

MORMON BUTCHERY!

The Press of the Land Speak in
Thunder Tones.

The Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints Held
Responsible.

Brigham Young and His Priestly
Band of Cut-Throats Counsel
the Massacre.

Wild Fanaticism and Theocracy
Must Be Checked by the
Government.

The Band of Robbers and Mur-
derers in Utah Must be
Squelched.

The Profit of the Lord to be
Brought to Justice.

34. The Mountain Meadows.

In 1857 one of the finest emigrant trains that ever crossed the plains, left Salt Lake City, on its way to California. It was composed of many wealthy families, who carried with them not only the necessaries, but even the luxuries, of life, with which they hoped to render their abodes on the Pacific at least equal to the homes left behind. Brigham Young was at that time very much irritated about some difficulty he was having with the United States authorities, and threatened the emigrants generally with violence. When the train passed a number of disaffected Mormons went with it, which added fuel to the fire, and caused one of the most diabolical plans to be laid that was ever conceived. Whether or not Young was an accomplice in this horrible outrage, is yet to be discovered by the courts; but he was certainly accessory, as he had not long before, in a sermon, declared that unless emigrants ceased passing through his country, he would turn the Indians loose on them. But these emigrants know nothing of this, and passed on their way, anticipating no harm. At Mountain Meadows there was a number of Mormon settlements. The emigrants reached this point, three hundred miles from Salt Lake City, and halted to rest, and recruit their stock before entering on the great desert which lay beyond. Here an Indian Agent saw them, reported their appearance, numbers and condition, and for some years nothing more was heard of the train. It was said to be "lost." Gradually tales of blood began to be circulated and credited, and now, eighteen years from the date of the murderous transaction, the whole truth is coming to light.

The Mormons held an informal council at Mountain Meadows, and decided to murder the emigrants and possess themselves of their wealth. This was a terrible task, as the latter were well armed and on the lookout for Indians. The Mormons disguised themselves as Indians, and, assisted by a company of real savages, attacked the train when they supposed the party not to be on their guard. The latter were prepared, however. Taking their arms, they repelled the attack, and, throwing up barricades and breastworks, they stood a siege for a week, showing at the end a little prospect of surrender as the beginning. The attacking force of Indian and Mormon savages then changed their tactics. The latter washed the paint from their faces, put on their own clothes, and appeared to the emigrants in the character of rescuers. Having teams and loads, they appeared to be going on to California, and were joyfully received. On a given signal, the emigrants having laid aside their arms, they fired alike upon men, women and children. The Indians, who had been concealed near by, now appeared on the scene, and to them was delegated the deadly task of murdering the women and children, a job which they performed most effectually. So far as is known, not one escaped alive. The men were shot, and then not immediately killed, but their throats cut. The women were ravished, stabbed, and their bodies mutilated; the children were happy in having easy deaths—their brains were knocked out with the butt ends of rifles. It is said seventeen children were saved, but there is no certain proof even of this.

After all these years, justice, following with a slow but sure step, is now on the track of the perpetrators of this diabolical outrage on the common rights of humanity; a number of those engaged in the massacre have been lodged in jail, and are now being tried for their lives. It is a solemn thought, and a fearful warning to criminals, to reflect on the circumstances of this case. When the crime was committed, the whole Western country was a comparative wilderness. The deed was perpetrated hundreds of miles from the borders of civilization, and by men who acknowledged no higher authority than that of their prophet and their own wills. Years have passed, the desert has blossomed as the rose, and all the while these men have kept the deadly secret locked in their own breasts, hoping to carry it with them to the grave; but the overhanging goddess has ferreted out their doings, and they must now appear at her bar and account in their old age for the crimes of their youth. One of the leaders, John D. Lee, sought to exculpate himself by turning State's evidence and convicting his old accomplices in guilt, but, by the latest accounts, his statement has been declined, and the miserable wretch who sought to save the dress of a evil life by proving the means of condemning his associates, is now forced to stand a trial on his own account, thus bearing his meanness as well as a guilt. It was proved against him that while the massacre was going on, he dragged a lovely young girl from the scene; when she resisted, and struck at him with a knife, he shot her. The facts in the case are conclusive, and the evidence said to be overwhelming. One woman testified to having seen two huge piles of bodies, one of men, the other of women and children, all dead, all stripped, and being eaten by wolves. Another witness declared that the jewelry and property of the emigrants are worn and used in Salt Lake City to this very day. The prosecuting officers appear to be doing their work thoroughly, and seem determined to get to the bottom of the whole affair, even if the disclosures affect Young himself, as it is believed they will. If complicity in, or direction of the crime can be placed at his door, it will be but common justice for his old companions himself to dangle at the rope's end or spend the rest of his vile life in a State's prison. The word of justice should fall, no matter on whose head it may descend, and the power wielded in the name of religion by this heavy villain renders him only the more culpable.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Mountain Meadow Matter.

During the winter of 1859 and 1860 the troubles between the Mormons and their neighbors in Missouri terminated in actual civil war, resulting in the expulsion of the obnoxious sect from the State and their emigration to Nauvoo. Bitter feuds had existed for several years, and deep personal animosities were engendered, which smoldered through the triumph and defeat of the exodus, and burst forth like a bale-fire twenty years later in the Mountain Meadows Massacre.

During the summer of 1858, an emigrant train from Missouri and other Western States, started across the plains for California. Among the emigrants it is probable there were several men who had taken part in the Mormon war, and it is certain that the old Missouri sentiment of hatred to the Mormons was very strong. As the party approached Utah various expressions of dislike to the Latter-day Saints were indulged in, somewhat in a spirit of bravado, perhaps, as preparations were made indicative of trouble.

The Mormons had at that time been settled at Salt Lake about ten years, and were already strong in numbers and prosperity. Alfred Cummins had been appointed Governor over them by President Buchanan. On the 27th of November previous, Governor Cummins had declared the Territory to be in rebellion, and although there had been a nominal submission to Federal authority on the part of Brigham Young and his officers, there was still intense excitement among the people. A fierce cry went up from among them for vengeance against the Gentile usurpers.

The threatened lettings so serious in the summer of 1859 that General Albert Sydney Johnson moved, with 2500 United States troops to protect the emigrant trail, fearing the Mormons would attack Gentile settlers moving into or through the Territory. In September, 1858, the emigrant train, partly composed of people from Missouri, above referred to, reached Utah. They were known to go into camp at a place recalled Mountain Meadows, a favorable recruiting station, serving as a place of rest previous to entering the desert. The train was the last known of the party for many years. The forty families composing the train disappeared from the kin of their kind as utterly as if they had never existed.

It has always been supposed that Mormon wrath overwhelmed the party, but by what means the Saints vented their fury and annihilated their victims has never been known. Of late years various hints of a frightful massacre have leaked out, and from these, two accounts have been pieced together, probably embodying something like the truth. One account is that the train was besieged at Mountain Meadows several days by the Mormons, whom they unsuccessfully resisted. They were then induced to believe that General Johnson had arrived with United States troops and driven the Mormons off, and they were shot down as they came out of their encampments.

The other story is that the Mormons were disguised as Indians, and after making an unsuccessful attack they put aside their disguises and came up as friends to the rescue. The emigrants were persuaded to resume their march under escort of the new friends and ambuscaded on the way. John D. Lee and Philip Klingensmith, bishops of the Mormon Church, are said to have recently made full confession under oath, revealing all the horrors of this awful crime. Lee is the reported leader of the band who accomplished this the most heinous deed in the annals of our civilization. He is now on trial at Beaver, in Utah, and is credited with a desire to turn State's evidence. Our dispatches state that the authorities refused to receive his evidence, having testimony enough to convict him. It seems probable that, after eighteen years' immunity, the perpetrators of the frightful massacre at Mountain Meadows may be brought to justice at last.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Mountain Meadows Butchery.

The narrative of the slaughter of men, women and children at Mountain Meadows by the "Latter-Day Saints" reads like one of the old-time stories of medieval cruelty, which we only half believe, holding for the sake of human nature to the theory that imagination has been permitted to lend a visionary nightmare honor to the actual facts. There can no longer be any room for dispute about the main features of the story. That the unfortunate emigrants were massacred after having been solemnly assured of protection in case they would surrender to the Mormons; that they were victims of the most devilish falsehood and treachery; that the pleadings and prayers of women and children were disregarded; that the butchery was attended by circumstances of unheard of atrocity—all this has been already established by abundant proof.

But Lee and Haight and Higbee are not the chief criminals. The evidence clearly points to Brigham Young himself as the real author and instigator of the butchery. His autocratic power among the Saints was then at its height. His will was the supreme law of his people, it was to him that the Mormons looked up as their prophet, priest and king. They were taught to receive the orders of Brigham as the direct inspiration of Deity. To them the voice of the Prophet was the voice of God. Hingensmith, Joel W. White and others, the chief actors in the horrible tragedy had been made to understand that disobedience to the orders from the higher powers was death. "I did not try," says Klingensmith, "to prevent any man from going to the massacre; I had no power to do it, if I had, tried it would have been bad for me." He adds on his cross-examination: "I was afraid both of the church and the military authorities. I feared personal violence; I feared I would be killed." There seems to be little room to doubt that Brigham Young inspired the whole business. It was he who ordered the emigrants out of Utah and issued orders that the Saints should not sell them provisions. President Haight denounced them as vessels of wrath foredoomed to destruction. Would he have dared to do this without the suggestion or permission of Brigham? At any rate the Prophet never rebuked him for his course. It seems preposterous to assume that a deed of this kind, involving such grave responsibilities and liable to entail such serious consequences, would have been undertaken by subordinates without authority from headquarters. But if an audacious and over zealous subordinate had ventured to perpetrate so terrible a crime upon his own individual responsibility, would Brigham have accepted the odium of the deed? Had it been done in opposition to his wishes and in defiance of his authority, would he not have made haste to exculpate himself by the condign punishment to the murderer? But it is clear that if he did not plan the atrocity, he approved it. He caused the murdered men to be distributed, and enjoined the assassins to keep quiet and not to talk about it, even among themselves. In short, he acted like the instigator of the deed and the accomplice of the butchers.

And meanwhile the devout Mormons at Beaver, where the trial is going on, openly show their sympathy with the assassins. They serenade Lee in his prison; they go about the street flourishing their revolvers and bowie knives and threatening vengeance against Klingensmith and the other witnesses for the prosecution. They openly and ostentatiously proclaim their admiration of the butchers of woman and children. This is all incredible. It reads like the stories of medieval barbarities, of the slaughter of two Albigenses, the tortures of the Inquisition, the massacre of St. Bartholomew. And so we read we groan at the thought that despite the march of mind and the progress of civilization, the world has not yet outgrown these horrors.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Mountain Meadows Massacre.

The first instalment of the evidence in the trial of John D. Lee, the Mormon leader of the Danites who massacred a body of emigrants at Mountain Meadows, Utah, in 1857, is before the public, and confirms the story heretofore given of that horrible crime. Not only this, but it seems to point unmistakably to the guilt of the whole Mormon Church in Utah, including Brigham Young, who was at least an accessory after if not before the fact. For nearly twenty years this terrible misdeed has rated unavenged. The bones of the poor victims have whitened in that far-away desert, and the few infants spared from the general butchery have grown to be men and women, ignorant of their parentage and unconscious of the terrible tragedy which marked their entry into Mormon life. The secret has slept well. "Go," said Brigham, "and let the history of this affair be a sealed book to all of you." They were forbidden to talk of it even among themselves, and so that black day became as one lost from the calendar, and suspicion only guessed at the awful secret.

But with those who participated in the foul murder it was not forgotten. The shreds that rent the startled air on that fatal morning, the piteous appeals for mercy which almost wrung pity from the unconscious earth, were wafted into the brains of the perpetrators, and would not be washed. The years fled away, as if anxious to cover up and hide the awful crime, but in the minds of the guilty wretches it was always rising through the rubbish heaped upon it by the charitable hand of time, and, like the ghost of Banquo, confronting them, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

How these ominous words, carved upon the rude stones that marked the scene of the massacre, have haunted the murderers through all these years, none can know. But the day of reckoning has come at last; the tale of treachery and blood is told, and retribution is at hand. For many years the Government has tried by various means to deaden the upas tree that has grown and fed and steeped upon our Western borders, but the effort has been fruitless. It would not be surprising if that which statutes and penalties have failed to accomplish were now to be achieved by an act of the Mormons themselves. If, as is most probable, the evidence in this trial implicates the prophet and chief priests of Mormonism as instigators of the horrible slaughter of Mountain Meadows, the just sense of the civilized world will demand in terms that cannot be denied, the destruction of the unholy system which begat the deed. Sleeping in their far-off graves, the band of unfortunate emigrants have seemed powerless, unconscious, caring nothing for justice, drawing no breath of vengeance. But through the dreary seasons their dumb mouths have wailed pity, and their silent tongues wielded a mysterious influence more potent than words and stronger than the curse of living men: Had they then a mission to perform through martyrdom? Were they chosen and favored instruments to sow through their own blood the seeds of destruction to the one relic of barbarism on this continent? We do not know. The real that shute in the mysterious workings of Providence has not been removed, but in this, as in other great tragedies, the hand of an unseen Power seems to have guided the footsteps of man, and to be leading him to a consummation now apparently long determined and fixed upon.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

In our telegraphic dispatches we have found an account of the trial now progressing at Beaver, Utah, of the Mormon assassins of a train of emigrants at Mountain Meadows, nearly twenty years ago. For that long interval stretching backward into the past, the dreadful horror was clothed in mystery and the silence of the dead hung around it. Years ago we read the story as it reached us then, of a band of emigrants killed upon the plain. We were told of a green meadow stretching into a beautiful valley whose carpet verdure was stained

with blood. On the imagination of the reader rose a rampart of hills and ragged bluff overlooking a beautiful summer Eden. Camped by a running stream, and on the soft green grass were bearded men, tender women and helpless infancy. Scattered over the plain the line grazed in peace and the ripple of childish glee spattered the music of laughing waters; a hundred and fifty immigrants en route for California. Some were pioneers returned from the land of gold to bring away their wives and little ones. They had gathered around them on that little plain in the wilderness their household treasures and the love and glory of their rugged lives; an emigrant band on their westward way. On their glad eyes were visions of a happy future and their hearts were full of hope. The past, with its toil and trouble; the long separation and the sad parting from friends and kindred, had been left behind, and the rosy dream of a gladder life stood bright and beautiful. Peaceful and tender, hopeful and content, their hearts were attuned to the music of joyful songs and not to the dirge of woe. They took no warning from the dark Sierras that frowned above them; no cloud obscured the sunlight that fell upon their camp; no presentiment chilled their hopes; no warning of death and fate.

But of a sudden, from the hanging cliff and bristling crag came savage shout and Indian yell. The fierce crack of the rifle and whizz of the deadly arrow broke upon the kindly scene; there were wounds and death; the strong men in their agony and the women in her anguish; the scared faces of little children, screams of terror and moans of horror and distress. But there were brave men in that emigrant band and they fought to the last. Caring as they could for the women and children, they bared their breasts to the storm. Day and night they stood to their posts and gave shot for shot. On the sixth day a parley was had and then they discovered that their foes were Mormons disguised as Indians. They were assured of protection if they would only surrender. The terror of the women, the shriek and cry of infancy pleaded for safety even at the sacrifice of their worldly goods and so the men laid down their arms. They were promised protection; they got such as vultures give to lambs—such safety as death affords. As the long file of men and women marched out upon the plain, the signal was given and a deadly fire from Mormon rifles swept them down. Every man and woman was savagely butchered; childhood even was done to death. The rank grass was strewn with the bleeding and the dead, and not a living soul of all the emigrant band was left to tell the tale of horror and dismay.

The Mormons gave out that Indians had committed the deed, and so it was believed all these long years. But the truth came at last. The savage butchers have been found and caught, and are now on trial for their lives. What shall be done with them?—Havana Independent.