

By WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.
Cries Freedom from her mountain heights:
Who now the hills and valleys light?

Said Liberty—From robes of fur
And velvet shawls and beds of down:
We sometimes feel our manions stir;

Said Freedom—From her mountain heights:
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In an incredibly short space of time
they had an excellent barricade. An
eye-witness says that it was done with
such remarkable celerity that the plans
of the painted assassins were completely
frustrated.

The original plan had been, as be-
fore stated, to attack them at Santa
Clara Canyon, but the Indians became
too impatient. The "Battle of the
Lord" had responded to the call of
the Indian agent, John D. Lee, and the
liberal promises they had received
caused the premature attack.

The large herds and the rich spoils, the
blankets, clothing and trinkets, the
guns, pistols and ammunition, a por-
tion of all of which was to be theirs, in-
duced them to make the attack at Cane
Spring. They intended to kill as many
as possible at the first fire, and then
charge upon the remainder. The charge
never was made. There were crack
marksmen in the train, and in a few
moments there were three wounded In-
dians.

An Indian runner came into Cedar
the first night, and reported the unsuc-
cessful assault. The Mormons immedi-
ately started to the Meadows to as-
sist. Bright told a certain man that
he had been from Cedar City, and that
the massacre the last day had been the
man's boy, now grown to middle
age, overheard the remark, and is my
authority. The same person says he
saw eight or ten men start out about 3
o'clock that night. They were armed
with shot-guns, Kentucky rifles, flint-
locks, and every imaginable firearm,
and went under military orders. Major
Levi had the whole company of eight
forces which started from Cedar City,
and, finding these inadequate, sent back
to Cedar and Washington for reinforce-
ment.

Sworn affidavits tell us that when the
armies had arrived, the entire com-
mand were assembled about half a mile
from the intrenchments of the fated
emigrants, and were there coolly in-
formed that the whole company of eight
forces which started from Cedar City,
and, finding these inadequate, sent back
to Cedar and Washington for reinforce-
ment.

The hammer on the crowded mart,
And where the spinner spins his thread;
Where dawns the sun, and where the moon
Shine down on the world below;

Her wader-bird now caught the gleam
That shone from out her airy eye;
And then, as plumes and valleys sang,
Mountain peaks and valleys sang;

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Governor of Utah, Commander-in-Chief
of the military forces, and how per-
fectly safe it was to accept shelter un-
der his protecting arm! The "Indians"
were awed by the very presence
of the Mormons, and had ceased firing.
Surely the painted savages were per-
fectly controlled by their white superi-
ors! How kindly and tenderly these
officers talked. Lee is said to have
spoken like a child as he sym-
pathized with their sufferings! How
providential it was that such
tender-hearted Christian gentlemen
should have learned of their dreadful
situation and come to their aid! A man
so eloquent! so smooth-tongued! as
was good Mr. Lee! A man who was
himself Indian Agent, and for whom
the Indians had the most marked respect!

Major, too, in the militia Lay down
their arms! Certainly they would. If
protection could so easily be guaranteed
by these philanthropic gentlemen and
their regiment, what reason for letting
their wives and little ones die of star-
vation and thirst, and then to rush
through the enemy and cross the fer-
tile and desert. Before they started,
all knelt in the corral, and the white
haired old Methodist pastor
prayed fervently for their safety. The
dead of night they passed the besie-
gers, but Indian runners were immedi-
ately placed on their track.

They traveled until completely ex-
hausted. An Indian chief, named Jack-
son, boasted of being the first,
having found him lying on his back
asleep, between the Clara and the Rio
Virgin. The savage crept stealthily up
to the sleeping man, placed a deadly
arrow-point just above the collar-bone,
drew back the bow-string, and sent the
shaft down into the sleeper's throat.
Springing to his feet, he ran nearly
fourty yards before he fell, faint and
dying. There is a perfect certainty that
he lived long enough to be
tortured. In after years my informant
was taken by Jackson to the remains.
The skin and garments were charred
and burned, and the smaller ones were
wholly reduced to ashes. Whether
tortured or not, his body was burned
by his fiendish murderers.

The letter was found on a divide,
near the murdered man. The Indians
discovered it, and gave it to my inform-
ant, who kept it safely for months.
Happening to show it one day to a man
who was a leader in the massacre, he promp-
tly destroyed it. The honest old Mor-
mon, however, is perfectly acquainted
with the nature of its contents, and has
no sympathy with the tragedy or its
perpetrators. In his simple, straight-
forward style, he said: "I believe
that, if the Mormons were to be accom-
panied by the American flag, the dear old
flag, and rallying 'neath its folds, they felt
that the strong arm of the Union enfolded
them."

And now, God help them!
The prisoners of the massacre
I almost shudder with terror. It is too
terrible to believe or talk about; but
seventeen years of silence and peace is
quite as much as those scoundrels de-
serve, and I shudder every incident.
I shall write each one without diverting
it of a single horror that it received
as it came direct from the lips of eye-
witnesses.

Suddenly, at a given signal, the
troops charged, and the line passed
the fatal order, "Fire!"
It was given by John D. Lee, and
was repeated by the under-officers. The
poor, pitiful emigrants gave one agoniz-
ing shriek, and fell bleeding to the
ground, and each the physician took
the spot, and joined in the slaughter
when they saw the white men begin.
Sworn statements of participants say
the militia fired volley after volley at
the emigrants, and that some of the
deaths were caused by the sun beating
single act that would have added to the
blackness of their perfidy. They feigned
friendship and sympathy, and induced
these brave men to lay aside every
weapon, and then shot them down like
dogs! The venerable, gray-headed
clergyman, the sturdy farmers, the
stalwart young men, and the beardless
youth, all were cut down, one by one,
and abandoned bodies waved the
black flag of death.

Oh, God! had not the weary, terror-
stricken women and maidens suffered
enough to have merited at least a
chance to save their lives? Would
pure bosoms could not quiver 'neath
the plunge of the cold steel-blade, nor
their white throats crimson before the
keen knife's edge, until they had suffer-
ed under his arm, and while they
for an instant he was able to hold him
in that position, stabbed him deeply
twice in the breast; but Manning, with
his arm free, was able at the same time
to plunge his knife into Molett's back.
The serious stab ended the fight.
Molett was able to reach his surgical
appliance and attend to his wound.
Manning, fainting, fell senseless to
the ground, although he was about his
own hurt. Molett says he was about to
go away and leave his adversary to
bleed to death, but his better nature
dominated, and with considerable effort
he saved Manning's life. Assistance
soon came, and they were taken to their
homes, where they will be nursed a
long time by their injuries.—New York
Star.

There were two or three sick women,
who were unable to walk out of the
corral. They were driven up
the hill, and shot, and their bodies
were thrown from the wagon
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Some of the young men refused to
join in the dreadful work. Jim Pearce
was shot by his own father for protect-
ing a girl who was crouching at his
feet! The bullet cut a deep gash in
his face, and the furrowed scar is there
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Lee is said to have shot a girl who
was clinging to his son. A score of
heartrending rumors are afloat about
the deeds of that hour, but there is no
proof adduced, as yet, and enough can
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Southern Utah, with whom I conversed.
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She sprang to his side just as a great
brutal ruffian attempted to seize her.
Laying her tiny babe upon her hus-
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band's feet. Picking up the dirk she
had dropped, the fiend deliberately
pinned the little babe's body to its

father's, and laughed to watch its con-
vulsive death-struggles.
There, it is all over! The brawny-
muscled men lie stark and cold, and
their sweet, saintly wives have finally
succumbed beyond the reach of their tor-
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THE FIELD OF DEATH.
A man who saw the field eight days
after the massacre related to me the
following: Men, women, and children
were three miles distant from each other
ground, or were thrown into a pile.
Some were stabbed, others shot, and
still others had their throats cut. The
ghastly wounds showed very plainly,
and the traces of a single rag of cloth-
ing left on man, or woman, or child,
except that a torn stocking-leg clung to
the ankle of one poor fellow. The
wolves and ravens had lacerated every
one of the corpses except one. There
were 127 in all, and each bore the
marks of wolves' teeth, except just
one. It was the body of a hand-
some, well-formed lady, with beautiful
nose, and long, flowing hair. A single
bullet entered her side, and killed
the beating of her heart. It seemed as
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young, matron and maid, white-haired
men and tiny snubbing babies, boys and
girls, all were thrown indiscriminately
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One young woman lay in the sage-
brush in a hollow or sag 175 yards
southwest from the main body. She
was badly mutilated by the wild beasts
but was plainly to be seen that he
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There were no scalp marks. Indians
would certainly have taken scalps or
burned bodies if savage revenge had
been the only thought. The closest ex-
amination was made, and not the slight-
est traces of the scalping-knife could
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Two months afterward a single Mor-
mon—the honor to the man!—gathered
up all the bones and placed them in the
hollow of a rock, and covered them with
inside the corral. He acted upon his own
responsibility, and went alone and un-
aided. He did the very best he could,
but the task was horribly disagreeable,
and the covering of earth which he
placed over the bodies was necessarily
light. The ravenous wild beasts soon
scattered up the bones, and they became
scattered all over the ground. The
bones of the Mormon deserters were
the less credit, and all good men will
pray God to bless him for doing what
he could for the bones of the murdered
party.

There has been much doubt as to the
number of skulls found. This man tells
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This does not include Aden's, nor the
three killed on the desert. The total
number of the emigrants massacred, so
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The serious stab ended the fight.
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appliance and attend to his wound.
Manning, fainting, fell senseless to
the ground, although he was about his
own hurt. Molett says he was about to
go away and leave his adversary to
bleed to death, but his better nature
dominated, and with considerable effort
he saved Manning's life. Assistance
soon came, and they were taken to their
homes, where they will be nursed a
long time by their injuries.—New York
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who were unable to walk out of the
corral. They were driven up
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was clinging to his son. A score of
heartrending rumors are afloat about
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proof adduced, as yet, and enough can
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young girl who lived in Lee's own fam-
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author of several valuable works, that
one young woman drew a dagger to de-
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I give it for what it is worth: A young
mother saw her child fall dead. He
leaped to his feet, and, however, he
life-blood crimsoned his pallid cheeks.
She sprang to his side just as a great
brutal ruffian attempted to seize her.
Laying her tiny babe upon her hus-
band's breast, she drew a small, dan-
dled knife and like a fury confronted
the vile wretch. He recoiled in terror,
but at the next instant a man stepped
up behind the brave woman and drove
a knife through her back. Without a
word she fell dead across her hus-
band's feet. Picking up the dirk she
had dropped, the fiend deliberately
pinned the little babe's body to its

father's, and laughed to watch its con-
vulsive death-struggles.
There, it is all over! The brawny-
muscled men lie stark and cold, and
their sweet, saintly wives have finally
succumbed beyond the reach of their tor-
mentors.

THE FIELD OF DEATH.
A man who saw the field eight days
after the massacre related to me the
following: Men, women, and children
were three miles distant from each other
ground, or were thrown into a pile.
Some were stabbed, others shot, and
still others had their throats cut. The
ghastly wounds showed very plainly,
and the traces of a single rag of cloth-
ing left on man, or woman, or child,
except that a torn stocking-leg clung to
the ankle of one poor fellow. The
wolves and ravens had lacerated every
one of the corpses except one. There
were 127 in all, and each bore the
marks of wolves' teeth, except just
one. It was the body of a hand-
some, well-formed lady, with beautiful
nose, and long, flowing hair. A single
bullet entered her side, and killed
the beating of her heart. It seemed as
if the gaunt, merciless wolves had
deemed her too noble and queenlike for
their fangs to mar.

THE HEAPS OF BONES!
Most of the bodies had been thrown
into three piles, distant from each other
about two and a half rods. One
young, matron and maid, white-haired
men and tiny snubbing babies, boys and
girls, all were thrown indiscriminately
together.

One young woman lay in the sage-
brush in a hollow or sag 175 yards
southwest from the main body. She
was badly mutilated by the wild beasts
but was plainly to be seen that he
head had been cut off.

There were no scalp marks. Indians
would certainly have taken scalps or
burned bodies if savage revenge had
been the only thought. The closest ex-
amination was made, and not the slight-
est traces of the scalping-knife could
be discerned.

Two months afterward a single Mor-
mon—the honor to the man!—gathered
up all the bones and placed them in the
hollow of a rock, and covered them with
inside the corral. He acted upon his own
responsibility, and went alone and un-
aided. He did the very best he could,
but the task was horribly disagreeable,
and the covering of earth which he
placed over the bodies was necessarily
light. The ravenous wild beasts soon
scattered up the bones, and they became
scattered all over the ground. The
bones of the Mormon deserters were
the less credit, and all good men will
pray God to bless him for doing what
he could for the bones of the murdered
party.

There has been much doubt as to the
number of skulls found. This man tells
me that just 127 skulls were found.
This does not include Aden's, nor the
three killed on the desert. The total
number of the emigrants massacred, so
far as known, is 131. Two children
are said to have been murdered after-
ward, making 133.

A Texas Duel.
Manning and Molett, rival physicians
in Giddings, Texas, quarreled, as most
rival physicians do. They agreed to
settle their difficulty with knives in a
quiet place in the woods just out of
town. There were no seconds or spec-
tators, and each the physician took
along lint and bandages to dress his
wounds. Their accounts of the fight
are alike, and as follows: The
wearing long bowie-knives. They
stripped to the waist, and when
confronted got such a firm hold of each
other that the weapons could not be
used. After a long struggle they sepa-
rated and stood warily watching for a
chance. As the sun was about to set,
together Manning received a slight stab
in the neck and Molett a more serious
cut across the arm. They stopped long
enough for each to dress his own wound,
and then faced for another round. With
great caution, and many feints and
dodges, they spent what they say
seemed like half an hour before coming
together. Finally Molett caught Man-
ning in a position where he was unable
for an instant he was able to hold him
in that position, stabbed him deeply
twice in the breast; but Manning, with
his arm free, was able at the same time
to plunge his knife into Molett's back.
The serious stab ended the fight.
Molett was able to reach his surgical
appliance and attend to his wound.
Manning, fainting, fell senseless to
the ground, although he was about his
own hurt. Molett says he was about to
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most come to an end by the farmers
rising as one man and boldly asserting
their rights. Will not the coming farmer
be on an equality with those who sit in
high places