had

not decayed one particle,—even the gloves on her hands being as clean and white as they were the day she was buried. She was removed to the above mentioned place, easily recognized, as the slab, upon which is engraved her name, birth, marriage and death, remains over the spot.

Nauvoo does not progress in improvements: while the whole country is going ahead it stands still. Palmer, one of the two men who fired the Temple, is now in the Fort Maddison penitentiary for life. The man that was president of Rigdon's Twelve apostles, Butterfield by name, fell down in the street the night I stayed in Montrose, and broke his neck. I subscribed twenty-five cents towards burying him. Dr. Bennett died in Iowa, a "vagabond on the earth." Carthage jail stands as it did when the prophet was murdered, but efforts are being made for the erection of a new building.

In the course of ten days I shall be in Kentucky, thence to Pennsylvania. I have not had a particle of news from Utah since I left, except what I have seen in the papers.

Kind love to all, as ever,
J. C. RICH.

"HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH" ON MODERATE DRINKING.

A "Merchant Prince" of New York—a portly six-footer, of great manly beauty, who never dined without his brandy and water, nor went to bed without a tarrapin or an oyster supper, and who was never known to be drunk, died of chronic diarrhoea—a common end of those who are never intoxicated and full of liquor. *Hall's Journal of Health* gives this account of his death.

Months before he died—he was a year in dying—he could eat nothing without distress, and at death the whole alimentary canal was a mass of disease. In the midst of his millions, he died of inanition. This is not half the readers. He had been a steady drinker, for twenty-eight years. Scrofula has been eating up one daughter for fifteen years; another is in the mad-house; the third and fourth were of unearthly beauty, but they blighted, and paled, and faded—into heaven, we trust—in their sweet teens; another is tottering on the verge of the grave, and only one is left with all the senses, and each of them is weak as water.

The same periodical instances another case, that should supplement the one just given.

A gentleman of thirty-five was sitting on a chair, with no special critical symptoms present; still he was known as a "dissipated young man." He rose, ran fifty feet, fell down and died. The whole covering of the brain was thickened, its cavities were filled with a fluid that did not belong to it, enough to kill half a dozen men with apoplexy; a great portion of one lung was in a state of gangrene, and nearly all the other was hardened and useless; blood and yellow matter plastered the inner covering of the lungs, while angry red patches of destructive inflammation were scattered along the whole alimentary canal. Why, there was enough of death in that one man's body to have killed forty men. The doctor who talks about guzzling liquor every day being "healthy," is a perfect disgrace to the medical name, and ought to break rock for the term of his natural life, at a shilling a day, and find himself.

LOCAL AND OTHER MATTERS.

FROM FRIDAY'S DAILY

CALLED.—Brother Claudius V. Spencer called in this afternoon. He reached this city early last Monday morning, after a short mission in the East, chiefly in Massachusetts, where he did considerable preaching. He met, generally, with a kind reception from the people among whom he traveled, but beyond mere curiosity they manifest the greatest indifference in relation to religious matters, and are, emphatically and practically, infidel, both priests and people, to God and religion.

A gentleman to whom Bro. Spencer feels under special obligation for courtesies and favors extended, is James Harding, Esq., editor of the *Eagle*, Pittsfield, Mass. Unlike many of the editorial profession, when dealing with "Mormons" or "Mormonism," he manifested no party or sectarian prejudice, and showed himself to be a truly liberal-minded gentleman.

FROM THE ELDERS.—Elder Preston Thomas writes from Shuqualak, Noxubee Co. Miss., on the 26th ult. He had been on a preaching tour through Alabama, traveling alone, and had been treated invariably with kindness by the people. He intended to stay for some time at Shuqualak, and requests his friends to direct their communications to that point.

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Elder Albert Merrill, writing to President Geo. A. Smith, from Bridgeport, Conn., on the 29th ult. says he has preached at Norwalk, also in New York and Brooklyn, but his success, so far as additions to the church is concerned, has been moderate, the people, generally, manifesting little interest in anything except dollars.

A great many are engrossed with spiritualism, and upon such the scriptures have little weight. The woman's rights movement is effecting a great change in the character of the sex; as a general thing they are fast, bold and forward instead of modest and gentle, as formerly.

Polygamy is very repugnant, many of the strong minded of the sex declaring that they would rather be independent courtizans than enter the plural marriage state.

Bro. Merrill and his son had been treated with hospitality and kindness, but had sometimes to hear hard things said about the doctrines and leaders of the Church.

Bro. J. D. M. Crockwell writes, on the 30th ult., from Galesburg, Ill. He has not done much preaching, in public, since he left Nebraska, but any amount of it privately, among the doctors, lawyers, merchants, insurance men and occasionally to private families. He has met with a kind reception, generally, and were it not for lies in the papers, he would be inclined to believe that he belonged to a very popular church.

The Doctor longs to see his home in the Rocky Mountains again; he has had quite enough of the East. He has dwelt for sometime in Chicago, and has involuntarily drawn a contrast between the immorality and dissipation of that city, with its 40,000 prostitutes and its annual quota of 20,000 infanticides and embriocides, and the quiet, morality and peace of Utah, where houses of ill fame and infanticide and feticide are unknown.

The testimony of Bro. Crockwell is the same as that borne by all the brethren who have written to us from their fields of labor in the East. They are kindly treated, the message they bear—life and salvation to the people—is treated with indifference, and, without an exception, they long to participate again in the peace and quietude which prevail among the Saints.

ARRIVALS IN LIVERPOOL.—The *Millennial Star* of the 15th ult., says:

Elder Stephen Taylor arrived from Salt Lake City, per steamship *City of New York*, Dec. 12, on a mission to this country. He left New York Nov. 30.

Elder Peter Olsen arrived at the same time, on a visit to Scandinavia.

FROM MONDAY'S DAILY.

DANGER OF ACCIDENTS.—Parents should exercise far more than ordinary vigilance over their children from now until after the laying of the last rail on Monday. A great many of our children, having never seen a railway train, are naturally anxious to do so, and we are assured that multitudes of children are crowding the locality of the depot, rendering the chances of accident imminent. Hence the necessity of increased care on the part of parents.

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS.—Two men, who had lost their way while looking for their mules, on the desert, in Nye County, Nevada, were recently rescued, after having been five days without food and water. Information given by an Indian led to their discovery and rescue. So says an Austin dispatch in the *Gold Hill News* of the 4th instant.

THE CALENDER.—A copy of the *DESERET NEWS* Calender, for 1870, will be furnished, gratis, to each of our subscribers with today's issue.

PHONOGRAPHIC CLASSES.—Bro. Sloan will commence his Phonographic classes in the 14th Ward School House on Tuesday evening, and in the 20th Ward School House on Thursday evening, at half-past six o'clock. Students should be punctual in their attendance, for missing the first lesson would delay the whole class. We cannot too strongly recommend our young people to join these classes.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENON.—The *Territorial Enterprise*, of the 29th ult., says: "We are informed by parties who saw the strange sight that at the time of the first heavy earthquake shock in this city, last Sunday evening, there appeared just above the western horizon three bright lights, presenting the appearance of large stars, each furnished with a tail about a foot in length, with all the tails pointing southward. In two or three minutes the stars, tails and all, merged into one body, with a veil of haze overspreading it. The glowing globe of fire thus shrouded is said to have presented a very beautiful appearance. It moved off in a northwesterly direction and in a few minutes passed away. This strange sight was observed by quite a number of persons in the city. Whether it had anything to do with the earthquake business of the evening and night we are not prepared to say."

REQUESTED TO CALL.—Emily Cooley, or Cowley, mother of Myron R. Cooley, deceased, is requested to call at President Young's office, where she will hear of something to her advantage.