

CRIME STRANGELY EXPOSED.

Rock Photographs of the Mountain Meadows Massacre

The Voice of the American People Crying out for Justice.

Our attention has been called to an article published in the Religio-Philosophical Journal of the 28th ult., (which we reproduce below) in the following stirring letter:

EDS. TRIBUNE:—In handing you the enclosed communication, clipped from the Religio Philosophical Journal, of the 28th ult., for insertion in your valuable paper, I beg to offer a few of my thoughts and queries in relation to that most foul and inhuman butchery at Mountain Meadows.

Brigham Young, who would of course deny any personal complicity in the horrid murder, was, at the time of its committal, Governor of Utah Territory, commander-in-chief of the militia, and also superintendent of Indian affairs. Why did he not then, in fulfillment of his duties in the triple offices he held, (to say nothing of his ecclesiastical power and control then in its zenith) take a course to bring the perpetrators of the black-hearted crime to justice, were they outwardly white or red? And if it had been done by Indians, as charged by the Mormons for years, and even reiterated only some two or three years past, in the Church organ, the Deseret News, in the face of undoubted evidence to the contrary, well known to thousands, why were not the Indians punished therefor? And further, I would ask why has such apathy been manifested by the U. S. Government, and why have not the Judicial Officers of this Territory had the needful support to enable them to bring into the light the truly guilty ones, and by thus seeming to father the great crime, give falsity to this country's being "the home of the free and the land of the brave?" Does it, can it, matter whether the crime was committed 16 days or 16 years ago, who the criminals are still at large and unpunished? It is not in the spirit of blood-thirstiness that I write, being personally an advocate of the abolition of capital punishment, but because I am desirous of seeing the time when I, with my fellows who have made this the land of our adoption, and who revere the glorious constitution of our country, shall be able to enjoy the inestimable blessings of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness guaranteed unto us, wherever the standard of liberty shall be unfurled.

It would seem, however, that in the sad lack of justice being meted out to whom it is due, in this almost unheard-of atrocity against the laws of the land, that the very rocks and stones are crying out, for such was the intensity of the crime and so powerful the sufferings of the injured ones, that its impression was left upon the stones in the neighborhood, which stand forth as so many unawed witnesses against the actors in that awful butchery, calling for retributive justice.

By the dying groans of fathers, mothers, sons and brothers—by the outraged feelings of the dishonored and murdered daughters—by the agonizing cries of innocent children cruelly mangled—by the curdling blood coursing the veins of every true American who has heard of the revolting tragedy—by the blush of shame mantling the cheeks of hundreds of those yet calling themselves brothers and sisters in Christ, of the heartless murderers when they think of six score of their fellow beings thus brutally hurled unprepared from this stage of action, and lastly, though not least, by the still continued call for retribution evolved from the spirits of the murdered ones—appeal is made to the Government and judiciary to see that justice is done in the premises.

THOMAS C. ARMSTRONG.

Salt Lake City, March 2, 1874.

The following is the letter spoken of, written by D. Bonelli, Esq:

ED. JOURNAL, DEAR SIR:—Appreciating your readiness to publish, and the desire of your readers to peruse any well established facts proving the influence of spiritual forces in the realms of the visible creation, I hereby submit to your notice and for your use a curious fact of spirit photography, which has just come to my knowledge.

Most of your readers are no doubt familiar with the oft repeated narrative of the terrible massacre of a company of Arkansas emigrants on the Mountain Meadows in Southern Utah, in 1857, when 119 men, women and children were ushered into eternity by the fury of organized bands of fanatical assassins, disguised as Indians—a deed to which the long history of all the ages, furnishes but few, if any parallel. I allude to it here only for the direct connection of that tragedy with my present subject.

On a cliff of the adjoining hill, directly overlooking the battle grounds there were found, in 1864, or even years after its occurrence, numbers of small pieces of yellowish slate with pictures of that battle photographed upon their smooth surfaces in black colors, very distinctly showing the lone cedar tree, the men and Indians with their guns as in the battle, and, what to me seems unaccountable, one piece with the picture of the monument and cross, which was afterwards erected by the United States Army.

I give this as I got it from a young lady attending school here, and who resided in sight of that spot during the year 1853. Her name is Eliza J. McLeas, and the pictures were found by one of her brothers, and kept at the house as curiosities for some time. The largest of these pictures was afterwards coaxed away from the boy by one of the participants in that scene, on the plea that his wife was good at drawing and wanted to borrow it to get a copy of it.

Another slate with the impression of the monument was given to an emigrant going to California.

As Eliza, my informant, is now 17 years old she was at the time of the discovery a child of only 7 years of age, and, although not doubting her word, I still interrogated her father about the matter, who corroborates her statements. These persons are not mediums, nor believers in spiritual phenomena, but rather materialists, and regarded as truthful and reliable. You may, therefore regard the phenomenon of an objective reality, however difficult of explanation it may be. The question whether or not there can be more such impressions found, I expect to solve the next time I pass by that locality.

St. Thomas, Nevada.