

friends, went to the Nauvoo House, kept by Joseph Smith. As I entered the hall I saw a large, well-dressed individual seated on a trunk at the further end of the hall, quietly smoking a cigar, who was pointed out to me as Joseph Smith. He was over six feet tall, of heavy build, with broad shoulders, light hair and complexion, light blue eyes, a long nose, a retreating forehead, large brain, and short neck. It was the first time I had ever seen him, and the impression was a mingled one. He was easy in his manners, and seemed sure of an acquittal if he could get a fair hearing. Presently he mounted a beautiful chestnut horse, and with his brother and others rode up Main Street to Masonic hall, where the state arms were delivered up. Hyrum Smith was even taller than the prophet, slim built, with light hair and blue eyes, and impressed me as being a quiet well-disposed man. He was talking with a friend and said he knew they were in danger, but they were in the hands of a just God and He would do all things right. He seemed deeply impressed with the right of their position, and declared his belief that the leaders of the movement fully intended to destroy their lives. The prophet was quietly talking while the arms were being thrown into the wagon. He told Capt. Dunn that 'his boys would do nothing wrong, they were good boys,' and as he turned his horse towards Carthage he waved his hand to his friends and said: 'You are good boys; farewell, if I never see you again!'

It was midnight when the Smiths reached Carthage and

SURRENDERED TO THE AUTHORITIES.

A thousand men had responded to the calls for troops, and were encamped in the vicinity of the court house. Mr. Woods, Smith's counsel, who had preceded him to Carthage, endeavored to impress Gov. Ford with the danger of the prisoners, and was assured and reassured that they would be protected. On the morning after their arrival the press of people at the hotel was so great, so anxious were the masses to see the Smiths, that Gov. Ford and Gen. Deming conducted them before the McDonough county troops and introduced them as the Smiths. The Carthage Grays took umbrage at this, regarding it as disrespectful to themselves, and expressed their disapprobation by hissing Gen. Deming, for which offense he immediately ordered them to ground their arms. They refused to obey, and at the command of their captain, fixed bayonets and loaded with ball cartridges. The Governor interposed and coolly asked if they would obey him. They responded, 'Yes,' whereupon he countermanded the general's order and thus averted the imminent danger. About an acre of ground, in the open space in the centre of the town, was covered with ordinary camp-meeting tents, and into these the soldiers were crammed pell-mell, without order or discipline. Some were playing cards, and others drinking, or boiling potatoes in small iron pots, or roasting bits of bacon impaled on sharp sticks, or baking corn cakes. Many were pretty drunk, and let out without reserve what was going on in the camp. "Death to the prophet!" was the watchword. And here the doctor may be allowed to pursue the thread of the narrative. He says: "I mingled freely with these men, to learn their intentions, and found a fixed and settled purpose among them

"TO KILL THE SMITHS."

"The guard at the door where the trial was proceeding assured me that if the governor did not hang Joe, more than a hundred had sworn never to go home till he was shot. I had accompanied William Marks to Carthage, and returned with him to Nauvoo. This man came from Oak Hill, near Portage, Allegheny county, Pa., and was a wealthy farmer and a man of strict integrity. He found the Saints under the full impression that theirs was a new and glorious dispensation under the head of a prophet anointed by God. I was teaching near his residence in 1833, when this sect made its advent into the neighborhood. Five or six priests remaining in the vicinity all winter, and drew many respectable persons into the church. The spirit of the strange sect entered my school, and it was a constant subject of discussion among the scholars, at recess. There were wild scenes of hubbub, 'talking in tongues,' giving revelations and interpretations, with prophesying and visions. Every man, woman and child entered into the dispute, and their nightly meetings were crowded with the curious. It is true that the most unlearned were often seized with the 'gift of tongues,' and uttered with great vehemence a jargon of words resembling a language, which was reeled off into English by a young lady named Sawyer, who was gifted with interpretation. The leaders often showed great bodily and mental excitement, and seemed fully imbued with a serious, half-wild religious spirit. They often made efforts at healing, and claimed one noticeable instance in the place. An old lady by the name of Simmons, living, without comforts or decent food, in an old log house, was removed for healing to Wm. Marks' residence. A good bed, comfortable room, cheerful fire, and good nurses were assigned the poor bed-ridden invalid. She was a nervous and susceptible female, with pale skin, and large black eyes, that glared with the intense fire of nervous excitability. Around the bed of this strange object were ranged the priests gifted with healing, some with hands on her bed, others clasping her hands in theirs, or reverently laying them on various parts of her person, and uttering earnest prayers, and raising their solemn eyes to heaven with reverent look. Three or four times a day they poured out this heavenly anointment upon the emaciated body of the old lady. To this they added a nourishing diet, including plenty of hen's meat. Mr. Marks had a large, fine, red young rooster which

"THEY SLEW IN THE NAME OF THE LORD."

and the invalid was nourished most tenderly with the broth. Hope beamed into her soul, and, as her care and food became better, her faith increased and added to the earnest prayers of the faithful, and to the amazement of everybody the old lady, who had not walked for months, was on her feet in two weeks, and shouted and praised God for her recovery. My friend Marks and myself could never agree whether the benediction of the priests or the nursing and the flesh and broth of the slain chancier had most to do with the remarkable recovery of this most helpless case of neglect and debility. This and similar recoveries were chanted among the multitude as the work of faith, with an earnestness that bordered on fury, backed up with the commission of Christ to His apostles to heal the sick, raise the dead, cast out devils, and rebuke evil spirits. Most of the women in the neighborhood began to fear that the Lord was among the Saints, and to escape the fearful penalties denounced against unbelievers, hastened to join them. The healing of Mrs. Simmons was no farce or trick of the actors; they believed they had worked a miracle, aided by God, to confound the faithless and stubborn. Among the persons who joined them in this region were many of good minds and well educated."

After speaking at some length of his friend Marks' services, in which he incidentally states that he at one time saved the twelve from being assassinated by Rigdon, who had resolved to make way for his prophethood by disposing of Brigham Young and the other members of the council of twelve, the doctor returns to the narrative:

"When myself and Mr. Marks reached Carthage, the Smiths were undergoing examination in Hamilton's tavern, the mob spirit being so violent that they dare not go to the court-room, where so much scope was offered to those who were resolved to slay them at all hazards. Mr. Marks here introduced me to Gov. Ford, the prophet and his brothers, and several other persons present in a small bedroom. The trial was proceeding in a small sitting-room in the back part of the house, on the second floor. I conversed half an hour with Joseph Smith, and told him plainly his danger, which seemed in no way to disturb him. He remarked that he was surrounded by so many enemies that he knew not whom to trust, and he stated that his people were greatly misrepresented. He appeared straightforward in the expression of his feelings and opinions, and evinced much acquaintance with the world; together with a complete knowledge of the fickleness of human nature. As I parted with him he presented his hand and said: 'Stranger, if I fall by the hand of assassins, tell the truth about my boys,—a name by which he called his friends. I assured him that I would,—if I told the world anything. By request, I had an interview with Gov. Ford, who asked me whether the danger was real or only the work of excitement. I assured him of the fullest conviction, on my part, that there were numerous persons among the crowd who never intended to leave Carthage until the Smiths were dead."

"THE GOVERNOR WAS A MAN OF SMALL STATURE."

with dark eyes and complexion. He appeared like a man weary of human nature and of life, and to me more than betrayed the fear that he could not, if he would, protect his prisoners. After the conduct of the military in the morning, he thought little could be told as to what they would do before another morning. Myself and friend returned to Nauvoo that night, and, after a tedious ride over the prairie, had called for water at a log hut standing in the centre of a large field. It was very dark, and we had hardly entered the dwelling when we heard the clatter of horses' feet, and in a few moments the house was surrounded by armed men. They proved to be a company of militia under Captain Singleton, going to Nauvoo to keep the peace. Such a visit was not only ridiculous but insulting, since for ten days the city had presented the appearance of a deserted place, and women and children were almost the only inhabitants, and they were in hourly fear of death by violence. Mr. Marks took the soldiers to good quarters, provided them with supper, and in the morning they paraded the streets. The majority were ragged vagabonds who had rushed together to see the sights. The figure of one of these grenadiers I shall never forget. He rode a lank gray nag, was seated on a saddle without stirrups, and his long martial figure made him conspicuous among the company. He wore a suit of linen begrimed with dirt, a straw hat without a brim, and an old sword, long and rusty, dangled at his side. His boots were toothless, so that his feet protruded; his pants were bagging, and his coat was a roundabout of new linen. His visage, long and lean as his uniform, and his big, clear blue eyes and thin lips made him a figure of most striking appearance. He cast about him suspicious glances, as though he feared at every turn that some stray bullet might send him to fairer climes. He evidently regarded the city of the prophet as a solemn place, and felt in his inmost soul that he would not willingly die for his country. At every turn of the captain's troop this long, seedy grenadier have in sight.

As soon as the Smiths were in the hands of the authorities, H. F. Higbee concluded he would gratify a long cherished desire and accordingly returned to Nauvoo with the avowed

INTENTION OF ASSASSINATING O. P. ROCKWELL.

of Gov. Boggs and Missouri memory. He found his intended victim at midday, walking in the street, and coolly drew a revolver and attempted to shoot him. Rockwell was unarmed, but being as fearless and agile as a savage, he knocked the

deadly weapon from his assailant's hand, seized him by the hair, dashed him violently to the ground, and planted his foot forcibly in his face and stomach. Higbee begged for life, and Rockwell at length released him and assisted in conveying him to the house of Robinson, the post-master, where his wounds were dressed and a bed furnished him till next day. He was drunk when he made the assault. The next morning found him sober with a badly scarred face, and a revolver and dirk lying by his side. Rockwell, who had been greatly feared in Missouri, was a very small man, slim and pale, with a keen black eye, and a very winning address.

On the afternoon of June 27th, Gov. Ford came to Nauvoo with an escort of 60 men or more, and addressed the citizens from a small wooden platform standing near the prophet's house. His address gave ever thing into the hands of the mob, and, in fact, encouraged, by its timidity, the spirit of rebellion against the laws. He concluded by warning the prophet that if they molested any one their city would be fired, and their wives and children put to the sword.

The wives of Joseph and Hyrum set on foot a petition praying that the governor would protect the defenseless women and children of the city from mob violence. It was signed by large numbers of women, and was received by the governor with respect, and even with emotion. Joseph's wife presented it in person, accompanying it with a brief history of their troubles, and a statement of their painful apprehensions. This lady is described as large and well built, with dark hair, light hazel eyes, and a finely moulded head, much superior to her husband's. She was the daughter of a Baptist clergyman living on the Susquehanna, was naturally intelligent, and in her strange and eventful career had learned much of human nature.

BEFORE THE GOVERNOR LEFT CARTHAGE

The Smiths were held to trial for riot, and under the impression of securing greater safety, did not ask for bail, but consented to be lodged in jail. On the morning before commitment they were arrested on a charge of high treason, on which, however, no examination was had, and no one supposed them guilty. The troops incessantly demanded to be taken to Nauvoo, but the governor declined to grant their requests, on the ground that their mutinous spirit would surely lead to an attack on the city. He therefore disbanded them at Carthage. The Smiths were escorted to jail by the Carthage Grays, their most bitter enemies, whose captain had the day before ordered them to fix bayonets and load with ball cartridges to sustain themselves in their mutinous action in hissing Gen. Deming. This captain was also the justice of the peace before whom they had been arraigned. A lawyer by the name of Skinner was lieutenant of the company. He had formerly been the counsel of the Smiths, but had quarrelled with them, and now loudly demanded their expulsion from the county. To such men Gov. Ford committed the Smiths for safe keeping, disbanding, a few hours before he left, within a few rods of the jail, a thousand or more men whom he dare not take with him to Nauvoo for fear they would burn the city.

About the hour the Governor was addressing the Mormons at Nauvoo—8 o'clock p.m.—some 200 armed men, disguised with red, black and blue paint, surrounded the Carthage jail, which was guarded by half a dozen of the Grays, the rest being half a mile distant. The guards fired their guns at the mob, but as they were loaded only with water, nobody was hurt. Quickly disarming these valiant sentinels, the mob rushed up the stairs leading to the second floor, where the prisoners were confined. The door to their room had not even a latch, and Hyrum Smith, on seeing the approach of the bloodthirsty crew, sprang to the closed door. Instantly a volley of balls went crashing through the thin protection into the room, one of them striking Hyrum under the eye and near the nose, and entering the brain. He reeled backwards, exclaiming:

"O GOD, I AM A DEAD MAN!"

and at this instant another ball entered under his chin and punched upward into his brain. He fell backward at full length and was dead. While he was falling a ball struck his knee, passed through the leg, and out at the thigh. Another struck his right side, shattered the crystal of his watch, and entered his body. Some friend had given Joe Smith a revolver, and when his brother fell, the mob having pushed the door held by himself, Dr. Richards and Taylor, partially open, he passed the muzzle into the opening and fired three shots into the crowd, a fourth cap missing fire. They were then forced back from the door and retreated across the room, Smith and Taylor put out and received four balls in it, fell back into the room and crept under a bed. As Joseph's head protruded from the window, two balls from the outside mob pierced his chest, one near the throat, and the other lower down and passing through the lungs. He was also fired upon from the rear by those inside, one ball entering his back and another his thigh. He reeled forward, the blood spurting from his wounds at every head stroke, plunzed from the window among the mob outside, and

WAS DEAD WHEN HE STRUCK THE GROUND.

Now that the deed was done no further violence was offered to his person.

Dr. Richards had the job of his ear carried away by a ball that also left a scar over the jugular vein an inch in length. He drew Taylor from under the bed and hid him in the dungeon, saying: "Brother Taylor, I want you to live; they will not find you here." Richards was Smith's private secretary, and Taylor was editor of the *Nauvoo Neighbor*.

The tragedy was ended and the perpetrators went out of reach before the guard arrived at the jail. The bodies of the victims were at first laid in a lower room of the jail building, and as soon as possible were removed to Hamilton's tavern.

Gov. Ford, with his troops, when three miles out of Nauvoo, met the messenger who had been dispatched to that city with the news, arrested him and took him back to Carthage, fearing that the Mormons would arise and avenge the blood of their leaders before he could place himself at a safe distance. At Carthage he found all parties in the utmost consternation. The inhabitants were hastily packing up and fleeing for life. Old men, women and children, with cart and wagon loads of furni-

ture and bedding, and droves of cattle, hogs and mules, fled in the greatest confusion from the blood-stained town. Dr. Richards, Taylor, Hamilton, and a Mr. Sutherland were the only living persons left in the town during the night, and they kept watch by the dead bodies. On the next day the corpses, wet with blood, were put into boxes of rough oak boards, covered with prairie hay and an Indian horse blanket, and thus were carried to Nauvoo. Meanwhile Gov. Ford had ordered an order to the Nauvoo legion to defend their city till help could be sent them, and had sent a letter to Mrs. Emma Smith, by Dr. Richards, advising quiet and patience, and in twenty minutes thereafter was hurrying over the prairie towards Quincy, confidently expecting that the morrow's sun would find only heaps of stones and ashes to mark the place where Carthage had been. Three days later he was receiving and making fashionable calls in Quincy.

Intelligence of

THE DEATH OF SMITH

reached Nauvoo early in the morning after the assassination, and fell with terrible effect upon the entire community. The prophet of God had been slain by the ungodly. Their feelings were akin to those of the early apostles, when they learned that Jesus had been crucified. While preparations were being made to receive the bodies, Dr. Richmond repaired to the tavern of the prophet, to witness the scene with his family. His own words will best describe the heartrending details. He says:

"When I entered the mansion I found the wife of Joseph seated in a chair in the centre of a small room, weeping and wailing bitterly, in a loud and uncontrolled voice, her face covered with her hands. Rev. Mr. Green came in, and as the bitter cries of the weeping woman reached his ears, he burst forth in tones of angry grief, and, trembling in every nerve, approached Mrs. Smith and exclaimed: 'Oh, sister Emma, God bless you.' Then clasping her head in his hands, he uttered a long and fervent prayer for her peace, protection and resignation. The first words the poor woman uttered were: 'Why, O God, am I thus afflicted? Why am I a widow and my children orphans? Thou knowest I have always trusted in Thy law.' Mr. Green rejoined to her that this affliction would be to her a crown of life. She answered quickly—

"MY HUSBAND WAS MY CROWN;"

for him and my children I have suffered the loss of all things, and why, Oh God, am I thus afflicted, and my bosom torn with this ten-fold anguish! I passed into the next room, and the aged mother of Joseph and Hyrum came up to me, with a gaze of wild despair, and clasping me with both hands she asked me why they had shot her dear children. Her eyes were dry, and her anguish seemed too deep for tears. She paced the room, turned around, went to the window, and then to the door of the room where Joseph's wife was still weeping, and Mr. Green still praying.

"In another room the children of Joseph were all huddled together, the eldest, an adopted daughter, I think, being about 18. Two young boys were lying on the floor, and the other two were kneeling over them, mingling their grief in one wild scream of childish despair.

"At the house of Hyrum, a little way off, the scene was not less heart-rending. His wife had gathered her family of four children into the sitting-room, and the youngest, about four years old, sat on her lap. The poor and disabled that, ed at the table of her husband had come in and formed a group of about twenty around the room. They were all sobbing and weeping, each expressing his grief in his own peculiar way. Mrs. Smith seemed stupefied with horror at the deed.

"While these scenes were being enacted in the city the bodies were on the way from Carthage. To preserve peace and prepare the citizens to endure the ordeal with resignation, a general assembly was called at 10 o'clock a.m., which was addressed by W. W. Phelps, and by Col. Buckmaster, of Alton, aide-de camp to Gov. Ford.

"NO ONE THOUGHT OF REVENGE;"

all seemed overpowered with grief. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the bodies arrived, in charge of the marshal, Samuel H. Smith, the only surviving brother of the murdered men, and followed by Dr. Richards, and Mr. Hamilton, of Carthage. They were received near the temple grounds, by Gen. Joseph Smith's staff, the major general and staff, the brigadier general and staff, and other commanders of the legion the city council, and a vast concourse of citizens. The officials formed around the bodies, the masses silently opening a way for them, and as the mournful procession moved on, the women broke out in lamentations at the sight of the two dead boxes in the wagon, covered by two Indian blankets. The weeping was communicated to the crowd, and spread along the vast waves of humanity extending from the temple to the residence of the prophet. The groans, and sobs, and shrieks grew deeper and louder, till the sound resembled the roar of a mighty tempest. When the bodies arrived at the mansion of Mrs. Emma Smith, the people, numbering eight or ten thousand, mostly Mormons, and in close sympathy with the deceased, pressed about the house, and the loud wails of the mourners outside, and of the family within, were truly terrible. Means to divert the multitude were finally in requisition, to aid in making way for the removal of the bodies into the house. Judge Phelps, Dr. Richards and Messrs. Woods and Reed—the two latter having been the Smiths' counsel—moved to different places and began addressing them. Mr. Woods, who was from Fort Madison, and a lawyer of high standing, was very severe in his condemnation of the whole affair, and censured Gov. Ford in particular for the careless and guilty part he had acted in not protecting the prisoners.

"The bodies were carried into the dining-room, and about a dozen resolute men who could stand the scent of blood were selected to lay them out. This occupied an hour or more, and they were then ranged under the west windows of the room, and their families were brought in to take a first look of the dead husbands, children and fathers. As the door opened the prophet's wife entered with two attendants. She advanced a few steps towards the body of Hyrum, swooned and fell to the floor. Her friends raised her up and gave her water, but she fainted again, and was carried out insensible.

"SIX TIMES SHE ATTEMPTED TO SEE THE BODIES,"

and six times she was removed in the arms of her two attendants. Hyrum's wife next entered the room with her four children, supported by no one, she having resolved to brave the scene with her poor orphans.

She trembled at every step, and nearly fell, but reached her husband's body, an old but by him, clasped her arms around his head, turned his pale face upon her heaving bosom, and then a gushing, plaintive wail burst from her lips: 'Oh Hyrum, Hyrum! Have they shot you, my dear Hyrum. Are you dead? Of speak to me, my dear husband. I cannot think you are dead, my dear Hyrum.' She drew him closer and closer to her bosom, kissed his pale lips and face, put her hands on his brow and brushed back his hair. Her grief seemed to consume her, and she lost all power of utterance. Her two daughters, and the two young children, clung, some around her neck and some to the body, falling prostrate upon the corpse and shrieking, in the wilderness of their wordless grief. In about ten minutes Mrs. Emma Smith, wife of the Prophet, came again into the room, between two attendants, in a half-wounded state. She came toward the body of Hyrum, and knowing that the sensation of feeling a cold, dead body exerts a calming effect on the human nerves, I took her hand and laid it on Hyrum's brow, and in a moment her strength returned. She murmured something in a low tone that I did not hear, her eyes opened, and she said to her friends, 'Now I can see him; I am strong now.' She walked alone to her husband's bed, knelt down, clasped him around his face, and sank upon his body. Suddenly her grief found vent, and sighs and groans and words and lamentations filled the room. 'Joseph, Joseph,' said she, 'are you dead? Have the assassins shot you?' Her children, four in number, gathered around their weeping mother, and the dead body of a murdered father, and grief that words cannot embody seemed to overwhelm the whole group. She continued to speak in low tones, but none of the words were audible save those which I have recorded.

"WHILE THE TWO WIVES WERE BEWAILING

their loss, and prostrate on the floor with their eight children, I noticed a lady standing at the head of Joseph Smith's body, her face covered, and her whole frame convulsed with weeping. She was the widow of William Morgan, of Masouic memory, and twenty years before had stood over the body of her husband, found at the mouth of Oak Orchard Creek, on Lake Ontario. She was now the wife of a Mr. Harris, whom she married in Batavia, and who was a saint in the Mo mon church, and a high Mason. She is a short person, with light hair and very bright blue eyes, and a pleasing countenance. I had called on her a few days previous to this occasion, and while conversing with her, put my hand on a gilt-edged volume lying on the stand. It was 'Stories on Masonry,' and contained the likeness of William Morgan. She said she had taken it out, and thought if the mob did come, and she was obliged to flee, or jump into the Mississippi, she would take it with her."

"THE MULTITUDE DISPERSED

about dark, and the next day was set apart for the people to come and see the bodies of the two brothers. They commenced assembling at an early hour, and the city, the river, and the surrounding country swarmed with men and women during the whole day. The scene around the bodies of the dead men was too horrible to witness. Hyrum was shot in the brain, and bled none, but by noon his body was so swollen—the neck and face forming one bloated mass—that no one could recognize it. Joseph's blood continued to pour out of his wounds, which had been filled with cotton; the muscles relaxed and the gory fluid trickled down on the floor and formed in puddles across the room. Tar, vinegar and sugar were kept burning on the stove to enable persons to stay in the apartment. In order to see the bodies, thousands passed in at our door and out at another, tracking their feet in the prophet's blood. The fumes of the tar and the stench of death were terrible, and still from morning till night they came and went and in the house for the living day the lament of sorrow was heard. The day was clear; the sun shone down on the western sky and set in a cloudless field of blue, glancing his rays on the thronging mass of early 20,000 persons that now began to move off in every direction. The rooms were then cleared and the bodies put in coffins and concealed in a small closet opening from the dining hall. Two bags of sand had been prepared, and also two rough outside coffins into which the others were apparently to be put, but instead of that these outside boxes received the bags of sand and were sealed up. W. W. Phelps had called the populace away to read to them the sixth chapter of Revelation. The prophet, on the day before his death, while in jail at Carthage, had sent word to his followers to read that chapter, for it was about to be fulfilled. From this, and many other acts in the man's life, it appears that he regarded himself as the appointed instrument in God's hand to represent some new and singular event in the history of men. The multitude, after the reading, returned to the residence of Joseph Smith and received

"WHAT THEY SUPPOSED TO BE THE BODIES OF THE TWO MEN,"

but in reality the two bags of sand. The families of the Smiths had resolved on burying the bodies secretly, and concealing the fact from all persons but twelve chosen friends and the families of the murdered men. The coffins contained the bodies remained secreted in the small closet, while the boxes and bags of sand were carried in solemn procession to the city cemetery, followed by a vast concourse who chanted and wept around the graves of the leaders whom they really supposed they were burying.

When the Mormons began to rear their gorgeous temple, two tombs of hewn stone were built on the west side of the edifice, one for Joseph Smith and the other for Sidney Rigdon. These vaults were both completed, but the friends dared not trust the bodies there for fear they would be violently removed by enemies. The task of conducting

THE ACTUAL BURIAL

was confided to William Marks. "I was at the time," says the doctor, "staying with this man as a guest and old friend, and became possessed of the facts now stated through him. I made an earnest appeal, through him, to be permitted to aid in carrying the bodies, at midnight, to their final resting place, but as I was a total stranger to all but him they refused, on the ground that it would be a breach of the regulations, to which they had agreed to adhere." Two graves had been secretly prepared for their reception, and midnight was the appointed hour to remove the bodies. At 6 o'clock precisely the bodies were brought from the closet into the dining room. The orders were about to be given, when the labors of all were arrested by a clap of thun-