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## HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

JUNE, 1844.

It is said that the guard elevated their fire-locks, and boisterously threatening the mob discharged their fire-arms over their heads. The mob encircled the building, and some of them rushed by the guard up the flight of stairs, burst open the door, and began the work of death, while others fired in through the open windows.

In the mean time Joseph, Hyrum, and Taylor had their coats off; Joseph sprang to his coat for his six shooter, Hyrum for his single barrel, Taylor for Markham's large hickory cane, and Dr. Richards for Taylor's cane; all sprang against the door; the balls whistled up the stairway, and in an instant one came through the door.

Joseph Smith, John Taylor, and Dr. Richards sprang to the left of the door, and tried to knock aside the guns of the ruffians.

Hyrum was retreating back in front of the door and snapped his pistol, when a ball struck him in the left side of his nose, and he fell on his back on the floor, saying, "I AM A DEAD MAN."

As he fell on the floor, another ball from the outside entered his left side and passed through his body with such force that it completely broke to pieces his watch which he wore in his vest pocket, and at the same instant another ball from the door grazed his breast and entered his head by the throat; subsequently a fourth ball entered his left leg.

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

Joseph reached round the door casing, and discharged his six shooter into the passage, several barrels missing fire. Continual discharges of musketry came into the room.

Elder Taylor continued parrying their guns until they had got them about half their length into the room, when he found that resistance was vain, and he attempted to jump out of the window, where a ball fired from within struck him on his left thigh, hitting the bone, and passing through to within half an inch of the other side. He fell on the window sill, when a ball fired from the outside struck his watch in his vest pocket, and threw him back into the room.

After he fell into the room he was hit by two more balls, one of them injuring his left wrist considerably, and the other entering at the side of the bone, just below the left knee. He rolled under the bed, which was at the right of the window in the south east corner of the room.

While he lay under the bed he was fired at several times from the stairway; one ball struck him on the left hip, which tore the flesh in a shocking manner, and large quantities of blood were scattered upon the wall and floor.

When Hyrum fell, Joseph exclaimed, "Oh dear! brother Hyrum," and opening the door a few inches he discharged his six shooter in the stairway (as stated before) two or three barrels of which missed fire.

Joseph, seeing there was no safety in the room, and probably thinking that it would save the lives of his brethren in the room, if he could escape, turned calmly from the door, dropped his pistol on the floor, and sprang into the window, when two balls pierced him from the door, and one entered his right breast from without, and he fell outward into the hands of his murderers, exclaiming, "O Lord, my God!" He fell partly on his right shoulder and back, his neck and head reaching the ground a little before his feet, and he rolled instantly on his face.

From this position he was taken by a man who was barefoot and bareheaded, and having on no coat, his pants rolled up above his knees, and his shirt sleeves above his elbows. He set Joseph against the south side of the well curb, which was situated a few feet from the jail, when Col. Levi Williams ordered four men to shoot him; they stood about eight feet from the curb, and fired simultaneously. A slight eringe of the body was all the indication of pain visible when the balls struck him, and he fell on his face.

The ruffian 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 terror. 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.

The retreat of the mob was as hurried and disorderly as it possibly could have been. Col. Williams hallooed to some who had just commenced their retreat to come back and help to carry off the four men who fired, and who were still paralysed; they came and carried them away by main strength to the baggage wagons, when they fled towards Warsaw.

Dr. Richards' escape was miraculous, he being a very large man, and in the midst of a shower of balls, yet he stood unscathed, with the exception of a ball which took away the tip end of the lower part of his left ear; which fulfilled literally a prophecy which Joseph made over a year previously, that the time would come that the balls would fly around him like hail, and he should see his friends fall on the right and on the left, but that there should not be a hole in his garment.

The following is copied from the Times and Seasons:—

"TWO MINUTES IN JAIL.

Possibly the following events occupied near three minutes, but I think only about two, and have penned them for the gratification of many friends.  
Carthage, June 27th, 1844.

A shower of musket balls were thrown up the stair way against the door of the prison in the second story, followed by many rapid footsteps.

While Generals Joseph and Hyrum Smith, Mr. Taylor, and myself, who were in the front chamber, closed the door of our room against the entry at the head of the stairs, and placed ourselves against it, there being no lock on the door, and no catch that was useable.

The door is a common panel, and as soon as we heard the feet at the stairs head, a ball was sent through the door, which passed between us, and showed that our enemies were desperadoes, and we must change our position.

Gen. Joseph Smith, Mr. Taylor, and myself sprang back to the front part of the room, and Gen. Hyrum Smith retreated two thirds across the chamber directly in front of and facing the door.

A ball was sent through the door which hit Hyrum on the side of his nose, when he fell backwards extended at length without moving his feet.

From the holes in his vest, (the day was warm, and no one had their coats on but myself,) pantaloons, drawers and shirt, it appears evident that a ball must have been thrown from without, through the window, which entered his back on the right side, and passing through, lodged against his watch, which was in his right vest pocket, completely pulverizing the crystal and face, tearing off the hands and mashing the whole body of the watch; at the same instant the ball from the door entered his nose.

As he struck the floor he exclaimed emphatically, 'I'm a dead man.' Joseph looked towards him, and responded, 'O dear! brother Hyrum!' and opening the door two or three inches with his left hand, discharged one barrel of a six shooter (pistol) at random in the entry, from whence a ball grazed Hyrum's breast, and entering his throat, passed into his head, while other muskets were aimed at him, and some balls hit him.

Joseph continued snapping his revolver, round the casing of the door into the space as before, three barrels of which missed fire, while Mr. Taylor with a walking stick stood by his side and knocked down the bayonets and muskets which were constantly discharging through the door way, while I stood by him, ready to lend any assistance, with another stick, but could not come within striking distance, without going directly before the muzzle of the guns.

When the revolver failed, we had no more fire arms, and expected an immediate rush of the mob, and the door way full of muskets—half way in the room, and no hope but instant death from within.

Mr. Taylor rushed into the window, which is some fifteen or twenty feet from the ground. When his body was nearly on a balance, a ball from the door within entered his leg, and a ball from without struck his watch, a patent lever, in his vest pocket, near the left breast, and smashed it into 'pi,' leaving the hands standing at 5 o'clock, 16 minutes, and 26 seconds—the force of which ball threw him back on the floor, and he rolled under the bed which stood by his side, where he lay motionless, the mob from the door continuing to fire upon him, cutting away a piece of flesh from his left hip as large as a man's hand, and were hindered only by my knocking down their muzzles with a stick; while they continued to reach their guns into the room, probably left handed, and aimed their discharge so far around as almost to reach us in the corner of the room to where we retreated and dodged, and then I recommenced the attack with my stick.

Joseph attempted as the last resort, to leap the same window from whence Mr. Taylor fell, when two balls pierced him from the door, and one entered his right breast from without, and he fell outward, exclaiming, 'O Lord, my God.' As his feet went out of the window my head went in, the balls whistling all around. He fell on his left side a dead man.

At this instant the cry was raised, 'He's leaped the window,' and the mob on the stairs and in the entry ran out.

I withdrew from the window, thinking it of

no use to leap out on a hundred bayonets, then around Gen. Smith's body.

Not satisfied with this I again reached my head out of the window and watched some seconds to see if there were any signs of life, regardless of my own, determined to see the end of him I loved; being fully satisfied that he was dead, with a hundred men near the body and more coming round the corner of the jail, and expecting a return to our room I rushed towards the prison door, at the head of the stairs, and through the entry from whence the firing had proceeded, to learn if the doors into the prison were open.

When near the entry, Mr. Taylor called out, 'Take me;' I pressed my way till I found all doors unbarred, returning instantly, caught Mr. Taylor under my arm, and rushed by the stairs into the dungeon, or inner prison, stretched him on the floor and covered him with a bed in such a manner, as not likely to be perceived, expecting an immediate return of the mob.

I said to Mr. Taylor, this is a hard case to lay you on the floor; but if your wounds are not fatal, I want you to live to tell the story. I expected to be shot the next moment, and stood before the door awaiting the onset.

WILLARD RICHARDS."

While Willard Richards and John Taylor were in the cell, a company of the mob again rushed up stairs, but finding only the dead body of Hyrum, they were again descending the stairs, when a loud cry was heard "The Mormons are coming!" which caused the whole band of murderers to flee precipitately to the woods.

The following communication was written and sent to Nauvoo:—

"Carthage Jail, 8 o'clock, 5 min, p.m."

June 27th, 1844.

Joseph and Hyrum are dead. Taylor wounded, not very badly. I am well. Our guard was forced, as we believe, by a band of Missourians from 1 to 200. The job was done in an instant, and the party fled towards Nauvoo instantly. This is as I believe it. The citizens here are afraid of the Mormons attacking them; I promise them No!

W. RICHARDS."

"N.B. The citizens promise us protection; alarm guns have been fired.

JOHN TAYLOR."

Addressed to Governor Ford, Gen. Dunham, Col. Markham, Emma Smith, Nauvoo.

This letter was given to William and John Barnes, two mobocrats, who were afraid to go to Nauvoo, fearing that the Mormons would kill them and lay everything waste about Carthage; they therefore carried it to Azra Adams, who was sick with the ague and fever, about 2½ miles north of Carthage; he was afraid to go on the main road, and after two hours persuasion Mr. Benjamin Leyland consented to pilot Adams by "a blind road," and about midnight they started, and arrived in Nauvoo a little after sunrise; they found the news had arrived before them, for about a dozen men were chatting about it at the Mansion, not knowing what to believe until Adams handed in the above official letter.

In the meantime the Governor was making to the Saints in Nauvoo, one of the most infamous and insulting speeches that ever fell from the lips of an executive; among other things he said, "a great crime has been done by destroying the Expositor press and placing the city under martial law, and a severe atonement must be made, so PREPARE YOUR MINDS FOR THE EMERGENCY. Another cause of excitement is the fact of your having so many fire arms; the public are afraid that you are going to use them against government. I know there is a great prejudice against you on account of your peculiar religion, but you ought to be praying Saints, not military Saints. Depend upon it, a little more misbehavior from the citizens, and the torch which is now already lighted will be applied, the city may be reduced to ashes, and extermination would inevitably follow; and it gave me great pain to think that there was danger of so many innocent women and children being exterminated. If anything of a serious character should befall the lives or property of the persons who are prosecuting your leaders, you will be held responsible."

The Governor was solicited to stay until morning, but he declined and left Nauvoo at about 6½ p.m.; and in passing up Main Street his escort performed the sword exercise, giving all the passes, guards, cuts and thrusts, taking up the entire width of the street, and making as imposing a show as they could, until they passed Lyon's store, near the Masonic Hall; this was apparently done to intimidate the people, as the Governor had remarked in his speech, that they need not expect to set themselves up against such "well disciplined troops."

Soon after Capt. Singleton and his company left for home.

When the Governor and his party had proceeded about three miles from Nauvoo, they met two messengers (George D. Grant and David Bettisworth) hastening with the sad news to Nauvoo; the Governor took them back to Grant's house, 1½ miles east of Carthage, with him, in order to prevent their carrying the news until he and the authorities had removed the county records and public documents, and until most of the inhabitants had left Carthage. The Governor then proceeded towards Carthage, when Grant took another horse and rode into Nauvoo with the news that night.

"12 o'clock at night, 27th June, }  
Carthage, Hamilton's Tavern. }

To Mrs. Emma Smith, and Maj. Gen. Dunham, &c.:—

The Governor has just arrived; says all things shall be inquired into, and all right measures taken.

I say to all the citizens of Nauvoo, my brethren, be still; and know that God reigns. Don't rush out of the city—don't rush to Carthage; stay at home, and be prepared for an attack from Missouri mobbers. The Governor will render every assistance possible—has sent out orders for troops. Joseph and Hyrum are dead. We will prepare to move the bodies as soon as possible.

The people of the county are greatly excited, and fear the Mormons will come out and take vengeance. I have pledged my word the Mormons will stay at home as soon as they can be informed, and no violence will be on their part, and say to my brethren in Nauvoo, in the name of the Lord—be still—be patient; only let such friends as choose come here to see the bodies. Mr. Taylor's wounds are dressed, and not serious. I am sound.

WILLARD RICHARDS,

JOHN TAYLOR,

SAMUEL H. SMITH."

"Defend yourselves until protection can be furnished necessary. June 27th, 1844.

THOMAS FORD.

Governor and Commander in Chief"

"Mr. Orson Spencer—Dear Sir:—

Please deliberate on this matter; prudence may obviate material destruction. I was at my residence when this horrible crime was committed. It will be condemned by three fourths of the citizens of the county—be quiet, or you will be attacked from Missouri.

M. R. DEMING."

It was near midnight before Dr. Richards could obtain any help or refreshments for John Taylor, who was badly wounded, nearly all the inhabitants of Carthage having fled in terror.

Friday, 28.—1 a.m. The Governor said the matter should be investigated, and that there was a great responsibility resting upon him. He also said he would send a messenger with an express for Dr. Richards, and wrote an order for the citizens of Nauvoo to defend themselves.

He then went to the public square, and advised all who were present to disperse, as he expected the Mormons would be so exasperated that they would come and burn the town, whereupon the citizens of Carthage fled in all directions, and the Governor and his posse fled towards Quincy, and did not consider themselves safe until they had reached Augusta, 18 miles distant from Carthage.

At daybreak Dr. Richards eat breakfast.

Capt. Singleton, of Brown County, arrived from Nauvoo with his troops.

About 8 a.m. Dr. Richards started for Nauvoo with the bodies of Joseph and Hyrum on two wagons, accompanied by their brother Samuel H. Smith, Mr. Hamilton, and a guard of eight soldiers who had been detached for that purpose by Gen. Deming. The bodies were covered with bushes to keep them from the hot sun. They were met by a great assemblage of the citizens of Nauvoo on Mulholland Street, about a mile east of the Temple, about 3 p.m., under direction of the City Marshal.

The City Council, the Lieutenant General's Staff, Major General Jonathan Dunham and staff, the acting Brigadier General Hosea Stout and staff, commanders and officers of the Legion, and several thousands of the citizens were there, amid the most solemn lamentations and wailings that ever ascended into the ears of the Lord of Hosts, to be avenged of their enemies.

When the procession arrived, the bodies were both taken into the Nauvoo Mansion; the scene there cannot be described.

About 8 or 10,000 persons were addressed by Dr. Willard Richards, W. W. Phelps, Esquires Woods and Reid of Iowa, and Col. Stephen Markham; Dr. Richards admonished the people to keep the peace, stating that he had pledged his honor and his life for their good conduct, when the people with one united voice resolved to trust to the law for a remedy of such a high handed assassination, and when that failed, to call upon God to avenge them of their wrongs.

O! Americans weep, for the glory of freedom has departed.

When the bodies of Joseph and Hyrum arrived at the Mansion, the doors were closed immediately; the people were told to go quietly home, and the bodies would be exhibited the next morning at 8 a.m.

Dimick B. Huntington, with the assistance of Wm. Marks and William D. Huntington, washed the bodies from head to foot; Joseph was shot in the right breast, also under the heart, in the lower part of his bowels on the right side, and on the big wrinkle on the back part of the right hip. One ball had come out at the right shoulder blade; he put cotton soaked in camphor into each wound, and laid the bodies out with fine plain drawers and shirts, white neckerchiefs, white cotton stockings and white shrouds. (Gilbert Goldsmith was doorkeeper at the time.)

After this was done, Emma (who was at the time pregnant) was then permitted to view the bodies. On first seeing the corpse of her husband she screamed and fell, but was supported by Dimick B. Huntington. She then fell upon his face and kissed him, calling him by name, and begged of him to speak to her once; the scene was too affecting almost to be borne.