

commit those high and horrible crimes with which he has been frequently charged, and as frequently proved to be innocent.

After his return from the dungeons of Missouri, Mr. Smith repaired to Washington, and in a respectful manner laid his grievances and those of his sect before the President and Congress. Instead of obtaining redress from the representatives of the people for the lands and property of his friends, which had been confiscated by the people of Missouri, he and his brethren received only insult and additional injury.

He subsequently bent his way, under apparently happier auspices, to Illinois, in search of a place, where he and those of his profession might live in peace, and be permitted to worship his God in their own way, and where none might molest or make them afraid. He selected a beautiful site for a city, on the banks of the Mississippi, and having purchased the land, he invited his followers to join him. Hundreds nay thousands, became proselytes to the faith he professed, hard sufferings had already given his preachers an astonishing success, and multitudes flocked to Nauvoo as to a place of refuge, and commenced building the city.

And what has been the result? In a spot where *eight or nine years* ago the feet of—man seldom trod, where the panther and the bear had roamed without meeting a human face, there are now congregated upwards of ten thousand souls. An increase like this, probably unparalleled in the United States, and certainly was never exhibited in any other country.

But a greater honor to this city and its founder remains to be mentioned—Within this city there is more order, more personal security, more public virtue, more industry and fewer instances of crime prevailing, than in any town of its size in the world.

And who has been the centre of attraction of such a population? What master spirit has brought these thousands together from far different countries—with habits of life and modes of thinking exceeding dissimilar, embracing, heretofore, systems of faith entirely discordant? The whole world will answer, it was Joseph Smith, a man everywhere spoken against, a man who was stigmatized with the epithets of liar, thief, robber, traitor, and even murderer, by those very men, who in all their conduct towards him and his people, from first to last have convinced the world that they were trying to attach to him names which more properly belonged to themselves. A man who by his death of *martyrdom* will multiply his followers

by hundreds, and perpetuate his name to the latest generations.

In the process of time the city was incorporated by a special act of the Legislature of Illinois; and at an election subsequently held, in pursuance of the act of incorporation, Joseph Smith was, without opposition, elected Mayor; which office he held up to the time of his MURDER, giving entire satisfaction to nine-tenths of the population of Nauvoo.

Such was the man whom the public press throughout the country has incessantly traduced and villified. It has maddened the brain and embittered the bosoms of millions of the American people against an innocent man, an unoffending religious sect, that sect too of our own nation and kindred.

But fanaticism has done its worst with Joseph and Hyrum Smith, and although no Mormon myself, (never having been a dozen times in their churches.) I would much rather take Joseph Smith's chance for happiness in that undiscovered country whither he has been so untimely hastened, than that of any of his traducers.

Joseph and Hyrum Smith, while living were the heads of a numerous and increasing sect.—By their deaths they become canonized; and the influence of their opinions, whether for good or for evil, has received a powerful if not an irresistible impetus. Mormonism has just commenced its career. It will date its greatest triumphs from the MASSACRE AT CARTHAGE PRISON.

And the time is not far distant, when the murderers of Joseph Smith, and those who have incited to murder, will be held as execrable, and their names only remembered with infamy, while a monument reaching to the clouds will point the pilgrim and way farer to the sepulchre of the great FOUNDER OF NAUVOO, and tell to succeeding ages, the deeds of one of whom it may be truly said, he was a father to the fatherless, and a friend to the widow in her affliction. J. L.

ANCIENT RUINS IN TEXAS.

We have been informed by a gentleman who has traversed a large portion of the Indian country of northern Texas, the country lying between Santa Fe and the Pacific, that there are vestiges of ancient cities and ruined castles or temples on the Rio Puerco and on the Colorado of the West. He says, that on one of the branches of the Rio Puerco, a few days travel from Santa Fe, there is an immense pile of ruins that appears to belong to an ancient temple. Portions of the walls are still standing, consisting of huge blocks of limestone regularly

hewn and laid in cement. The building occupies an extent of more than an acre. It is two or three stories high, has no roof, but contains many rooms, generally of a square form, without windows and the lower rooms are so dark and gloomy that they resemble caverns rather than apartments of an edifice built for a human habitation. Our informant was unable to describe the style of architecture, but he believes it could not have been erected by Spaniards or Europeans, as the stones are much worn by the rains, and indicate that the building has stood several hundred years. From his description, we are induced to believe that it resembles the ruins of Palenque or Ortulun. He says that there are many similar ruins on the Colorado of the West, which empties into the California sea. In one of the vallies of the California traversed by this river, and about four hundred miles from its mouth, there is a large temple still standing its walls and spires presenting scarcely any trace of dilapidation, and were it

not for want of a roof it might still be rendered habitable. Near it, scattered along the declivity of a mountain, are the ruins of what has been once a large aqueduct, part of which however is in the solid rock still visible. Neither the Indians residing in the vicinity, nor the oldest Spanish settlers of the nearest settlements, can give any account of the origin of these buildings. They merely know that they have stood there from the early periods to which their traditions extend. The antiquarian who is desirous to trace the Aztec or Toltec races in their emigrations from the northern regions of America, may find in these ancient edifices many subjects of curious speculation.

[Texas Telegraph.]

Henry Elliot, of Cincinnati, will cease to act in his office, as elder in the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. By order of the Twelve. W. RICHARDS, Clerk.

POETRY.

For the Times and Seasons.

TO DR. WILLARD RICHARDS.

A word to THE FAVOR'D "two minutes in jail,"

When the fury of men, and the vengeance of hell,
Sent a shower of balls, like a shower of hail,—

And the mightiest prophets but breathed—"FAREWELL!"

When the answer was silent—to "what shall I do?"

When there brother Taylor lay weltering in gore;
When the heralds of death rush'd the broad way to view,
And horribly glanc'd—YOU'RE THE LAST OF THE FOUR!

O tell it ye saints, while eternities add,

Where the righteous are joy'd, or the evil alarm'd,
That amid all the carnage at Carthage, so bad,
His body, as VEIL'D by the Lord, was unharm'd!

Ah! error's a phantom, but truth is a rod—

Hence, onward these tidings shall pass round the globe,
That RICHARDS was "mark'd" with the martyrs of God,
Yet spar'd without even a hole in his robe!

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