A Mormon Fugitive.—That noted Mormon, Sidney Rigdon, who held forth to a gaping multitude in this village a short time since, it appears was then making his escape from justice, having been much more free in shelling out the bills of the pretended Mormon Bank at Kirtland, than he was in giving anything in exchange for them. The letter which we give below is contained in a correspondence published in the Paineville (Ohio) Telegraph by request, the Editor thereof premising that he cheerfully complies with the request, "in order that the public may properly understand what is going on among the Prophets and High priests of the latter day saints."

To Sidney Rigdon, at Palmyra, Waterloo, Chenan Point, Pittsburgh, Massachusetts, Maine, or some other place where his business calls him.

Sir: I perceive from your letter, that though your journey, like your moral course, is so serpentine, so crooked that the devil himself might be puzzled to follow you, yet the fear of Sheriffs and constables has been a ghost on your track. No wonder. You have committed such incredible wickedness in pretending to direct revelations from Heaven, in aiding Jo Smith in ruining so many deluded but innocent families—in giving countenance to assassins, and in swindling community by means of your rag money, that it is not at all surprising, that the Sheriff with the appropriate implements for execution should constantly be present to your imagination, and that you should undergo nightly in your dreams the merited punishment of your atrocious deeds. There is no peace to the wicked.

You have opened the correspondence with me, and now I must discharge my duty to you and the people whom you and Jo Smith are seeking to enslave and betray to ruin. You have become a villain so
desperate, a swindler so bold, that you are lost to all good, and advice to you about reformation is idle preaching; but your intended victims may be saved by learning your true character. You came to Mentor in a cloak of religion, pretending to be a Baptist; suddenly you changed to a Campbellite, and lastly to a Mormon. But when you appeared the best, men of discretion and observation, plainly saw, that under this cloak you concealed a heart desperately wicked. On embracing Mormonism you became a co-worker with Jo Smith, the Prophet of imposture and evil. You and him have been successful in collecting at Kirtland, some three or four hundred honest but ignorant and credulous people, by basely perverting their religious sentiments, and you subjected them by pretending to act by the authority of the great and good Being whom all the conscientious revere, to a system of tyranny and plunder, that has overwhelmed them in ruin; some are in a state of starvation, some are mad, all in despair. Families you have separated, warm hopes of happiness, blighted; you have put asunder whom God joined together, and when this wide spread desolation among your followers was pressed on your attention, you mocked at their calamities: told those whom your wily arts collected with promises of great spiritual and temporal good, to disperse or starve! In my next I shall examine some other points of your character and conduct.

GRANDISON NEWELL.
Painesville, May 17th, 1837.

["His next" is made up mostly of a charge against Rigdon, and Jo Smith for having instigated some of their deluded followers to put the writer of the above out of the way by assassination.]

Congress.—Although it is now nearly three months since the last Congress became ex-
THE HUMBUG ENDED.

It is known to most of my readers, that a large society of christians who style themselves "Latter day Saints," or Mormons, reside in Kirtland in this county, about nine miles from this place, and that Joseph Smith jr. the founder of the sect, also resides there, as president of the society. Several weeks ago, a report was put in circulation in this neighborhood, that through the instigation of Mr. [Joseph] Smith jr., two men had made an attempt to take the life of one Grandison Newell, who resides in that neighborhood, and who is well known to be a violent enemy to them and opposed to them in religious and political matters. This hostility was generally known to exist and naturally gave credence to the rumor. At length, a warrant was issued by Justice Flint of this place, on the application of Newell, to apprehend Smith -- but he was not to be found. Several individuals in our village, formed themselves into a gang, and under the bane of a committee, repaired to Kirtland and made a formal demand of the leading members of the Mormon Society, that Smith should be delivered up, but being assured that he was actually absent, and that on his return he should be forthcoming, this self-constituted committee returned to their homes. A short time elapsed and, contrary to the prognostications of his enemies, Mr. Smith returned, and was arrested without difficulty, and brought before Mr. Justice Flint, together with a multitude of witnesses. The case was called -- and continued from Tuesday till Saturday, at the request upon prosecutor, to afford time for him to procure evidence, and the respondent with some forty or fifty witnesses returned home. Saturday arrived, the accused appeared, and the trial was had in the methodist chapel, before a large collection of people who had assembled in expectation of hearing a disclosure of the murderous projects of the modern prophet.

At the commencement of the trial, of purposes too apparent [to be mistaken], a certain distinguished General, who, by the way has heretofore been a leader of the federal party in this county, seated himself between the counsel for the respondent and the [witness stand], and at the elbow of Mr. Newell, and although often requested to vary his position, he obstinately (not to say indecorously) refused, but volunteered his valuable services as a prompter and a secret assistant counsel for his friend Newell, by suggesting upon a slip of paper, certain questions of an insulting nature, to be put to the witness, and occasionally, throwing out such remarks as he thought best calculated to give tone to the proceedings, favorable to the prosecutor.

I attended the trial and took down the evidence, but was much surprised to find that no testimony appeared, on which, any reliance could be placed, that went in the least degree to criminate the respondent, but rather to raise him in the estimation of men of candor. But the Justice of the Peace who had been selected to try the question, decided otherwise, and Mr. Smith was held to bail in the sum of $500, to appear at the Court of Common Pleas, at the next term, which commenced the Monday following, being last week. The trial again came on before the County Court, on Friday last, and resulted in the entire acquittal of Joseph Smith jr., of the charges alleged against him. This is said to be the thirteenth prosecution which has been instituted against Joseph Smith jr. for crime, since he became a Mormon, and notwithstanding the prejudice against him, he has never, in a single instance been convicted, on a final trial. This fact shows on
the one hand, that a spirit of persecution has existed, and on the other hand it certainly furnishes some evidence that he has for some reason, been falsely accused, and that, he is indeed and in truth better than some of his accusers.
GAZETTEER

OF THE

STATE OF MISSOURI.

WITH A

MAP OF THE STATE,
FROM THE OFFICE OF THE SURVEYOR-GENERAL, INCLUDING THE LATEST ADDITIONS AND SURVEYS

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN APPENDIX,
CONTAINING FRONTIER SKETCHES, AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF INDIAN CHARACTER.

WITH A FRONTISPICE, ENGRAVED ON STEEL.

COMPILED BY

ALPHONSE WETMORE,
OF MISSOURI.

ST. LOUIS:
PUBLISHED BY C. KEEHLER.
MARSEL & BROTHERS, Printers, N. Y.
1837.
substantial equipment were questioned on the road as to their destination, they uniformly answered, "Up to the Blues." This tract of country, watered with Big and Little Blue rivers, was then unsold, and had never been in the market; neither had it been erected into a county, but was a part of Lafayette. In making selections of seminary lands, which were allowed the state by the federal government, the commissioners annoyed the early settlers not a little with their locations in Jackson; a vast amount of acres was thus apparently thrown out of market; but the state subsequently offered the land for sale, and the settlers were generally the purchasers, at the state minimum of two dollars per acre. The quality of the lands in Jackson has not been overrated, as the close observer will discover, since thrifty cultivation has turned up to view the fatness of the soil. The county of Jackson is happily situated, with a market close at hand for a large amount of its farming products. This market is made by the location of half-civilized emigrant Indians close on their borders, and by the wants of the half-starved tribe of Kansas Indians, who reside farther out, in the territory of the United States, west of Missouri. The military post of Fort Leavenworth, on the same side of Missouri river, and half a day's ride above, likewise swallows up a considerable amount of produce, particularly since the location of the dragoons at that place. With these local advantages, it is not strange, therefore, that the fanatic tribe of Mormons fixed their mock revelation city of "New Jerusalem" in this county. In a poor country, "the storehouse of the Lord," which the priests and elders of their church require their people to fill (for their use), would have been in the condition of the Irishman's crib, "brimful of emptiness." The disgusting folly and the outrageous villainies of the Mormons, who had swarmed into the county of Jackson, induced the old settlers to rise in arms and expel them. The measure, although a strong and a violent one, was fully justified, and indispensable, in consequence of the impertinent and mischievous interference of the Mormons with the slaves of the county. Their threatened association with the neighbouring tribes of Indians was a serious subject of alarm; and no longer considered
doubtful in point of fact, when the Mormon population were found with arms pointed against their neighbours. The operation of fanatic zeal upon the human mind will account for the seeming improbability and the audacity of the outrages contemplated, and those actually perpetrated by this people. This tribe of locusts, that still threatens to scorch and wither the herbage of a fair and goodly portion of Missouri by the swarm of emigrants from their pestilent hive in Ohio and in New-York, must here be allowed the enviable distinction of having their follies and mad achievements recorded. It may serve the same valuable purpose, when viewed by the reader, that was designed by the Spartans, who made their slaves drunk, to show the children of Lacedæmonia the folly of inebriety. Without descending to the minutiae of the origin of the Mormon creed, which would be as fatiguing as the detailed events of a wolf-hunt (including a biography of all the dogs), some of the most important particulars will suffice. Somewhere in the western part of New-York, a few years ago, there existed a vagabond, whose name was Joe Smith. He was akin to some of the other Smiths, probably the black-Smiths. The only peculiarities of his early life are comprised in these important facts: he was too lazy to work; he was not sensible of the propriety of having the holes in his clothes patched; and he could perceive no necessity of washing his face; "for," said Joe, "it won't stay washed." There was another peculiarity in the character of Joe. He had, by some unaccountable effort, learned to trace characters with a pen, so as to be able to write his name; but he insisted that the usual orthography of the name was wrong. He therefore corrected the errors of the early lexicographers, and subscribed it thus—"Go-Smith." This innovation marked his character, and he subsequently became a reformer in religion as well as in grammar, and with like advantages in both instances. In orthography he is a "real horse," full match for one of the lieutenant-governors of the great valley, who wrote Congress in the following unique style—"Kongris." As it has been observed that Joe was too lazy to obtain his bread by honest labour, it naturally followed that he must rely upon his wits, however obtuse these might
appear. His want of learning and sense probably helped out
the delusion he has practised so extensively, and aided him in
making the impression that he was inspired. He has convinced
his followers that he can converse in "unknown tongues." As
he made horrible butchery of the English, it was fair to suppose
he could speak some language; and the opinion that beasts and
birds converse, has gained currency to some extent. In the pros-
secution of his scheme of reform, to enable him to "remove the
deposites" from the pockets of his dupes to his own, in conjunc-
tion with two or three confederates, he professed to have found
in the earth a book with golden leaves. This book, leaf by leaf,
Joe Smith, by aid of inspiration, read to a friend, "who held the
pen of a ready writer," and it was written out in dull, drawling,
oriental style. The reader could only translate and read these
golden tablets with the aid of a pair of marble spectacles, strappd
to his head with thongs of leather; and this part of the sol-
lemn farce was performed in a closet, from which much of the
light of heaven was excluded. Mystery is always imposing;
and that which is incomprehensible commands the homage of all
those who delight in the marvellous. The novelty of miracles
sometimes induces us to help the impostor in his efforts to cheat
us into a belief in impossibilities. The same corrupt taste as-
sembles crowds around a calf with two heads, and leads to the
foot of the gallows, on great "hanging festivals," thousands who
might be more profitably employed at home. As Joe Smith had
not quite mind enough to be amused with any thing he saw or
heard in this world, it was easy for him to look grave; gravity,
being an illegitimate half-brother of wisdom, enabled this prophet
of Mormon to pass for a sage or a seer, when he was only an
impostor and a nincumpoop. Joe had heard, or he had dreamed,
that the world was governed by women, sometimes directly, but,
where the Salique-law was in force, by indirect means. He
therefore began the explanation of his solemn mysteries to the
fair daughters of Eve, who look with peculiar pleasure on golden
pages. It should be here remarked, that this book, which is a
translation, if we may believe Joe, is the most ridiculous farrago
of nonsense that, in the press, ever disheartened a printer's devil
in the senseless expenditure of ink. There is not a sentence in it that has point or meaning, or can be made to reach the understanding of any human being, except the reader may have the advantage of being a knave or a fool. The expounders of this Mormon bible have, by much preaching, persuaded a large amount of folly and ignorance to believe, that some city of Zion was to be erected somewhere, and the leaders have determined that in Jackson county a spot is indicated to them by supernatural agency. To this county, then, this mass of human corruption was moving to an alarming extent, when, in self-defence, the good citizens of Jackson put in execution the good old law, and scattered them abroad into the neighbouring counties. But as good and wise communities rise out of the ashes of martyrdom, so the Mormons have added to their numbers and increased their consequence by the persecutions that they claim to have suffered; and they are supposed to be returning to the charge with the added strength of many recruits, guns, trumpets, &c. Looking calmly on the practices of folly and villany, and the success that uniformly attends the most extravagant pretensions, we should not feel any surprise to find a leader numerously followed, the prominent tenets of whose sect commanded the members to eat raw flesh and walk on "all fours." As an instance of human delusion, reference may be made to the success of the impostor Matthias, whose long beard and white wand led astray rich, well-educated people. We might exclaim with my maiden aunt Abigail, "The Lord deliver us from whiskers of every cut and fashion!"

A large proportion of Jackson is a timbered country, in which the usual varieties of forest-trees are found, with the exception of blue ash and white walnut. The county is likewise well watered, having many springs and small branches; but the Big and Little Blue rivers are streams of great value. These have many mill-sites, and the little branches, tributaries of the Blues, are happily distributed throughout the county for the use of stockraisers. About eight miles eastwardly from the seat of justice of Jackson, at the ford of Little Blue, the Messrs. John, James, and Robert Aulls have erected a saw-mill and merchant flour-mill of