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A VOICE FROM CARTHAGE.

After a short delay caused by the cloud bursts and floods, so prevalent in Northern Illinois during the last few days, and a one day's stop in Chicago the return trip, your correspondent boarded a Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad train at this last named city, with Carthage, Illinois, as the point of destination. Leaving Chicago at 10:30 in the evening, Burlington, Iowa, is reached early next morning, where a change of cars is made, the Carthage route being a branch of the main line, between Burlington, Iowa and Quincy, Illinois.

Carthage was reached in about an hour's ride and as the next south bound train was not due until 5:30 p.m., I had ample time to examine this city, once so importantly connected with the history of the Latter-day Saints.

Carthage has a population of about two thousand, and is the county seat of Hancock County. Its not over-pretentious court house is situated in the center of a neatly kept square, opposite, and on three sides of which are the stores and various business places. One noticeable fact, and a very favorable one to the city, is that not a saloon is within its limits, the municipal government being controlled by a "prohibitory party." The county, politically, is Democratic, and this line of politics in Carthage is expounded by two weekly newspapers, the *Journal and Republican*, while "protection and the McKinley bill" find an able champion in the *Gazette*. Learning that Judge Thomas C. Sharpe, (who will be remembered by many Utah residents, as one of the Mormons' bitterest opponents in the days of the expulsion,) was the editor of the latter named paper, I called at the office and found a son of Mr. Sharpe in charge, who informed me that his father was a victim of paralysis and unable to leave his residence. On calling at his home, I was ushered into a room where the "judge" was seated at a table, writing copy for his paper, a process which he informed me was done very laboriously, as he suffered with what is known as "half paralysis," that is, half of his body had lost its controlling power.

Mr. Sharpe is apparently a very aged man and his hearing is so badly affected that conversation with him was very difficult. After learning that his visitor was a young Mormon

from Utah, he discontinued his work and instead of the points which I had hoped to gain from the visit, I found myself, for the time at least, as a recognized bureau of information on Utah and the Mormon question.

His inquiries were of all varieties; on the political situation here, at Minneapolis, and at Chicago; on the question of polygamy and the probabilities of Utah being admitted into the Union.

From his standpoint, my answers did not apparently give much satisfaction, especially when I advised him of the action of the Chicago convention in relation to the Utah contest, and after a reply to each question had been shouted in his ears, he would respond with an "h'm," rivet his eyes on the floor for a few seconds and then fix a steadfast gaze on me for some time before propounding his next inquiry.

His wife was in the room, and informed me that she was formerly the wife of Frank Worrell, captain of the Carthage Greys at the time of the martyrdom, and she very bitterly lays the death of Worrell, about a year afterwards, to the doors of the Mormons. Her present husband, Sharpe, was the editor of that strong anti-Mormon paper, the *Warsaw Signal*, and he is one of the few men who were arrested for the crime of the murder of the Prophet Joseph and Hyrum Smith. As intimated, the old lady is very bitterly opposed to the Mormon Church, but after ridding herself of the presumption that I was a son of Brigham Young, she very readily gave me the information I desired in relation to affairs connected with the mobbing of the Saints in Illinois.

My footsteps were next wended toward the old jail building which is located in the northern part of the town, near the business centre. Comparing the present view with an old photograph of the original jail, the great improvements which have been made were readily discernable. The jail was sold many years ago at public auction by the county, and was afterwards resold to its present owners, a Mr. and Mrs. Browning. They being in affluent circumstances, have made a veritable mansion of the old place, a large addition having been added to the east, and an elegant glass conservatory adjoining the south end. The lady very cordially invited me to examine the building, an invitation

which I was not loth to take advantage of.

The jail proper is a strong, red stone structure, about twenty-five by thirty-four feet, and a little over two stories high, although having a low and stunted appearance. The old stairway, built of oak and walnut, is the same as in 1844 and, in fact, there has, practically, not been a change made on the jail portion of the building, with the exception of the wall-papering, painting and furnishing of the rooms. The door through which Hyrum and Joseph was shot was reached and the bullet hole carefully examined, and we next entered this doorway to the room in which were the Mormon prisoners at the time of the assassination.

Seating myself upon the stone window sill from which the Prophet Joseph made his fatal leap, my informant carefully explaining every point of interest in the room, the tones of a piano in a neighboring residence, echoing through the building, the feelings and thoughts experienced would be difficult to describe. In fact, I could hardly make myself believe that I was viewing the spot, where within two days of forty-eight years ago the blood of the martyrs flowed to satisfy the mobocratic desires of a horde of fanatics.

This room mentioned is fitted as a spare bedroom, and I was informed, in answer to a query, that the blood stains of Hyrum Smith still remained upon the carpeted floor. On leaving the building I was shown through the grounds, where the floral taste of Mrs. Browning has led to the expenditure of hundreds of dollars in choice varieties of flowers and shrubs. Ivy covers the walls of the old jail to the very roof, and the entire premises are a veritable flower garden. The old well, against the curb of which the Prophet was shot, has long since been filled, but the spot is kept well marked, and on it grows a choice variety of flowers. An armful of flowers and ivy was presented me and every consideration shown that could possibly be accorded a stranger. In answer to my inquiry as to the estimated value of the place, a sum away up in the thousands was named, and I afterwards learned that the same proportionate values are held on various kinds of property throughout the State.

Carthage has five churches, all imposing structures, they being the Baptist, Lutheran, Christian, Presby-