

TOOELE STAKE CONFERENCE.

GRANTSVILLE, Tooele County,
U. T., August 8th, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

The Quarterly Conference of the Tooele Stake of Zion convened at Grantsville meeting house, on Saturday, July 31st, and closed on Sunday, August 1st.

There were present on the stand two of the Apostles, and a goodly number of the leading brethren of the Stake were present.

The instructions given were of such a nature that, carried out by the Saints, will be of great benefit to them. The Bishops represented their Wards in good condition, showing that we are progressing.

The Conference was well attended and a good spirit prevailed.

The Grantsville choir, under the leadership of Brother A. V. Melward, rendered efficient aid.

THOMAS WILLIAMS,
Assistant Clerk.

MISSIONARIES ACCUSED OF MURDER BY A MADMAN.

MOBOCRATIC EXCITEMENT IN CONSEQUENCE.

SHADY GROVE, Jasper Co., Miss.,
July 24th, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

To show what an easy matter it is for the evil one to raise an excitement whenever the word "Mormon" is mentioned, I thought a few words from this section of country might be of interest to your many readers.

My companion, Elder John Morton, of Midway, Wasatch County, Utah, and myself commenced our celebration of the 24th of July by walking a distance of eight or ten miles, on our return from visiting a couple of members on the edge of Smith County. Our visit was a short duration, however, as Sister Barker, one of the members, quickly but quietly informed us that on last Friday morning about 2 o'clock, one Jeff Windham sprang from his bed and rushed in dishabille up to his brother's, where he reported that the awful "Mormons" had murdered his wife and children by cutting their throats from ear to ear, and had gone over to his father's in search of more victims. Of course the story of this madman was easily believed, and in almost less time than it takes to tell it, upwards of 200 men were in arms scouring the country in search of "Mormons" Elders. Luckily for us we were at the time some eighteen miles distant, on our way to fill an appointment—that of baptizing a young lady into the church.

The people soon found that no one had been killed, but still excitement runs high, for some are ready to believe that the presence of the obnoxious "Mormons" is the cause of this poor fellow going crazy. Elder Morton informs me that he is acquainted with Windham, who has always been an avowed enemy to the Elders, ever since they have been in the country.

Since my arrival we have held two meetings and have baptized one person, and although the majority of the people in this county are bitterly opposed to our doctrines, we feel that we are doing some good in spreading the cause of truth.

We learn from the other Elders in different parts of the State that some few have received the gospel message, and have been admitted into the fold while a great many others are seriously investigating. Ever praying for the advancement of the cause of truth, I remain your brother in the gospel.

LEVI HARMON.

A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

A CHILD MANGLED UNDER THE WHEELS OF A TRAIN.

HONEYVILLE, Utah,
August 2nd, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

On Friday last, July 30th, a sad and fatal accident occurred at this place on the U. N. R. R., to the little four-and-a-half-year-old son of Brother W. E. and Sister Emma Hyde. It appears that the little fellow had wandered to the track, and while at play fell asleep between the rails, and was struck and run over by a locomotive and part of a gravel train attached, before it was stopped. The little fellow was so shockingly mangled that he lived but a few moments, although loving hands did all that could be done, while it was realized from the first that it could avail nothing.

Blame seems to attach to the engineer for carelessly driving so near to what he says he thought was a roll of clothing before he attempted to stop his train.

The affair has cast a deep gloom over the entire community. The mother is almost frantic with grief, and her sorrow is heartrending to witness. Yet we realize that He who alone can comfort the brokenhearted has lent His aid bountifully in behalf of the afflicted parents.

The funeral took place yesterday (Sunday) and was largely attended. Consoling remarks were made by F. J. Graham, James May, Jas. Orme and B. H. Tolman.

Harvest is over, and the hum of the thrasher has been heard for a week past. Crops are light as compared to last year, on our dry farms, but good considering the season.

The health of the people is good, and they feel well generally in the work of the Lord, consequently peace prevails.

Our election in this (Calla's Fort) precinct is going off quietly, with but one ticket in the field, and that is always sold for the People's Party.

B. H. TOLMAN.

A SALT DAKER IN WEST CHESTER.

The News of West Chester, Pa., contains the following in reference to a well known and respected veteran of this city and his esteemed wife:

Jacob Weller and his wife Elizabeth are visiting his nephew, E. Mallin Hoopes, this borough, and before returning to their home at Salt Lake City it is their intention to visit other relatives and friends in Philadelphia and other parts of Pennsylvania and in Ohio. Mr. Weller, who is a Bishop of the Mormon Church, was born in Lancaster county and came to reside in Chester county when quite a boy. He united himself with the Mormons when a resident of the latter place in 1840. In the following year he moved to Nauvoo, Illinois, and lived there five years, after which he proceeded to the then Indian Territory, and in 1847 Mr. Weller was one of the body of pioneers which located Salt Lake City. Ever since that time he has resided there, perfectly satisfied with the people and with his home and its surroundings.

He expressed himself as unshaken in the faith of the Gospel as understood by the Mormon Church, notwithstanding the opposition, persecutions and insults to which they are subjected, which only tend to confirm his confident assurance in the substantial foundation of their religious convictions and practices. Both he and his wife, who accompanies him, expressed decided opposition to the Edmunds law, and indignation at its mode of administration, regarding it as an outrage upon their religious views and domestic life. He further said that a class known as "spotters" unblushingly scrutinize a Mormon and his private life, and serve a subpoena upon him and his family to appear before a Commissioner of the Grand Jury as the case may be. "Through these witnesses an indictment is obtained against them, and during the examination a man's wives are required to answer the most obscene and revolting questions. Although we are permitted to make some kind of defense it is overruled in favor of the prosecution, and those who are thus arraigned are obliged to pay a fine and the costs, amounting to \$400. We regard the law as at present enforced in Salt Lake City as absolutely *ex-post facto*. For instance, one who had taken a wife 20 years ago in accordance with the Mormon practice, when no such law was in existence, is equally liable to arrest and imprisonment as he who shows an utter disregard of the statute. At present about 60 Mormons in Utah, 19 in Detroit, Michigan, and a number in Arizona, are undergoing imprisonment for what this law designates unlawful cohabitation, but which we regard as an important part of our religious obligations."

The above was furnished in a perfectly courteous manner to a representative of the *Local News* by Mr. Weller and his wife. The former is a fine-looking gentleman, perhaps about 60 years of age, whose countenance and deportment indicate intelligence and high breeding. Mrs. Weller joined in the conversation in a manner that showed more than ordinary understanding of the subjects which engaged our attention, and in a perfectly modest and lady-like bearing.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Barn and Thirty-five Tons of Hay Destroyed by Lightning at Paradise—Were the Owners Forewarned.

Editor Deseret News:

On Sunday evening last a thunder storm passed over the southern part of Cache County. There was one terrific peal of thunder that startled all who heard it, and many exclaimed "Something has been struck," and so it proved, for Mrs. Emma Shaw and family of Paradise, were seated around the supper table when this awful crash came, the house appeared full of fire. The family made sure the house had been struck. Some one called out, "The barn is on fire." Large volumes of smoke and flame were starting up all through the barn, stable and other outhouses. Master Harry Suaw at once proceeded to the stables and turned the horses loose. (There were several valuable horses in the barn.) During the crash some of them had broken their halters and got out. He next turned his attention to the two sets of harness and got them them safely out, except the four bridles. A large force of men came and formed a bucket brigade. It was no use trying to save the barn. Their attention was mainly directed in preventing the spread of the fire, as a hurricane was blowing from the northwest. Men were placed on the houses and stacks adjoining. For several blocks fire was driven before the wind, and had not a heavy rain which came with the thunder, damped everything around, it is hardly safe to say where the conflagration would have ended, as everything around town was dry

as powder. By midnight the fire was brought under control. Fifteen men remained on the ground till morning. The barn, stable, sheds and outhouses, together with 35 tons of hay, were consumed. All the animals except one, a small hog, were got out safely. The damage was \$500. No insurance.

The most singular part of this affair is that on Saturday night Emma Shaw had gone to stay with Mrs. Elizabeth Shaw, who is on the ranch above Old Paradise. She says that during Saturday night every time she tried to sleep she could see volumes of smoke and flame, and this strange phenomenon appeared before her all night. She became very nervous, and on Sunday at noon she returned to her home in Paradise. So much had the dreams of the previous night impressed her with the danger of fire, that she says: "No sooner had I removed my hat and wraps than I went to the barn and looked in every nook and corner, and was satisfied that all was safe." But at 6 p.m., those who saw the lightning strike the barn say there fell upon it a large ball of fire, splintering the whole into fragments, and almost in an instant large volumes of flame and smoke were seen issuing from the building.

Much sympathy is felt for the widows. The loss will be great to them, but I learn that the men of Paradise—and those Paradise men have large souls—have promised to replace the hay and also aid in erecting new buildings. Seven years ago last Saturday, the stables, sheds and hay belonging to this family were burned. Since then they have buried Brother Shaw and three children, and now this loss causes them to conclude that this is truly a world of sorrow.

A large stack of hay, northwest of the barn, was saved, and the only grain that had been hauled was a small stack of oats that was saved by men placing it upon wagons and removing it out of danger.

C. C. S.

Hyrum, Cache Co., Aug. 10, 1886.

BY TELEGRAPH.

PER WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH LINE.

AMERICAN.

CHICAGO, 18.—The scene presented in Central Music Hall shortly after 8 o'clock this afternoon, was in many respects extraordinary. The beautiful auditorium was crowded to the utmost, the delegates occupying the lobby and seats on the lower floor, while the boxes and galleries had their full quota of ladies.

There was a tremendous outburst of applause on the entry of Michael Davitt, and again there was wild cheering when the presence of Mrs. Parnell was recognized.

The entire audience rose to their feet like one man, and cheered themselves hoarse when Michael Davitt, leaning on the arm of Patrick Egan and followed by the remaining Irish delegates and other officers of the National League, entered the hall.

The visitors and officers made their way to the stage amid shouts and plaudits, and the first move was spontaneously toward Mrs. Parnell. Davitt and others warmly shook her by the hand, while the cheering of the American delegates and the audience seemed to know no bounds. The stage was occupied almost exclusively by officers of the League.

As President Egan arose, another wild burst of cheering rose from the convention, to be renewed again and again, as almost the first words from his lips were an enthusiastic reference to Michael Davitt.

Before President Egan had spoken half a dozen sentences, the lobbies were crowded with delegates and spectators. The applause during Egan's address was so frequent that it seemed to break forth almost at the end of every sentence. Mentions of Gladstone were enthusiastically received, but when near the close of Egan's address came the phrase, "Peaceably if we can, otherwise if we must," the very galleries and roof seemed to shake. Three cheers for Washington, Gladstone and Parnell were given at the close of Egan's address. Then Secretary Sutton read the call for the convention. A telegram from the democratic State convention of Michigan, now in session, wishing the League and Parnell God-speed, called forth signs of warm approval from the audience.

President Egan arose at this point and announced that at the meeting of the national committee last night, Judge James H. Fitzgerald, of Cincinnati had been selected temporary chairman of the convention and John D. Sutton for temporary secretary. Fitzgerald's name seemed to act magically upon the delegates. It scarcely needed the thundering chords of ayes when Egan put the question for his election. "Contrary, no," said the president. One or two delegates made a motion of dissent, but failed to voice it, Fitzgerald and Sutton were declared unanimously elected.

Judge Fitzgerald spoke as follows: Ladies and Brother Delegates—A dispatch in the morning papers indicates great hopes on the part of Salisbury and a vagabond set of Orangemen, who, ashamed of their own country and of their race, indulge in the high hope that this convention of Irish hearts and Irishmen will commit political suicide and disgrace themselves. [Cries of no! no!] On the other hand comes flashing over 4,000 miles across the sea the news of trembling fear and anxiety from those that live in old Ire-

land. [Cheers.] The fear and anxiety of those we left in our childhood; fear and anxiety from those in whose name and in whose interests we are summoned here to-day; fear and anxiety from those whose status in life we desire to make like ourselves—freemen as free as the ocean's wild waves.

[Cheers.] In proportion as you smash these hopes on the one hand and dispel the fears on the other hand, in that same proportion shall we have fulfilled our destiny. You have telegraph instruments here in your hall. From them let the electric flash pass from here to the Atlantic and across it with a velocity that it is proverbial for, and let every other word that goes from this hall be a word of disappointment to the enemies of Ireland. [Cheers.] On the other hand let the words we words of cheer and consolation to a people that for seven centuries have waited for freedom. How many of you are thousands of miles away from your happy homes. You came not with any selfish motives in view. You came not for any personal aggrandizement. The highest and holiest purposes and aspirations that could inspire human hearts have inspired yours as you left your wives and hearthstones at home. You came here not paid by the branches or inspired by love of rivalry. You came here as honest, patriotic men, loving the land that gave you birth and hating her oppressors. [Cheers.] You came like freemen in this greatest, freest country on earth. [Cheers.] You came here to attend with the truest motives that could permeate an assemblage of pure, honest and determined men. You came here as representatives of the Irish National League of America. That was organized not to dictate, not to divide, not to suggest a line of policy to those four thousand miles across the Atlantic, for whose happiness, for whose interest we are gathered here to-day; [cheers;] you came here not to dictate them, but rather to follow in their steps. [Cheers.] You came here to-day with hearts full of hope for the future. We cannot forget the past if we would, and we would not if we could [Cheers.] But while that is a fact, we look to the future with the hope that the Irish race throughout the world is concentrated on Charles Stewart Parnell. [Cheers.] You came here to-day to welcome by your cheers and to approve by your actions the honored representatives of the Irish parliamentary party and Charles Stewart Parnell. Parnell has sent you good news and glad tidings by his trusty lieutenants who are now before you. [Applause.] You start up and with your voice give utterance to the sentiments of your hearts with cheer after cheer to the chosen representatives of the Irish people who are present to-day. [Cheers.] The circumstances render it impossible for their leader to be here in person, but, my friends, he is here no less in spirit. [Cheers.] His recognized representatives come here at his request. I intreat all of you, therefore, to pay close attention to what they may say, and let your platform and your resolutions be made after they have spoken. [Cheers.] I regret, and no doubt you, too, regret that for the last day or two you have been in the city, you have read in the public press the suggestion of a terrible fight and disaster in this convention. [Cries of "No!" "No!" "No!"] Nothing on earth would give greater aid and comfort to the enemies of our race and to the enemies of free government, than would such a prophecy if it should be confirmed.

Turning to Michael Davitt the speaker proceeded: "We are here to-day to welcome you, not because you are Michael Davitt, but because you are a true, devoted son of Erin." [Applause.] Turning to the other members of the Parliamentary Committee—O'Brien, Redmond and Deasy—the speaker said: "The old enemies of our race have long succeeded in the motto, 'Divide and conquer.' Henceforth among true Irishmen at home and abroad there is no division of sentiment on the question of Home Rule for Ireland and the absolute control of their affairs by themselves [loud and continued applause] and Messrs. O'Brien, Redmond and Deasy [applause], we are here to-day to give you the same generous welcome as we do to the hero and founder of the League, not in your individual capacity, but as representatives of the Irish people, who in that Parliament are day by day and night by night, and month by month, laboring for your own and the land we love. We want you, and doubtless you will tell us, what the wishes, what the hopes and aspirations of the Irish people are. You will doubtless tell us what you request of us to-day, and on behalf of those who are now before me, and on behalf of those they represent throughout this broad land from the high hills of Maine to the golden slope of California, on behalf of the generous American people, who are with us in sentiment and in heart, I promise you, sirs, that from this convention there shall emanate but one sentiment, but one action, but one echo, and that is for Ireland and her chosen representative. To follow in your wake and not to direct, not to dictate, not to suggest is our aim, for the Irish National League wants to cripple you and Charles Stewart Parnell the same as we have been crippling you for the last two years. [Loud applause.] And my friends as you have heard me in your presence name that land where many of you first beheld the light of heaven, in the name of the liberty that is the God given right of that people as of all others, in the

name of Charles Stewart Parnell [applause] I beg of you, I entreat you by every act of yours to see that the promise that I have just made is religiously and rigorously fulfilled. [Applause.] If there are any individuals in your great big city, that have grievances to settle, let them be settled by every delegate having a right to enter this hall and they shall have a seat in this convention if I have any say so about it. Every delegate coming here has a right to express his opinions honestly, cordially and patriotically, upon the issues at stake connected with the convention. I beg of you to be sober and earnest, to be forbearing with one another, to grant the rights to your brother that you demand for yourself, and in the discussion of any legitimate matter that comes before us, to look back through the past two months and take an example worthy of emulation, first, from the Parliamentary band of brothers that sat there in that Parliament House and listened day after day and night after night to the most vicious, violent, malignant falsehoods that could emanate from the heart or be given expression by the mouth of man. How did these men behave in that critical moment? Did they jump up and in that irritable manner drive back the slanderer with vituperation? No, they did not: they were under a discipline not equalled in any legislative hall in ancient or modern times. [Applause.] And what in addition can you say to the five million souls that were looking with anxiety for the work of their representatives? The history of the world fails to point to a grander picture, fails to point to a people, trodden by the reckless hand of a tyrant, who, in these moments of almost bitter despair, were as cool and self-possessed and who, under the most critical trying ordeal, were as calm and as dispassionate with their hopes in heaven and in the fidelity of their representatives. Oh! take a lesson from that race of your home. That race which within the last few months has shown to the world a capacity for self-government and an abstemiousness from vice and vituperation (notwithstanding the amount of vituperation that was given against them) not equalled by any other race on the earth. Under like circumstances.

Irishmen! with Irish blood coursing in your veins, sit down on every attempted dissension in this hall. Be men, be forbearing, be united. In proportion as you say unqualifiedly here, that no matter what me may think of one policy or another, we have no policy here to discuss or to act upon, except the policy presented by Davitt and by the representatives of the Parliamentary party, who are the mouthpiece of Charles Stewart Parnell." [Applause.]

At the conclusion of Judge Fitzgerald's address

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN,

from his place in about the centre of the convention, arose and offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the delegates from each State and Territory, from the District of Columbia and from Canada be, and they are hereby instructed to report to the convention as soon as practicable, a representative on each of the following committees: Credentials, resolutions, finances, constitution and permanent organization.

Resolved, That Hon. Wm. O'Brien, Hon. John Redmond, M. P., Hon. John Deasy, M. P., and the father of the Irish Land League, Michael Davitt, are hereby appointed members of the committee on resolutions, as representatives of Ireland. The purpose of the appointment of our brothers from Ireland is two-fold; first, that their counsel may make it impossible to give expression to a word which could embarrass the Irish leader; second, that the world may behold the perfect unity of Irish and Irish-American sentiment.

The resolutions were seconded by Rev. Father O'Brien, of Toledo, and unanimously adopted.

Lewis Kelly, of Minnesota, moved a substitute—the immediate appointment of a committee on credentials, each delegation to at once decide on its own representative, and then the convention to adjourn till 8 p.m.

The previous question was ordered and the substitute was adopted unanimously.

All the delegations were instructed to come into the convention upon the reassembling, prepared to submit the names of members for the various committees yet to be selected.

The convention was then declared adjourned until 8 p.m.

At 8:30 o'clock, half an hour after the time set for the beginning of the night session, the Committee on Credentials were still in session at the Grand Pacific Hotel, with closed doors, and the proceedings in the Central Music Hall had not yet commenced. At 8:30 the hall was filled to overflowing, and as Judge Fitzgerald let fall the gavel a hush came over the convention, while the tall form of Michael Davitt was seen making its way to the stage. Davitt was called upon almost as soon as he entered the hall, and despite the protest of the audience rising to say that he had been heard often, and that he would simply introduce his friend, Mr. O'Brien, the editor of *United Ireland*. Davitt spoke of O'Brien in unstinted terms of praise as a patriot. "I know that you will be delighted to hear from this friend of Ireland—Wm. O'Brien."

O'BRIEN'S SPEECH.

In his speech O'Brien said:—"This