



Type: Book Chapter

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## Chapter XXX

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Source: *The Story of the Book of Mormon*

Published: Salt Lake City; Joseph Hyrum Parry, 1888

Pages: 183-191

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**Abstract:** Amalickiah—His Apostasy and Treason—Moroni's Title of Liberty—The Nephites Respond to His Call—Lehonti—He is Poisoned by Amalickiah—The King of the Lamanites Treacherously Slain—Amalickiah Marries the Queen and is Proclaimed King—A Disastrous Lamanite Raid

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walk uprightly, dissensions arose, which in after years led to numerous evils, among the greatest of which was a long continued war, or series of wars, between the faithful Nephites on one side, and the apostates, and afterwards the Lamanites, on the other. Still, for four years, Helaman and his associate priesthood were enabled to maintain order in the church. Many died in full faith of the gospel and in the joyous hope of its never-ending rewards; indeed, during that period there was much peace and great prosperity enjoyed by those who remained faithful.

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## CHAPTER XXX.

AMALICKIAH—HIS APOSTASY AND TREASON—MORONI'S TITLE OF LIBERTY—THE NEPHITES RESPOND TO HIS CALL—LEHONTI—HE IS POISONED BY AMALICKIAH—THE KING OF THE LAMANITES TREACHEROUSLY SLAIN—AMALICKIAH MARRIES THE QUEEN AND IS PROCLAIMED KING—A DISASTROUS LAMANITE RAID.

PEACE, however, was but short lived. Internal dissensions created by the intrigues of apostates and royalists convulsed the Nephite community. The rebels were led by a descendant of Zoram, the servant of Laban, named Amalickiah, one of the most ambitious, cunning and unscrupulous characters that ever disgraced the history of ancient America. It was a perilous day for the Nephite nation when this subtle creature bent all his brilliant energies to the fulfilment of his ambitious dreams. True, he had been a

member of Christ's holy church, but now the love of God had given place to the hatred of his servants; he was the citizen of a republic, but he aspired to overthrow its liberties, and reign as king over his fellow citizens. Indeed he had cherished thoughts of still greater power, even to be monarch of the entire continent; both Nephite and Lamanite should bow to his undisputed sway. Such were his nightly dreams, and the continual thoughts of his waking hours, and to this end he bent all the energies of his mind, all the craft of his soul, all the cunning of his tongue, all the weight of his influence. With promises rich as the gold of Ophir and numerous as the snowflakes in a winter's hurricane, he beguiled his weaker fellows; men who, like him, loved power, hated the truth, delighted in iniquity, but who had not the lofty ambition, the unhallowed valor, and the deep designing cunning that distinguished their leader. To his call the dissatisfied, the corrupt and the apostate rallied.

Opposed to him stood Moroni, the dauntless leader of the armies of the Nephites. Inspired by an unquenchable love for truth and liberty, he sensed with every heart's pulsation that no man could fight for a holier, more glorious cause than virtue and liberty. Thus inspired, he tore a portion of his robe from its surrounding parts, and inscribing thereon his battle cry, he lifted it high upon a pole. Then girding on his armor, incasing his head with its fit covering, shielding his body with its breastplates, placing the proper pieces round his thighs and loins, he kneeled in humble, heartfelt prayer before Jehovah, presented his "Title of Liberty" before him and asked his blessing, protection, guidance and victorious aid in the coming struggle.



MORONI RAISES THE "TITLE OF LIBERTY."



Then he gathered the hosts of the Nephites; from place to place he sped, waving in the air the ensign on which all could read the burning words he had inscribed: In memory of our God, our religion and freedom, and our peace, our wives and our children.

Nor did he cry in vain; the patriot Nephites, the members of the Church of Christ, hastened with ready feet to the response. The streets of Zarahemla were alive with the gathering hosts. Each warrior, to show his devotion to the liberties with which God had endowed them, and his fealty to the Great Giver, rent his robe, as the young general had done, and thereby made covenant with God and his brethren to be faithful and true, in life and in death, in the council chamber and on the battle field, while an enemy remained to menace their liberties, national or religious.

Nor was Zarahemla alone in the manifestation of her patriotic love. Moroni's stirring appeal was spread far and wide throughout the lands of the Nephites. Swift-footed, banner-bearing messengers hastened down the Sidon's banks to the dwellers in the north, arousing the patriots of each peaceful city to the peril of the hour. Onward they hurried until Desolation echoed back to Bountiful the battle cry of liberty. Others gave no rest to the soles of their feet until Mulek, and her sister cities that lined the Caribbean Sea had flung from their tower tops the hallowed banner. Through the narrow defiles and rocky canyons that lay between the Andes' lofty peaks, other couriers pushed their unwearied way into the western wilderness and hence to the Pacific's strand, until every city held by Nephites had gathered her sons to the defense of their rights and their liberties, their altars and their firesides. Nor

were Manti and the other cities of the south forgotten; the faithful and the brave who lined the borders of the great southern wilderness heard the rallying cry. From every city, every vale, the converging hosts poured forth with sword and spear, with bow and arrow, with slings and stones; while from the top of every tower and citadel throughout the Nephites' land, the sacred standard fluttered in the breeze. Men of strong arms and stout hearts were they, of faith unflinching, and courage undiminished.

No wonder, then, that when Amalickiah's emissaries brought the evil-boding news of this great awakening to his unwilling ears, that he faltered in his purpose, that his followers lost heart, that retreat was deemed the fittest show of wisdom, and discretion the better part of valor. No wonder that when, by Moroni's vigilance, that retreat was cut off, that the rebels succumbed and surrendered, that Amalickiah fled for safety to the Lamanites, and that the "Title of Liberty" continued to float uninterruptedly from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, as far as Nephi's children ruled or Nephite homes were found, and that Moroni and his people rejoiced with intensified joy in their liberties, now more than ever dear to them through the valorous efforts they had put forth for their preservation.

When Amalickiah fled to the court of the king of the Lamanites he evolved a plot worthy of a demon, which only ceased with life. He was a Napoleon in ambition and diplomacy, and possibly also in military skill. On the first favorable opportunity after reaching the Lamanite court, he commenced to rekindle the fires of hatred toward his former friends. At first he was unsuccessful, the recollection of their late defeats was

too fresh in the memory of the multitude. The king issued a war proclamation, but it was disregarded. Much as his subjects feared the imperial power, they dreaded a renewal of war more. Many gathered to resist the royal mandate. The king, unused to such objections, raised an army to quell the advocates of peace, and placed it under the command of the now zealous Amalickiah.

The peace-men had chosen an officer named Lehonti for their king and leader, and he had assembled his followers at a mountain called Antipas. Thither Amalickiah marched, but with no intention of provoking a conflict; he was working for the good feelings of the entire Lamanite people. On his arrival he entered into a secret correspondence with Lehonti, in which he agreed to surrender his forces on condition that he should be appointed second in command of the united armies. The plan succeeded. Amalickiah surrendered to Lehonti and assumed the second position. Lehonti now stood in the way of his ambition; it was but a little thing to remove him: he died by slow poison administered by Amalickiah's command.

Amalickiah now assumed supreme command, and at the head of his forces he marched towards the Lamanite capital. The king, supposing that the approaching hosts had been raised to carry the war into Zarahemla, came out of the royal city to greet and congratulate him. As the monarch drew near he was traitorously slain by some of the creatures of the subtle general, who at the same time raised the hue and cry that the king's own servants were the authors of the vile deed. Amalickiah assumed all the airs of grief, affection and righteous indignation that he

thought would best suit his purpose. He next made apparently desperate, but purposely ineffectual, efforts to capture those who were charged with the crime, and so adroitly did he carry out his schemes, that before long he wheedled himself into the affections of the queen, whom he married, and he was recognised by the Lamanites as their king. Thus far his ambition was realized, but it was far from satisfied; ambition seldom is.

Amalickiah now cherished the stupendous design of subjugating the Nephites and ruling singly and alone from ocean to ocean (B. C. 73). To accomplish this iniquitous purpose, he despatched emissaries in all directions, whose mission was to stir up the angry passions of the populace against the Nephites. When this vile object was sufficiently accomplished, and the deluded people had become clamorous for war, he raised an immense army, armed and equipped with an excellence never before known among the Lamanites. This force he placed under the command of Zoramite officers, and ordered its advance into the western possessions of the Nephites, where, amongst others, stood the cities of Ammonihah and Noah.

The Nephites, during this time, had been watching Amalickiah's movements and energetically preparing for war. When the Lamanites reached Ammonihah they found it too strongly fortified to be taken by assault; they therefore retired to Noah, originally a very weak place, but now, through Moroni's foresight and energy, made stronger than Ammonihah. The Zoramite officers well knew that to return home without having attempted something would be most disastrous, and therefore, though with little hope, made an assault

upon Noah. This step resulted in throwing away a thousand lives outside its walls, while its well-protected defenders had but fifty men wounded. After this disastrous attempt the Lamanites marched home. Great was the anger of Amalickiah at the miscarriage of his schemes; he cursed God and swore he would yet drink the blood of Moroni.

During the next year the Lamanites were driven out of the great eastern wilderness, which was occupied by numerous Nephite colonies, who laid the foundations of several new cities along the Atlantic coast. Moroni also established a line of fortifications along the Nephites' southern border, which stretched from one side of the continent to the other.

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

A FEW YEARS OF PEACE—TEANCUM—THE CONTENTION BETWEEN LEHI AND MORIANTON—AMALICKIAH'S TERRIBLE INVASION—HIS SUCCESS—HE IS STOPPED AT BOUNTIFUL BY TEANCUM—TEANCUM SLAYS AMALICKIAH—AMMORON MADE KING OF THE LAMANITES.

A FEW YEARS of peace and prosperity now followed. The Nephites multiplied exceedingly and grew very rich. They were also greatly blessed of the Lord; and the sacred historian informs us there never was a happier time among the people of Nephi than at this time. Sad to say, this blessed era lasted but a few years. A local quarrel between two cities on