

# THE DESERET NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

NUMBER 41.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1856.

VOLUME VI.

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[From the New York Daily News.]

## The Shirt Fiend.

NOTE.—A magistrate of New York informed me that the infamies practiced upon the poor needle-women of New York almost made him an infidel. The following incident is not a fiction:

'Twas the purple dawn of a golden day:  
On the floor the haggard children lay;  
They had soothed and kissed themselves to sleep,  
For they loved their mother too much to weep.  
The widow worked on for her children dear,  
And her burning eye could shed no tear;  
On she toiled for her darlings' sake—  
Anguish keeping her brain awake.  
At rise of sun her work was done;  
'Twas a weary week since it had begun!  
She kissed her little ones—shared the bread,  
And fasting herself, on her errand she sped.  
She reached the store with a weary heart,  
And gave in her work to the great SHIRT  
FIEND:  
But saw, aghast, with a sickening start,  
That he gazed upon it demon-miened!  
Ripping it up, with a ribald oath,  
He tost to her the mangled cloth.  
'Take it back,' quoth he, 'Tis awry, I say,  
And bring it done properly, next Saturday!  
'Father in Heaven,' was all she said,  
And she fell at the Shirt Fiend's threshold dead!

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## HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

JULY, 1843.

Under this state of alarm, excitement and distress, the messengers returned from the Governor and from the other authorities, bringing the fatal news that the Mormons could have no assistance. They stated that the Governor said the 'Mormons had got into a difficulty with the citizens, and they might fight it out for all he cared. He could not render them any assistance.'

The people of De Witt were obliged to leave their homes and go into Far West; but did not until after many of them had starved to death for want of proper sustenance, and several died on the road there, and were buried by the way side, without a coffin or a funeral ceremony, and the distress, sufferings and privations of the people cannot be expressed.

All the scattered families of the Mormon people, in all the counties except Daviess, were driven into Far West, with but few exceptions.

This only increased their distress, for many thousands who were driven there, had no habitations or houses to shelter them, and were huddled together, some in tents and others under blankets, while others had no shelter from the inclemency of the weather. Nearly two months the people had been in this awful state of consternation, many of them had been killed, whilst others had been whipped until they had to swathe up their bowels to prevent them from falling out.

About this time, General Parks came out from Richmond, Ray county; he was one of the commissioned officers who was sent out at the time the mob was first quelled, and went out to Diahman. I and my brother Joseph Smith, senior, went out at the same time.

On the evening that General Parks arrived at Diahman, the wife of my brother, the late Don Carlos Smith, came in to Col. Wight's about eleven o'clock at night, bringing her two children along with her, one about two years and a half old, the other a babe in her arms.

She came on foot, a distance of three miles, and waded Grand River; the water was then waist deep, and the snow 3 inches deep. She stated that a party of the mob, a gang of ruffians, had turned her out of doors, had taken her household goods and had burnt up her house, and she had escaped by the skin of her teeth. Her husband at that time was in Tennessee, and she was living alone.

This cruel transaction excited the feelings of the people in Diahman, especially Col. Wight, and he asked Gen. Parks, in my hearing, how long he had got to suffer such base treatment. Gen. Parks said he did not know how long.

Col. Wight then asked him what should be done? Gen. Parks told him 'he should take a company of men, well armed, and go and disperse the mob wherever he should find any collected together, and take away their arms.' Col. Wight did so precisely, according to the orders of Gen. Parks; and my brother Joseph Smith, sen., made no words about it.

And after Col. Wight had dispersed the mob, and put a stop to their burning houses belonging

to the Mormon people, and turning women and children out of doors, which they had done up to that time to the amount of eight or ten houses, which were consumed to ashes—after being cut short in their intended designs, the mob started up a new plan.

They went to work and moved their families out of the county, and set fire to their houses, and not being able to incense the Mormons to commit crimes; they had recourse to this stratagem to set their houses on fire, and send runners into all the counties adjacent, to declare to the people that the Mormons had burnt up their houses and destroyed their fields; and if the people would not believe them, they would tell them to go and see if what they had said was not true.

Many people came to see, they saw the houses burning, and being filled with prejudice, they could not be made to believe but that the Mormons set them on fire, which deed was most diabolical and of the blackest kind, for indeed the Mormons did not set them on fire, nor meddle with their houses or their fields.

And the houses that were burnt, together with the pre-emption rights, and the corn in the fields, had all been previously purchased by the Mormons of the people, and paid for in money and with wagons and horses, and with other property, about two weeks before; but they had not taken possession of the premises; but this wicked transaction was for the purpose of clandestinely exciting the minds of a prejudicial populace and the executive, that they might get an order, that they could the more easily carry out their hellish purposes, in expulsion or extermination, or utter extinction of the Mormon people.

After witnessing the distressed situation of the people in Diahman, my brother Joseph Smith, senior, and myself returned to the city of Far West, and immediately despatched a messenger, with written documents to General Atchison, stating the facts as they did then exist, praying for assistance if possible, and requesting the editor of the 'Far West' to insert the same in his newspaper, but he utterly refused to do so.

We still believed that we should get assistance from the Governor, and again petitioned him, praying for assistance, setting forth our distressed situation; and in the meantime the presiding Judge of the County Court issued orders—upon affidavits made to him by the citizens—to the sheriff of the county, to order out the militia of the county to stand in constant readiness, night and day, to prevent the citizens from being massacred, which fearful situation they were in every moment.

Every thing was very portentous and alarming. Notwithstanding all this, there was a ray of hope yet existing in the minds of the people that the Governor would render us assistance; and whilst the people were waiting anxiously for deliverance—men, women and children frightened, praying and weeping—we beheld at a distance, crossing the prairies and approaching the town, a large army in military array, brandishing their glittering swords in the sunshine, and we could not but feel joyful for a moment, thinking that probably the Governor had sent an armed force to our relief, notwithstanding the awful forebodings that pervaded our breasts.

But to our great surprise, when the army arrived they came up and formed a line in double file within one half mile on the south of the city of Far West, and despatched three messengers with a white flag to the city. They were met by Captain Morey with a few other individuals, whose names I do not now recollect. I was myself standing close by, and could very distinctly hear every word they said.

Being filled with anxiety, I rushed forward to the spot, expecting to hear good news—but, alas! and heart-thrilling to every soul that heard them, they demanded three persons to be brought out of the city before they should massacre the rest.

The names of the persons they demanded, were Adam Lightner, John Cleminson and his wife. Immediately the three persons were brought forth to hold an interview with the officers who had made the demand, and the officers told them they had now a chance to save their lives, for they calculated to destroy the people and lay the city in ashes. They replied to the officers, and said, 'If the people must be destroyed and the city burned to ashes, they would remain in the city and die with them.'

The officers immediately returned, and the army retreated and encamped about a mile and a half from the city.

A messenger was immediately despatched with a white flag from the Colonel of the militia of Far West, requesting an interview with General Atchison and General Doniphan; but as the messenger approached the camp, he was shot at by Bogard, the Methodist preacher.

The name of the messenger was Charles C. Rich, who is now Brigadier General in the Nauvoo Legion. However, he gained permission to see General Doniphan; he also requested an interview with General Atchison.

General Doniphan said that General Atchison had been dismounted by a special order of the Governor a few miles back, and had been sent back to Liberty, Clay county. He also stated that the reason was, that he (Atchison) was too merciful unto the Mormons, and Boggs would not let him have the command, but had given it to General Lucas, who was from Jackson county, and whose heart had become hardened by his former acts of rapine and bloodshed, he being one of the leaders in murdering, driving, plundering and burning some two or three hundred houses belonging to the Mormon people in that county, in the years 1833 and 1834.

Mr. Rich requested General Doniphan to spare the people, and not suffer them to be massacred until the next morning, it then being evening. He coolly agreed that he would not, and also said that 'he had not as yet received the Governor's order, but expected it every hour, and should not make any further move until he had received it; but he would not make any promises so far as regarded Neil Gillam's army, 'he having arrived a few minutes previously, and joined the main body of the army; he knowing well at what hour to form a junction with the main body.'

Mr. Rich then returned to the city, giving this information. The colonel immediately despatched a second messenger with a white flag, to request another interview with General Doniphan, in order to touch his sympathy and compassion, and if it were possible, for him to use his best endeavors to preserve the lives of the people.

On the return of this messenger, we learned that several persons had been killed by some of the soldiers who were under the command of General Lucas.

One Mr. Carey had his brains knocked out by the breach of a gun, and he lay bleeding several hours, but his family were not permitted to approach him, nor any one else allowed to administer relief to him whilst he lay upon the ground in the agonies of death.

Mr. Carey had just arrived in the country, from the State of Ohio, only a few hours previous to the arrival of the army. He had a family, consisting of a wife and several small children. He was buried by Lucius N. Scovill, who is now the senior warden of the Nauvoo Lodge.

Another man, of the name of John Tanner, was knocked on the head at the same time, and his skull laid bare the width of a man's hand, and he lay, to all appearance, in the agonies of death for several hours; but by the permission of General Doniphan, his friends brought him out of the camp, and with good nursing he slowly recovered, and is now living.

There was another man, whose name is Powell, who was beat on the head with the breach of a gun until his skull was fractured and his brains run out in two or three places. He is now alive, and resides in this county, but has lost the use of his senses. Several persons of his family were also left for dead, but have since recovered.

These acts of barbarity were also committed by the soldiers under the command of General Lucas, previous to having received the Governor's order of extermination.

It was on the evening of the 30th of October, according to the best of my recollection, that the army arrived at Far West, the sun about half an hour high. In a few moments afterwards, Cornelius Gillum arrived with his army, and formed a junction.

This Gillum had been stationed at Hunter's mills for about two months previous to that time—committing depredations upon the inhabitants—capturing men, women and children, and carrying them off as prisoners, lacerating their bodies with hickory withes.

The army of 'Gillum' were painted like Indians, some more conspicuous than others, were designated by red spots, and he, also, was painted in a similar manner, with red spots marked on his face, and styled himself the 'DELAWARE CHIEF.' They would whoop and holla, and yell as nearly like Indians as they could, and continued to do so all that night.

In the morning early, the Colonel of Militia sent a messenger into the camp with a white flag, to have another interview with General Doniphan. On his return, he informed us that the Governor's order had arrived.

General Doniphan said that 'the order of the Governor was, to exterminate the Mormons by God, but he would be damned if he obeyed that order, but General Lucas might do what he pleased.'

We immediately learned from General Doniphan that 'the Governor's order that had arrived was only a copy of the original, and that the original order was in the hands of Major General Clark, who was on his way to Far West, with an additional army of six thousand men.'

Immediately after this, there came into the city a messenger from Haun's Mill, bringing the intelligence of an awful massacre of the people who were residing in that place, and that a force of two or three hundred, detached from the main body of the army, under the superior command of Colonel Ashley, but under the immediate command of Captain Nehemiah Comstock, who, the day previous, had promised them peace and protection, but on receiving a copy of the Governor's order 'to exterminate or to expel' from the hands of Colonel Ashley, he returned upon them the following day and surprised and massacred the whole population of the town, and then came on to the town of Far West, and entered into conjunction with the main body of the army.

The messenger informed us that he himself with a few others fled into the thickets, which preserved them from the massacre, and on the following morning they returned and collected the dead bodies of the people, and cast them into a well, and there were upwards of twenty who were dead or mortally wounded, and there are several of the wounded who are now living in this city.

One, of the name of Yocum, has lately had his leg amputated, in consequence of wounds he then received. He had a ball shot through his head, which entered near his eye and came out at the back part of his head, and another ball passed through one of his arms.

The army, during all the while they had been

encamped in Far West, continued to lay waste fields of corn, making hogs, sheep and cattle common plunder, and shooting them down for sport.

One man shot a cow and took a strip of her skin, the width of his hand, from her head to her tail, and tied it around a tree, to slip his halter in'o, to tie his horse with.

The city was surrounded with a strong guard, and no man, woman or child was permitted to go out or come in, under the penalty of death. Many of the citizens were shot in attempting to go out to obtain sustenance for themselves and families.

There was one field fenced in, consisting of twelve hundred acres, mostly covered with corn. It was entirely laid waste by the hands of the army, and the next day after the arrival of the army, towards evening, Colonel Hinkle came up from the camp, requesting to see my brother Joseph, Parley P. Pratt, Sidney Rigdon, Lyman Wight, and George W. Robinson, stating that the officers of the army wanted a mutual consultation with those men, also stating that Generals Doniphan, Lucas, Wilson and Graham—(however General Graham is an honorable exception: he did all he could to preserve the lives of the people, contrary to the order of the Governor.)—he, Hinkle, assured them that these generals had pledged their sacred honor that they should not be abused or insulted, but should be guarded back in safety in the morning, or so soon as the consultation was over.

My brother Joseph replied that he did not know what good he could do in any consultation, as he was only a private individual; however, he said that he was always willing to do all the good he could, and would obey every law of the land, and then leave the event with God.

They immediately started with Colonel Hinkle to go down into the camp. As they were going down, about half way to the camp, they met General Lucas with a phalanx of men, with a wing to the right and, to the left, and a four pounder in the centre. They supposed he was coming with this strong force to guard them into the camp in safety; but to their surprise, when they came up to General Lucas, he ordered his men to surround them, and Hinkle stepped up to the General and said, 'These are the prisoners I agreed to deliver up.' General Lucas drew his sword and said, 'gentlemen, you are my prisoners,' and about that time the main army were on their march to meet them.

They came up in two divisions, and opened to the right and left, and my brother and his friends were marched down through their lines, with a strong guard in front, and the cannon in the rear, to the camp, amidst the whoopings, howlings, yellings, and shoutings of the army, which was so horrid and terrific that it frightened the inhabitants of the city.

It is impossible to describe the feelings of horror and distress, of the people.

After being thus betrayed they were placed under a strong guard of thirty men, armed cap-a-pie, who were relieved every two hours. They were compelled to lay on the cold ground that night, and were told in plain language, that they need never to expect their liberties again. So far for their honor pledged. However, this was as much as could be expected from a mob under the garb of military and executive authority in the State of Missouri.

On the next day, the soldiers were permitted to patrol the streets, to abuse and insult the people at their leisure, and enter into houses and pillage them, and ravish the women, taking away every gun and every other kind of arms or military implements: and about twelve o'clock on that day Colonel Hinkle came to my house, with an armed force, opened the door and called me out of doors and delivered me up as a prisoner unto that force. They surrounded me and commanded me to march into the camp. I told them that I could not go: my family were sick, and I was sick myself, and could not leave home. They said they did not care for that—I must and should go. I asked when they would permit me to return. They made me no answer, but forced me along with the point of the bayonet into the camp, and put me under the same guard with my brother Joseph—and within about half an hour afterwards, Amasa Lyman was also brought and placed under the same guard. There we were compelled to stay all that night, and lie on the ground: but some time in the same night, Colonel Hinkle came to me and told me that he had been pleading my case before the Court Martial, but he was afraid he should not succeed.

He said there was a Court Martial then in Session, consisting of thirteen or fourteen officers, Circuit Judge A. A. King, and Mr. Birch, District Attorney; also Sashiel Woods, Presbyterian priest, and about twenty other priests of the different religious denominations in that country. He said they were determined to shoot us on the next morning in the public square in Far West. I made him no reply.

On the next morning, about sunrise, General Doniphan ordered his brigade to take up the line of march and leave the camp. He came to us where we were under guard, to shake hands with us, and bid us farewell. His first salutation was, 'By God you have been sentenced by the Court Martial to be shot this morning; but I will be damned if I will have any of the honor of it, or any of the disgrace of it; therefore I have ordered my brigade to take up the line of march and to leave the camp, for I consider it to be cold blooded murder, and I bid you farewell,' and he went away.