

## MOUNTAIN MEADOWS.

A Visit to the Site of the Massacre.

The Monument Decaying from Neglect.

Seventeen Years Elapsed, and the Criminals Unpunished.

HAMILTON'S FORT, Iron Co. }

Aug. 8th, 1874. }

DEAR TRAVELER: I have just returned from a visit to that noted locality known as Mountain Meadows. Perhaps a few words descriptive of the scene might be acceptable to your readers. As the traveler follows the direct road between Pioché and St. George in a southerly direction, he will come to one of the natural passes leading out of the great western basin. While crossing the divide, he obtains a view of a small plain or valley lying to the southwest, where the mountains appear to converge. There the eye rests upon the spot where the tragedy which has rendered the name of John D. Lee forever infamous, was committed. After getting fairly into the valley, the traveler shortly strikes the old California road. Leaving the main road to the left, and following the declivity about half a mile, he encounters a mound composed of red-brown granite stones, which mark the spot where the unfortunate emigrants encamped. The incidents of the massacre are well known. While resting there, men, women and children

UN-ESPICIOUS OF DANGER,

a band of assassins stole upon them in the disguise of Indians, from behind the adjoining hills, and treacherously and barbarously murdered the whole company, consisting of 119 persons (though some in this region set the number higher), saving only a few little children who were considered too small to tell tales.

On coming to the "monument," as it is called, about two miles from where the road crosses the divide, it is easy to comprehend the entirely defenceless situation of the emigrants. Two low hills are within easy range, with a ridge connecting them. The emigrants were probably attacked from behind these hills and connecting ridge, which lie about seventy-five yards west of the monument. A portion of the breastwork erected during the night by the attacking party still stands, which shows the cowardice of the assassins, as they were evidently more ready to trust to the effects of starvation, than to face the weapons of their victims. Although seventeen years have passed since the massacre, yet no one has been punished.

FOR THE HORRID DEED.

The monument, or grave, where the ashes of the poor victims repose, is a pile of loose stones, twenty seven feet long and nine feet wide. The ground where they camped appears to have been once well set with grass, which has since died from being used as a sheep-pasture, and the roots are fast decaying. A deep wash is formed by the run-floods, and by the small creek that murmurs along the bottom of the wash. The monument is within six feet of the back, which is from twelve to fifteen feet high. By the natural course of the floods, the monument will soon fall into the wash, and from thence the dust of the sleepers will be carried into the Rio Virgin and will soon mingle with the sands of the Colorado. It is the duty of all lovers of justice to contribute something toward erecting

A MORE SUITABLE MONUMENT

to mark the place where poor victims of fanaticism are reposing.

It may not be uninteresting to the curious to know that the "Holy Order of Looeh" was built and launched within twenty-eight miles of the scene of one of the most horrid tragedies that has been witnessed during the present century, and that John D. Lee accompanied it on the trial trips as far as Kanarrab, forty-eight miles.

Bosco.