

# The Fate of Many Mobocrats.

Historian's Office, Salt Lake City, March, 1907.—Editor Deseret Evening News:

I was much interested in reading the editorial under the caption "Retribution" in your issue of the 5th inst., in which you refer to the fate of several mobocrats who in times past lifted their puny arms against the cause of right to persecute and slay the innocent.

We are making some efforts at the Historian's office to gather information concerning the fate of mobocrats who have persecuted the Latter-day Saints, and when we are through with our compilation, I think we shall have one of the most interesting chapters of church history ever written, and as it may be.

In an old document lying before me this morning I find a statement concerning the fate of some of those who tarred and feathered the Prophet Joseph Smith, in Hiram, Portage county, Ohio, March 25, 1832. The notorious "Carnot" Mason, who during the mobbing on that occasion pulled Joseph brutally out of bed by the hair and proposed other cruelties to the prophet, while in the hands of the mob, was slain afterwards with a spinal complaint of which he died after severe suffering. Mr. Hamilton, another mobber who carried Joseph on the same occasion, was buried alive by the mob, and a well-known Warren, another participant in the cruel attack upon the prophet, who was known as "Reverend" was killed by the falling of a log at the raising of a log house, Miles T. Norton, a conspicuous mobocrat, who furnished poison to kill Father John Johnson's favorite watch dog, preparatory to the attack on Joseph, was killed soon afterwards by a ram which, in attempting to run past him, thrust his horn in his bowels, which produced inflammation and caused death. A Mr. Fuller, another conspicuous mobocrat on the same occasion, died of cholera. John Udal, a merchant in Hiram, in August circumstances at the time of the mobbing, said, when it was proposed to steal a feather pillow from Joseph's bed, that he always had money to buy feathers, but he never had a pillow since that time. This man was soon reduced to poverty.

In 1888 the writer, accompanied by two other brethren, visited the waste places of Zion in Missouri and Illinois, and returned from old settlers, the fate of a number of the mobocrats, who so cruelly persecuted the Saints in early days in these states. In Jackson county, Missouri, an old gentleman (Mr. Mason) who himself had helped to drive the Mormons out of that county in 1832, told us that Col. Thomas Pitcher died about a year previous to our visit as a pauper, and that he not only died poor, but during his last days he was shunned and deserted by all; even his own children neglected to care for him. It went so far that some of the neighbors proposed to take up a subscription in order to raise sufficient means to hire a negro from Kansas City to wait on him till he died, his disreputable and low and leathern nature; but before the negro came Mr. Pitcher breathed his last in the midst of filth and misery.

All readers of Church history will remember Col. Thomas Pitcher, who treacherously, under the cover of law, disarmed the brethren, when they were endeavoring to defend themselves, and their rights, and who after he had done this, and the brethren had thus become defenseless, permitted the mob to fall upon them and drive them out of the country. Col. Pitcher was once a wealthy man, but during the late Civil war, his property was burned by the enemy, and he was consequently reduced to poverty. He may add in this connection that during the Civil war, referred to, nearly every house on both sides of the Big Blue (the very section of country where about 250 houses belonging to the saints were burned in the beginning of 1834) were destroyed, during the guerrilla and bushwacker's campaign of terror, in the time of the war between the states, and the whole section of country was laid waste, so Mr. Mason informed us, his own house being burned with the rest.

To the Latter-day Saints who believe in the prophetic calling of Joseph Smith, it is well known that all this happened in fulfillment of predictions made by him.

In answer to our further enquiry, Mr. Mason also told us that those who were the old mobocrats, general, notoriously known as such in the Missouri persecutions, died many years ago in Texas as a drunkard, gambler and gambler, vagabond, despised by all who knew him.

"What became of Samuel C. Owens, who had so narrow an escape from drowning in the Missouri river while fighting the Mormons in 1834," we asked. "Sam Owens," replied Mr. Mason, "Why, he was the only man killed in a battle with the Mexicans, near the city of Chihuahua, in 1846. He had just received bad news from home, informing him that his son-in-law had committed the crime of murder, and Mr. Owens felt so bad about it, that he immediately filled himself with brandy, plunged headlessly into a hand-to-hand combat with the Mexicans, during which he was killed, according to his own wish; for he said before starting, that he wanted to go to hell as knowing, as he did, where he would have to go there some day anyway." Such was the fate of this old mobocrat, who persecuted the Saints so unmercifully during the Jackson and Clay county troubles.

A few days later, the writer visited the region around Shosh creek in Caldwell county, Missouri, where the cruel tragedy known in Church history as the Haun's Mill massacre took place, Oct. 30, 1838. From the old settlers living in that neighborhood, we learned that nearly all the mobbers and murderers who participated in the massacre were dead, or had moved away, so that their whereabouts, if alive, were not known. Some of the murderers had died in disgrace and shame, haunted by their consciences until the last hour; others had hoisted their distasteful deeds until they were smitten with sickness and misery in the midst of which they cursed God and died. One man made the statement that not one of those miserable creatures who imbed their hands with the blood of the Saints ever amounted to anything afterwards. A great many of them died with their boots on, and not a single one was remembered as a respectable member of society afterwards.

The notorious Col. Wm. O. Jennings, who commanded the mob at the time of the massacre, was assassinated in Chillicothe, Livingston county, Mo., in the evening of Jan. 20, 1839, by an unknown person who shot him on the street with a revolver or musket, as the colonel was going home after dark. He died the next day in great agony. The shooting occurred on Calhoun street, a little northwest of the county jail in Chillicothe. Nicholas Cosmick, another leader of the mob who murdered the Saints at Haun's Mill, expired many years ago in Livingston county, Mo., as a good-for-nothing, drunkard. His mother was also a drunkard and died a pauper and in the midst of misery in a Kentucky poor-house.

The notorious Samuel Bogart who commanded the mob that killed David W. Patten and others of our brethren on Crooked river, Ray county, Mo., October 25, 1838, soon afterwards (at a special election held in Far West) willfully killed a man by the name of Beatty, in order to avoid arrest and the hangman, he made his way to Texas, where he subsequently died as a vagabond and outcast.

In a subsequent visit to Nauvoo and Carthage, Illinois, it was learned the murderers of the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum, and the persecutors of the saints in that country generally, became subject to a singular experience to the mobbers of Missouri, but I shall only mention one of them, namely a

Mr. Townsend, one of the mobbers who assaulted and forced in the door of the Carthage jail June 27, 1844. He lived at that time near Fort Madison, Ia. The pistol discharged by Joseph Smith at the time of the martyrdom wounded him in the arm near the shoulder, and the wound continued to rot without healing, until the arm was amputated and even then the wound would not heal. This man was afterwards known to have said, "I know Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and Oh, that I had stayed at home and minded my own business! Then, I would not have lost my life in being tormented with a guilty conscience and this dreadful wound which none can heal." He died two or three months afterwards, having literally rotted alive.

Elder Parley P. Pratt, while on a mission to California in 1854, obtained some interesting information in regard to some of the assassins connected with the martyrdom of Joseph Smith. One of the mobbers, on that occasion, James Heng of McComb, Ill., was heard by a certain Capt. Lawn and others to boast of the killing afterwards. But he was always gloomy and troubled from the time he helped to murder the brothers, and frequently declared that he always saw the two martyrs before him.

A colonel of the Missouri mob, who helped to drive, plunder and drive the Mormons, died in a hospital in Sacramento in 1849, where a Mr. Backwith had the last care of him. He was eaten with worms—a large black-headed kind of maggot—which passed through him by myriads, seemingly half a pint at a time! Before he died these maggots were crawling out of his mouth and nose; he literally rotted alive! even the flesh on his legs burst open and fell from the bones! They gathered up the rotten mass in a blanket and buried him without awaiting a coffin. Another Missouri mobber died in the same hospital about the same time and under the care of the same Mr. Backwith. His face and jaw on one side literally rotted and half of his face literally fell off. One eye rotted out, and half of his nose, mouth and jaw fell from the bones. The doctors scraped the bones, and locked and took out his jaw from the joint around to the center of the chin. The rot and maggots continued to eat until they ate through the large and jagged vein of his neck, and he died to death.

Scores of other instances might be mentioned of men who have persecuted and murdered the Latter-day Saints, have met with the retribution of God, who says, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay;" but my communication is already longer than I intended to make it; so I will conclude by merely mentioning Gov. Thomas Ford of Illinois, who in a treacherous manner broke his pledge in regard to protecting the lives of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, while they were incarcerated in Carthage jail, and who died as a pauper, a few years afterwards; and William W. Drummond, the ex-judge of Utah, who by his falsehood, influenced the government of the United States to send an army against the saints in Utah, and who died in Chicago, Ill., having previously been arrested for stealing postage stamps.

I could write a lengthy chapter on the fate of the murderers who have persecuted and murdered the Latter-day Saints, but I have no space to do so; I will, therefore, conclude by merely mentioning Gov. Thomas Ford of Illinois, who in a treacherous manner broke his pledge in regard to protecting the lives of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, while they were incarcerated in Carthage jail, and who died as a pauper, a few years afterwards; and William W. Drummond, the ex-judge of Utah, who by his falsehood, influenced the government of the United States to send an army against the saints in Utah, and who died in Chicago, Ill., having previously been arrested for stealing postage stamps.

THE NEW SPANISH PREMIER.  
Don Antonio Maura y Montanez, the new Spanish premier, is one of the most skillful diplomats in Europe. It is due to his clever manipulation that the



political agitation which has threatened to disrupt the Spanish government for the last year has been calmed. The anti-clerical has been routed completely, and Maura is in full possession of the field.

A Hint to Employes.

"Mr. Whiffle?"  
Thus the head of the concern, looking up from a long conference with a customer and needing now the services of his stenographer.  
But no stenographer. That conference in the office had begun late and continued late—until 15 or 20 minutes, in fact, after the stenographer's regular hour for duty—and he had stayed there all right till the last minute of his time, but when, so to speak, the whistle blew he had put on his hat and slipped this also on the minute; and when the boss wanted him—Mr. Whiffle wasn't there.

"Mr. Whiffle?"  
In another office, after another conference, likewise prolonged to quite some time beyond the usual office hour, and this boss also now requiring the help of his stenographer.

"Yes, sir," says Mr. Whiffle, stepping forth not grudgingly but calmly and quickly, ready to start waiting to help the business and more than willing to stay there and work as long as the boss did—in short, on the job. They get through the work comfortably and get away together; the boss going his way and the stenographer his, each thinking to himself as he moves along that he has a pretty good stroke of business that he had just finished up and incidentally finding it coming into his mind that Whiffle is a pretty good sort of a man to have around.

When in the course of time, as each was sure to do, Whiffle and Whiffle both applied for a raise, which one do you suppose it was who got it? Was it Mr. Whiffle or Mr. Whiffle?—New York Sun.

Over-Polite.

Bellamy Storrier, at a dinner in Washington, said of an over-polite person:

"He is like a waiter who looked after me in an old English chop house the other day. After I gave my order there was some delay. I said to the waiter as he hurried by me: 'Waiter, where's my chop?' 'It's on the grid, sir,' he answered politely. 'Will you have it now or wait till it's done?'"

# TAMPICO FRUIT CO.

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Offers for sale harvest shares in 1,000 acres of land on the River of Panuco.



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MEXICO has rightly been termed, "A land of present opportunities." Its material resources, wonderful as they are, lie almost undeveloped. There is opportunity for pioneers in this work to make fortunes in this picturesque and sunny land. All kinds of tropical fruits grow in abundance in its fertile soil, and where these can find their way to market the land so situated becomes valuable almost beyond estimate. Transportation facilities are today so few that the really valuable land is scarce. This Company, however, has secured a tract of land ideally situated. Indeed, we assert with the positiveness of truth that we have the very best located tract in Mexico.

This is saying a great deal, but here are the facts:

Tampico, whose population is about 22,000, lies on the Panuco River, eight miles from the Gulf of Mexico. Its harbor cost the Government Seven Million Dollars to build. It is the principal shipping point in Mexico. It is the point where all Gulf steamer lines center. From this port steamer lines go to Galveston, New Orleans, Havana, New York, Vera Cruz and European Ports, so that it is easily the most important location in the Republic.

The Panuco River is the largest stream in the Republic. It is 40 feet in its shallowest place between the Sea and Tampico. Our land is on this river's banks, and only twelve miles from Tampico. The largest ocean steamers can come right up to the place, making the location ideal for steamship service, allowing us to market our crops in the cities of the coast with dispatch and little expense. Then, too, the Mexican Central Ry. runs past the place, so that a siding can be laid and shipments for the Inland States, loaded on the plantation. This being the case it is true that we have the best LOCATED tract of land in Mexico.

Its fertility is the very best. It is on the banks of the Panuco River and its alluvial deposits are 15 feet deep. The depth of the soil and its rich character make its long fertility assured. Our neighbor, Dr. C. M. Harrison, whose plantation is up the river from ours, says we should raise each year 600 bunches of Bananas per acre. His opinion is valuable, for he has raised Bananas for 14 years on that river, and knows what he is talking about.

The market is everywhere. The banana business is in its infancy. There is more demand than supply. Every bunch raised can be sold at the plantation for 50 cents. That means an income of \$300.00 per acre each year, less the cost of cultivation, which is very small. There is every prospect that every investor will get back the whole amount invested by the third year. Where is another such investment opportunity offered?

A booklet giving detailed information may be had by calling at the office of the Company, 327 Deseret News Annex. If you cannot call, write for full information.

## The Men Who Are Behind It.

- J. M. Jensen, Banker, Sheep Grower and Horticulturist, Formerly Brigham City.
- E. R. South, Successful Business Man and Implement Dealer, Formerly Logan and Randolph.
- J. A. Hancock, Wholesale Banana Dealer.
- W. S. McCormick, Banker.
- A. B. Barber, Ex-State Senator and Stock Grower, Logan, Utah.
- Geo. Spencer, Cashier State Bank of Randolph, Merchant and Stock Grower.
- W. A. Miles, Banker, Miller, Stock Grower and Horticulturist, Spanish Fork.
- And the following Advisory Board:
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## MEXICO



Map Showing the Importance of Tampico as a Shipping Center.

## How the Land Will Be Cared For.

At present the land is in a state of cultivation mostly producing hay, corn, cane, etc. It will be plowed up at once and all planted in corn. In June and July of the present year banana plants will be set out among the corn, 200 plants to the acre. These plants will yield their first fruit in less than a year from time of planting, so that returns will be had immediately. But one crop will be harvested the first year (that is 200 bunches per acre) two crops—or 400 bunches—the second year and thereafter each root or bulb will produce four crops each year.

The work will be personally supervised by the Messrs. J. M. Jensen and W. A. Miles. These gentlemen are horticulturists of rare ability. They will be assisted by Alex. Smith, an experienced banana grower, and the labor will be performed by natives of Mexico, which help is abundant in that locality.

The company binds itself to cultivate the land for a term of years and every assurance is given the investor that his interests will be carefully looked after and not only honestly, but competently cared for.

This Company guarantees 8% to the investor the first year. The profits after the first year will be astonishing. Now is the time to invest. Opportunities such as these are not long open. Send in your application at once. Address the

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