The Mormon Delusion:
THE BLOWING OUT OF AN IOWA TOWN.

Iowaville, about three blocks from the river. The diameter was 40x70 feet, egg or oval shape, thrown up on the outer diameter about one foot. There were two entrances; one was the head of the council ring, where sat the chief.

Iowaville was situated on that part of the west side of section 7 lying north of the river—a small part of section 7 is south of the river on which the town of Black Hawk was located. The western line of Black Hawk and Iowaville is the western line of that section. The old ferry was immediately across the line and in Davis county.

The decadence of Iowaville was gradual; it never numbered more than 200 population, yet there were men of mark connected with its history. Among these ought to be numbered Hon. Henry Clay Caldwell, the distinguished federal jurist; Hon. Robert Sloan, the honest and able Iowa jurist; James Jordan, the Indian trader, and A. J. Davis.

Iowaville is blotted out entirely; the site is occupied by the corn fields of Capt. Abraham Hinkle; who married one of the daughters of James Jordan. It would be a gracious act on the part of the State to secure a few feet of ground in the center of the old site and erect there an enduring monument on which should be inscribed: "Here was Iowaville."

OTTUMWA, IOWA.

THE MORMON DELUSION: The Fort Desmoines (Iowa) papers give some details of the passage of a band of Mormon emigrants through that place a few days since. In the broiling sun, these poor creatures, the majority of whom are women, moved along slowly in Indian file, dragging behind them in little carts the necessaries for the journey, sometimes two women dragging the cart, at other times a man and a woman together. The company was from Europe, and mostly consisted of English people, who had left their comfortable homes, their early associations, and all the attachments which render the English people such unwilling emigrants, and here, with a journey of more than a thousand miles before them, of which 200 would be through a perfect desert, without shade or water, these miserably-deluded people were trudging forward.—St. Charles City Intelligencer, Sept. 18, 1856.