REMINISCENCES OF THE CONQUEST.

[The following paper was written by General Bidwell many years ago, in an entirely informal and impromptu manner, for the use of Dr. S. H. Willey, who was gathering material for a study of the conquest of California. It contains his estimate of the situation of affairs at the outbreak of hostilities, written before any of the standard histories were issued, and has therefore the value, impossible in any late statement, of being his entirely fresh and independent understanding of the matters spoken of, unaffected by the comparison of notes now possible. General Bidwell intended what he wrote merely as rough notes, which he expected Doctor Willey to revise and sift; but it would lose so much of its value as an original document, as well as of its impromptu force of statement, if revised, that no effort has been made to reduce it to more studied literary form, and the "repetitions" the writer speaks of, have been left to carry their own emphasis. He says in closing:

"Through many interruptions I have attempted to explain the beginning of the war. But I regret that it is out of my power to transcribe and condense. In answering to the clauses as numbered, I find I have been guilty of frequent repetition. Could I have seen you for a day or even less time, I could have told you much more and much better than I have written. . . . Writing is not my forte. Otherwise I should have corrected many things I have seen in print relating to the early history of California.

The existence of this manuscript of General Bidwell's has been known; it has been passed from hand to hand somewhat, and has through private perusal affected at least one of the recent histories of the conquest (see Royce's California, pp. 99-102, 121); but except for a few quoted paragraphs, it has never before been given to the public.

It was written in the form of a commentary upon an account written by Henry L. Ford for Doctor Willey: the "clauses as numbered," referred to above, are the clauses of Ford's statement or rather of a condensed summary of them. The original of this statement from Ford, Mr. Bancroft obtained from Doctor Willey, and it is one of his authorities for the history of the episode; but though he had later papers from General Bidwell, this original version was not in his hands.—Ed.]

HENRY L. FORD I knew very well—saw him for the first time at Sutter's Fort in 1844. I cannot now recall how or when he first came to California. My impression is that he came by water,—also that it was later than 1842; but in
A GIRL'S LETTERS FROM NAUVOO.

CITY OF NAUVOO, Jan. 3, 1843.

As I write Nauvoo I look at the word with perfect amazement, and almost doubt my own senses when I find myself an inhabitant of this city of fanatics, for never did I expect to see the place, far less to indite letters to my dear parents from it. I think nothing henceforth will disturb my equanimity, not even to send letters from the Pacific shore or Polar seas. But here we are, brother, Elizabeth, and myself, getting comfortably settled for the winter. Brother, who came here late in November, wrote to us in December to "take a mild, pleasant day and come up"; that he had engaged a house and was expecting the furniture (shipped two weeks before), and all things would be in readiness for us; so we zealously applied ourselves for the journey, and with the assistance of Mrs. D. and Mrs. G. (Quincy House friends), we made four large comforters, and were ready to leave Quincy Thursday, December 22nd.

The weather had been mild for several days, with rain. Wednesday night the wind changed, and in the morning we were surprised to hear that the thermometer was five degrees below zero, with a stiff northwest wind. Our friends tried to dissuade us from starting until the weather moderated, but the stage leaves but twice a week, and we had written to brother that we should be there that week. While we were equipping ourselves for a ride on the cold prairie, we held quite a levee,—so many came to say goodbye, and all said, "You can't wrap up too much." I wish you could have seen us! I can't say how I looked, but E. looked more like a bale of cotton than anything else I can compare her to; for besides cloaks, shawls, and hood, she had stuffed around her three pounds of batting, two comforters, and a buffalo robe. After we were well packed and ready to start, Mr. Randolph brought out and insisted on my wearing his buffalo moccasins.

When the stage was announced, we took an affectionate leave of friends to whom we had become dearly attached, and whom we regretted parting from. Mr. Denman with other gentlemen attended us to the stage. The driver looked at us, and at our three trunks, and then at us again, seeming to say, "There is only room for one," though there were no other passengers. After a while he said he could pack us both if we would leave our largest trunks until the next trip, which we unhesitatingly decided to do, (and although it is now a fortnight we have not yet seen them). With the best wishes of Quincy friends we bid adieu to that delightful place, where two months had passed so quickly and pleasantly.

Our stage much resembled an Eastern butcher's wagon, and we soon ascertained that the curtains on the sides were destitute of fastenings, for they flapped up and down, to and fro, admitting a bracing circulation of air at every gust, which seemed to come direct from Arctic regions. The driver, who occupied the seat before us, told us we must on no account stop talking, "for," says he, "people freeze to death on these prairies before they know it," and he seemed to be determined not to freeze, for when not talking to us, he talked to his horses. He related to us several instances of lone travelers getting lost on these wide, fenceless, treeless plains, wandering round and round in a circle, and afterwards found frozen to death. We thought these cautions needless, for we were prepared to withstand the cold of Lapland.
The recent rains and sudden freeze made the roads rough and icy. We dined at Bear Creek. It was some time before the landlord could ascertain whether it was wild animals or passengers he was politely assisting from the stage, but when he found we did indeed have human faces, he said he knew we were Yankees, for Suckers never thought of wrapping up; and while at dinner, like everybody else, he saw my resemblance to brother, and asked me if I was not a sister to a Mr. Haven who dined there six weeks before.

At five P.M. we arrived at Warsaw, a small village thirty miles from Quincy. The tavern where we tarried is situated near the bank of the river, beneath the bluff, over which the road is very steep and icy. Our horses, in descending, became frightened at some object, and the driver lost control over them; so down, down they rushed, and over the bank of the river, when suddenly they were twisted around and the stage careened. We were very much frightened, but did not realize our full danger till we alighted on the ice. Mr. Hamilton told us that he was standing on the tavern porch, saw us coming down, ran to the river, seized the horses and broke them from the traces, and that if it had not been for him we should never have seen daylight again, for in an instant more we should have plunged into the river, which was open only a few rods from the shore, where it never freezes on account of the rapid current from the Des Moines rapids. Mr. H. will ever have our heartfelt gratitude for his timely assistance. I shudder, even now, when I think of it.

I left moccasins and extra wraps in the sleigh, so was quite light, while E. was so encumbered that Mr. H. had fairly to drug her up the bank to the tavern. You may judge of her astonishment as she entered, to see all her furniture in the hall that she supposed was in Nauvoo a month ago! It seems, while the boat on which it was sent was detained at Warsaw, the river above the rapids froze, so it was sent no farther.

At an early hour next morning we continued our journey in a more commodious stage, with the addition of another passenger, a Mormon girl about my age, and we thought the words of our host at Bear Creek about "wrapping up" were verified, for her dress was better calculated for midsummer than Christmas. It was a calico dress, thin cotton shawl, sun bonnet, and india-rubber shoes (no others). We offered her, and with much urging made her accept, a comforter and robe.

At eleven o'clock we came in full sight of the City of the Saints, and were charmed with the view. We were five miles from it, and from our point of vision it seemed to be situated on a high hill, and to have a dense population; but on our approach and while passing slowly through the principal streets, we thought that our vision had been magnified, or distance lent enchantment, for such a collection of miserable houses and hovels I could not have believed existed in one place. Oh, I thought, how much real poverty must dwell here! Suddenly we missed our traveling companion,—on looking back we beheld her sprawling on the ground, having sprung from the stage as it passed her house.

As we neared our little white cottage with green blinds, we saw, coming very fast across a vacant lot, a strange looking man, making eager gesticulations. He seemed to be covered with snowflakes, and a woman was following close behind. In a moment we recognized brother, and saw that the snowflakes were feathers. "Oh, Henderson!" we both exclaimed; "have the Mormons already treated you with a coat of tar and feathers?"

"No," he laughingly replied. He and the woman, Mrs. Conklins, were having some feather beds filled for us, and seeing the stage, without regard to appearances, hastened to greet us.
A Girl’s Letters from Nauvoo. [Dec.

The stage left us at the kitchen door. The introduction to this room was discouraging enough — full of smoke from a fire just kindled in the fire-place, no furniture except a red chest and a box of crockery, upon which was extended a half venison, flanked by a basket of vegetables, and sundry parcels of groceries. The only redeeming appendage was a forlorn old bachelor, who stood with his back to the fire and hands crossed before him. Brother introduced him to us as Judge Emmons, adding that he had just engaged to “eat him,” — a Western term used for board without lodging. We glanced into the other rooms,—a large box stove in what is parlor and dining room, a bedstead without bedding in the bedroom,—that was all.

Judge Emmons with three other bachelors had been keeping house in the neighborhood; but their landlord, about to be married, wanted the house, so two of the gentlemen left the city, and brother, as I have said, out of pity took in the third. He suggested that a search be made in his old quarters to see if some pieces of furniture might remain undisposed of. So we immediately dispatched him and brother for it. They soon returned with a table, three chairs, a coffee-pot and mill, two large tin dippers, and a spider. This last our grandmothers might have called a bake-kettle; it has three legs and an iron cover, which is covered with hot coals when anything is baking.

Brother had engaged a girl, but she could not come yet, so Mrs. C. kindly offered to get dinner for us and our boarder,— a herculean task it seemed to me, with the fire-place and such cooking utensils; but we had a nice dinner,—venison, hot biscuits, potatoes roasted in the ashes, etc.,—for we were awfully hungry. Mrs. C. told us a few days after that when she went home that evening her boarders had gone off and taken with them all her wood and provisions.

As darkness came on we were reminded that our lamps were at Warsaw, and the stores a mile away. Fortunately we had candles, and H. improvised candlesticks by making holes in the biscuits left from dinner. The next day he got two small blocks of wood, and now we have two shining tin candlesticks. Dr. Weld, another of the stranded bachelors, having gone his round of patients, passed the evening with us, but both gentlemen took their departure before nine o’clock, and we went to bed—on the two feather beds with husk beds beneath. I had mine on the parlor floor and slept comfortably.

We sadly needed a bedroom carpet. Mrs. C. told us of a woman who wove rag carpets, and she guessed she would like to sell one she had on hand. While in Quincy, we had some very pretty rag carpets made of worn out garments colored in various hues and woven in shaded and bright stripes, very comfortable, homely, and cheerful, so one morning last week I took my first walk in this city, passing, as Mrs. C. directed, by the Temple. As I came to that embryo building, I verily believe every man at work cutting stone laid down his tools and gazed at me as I passed. I quickened my steps and without much difficulty found the place, a three-roomed house. The weaving-frame occupied one, and from the number of women and children there the other rooms must have had other families. I told my errand. "Yes," she said, and from under the loom unrolled a coarse, ugly thing, which she called ”hit and miss,” — not a pretty stripe—that was the “miss” — and the “hit” was a few inches of red flannel and blue calico at irregular intervals a long way apart, while the rest was in every shade of fade. I hesitated, but the sad-faced woman, probably perceiving my disappointment, told me I could have the fifteen yards for $3.50, so I paid her and hastened home.
The carpet soon followed. E. was quite pleased with it, and we have it made up and it is down,—a yard and a half over for a rug. It seems much better than a bare floor in this cold climate.

But my paper is so full and crowded I fear you cannot read it, and I have not said half I wanted to. Love to all, and Happy New Year. Don't forget Grandma and children.

Affectionately yours,
Charlotte.

A Girl's Letters from Nauvoo.

1890.

The night you passed so pleasantly at Little Harbor, dancing in that old Colonial Hall, was passed by me in a small, smoky room at Warsaw on our way here,—and during the two following weeks we quite realized many of Mrs. Kirkland's scenes, so vividly portrayed in her "New Home, Who'll Follow?" When we read it together last summer, you know we concluded that she had drawn on her imagination somewhat in giving her experiences of Western life; but I have changed my mind.

I shall not attempt to relate the ludicrous incidents that daily happen,—it would take too much time and paper, and I have no ambition to write a book which after all might be appreciated only by ourselves.

On Christmas brother invited Dr. Weld and the Judge to dine with us on roast turkey, but the turkey did not come. Its place was supplied by venison, roasted by being held on a long pointed stick over a bed of coals. We also had baked beans, biscuit, and vegetables cooked alternately in the spider and tin dipper, except the potatoes which were roasted in the ashes. Dr. Weld is also a bachelor, about thirty-five years old. He came here many years ago, is a native of New Hampshire, was graduated at Dartmouth, and studied medicine under Dr. Muzzy. He has been at La Harpe, a village about twenty miles east of Nauvoo, most of the time since Christmas, and has a large practice around the country. The Judge makes himself agreeable and useful,—indeed, I hardly know how I could do without him in this community. I feel so timid when I go out, the men look so rough and strange, dress so queerly and stare so; and some have left their work and followed and stopped me, asking when I came from the Old Country,—meaning England, for at least a third of the Mormons are English. Now the Judge is always ready to accompany me when I go to the post-office, three quarters of a mile away, the longest walk I take.

Mary, our domestic, made her appearance the day after New Year's. Elizabeth showed her her room, and told her she might arrange it while we were at dinner. She replied very indignantly. "I ain't used to living only in one family and eating with them, and I would just as lives you would get another girl." E., who was tired out with her apprenticeship to the spider, yielded at once, but not very gracefully, or graciously, I fear, for she herself placed a chair for Mary and treated her as an honored guest, always helping her first, and she will rise herself or call on me rather than ask Mary for anything needed. So my sympathies go out to poor Mary, who always takes her work and sits with us in the parlor afternoons and evenings, but does not, I know, feel at ease. E. has engaged a young English girl to take her place next week, and I hope she will be better suited.

We are quite enchanted with the delightful western view from our little five-roomed cottage. The cottage itself is near the top of a long hill rising gradually from the river.
Before the Mormon advent, this place was first called Venus, then Commerce, and contained a few hundred inhabitants settled near the river, which is still the business center, and there were also the taverns, postoffice, mills, stores, printing press, etc. A mile above is the steamboat landing, where there is a tavern, two stores, and a cluster of dwellings. And now the tide of settlement is drifting up the hill near the Temple.

"Nauvoo" is of Hebrew origin, and, they say, signifies beautiful situation, or place, carrying with it also the idea of rest, and is truly descriptive of this most delightful spot. It is on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, at the head of the Des Moines rapids, in Hancock County, bounded on the east by an extensive prairie of surpassing beauty, and on the north, west, and south, by the river, rising gradually from the water for three quarters of a mile. The streets are laid out at right angles, each square containing four acres, divided into lots of one acre each, which seldom contains more than one house, thus leaving a large space for gardens. Its population is now fourteen thousand, and when the river opens in the spring there will be a large increase; but as the city covers an area of six or eight miles, its inhabitants are of course much scattered.

A few days ago I visited the celebrated Mormon temple, which is situated on the summit of the bluffs facing the west, and commands a view of the whole city, the river for several miles, and an extensive view in the State of Iowa. This temple is a large edifice of white limestone, a hundred and thirty feet in length by eighty-nine in breadth, with walls two feet thick. The style of architecture is unlike any other upon earth, having its origin with Joseph Smith, professed by him to have been revealed by divine revelation. The building is surrounded by thirty-two pilasters, each resting upon an inverted crescent, and in bas relief is another crescent, on the inner curve of which is carved the profile of a human face made to represent the new moon. Upon the cap of each pilaster there is to be a round face and two hands, holding and blowing a trumpet, to represent the sun. The temple is to be lighted with four rows of windows, two of which will be arched and two round alternately; but we can hardly form an idea of what its appearance will be when finished, for they have now only reached the first tier of windows. The Mormons look upon this undertaking as equal to the building of Solomon's Temple, and the day of its completion is far distant. The basement is divided into three halls and two smaller rooms; the central hall contains the celebrated baptismal font, which is a large stone reservoir, surrounded by a carved wooden railing and supported upon the backs of twelve oxen, beautifully carved in wood and standing knee deep in water; these oxen are to be overlaid with pure gold. Pumps are attached to the font to supply it with water when necessary. The temple, together with several other buildings in the city, is built by tithes, every Mormon being obliged to give either labor or produce (the latter being sold near the temple) and Joseph Smith holds in trust everything that is given.

Last Sabbath there was preaching at the Prophet's house. Having not a little curiosity to see and hear this strange man, who has attracted so many thousands of people from every quarter of the globe, the Judge and myself sallied forth. We had not proceeded far when a large horse-sled, with a little straw on the bottom upon which were scaled men and women, stopped before us; one of the men asked us to get on, and by a little crowding we placed ourselves among them and were borne along with the multitude that were thronging to hear their beloved leader. Such hurrying! one would have thought it was the last op-
portunity to hear him they would ever have, although we were two hours before
the services were to commence. When
the house was so full that not another
person could stand upright, the windows
were opened for the benefit of those
without, who were as numerous as those
within.

Joseph Smith is a large, stout man,
youthful in his appearance, with light
complexion and hair, and blue eyes set
far back in the head, and expressing
great shrewdness, or I should say, cu-
ning. He has a large head and phrenol-
ogists would unhesitatingly pronounce
it a bad one, for the organs situated in
the back part are decidedly the most
prominent. He is also very round-
shouldered. He had just returned from
Springfield, where he has been upon trial
(for some crime of which he was accused
while in Missouri, but he was released
by habeas corpus.) I, who had expected
to be overwhelmed by his eloquence,
was never more disappointed than when he
commenced his discourse by relating all
the incidents of his journey. This
he did in a loud voice, and his language and
manner were the coarsest possible. His
object seemed to be to amuse and excite
laughter in his audience. He is evi-
dently a great egotist and boaster, for he
frequently remarked that at every place
he stopped going to and from Spring-
field people crowded around him, and
expressed surprise that he was so "hand-
some and good looking." He also ex-
claimed at the close of almost every
sentence, "That's the idea!" I could
not but with wonder and pity look upon
that motley and eager crowd that sur-
rrounded me, as I thought, "Can it be
possible that so many of my poor fellow-
mortals are satisfied with such food for
their immortal souls?" for not one sen-
tence did that man utter calculated to
create devotional feelings, to impress
upon his people the great object of life,
to teach them how they might more
faithfully perform their duties and en-
dure their trials with submission, to give
them cheering or consoling views of a
divine providence, or to fit them for an
eternal life beyond the grave; but his
whole two hours' discourse had rather a
tendency to corrupt the morals and
spread vice.

We returned home in the same man-
ner as we went.

We have not yet much extended our
acquaintance. We were hesitating
whether it would be etiquette for us to
make the first call on our landlady and
nearest neighbor, as she is a bride, when
she was ushered by Mary through the
kitchen to the parlor and introduced.
She was very taciturn, but in the midst
of E's conversation with her she turned
round and addressed Mary in the kitch-
en, asking her to take a sleigh-ride with
her and Mr. T. in the afternoon. Mary
was her bridesmaid.

There are two more Gentile brethren
arrived in the city, and they will be quite
an agreeable acquisition to our little
society, Dr. Higbee and Mr. Skinner, a
lawyer. They dined with us a few days
ago on roast turkey, which was cooked
by being suspended by a string from the
mantel-piece, with the "spider" beneath
to catch the gravy. It was pronounced
excellent by all. Our "spider" is now
cast into the shade by a Yankee Notion
cooking stove; our bread candle-sticks
were superseded by blocks of wood, then
flat-bottomed tin candle-sticks, and now
we are at the height of our ambition with
glass lamps and spirit gas, for our trunks
and furniture arrived yesterday.

We see but little of brother during the
day, but in the evening he or the Judge
read aloud while E. and myself are occu-
pied with sewing. H. and E. send much
love to you all and so do I, and wish I
could pass one of these long evenings
around the domestic hearth. Write me
particularly about yourselves and re-
member me to all friends.

I believe I have mentioned that H. has
formed an acquaintance with a Mormon
A Girl's Letters from Nauvoo

My dear Mother:

A very happy Sunday morning dawned upon us, for about midnight Elizabeth gave birth to a fine, healthy little boy, weighing nine pounds, and all is well. She had two experienced Mormon women with her all day yesterday, and Dr. Weld came towards evening and tarried till after daylight. Brother H. seems to be the only one in danger; you, mother, know already how fond he is of children. We arc still pleased with our little home, and I do not regret coming. On the contrary, I am glad I came, for I flatter myself I can be of some service to H. and E., though there are times when I could almost fly to see you all.

We think our visiting society among the Mormons will be very limited, for we understand it is etiquette for new comers to make the first call on old residents, and if the women are like the two that were here yesterday, I can say from the bottom of my heart, "From all such, good Lord, deliver us!" for they kept up one continual stream of talk about their peculiar religion, quoting scripture from Genesis to Revelations. I never heard so much Bible talk in all my life before. Our few Gentile brethren have been very polite, calling almost every day. Dr. Higbee is the most at leisure, not having a single patient and not likely to have, as the Mormons perform wonderful cures by "the laying on of hands." He has a horse and sleigh, so has given me a general invitation to drive when I feel inclined. I have taken two drives with him, giving me a fine opportunity to see the city and suburbs.

Ascending the bluff we are soon out on the prairie, which is twenty to thirty miles in extent. There are a few fine farms, highly cultivated, but for the most part the land has been settled only recently, and the houses are still of the rudest construction—mere shelters, many built of logs placed cob fashion, some of only one thickness of boards, and others of sod or mud, with seldom any plastering or floors, and minus chimneys, doors and windows. In place of these essential comforts, we may sometimes see a few inches of funnel above the roof or through the side of a house; a curtain or quilt is frequently suspended in the doorway; while air and light are admitted through the spaces left between the logs or through the roof. You would think it impossible that human beings could inhabit such hovels, were you not constantly reminded that such was the case by seeing sundry white-headed, dirty-faced, bare-footed children peeping or thrusting themselves between crevices and cracks. But in spite of their scanty clothing and the midwinter prairie breezes that play so freely through their dwellings, these look healthy and happy.
When we consider the short time since the Mormons came here, and their destitution after having had every vestige of property taken from them, and after having undergone great suffering and persecution, their husbands and sons in some instances murdered; when we remember that, driven from their homes in Missouri, with famine before them, five thousand men, women and children, crossed the Mississippi to this State in the winter of 1841, we cannot wonder that they have no fitter dwelling-place and so few of the comforts of life. The hopelessness and despair that must have existed probably led some of them to commit depredations on their more fortunate neighbors,—had they not, we might certainly have considered them morally superior to other communities. Better and more substantial buildings are fast being erected in city and county, and in a few years things will present a very different appearance, and if let alone and persecution ceases, this absurd religious doctrine will surely die a natural death.

My other sleigh-ride was on the river. The day was mild and sunny, and our horse was so fleet, he seemed to fly over the smooth ice, in and out around many little wooded islands, and in less than half an hour we were at Fort Madison, a thriving little village on the Iowa side ten miles above Nauvoo. We stopped at a little tavern, took a little refreshment of tea and cake, and returned home. The novelty of the drive was quite delightful.

We heard that Mrs. Joseph Smith wished to become acquainted with us, and had been expecting us to honor her with a call. As there was no prospect of E's going, I proposed to call and represent the family, the Judge volunteering to accompany and introduce me. They live in the Old Town by the river, so it was a mile walk, but we were fortunate to find them home. They seemed pleased to see us and urged us to pass the afternoon, but we politely declined. Sister Emma, for by that name Mrs. S. is known, is very plain in her personal appearance, though we hear she is very intelligent and benevolent, has great influence with her husband, and is generally beloved. She said very little to us, her whole attention being absorbed in what Joseph was saying. He talked incessantly about himself, what he had done and could do more than other mortals, and remarked that he was "a giant, physically and mentally." In fact, he seemed to forget that he was a man. I did not change my opinion about him, but suppose he has good traits. They say he is very kind-hearted, and always ready to give shelter and help to the needy. We may hope so, for a kind heart in this place can always be active.

From there we called on Joseph's mother, passing the site of the Nauvoo House, a spacious hotel, the first floor only laid. It is like the Temple in being erected on the tithe system, and when finished will surpass in splendor any hotel in the State. Here Joseph and his heirs for generations are to have apartments free of expense, and they think the crowned heads of Europe will rusticate beneath its roof. Madame Smith's residence is a log house very near her son's. She opened the door and received us cordially. She is a motherly kind of woman of about sixty years. She receives a little pittance by exhibiting The Mummies to strangers. When we asked to see them, she lit a candle and conducted us up a short, narrow stairway to a low, dark room under the roof. On one side were standing half a dozen mummies, to whom she introduced us, King Onitus and his royal household,—one she did not know. Then she took up what seemed to be a club wrapped in a dark cloth, and said "This is the leg of Pharaoh's daughter, the one that saved Moses." Repressing a smile, I looked from the mummies to
the old lady, but could detect nothing but earnestness and sincerity on her countenance. Then she turned to a long table, set her candle-stick down, and opened a long roll of manuscript, saying it was "the writing of Abraham and Isaac, written in Hebrew and Sanscrit," and she read several minutes from it as if it were English. It sounded very much like passages from the Old Testament — and it might have been for anything we knew — but she said she read it through the inspiration of her son Joseph, in whom she seemed to have perfect confidence. Then in the same way she interpreted to us hieroglyphics from another roll. One was Mother Eve being tempted by the serpent, who — the serpent, I mean — was standing on the tip of his tail, which with his two legs formed a tripod, and had his head in Eve's ear. I said, "But serpents don't have legs." "They did before the fall," she asserted with perfect confidence.

The Judge slipped a coin in her hand which she received smilingly, with a pleasant, "Come again," as we bade her goodbye.

I know, dear Mother, you would be highly amused were you now to look from our parlor window at the crowd of people that are passing from their devotions in the Temple. As that edifice has neither roof nor floor, preaching is held there only on pleasant Sundays. Then planks are laid loosely over the joists and some boards are placed for seats, but not half enough to accommodate the people; so men, women, and children, take with them chairs, benches, stools, etc. They are now returning with them. Their dress you would think not very comfortable for a winter's day, many men and boys with straw hats, low shoes, and no overcoats, and women with sun-bonnets, calico dresses, thin shawls, or some nondescript garment thrown over the shoulders. Their zeal must surely keep them warm.

H. and E. — and Baby would if it could — send love to all of the family.

Write soon and believe me ever,

Your affectionate daughter,

Charlotte.

VENUS, alias COMMERCE,
alias NAUVOO.
March 5, 1843.

My dear brother and sister:

Friday I had the pleasure of receiving your very welcome letters, also letters from Mother and Isa. We have but two mails a week and twice I had come away disappointed, therefore was overjoyed when so many letters and papers were smilingly handed me by Elder Sidney Rigdon, P. M. I hastened home and read them again and again, — indeed, the smaller the incident mentioned, the greater seemed the interest.

This Sunday morning Elizabeth breakfasted with us for the first time since the birth of her infant, and H. is at home for the day in a state of perfect happiness, and wishes Sunday would come twice a week. He has the boy on his knee, talking all kinds of nonsense to him and teaching him to smile and recognize his father. E. is quite well and the boy thrives, gaining one ounce a week. He is to be named for his grandfather, Samuel Cushman. I tell E. I hope he will not be a Democrat.

This winter has been extremely cold; I almost despair of sunny, warm weather in the West. We had quite a fall of snow last night, and the river has been ice-bound since the middle of November. I used to think we had high winds in New England, but I look back to them now as gentle breezes compared to the violent ones we have here. Every few days we have here a perfect hurricane, lasting for forty-eight hours. Occasionally we have had a thaw, and then — oh, the mud! it seems bottomless. The soil is a black, sticky loam, and when your foot is once in, it is almost impossible to get it out. Crossing the road one
1890.]

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day last week, my feet went down, down, and in all probability would have reached my antipodes had it not been for the assistance of the Judge, who helped me out; but both rubbers were left far below and there remain to be fossilized as footprints of the primeval man.

Notwithstanding cold and mud, we have passed a pleasant winter, our society being mostly confined to our little Gentile band. A few other acquaintances we have made, Hiram Kimball's family, who lived here when it was Commerce,—Mrs K's mother has become a Mormon and Mrs. K. is leaning that way,—then, at the post-office, the Rigdon family. We enter a side door leading into the kitchen, and in a corner near the door is a wide shelf or table, on which against the wall is a sort of cupboard with pigeon-holes or boxes—this is the post-office. In this room, with the great cooking stove at one end, the family eat and sit. Mrs. R. when I go for the mail always invites me to stop and rest, which after a cold, long walk I am glad to do, thus opening an acquaintance with Elder Sidney Rigdon, the most learned man among the Latter Day Saints. He is past fifty and is somewhat bald and his dark hair slightly gray. He has an intelligent countenance, a courteous manner, and speaks grammatically. He talks very pleasantly about his travels in this country and Europe, but is very reticent about his religion. I have heard it stated that he was Smith's chief aid in getting up the Book of Mormon and creed. He is so far above Smith in intellect, education, and secretiveness, that there is scarcely a doubt that he is at the head in compiling it. I looked over his library—on some book-shelves in the kitchen, it was a very good student's collection,—Hebrew, Greek, and Latin lexicons and readers, stray volumes of Shakespeare, Scott, Irving's works, and a number of other valuable books. He studied for the ministry in his youth, then was employed in a newspaper office. His wife is always busy with domestic labor. They have five daughters.

The only party I have attended in this Holy City was at their house. Here is a copy of the invitation. You will observe the date was a year ago. However, we concluded it was a slight mistake, as the Judge received an invitation somehow with this year's date.

Nauvoo Feb 20 1843
The company of Mr and Mrs. Rigdon and Mr. Mvt and Mr. Haven
is Solicited to attend a party at the
house of Mr. Rigdon on Thursday the 24
inst at 2 o'clock P.M.

Sarah Rigdon
Eliza Rigdon

The Judge called me, and we trudged off. We were met at the P. O. door by Miss Sarah; her mother, who was paring potatoes near the stove, came forward, the venerable Elder stood behind the cook stove (which was in full operation) dressed in his Sunday best suit, the highest and stiffest shirt collar, and a white neckerchief with ends drawing over his shoulders. By his side was a very fine, stylish gentleman with gold spectacles whom he introduced to me as Mr. Mar——"A descendant of the Earl of Mar," occurred to me. He is a native of Portland, Me., and a last year's graduate of the Cambridge Law School.

Leaving my escort in the kitchen, I was ushered into the next room—where lo! there was a large quilting frame, around which sat eight of the belles of Nauvoo, to each of whom I was introduced, then a seat was assigned me near the head of the frame, and equipped with needle, thread, and thimble, I quilted with the rest. But not a word was said, and fearing my presence had checked hilarity, I offered a few kindly remarks, only to be answered with "Yes, Marm," or "No, Marm." It was quite embarrassing, when my next neighbor timidly whispered, "We talk in the evening."

So I was stillled and put all my energy on the quilt, which was finished and taken out of the frame by six o'clock. The
door to the kitchen or living room was then thrown open and we were ushered in. The scene, how changed! Through the whole length of the room, from the post-office to the stove, a table extended, loaded with a substantial supper, turkey, chicken, beef, vegetables, pies, cake, etc. To this we did silent justice.

Leaving the family to clear away, we young people returned to the other room and placed ourselves like wall-flowers. Gentlemen soon came in in groups, and when all were assembled, Mr. Rigdon came in, shook hands with the gentlemen, then placed himself in the middle of the room, and taking a gentleman by his side, commenced introductions. Mr. Monroe, Miss Burnett, my daughter, Miss Marks, Miss Ives, my daughter, Miss Ivens, Miss Bemis, my daughter from La Harpe, Miss Haven, my daughter.

Mr. Monroe retires and another gentleman is called up and the ceremony repeated, until all the strangers had been introduced. Then Mr. R. says, "Is there any other gentleman who has not been introduced?" when a Mr. Ives came forward and pointing with his finger, "I have not been introduced to that lady (Miss Haven) and that (Miss Bemis)."

This ceremony over, all seemed more joyous; songs were sung, concluding with the two little girls singing several verses of the Battle of Michigan, deaconed out to them line by line by their elder sister, Miss Nancy. Then followed an original dance without music, commencing with marching and ending with kissing! Merry games were then introduced, The Miller, Grab, etc., not at all of an intellectual order; so I suggested Fox and Geese, which was in vogue with us ten years ago. It took well. Brother says he called at the office during the evening, and the Elder was urging his wife to look in upon the young people. He heard him say that he had been half over the world but never had seen anything equal to this in enjoyment. At nine o'clock we went out to a second edition of supper, and then the games were renewed with vigor. We left about ten. The Miss Rigdons, who called on us the next day, said the party did not break up till twelve.

Kiss little Louise and Sarah and baby for me, and tell them I am glad they learn so fast. I will write them a letter bye and bye. I wish they could hug and kiss their little baby cousin.

This evening with the Judge I shall go either to Mrs. H. Kimball's, or to a prayer meeting, for you must know the saints take an interest in our spiritual welfare, by sending us to read the Book of Mormon, The Voice of Warning, and the Book of Covenants, and invite us to attend prayer meetings.

We are having beautiful sunsets these days, and from our parlor window we have an extensive western view; and later on in the night the heavens are all aglow with light from the prairie fires. Between the river and the Iowa bluffs eight or ten miles west, ten to twenty fires are started burning the refuse grass and straw preparatory to putting in spring crops. Often I sit up a long time after going to my room, watching these long lines of fire as they seem to meet all along the horizon. The sun is down and darkness is fast gathering, so I must close with much love from

Your sister Charlotte.

Nauvoo, March 26, 1843.

My dear friends at home:

In compliance with your request to write about the Mormon faith, I have endeavored to gain some statistics. Dr. Weld and Mr. Skinner, who lived here before the Mormons came, have given me a few items; I have tried to glean something from our Mormon neighbors, but they always answer my questions with such a stream of Bible quotations that I am quite bewildered. I have read

http://quod.lib.umich.edu/cgi/t/text/pageviewer-idx?c=moajrn1;cc=moajrntrgn=full%20tenidno—ahj
their holy books, and when I have occasionally attended a meeting, I have taken in all I could.

The church called the Latter-Day Saints of Jesus Christ is governed by a high priest, a council of thirty, twelve elders or apostles, teachers, deacons, and a bishop for each ward of the city. These, except the first, are appointed annually by revelation to Joseph Smith, the prophet, patriarch, and high priest. The apostles are sent abroad to all quarters of the globe as missionaries, with the charge, when appointed, "to take neither scrip nor change of raiment with them, but go as sheep among wolves," etc. These are, no doubt, the best talkers and most intelligent among them, for the majority are very ignorant—an unthinking class from the manufacturing and mining districts of England and Scotland, and the rural population of Canada and the United States.

The Book of Mormon purports to be a translation by revelation to Joseph Smith of writings on golden plates found by him in a cave somewhere in Ohio, a history of the Lost Tribes of Israel, who built boats, crossed the Pacific, and landed on our western shores. Then commenced a succession of battles with the natives or hostile tribes, as they fought their way from the Pacific to the Atlantic, called Great Waters. —Mormon was a leader,—finally ending in a sort of Kilkenny Cat battle. The Book of Mormon, like the Old Testament, is divided into books with Hebrew names (I think), and "Thus saith the Lord" often directing the movements of the tribes. We find no creed in it, no article on which to found a religion. It might have been written by a much less intelligent man than Sidney Rigdon. The Book of Covenant and Priesthood seems to me a jargon of nonsense, mingled with directions for church government. They pretend to read and believe the Bible literally.

Sunday evening prayer meetings are held at private houses in different parts of the city. Elder C., who lives in this neighborhood, has kindly invited us to attend those held at his house, so I with the Judge have been there three Sunday evenings during the winter. The room is well filled, and the meetings are presided over by the Elder, are orderly, and are conducted similarly to the Methodist ones I have attended in the country in New England. All are at liberty to speak, and sometimes a subject is discussed. One evening it was Baptism for the Dead. There were only two or three speakers on that subject, and their minds were of such a description as to throw into a maze of confusion every subject they touched. They pretended to supreme wisdom, and expressed their views with that smiling self-satisfaction which denotes that all truths have been revealed to them by some superior power, and they evidently regarded all other Christians with painful compassion. From what was said that evening I gather that the Mormons believe in three heavens, termed Terrestrial, Celestial; that after death the spirit enters the lowest, and constantly progresses in spiritual knowledge until safely landed in the Celestial; and all that die without the opportunity of hearing or receiving the faith of the Latter-Day Saints are consigned to purgatory to remain forever, or until their descendants or friends are baptized for them. Thus these poor Mormons are constantly being baptized as a duty to release their ancestors or friends from the tortures of purgatory.

Near the close of this meeting a woman arose, the wail of an afflicted moth hushed the assembly into a profound stillness, the words of the heart found a response in every bosom, and upon every countenance tears of sympathy were visible, as they listened to the mournful tones. She told of the joy she had felt when the new faith was revealed to her in her own English land; how she be-
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sought, the Lord to convert her whole household, and made a covenant with him that if he would only bring them into the church of the Latter Day Saints he might send any domestic affliction, and she, without murmuring, would be resigned. They were converted, and now it had pleased God to test the strength of her vow; in the Missouri war her husband and four children were murdered, and now her only surviving son lay prostrate with a fever. In a mother's agony she besought the Lord to withhold his chastening rod, and spare to her the only remaining prop of her old age; but if he saw fit to take that also, she fervently prayed that she might bow submissively to his will. It was beautiful to see in the prayer of this sorrowing mother, the feelings of nature and the heart overwhelming the delusions of the imagination. Here was no mention of Joseph Smith or of the Temple and Mansion House, for whose speedy erection they generally put up a petition.

This meeting was closed by one of the Elders offering a cow for sale. At another time a woman gifted with unknown tongues addressed the assembly. She also spoke of the joy she received in her present religion, and then exhibited this gift; not, she said, from any vain glory of display, but to convince those who heard her that this was the only true faith, and that only in it (here she looked directly at me) could salvation be found; and then with many strange contortions of countenance, and apparently great mental excitement, she ejaculated a few sentences sounding like "Metamaterial naopathy," about as senseless as the children say in their games, "Eeny, meeny, mony mite." Unfortunately there was no interpreter of tongues present, so we were no wiser. We also saw two elders lay their hands on a man suffering from a severe headache, which he said brought immediate relief. Indeed, my dear friends, there seems no end to the length to which these poor people carry their superstition and fanaticism. The majority, I am told, are sincere—our neighbors at least seem so—and great readers of the Bible.

During the last fortnight a bright streak of light has been observed in the heavens extending from east to west, undoubtedly a comet of the first magnitude, for it is very brilliant, and we wonder that we see no notice of this beautiful heavenly wanderer in the Eastern papers. Well, some of the Mormons looked with fear on this, to them, strange phenomenon, and applied to the Patriarch, who allayed their fears by telling them that it was a fiery sword pointing to Missouri, and there would soon be war in that State and the Missourians would be exterminated. "They felt to rejoice," for those who suffered there have a bitter hatred to the very name of the State. (By the way, none of the Mormons were slaveholders.) We understand that the Prophet has recently had a vision, but will not reveal to his people what he saw in his trance until the 6th of May; then we may expect something startling.

April 2nd.

I was prevented from finishing this letter last Sunday. Brother and myself are well, but E. has been quite ill for two weeks with a cold and much fever. She is recovering slowly, but longs for warm weather so that she can go out and breathe the fresh air. That Samuel Cushman is a fine boy, is the unanimous opinion of all who see him, and in our eyes there is no end to the wonderful feats he already accomplishes. He was christened two weeks ago by our Rev. Mr. Moore, who passed a few days with us. His visit was an oasis to us; he told us so much news of our Quincy friends, and brought us some new books. We felt sorry he could stay no longer. After reading the papers you send, we forward them to Augustus, at Dubuque, whom we hope to see by the first boat when the river opens; for though it is now
April the river is still ice-bound, and teams cross on the ice. We long to see it a blue, running stream once more. People say there was never such a long, cold winter known before.

I passed one afternoon last week at the Havens'. They seemed pleased with their new relatives, as they call us; wish me to call them "uncle" and "aunt," and say they shall call me sister, as it will seem more natural when I come into the Latter-Day Church. They are a kind-hearted, honest old couple. Mr. H. is about seventy-five years old,—has the Haven blue eyes and fair complexion. His wife has black eyes. They showed me their pedigree, which proves them descendants of one of the 1645 Framingham brothers.

Do, dear Issa, always write such long letters. I almost commit them to memory. I should admire to see Lieutenant S. of whom you say so much. I am glad you have passed such a pleasant, gay winter.

It is beginning to snow, so Brother will take this to the office, and I hope to get something on his return. Love to all. Kiss the little children for me.

Your affectionate daughter and sister.
Charlotte.

CITY OF NAUVOO, May 2, 1843.

My dear home friends:

As Brother and E. are both reading to themselves this evening, I am cast on my own resources and reflections, and my thoughts naturally wandering to Portsmouth and the dear family circle. I think I cannot better employ the remainder of the evening than in answering the kind letter I received from mother and sister a fortnight since.

The weather is now very fine, and we shall soon commence gardening; the Mississippi has at last broken its icy bonds, and flows majestically onward, blue and clear as crystal. Several boats pass daily. Those coming up leave fifty to a hundred passengers to swell the Mormon ranks. Poor, deluded creatures! They little know the privations and sufferings in store for them, and those who have used so much duplicity in bringing them here are responsible for a great sin, for which they must eventually suffer.

The plain between us and the river, embracing twelve acres or more, is covered with luxuriant grass looking bright and green. For the last week or so it has presented a lively appearance from the parade and exercises of the companies of the Nauvoo Legion. This military organization comprises between two and three thousand soldiers, part of whom belong to the State. It is divided into two cohorts, and then subdivided into regiments and companies, and is intended to represent a Roman legion. These parades are preparatory to the grand annual parade on the 6th of this month, to take place on the prairie a few miles out, when Joseph, the commander-in-chief, inspects the troops. It is expected that all the elite of the city will be present on this grand gala day. We understand there is to be a cavalcade of ladies with nodding plumes. Miss Ell (she is very, very tall) will lead the van and present a banner. Dr. H. has invited me to view this imposing scene, and if nothing better offers I shall go, and expect much amusement.

Last Sunday morning the Judge came in and soon proposed a walk, for it was a balmy spring day, so we took a bee-line for the river, down the street north of our house. Arriving there we rested awhile on a log, watching the thin sheets of ice as they slowly came down and floated by. Then we followed the bank toward town, and rounding a little point covered with willows and cottonwoods, we spied quite a crowd of people, and soon perceived there was a baptism. Two elders stood knee-deep in the icy cold water, and immersed one after another as fast as they could come down the bank. We soon observed that some
of them went in and were plunged several times. We were told that they were baptized for the dead who had not had an opportunity of adopting the doctrines of the Latter Day Saints. So these poor mortals in ice-cold water were releasing their ancestors and relatives from purgatory! We drew a little nearer and heard several names repeated by the elders as the victims were doused, and you can imagine our surprise when the name George Washington was called. So after these fifty years he is out of purgatory and on his way to the "celestial" heaven! It was enough, and we continued our walk homeward.

A new Masonic Lodge was installed in this place last Thursday. Most of the chief men here are Masons. With the Judge I went to the Temple, where the solemn services were held, and there we waited nearly two hours before the procession with a fine band of music made its appearance. First were the invited guests, most of whom were "female women folks," wives and sisters of Masons, then the Masons in full regalia. Mr. Rigdon, by far the ablest and most cultivated of the Mormons, gave us a brief but very fine address, then followed the inauguration ceremony, which was quite simple, a hymn was sung, and the procession again formed with the invited guests in the rear, and marched to a vacant lot opposite brother's store. Here the Masons parted right and left forming two long rows, and the ladies marched between and seated themselves in an interesting row down one side of the table, — and we saw no more. All went off in fine style, as the Mormons say, and brother, who was one of the guests, said that the feast was sumptuous,—a whole hog barbecued in a trench.

We hear very frequently from our Quincy friends through Mr. Joshua Moore, who passes through that place and this in his monthly zigzag tours through the State, traveling horseback. His last call on us was last Saturday and he brought with him half a dozen thin pieces of brass, apparently very old, in the form of a bell about five or six inches long. They had on them scratches that looked like writing, and strange figures like symbolic characters. They were recently found, he said, in a mound a few miles below Quincy. When he showed them to Joseph, the latter said that the figures or writing on them was similar to that in which the Book of Mormon was written, and if Mr. Moore could leave them, he thought that by the help of revelation he would be able to translate them. So a sequel to that holy book may soon be expected.

It is said that Joseph read the golden plates by looking through the Peep Stone. Now he pretends not to believe in the Peep Stone, although many of his followers undoubtedly do. The stone is in the possession of a high church dignitary, and has the power of seeing and reading things without the use of eyes — a sort of clairvoyant. I am told that many of the English and Scotch, when becoming anxious about their friends across the ocean, consult the Peep Stone, which not only tells them of their friends' health, but what they are doing at the time. But it is not always infallible, as you will see.

Some weeks ago, a store was broken open and nearly all its contents stolen. The Peep Stone pretended to reveal where the goods were deposited, and immediately ten or fifteen men with teams started for the spot, but lo! nothing was there. However, the thief and goods were found without its aid, and when the thief was brought before the Council he pleaded not guilty, saying that he was inspired to steal, that he was thinking one night of his poverty and the wretchedness of his little children, when behold The Ancient of Days appeared to him and said there was a store, to go to it and take what was needful for himself and seven children. With this intention he arose, the window of the
store was raised easily, and when inside he could not help taking all he could carry. Notwithstanding his inspiration he was dismissed from Church and sent to Carthage for further trial.

H. and L. send love. The boy grows finely and is quite handsome, his mother says. Remember me most affectionately to all inquiring friends, and believe me Your aff.

Charlotte.

NAUVOO, June 4th

My dear sister:

Last Sunday we experienced infinite delight in the reception of letters long and interesting from grandmother and you. What a fine time you must have had at the family gathering on mother's 94th birthday! Knowing how cheery you all are, we can easily imagine the jollity of the occasion. Give my love to the dear, happy old lady, tell her I thought of her on that day, and that I hope to be with her when the next anniversary comes round, — but it is very doubtful.

For the past month the weather has been delightful, and I have greatly enjoyed many pleasant rides out on the prairie, which at this season is beautifully decked in holiday attire. The prairie flowers are to me an object of unerring interest, their beauty and variety a constant surprise; it is impossible for me to number the different species, for continually new flowers meet the eye. Pink, scarlet, and orange, are now the prevailing colors. Lavish indeed has Flora been in her decorations of these wide rolling prairies. The Judge and myself have busied ourselves in making a flower garden, and by buying, borrowing and begging, hope to see it gay and pretty by-and-bye.

We have been overwhelmed with visitors for some weeks. First there were Mr. Jenks and a friend from St. Louis, who invited me to join a party of ladies and gentlemen on a pleasure excursion to St. Anthony's Falls, but I thought it best to decline. Then came a host of friends from Quincy, some of them staying several days. These were followed by Mr. and Mrs. H. and Mr. H's sister, Mrs. C., with her youngest boy, six years old. Mrs. C. belongs to the Church of Latter Day Saints, and as she passed two weeks with us Elizabeth thought it a good opportunity to invite Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Smith. We also invited Mr. and Mrs. G. and Mr. H., our Mormon landlord. There never was a hotter day; had we had a thermometer, it would have registered 100°. Soon after two o'clock a heavy thunderstorm came on, in the midst of which a handsome carriage drawn by two fine dripping bays came driving Jehu-like up to our gate, and from it alighted the Prophet and Lady and youngest son. I rushed out with the umbrella to shield Mrs. Smith, the others following. The driver being introduced, also came in and tarried. Mrs. Smith was pleasant and social, more so than we had ever seen her before, and we were quite pleased with her; while her husband is the greatest egotist I ever met.

In the course of the afternoon he touched as usual on his peculiar doctrines, and Brother asked him on what he founded his belief. He replied: "Upon the Bible."

"All denominations do the same," said Brother, very innocently.

At this Joseph became much excited; there was "no doubt" about his religion, for he had more light directly from God, he said, and seemed to consider it an insult for any one to have the audacity to compare his doctrine with others. Finding him so dogmatical and so unable to reason, Brother let the Seer monopolize — as he always does — the conversation; or rather, glorify himself and his wonderful supernatural powers.

However, the afternoon passed pleasantly, and by uniting parlor and kitchen tables we contrived to seat all at supper and to find room for the good things
we had prepared. When Mrs. Smith proposed returning home, her lord was disposed to remain longer, and remarked that it was "like leaving Paradise." I thought his idea of Paradise was very different from mine.

Mrs. Case is still with us, but in a few days will visit among the brothers and sisters of the Church, who complain that she spends too much time among us worldlings. Notwithstanding her faith, Mrs. C. is a very lovely woman, and well educated, "her faults still lean on virtue's side," she belongs to a rather enthusiastic and visionary family, and this, with her human sympathy and extreme charity for the Mormons when they were driven from Missouri across the river to Quincy in destitution, led her at last to embrace their faith. She took them to her own home and administered to their wants all winter.

Yesterday we had an invitation to pass the afternoon at Esq. W.'s, who lives on a beautiful farm two miles from us. So H. engaged a wagon and span of horses to take us there. It came round just after dinner,—but minus seats! However, we provided this essential comfort in riding by our kitchen chairs,—a very sociable mode of traveling, much better than cabs, close carriages, etc., for we can place and face at our will, and by the motion of the vehicle our positions are constantly changing. On our arrival Esq. W.'s family greeted us most cordially, and we passed the afternoon in going over various parts of farm and garden,—it is on the edge of the prairie,—and in pleasant talk about the early days. They were born, reared, and educated, in this neighborhood, a kind, hospitable Sucker family, and rational enough to escape the fanaticism of Mormonism. We returned before candle light, well pleased with our visit.

In compliment to Mrs. C. I went with her to the Temple this morning, and heard one Elder Brown exhort or rant nearly two hours in a coarse, ungrammatical way, introducing many quotations from the Old Testament. The only idea I could get was that Gentiles in bygone ages were not instructed to keep the Sabbath. It might have been a moral discourse for those for whom it was intended.

A few weeks ago we had the Misses Rigdon to tea, and the Judge, Dr. W., and Mr. H. M. came in the evening. The Rigdons have been quite polite to us. They seem kind-hearted, sincere girls, but so hard to entertain,— with no ideas! We had a candy-pull to get some life in them. By the way, did you see in the New York Herald sometime in May an account of the Rigdon party that I wrote you about? It was quite a burlesque, as you will know by this sentence. "The accomplished Miss H., with gazelle eyes and fawn-like step, gave grace and éclat to the party." I have recently had a pair of buckskin gaiters made, and you may be assured my steps are now more fawn-like than ever.

But here my sheet is almost filled without one word about the Family Joy, who manifests a discriminating mind and a social disposition, and does credit to the stock from which he sprang. Love to all from all.

Charlotte.

June 7, 1843.

When I carried my last Sunday's letter to the post-office the mail had left, therefore it did not leave the city until today; but rather than open it to give you later intelligence I commence another in the form of a journal, and hope during the month to gather something of interest. This morning was very lovely, the air fresh and cool, so after sweeping the parlor and arranging my room, I could not resist a long walk. On my return I found here a young gentleman, Mr. Charles Griswold, a half-brother of Uncle Charles's wife. He has been residing the last year at Peoria, but not realizing his bright anticipations of wild
western life, he resolved to return to his luxurious home in New York.

This afternoon Dr. Weld called me to ride. We took little Josey Case with us, and rode out on the prairies, passing many beautiful farms, some of 300 acres. Here and there was one entirely surrounded by a sod fence. These fences are made by digging deep trenches six to eight feet apart, and throwing the earth from them on the space between until there is a ridge about six feet high and two or three feet wide on top. This is all sodded and sometimes hedges are started along the top. I assure you they look now in June far more beautiful and rural than the New England stone walls or zigzag rail fences. We came home loaded with flowers. Mr. Skinner was at our door with two hones and an invitation for another ride, but as I was rather fatigued, he promised to call another day.

June 12.

I felt lonesome this evening, so went over to the Goodwins', where Mrs. Pease and Mr. Heringshaw endeavored to convert me to Mormonism. Mr. H. says as soon as I am a saint, he will make me Mrs. Heringshaw. What stronger inducement could I have? Of course I shall try my best to win that desirable title. Don't you think I shall succeed? Good night.

June 20th.

What with rain and a swollen face, I have been housed the last few days, but with reading, sewing, and amusing baby, my time has passed pleasantly. Early this afternoon the Judge came in saying the Mr. Mars were going down the river for a load of corn and wished that we would go along. They soon appeared—two horses and a long wagon minus seats—but we divested the kitchen of chairs and were soon driving along the river bank over the roughest road imaginable, made so by the late rains. One moment we plunged into a deep gully and then sank softly down into a quagmire; again, one wheel of the wagon would be almost out of sight, while the other was high on a ridge, and we had to hold on tight lest we should find ourselves precipitated into the mud. Lizzy was terribly frightened at our seeming danger, and besought our driver to stop; so after two miles of such road we did stop, at a dry spot in front of Mr. Hilder's. The baby, Judge and myself got out, called, and were welcomed by Mr. H. and family. They were formerly from N. H., came to this State in its early settlement, bought this farm and built a log cabin. Gradually growing rich, they now have large grain and clover fields; the log house has been supplanted by a large brick mansion, from which is a fine view of river and country. We rather regretted leaving this amiable family when our escorts returned, their wagons loaded with bags of corn. Amid laughter we mounted these formidable bags, as we imagined the sensation we should produce riding in this way through the streets of old Portsmouth, quite equal to that of a circus or menagerie; but we arrived home safely thinking difficulties only enhanced the pleasure.

June 25th, Evening.

I have just returned from my first horseback ride, and pronounce the exercise most exhilarating and charming. We rode a mile or two along the border of the prairie, then turned into a wooded opening, and came to a little stream flowing over a pebbly bed toward the Mississippi, and then again on the prairie near Esquire Wells's farm. He was standing at the gate and hailed us, so we stopped. His wife and daughter came out, so we talked for some time. We had proceeded but a few rods from his house when, partly owing to the falling shades of evening, partly to my unskillfulness, my horse stumbled into...
a hole, bringing him upon his knees. Instantly I sprang over his head, thus performing my first and, I hope, my last equestrian feat. There was no injury, only a little fright to Mr. S. I remounted and, more carefully and in good spirits, rode home. Mr. S. gave me high encomiums for good riding, I presume merely for politeness.

The Rev. Mr. Todd, from Cambridge, a very agreeable old gentleman, has passed several days with us. He has been preaching for Mr. Moore at Quincy. He leaves tomorrow to preach Sunday at Burlington, but says after he has seen a little more of the State he will give us a longer visit, and then will probably accept Hyrum Smith’s invitation to preach in the grove. Good night.

July 2nd.

Although but one week has passed since the above was written, great events have meanwhile transpired, throwing our little City of the Saints into the greatest commotion and excitement. I seldom attend the Mormon meetings, but last Sunday afternoon I went to the grove to hear Hyrum Smith, Joseph’s elder brother, an illiterate man; the preaching consisted mostly of low anecdotes and boasting of the strength of their church, with quotations from the Bible thrown in promiscuously. Toward the close a dispatch was brought him that Joseph, who was visiting friends near Rock Island, had been arrested by a band of Missourians.

When Hyrum read the message aloud, every man, woman, and child, were on their feet in an instant, pressing towards the platform, and it was with difficulty that he could quiet them. He appointed a meeting at six o’clock to take means for Joseph’s release. I walked home as fast as possible, for immediately the whole city seemed to be in arms, guns and pistols firing, swords glittering in every direction like a sudden outburst of 4th of July, men, women, and child-

ren, gathering in groups talking loud and warlike.

At the appointed time five thousand men were on the spot, ready to rescue their prophet in any way their leader might suggest. He warned them against excitement, told them to go peaceably, to take nothing but secret arms, “for,” says he, “He that seeth in secret will reward you openly.” Such was their zeal that within two hours after the news of Joseph’s arrest three hundred men were on board of a steamboat headed for Rock Island, and three hundred more on horseback and in wagons started for the same place. A patrol was organized, and a special guard to protect the chief elders from falling into the hands of any stray Missourian. Brother had occasion to go to the store in the evening and I went with him. Three times on our return we were hailed with “Halt,” by armed sentinels. I somehow had no fear, but was glad to reach home.

Today Joseph was brought home in triumph, having suffered a few days’ imprisonment in an old barn, from which he escaped, I am told, by giving some Masonic sign, before his friends arrived. I wish you could have seen the procession as it passed through the city; Joseph with his wife, Sister Emma, as she is called, led the van; she with white nodding plumes, followed by a half-mile of the populace in every wheeled vehicle that could be mustered, drawn by horses and oxen. In one buggy were Mr. Herringshaw, Mrs. Goodwin, and myself, and in a large wagon our Gentile brethren, Goodwin, Emmons, Haven, Weld, and the two Mr. Mars, who had displayed on one side of their vehicle “Peace and Harmony.” The Prophet was quite overcome with emotion, even to shedding tears, at this unexpected show of sympathy from his non-followers. I have not yet fully learned the cause of the arrest, but believe it to be concerning the attempted murder of Gov. Boggs some years ago in Missouri.
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A Girl's Letters from Nauvoo.

All is as quiet now as if nothing had happened.

Mrs. Case returned to Q. last week. I had several talks with her and Mr. H. upon their doctrine, but in no way can I be a Mormon. With my best wishes and God's blessing, I remain

Yours lovingly,
Charlotte.

Nauvoo, Sept. 8.

My dear friends at home:
The last letter we received from you bears the remote date of June 9th. I have been expecting another this long, long time, have taken the mile walk to the post-office every mail day three times a week, buoyed up with hope and lively expectation, but have turned back disappointed and crestfallen, and have almost envied the pigs I have met on the way, so contented and happy as they roam the streets. However, there is pleasure in anticipation, and I will be patient and think there is one on the way. I may have been a little homesick; anyhow I have thought a great deal of you, and fancied myself with you, and can almost smell the salt sea. Then I wake from my dream and realize how much we are to each other here. Our conversation never lags, H. has so much humor we have many outbursts of laughter, and then there is our "family joy," as we call the little Samuel:—a child is a sweet thing in a household. They have all gone to the drug store and our new house this Sunday morning, so I will pass it with you. This afternoon we shall all go to "preaching," as they say here. Mr. Blogert, a Unitarian minister who has been supplying Mr. Moore's pulpit in Quincy, has been with us the past week, and has been invited to take part in the services in the grove this afternoon. He is quite an intelligent young man, but does not enjoy good health. We anticipate pleasure in hearing him, for a sermon is such a rarity to us that we can appreciate one. He appears more pleased with the Saints than strangers generally are.

We have been reading Dickens's notes on America, sent us by Mrs. D. of Quincy. We admire Dickens much, he has a keen sense of our national peculiarities which he paints in sparkling humor, yet he delineates the wild and beautiful scenery of —— with graphic accuracy. You know H. and E. were on the boat with him down the Ohio and had several conversations with him. He certainly describes most faithfully travel on canals and our great Western rivers.

A few Sabbaths ago Joseph announced to his people that the gift of prophecy was taken away from him until the Temple and Nauvoo House should be finished, but that his mantle had fallen on his brother Hyrum, to whom it belonged by birthright, and he charged his people to obey implicitly all the commands revealed to Hyrum. We hear that he has already had some wonderful revelations not yet made public, but that a few of the elders put their heads together and whisper what they dare not speak aloud. What it is we can only surmise by faint rumors. A month ago or more one of the Apostles, Adams by name, returned from a two years' mission in England, bringing with him a wife and child, although he had left a wife and family here when he went away, and I am told that his first wife is reconciled to this certainly at first unwelcome guest to her home, for her husband and some others have reasoned with her that plurality of wives is taught in the Bible, that Abraham, Jacob, Solomon, David, and indeed all the old prophets and good men, had several wives, and if right for them, it is right for the Latter Day Saints. Furthermore, the first wife will always be first in her husband's affection and the head of the household, where she will have a larger influence. Poor, weak woman!

I cannot believe that Joseph will ever sanction such a doctrine, and should the
Mormons in any way engraft such an article on their religion, the sect would surely fall to pieces, for what community or State could harbor such outrageous immorality? I cannot think so meanly of my sex as that they could submit to any such degradation.

Our Gentile friends say that this falling of the prophetic mantle onto Hyrum is a political ruse. Last winter when Joseph was in the meshes of the law, he was assisted by some politicians of the Whig party, to whom he pledged himself in the coming elections. Now he wants the Democratic party to win, so Hyrum is of that party, and as it is revealed for him to vote, so go over all the Mormons like sheep following the bell sheep over a wall. Nauvoo, with its 15,000 inhabitants, has a vote that tells in the State elections, and all summer politicians, able men of both parties, have been here making speeches, caressing and flattering.

Yesterday being parade day, to show a little attention to our guest, brother engaged a team and carried us out on the prairie to view the troops. There were over 2,000 men, it was said, divided into four divisions, and when marching in line with two bands of music they made quite an imposing appearance. Their costumes, for I can't say uniform, were more fantastic than artistic. They were quite picturesque, certainly, for every officer and private consulted his individual taste; no two were alike. Nearly all had some badge, stripe, or scarf, of bright color. Some wore the breeches and knee-buckles of a hundred years ago. I thought if some Eastern military company would send out discarded uniforms, they might make a good speculation. However, they went through their drill, marching, counter-marching, and forming squares and other military combinations, very nicely.

This is probably the last letter I shall write to you in our little cottage, for we move in two or three weeks to our new brick house, a block beyond the Temple. Business is coming up that way. Love to all.

Your affectionate sister,
Charlotte.

Nauvoo, Oct. 15, 1843.

My dear sister:

We are still here and well. Two weeks ago we were rejoiced to receive a long and interesting home letter, and in a few days shall look for the package sent by Rev. G. Moore. I think he must have enjoyed his visit and the attention shown him in Portsmouth. It is now over a year since I left home, and I think I will tell you how I passed the 3d October, the anniversary of my bidding you Good-by at the dépot at the head of Vaughan Street. In the first place, you must understand brother Joseph Smith has recently opened a house called the Nauvoo Mansion, and to celebrate the occasion gave a public dinner,—one dollar per couple. I received several invitations and accepted Mr. Hollister's, our nearest neighbor, who is in good standing in the Mormon church.

He called me in his buggy at eleven o'clock in the forenoon and drove direct to the Mansion. Joseph came forward to assist me from the carriage. I was ushered upstairs to the dressing-room, and then sent down to the parlor where were seated about thirty elderly ladies and a number of young married ones holding babies, with none of whom was I acquainted. A more vacant, unintellectual company I had never met; nearly all had a haggard, woe-begone expression, as if they had been fasting either to save the dollar for this great dinner or to do justice to it, (for I noticed they had keen appetites,) I did not know which. A great many of them wore around their necks a string of gold or gilded beads the size of peas, the only jewelry except marriage rings seen here. As usual not much was said, and as for exchange of ideas I don't
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think there was any. One pale-faced creature says to another in a peculiar drawl,—“How do you do; sister M.?”

“Why, I am just getting over a long fit of sickness. How is your health, sister R.?”

“Why, this is the first time I've been out since having the fever.”

“How miserable you look, sister B."

“Yes, I ain't well. I have a heap of misery in my side and am powerful weak all over.”

“What a curious-shaped head your child's got!”

And much more of the same sort.

Ladies and gentlemen have separate parlors, so all was hushed when a tall, thin man stood in the doorway in quest of his wife. A little, spare woman with spectacles on having immense round glasses arose from one corner.

“Here I am.”

“Well, I want you to fix my shirt collar.”

A great stir was made for them to meet. Joseph at this juncture looked in and remarked: “I hope you are all seated.”

“Yes,” said several that were standing.

He laughed, and the answer was considered quite witty. The man soon came again to borrow his wife's spectacles.

It was near one o'clock when Joseph, standing in the hall, called in his loud voice the names as they were to sit at table. Mr. H. and myself were the third out of 120 couples. As we entered the dining room, a man, a sort of toll-gatherer, took the dollar and we passed in. Two long tables extending the length of the room were loaded with good substantial food. The women were on one side and their partners opposite. Joseph and Emma took part with several young girls in waiting on the guests.

As we left the dining room Mr. Skinner came forward and renewed his invitations, and gave me a special one from the bride-elect to tarry the evening to attend the wedding. Mr. S. was groomsman or “stand-up,” as they say here. Of course I accepted, having curiosity to see the Mormon marriage ceremony,—though the groom was a Gentile,—for I had heard that in some cases the marriage is not only for time but for eternity.

Some young ladies joined me and we took a short walk. Returning we found the guests calling a meeting in the hall. I stood near the door a few minutes and heard them sing a hymn beginning, “Glory to the Latter Day Saints.” Learning that it was a business meeting, I left for better entertainment, but not much offered. I send you a paper containing an account of the entertainment and meeting.

At six all the guests except a few of the aristocracy took their departure. These remained for the same purpose as myself, and we assembled in the Bridal Chamber. All was silence for a long time,—a great deal of thinking, I suppose. Then Joseph said, “I understand Brothers Cutler and Cahoon and ladies have not had anything to eat,—bid them come up to the marriage feast.”

They soon made their appearance, and in the latter I recognized my spectacled acquaintance of the morning.

The bridal party entered and seated themselves in four chairs placed in the center of the room. Mr. S. handed the license to the Prophet, who read it aloud. The four stood up, the guests keeping their seats. In a few simple words not very different from any other Protestant marriage ceremony, Mr. B., a lawyer of Carthage, and Miss W., a niece of Sister Emma, were united for time only. A prayer was made by Hyrum Smith, another Latter Day hymn was sung, wedding cake, apple pie and pure cold water were passed around, and then it was proposed that we all should adjourn to the hall, so in procession we went down and placed ourselves around
the room like figures on a dial plate. There was more singing, a few anecdotes were told, and soon Joseph and wife took their departure. All the married people except the newly-married pair followed.

Then there was less restraint, a little dancing without music, then games such as we had last winter at the Rigdons’ quilting party. I left at eleven, escorted home by Mr. S., but the party did not break up till one o’clock.

Two weeks ago we moved from our little cottage. We miss the extensive view of river and country, but we are more conveniently located, as the center of the city is moving this way. We fatigued ourselves very much the day we moved, and concluded to have a long night’s rest, so Lizzie retired at seven and I went to my room soon after. Just then I heard Mr. Henry M’s voice from the foot of the stairs, “Will you attend a dance at the Hall? The team will call in half an hour.”

Of course I could not let any chance of amusement go by, so answered “Yes,” and instead of a nightcap donned a quiet party dress and was ready when the team came.

You can imagine how brilliantly the room was illuminated with the light of two tallow candles. We discerned eight or ten young people, and rather by sound than sight, in a dim corner two youths scraping violins. A reinforcement, (I think from the household,) enough for two quadrilles, two more candles added, and the music began. Rest assured there were no wall-flowers except a few on the gentlemen’s side. Every one was very quiet; dance was dance, with no trifling of words or laughter; the shuffling of feet and the calling of figures were the only sounds besides the music, and it soon became monotonous when my every alternate partner was Mr. M.

So I was glad when our team came, and I was at home and fast asleep by eleven o’clock.

You ask me if I can keep a secret. Yes, Isa, for there is no one here to tell it to; so don’t hesitate to tell me if you have any. Judge E. has gone East. You can’t think how I miss him, and it is uncertain whether he returns, — indeed Nauvoo is no place for rational people, and you must not be surprised if we should go also, for H. is trying to negotiate with Dr. Weld to buy his drugs. If he succeeds, he and E. will go to St. Louis, and I shall stop over at Louisiana, Mo., to visit the Osbornes and cousin Prue.

[Charlotte Haven.]