

THE PERSECUTED MORMONS.

COUNCIL BLUFFS,
May 15, 1877.

To the Editor of the Herald:

When thousands are crying for vengeance on an innocent people, for the crimes of some who once bore their name, and seem ever ready to credit every false and sensational report from Utah, it is but justice to sometimes look at matters from the Mormon standpoint. That good and evil will be amply rewarded, and that to nations and individuals who shed innocent blood a day of reckoning will inevitably come, is a fundamental principle in the Mormon creed.

The people of Utah are making history; and none regret more than they that any who ever had a right to be called Mormons should be the cause of one dark paragraph in that history. They heartily respond to the sentiment, "Met out justice to all and protect the innocent," but they too comprehend why so many consider only the first part applicable to Mormons; why justice to them wears one thing and to their fellow citizens another.

About thirty-eight years ago they were driven from the State of Missouri by an authorized mob of State militia. But one alternative was offered them—extermination or flight.

They were treacherously disarmed, and in this condition were robbed of household goods, and their domestic animals and grain wantonly destroyed.

Men, women and children were driven out into the elements in the month of December, with a meager remnant of necessities saved from the grasp of their plunderers, who were in some cases led by so-called ministers of the gospel. Some were whipped until their bowels gushed out. Old men, men in the prime of life, and beardless boys, were killed when unarmed and defenseless; women, in conditions which demand the protection, and are supposed to elicit the tenderest sympathies, of manhood, were compelled to flee in destitution from burning houses; others were abused and sometimes until death kindly released them from suffering. Some of their leaders were starved in prison, and then human flesh set before them, and if the assertions of those who brought it were true, the body of some woman victim supplied the horrid repast. About four hundred persons perished in the fiendish persecutions.

As the new religion had not then been preached in foreign lands, with very few exceptions, the sufferers were native Americans. The country—their country—looked on with the approval silence gives, and an indifference which evidenced no sympathy. The proper authorities were petitioned for protection and redress, until the chief executive of the nation was reached; his reply, "Your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you," has assured him an unenviable immortality, and can only be considered the response to the cry of the oppressed, whom it was bound by every consideration of justice and humanity to protect. Were any of the Mormons guilty of crimes, the power that could thus destroy could have easily punished the guilty and protected the innocent.

The turf had hardly time to form over the graves of the victims of Missouri vindictiveness, before the Mormon leaders, Jos. and Hyrum Smith, were assassinated in Carthage jail, while in the hands of the officers of the law and under the pledged protection of Thos. Ford, the Governor of Illinois. As there was no cause for legal action against them, a mob of State troops were permitted, by the passive treachery of the State executive, to answer the ends of premeditated violence. This occurred on the 27th of June, 1844, less than six years after the expulsion from Missouri.

The city charter of Nauvoo was annulled by legislative enactment, and its militia disbanded by order of the executive of the State. Left defenseless in the hands of their enemies the treachery that had brought the Smiths in reach of their assassins followed up the people, until they were forced to endure the storms of winter on the prairies of Iowa in the month of February, 1846. The sick and destitute, whom the straitened circumstances of those already gone had not permitted to succor and assist, were all that were left of the founders of this beautiful city. The mob knew no mercy and extended none to this pitiful remnant.

After making a heroic but desperate effort in self-defense, in the following September they were forced across the Mississippi River, to famish, to sicken in the hot sun by day and the chilling dews of Autumn nights; shelterless and homeless, in sight of hundreds of empty houses which their own hands had assisted to build.

Nauvoo, founded in sorrow and destitution, with the capstone of its magnificent temple laid in the fires of persecution, had become, in the short space of seven years, one of the most populous and flourishing cities of the then great west. Now for thirty years its desolate gardens and decaying houses have been a silent though impressive monument of the indifference of the American people to the wrongs and sufferings of a portion of their fellow-citizens because their religious doctrines came in contact with tradition and public opinion.

The loss of property was probably greater in the Nauvoo than in the Missouri persecutions, while the loss of life by direct violence was perhaps less, the subsequent loss was great on account of the long period of destitution and hardship occupied in journeying to the only shelter left them—the mountain deserts. One thousand lives were probably sacrificed in the Nauvoo exodus and the journey to the Rocky Mountains. The bones of the Mormon dead are scattered along from the Mississippi River to the shores of the Great Salt Lake, with scarcely a monument now left to indicate a sad tale of bereavement or tell the name of the departed.

About 500 persons died at Winter Quarters—now known as Florence. Much of the suffering and loss of life at that place may be attributed to the action of the general government in calling for a battalion of men for the Mexican war. It depleted the destitute, scattered Mormon camps of 500 of their ablest men for preparing shelter and the necessities of life for the ensuing winter. There was not even a plea of necessity for this despotic act—this extension of human suffering, for the proffered services of many volunteers had been refused because not needed.

Not one eminent statesman, potent in the power of high official influence, and scarcely a moiety of public opinion has yet demanded that those who perpetrated nearly every crime known in the catalogue of human depravity, against the Mormons in Mississippi and Illinois, should be brought to justice. The states which sanctioned these criminal proceedings by the official acts of the representatives of the people have made no restitution for the financial losses of the persecuted. The General Government has turned a deaf ear to their complaints, and they are still exiles from the lands of which they hold government titles. There are many still living who suffered in these terrible persecutions, and some carry the marks of their sufferings on their bodies. There is also a large amount of documentary evidence as to the facts in the case. How long must justice still wait? How long can our country afford to let these bills against it accumulate?

JAMES A. LITTLE.

—Omaha Herald.
The Corner Loafer.

Everybody knows him at sight. What he does by daylight is a mystery, for his face would exclude him from every business but the mock auction, and his clothes do not qualify him for that. By night, however, he is a critic, particularly of the gentler sex, and while he is not destitute of appreciation his favorable remarks are more to be dreaded than his criticisms. He selects his professional stand on the most crowded thoroughfares, where policemen most do congregate; but he is let alone as tenderly by officers as if he were a burglar or a roper-in for a gambling house. He never appears alone, but is a consistent believer in the theory of co-operation, and what remains unsaid by him and his associates concerning any lady who passes them is beneath the capacity of the meanest blackguard to conceive. Utterly depraved himself, he cannot imagine that any one upon whom he looks can be otherwise. Instinctively a coward, his lips are sealed in the presence of a lady accompanied by a gentleman or even a half-grown boy. Having only two feet, he cannot be shot like the Spitz dog or any other per-

ambulating nuisance; being a voter he cannot be arrested without damaging the prospects of some human nuisance equally dangerous but more politic. The only relief from him seems to reside in the toe of the manly boot. Self-constituted vigilance committees of one might profitably employ a few evenings in the interests of society by watching these ruffians and inflicting punishment immediately on the commission of any offence, although the marvellous faculty of officers for arresting the wrong man would dictate that action should be taken only when no policeman is in sight.—New York Herald, April 30.

THE BANNER OF THE PROPHET

The sandjak sheriff is the sacred banner of the prophet, supposed to be made of the black curtain which originally hung before the door of one of Mohammed's wives. It is deposited in the interior of the seraglio at Constantinople, and is guarded by officers. The display of this sacred relic in the Ottoman capital will be the signal for the Mohammedans of the world to rally to the defense of their faith, and the conflict will then be a religious crusade against the "infidels."—Ex.

A professional whistler adds his musical services to the harmony of the choir of the Temple Church, in London. The effect is said to be all that could be desired. Perhaps more.

"Have you tried the blue glass remedy yet?" asked Smith of Jones. "No," said Jones; "that is, only indirectly. My milkman, judging from the beautiful color of his milk, is trying it on his cows, and so indirectly on me."

Mr. Alexander J. Ellis leads the British forces for a phonetic reform in spelling, the Utopian scheme still actively discussed in literary weeklies. It will be a great while before Mr. Ellis will persuade the world to spell the word beau thus—"bo."—Ex.

Sporting Sub.—"I should like to have my leave as soon as possible, colonel, for I've just heard my father had a bad fall out hunting." Colonel—"Dear me! I'm sorry to hear that. I hope he's not hurt." Sporting Sub.—"Oh, it isn't that—only I want to have his horse!"—Punch.

A certain deacon formed his Sunday-school in line and march; them along the aisles, himself in front, singing "Hold the Fort." The congregation which seized all parties at the second stanza—

"See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on!"—
can be better imagined than described. Deacon B. has objected to new methods ever since.—Chicago Alliance.

DIED.

At Pleasant Grove, May 23rd, of scarlet fever, MARTHA EVELINE, daughter of Wm. J. and Angelina A. Eurt, aged 5 months and 2 days.

In Charleston, Provo Valley, May 15th, 1877, after a lingering illness, SARAH BULLIM RE, wife of William Bromley, in the 61st year of her age.

Dec. ased was a native of Great Gonerly, Lincolnshire; was baptized into the Church December 21st, 1848, at D usby, Lincolnshire; left England April 27th, 1855; arrived in Salt Lake City in the fall of 1856.

Her last words were, "God bless you," and she fell asleep without a struggle. She leaves a husband and three children.—[Com.]

Millennial Star, please copy.

At Brigham City, May 24, of old age and debility, ROGER LUCKHAM, aged 72 years.

Deceased was a native of England; made Canada his home when at the age of 17; embraced the gospel in the township of Brook, Lampton Co., U. C., 1845; was at Winter Quarters the following year; came to Utah with the company next following the pioneers. Deceased has passed through many hardships and trials and always proved faithful, was never behind in paying tithing. He had even overpaid quite a little sum when his last settlement was made.—[Com.]

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A sure cure for the Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams (an Indian remedy), called Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst old chronic cases of 25 and 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electuaries do more harm than good. Williams' ointment supports the tumors, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared exclusively for Piles, and nothing else. Over 20,000 cured Patients attest its virtues and Physicians of all schools pronounce it the greatest contribution to medicine of the age.

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Cleveland, O., Dec. 27, 1876.
DEAR SIR:—I suffered more or less for years with the itching or ulcerated Piles. I tried remedy after remedy advertised in the news-

papers, and consulted physicians in Philadelphia, Louisville, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and this city, and spent hundreds of dollars, but found no relief and comfort until I obtained a box of Williams' Indian Ointment some four months ago, and it has cured me completely. I had a part of the box left which I gave to a friend of mine who had doctored with many physicians without relief, and as a last resort went to the noted Hot Springs, of Arkansas, for treatment. He informs me that the Indian Ointment has also cured him of the piles. It is certainly a wonderful discovery and should be used by the many thousands who are now suffering with that dread disease.

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For more certificates of cures see large circular around each box of ointment.

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Five splendid sorts mailed to any address on receipt of One Dollar, six packages for \$5.00. Money sent by registered letter at my risk can be sent safely until the 1st of June.

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Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
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3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
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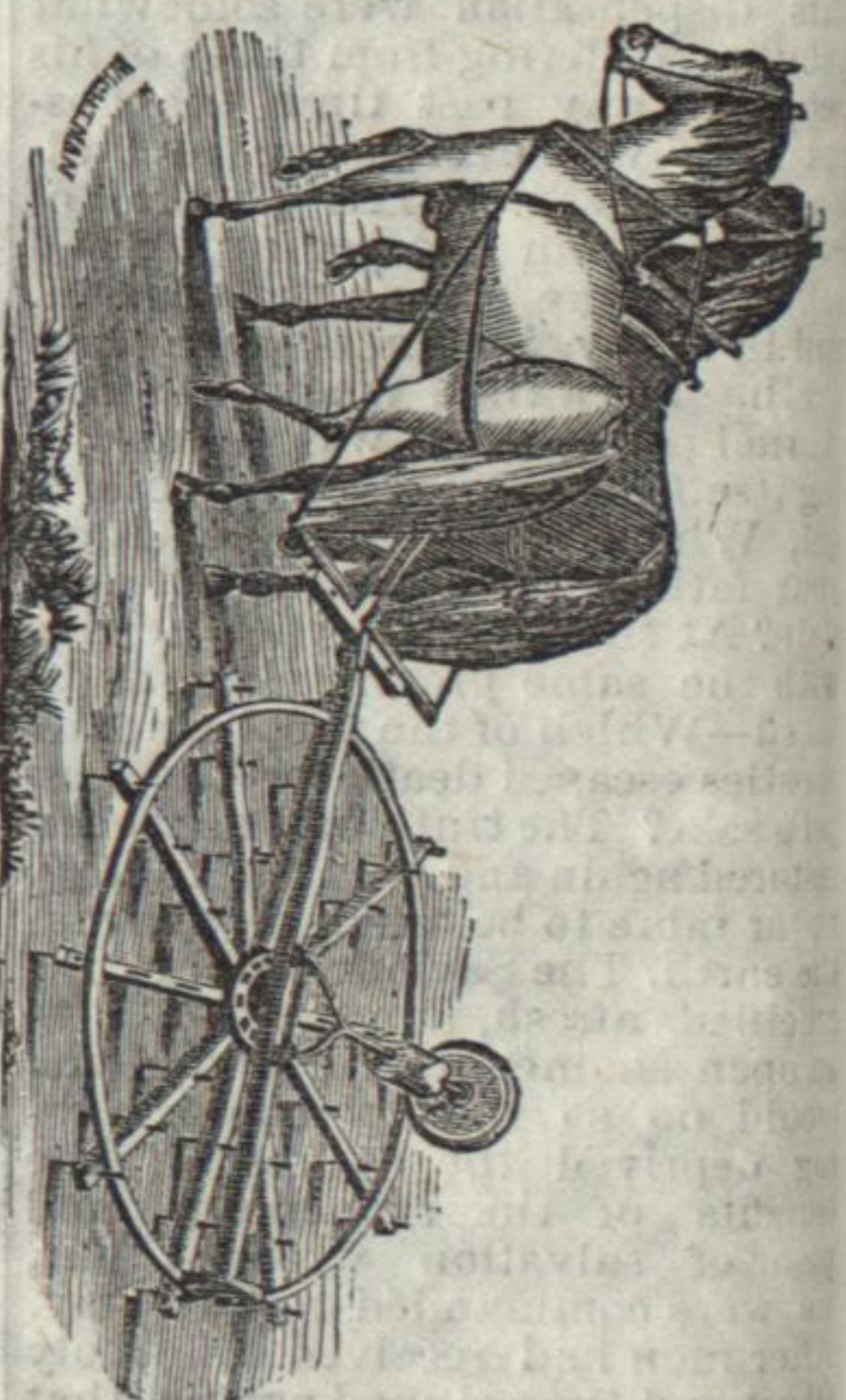
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