

THE LAST OF LEE.

The Monster Butcher Shot to Death on His Coffin.

Five Swift Bullets Penetrate His Hardened Heart.

Brigham, the Man of Mountain Meadows Still at Large.

He Goes Back on Lee and Leads the Saints Astray.

Vengeance is Mine, I will Repay Saith the Lord.

Poetic Justice on the Bloody Fields of Mountain Meadows.



FIRST DISPATCH.

MONUMENT POINT, MOUNTAIN MEADOWS, March 23, 12.45 p. m.—The selection of this place as the scene of the execution of John D. Lee meets with general commendation, on account of it being the identical spot where his crime was committed. Marshal Nelson made very ample arrangements to have everything carried out promptly and quietly. At Beaver the selection of this ground was imparted to only a few officials and press representatives, and by this means there were but few spectators. A company of soldiers at Fort Cameron formed an escort for the officials and furnished a guarantee that no interruption would take place.

TAKEN FROM THE CELL.

Lee was taken from his cell at the fort on Wednesday afternoon and placed in a closely covered carriage, well guarded, and driven rapidly southward. Shortly after, two or three other vehicles moved quietly out of Beaver, all having been notified to be at the Monument here by 10 o'clock this morning. No accidents or delays of any kind occurred on the road.

Lee was very taciturn, but apparently resigned. He would hold no conversation with anyone upon any subject whatever, to all questions observing a monotonous silence.

The officers and soldiers and part of the reporters arrived at the Monument about 3 p. m. yesterday. The weather came on early this morning.

Lee broke silence this morning and conversed with the utmost freedom with the Marshal and reporters. He spoke of his connection with the massacre, but made conflicting statements, at times admitting the willful killing of five persons, to others denying his guilt altogether.

THE EXECUTION GROUND

was 100 yards east of the monument, which is now a crumbling mass of rocks and dirt. The spectators were kept outside of the line.

About 10.30, Lee's coffin was placed twenty five feet in front of a corral formed by the wagons, behind which five men were armed with needle guns. Lee was brought forward shortly after, leaning on the arm of Pastor Stokes, and was seated on the end of the coffin. Marshal Nelson then read the order of the District Court for his execution, after which the Marshal asked Lee if he had anything to say.

Lee ate of his countenance exhibiting no trace of fear or any other emotion, and stated that he was not afraid to die. He believed in the mercy of God. The only regret he had was that he was compelled to leave his wives and children unprotected. He believed he was made the victim to suffer for the sins others committed. Brigham Young was leading the people astray, but the doctrine of the Church led to slavery. The only request he had to make was that the executioners should spare his limbs and aim at his heart.

TAKING HIS PICTURE.

Fennimore's photographic apparatus was then placed in position, when Lee requested that photographs of the scene be sent to his wives.

After prayer by Pastor Stokes, all were ordered to withdraw a few steps. The Marshal bound a handkerchief over Lee's eyes, but left his arms unbound by Lee's request. The word to fire was given precisely at 11 a. m., and the five guns were discharged almost simultaneously.

Lee dropped back upon the coffin and died instantly. Examination afterwards showed that the bullets passed entirely through his body in the region of the heart. The body was placed inside the coffin for delivery to his family and all was over forever.

LEE'S SPEECH BEFORE THE SHOOTING.

After Marshal Nelson had concluded reading the order of the court at 10:34 a. m., he asked Lee if he had anything to say before the execution was carried into effect.

Lee said—"I wish to speak to that man," pointing to Mr. Fennimore, who was fixing his canvass near by to take Lee's photograph preceding the shooting. Lee calling to the artist.

Fennimore replied—"In a second, Mr. Lee."

Waiting till the artist asserted his readiness to hater, Lee said—"I want to ask you a favor. I want you to furnish my three wives each a copy of my photograph"—meaning the one being taken—"a copy of the same to Rachel A., Sarah C., and Emma B."

Mr. Howard responded for the artist—"He says he will do it, Mr. Lee."

Lee repeated the names over again carefully, saying, "Please forward them."

Lee—"You will."

He then arose and said: "I have but little to say this morning. Of course I feel that I am upon the brink of eternity, and the solemnities of eternity should rest upon my mind at the present. I have made out, or endeavored to do so, a manuscript and an abridged history of my life. This is to be published, sir. I have given my views and feelings with regard to all these things. I feel resigned to my fate. I feel as calm as a summer morning. I have done nothing designedly wrong. My conscience is clear before God and man, and I am ready to meet my Redeemer. Thus it is that places me on this field. I am not an infidel. I have not denied God or His mercy. I am a strong believer in these things. The

most I regret is parting with my family. Many of them are unprotected and will be left fatherless. When I speak of those little ones, they touch a tender chord within me. (Here Lee's voice choked perceptibly.) I have done nothing designedly wrong in this affair. I used my utmost endeavors to save this people. I would have given worlds, were it at my command, to have avoided that calamity. But I could not. I am sacrificed to satisfy feelings, and I am used to gratify parties, but I am ready to die. I have no fear. Death has no terror. No particles of mercy have I asked of the court or officials to spare my life. I do not fear death. I shall never go to a worse place than the one I am now in. I have said it to my family, and I will say it to-day, that the Government of the United States sacrifices its best friend, and that is saying a great deal, but it is true. I am a true believer in the gospel of Jesus Christ. I do not believe everything that is now practiced and taught by Brigham Young. I do not agree with him. I believe he is leading the people astray; but I believe in the gospel as it was taught in its purity by Joseph Smith in former days. I have my reasons for saying this. I need to make this man's will my pleasure, and did so for thirty years. See how and what I have come to this day.

I HAVE BEEN SACRIFICED IN A COWARDLY AND DASTARDLY MANNER.

There are thousands of people in the Church, honorable, good-hearted, that I cherish in my heart. I regret to leave my family. They are near and dear to me. These are things to rouse my sympathy. I declare I did nothing wrong designedly in this unfortunate affair. I did everything in my power to save all the emigrants, but I am the one that must suffer. Having said this I feel resigned. I ask the Lord my God to extend his mercy to me and receive my spirit. My labors are done."

SECOND DISPATCH.

Special to The Tribune.]

MOUNTAIN MEADOWS, March 23.—John D. Lee was executed here at 11 o'clock. He sat on his coffin and displayed not the slightest nervousness. He seemed perfectly resigned to his fate, when Marabel Nelson tied the handkerchief over his eyes and started to tie his hands, Lee placed them over his head, sat perfectly motionless and called to the executioners to

AIM WELL FOR HIS HEART.

Marabel Nelson gave the commands, "make ready, aim, fire!" in a firm, cool voice, and in a moment, Lee fell back over his coffin, his feet on the ground, and died without a struggle. He preferred sitting. Five balls pierced the body in the heart and vicinity.

It was the most remarkable sight any one ever saw. The old man never flinched, and it made death seem easy, the way he went off.

He said in his last statement that he was a sacrifice, and Brigham Young went back on him. His last word was against Brigham Young. The execution was about 100 yards from the emigrants' monument.

Special to The Tribune.]

CEDAR CITY, March 23, 10 p. m.—The Marshal's posse with Lee in charge camped yesterday morning at Leech's Springs, seventy miles out of Beaver. Lee ate a hearty breakfast and rolled in blankets slept until near 3 p. m., when we started for the Meadows. At Cedar we overtook Lieut. Patterson and a squad of 22 infantry from Camp Cameron, who had been sent out as a body guard.

Arrived at the Meadows about 8 last night and went into camp. Lee did not get out of the covered carriage, but slept soundly all night.

HE SEEMED ALMOST JOVIAL

during the entire trip, and failed to realize the terrible fate awaiting him. For the first time he conversed on the way, and confessed to killing six emigrants. He said he was glad that his trouble was nearly over. This morning he said he had all along expected a reprieve. He drank a cup of coffee and submitted to a long interview. He referred to everything, and among others, to his statement made to Bishop. He regretted he was leaving his family destitute, and only asked that quick work be made in disposing of him. He thought he had strength to carry him through; was willing to meet his

GOD AND THE MURDERED EMIGRANTS.

At 9 o'clock started for the place of execution, on the ground where the emigrants camped, a few rods from the monument. Lieut. Patterson with the soldiers led the column, followed by three Government wagons with Lee in the foremost. This made a striking picture, not unlike the one presented here twenty years ago, although the object then and now was quite dissimilar. It was a striking picture as seen from a commanding promontory. Lestalked quite at length with Marshal Nelson and District Attorney Howard. He was perfectly familiar with the surroundings and freely explained the situation of the emigrants.

While walking to his coffin, he seemed to grow weaker, and as he

proceed. He had his picture taken sitting on his coffin. He gave orders to send one each to Rachel, Sarah and Caroline—his three wives.