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THE TREASURER'S SIGNATURE.

Treasury notes printed after the middle of this month will bear the name of James N. Huston, Treasurer of the United States. The substitution of his signature for that of the present Treasurer will be done on the plate by simply beating out the old signature and engraving a new fac-simile of Mr. Huston's autograph in its place. The signature of the Register of the Treasury on the notes is engraved and printed in the same way.

It was some little time before the government realized the necessity of having these signatures engraved. At first it was thought necessary that the notes should be signed by hand, and this was actually done until it became impossible. The first treasury notes issued by the government during the war were under the act of July 17, 1861. This act authorized the issue of $50,000,000 of treasury notes, payable on demand and redeemable in gold. They were called demand notes. They were engraved and printed in New York, and delivered to the Treasury Department at Washington. The law required them to be signed by the Treasurer and countersigned by the Register of the Treasury. The Treasurer at that time was Gen. F. E. Spinner—he of the picturesque and illegible signature. These were the first treasury notes that had been issued for a long time, and it was thought necessary, in order to make them legal, that the signature of the Treasurer should be written by hand. General Spinner was not averse to circulating his autograph in this way, and was rather proud to connect it with the first issue of treasury notes. He commenced signing the notes with great zeal. They were printed in sheets, and, notwithstanding General Spinner's complicated signature, he wrote pretty fast. By close industry, along with his other duties, he could sign perhaps a thousand notes a day. But there were hundreds of thousands to sign, and the demand for them was pressing. They were needed for daily use and faster than he could sign them. In a few days his hand became sore and swollen, but he stuck at his work like a hero. People came by scores to see him make that wonderful signature. No other man's autograph ever had such wide circulation or popularity. But General Spinner soon found that signing notes left him no time for other duties, and, work as hard as he could, he could not sign them fast enough. It became necessary to adopt other methods. The plate was changed so as to read, "For the Treasurer of the United States," and fifty clerks were appointed to sign them as deputies for the Treasurer. The same number signed for the Register. From that time on the demand notes, including most of the issue, were signed by this corps of clerical deputies, and presented a great variety of signatures. The first issue of legal-tender notes, or greenbacks, that of 1862, were signed in the same way. By this time it was discovered that signing the notes by hand was expensive and unnecessary, and the Secretary of the Treasury ordered all the plates to be engraved with autograph signatures of the Treasurer and Register. That has been the practice ever since. The amount of greenbacks now in circulation is $346,681,016. This amount is fixed by law and is maintained without change. Whatever sums are redeemed or canceled, new notes are issued in their places. These new notes, as well as new gold and silver certificates, will bear Treasurer Huston's engraved signature.

THE NEXT HUNDRED YEARS.

In reviewing the material progress of the country, and the advance in the arts and industries since Washington's time, one writer ventures the opinion that the second century of the Nation's complete existence will not see an equal improvement upon the work of the hundred years just ended. This is an unwarranted assumption. Just as the most vivid imagination and clearest prophetic powers of the last century failed to foresee the wonderful inventions and great discoveries which make existence so much more tolerable now than then, so the prophets of this day may be at fault. The people of 1789 knew nothing of steam power and its results on land and sea; they had no telegraph; they had only slow and clumsy means of travel and communication; they had no street cars, no furnaces, none of the thousand and one conveniences without which even the Oklahoma settler would feel lost. Because we can be transported swiftly across ocean and continent, because we know this morning what happened yesterday in China, because we have gas and electricity, because the humble householder has advantages and comforts that neither presidents nor princes knew in the old days, it does not follow that we have reached a limit of advancement. Though human progress has made greater strides in the nineteenth century than in any or than in all centuries before it, there is no good reason to suppose the discoveries and improvements are more than fairly begun. It is open to the dullest comprehension that with all our marvelous machinery our every-day necessities that were once unheard of, or were the luxuries of the rich, much is needed to bring these things to perfection. It is not to be denied that the knowledge of electricity is still in its infancy. Scientists are but fairly beginning to be acquainted with the mysteries of the earth's interior. Natural gas is an element whose limits and power have not been measured, and may yet prove an undreamed of force in the economy of human affairs. It may be that no discovery of new forces will be made, but the development of the old is not limited by what is already done. The spread of scientific knowledge, the activity of practical scientists, the eagerness with which manufacturers and capitalists seize upon new ideas to put them into practice are of themselves indications that the world is not coming to a standstill because so much has already been accomplished. Predictions concerning the nature of the coming century's work would be idle, but it is highly probable that the people of 1989 will find many reasons for congratulating themselves that they are not compelled to suffer the deprivations of their ancestors of this generation.

THE ASSAULT ON BACTERIA.

The attack by a member of the State Medical Association upon the germ theory was a very ill-considered and unpopular movement. This theory is a source of great joy and satisfaction to the medical profession generally. An acceptance of it affords room for easy explanation of so many things that were unexplainable before its promulgation that the young doctor who discourses profoundly of bacteria is apt to wonder how the old doctor who was not acquainted with the minute yet potent organisms ever presented that appearance of superior erudition which it is the duty of every physician to exhibit. It is not, however, because of the inconvenience an overthrow of the germ doctrine would cause physicians that the assault was so ill-judged. If the effort had succeeded and the cherished theory had been thoroughly exploded and destroyed, the ingenious medical savants would, doubtless, speedily evolve another that would answer every scientific purpose. It is the laity, the general public, the people for whom bacilli are supposed to be lying in wait around the corner, who are most deeply concerned in the maintenance of the theory. The lay mind does not accept a novel scientific hypothesis with great readiness, and belief in disease germs was a long time in gaining secure foothold. When its mysteries, or such of them as the scientists chose to disclose, were finally understood, the idea took hold of the popular imagination and now affords much comfort to many persons. Why this is so is not difficult to explain. Whatever is personal and individual appeals most intimately to the human consciousness. A disease under the old system could not be personified; it was a vague, intangible something which the fancy could not picture with any degree of certainty or satisfaction. The bacillus, on the contrary, is an entity. The scientists, to be sure, have not portrayed the outward characteristics of any family of bacteria with the accuracy that enables them to be recognized at sight. The average man would not know a bacillus if he were to meet one face to face. Nevertheless, the peculiarities of certain germs have been sufficiently well described to furnish food for imagination. The bacterium of tuberculosis is appropriately long and thin, and may naturally be assumed to be of pallid countenance and cadaverous look. The comma-bacillus, crooked like an interrogation mark, after the fashion of the human being whose interior it gripes, may also be pictured as hollow-eyed and ghastly. Typhoid fever and small-pox germs have not been photographed, but it requires no stretch of fancy to represent the one as of flushed and the other of blotchy appearance. All, of course, are of evil physiognomy, and some imaginations go so far as to fit them out with horns and forked tails. It is true, as well, that the learned professional gentlemen have provided no certain means of destroying these dangerous organisms except by burning or boiling—processes which cannot well be conducted while they have possession of the human interior. Still, it is something, it is much, to know that they exist. The adventurous element in man, which has no outlet in these days in conflict with Indians or savage beasts, finds gratification in circumventing, even unconsciously, the insinuating bacilli. The man of imaginative and philosophical turn can hardly fail to experience a triumphant satisfaction when, at the end of a day, he lies down to rest, reasonably secure that no wandering bacillus has fastened its cruel fangs on his viscera. When it is remembered that, according to the doctors, these deadly germs lurk in the water we drink, in the food we eat; that they float in the air and hide under the carpet and behind the wall-paper; that they may be wafted in our direction upon the breath of our loved ones, is it any wonder that escape from their threatening presence is attended with a mild exhilaration that would be sadly missed were it suddenly lost? The bacillus has its uses and should not be rashly annihilated.

It is not often that a newly-arrived emigrant from Ireland has the satisfaction of calling out the New York fire department and causing a street blockade the day after his arrival at Castle Garden, but that was Patrick Connor's proud experience a few days ago. He landed Wednesday night, and the next day he wrote a letter to his brother in County Kerry, Ireland, and started off to drop it in the letter-box near the Battery. Instead of putting his letter in the proper box, he opened fire-alarm box No. 12. The box is a keyless one, having a small bell on the door which rings when it is opened. The sharp whirr startled Patrick somewhat, but "as nothing else happened just then, I thought I was safe enough," he said afterward. Finding no place to put his letter, he pulled down the hook that he saw inside, thinking it would reveal a place for the letter. It didn't, and while he stood scratching his head and wondering how he could post the letter, a fire engine dashed up. Three or four sections of hose were reeled off the tender. By this time another engine arrived, and a third was close behind. Then two trucks arrived shortly after each other. By this time Patrick was scared and attempted to get away. He was arrested and taken before a police justice where he told a straight story and was discharged. He was badly frightened and said he thought "those woore very funny postmen, wid big hats an' axes." He probably thought they were going to take charge of his letter and carry it overland.

INSOMNIA is like rheumatism in one respect—about one-half the people one meets are troubled with it and the other half have some remedy to suggest. The latest alleged remedy for insomnia is roasted peanuts. To persons of weak stomachs the suggestion will seem horrifying, but Bishop Lyman, of North Carolina, says he has tried the remedy with excellent results. Perhaps we had better give the witness's words. He says:

> A little more than a fortnight ago, while staying at the house of a friend in the country, my good hostess brought into the parlor, quite late in the evening, a bountiful supply of freshly roasted peanuts. As I am very fond of them when they are not too much cooked, I ate quite freely of them and soon after retired to bed. I found the next morning that I had enjoyed the best sleep I had experienced for over a month. I attributed this at once to the peanuts and determined to try them again the following evening. I did so, and also drank a glass of fresh, sweet milk after I had finished the peanuts. That night I slept still better, and now for a fortnight I have partaken of the peanuts and the milk every night, and have not only slept remarkably well, but have also fully recovered from a slight attack of indigestion which had troubled me before. I now find that peanuts carefully roasted and not overdone so as to be at all burned are surely a remedy for sleeplessness, and also for that form of indigestion which is one of the producing causes of sleeplessness.

Roasted peanuts and fresh milk as a remedy for insomnia has at least the merit of novelty. As peanuts are a North Carolina product, we are strongly inclined to suspect that Bishop Lyman is trying to boom the market. However, if any reader of the Journal tries the remedy and survives the result we should like to hear from him.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Louisville Commercial, who accompanied a posse of revenue officers on a recent expedition against illicit distillers in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, relates the following incident: The party had descended a mountain side into a deep valley. A coil of blue smoke was slowly ascending from among the shadows of the hills. It came from a cave, and the cave was the home of a moonshine distillery. The correspondent says:

> As we dashed by a little hovel by the roadside a young woman of remarkable beauty came running from the door. Her hair was tied in a knot on the back of a head of classic shapeliness. Her eyes were great liquid orbs of soft brown, and her skin was of translucent whiteness. She was dressed in sober brown homespun. In her hand she bore a brown something fully three feet long, which proved to be the hollow neck of a gourd made into a horn. She placed the primitive trumpet to her mouth and wound a blast from it mournful and long-drawn-out as the notes of a fox-hunter's horn. The sounds from the gourd neck were loud enough to be heard to the furthest end of the little valley. It was a warning to the 'shiners in the still-house that the marshals were upon them. A posseman sprang from his horse as quick as possible, snatched the tremendous horn from the woman's grasp and dashed it to pieces on the rock. But the brave little woman's object had been achieved. Hardly had the first deep notes of the gourd died on the air, when the blue smoke up the valley disappeared. The men dashed on and ran upon the still in full operation.
>
> They captured the still, but the moonshiners escaped. The girl's blast on the gourd had served its purpose. This incident from real life sounds like a passage from one of Charles Egbert Craddock's stories.

ONE hundred years from now every street in the great city of Indianapolis will be smoothly paved and kept clean as a floor; there will be no dust, street-cars will be run by electricity, swiftly, noiselessly and with regularity; gas, both the illuminating and fuel variety, will be free, actually as well as theoretically, for otherwise there would be no great city here; the police force will attend to its legitimate business, without fear or favor, though there will be comparatively little for the officers to do, since saloons will be few and far between. These improvements and reforms will be brought about after the too-economical local capitalists and the men composing the Legislatures and the party rings that now oppose progress are all dead. The rest of us will, also, be in our graves by that time, it is true; but there is some consolation in the reflection that if nothing else can bring prosperity to the city death may, and that the place may have a booming future, even if it be so far ahead that we cannot share it.

THE editors of Texas, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska vie with each other in making seductive appeals to the boomers of Oklahoma who are not suited with that region or got left in the scramble for claims. According to the respective accounts, those States are flowing with milk and honey, and are full of fertile lands waiting for settlers to come along and take possession—after the preliminary of paying the present owners a "mere song." After reading these articles, the wonder is that the owners could be persuaded to part with such slices of paradise at any price. Oddly enough, too, boomers have passed through these very regions, and have been apparently unmoved by the boasted attractions. Some of them, indeed, who hail from Indiana confess to have seen nothing that will bear comparison wirh the Hoosier State. By the way, there is no better place for people in search of homes to come than Indiana, and a general invitation is extended. It is much better in every way to come here than go West.

A GENTLEMAN who lives in the northern part of the city, and who has a natural-gas flambeau in front of his house, says: "I tried an experiment last night to test the comparative illuminating power of my flambeau and the electric light over yonder on Meridian street. With a printed paper in my hand I found I could read certain type 200 feet from the electric light. Then I went in the other direction, and found I could read the same print by the flambeau at a distance of 250 feet. I discovered, to my surprise, that the natural-gas flame gives a stronger light than the electric, yet the latter costs $60 a year and the former only $12. Moreover, the natural gas shines under the trees and illuminates the sidewalks, while the electric light does not."

PROBABLY most persons are not aware that in addition to the regular American flag there is an official flag of the President which he alone is authorized to use and which is never displayed except in his honor. The flag is dark blue, with a white eagle, with outstretched wings, and holding a shield in its claws. Above this eagle and between its wings are seven white stars, and beneath it, half on each side, are six more, the thirteen being emblematical of the original States. This same design was the official flag of President Washington, and it has not been altered to the present time. During President Harrison's recent visit to New York it was hoisted on every building he entered for any length of time and taken down as soon as he left.

THEODORE PARKER, in a little work entitled, "Historic Americans," has an essay on Washington, in which occurs this striking passage:

> The New York Indians hold this tradition of him: "Alone of all white men," say they, "he has been admitted to the Indian heaven, because of his justice to the red men. He lives in a great palace built like a fort. All the Indians, as they go to heaven, pass by, and he himself is in his uniform, a sword at his side, walking to and fro. They bow reverently, with great humility. He returns the salute, but says nothing." Such is the reward of his justice to the red man.

This essay, by the way, is one of the most discriminating estimates of Washington's character to be found anywhere. It was originally delivered as a lecture in 1858.

"SOCIAL CIRCLE" is the fine, euphonious name of a town in Georgia. It has no water-works, but it has a well with a tragic history. Some time ago a man named Crawley committed suicide by jumping into the water, and one day last week his daughter, Miss Janie Crawley, followed his example by leaping into the same well. Recently a man who used the water for drinking purposes, murdered his three children and killed himself. That would not seem to be a very desirable social circle to enter.

FANCY the feelings of a modern real estate agent when he reads that in 1626 the whole of Manhattan island, on which New York city is situated, was purchased by Peter Minuit, on behalf of the directors, for sixty guilders, or about $24. Small as this amount may seem, it is worth noting that on compounding the interest upon the investment it reaches to-day a sum of about $220,000,000.

AN invalid lady of this city, noted for her wit as well as her amiability, says in a note to a friend: "I am suffering from dropsy at high tide, and what do you think my wicked brother says? He says I ought to eat heaps of blotting paper!"

ISN'T it about time to be bringing out the open cars? The closed ones are rather stuffy for these pleasant May days.

BREAKFAST-TABLE CHAT.

FORTY-SEVEN doctors are attending the Vice roy of China.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS, the novelist, has had enough of living in New York, and in a week or two will reoccupy his old house in Boston.

WOMEN cheered during the civic parade in New York when they saw President Harrison decline a glass of wine offered him by the conductor of one of the German "floats."

WILLIAM DODGE, of Boston, has 500,000 shifting geraniums and 200,000 alternantheia which are to surround the equestrian statue of Washington in the Boston public garden.

WHEN a father in Madagascar gets the idea that his daughter ought to marry he puts a rope around her neck and leads her forth, and the first young man he offers her to has got to take her or forfeit one hundred yams.

A NUMBER of Detroit ladies have organized a society for the cultivation of the art of conversation. They very properly regard the attainment as one of the highest, and as much to be sought after as piano-playing or painting.

C. P. HUNTINGTON, the railway magnate, does not work on Saturday or Sunday, because of his natural religious feeling. He says he isn't certain whether Saturday or Sunday is the day appointed by divine decree for rest, and so observes both.

A FASHIONABLE woman, in Boston, ties back her sash-curtains with ribbons to match the flowers that bloom in her windows. When she displays Easter lilies she uses white ribbon, when geraniums, red; when hyacinths, pink; when tulips, yellow.

THE dying Dutch King has many natural sons, and acknowledges them all. They are for the most part well bred, gentlemanly men, of literary and artistic tastes. The daughters are also legion. They received handsome, dowries and made advantageous matches.

GOVERNOR BIGGS, of Delaware, was on Tuesday several times reminded of the fact that he was the chief executive of the State of which the peach-crop liar makes his home. Several times in the line of parade he was greeted with the query: "Say, Governor, how's the peach crop this year?"

IT sometimes pays to be kind to strangers. An Eastern drummer, while traveling in Kentucky, was taken ill and stopped at a farmer's house. The farmer cared for his unknown guest, but the drummer got worse, and just before he died he bequeathed all his property, amounting to $8,000, to his host.

YOUNG Mr. George Vanderbilt has among his treasures the table which Napoleon wrote upon during his exile at St. Helena. It was presented to him by Mr. James McHenry, of London, whose house in Holland Park is a repository for interesting relics of the empire.

THE reports of James Russell Lowell's ill-health have led people to fear that he was really breaking down. But he showed no evidence of decline at the New York banquet on Tuesday night. He looks old, and his hair has grown very white, but his voice was strong and he seemed to be well.

ONE of the links that connect the present with the Cromwellian era in England will soon be sold by auction in London. It is a massive silver cup covered with handsome engraving, and belongs to Mrs. Riscom, of Rugby. The curio has been the bone of contention in several legal suits instituted to gain possession of it. It was originally presented by Oliver Cromwell to his son-in-law, Henry Ireton. It is expected to bring several thousand pounds, and has just been put on view in London.

WILLIAM H. BURGESS, who lives in Alexandria, D. C., assisted, in 1836, in building Washington's new tomb at Mount Vernon. He says: "I was a lad then, but I remember that in removing the bodies of George and Martha to their present tomb we decided to open the coffin. I looked in and saw General Washington's face. The body was well preserved, and the features were intact. There was nothing to indicate the time he had been dead. A minute after exposure to the air there was a collapse, and nothing was recognizable. The face looked like his pictures."

CARL ROSA was too modest to speak much of his indefatiguable labors, or to say anything of certain good deeds he desired to hide under a bushel, such as the Parepa-Rosa scholarship, which he founded fifteen years since, as a tribute to his wife's memory, in the Royal Academy of Music, at a cost of $5,000, and the assistance he rendered to the more modern Royal College. He never went through the ordeal of a benefit, or received a testimonial. Nine years ago he married again, and the domestic happiness he had so sadly missed returned once more to his home.

BUSHROD WASHINGTON ADAMS, of Philadelphia, owns George Washington's watch and seal. They are on deposit at the vaults of the Guarantee Trust and Safe Deposit Company. Mr. Adams's father was the most intimate friend of General Washington's nephew, Judge Bushrod Washington. The watch and seal, together with two of Washington's diaries, were left to Mr. Adams by name in Judge Washington's will. The existence of the two diaries was not known to the United States government until last year, when a stenographer was sent to Philadelphia to copy them, and thus completed the collection of Washington's diaries.

THE letter sent from the West by the venerable Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, to the woman's convention, in New York, was welcomed with enthusiasm. Mrs. Stanton is now in the seventy-fifth year of her age, yet she is as vigorous in her advocacy of female suffrage as she was half a century ago, and the proof of this fact will be found in her volume of Reminiscences, which is soon to be published. Her old-time colleague, Miss Susan B. Anthony, who appeared in person at the convention, is in the seventieth year of her age, and she also is as devoted as ever she was in her advocacy of the cause. Miss Anthony's abundant hair is now gray, but her voice remains clear, and her power over a friendly audience is unimpaired.

INVITATIONS have been issued for the wedding ceremony which is to make Miss Evangeline Wilson—the daughter of the late Henry Wilson, who was, at the time of his death, Vice-president of the United States—Mrs. Nathaniel Easton Carpenter. The life of the bride, who was scarcely more than an infant at the time she became an orphan, has been impregnated with incidents that made the history of her girlhood almost a romance; but in her forthcoming marriage there is, in the very beginning of her womanhood, the promise of an enduring happiness which will surely compensate for the trials and vicissitudes which she has experienced. The bridegroom is the son of an officer of the United States navy. The nuptials will be celebrated on the 8th day of May, at the residence of Mrs. M. G. Kimball, in Philadelphia.

NAUVOO AND THE MORMONS

Notes of a Brief Visit to the Latter-Day Jerusalem in the Autumn of 1846.

Scenes on the Prairies After the Expulsion of the Saints from Nauvoo—What Was Revealed by an Exploration of the City.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

In the fall of 1846 I was sent by way of the Ohio and upper Mississippi to Farmington, Ia., on a matter of family business. War with Mexico was raging along the Rio Grande, and the wharf boat at Cairo was piled full of cannon balls for General Taylor's army. It was an interesting sight to me, for it was the first time I had ever seen warlike munitions on the way to war. These cannon balls probably took part in the battle of Buena Vista a few months later.

The lower Ohio and upper Mississippi ran through regions nearly as wild as the Indians left them, but the scenery of the latter was sometimes grand and sometimes as rurally wild and beautiful as the meadows of a cultivated country. Iowa had just been admitted into the Union, and was to hold the first election as a State that fall. Farmington lay up the Des Moines river about twenty miles above Keokuk, in the border of a timber tract flanking a prairie that stretched clear to the Mississippi at Montrose, opposite Nauvoo, at the upper end of the rapids that in low water stopped navigation between Keokuk and Nauvoo. After a week's sojourn in the latter town, and attending the election at Keosauqua, the county-town—Jonathan McCarty, formerly a Whig member of Congress from this State, and one of the prominent leaders of the "Log Cabin" campaign in 1840, was one of the candidates for Congress—I started back home. But having heard a great deal about Nauvoo and the Mormons, and the interest being strengthened considerably by the murder, a year or two before, of the Prophet Joe Smith in the jail of Carthage, the county-town of Hancock county, in which Nauvoo is situated, I decided to make an excursion to the Jerusalem of the Latter-day Saints, and see what sort of a place it was, and particularly see the famous temple which was the admiration of all the people on the Des Moines. I was strongly urged not to go home without seeing it, as I could make a visit to it without going far out of my way, and it would take little longer to go down the river road along the rapids to Keokuk than to go the more direct road. So I took the stage, a covered two-horse wagon, for Montrose.

There was no town at the place so pretentiously named, only three or four houses scattered up and down the river bank along the rapids. But when the water was too low for navigation the upper Mississippi steamers stopped here and landed their passengers and freight. Lead from the Galena mines formed a considerable part of this freight, and this, cast in triangular pigs, a foot and a half or so long by three or four inches on each face, was piled up on the landing in scores of heaps four or five feet high. Directly east, across the river, the Nauvoo temple formed the most conspicuous figure of the bluff bordering the low, sandy "bottom," on which was built two unfinished stories of a monster hotel, that Joe Smith expected to keep and make profitable from gentile patronage. Here, too, were some other business houses, the whole standing at the very head of the rapids, which here shallowed, and consequently widened the river to a full mile or more—some said a mile and a half. Passage across was made in skiffs, as the water was too shallow for a steam ferry-boat. It was said the river was unusually low that fall, and was forded anywhere on the rapids through water usually little more than hub deep. A prevalent joke at that time was a story of a wood wagon, from Illinois, going back home after delivering its load in Iowa, and being run down and smashed by a little "heavy-dew" steamer that plied along some more manageable portions of the rapids.

On the way from Farmington to Montrose a prairie is crossed that covers pretty much all the distance between the two points. On this prairie the Mormons, driven out of Nauvoo by the Illinois mob, were encamped by hundreds. Some had made tents of their wagon covers, and some had constructed an indifferent shelter from the fall frosts and rains by bushes and the limbs of trees brought from the nearest woods. Many lived in their wagons, or slept there rather, and did their cooking and such house-work as they needed by fires near their wagons. Some seemed well-to-do, and no more uncomfortable than was inevitable in such a situation. Others, and much the larger number, were obviously suffering from exposure, scant food and disorders produced by want and weather and the unaccustomed hardships of such a mode of life. All together, it was as pitiable a sight, these unhoused mothers and little children, and helpless old grandfathers, hungry, shivering, crying, as one need care to see. And the sufferers were mainly innocent victims of mob wrath. Some, no doubt, deserved all they got, but most were harmless sufferers for the wrong doing of others. These Mormons a few months later began their long march over the "American desert," the alkali plains, the waterless prairie and the dreary mountain paths to the Great Salt Lake.

I talked with some of them. Many would have nothing to say to a gentile, but some, when they found an interested and patient auditor of the story of their wrongs, would talk more than enough. From these I learned that a few weeks before the people of Hancock county about Nauvoo, after some days of fighting on the prairie bordering the town, had entered and taken possession, giving the inhabitants three days, I think, to dispose of their property and get away. Some few sold their property at a third or fourth of its value, but most got nothing and abandoned it, and all their furniture and comforts that could not be readily taken away. The public-spirited "Suckers" who forced on the general exodus and final exile appropriated such of the property as they fancied, and probably made a little speculation of it. When I saw the expelled Mormons on the Iowa prairie, Nauvoo was almost empty of its old residents. They said they didn't believe a single Mormon family remained in the deserted city, although it had a population of 10,000 that same year before the war began. I doubted very much when I got into the town and strolled about pretty much all over it, if there had ever been as much as 5,000 population in its palmiest days. But ten thousand was the Mormon claim.

The outskirts of the town ran into the prairies on all sides except that next to the river, and all round the Illinois mob was encamped and maintained a constant attack on the Mormon garrison, it may be called, that occupied the handiest houses near their defensive works. The Illinois men had several field guns, six-pounders, and the Mormons had nothing but small arms. It was said, though they didn't say it, that they got a steamboat shaft (cast hollow), securely plugged up one end, and drilled a touch-hole near it, and used for cannon-balls chunks of pig-lead cut off and hammered as nearly round as possible. This, or some form of artillery, was stationed in a sort of bastion on the eastern verge of the town, made of planks and building timber piled up head-high, and long enough to shelter a hundred men. The remnants of several others were still conspicuous along the edge of the prairie, but this one was complete, just as it had been left at the close of the fight. The Illinois men used pig-lead cannon-balls, too, and I noticed several houses—of brick, as most Nauvoo houses were—with shot-holes in the walls. Most of the houses thus assailed were on the border of the town, but one unusually well built and comfortable-looking house, still occupied—away down in the city, near the bluff of the river bottom—had been bored through both front and rear walls by one of these extemporized pig-lead cannon-balls.

This much I learned of the conflict between the Mormons and the mob, from the exiles of Nauvoo camped and scattered over the prairie between the Des Moines river and the Mississippi. I asked as to the cause of quarrel, if the religious views of the followers of Joe Smith, and believers in the revelations of the "golden plates" and in Smith's own special revelations had any influence in causing or exasperating the differences that finally grew into open hostilities. They thought that bigotry and intolerance of new forms of faith lay at the bottom of the war. I didn't believe it then and I don't now. For at that time no revelation of the righteousness or necessity of polygamy had been made, or if made had not got far enough into public appreciation to affect public opinion, and without polygamy the Mormon doctrine is not strikingly different from some other forms of heterodox Christianity. The Illinois people told me in Nauvoo that the primary trouble was caused by thieves who sheltered themselves under the wings of the church, and with the connivance of Mormon friends managed to evade the law and continue their depredations. This exasperated the Hancock farmers, who found themselves losing hogs, sheep, cattle and horses, with no chance of finding them again. This was the cause of the local war that expelled the Mormons.

Armed with this information, I was prepared to make a more intelligent exploration of the city than I could have done earlier. So I hired a gentile "Sucker" of the neighborhood of Nauvoo to row me over the river. His name was Lathrop, and he had acquired three or four of the Mormon homes that the owners could not sell, and could not keep, and did not dare to trust to an agent. The river at the head of the rapids is full a mile wide, or was forty years ago, and shoaled on the Nauvoo side so much that our skiff, in the low water of the late fall, could not land, and we had to wade ashore for twenty feet or more. He landed nearly in a line with the Temple, some hundreds of yards above Joe Smith's unfinished big hotel. We crossed the low sandy bottom, some 400 or 500 feet wide, to the bluff, on the plateau of which were some substantial two-story brick houses, built in large areas of yard and garden, with an interval of some hundreds of feet between them and the temple. The latter stood out on open ground, with no sign of inclosure that I could see, and at the time of my visit was occupied by a couple of companies of Illinois militia under Governor Ford, as a guard against a renewal of hostilities. The men were encamped in tents on the temple grounds, but their provisions and ammunition were stored in the building itself. A couple of brass six-pounders enhanced the military appearance of the temporary garrison, and sentries marched round and round the borders of the ground in the impressive fashion of sentries everywhere.

We didn't stop long at the temple at that time, as I was curious to see the deserted city, which my guide and companion assured me was really deserted, hardly a half-dozen inhabitants remaining, or coming in from the adjacent prairies. Not far from the temple we found a doggery in full blast, but only one loafer was assisting the owner to "pile up," as the slang of that day expressed the business of doing nothing. Passing from the portion of the city in the rear of the temple down along a line parallel with the river, I got a very good idea of the queer topography of the town. It had once been a very level plain, but the water accumulating on the higher levels of the prairie back of it had poured in numerous torrents down to the river, cutting out deep and steep gullies, many large enough to hold a house and lot, many others apparently only breaking up the line of a street, and cutting lots in two. Thus there were two phases of city structure; one part, and the main one, built on the levels of the original plain, the other built down in the deep ravines. There were no completed continuous streets that I saw, but patches of houses running in lines a little way and breaking off. Here and there was a sidewalk, but the usual improvements of a city were not often discernible, if they were at all. In probably three houses, besides the doggery, I found occupants. The others, counted by hundreds, were as empty and silent as a city of the dead. Some we entered, as they were not locked, and finding the bedding and table furniture gone, usually, but bedsteads, bureaus, and all the larger furniture heaped together or scattered about just as the frightened inhabitants had left it. On the eastern border, next to the prairie where the anti-Mormon force was encamped, the breast-works of rails and timber were still standing, and quite a number of houses showed the marks of the extemporized cannon balls, hammered out of pigs of lead, in broken walls and roofs ripped open. There were no unusually large or fine houses in any part of the city. Pailey P. Pratt's was probably the finest and it was little more than a very ordinary two-story brick residence. There were some storerooms on the wharf, near the unfinished hotel, but they were in no respect better than those usually seen in river towns. In fact Nauvoo was about the worst exaggerated town, in population, wealth, beauty and interest, I ever saw. It was a poor town, far from handsome in site or finish, and not half as big as supposed.

There were few signs of mechanical occupation that I saw. There were carpenters and brick-layers, and shoemakers, saddlers, tailors and grocery-dealers, it is to be presumed, but I saw no shops and no signs. One might easily have imagined that the people, in the confidence of their higher righteousness, trusted to be fed on miraculous "grub" like the manna of the Arabian desert, and it is by no means unlikely that a good deal of the more common-place food they did get came from the pig pens, hen roosts, barnyards and corn cribs of the farms lying around them. To my eyes the city presented a peculiar aspect in its lack of the usual trades and occupations of towns, no less than in the intersection of its site by big and little gullies, sometimes hiding a little street of residences, sometimes only a house or two and an accompanying potato patch, but hiding them so deep down that at a little distance they could not be seen at all.

Returning from an exploration of three hours' continuance to the temple, I determined to examine that as fully as the military power would let me. It was of stone, 138 feet long, I believe, by about sixty wide, and was divided into three stories. Two or three stone steps led up to the vestibule, which was entered by three large archways. From this the main room of the church was entered by a large folding-door in the middle, and I think by one on each side of it. The seats in it were arranged in a sort of amphitheatrical fashion, if my memory is correct, rising considerably above the floor at the end next to the vestibule. The pulpit, and the seats of the elders, each marked by the elder's name in gilt letters, were at the further end. The ceiling was broadly arched, and nearly the whole swell of the arch rose into the second story. Looking at the outside, one saw a row of large, round windows in the second story, separated by pilasters reaching to the ground, one end of which was marked by a crescent moon, and the other by a cherub blowing a horn. These round windows opened into the space between the arch of the ceiling of the main room below and the exterior walls of the edifice. The gentiles believed they were "port-holes" for cannon, which were to be stationed in the second story in this unoccupied space round the arch. They might have been used for that purpose, for the building was solid and strong enough to have borne a heavy battery on both sides, but it is not likely that the Mormons contemplated any hostile collision when they went down so unresistingly—in effect—when a hostile collision did come.

The third story was divided into rows of small, cell-like rooms, which might have been used as sleeping-rooms for students of Mormon divinity, or for the cells of prisoners offending against church laws, or for the dormitories of some Mormon monkish fraternity, to come up in a later development of the new ecclesiastical system. When I saw them, the temple was not yet wholly completed, and these mysterious little stone rooms contained no indication at all of their possible use. From the third story the roof was easily reached by a stairway, and it was made as strong as any other part of the structure. It was evidently intended to be occupied on occasion for some purpose or other. From the roof a narrow stairway ran up the steeple, where one could easily see across the prairie to Carthage, in the jail of which Joe Smith and his brother Hiram had been killed by a mob a couple of years before. The tin covering of the rounded cap of the steeple was scratched full of names. Such as I have attempted to describe it was the famous Nauvoo Temple, regarded by the primitive settlers on the banks of the Mississippi as a wonder of architecture.

But the specially amazing feature of the temple, that which the simplicity of the farmer on both sides of the Mississippi regarded with an admiration akin to awe, and which he never tired of describing to his curious and interested neighbors who had not seen it, was the baptismal font, a huge elliptical bowl of limestone about seven feet long inside the cavity by five wide, mounted on the backs of twelve oxen, apparently—really on brick walls built for it and reached by a narrow stone stairway of half a dozen steps, balanced by another on the other side to descend by. The hollow of the bowl containing the baptismal water was probably two feet deep in the middle. The oxen, which seemingly supported this font were the cap of the climax of backwoods æsthetic taste. I had heard of them probably a hundred times during my two weeks' stay on the Des Moines, for every neighbor I met for the first time, on learning my residence, warned me that I must see the marvelous oxen of the Nauvoo temple before I went home. It was so easy and cheap, a little journey of twenty miles or so, and I could never have so good a chance again. Of course, I was going to see the oxen, and left them to the last as a sort of "bonne bouche" to finish off my architectural feast with. They were in the basement, in the main room of several into which that part of the temple was divided. The door was open, and I walked in on a brick-paved floor to the famous font. The oxen were arranged in two groups of six each, the heads of both outward, and the tails so close together that there was only room between for the little steps that led up into the font and out of it. The hind quarters of each group were close together, the heads turned further apart in a fan-like spread.

The first thing that struck me was the fact that these marvels of "Sucker" sculpture had tin ears and horns. Some of the ears had been knocked off by unrespective followers of the mob, and lay scattered about on the pavement. Most of the cattle had been dehorned of their tin weapons. The legs were merely plugs of stone, bigger at the body and tapering to the hoofs, or would if there had been any hoofs, without a mark indicating a joint any where. They were just such samples of cattle-work as a little boy draws on a slate. The heads and faces were about as close to nature as the legs. The whole affair was so ludicrously unnatural, so preposterous, that as I recalled the extravagant encomiums of my farmer friends of the Des Moines I could not have helped laughing if the font had been a coffin with a corpse in it, and the whole drove of tin-eared, plug-legged cattle had been groaning in the last stages of "buckeye" indigestion. Two minutes gave time in abundance to see all the artistic comicality of the famous oxen of the Mormon Temple. I must say for the saints, however, that I never heard them boast of anything about their temple or their city, although I talked with several very freely about their settlement there and their prospects of future settlement somewhere else in their exile. The general impression was that a new settlement and city would be founded in some of