

THE DESERET WEEKLY.

DESERET NEWS PUBLISHING
COMPANY, LESSEES.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Per Year, of Fifty-two Numbers, . . . \$2.50
Per Volume, of Twenty-six Numbers, . . . 1.50
IN ADVANCE.

Saturday, . . . May 13, 1893.

DIE, BUT NEVER SURRENDER.

No more striking incident ever happened in the political history of America than the one which was commemorated by a banquet in Philadelphia on Tuesday evening last, April 24th. This was a reunion of the "Old Guard," the name by which their contemporaries distinguish the famous Grant phalanx of 1860 and by which they have chosen to distinguish themselves. About eighty survivors of the "Guard," which originally numbered 306, met around the festal board in the City of Brotherly Love and after listening to speeches and toasts and sentiments—one of the latter coming in poetic form from the noted Mr. Flanagan of Texas—they proceeded to effect a permanent organization, with George S. Boutwell of Massachusetts as president.

It is worth while to note that the idea of a third term for a President of the United States, no matter how beloved or conservative he may be, finds no lodgment now in the minds of any considerable part of our citizens, not even with the remnant of the "Old Guard" themselves. Indeed there is no reason to think the latter were at the earlier time won to the idea in the abstract, or that they were less cognizant than the rest of their countrymen of the perils of "Caesarism" or a "dictatorship"—cries that were used with profound effect against the cause they championed. But they were devoted admirers, almost worshippers, of General Grant. He had had two terms of office almost without seeking on his part, had then retired to private life for four years, during which time he had journeyed around the world and received a royal welcome in every land, and had then at an opportune moment returned to his native shores, easily the most distinguished American of his time. Enthusiasm preceded and clustered about him, and it was thought that by a great wave of acclamation he would again be named as his party's standard-bearer. But his friends in and out of the Republican convention reckoned too lightly on the power of the opposition. With their best efforts they were able to muster only 306 votes for him—a strong following, it is true, but not enough to nominate. How, ballot after ballot, that valiant band stood unbroke under partisan pressure and excitement and in defiance of wire-pulling such as American politics had never before known—all this is matter of history. They were made of stuff that knew no wavering—and their stubbornness in the face of certain defeat has surrounded them with something of admiration even from opponents. They knew

how to face an onslaught, to stand steadfast in danger, and in that they were ready to die but would not learn how to surrender they represented the heroism of Republicanism and were looked upon as among the best types it had produced.

One by one they are passing away, following the course set by the silent leader round whom they rallied again and again, and whom they did not desert at the last. Probably half of them, during the thirteen years since they met as comrades upon the stricken field, have gone to join the great majority. But while even one of them is left, and while there is respect for either gallant captain or unflinching follower in a cause where devotion plays so strong a part, there will always be warm and recurring interest in the battle so bravely fought by them in the great convention of 1860.

UTAH UNDERRATED.

In the states section of the mining department of the World's Fair thirty-seven states and territories have space; this amounts in the aggregate to 48,775 square feet and has been apportioned as follows:

State.	Amount.	State.	Amount.
Colorado.....	2698	New Mexico.....	1734
Idaho.....	1140	South Dakota.....	1058
Michigan.....	8098	Minnesota.....	1419
Louisiana-Tenn'ec	698	Pennsylvania.....	8017
North Carolina....	1865	Massachusetts....	468
Nevada.....	354	Oklahoma.....	165
Montana.....	2220	Washington.....	14.8
California.....	2220	Wisconsin.....	1911
Indiana.....	1029	Kentucky.....	14.3
New Jersey.....	726	West Virginia....	1813
Oregon.....	1395	Kansas.....	1189
Connecticut.....	469	Florida.....	354
North Dakota.....	790	South Carolina....	291
Utah.....	1620	Wyoming.....	1260
Arizona.....	1700	Missouri.....	2155
Ohio.....	1952	New York.....	2508
Virginia.....	1410	Iowa.....	560
Maine.....	420	New Hampshire....	189
Vermont.....	170		

The basis on which the allotment was made does not appear, but if it is the amount of product, Utah has hardly received sufficient recognition. Putting it below West Virginia, Missouri and New York is bad enough, but to fall under Arizona and New Mexico is altogether improper.

GONE TO HIS ACCOUNT.

The last issue of the Nauvoo Independent contains an announcement that will interest the people of Utah, and recall sad memories to the minds of many. It reads as follows:

"General Robert Smith died at his home in Hamilton Tuesday morning, April 25th, aged 86 years. He was doubtless the most noted pioneer citizen of this state. He was an officer in the Mexican war, and some years prior to the Mormon ascendancy in this county he became captain of the Carthage Greys, and was in charge of that company on guard at the old Carthage jail June 27th, 1844, when the Mormon Prophets Joseph and Hyrum Smith were killed by a mob. During the Mormon war General Smith had command of the military organization and was wounded at the battle of Nauvoo in September, 1846. The surrender of the Mormons in this city followed this battle. General

Smith was elected captain of company G, 16th Illinois Infantry, at Quincy, at the opening of the war and was subsequently made colonel and was breveted general for bravery. He served through the war and then settled in Hamilton. He was a warm friend of the late General W. T. Sherman, and the latter made several visits to his country home near Hamilton. A number of Nauvoo veterans served under General Smith in company G, 16th Illinois Infantry."

A sense of justice compels a brief reference to the history of the time referred to in the foregoing clipping regarding R. F. Smith's action with reference to the Mormon people. When the Prophet Joseph Smith, his brother Hyrum, and others were arrested in June 1844, they were taken to Carthage and arraigned before a justice of the peace who was a bitter enemy to the Saints. Besides holding the office of justice he was also captain of the Carthage Greys, a company of mutineers and notorious mobocrats. That justice was Robert F. Smith, who, combining with his fellow mobbers, determined to cast the Prophet and Patriarch in jail, and therefore fixed the amount of bail so high that he thought it was impossible for them to raise it. In this, however, he was disappointed, for John S. Fuller, Edward Hunter, Dan Jones, John Seabow and others obtained the necessary amount. No sooner did these sureties appear than R. F. Smith adjourned his court and left the court house, keeping out of the way till a late hour.

That evening, June 25th, he issued a mittimus, directed to Constable Bettisworth, ordering him to take charge of Joseph and Hyrum. The issue was illegal, and Justice Smith was fully aware of the fact. The Prophet and Patriarch were then in Carthage jail. Justice Smith called out his Carthage Greys, and these under the immediate direction of Frank Worrell, who was next to R. F. Smith in command, took forcible possession of the jail and prisoners. Two days later Worrell voiced the intention of his chief, by saying to Dan Jones: "We have had too much trouble to bring old Joe here to let him ever escape alive, and unless you want to die with him, you had better leave before sundown; and you are not a—d bit better than him for taking his part. You'll see that I can prophesy better than old Joe, for neither he nor his brother, nor anyone who will remain with them, will see the sun set today." That afternoon the atrocious crime referred to by Worrell was committed.

R. F. Smith's murderous enmity toward the Mormon people did not cease with the martyrdom of the Prophet and Patriarch, but continued at least till they were driven from Nauvoo. He was not in charge of the military mob which assailed the city, but commanded a division—the First regiment. In the attack upon the city in which Captain Wm. Anderson, of the defenders, and his son, Augustus L. Anderson, fell martyrs, Robert F. Smith received a slight wound in the neck.

He has now passed from this sphere to meet his final account before the Just Judge. The people of Utah, while they recall with pain the scenes in