

THE TRIAL.

John D. Lee, Still Melancholy
Over the Situation.

His Wife Emma Goes Back on
Him and Claims the Ferry.

What the New Witnesses Say
About the Massacre.

Special Cor. Tribune.]
BEAVER, Sept. 12, 1876.

Lee does not improve in cheerfulness as the trial approaches, but is constantly trying to console himself with the reflection, that the present trial will end the matter one way or the other. In a conversation this morning, he first said he slept splendidly in the jail last night, but he soon denied his own words by saying that he had "thought and thought the whole night through," and the more reflection he had, the stronger grew his resolve not to betray his friends. He constantly talks about being true to his friends, if he hangs for it. But the District Attorney thinks there will be not the least necessity for Lee's evidence against them.

HIS BEAUTY.

Lee was shown a copy of the Lee trial pamphlet, on the cover of which there is a cut of his own photo. This picture he considers a libel on his personal beauty, and makes bold to say so. He remarked: "I'm better looking than that; if I am not, how is it so many women have fallen in love with me?" The prisoners who were seated around him all laughed in derision, but he came back at them with, "Oh, in my young days I was quite a rooster, among the pullets, I can tell you."

THE OTHER ASSASSINS.

Nothing has been heard of Higbee, Haight or Stewart. At Cedar City each of these assassins has a residence where they keep their polygamous families, whom they occasionally visit. It is needless to say that when the Marshal passed through there a few days since, they were not at home.

Your reporter learns, from a reliable witness, that one of Haight's polygamous families, who live at Tequerville, are at this day using many things which were taken at the Mountain Meadows Massacre. The family have little or no visible means of support, yet the daughters of the household, some three in number, all young women grown, "put on more style" than all the rest of the town together. The Saints there generally understand that these young belles of Tequerville are wearing the clothing and finery taken from the murdered emigrants at Mountain Meadows nineteen years ago. And notwithstanding all this, these model young Saintesses have a repugnance for Gentiles and Apostates.

THROWING OFF ON JOHN.

Lee's concubine, Emma, the belligerently inclined old girl who made matters lively for the jailor at the Beaver Tea Box, last year, has now thrown off on her polygamous lord, and claims the Colorado ferry, farm and ranch. She says the whole thing belongs to her, except "those d—d Mountain Meadows cattle on the ranch," and she wishes "old Leo would take them away, for the whole herd is out of luck while they remain."

The jail here is full of prisoners, who are under indictment and awaiting trial.

The One-Eyed Pirate lingers in our midst.
J. C. Y.