

DIED OF REMORSE.

Hunted by the Victims of Mountain Meadows—Incidents by a Mormon.

SEVIER VALLEY, Sept. 13, 71.

EDS. TRIBUNE:—Excuse the liberty I take in addressing you for the first time, but as this is near the seventeenth anniversary of the Mountain Meadows Massacre, I could hardly resist taking my pen and indulging a few lines in commemoration of that bloody event. I have been a member of the Mormon Church for the past eighteen years, and yet retain my membership. When I first heard of the

HORRIBLE MASSACRE,

I was young—a mere youth in fact—and a resident of Salt Lake. Indians were accused of the murder of those innocent people—so said the brethren.

so reiterated the Priesthood in every meeting house in every stake of Zion. Much devilry is laid at the door of

POOR LO,

and he is the scape-goat for too many warring squadrons. I believed the Indians were responsible, but vague rumors were afloat—some of the brethren were absent from their homes on that eventful month, and no good excuse could be given for their absence. It was whispered the Mormons had taken a hand in the murder of the Arkansas emigrants, I could not believe it. One of our neighbors, who stood high in the Church, said Bro. Brigham on the night of the 14th of September of that memorable year, walked the floor of his office

RINGING HIS HANDS,

excusing and accusing himself, and sobbing aloud. He knew of the intended massacre, gave the order, and knew the day on which it was to take place, else why did he accuse himself and make so much fuss over a matter which had not yet transpired? But I have digressed; I started out to relate

AN INCIDENT.

A short time since, an old man died in this valley. He had a history, but it was buried with him, or nearly so. His strange actions frequently led them to inquire into his history, and little by little, I gathered the information that he was one of the men who obeyed the Priesthood one time too often. He was at the Mountain Meadows, and his hands were stained with blood. "Brigham Young," said he, "will answer for the murder of one hundred and twenty innocent persons, who were sent to their graves at his command." This man was but the shadow of a being, careworn and haggard. He imagined that he was always pursued by the spectral forms of those he had helped to send to the other world, and the least sound would startle him as one in mortal fear. On his deathbed he raved and beseeched those who watched at his side to intercede in his behalf and protect him from the spectres. He suffered hell on earth, and the man who led him into his troubles will get his on the 7th of December next. This I know, for the astrologist who cast those figures, never makes a mistake.

ANOTHER CASE.

In this valley is another man, much younger than the one who died, as I have above described. He, too, was at the Meadows, and is now possessed of the devils. "Would," said he to me, "I could roll back the scroll of time and wipe from it the dark and damning record. Mountain Meadows and those terrible scenes haunt me day and night—they will not away." I have known this man to hitch up his team and drive out to his ranch for a load of hay, and return quickly in terror, leaving the horses standing in the field. Nothing could induce him to return after them, and some member of his family would have to do it. The same team has been found standing in the road by his neighbors, left there by their owner who dared not go on with them. The poor man says those cold, calm faces of murdered women and children are never out of his sight and at times drive him nearly distracted.

I am now convinced Brigham Young counseled that massacre, and now that the laws can be enforced in Utah, Mormon as I am, I hope to see the day when he will be made to pay the penalty the arch criminal so richly deserves.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord!" Let vengeance be swift and sure, say all Mormons who respect the law of the land. Mountain Meadows is a stain which should be wiped out with the blood of Brigham Young.

EIGHTEEN YEARS A MORMON.