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A
CORRECT ACCOUNT

OF THE

MURDER OF GENERALS JOSEPH AND HYRUM SMITH,

AT CARTHAGE,

ON THE 27TH DAY OF JUNE, 1844,

BY WM. M. DANIELS, AN EYE WITNESS.

— | —
PUBLISHED BY JOHN TAYLOR,
FOR THE PROPRIETOR;
NAUVOO, ILL.
1845.



P R E F A C E .

ONE of the most bloody and disgraceful murders has been committed, that ever disgraced any country, since the time of the crucifixion of the Savior. Two of the most valuable and patriotic men, that ever cast a lustre upon the annals of our country's glory, have fallen in the struggle for freedom, to save their country from a vortex of ruin, and re-plant the standard of universal freedom, and religious and political tolerance, which the beloved Washington, and the brave sons of a new world, erected in the primeval glory of the American Republic. The names of Joseph and Hyrum Smith have become familiar to the civilized world; and millions of people have watched their career with scrutiny and admiration.—Whatever eye could not approve has been dazzled, and the heart that could not approve has been charmed and astonished. They were the advocates of a religion so perfectly original, strange, and yet so reasonable, when once understood, that even their opposers were constrained to acknowledge that men of greater genius and deeper minds, never held a station in the religious world. They have, consequently, been ranked among the greatest men of the age, and gained an ascendancy and reputation which they have not been permitted to live to enjoy.

Joseph Smith was the choice of many thousands of his countrymen, to guide his country's destiny, in her proximity to higher national dignity;—they called him from the retreat where he communed with his God and his brethren, upon the theme of his holy religion, to breast the great political storm that was approaching. In this, to him, new career, he presented such an array of wisdom and talent, that the rotten theories of demagogues began, one by one, to become odious, and he rapidly grew in popularity and strength. The principles and measures he proposed, struck at the root of every vice that infected the government, threatening future calamity to her institutions. He was hailed as a patriot—untrammelled by those party predilections, that warp the mind of politicians from those constitutional entrenchments, behind which the early patriot and sage took refuge. His principles harmonized with the primitive organization of the government, from which it has been wrested by disloyal spirits. None but bigots and hot-spurs opposed, who trembled at the loss of power and place, and immunities from the government crib. Their antipathy to him was very warm, which soon fanned a blaze of political persecution from the public journals throughout the Union. This, probably, was one engine of destruction that contributed to his death.

Never was a man more dearly beloved and venerated in any station in life, than was he by the people who understood his divine mission to the children of men. To him was committed the keys of the last Dispensation. He was the founder of a religion destined to revolutionize the world—moralize society—augment virtue, and ultimately submerge the Universe in happiness and tranquility, and usher in the auspicious Millennial reign of glory, for the saints and the Savior of the world. In life, though persecuted, he enjoyed an unbounded popularity, and the future progress of his religion will throw around his name a halo of glory, that will remain undiminished at the latest period of unborn time.

Such being the character of the men who have been massacred at the crimson shrine of their country's dishonor; it is but the result of consequence that every person should be interested in the circumstances that led to their death. I have been so often and repeatedly interrogated, that to reply has become irksome, and I have concluded to answer the curiosity of all, and many that I cannot personally behold, by a publication, setting forth the immediate facts connected with the murder. Many false impressions are daily growing upon the minds of the community—this should find a remedy. This remedy I have looked for from some other source for some months; but I have looked in vain, and, at last, I am, in duty, compelled to undertake the task myself. Whether I shall succeed in meeting the curiosity that has been excited, or not, I leave the reader to judge; but one thing I shall most assuredly do:—I shall avoid stating anything that is not true, or criminating any person who is innocent. I shall endeavor to give as correct an idea of the manner of the murder as is in my power. Being an eye witness of the whole transaction, I shall state nothing that I do not know to be correct; and the reader can regard my relation of the circumstances as being strictly correct.

To give a more correct idea of the transaction, I have illustrated it with engravings, the designs and views of which were taken on the spot.

NOTE TO THE READER.—All orders for this pamphlet will be addressed to L. O. Littlefield, Nauvoo, Ill. Orders from a distance must invariably be Post-paid. Price 25 cents.

NARRATIVE.

I resided in Augusta, Hancock county, Ill., eighteen miles from Carthage. On the 16th day of June, I left my home with the intention of going to St. Louis. When I arrived at Bare Creek, I found the country in a great state of excitement, in relation to the Mormons. I was told it would be dangerous for me to proceed farther on my way to Warsaw, as the intermediate country was mostly settled by Mormons, who would, in all probability, intercept me by violence. I knew nothing of the character and disposition of the Mormon people, never having been personally acquainted with them as a community. The tales of villany that was related concerning them, were so horrid and shocking to the mind's sensibility, that I yielded to their entreaties and abandoned, for that day, at least, my intention of proceeding farther on my journey. I lodged that night with a Mr. Scott.

The next morning a company of men were going from that place to Carthage, for the purpose, as they said, of assisting the militia to drive the Mormons out of the country. Out of curiosity, as I had no particular way to spend my time, and the creeks having been rendered impassable that night by heavy rain, I went in company with them to Carthage. On our way there, they were discussing the best means to be adopted for the expulsion of the Mormon population. Some were for marching to Nauvoo, and laying the city in ashes, and driving the inhabitants from the limits of the State, at the point of the bayonet; others were for murdering Joseph and Hyrum Smith, while others were in favor of accomplishing both of these barbarous objects. I noticed minutely their conversation, and it was not hard for me to discover that all their animosity and hatred of their neighbors, arose from a spirit of envy. I heard no person declaring that the Mormons had ever personally injured them; but they swore that "Old Joe" was getting too much power and influence in the world, and he ought to be put out of the way. His career ought to be stopped. They looked upon him as no less than a second Mahomet, who would soon spring into power; usurp the reins of government; and establish his religion by the sword. To prevent such a calamity from

befalling the world, they argued that it would be doing God's service to take his life; supposing that would prove a general and complete massacre of Mormonism.

From that hour I looked upon them as demons, not men, and determined to do all in my power to prevent so bloody and awful an occurrence. I was not attached to any religious society whatever, and was willing that all mankind should worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences. I knew that the laws of my country, which I had been taught to honor and revere, granted all men that right and privilege, while they were the subjects of its government. I hoped that her institutions might be untarnished and her dignity unsullied and free from so disgraceful an event as was then in contemplation.

We arrived in Carthage, and found the Carthage Greys, and several other companies, on parade. I was told their object was to drive the Mormons. I would remark that a certain preacher, professing to be a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ to the world, was engaged in playing a drum at the head of this company. Probably he thought he could do more towards preventing the "odious doctrines of the Mormons" from being embraced, by pursuing this course, than he could by an application to all the dogmas taught in the great school of learned ethics. Look well to your acts, lest in the great day of accounts, your garments will be spotted with the blood of innocence!

These companies were commanded by Captains Smith, Green and others, who were greatly excited, and said they were determined to kill the Mormons. On hearing that the Governor was on his way to Carthage, they were very much alarmed; whereupon Joseph H. Jackson, in company with Dr. Foster, F. M. Higbee, and others, declared that if the Governor, 'Tom' Ford, came, and gave the Smiths—Joseph and Hyrum—a fair trial, they would be acquitted, and we will be hung as sure as there is a God in heaven. Further he observed, "I do not see why the d——d little Governor could not stay at home, and send us word, and we would do the business up in a hurry, and drive the Mormons out of the country." O, the black hearted villany of some men!

I returned back to Bear Creek that night, with the intention of leaving for St. Louis the next morning. However, on the morning of the 20th, hearing that the Governor had arrived at Carthage, and being somewhat acquainted with him, I concluded to return and see him, which I did.

When I arrived at Carthage, he was addressing the people at the Court House, in relation to the Mormon difficulties. He said he came there to see that the law was fully carried out. When he was done, Mr.

Roosevelt, of Warsaw, went upon the public square, mounted a box, and made an inflammatory speech to the people who had collected; wherein he stated that the law was not sufficient to carry out their measures.— Stretching out his arms at full length, he said, with all the energy in his power:—“*We have the willing minds and God Almighty has given us strength, and we will wield the sabre and make our own laws!*” He then said he presumed that the Governor meant well enough, but was too easy in his remarks to them, in saying that he wished a compliance with the laws.

Mr. Roosevelt soon gave way for Mr. Skinner, a ‘young limb of the law,’ tool for mobocracy, and, at the time, a candidate for the Legislature, who made a short speech, wherein he stated he was one of the delegates appointed by the people of Carthage to go to Springfield and lay before the Governor their grievances. He was not so severe upon the Governor as Mr. Roosevelt had been. He presumed the Governor would do what was right; but his ultimate course proved him to be the most hypocritical.

The Governor gave orders, which were read by Capt. Dunn, that all the people who had been promiscuously assembled in Carthage, should be consolidated in the militia, under his command, to co-operate in maintaining the supremacy of the law.

I returned to Bear Creek that evening. In the morning, I proceeded to Warsaw. On my arrival there, a force of about three hundred men was mustered upon the parade ground under the command of Captains Aldrich, Grover, Elliott, and Col. Williams of Green Plains. I wished to know what their intentions were, and was informed that they were determined to drive the d——d Mormons out of the county. I remained there five days; during which time Williams, Roosevelt, Sharp, and others, were continually beating up for volunteers, by making inflammatory speeches; exciting the populace and making false publications to the world. Col. Williams announced that he was empowered by the Governor, to stop and search Steam Boats, at the wharf, at Warsaw. Accordingly, he stopped the Steam Packet Osprey. On Capt. Anderson’s refusal to let him search the boat, he ordered his men to fire upon her. The cannon was levelled upon the boat. As they were in the act of firing, a gentleman who was standing by, being sober, (for most of them were badly intoxicated,) placed his hand between the match and powder, which prevented ignition. They, however, searched the boat; but did not succeed in finding but eight or nine kegs of powder, which they permitted to remain on board. That evening they fired upon two more steam boats, with their muskets, which they compelled to stop. Col.

Williams informed the Captains, that he had orders to search their boats for ammunition, arms, provisions, &c. The Captains consented—search was instituted—nothing was found which was considered contraband, and the boats resumed their course.

Relative to the Governor's giving the people of Warsaw orders to stop and search steam boats, I would remark that Gov. Ford informed me at Quincy, that he had not given them orders to stop any boats, with the exception of the Maid of Iowa, a boat then owned by the Mormons, which the people supposed might convey away Gen. Smith. Here we see a willful and arbitrary infraction of law and order, on the part of this military Nero, Col. Williams, and the mobbers of Warsaw.

All was commotion and turmoil through Warsaw and its vicinity. The scenery had become insipid and irksome to me, and I longed for relief and be where my mind could be at rest. Passing through such continual bustle, watching the movements of the rabble, who, like a horde of impetuous barbarians, seemed impelled on, by the blind infatuation of priests and shallow zelots, in hopes of booty, disgusted and sickened me and fired me with contempt. My mind reverted back to the time when the dark and bloody Attila led on the ignorant Huns to conquest, plunder and extermination, applying the torch of conflagration to pleasant villages and sequestered homes.

On Tuesday, I started for Quincy. As I pursued my journey from Warsaw, my mind was uneasy and restless. When I had travelled near eight miles I enquired my way, and, through accident or design, I was placed upon a road that led me directly back to Warsaw. My mind was composed and tranquil as I came in sight of the place. My attention was attracted by a group of men, apparently in earnest conversation. I drew near and learned that the Carthage Greys had made them the proposition to come to Carthage, on the following day, and assist them in murdering Joseph and Hyrum Smith, during the absence of the Governor, to Golden's Point, where he contemplated marching with the troops. As soon as they discovered that I had learned the purpose of their conference, they became suspicious of me, fearing exposure, no doubt, and put me under guard. I was held in custody until the following morning, when a company of volunteers was raised, to march to Golden's Point, to unite with the Governor. I desired to make the Governor acquainted with what was contemplated against the lives of the prisoners. To effect this object, I volunteered, and drew a musket. The company was paraded in single file; roll was called and Capt. Jacob Davis, (the murderer, who was screened from justice by the late Senate of Illinois,) and Capt. Grover, selected ten men each from their respective companies,

who were to march to Carthage, in compliance with the request of the Carthage Greys, to co-operate with them in committing the murder.— These twenty men were marched a short distance to one side, where they received their instructions from Col. Williams, Mark Aldrich, Cap. Jacob Davis, and Cap. Grover, and they were sent off. I do not recollect the names of any of these twenty, with the exception of two brothers—coopers in Warsaw, by the name of Stevens. One of them is about six feet three inches high, well proportioned and athletic. The other is near five feet nine inches high, dark complexion and dark hair. When the officers were interrogated as to the object of these twenty men being sent in advance of the troops, they evaded the truth by replying that they had been detailed for a picket guard.

The troops were marched. We arrived at the crossing of the Rail Road at 12 o'clock. We were there met by Sharp, and others, bearing dispatches from the Governor, disbanding the troops. This unexpected order threw the troops into a perfect panic. They cursed the Governor for not permitting them to march through to Nauvoo. Their object in wishing to go—and this was understood with all the militia—was to burn the city and exterminate the inhabitants. These designs were baffled by the disbanding of the troops. In justice to the character of Governor Ford, I would remark that his object in disbanding the troops, was to prevent such an awful calamity.

The disbanding orders were read by Col. Levi Williams. Captains Davis, Grover and Elliott, immediately called their companies together.

Tom Sharp, Editor of the Warsaw Signal.



Thomas C. Sharp mounted his 'big bay horse,' and made an inflammatory speech to the companies, characteristic of his corrupt heart. The following is a short extract, as near as my memory will serve me:

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:—The crisis has arrived when it becomes our duty to rise, as freemen, and assert our rights. The law is insufficient for us;—the Governor will not enforce it;—we must take it into our hands;—we know what wrongs we suffer; and we are the best calculated to redress them. Now is the time to put a period to the mad career of the Prophet;—sustained as he is by a band of fanatical military saints! We have borne his usurpations until it would be cowardice to bear them longer! My Fellow Citizens! improve the opportunity that offers; lest the opportunity pass, and the despotic Prophet will never again be in your power. All things are understood, we must hasten to Carthage and murder the Smiths while the Governor is absent at Nauvoo. Beard the Lions in their den. The news will reach Nauvoo before the Governor leaves. This will so enrage the Mormons, that they will fall upon and murder Tom Ford, and we shall then be rid of the d——d little Governor and the Mormons too.—(Cheers.)

This speech was likely to fail of having the desired effect. None seemed willing to be the first to start: at last Capt. Grover started, and declared he would go alone, if no person would follow him. Soon one person followed, then another and another, until a company of eighty-four was made up. All the troops that had not volunteered in this company were told to go home. The twenty men who had been sent forward to commit the murder, were sent for and they formed a part of the eighty-four.

Here I felt that the purpose for which I volunteered, had been baffled. I expected to have met with the Governor at Golden's point, which could I have done, I entertained no doubt, but I would have succeeded in putting a stop to the murder. But instead of marching to Golden's point as we anticipated, he marched to Nauvoo. Under these circumstances I was at a loss to know what to do. I had not time to go to Nauvoo, and raise a *posse* to surround the jail as a guard, before this company would arrive there. I was on foot, and would have had 10 or 12 miles farther to travel than they. As I could not do any thing better, I was determined to follow on with the companies, and see what they would do. Several others, like myself, followed out of curiosity, without being armed. Carthage lay directly on my route home. After we had arrived within nearly 6 miles of Carthage, they made a partial halt. Col. Williams rode three or four times backwards and forwards from the

company to the Carthage Greys. He said he would have the Carthage Greys come and meet them. They marched within four miles of Carthage, when they were met by one of the Greys, bringing a note to the following import.

“Now is a delightful time to murder the Smiths. The Governor has gone to Nauvoo with all the troops. The Carthage Greys are left to guard the prisoners. Five of our men will be stationed at the jail; the rest will be upon the public square. To keep up appearances, you will attack the men at the jail—a sham scuffle will ensue—their guns will be loaded with blank cartridges—they will fire in the air.”

(Signed,) CARTHAGE GREYS.

They were also instructed by the person, bearing this dispatch, to fire three guns as they advanced along the fence that leads from the woods to the jail. This was to serve as a signal to the Carthage Greys, that they were in readiness. At this both parties were to rush to the jail, and the party that reached it first was to perform the deed. After they had received their instructions, the company followed along up the hollow that struck into the point of timber.

Here I left them, and pursued my way to the jail, where I arrived ten or fifteen minutes first. How gladly would I have informed the defenceless prisoners of the plot that was shortly to be executed against them. Had the Carthage Greys been loyal subjects of the military of the country, I could have effected their escape; but it was impossible. My life I was more particularly anxious to preserve from jeopardy, inasmuch as all my attempts to prevent the bloody deed had signally failed.

Soon the mob made their appearance. They advanced in single file along the fence, as they had been instructed. When they had gained about half the distance of the fence, the signal guns were fired. Both parties made a simultaneous rush, and soon the jail was surrounded by the mob. They had blacked themselves with wet powder, while they were in the woods, which gave them the horrible appearance of demons. The most of them had on blue hunting-shirts, with fringe around the edges.

The Carthage Greys advanced within about eight rods of the jail, where they halted, in plain view of the whole transaction, until the deed was executed. They occupied a place in an eastern direction from the jail. When they halted, their commander, Capt. Smith, marched in

front of the mob, said "how do you do, gentlemen?" and passed through their ranks, taking a station in their rear.

Col. Williams shouted out, "rush in!--there is no danger boys—all is right!"

A sham rencounter ensued between them and the guard. They clinched each other, and the mob threw some of them upon the ground. A few guns were fired in the air. In this laughable affair, more was done by grotesque gestures, rough menaces, and loud swearing, than in any other way.

A rush was made in the door, at the South part of the building. This let them into a hall, or entry, from which they ascended a flight of stairs, at the head of which, turning to the right, they reached the door that lead into the prisoners' room.

To give a relation of the particular circumstances that transpired in the jail, I am compelled to depend, principally, upon the statements of others. My sources of information, upon these points, however, are of such a nature that the reader can regard them as strictly correct.

The spirits of the prisoners had been rather depressed all the evening. Why it was so they knew not. They were under circumstances of apparent security;—they knew the faith of the Governor, and the State of Illinois, was pledged for their security and safe return to their families and friends. Elder Taylor had been singing a hymn, found on the 254th page of the English edition of the Latter-Day Saint's Hymn Book.

The hymn is as follows:—

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer Nay;
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I know not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He enter'd; not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all: he bless'd it, brake;
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock;—his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it, hurrying on:
I ran and raised the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
Dip'd and return'd it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night, the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.

I warm'd, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
I laid him on my couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Reviv'd his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd;
I had, myself, a wound conceal'd,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stem'd,
And honor'd him mid'st shame and scorn:
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd—if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Savior stood before mine eyes;
He spake—and my poor name he nam'd,—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed,
"These deeds shall thy memorial be;
"Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

This seemed rather applicable to their situation; it had a solemnity in it that tranquilized their minds, and at the request of Hyrum Smith, it was sung over again.

From this pleasant communion, they were aroused by curses, threats, and the heavy and fierce rush of the mob up the stairs.

Hyrum stood near the centre of the room, in front of the door. The mob fired two balls through the pannel of the door, one of which entered Hyrum Smith's head, at the left side of his nose. He fell upon his back, with his head one or two feet from the north east corner of the room, exclaiming, as he fell, "I am a dead man!" In all, four balls entered his body. One ball (it must have been fired through the window, from the outside,) passed through his body with such force—entering his back—that it completely broke to pieces a watch which he wore in his vest pocket.

His death was sudden and without pain. Thus fell Hyrum Smith, the Patriarch of the church of God, a martyr for his holy religion! In that brief moment was the Church of Jesus Christ deprived of the services of as good a man as ever had a name in its history, and the glorified personages of the eternal worlds, welcomed back the spirit of as great a Prophet of the Most High, as ever was commissioned by Him to perform a work upon the earth.

A shower of balls were poured through all parts of the room, many of which lodged in the ceiling just above the head of the fallen man.

Elder Taylor took a position beside the door, with Elder Richards a little at his right, and parried off their muskets with a walking stick, as they were firing.

A few hours previous to this, a friend to Gen. Joseph Smith, put in his possession a revolving pistol, which discharged six shots. With this in his hand, he took a position by the ceiling at the left of the door.—

While this scene was transpiring, Joseph Smith reached his pistol through the door, which was pushed a little ajar, and fired three of the barrels; the rest misfired. He wounded three of them—two mortally—one of whom, as he rushed down out of the door, was asked if he was badly hurt. He replied, "yes; my arm is shot all to pieces by Old Joe; but I don't care, I've got revenge; I shot Hyrum!"

What must have been the feelings of General Smith, at this critical juncture! He had fired all of his barrels, that would discharge; he had therefore no further means of defence. His brother, whose life he had

been so anxious to preserve, lay a corpse before him, and his assailants were filling the door with muskets and firing showers of lead into the room. Previous to leaving Nauvoo. Joseph urged Hyrum to remain, knowing the great support he would be to the church, in the event of his being taken away. To this Hyrum firmly replied: "Joseph, if you die, let me die with you!—let us fall together!" Did David and Jonathan love each other unto death? Their love was no more ardent than that which united these noble martyrs. In relation to this Zion's sweet poetess, Miss Eliza R. Snow, remarks:

Great men have fall'n and mighty men have died—
 Nations have mourn'd their fav'rites and their pride;
 But two, so wise, so virtuous, great and good,
 Before on earth, at once, have never stood
 Since the creation—men whom God ordain'd
 To publish truth where error long had reign'd;
 Of whom the world, itself unworthy prov'd:
 IT KNEW THEM NOT; but men with hatred mov'd
 And with infernal spirits have combin'd
 Against the best, the noblest of mankind!

Now Zion mourns—she mourns an earthly head:
 The Prophet and the Patriarch are dead!
 The blackest deed that men or devils know
 Since Calv'ry's scene, has laid the brothers low!
 One in their life, and one in death—they prov'd
 How strong their friendship—how they truly lov'd:
 True to their mission, until death, they stood,
 Then seal'd their testimony with their blood,
 All hearts with sorrow bleed, and ev'ry eye
 Is bath'd in tears—each bosom heaves a sigh—
 Heart broken widows' agonizing groans
 Are mingled with the helpless orphans' moans!

Elder Taylor continued parrying their guns, until they had got them about half the length into the room, when he found resistance vain and attempted to jump out of the window, and a ball from within struck him on the left thigh;—hitting the bone it passed through to within half an inch of the other side. He fell on to the window-sill and expected he would fall out, when a ball from without struck his watch, which he carried in his vest pocket, which threw him back into the room. He was hit by two more balls; one injuring his left wrist considerably, and the other entering at the side of the bone, just below the left knee. He fell into the room, and rolled under a bed that set at the right of the window, in the south east corner of the room. While under the bed, he was fired at several times, and was struck by one ball which tore the flesh on his left hip in a shocking manner, throwing large quantities of blood upon the wall and floor. These wounds proved very severe and painful, but he suffered without a murmur, rejoicing that he had the satisfaction to mingle his blood with that of the prophets, and be with them in the last moments of their earthly existence. His blood, with theirs, can cry to heaven for vengeance on those who have shed the blood of innocence and

slain the servants of the Living God in all ages of the world. This seemed a source of high gratification, and he endured his severe sufferings without a single complaint, being perfectly resigned to the providence of God.

Elder Richards was contending with the assailants, at the door, when General Smith, seeing there was no safety in the room, and probably thinking it might save the lives of the others if he could escape from the room, turned calmly from the door, dropped his pistol upon the floor, saying, "there, defend yourselves as well as you can." He sprung into the window; but just as he was preparing to descend, he saw such an array of bayonets below, that he caught by the window casing, where he hung by his hands and feet, with his head to the north, feet to the south, and his body swinging downwards. He hung in that position three or four minutes, during which time he exclaimed, two or three times, "O, LORD, MY, GOD!!!" and fell to the ground. While he was hanging in that situation, Col. Williams hallooed, "shoot him! God d——n him! shoot the d——d rascal!" However, none fired at him. He seemed to fall easy. He struck partly on his right shoulder and back, his neck and head reaching the ground a little before his feet. He rolled instantly on his face. From this position he was taken by a young man, who sprung to him from the other side of the fence, who held a pewter fife in his hand,—was bare-foot and bare-headed, having on no coat—with his pants rolled above his knees, and shirt-sleeves above his elbows. He set President Smith against the South side of the well-curb, that was situated a few feet from the jail. While doing this, the savage muttered aloud, "This is Old Jo; I know him. I know you, Old Jo. Damn you; you are the man that had my daddy shot." The object he had in talking in this way, I suppose to be this: He wished to have President Smith, and the people in general, believe he was the son of Gov. Boggs, which would lead to the opinion that it was the Missourians who had come over and committed the murder. This was the report that they soon caused to be circulated through the country; but this was too palpable an absurdity to be credited. The deed was too bloody and cruel for even Missouri barbarism to father!

After President Smith had fallen, I saw Elder Richards come to the window and look out upon the horrid scene that spread itself below him. I could not help noticing the striking contrast in his and President Smith's countenance and that of the horrid, demon-like appearance of the murderers. They were calm and tranquil, while the mob was filled with excitement and agitation.

President Smith's exit from the room had the tendency to cause those who were firing into the room to abandon it and rush to the outside. This gave an opportunity for Elder Richards to convey Elder Taylor into the cell, which he did and covered him with a bed, thinking he might there be secure if the mob should make another rush into the jail. While they were in the cell, some of the mob again entered the room; but finding it deserted by all but Hyrum Smith, they left the jail. (See engraving.)

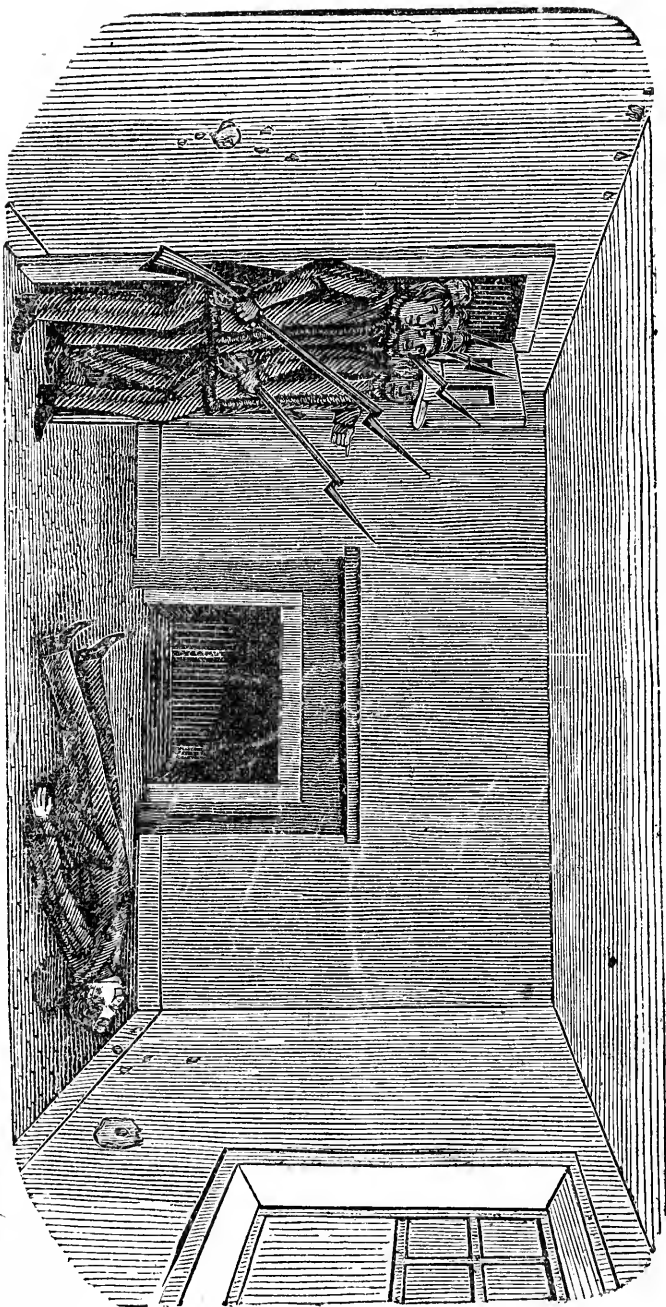
Remarkable as the circumstance is, Elder Richards was not hit with a single ball, and it will long remain a mystery, to the world, how he passed all the time through the thickest of the firing, and escaped without there being made a "HOLE IN HIS ROBE!"

When President Smith had been set against the curb, and began to recover, Col. Williams ordered four men to shoot him. Accordingly, four men took an eastern direction, about eight feet from the curb, Col. Williams standing partly at their rear, and made ready to execute the order. While they were making preparations, and the muskets were raised to their faces, President Smith's eyes rested upon them with a calm and quiet resignation. He betrayed no agitated feelings and the expression upon his countenance seemed to betoken his inly prayer to be, "O, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The fire was simultaneous. A slight cringe of the body was all the indication of pain that he betrayed when the balls struck him. He fell upon his face. One ball then entered the back part of his body. This is the ball that many people have supposed struck him about the time he was in the window. But this is a mistake. I was close by him, and I know he was not hit with a ball, until after he was seated by the well-curb.

His death was instant and tranquil. He betrayed no appearance of pain. His noble form exhibited all its powers of manly strength and healthful agility, yet a muscle seemed not to move with pain, and there was no distortion of his features. His death was peaceful as the falling to sleep of an infant:—no cloud of contending passion gathered upon his brow, and no malediction trembled on his lip. The reward of a righteous man seemed hovering over him, and his breath ceased with as much ease and gentleness, as if eternity was exerting an influence in his behalf and taking his spirit home to a world of

"Liberty, Light and Life."

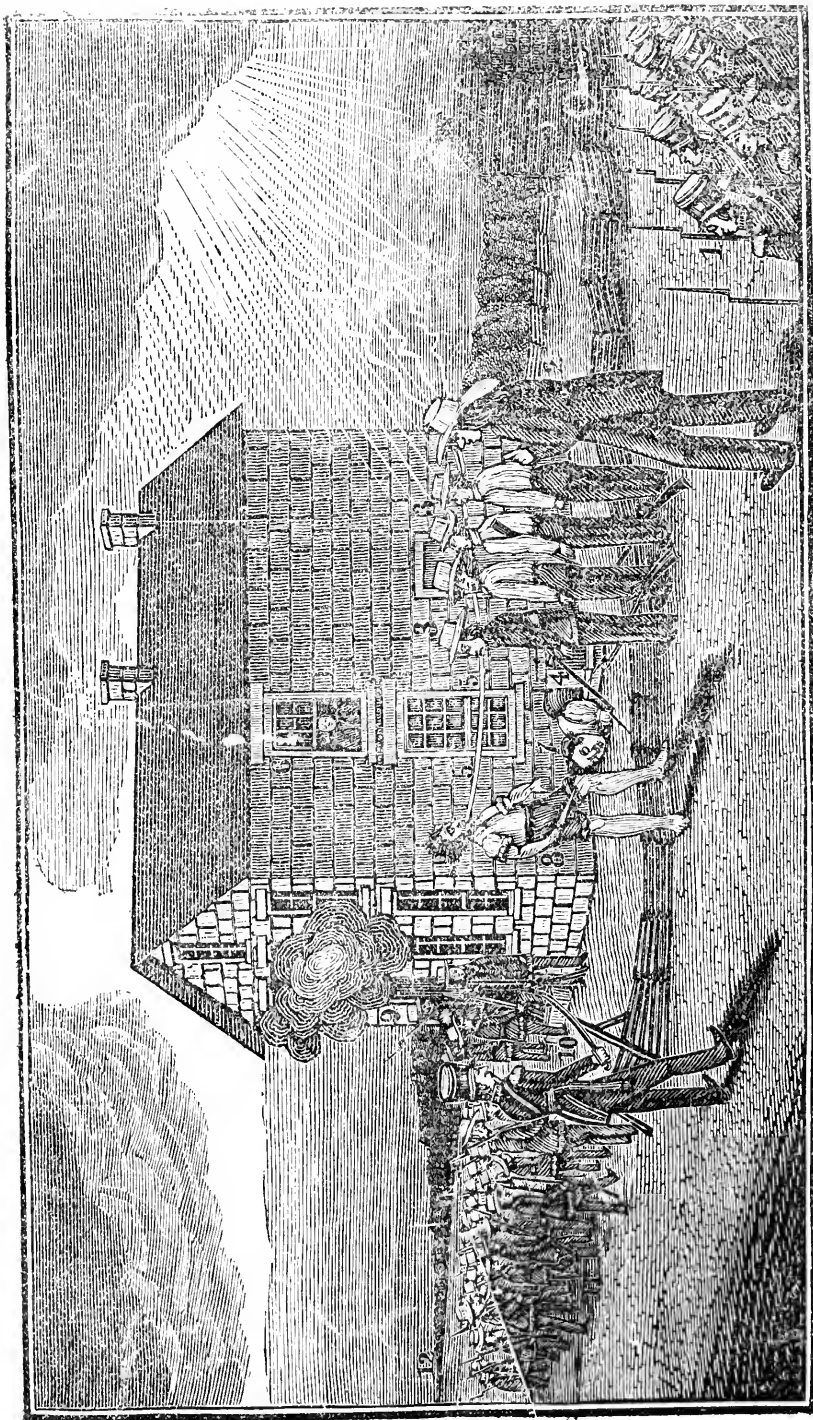


VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE JAIL, AFTER ELDER RICHARDS HAD TAKEN ELDER TAYLOR FROM THE ROOM.

EXPLANATION:—The room is the one in which they were attacked. The door is filled with the ruffians. The figure on the floor represents Hyrum Smith, as he lay upon the floor bleeding; I do not pretend that it is a correct likeness of his features. The spoils, in different places on the walls, represent some of the ball-holes; the walls are filled with lead.







REPRESENTATION OF THE MURDER.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CUT:—Fig. 1, the Carriage Greys. Fig. 2, Col. Williams. Fig. 3, the four ruffians who shot Gen. Joseph Smith. Fig. 4, the wall-curb. Fig. 5, the flash of light. Fig. 6, Elder Richards at the window of the jail from which Gen. Smith fell. Fig. 7, Gen. Smith, after he was shot. Fig. 8, the ruffian who was about to sever his head from his body. Fig. 9, the door leading into the entry, through which the murderers entered. Fig. 10, Capt. Smith. Fig. 11, the mob. Fig. 12, the point of wood which the mob entered when going to the jail.

The ruffian, of whom I have spoken, who set him against the well-curb, now gathered a bowie knife for the purpose of severing his head from his body. He raised the knife and was in the attitude of striking, when a light, so sudden and powerful, burst from the heavens upon the bloody scene, (passing its vivid chain between Joseph and his murderers,) that they were struck with terrified awe and filled with consternation. This light, in its appearance and potency, baffles all powers of description. The arm of the ruffian, that held the knife, fell powerless; the muskets of the four, who fired, fell to the ground, and they all stood like marble statues, not having the power to move a single limb of their bodies.

By this time most of the men had fled in great disorder. I never saw so frightened a set of men before, and I expect it is not possible that I ever shall again. Their retreat was as hurried and disorderly as it possibly could have been, had the clashing panoply of Wellington's mighty army been thundering at their heels! Col. Williams saw the light and was also badly frightened; but he did not entirely lose the use of his limbs or speech. Seeing the condition of these men, he hallooed to some who had just commenced a retreat, for God's sake to come and carry off these men. They came back and carried them by main strength towards the baggage waggons. They seemed as helpless as if they were dead.

The storm had passed away. The cowardly demons had fled, and I stood a spectator, gazing on the scene. There lay Joseph Smith, the martyred leader of thousands who revered him. The man who had passed like a magic spirit through society, and, in a career of fourteen or fifteen years, had lit up the world with a blaze of wonder, astonishment and admiration, was left dead upon the ground! He lay full low; yet, in my contemplations, I regarded him as the triumphant conquerer, left master of the bloody field. Eighty-four men, (fiends,) armed with United States' muskets, and other arms, had the unparalleled heroism to murder him while a prisoner; (!!) while he had the nerve and presence of mind to contend with such unequal force, and with a single pocket pistol killed and wounded as many as they. In him was the spirit of dauntless bravery exemplified.

But a few days before, his noble stature rode at the head of a mighty Legion, numbering five thousand brave hearts and ten thousand strong arms. His presence gave them courage—his speech animated their

hearts and nerved their limbs; and the large heart that beat within his manly breast, entwined around it their love and affection, by the generosity and nobility of its principles.

In this situation, he had the power to defend himself. How insignificant was the power of this contemptible mob, in comparison with this force, that could have borne him off triumphant, in defiance of all their resistance! From this position of power he descended—threw down the sword that could have protected him from the menace of mobs—and trusted himself to the honor and fidelity of men, and the boasted majesty of American jurisprudence!

O, man! how worthless are your promises! how perfidious are all your ways! He that would have died for the maintenance of his honor, fell a sacrifice to the broken faith of other men!

The murder took place at fifteen minutes past five o'clock, P. M.

The history of the dead bodies during that night, and their reception the next day at Nauvoo, has been already published by others. I therefore beg, for the present, to take a respectful leave of them, and complete the general thread of my narrative.

I now determined to go to my home. As I passed through the streets of Carthage, I found that the same feeling of consternation had seized upon the hearts of its citizens and spread throughout its vicinity. The inhabitants, men and women, were running in every direction through the streets; some flying in waggons, and others on foot, to the country, and others preparing for flight. They entertained no other idea but the Mormons would be upon them and desolate their neighborhoods, from one extremity of the county to the other. They knew they had committed a deed that would have justified them in taking summary vengeance; they knew they deserved it and their conscience told them they might expect it. But the course taken by the people of Nauvoo, so entirely different from this, is known to all. I cannot believe there is another people on earth, who could have remained pent up within the boundary of a city, and had two of their citizens murdered, under the same circumstances, without breaking over all restraint and wreaking vengeance upon the lawless rabble who had thus tampered with their reposed confidence. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay."

In a few hours, Carthage was desolate and seemed the sight of some dilapidated village, whose inhabitants had long since mingled their dust in the general ruin. I might have imagined myself among the relics of some fallen metropolis; but the emotions of my bosom were already too keen for me to court the reflections of loneliness, and I hastened from the scene to calm my feelings amid the consolations of a quiet home.

When I enjoyed the smiling welcome of a wife, I asked my heart if aught I had done had contributed to make wives widows and children orphans. A conscience void of offence told me I was guiltless. Yet I was restless and uneasy. Through the reflections of the joyless day and the vigils of the sleepless night; the quick rush of the demons upon the jail—the roar of musketry—Joseph falling from the window—his countenance calm, and his bosom soothed in the quiet hush of oblivion—the grim visages of the mob, damnable as the spirits of hell—and the mysterious light, that came like a paralytic shock over the murderers—passed, in regular succession through my mind, and rest, and sleep, withheld from me their necessary comforts. Time passed, in this way, until the third night after the murder, when the result of a pleasant dream brought back that contentment and quietude that I was wont to enjoy. This is a relation of my dream:—

Joseph stood before me. A smile of approbation was upon his cheek and his eyes rested upon me pleasantly, beaming with the bright, warm tokens of friendship. It was then manifested to me that all I had done was approved by him and God. He took me up into a high mountain. While toiling up its side, I would frequently slip back and occasionally sink my feet into its side, which was rendered soft by the dampness of the soil. Whenever this occurred, Joseph would reach out his hand and lift me along. In this way, we finally reached the summit, which presented a broad scope of table land. Here I was seated. Joseph gave me a glass of clear cold water. He then placed his hands upon my head, prayed to the Lord, blessed me and departed.

This dream had an effect upon my mind that was irresistible and determined my future course. I resolved to do all in my power for the vindication of innocence and the punishment of crime. In determining upon this course, I saw no prospect before me but to have my life hunted by night and by day. It was plunging my family into a life of excitement, turmoil and deprivation; yet I was determined to pass through the furnace, regardless of all consequences. While we were on our way

from the crossing of the rail-road, one of the miscreants took pains, very insinuatingly, to inform me that if any person informed on them he would be put out of the way.

The next morning I went to see a friend of mine, and told him all I had witnessed. He advised me to go immediately to the leading men of Nauvoo. I did so, taking from him letters of introduction. On presenting my letter to Elder Richards, and informing him of the nature of my business, he informed me that my knowledge would be of no particular use to them, as they should wait for the proper officers of the State to move forward in the matter. However, I deemed it compatible with duty to make affidavit of the facts, which I did by going before Esquire Johnson.

From there, I went to Quincy, where I met with Gov. Ford. He thanked me for the information I gave him, and said my testimony would be required, as measures would be adopted to bring the murderers to justice.

I now desired to return home; but knowing that my life would not be safe in Hancock county, I concluded to send for my family and remain in Quincy.

The mob party, learning that I was a witness against them, resorted to many stratagems to get me to leave the country. Among these, there was one that I wish to mention. One day I was met by a couple of men who told me if I would leave the country, and not appear against the murderers, they would pay me twenty-five hundred dollars. I, of course, refused. They shook the money at me, no doubt, thinking to tempt me and make me forget my duty. Scorning the acceptance of their accursed gold, I told them I had not time to talk with them; and, turning on my heel, walked away. I mention this to show the depravity of man and the black hearted villiany of the murderers that compose the society of Warsaw and Carthage. It is a fact that a majority of the inhabitants of each of these places, were either engaged in the murder, or sanction it in their hearts or by their actions. When have they lifted their voices and protested against any participation in the damnable deed? When have they declared that their garments are pure from the blood that sticks, like a curse, to the walls and floor of their county jail? When have they ever 'crooked a finger' towards the commitment of those devils whose bloody act should have stamped them with eternal infamy, in the eyes of the people of these places? Is there not, now and then, found up-

on them a sprinkling of that blood, which shall be like a consuming moth upon them, which nothing but the judgments of the Great God, and an eternity in hell, can wash away? Stubborn truth replies: Never!—They have turned their jail into a human slaughter-pen!—They have degenerated into a banditti of land-pirates!—They have stole the bloody mantle from the ancient Jews, who crucified the Savior; the Scribes and Pharisees, who stoned the early Prophets; Nero, who shed the blood of Christians; and the pontifical edicts that have stained the track of the inquisitorial car, and shed the blood of Prophets in all ages of the world! With this wrapt graciously around them, they have ripened the crime of the world—made full the cup of its iniquity—lit the torch that will soon wrap cities in flames, leaving poverty and stark loneliness to brood, houseless, over the site where opulence now towers its ponderous granito walls, and the tattered beggar stops at the doors of aristocrats, for pittance, only to be turned away empty;—they have done that which will work out the overthrow of nations—the downfall of empires—the subjugation of kingdoms—the abdication of thrones—seats of power—and the final end of man-made titles and mock nobility! Why? Because kings, presidents, governors, judges, senators, legislators, and all the subordinate rulers of the people, will wink at the bloody deed and refuse to listen to the petitions of the saints! God holds the mass accountable for the acts of their rulers; and when, in a national capacity, the world winks at the shedding of innocent blood; then wo! wo! to the nations!—blight, wasting, turmoil, disease, pestilence, the sword, and the flame of devouring fire, will spread through them, like a magic pestilence, and desolate the world! This will be the work of the Great God. This will be the time when the blood of martyred prophets, and innocent men, women and children will be avenged;—when He will come from His hiding place—make bare His arm in the eyes of all people, and vex the nations with the fury of His indignation! O, nations! O, wicked world!—you hang over the precipice of ruin!—you totter on the verge of desolation!

I now yielded obedience to the gospel of Jesus Christ, the truth of which I had seen sealed by the blood of the prophets, who had been the honored instruments made use of in the hands of God, of revealing it in the first days to the children of men. I here bare record of its truth, and testify that I verily know Joseph Smith was a servant of the Living God. The evidence I received at his martyrdom, in seeing the heavens exert a power for the protection of his body, is, to me, plain and irresistible—the editor of the Warsaw Signal, Tom Sharp the murderer, to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is well known that there was a large reward offered, by the Missourians, for the head of General Smith, and probably it was to get this reward that the ruffian was about to sever his head from his body. But although God suffered them to take his life, He would not suffer them to mangle his body and effect this wicked purpose. Hence this exhibition of His power. Let the bigoted editor of the *Signal* say what he pleases "about the flash of light and the vision of the Mountain;" he knows in his heart that what I have said is true. And it was to prevent the truth from going to the world, that he offered fifty dollars to the scoundrel in Quincy, who found the manuscript of this pamphlet after it had been lost, if he would let him have the manuscript. It was not a principle of honor in this villain that he did not receive the sum proffered by Sharp. He would have complied had he not been compelled to do otherwise. The editor of the *Quincy Herald* acted a mean, low-lived, underhanded, contemptible, blackguard part in that affair, in transcribing it and sending it to Sharp. Do you take? Have you any acquaintance with the "figure" that "approached one evening and laid the manuscript on our table"? Through such intrigue Tom got a copy and published it, and begged his readers not to "fail to swallow the *whole* narrative, especially the speech of Thomas C. Sharp, the conduct of Captains Davis, Grover, Aldrich and Col. Williams; but above all, the story about the flash of light and the vision of the Mountain." But Tom, what means that row of stars that you have caused to appear in the narrative? Aye, I see. An abridgement! The account of the attempted bribery is rejected! Sagacious editor! The speech is some better after your alterations. (?) The sentiment is the same; only a polish in the style;—what a pride of *nice* speaking!—who can blame him? Why did you garble it? Ah! Tom, I've got the original!

The 27th of September was the time set by the people of Hancock to carry into execution the much talked of Wolf Hunt. Satisfactory information coming to the ears of the Governor, that the design was to hunt something besides prairie wolves, and being warned by the transactions of the 27th of June, he ordered out a sufficient force of the militia of the State, and marched, in person, to the seat of contemplated aggression. His appearance there greatly chagrined the mobocrats of the county, who had not sufficiently glutted themselves with innocent blood. Thus a termination was put to further general hostilities, for a time at least. From there he marched to Quincy, where I had another interview with him. He declared his determination to have justice done and charged me in the name of God not to leave the State.

Previous to the setting of the Circuit Court, at Carthage, I was subpoenaed to appear on behalf of the State. When the time arrived, I proceeded about twenty two miles alone. I deemed it unsafe to go farther without a guard, and seventeen of my friends volunteered to accompany me to Nauvoo. I had left Mr. Fellows', four miles west of Carthage, a short time, when eleven men, all armed, rode up in a wagon and halted a short distance from Mr. Fellows' house. They passed, four at a time, backwards and forwards before the door, looking into the door and windows as they passed along. One or two gentlemen went out and interrogated them as to their business; but no satisfactory answer could be extorted. They kept things very sly; yet their purpose has been made known to me. They did not find the person for whose blood they thirsted. I arrived in safety at Nauvoo.

The next night, about 2 clock, I was awoke by the sheriff. He had come after me, deeming it unsafe for me to travel in the day time. We arrived in Carthage early in the morning, and about 9 o'clock I was called into the Grand Jury Room. My appearance in Carthage created considerable sensation in the breasts of mobbers; but I went in regardless of every show of hostility. While giving in my testimony, several of the mob armed themselves and left the town, no doubt for the purpose of waylaying me, expecting I would return after dark. I thought it most prudent to leave immediately, which I did and succeeded in arriving in safety again at Nauvoo.

Nine persons were indicted by the Grand Jury, for the murder, among whom were the *Hon.* (!) Jacob C. Davis, Col. Levi Williams, Thomas C. Sharp, Wm. N. Grover, Mark Aldrich, Wm. Voris, Goliher, Allen and Wills.

What has been the course pursued with these persons? Have they been confined in jail, as criminals commonly are after indictment? No. Jacob C. Davis has since filled his seat in the Senate of Illinois; Thos. C. Sharp is upheld and patronised as an editor; and the remainder of them are enjoying all the privileges of citizens who never committed crime! Tom Sharp can assist in murdering as good men as ever dwelt upon the earth--Joseph and Hyrum Smith—and shoot to pieces Elder Taylor, while they were confined in prison—and then pour out one continual tirade of abuse, slander and detraction upon their private characters, and that of the whole church of Christ—and the people uphold him in it, pay him for it, and screen him from justice! Think, O, people! when you tear the envelope from the Warsaw Signal, that you have in your hands a paper edited by a man who is indicted for murder! Re-

flect, ye sons and fair daughters of the West! when you read the editorial thereof, that the hand that penned it is red with the blood of innocent and righteous men! O, infamous wretch!—you prate about the rights of citizens!—you talk about virtue and justice!—you harp about the intolerance of the Mormon religion, and the wickedness of the saints! You had better think about the rope, the hangman's knot, the gallows, the executioner, the struggle for breath, and an abode in hell! There's a picture for you to write upon.

Not one solitary person has ever seen the inside walls of a jail for that murder, with the exception of John C. Elliott, who was arrested and examined in Nauvoo, and committed for trial before the Circuit Court: and he did not remain in jail but a very short time.

People talk about Mormon thieves, when they have eighty-four beings, fiends in human shape, running at large in their community, who were actually engaged in murder! The people of Illinois talk about Mormon usurpation, and treasonable designs in their leaders, and their Senate Chamber echoing with the denunciations of a fiend yet dripping with the warm blood of innocence! The Senate and Legislature repeal the Nauvoo City Charter, for some pretended stretch of Municipal power, and they welcome to their councils a being with an indictment hanging over his head for the highest crime known to the laws! They talk about the Mormon abuse of the Habeas Corpus, while they pass special decrees that no member shall be subjected to any proces, whether civil or criminal, during the session of the Senate, for the special benefit of a murderer, thereby releasing him from the custody of the sheriff, and screening him from justice! They prate about Mormon disloyalty, while the plighted faith of the State is broken, and her honor trampled in the dust!

Shades of hell; we turn to you. Unroll the ponderous scroll of your grand secretary; that chronicle of all the deeds of blood, crime, heartlessness, villainy and depravity that has marked the world's history from the death of righteous Abel, and see if they all afford a parallel with the crimes of the last fifteen years, committed in a boasted age of civilization, religion and liberty!

Farewell to liberty; farewell to the rights of man; farewell to the institutions of a boasted republic; farewell to our glorious Constitution; adieu to the blood of illustrious fathers; farewell to virtue, honesty, peace, tranquillity and national happiness; farewell to the dulcet songs of freedom, that were wont to animate the sons of Columbia; farewell to

the stars and stripes of our national banner, that falsely tell the oppressed, as they float in the harbors of foreign climes, that America is a land of liberty;—these have passed away and become the things that were, and now are not;—the bubble that contained them all floated for a time upon the surface of a quiet sea; but the tempest has broke out in its fury; the bubble has burst and they have flown; and soon the judgments of the Great God will wind up the scene, and spread the pall of darkness and desolation over the relics of a ruined world. That blood will not be easy to wash out!

Gentle reader; I have given as faithful a narrative as I possibly could. I have related scenes through which I have passed myself;—scenes of danger, excitement and wickedness. My life has been hunted by day and by night; the quietude of my family has been broken up, and the villains are still determined to take my life. I have thus far eluded them; but I know not when my life may be taken as a sacrifice, to atone for telling the truth in a *free* country! But I am at the defiance of devils and all the emissaries of hell, and will not shrink from duty, or cower under their menaces or their threats.

THE END.

THE MARTYRS.

BY L. O. LITTLEFIELD.

TUNE:—Bennie Doon.

Dark and bloody was the scene,
 When Prophets of the Lord were slain;
 By mobbers vile, by fiendish men,
 Who left them bleeding on the plain.
 Their earthly temples laid full low,
 Lock'd in the cold embrace of death;
 Oblivion's chill spread o'er each brow;
 But peaceful was their parting breath.

Tho' men their mortal parts could kill,
 There was a pow'r beyond control;
 A pow'r that baffles murderers' skill;
 For, O, immortal is the soul!
 Tho' rais'd to thrones, with Gods, above,
 Where heav'nly anthems 'round them roll;
 Yet Zion's people still they love,
 And Zion's cause they still control.

The Church of Christ is theirs to guide;
 And at our front they'll ever stand;
 They are our head, our hope, our pride;
 We'll honor them in ev'ry land.
 Their names within our mem'ry, dear,
 Shall ever live and never die;
 Tho' oft the tear, the burning tear,
 Shall drop from sorrow's weeping eye.

Our Prophet and our Patriarch,
 With keys of knowledge both endow'd;
 Tore from the world a veil so dark—
 On it a light divine bestow'd;—
 From ignorance and error's chain,
 They set the captive spirit free;—
 Our Prophets we shall see again,
 When we have gain'd the victory.

The cause of God moves proudly on,
 Tho' troubles oft the saints betide;
 Tho' from us for a time they've gone,
 Still truth divine doth onward stride;—
 For at the helm the Twelve do stand,
 To guide the Church of Christ, below—
 This is the pattern He hath plan'd:
 This truth each saint of God may know.

When sorrow sheds the bitter tear,
 And heaves the bosom's ardent sigh,
 While mourning for our Prophets dear,
 We'll on the word of God rely:—
 Look to the resurrection morn;
 The resurrection of the just;—
 Immortal beauties shall adorn,
 And spirit wake to life their dust.

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