

A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST.

Incidents of the Nauvoo Troubles—
Major Bidamon Tells an
Interesting Story.

NAUVOO, Hancock Co., Ill.,
Oct. 7, 1888.

Editor Deseret News:

The more we see of Nauvoo the better we like its beautiful site and admire the taste of the Prophet and his brethren when they selected this spot for a gathering place of the Saints. Of all the places we have seen on the Mississippi River, none, in our estimation, equals this for the location of a great city, and it is an easy matter for our imagination to conceive how magnificent was the view when the beautiful stretch of land between Joseph's mansion, near the river, and the heights where the Temple reared its lofty spire heavenward, was covered with the neat habitations and lovely gardens of the Saints. Even now in its neglected state, when the site is covered with farms, vineyards and orchards and weeds are contending with pedestrians and vehicles for the possession of the streets and sidewalks, the place has great attractions. What a wonderful change would be brought about in a few years, were a community of Saints, possessing the industrial and stirring habits characteristic of such, to take possession here! And the present population seem to be fully aware of this. In our ramble through town we have met a number of men, and some of them prominent, who have expressed great desires for the Saints to return. "It was," said they, "a great mistake to drive the Mormons away from Illinois. Ever since they left, Nauvoo has been but a poor shadow of its former self, and all our efforts to rebuild the place and increase our population have been in vain. We sincerely wish the Mormons would return. They would now be received with open arms." Such seems to have been the change of sentiment, that a few years ago a petition was formulated, signed by nearly the entire population of Nauvoo, and addressed to Joseph Smith, asking him to make Nauvoo his headquarters. He saw fit, however, to locate at Lamoni, Iowa. Whether the Saints in Utah would be equally welcome is an open question.

We have since our arrival here met and conversed with a number of the leading men of the town, who without exception have treated us with much courtesy and respect, and seem to be greatly interested in our people. Among those we will make special mention of our host, Major L. C. Bidamon, husband of the late Emma Smith (widow of the Prophet Joseph). He is a remarkably well preserved man, now nearly 83 years old, and withal sociable and agreeable in his manners; being somewhat inclined to be witty. We asked him a number of questions in regard to his experience among the Saints in the time of the troubles in 1846, which he answered in a straight forward manner, and at times spoke with considerable emotion. His narrative ran as follows:

I am a Virginian by birth, removed to Ohio with my parents when a boy, and there married but lost my wife by death, and subsequently removed to Canton, Ohio. When I first arrived in Nauvoo in April, 1846, I found the city menaced by a wicked mob, who, notwithstanding the majority of the "Mormons" had already gone into the wilderness, were relentless in their persecutions of the few who remained behind. I was soon convinced that the "Mormons" were a much abused people, and as I have always felt inclined to stand up for justice and right at all times and under all circumstances, it was not long before my sympathies were with the Saints. I watched the doings of the mob with a keen eye, and felt indignant when I witnessed how illegal and vexatious lawsuits were gotten up, based upon trumped-up charges, for the purpose of dragging defendants twenty or thirty miles into out of the way places in order to waylay them and often for the purpose of whipping and murdering them. And when they in some instances, refused to go, knowing the object was to kill them, the mobbers set up a great hue and cry that the Mormons disobeyed the law. I was finally appointed a trustee on the part of the "New Citizens" to negotiate with the mobbers for peace and was also sent to Governor Ford to lay our grievances before that official. At first he refused to listen to me, saying that he would not spend another dollar in the interest of Hancock County, having already had so much trouble with the people there. I knew, however, that our cause was just, and becoming indignant at the governor's actions, I threatened that if he would not do his duty in the matter, I would appeal to the President of the United States. Seeing that I was in earnest, he at last listened to what I had to say and agreed to send Major Parker with me back to Nauvoo with a posse of twelve men, which were to serve as a guard to protect those upon whom writs might be served in the future. The mob, however, would not recognize Parker's authority, and swore by all the devils and saints they could think of that they would do as they pleased and did not care for the Governor nor anybody else, and not even Jesus Christ, if he would dare to say a good word for the "Mormons."

Some time afterwards I was sent to Springfield a second time to see the

Governor. I started down the river in a small rowboat, and the mobbers learning of my departure started in pursuit, crossed the river from Warsaw, and surrounded the house in which I had intended to stop for the night, at Churchville (near Alexandria, Mo.) There were twelve or fifteen of them. They came in and asked me how I would like to go with them to Mr. Brockman's camp. I answered that I should not like it at all, as I was fully aware that his men were not favorably disposed toward me. "But by God," says they, "you will go," and they made a move as if they wanted to take me by force. Quick as thought I had my hand on my pistol, which in the next instant I held cocked in their faces, while I hallooed out, "Stand back, there, or I will blow daylight through you." The way these mobbers made for the door and scattered in all directions was a caution. Ordering my two men whom I had engaged to row me down the river to get the boat ready, I retreated with pistol in hand, got in the boat, pulled to the middle of the stream where the balls of the mobbers could not reach us, and arrived at Quincy in safety. From the latter place I continued the journey by stage for Springfield. While stopping at Mount Sterling a few hours, I was surrounded by the inhabitants who were very curious to know all about the situation at Nauvoo. I made such explanations as I thought proper, and after I was through, a hard looking individual, with dark features, came up to me and said he was a captain in Singleton's militia, and was going to Nauvoo the next day. All at once it came to me that I should play the mobbers a trick, in order to avert the immediate danger which threatened Nauvoo, and keep the mob off until I had seen the governor. I asked the fellow if he would carry a letter for me to my brother in Nauvoo. He said he would on conditions that I would let him know the contents of it. This I agreed to do. I then wrote a few lines, in which I pretended to advise the citizens of Nauvoo to refrain from shedding blood, if possible; "for," wrote I, "it would be an easy matter for you with your hell-acres and hell half-acres to destroy the whole mob force at once."

"What do you mean by hell-acres and hell half-acres?" demanded my man.

"Oh, I don't like to tell you that," said I. Then by God, ejaculated he, "I will not carry your letter."

"Very well," said I, "provided you can keep a secret, I will explain to you." He thought he could, and I then proceeded to tell him that every approach to Nauvoo was undermined and large quantities of powder deposited in such a manner that by the pulling of certain wires, mechanically arranged, it could be exploded at will. Of course there was not a word of truth in that, but he drank it all in and went immediately to the mob camp, where the letter was read. It had the desired effect. The mob, although quite strong enough to have taken Nauvoo at once, concluded to wait for reinforcements which gave me time to return from my visit to the governor, before the final attack was made.

"The governor returned me with orders to Major Flood of Quincy for him to proceed to Nauvoo and assist in adjusting the difficulties between the "Mormons" and the mob. That gentleman was at first unwilling to go, but finally concluded to do so, taking with him a number of other leading men of Quincy. When we arrived at Montrose, we could distinctly hear the cannonading on the prairie east of Nauvoo, and having crossed the river, I sent the Quincy delegation in my carriage out to the mob camp. These gentlemen tried their best to establish peace between the fighting parties, but all in vain; all they succeeded in doing was that they induced the mob to promise to cease hostilities until the next day. As the delegation was returning to Nauvoo several shots were fired after them. I happened to pick up a spent ball, which I presented to Mr. Wood, saying that here was a compliment from the belaguerers. At seeing this, Mr. Wood became so indignant that he jumped to his feet, exclaimed, "Give me a gun, and I will stand by you and see it all through." In all my intercourse with people—and I have dealt even with heatbents—I have never, in all my life, seen such infamy among mankind. I advised Mr. Wood to keep at a safe distance and witness what was going on, that he might live to testify of our doings, for we all expected to fight till the last. Mr. Wood, who was a wealthy man, subsequently showed great kindness in a substantial manner toward the afflicted Saints, by sending up large quantities of provisions, partly of his own stock, and partly such as he had influenced others to give.

"Previous to this I, together with a few other men, was sent to the mob camp at Green Plains with a view to bringing about a compromise. On that occasion it became my lot to deliver a speech in defence of the "Mormons." Now, I am not a very religious man, and not at all superstitious; in fact, I am inclined to be rather skeptic, but I believe I was inspired on that occasion to portray the condition of the people in Nauvoo, and to plead in behalf of suffering innocence, for even the feelings of the hardened mobocrat William seemed to be touched as he listened to me; as I plainly saw tears coursing their way down his guilty cheeks. I told them that the remnants of the "Mormons" were making pre-

parations to get away as fast as possible, and all they asked for was a little more time in which to dispose of their property and raise means for their journey. And furthermore that some of the heads of families were in the service of the United States, marching toward Mexico, and their families could not conveniently be moved until these soldiers had drawn their pay. I was apparently making a good impression upon the mobbers, when Thomas C. Sharp, the notorious editor of the Warsaw Signal, interrupted me and told me that the war was between the "Mormons" and the old citizens, and that I had no right to interfere, and further that if we, whom they designated Jack Mormons, did not stand aloof, we should share the same fate as the "Mormons." When I alluded to the sufferings of the women and children, he burst out in terrible rage, saying, after uttering a fearful oath, "Drive the women into the river and throw their damned young ones in after them."

"It was finally agreed that we should meet at Warsaw the following day and make another attempt at compromise. Here I was asked by Mr. Williams to sign a document to the effect that we would see all the "Mormons" out of Nauvoo within a reasonable time. This I emphatically refused to do, and said that I would see him in bet a thousand fathoms deep before I would put my signature to such a paper. At last I became disgusted with him that I invited him to come out into the street for five minutes, and we would then and there settle the matter at once so far as we two were concerned. But he refused to engage in that kind of experience.

"When I think of the doings of those fellows, even at this late day, it makes my blood boil within; it was a shame, gentlemen, a burning shame, the way your people were treated at that time."

"I returned from Warsaw without affecting any compromise, and our next move was to defend ourselves the best we could. We turned the steamboat shafts into cannon, repaired our small arms manufactured ammunition, and were determined to sell our lives as dear as possible. The famous battle of Nauvoo is a matter of history. I fought by the side of the gallant Captain Anderson, who fell as one of the noble defenders of human rights, but at last we were forced to capitulate, and so increased were the mobbers at the active part I had taken in the defense, that they put me and two others on the death list, threatening to kill us at sight. To avert their murderous intent, I absented myself from Nauvoo for a few months, and did not return until February, 1847. During my absence the robbers plundered my house, the one I had bought of President Young, carrying away and destroying everything they could get a hold of, including my stock of wagons and house furniture, which were never returned to me, save some of the carpets which I had purchased of the Temple committee. When Governor Ford, in his history of Illinois, says that he was not posted in regard to the crimes enacted by the mob in Nauvoo at that time, he tells a wicked lie, for I visited him twice himself and told him all about it; and I also know that he was duly informed by others.

"In regard to Joseph Smith, candor compels me to say that he was a noble man, yes, a noble man, indeed. I never met his equal in all my life, and I only saw him once, but that occasion I shall never forget. A certain phrenologist had invited me to accompany him to Nauvoo to pay Joseph a visit, the professor desiring to make an examination of his head. We found Joseph walking in the garden; he received us kindly and soon invited us into the house, where I had a two hours conversation with him. His manners, movements and whole deportment made a deep and lasting impression upon me, and convinced me that he was not the impostor and wicked man he had been represented by his enemies to be; to me he appeared to be a good, honest and noble-hearted man, and from all I have ever learned about him since, I have not had occasion to change my opinion about him."

In answer to our further inquiry, the major described the Prophet as a very good looking man, with light complexion and light brown hair. He was strongly built and well proportioned, was about six feet high and weighed 200 pounds.

ANDREW JENSON,
EDWARD STEVENSON,
JOSEPH S. BLACK.

From Grass Valley.

Mr. Volney King, of Marion Ward, Pankutich Stake, is in the city on business. His home is in Grass Valley, near the line between Platte and Garfield counties, a portion of the Marion Ward being in each county. He reports the people in that part of the county as in a prosperous condition. Fine crops of wheat, oats, etc., have been raised this year. The root crop has also been good. The soil is excellent, and small grains yield largely. From its altitude Grass Valley has cold winters, though the snow does not lie very deep. In the mountains, however, the fall is heavy. It is a good stock country, and cattle and horses winter well on the south sides of the mountains. Grass and water are plentiful. There is considerable stock in that section, and of cattle, Holsteins are being largely bred. Among horses, the Normau has been

bred for some years, and more recently the Hambletonian has been introduced and there are now some fine representatives of that breed.

A new schoolhouse has just been completed in Marion Ward. In this and other districts in the valley, through the people are scattered, yet the school facilities are very good, and there is in that part of the Territory a good foundation for a thriving and energetic community.

News Notes.

A report from Hornell's ranch on Snake River, Wyoming, says that two trappers, one named Adams and the other known as Dutche, were lynched there last week. Their offense was burning the cabin of an old man named Finley, who had informed on them for killing game contrary to law.

Prescott, A. T., Oct. 17.—Walter J. Murphy, who was shot at Jerome, yesterday, by Wm. Harper, died early this morning, and his body was brought near Jerome and lodged in jail. The only reason for the act given by Harper was that he was crazy drunk at the time. He is now very penitent. The feeling is very bitter against him.

Portland, October 17.—News has been received that Joseph Rogers, an old-time switchman and yardmaster, was found in the river at Wallina Junction, W. T. His hat and coat were on the bank and his feet securely tied. Mr. Rogers was addicted to drinking and it is presumed that while in a state of inebriation he concluded he was better dead than alive.

Four indictments have been found against C. Matthews, one of the men arrested by the Union Pacific Company, charged with robbing freight cars. He was released on bail for \$1,000 in one case and on his own recognizance in the other three. Ed. Filshury has two indictments pending against him and furnished bail in one case for \$505, and was released on his own recognizance in the other. The amount of stuff taken has been estimated at \$20,000 in value. The missing articles have been taken between Evanston and Cheyenne.—*Rawlins Journal*.

Oroville, Cal., Oct. 15.—John and Wm. Schneider, uncle and nephew, were out hunting yesterday near Magalia. William thought he saw a deer in the bushes some distance away. He fired, but the supposed deer did not fall. He fired again, but missed his shot. He raised his gun a third time, and to get a better aim moved a little to one side. He had drawn a dead head on the supposed deer, and had his finger on the trigger, when he discovered that he was shooting at his uncle. He threw the muzzle of his gun up a little as it shot off or the man would have been instantly killed. The first shot had inflicted a severe wound, but the elder man declares he did not feel it at the moment and kept quiet, thinking his nephew was shooting at a deer.

Carson, (Nev.), October 17.—Last evening Fred. Fellows entered his father's house and there found Hettie Fellows, his sister, lying dead on the floor with a pistol bullet through her heart. It was a case of suicide. The girl was but 15 years old, and for several days past had been threatening to kill herself, but no one paid any attention to her. No cause is ascribed for the act, except that she was high-tempered and had been reproved by her parents. The ball after passing through her body pierced the side of the house and was found imbedded in the fence. There was another ball found in the ceiling. Two shots were heard about 2 o'clock in the afternoon by the neighbors, but no attention was paid to them. Sae was the daughter of Worson Fellows, a carpenter. A jury found a verdict of suicide.

Prescott (A. T.), Oct. 15.—William Gould, one of the Graham party, engaged in the Pleasant Valley vendetta last year, against whom there were two indictments for murder, brought in the district court, and who has managed to evade the officers for many months, has been arrested. Just before dark Saturday he rode into town by the back streets, with a Winchester strapped to his saddle and one pistol in his belt. He hitched his horse in an out-of-the-way place and, proceeding to one of the numerous stores where ammunition is kept, laid in a full supply of cartridges. Going to his horse he was observed by Deputy Sheriff Hickley, who placed him under arrest. His description about answers that of the man who held up a stage between Prescott and Jerome ten days ago. He was very reticent when placed in a cell of the county jail and would give no account of his whereabouts for the last ten months, since the indictments have been pending against him.

Socorro, N. M., Oct. 16.—A special dispatch to the Socorro Times today from Carthage, a coal mining centre in this county, gives the particulars of a terrible fatal encounter which occurred in that city last night. Frederick Heron, a desperado, and Saladina Chavez, a Mexican, became involved in a quarrel. Heron drew a large knife and stabbed Chavez in the neck completely severing the jugular vein, death resulting in a few moments. Heron, after completing his terrible work, attempted to make his escape, but was overtaken by friends of the murdered

man, who, it seems, was very popular, and beaten until he sustained fatal injuries. Intense excitement prevails in the community today. Sheriff Cook, of this city, was dispatched to the scene of the fracas. More trouble is expected. Heron was a fugitive from justice, and was wanted at Flagstaff, A. T., to answer the charge of murder.

OBITUARY.

CARTER.—Elder William F. Carter, an old veteran in the Church, departed this life on Wednesday, Oct. 11th, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the residence of his daughter, Arietta Chatwin, of Santaquin, Utah County. His death was caused by a general decline, consequent upon old age.

He and family suffered severely in the Nauvoo expulsion. Deceased performed considerable missionary labor. His most noted mission was to the East Indies in 1832, thence he carried the Book of Mormon round the globe. He leaves 35 children upwards of 260 grandchildren, and several great grandchildren to mourn his departure. He went to rest peacefully, in full fellowship, testifying to the last his great faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Funeral services were held in the Santaquin schoolhouse. Words of comfort and instruction to the relatives and friends were spoken by Bishop George Halliday, Counselor Eli Openshaw and Elders Levi Openshaw and Wm. Chatwin.—[COM.]

DEATHS.

SADERUP.—In this city, Thursday, Oct. 18, 1888, Agnes Paulina, daughter of and Dortha Saderup; born June 9, 1836.

DUDLEY.—In Salt Lake City, October 18, 1888, Mary Dudley; born in Canada, March, 1816.

BROWN.—In the Fifteenth Ward this city, October 22, 1888, of old age and paralysis, Joseph Brown. He was born December 2, 1804, in Manassquan, New Jersey.

PODLECH.—At the White House, in this city, at 9:30 last evening, of a severe cold, followed by paralysis of the heart, Augustus Podlech, aged 55 years. Notice of funeral hereafter.

SILVER.—At the residence of the parents, No. 633 north First West Street, Saturday, October 20, 1888, of scarlet fever, Gertrude, daughter of Joseph A. and Ellen Watson Silver; aged 3 years and 3 months.

TURNER.—At Cheltenham, August 11, 1888, of consumption, Eliza Jane, eldest daughter of Frederick S. and Charlotte Turner. She died as she had lived, a Latter-day Saint; and was buried in Cheltenham cemetery. The funeral services were conducted by President S. A. Blair.—*Millennial Star*.

BAYTON.—At Abersychan, Monmouthshire, April 2, 1888, Mary Ann, daughter of George and Sarah Bayton. Born August 4, 1839.—*Millennial Star*.

CARTER.—At Lamer-road, Nottingham, London, W., September 5, 1888, of spinal affection, Henry Clarke, aged 47 years. He was a faithful member of the Church, of the Whitechapel branch, for many years, and died in full faith. He has left a wife and family to mourn his loss.—*Millennial Star*.

POMEROY.—In Mesa City, Arizona, October 8th, 1888, of typhoid fever, Henry A. son of F. M. and Jessie H. Pomeroy; aged 22 years.

MCLELLAND.—In this city, October 16th, 1888, Otto Morton, son of Edward and Eva Morton McLelland, aged 20 months and 4 days.

JONES.—In the Fourteenth Ward, this city, on the 14th instant, of inflammation of the bowels, Percy Elliott, infant son of B. F. and Mary Little Jones.

BARNES.—In the Nineteenth Ward of this city, October 16, 1888, of dropsy of the heart Sarah Barnes, wife of Matthew Barnes; born May 27, 1821, in Macclesfield, Cheshire, England; joined the Church in England, and came to Utah in 1859; she leaves a husband and one son and numerous friends to mourn her loss. She died in full fellowship in the Church.

Millennial Star, please copy.

REESE.—Thomas J. Reese departed this life on Sunday morning, October 14th, at 1 o'clock, of old age, in the home of his daughter, Pleasant Valley, Emery County. He expressed himself to the effect that he would leave the family on that date. Deceased was born in Northern Tydvi, South Wales, on the 13th of September, 1812; being aged 76 years and 26 days, and was baptized in that branch in 1847, by Elder John Christians. He emigrated from Treorly to Utah in September, 1882, arriving at Pleasant Valley the same month. Last July he was in Mantle Temple and worked for himself and friends. Deceased leaves three brothers, a son and daughter, and six grandchildren and a large circle of friends to mourn his departure.—[COM.]

Millennial Star and *Manti Sentinel* please copy.

ALLRED.—In Spring City, Sanpete County, Utah, October 13th, 1888, Margaret, wife of James Tillman Sanford Allred, aged 67 years, 8 months and 20 days. Baptized in Herefordshire, England, and emigrated to Utah in 1833. She lived a consistent Latter-day Saint and died in full faith of a glorious resurrection. Her days were shortened by being taken to Provo before the grand jury in the dead of winter, and then again this fall, and in her weak state she succumbed within one week after her return home.—[COM.]

ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION:

One gray old HORSE, lame on left hind leg, branded R on left shoulder.

If damage and costs on said animal be not paid within 10 days from date of this notice, will be sold to the highest cash bidder at Sandy Precinct, at 10 o'clock a. m. on the 3d day of November, 1888.

Dated at Sandy Precinct, Salt Lake Co. Utah, this 29th day of October, 1888.

NELSON M. NELSON,
Roundkeeper of said Precinct.