

of Joseph Smith the Prophet, the demise of President Brigham Young, the virtual martyrdom of President John Taylor, have had none of the effects foreshadowed by the enemies of the Church. They do not comprehend even the framework and form of "Mormonism," much less its life, spirit and vital forces. They are just as densely ignorant of its doctrines and ordinances, and yet they are continually chattering about the whole subject and exposing their own lack of information.

One of the commonest remarks about President Taylor is that he was "a fugitive from justice." This is intended as a reply to the declaration of Presidents George Q. Cannon and Joseph Smith that, he was "killed by the cruelty of officials, who have, in this Territory, misrepresented the Government of the United States." The facts in the case are entirely ignored by those editors who speak of our late President as a criminal. They are these: He married his wives previous to the passage of any law of the United States against bigamy or polygamy. When the Edmunds Act was passed he saw that he would probably become, by reason of his ecclesiastical position, a target for the fire of his enemies here, and so he ceased to live with any of his wives. He did not repudiate them. He never "pretended," as alleged by some, to "discard" them. The law did not require him to do so. It prohibits cohabiting with more than one woman. By agreement with his family he lived with neither of them. Thus he did not break either the Edmunds Act or the law of 1862. And as there was no territorial law on the subject he cannot be truthfully charged with violating the law in any particular.

It may be asked, why then did he leave his home and retire from the public gaze, why were officers engaged in hunting for his person, and why were rewards offered for his apprehension? The answer is, because he was the recognized earthly head of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and his life was sought by its enemies. The facts we have here stated were known to his persecutors. Yet they pursued him with fiendish persistence, employed spies and spotters to discover his whereabouts, ransacked his house on several occasions, turning his family out of their beds at early morn and searching every nook and corner of the premises, put a price upon his head and scoured the country to get him into their clutches.

He kept out of their way because he knew from the manner in which they misapplied the law and incarcerated other men innocent of crime, that once in their hands they would heap indignities upon him which in his advanced years would undoubtedly prove fatal.

The shameful manner in which the law has been perverted in Utah by persons entrusted with their administration is not known to the country, because the press have either not been informed as to the facts or have been unwilling to relate and denounce them. Men who had only lived with one wife for many years were thrust into prison for three times the period prescribed by law for transgressors. By packed juries, vindictive prosecutors and biased judges, the accused have been considered guilty on arraignment, and have had to prove their innocence, the officers of the law thus reversing the established rule of law. Men have been imprisoned for simply treating plural wives with whom they did not live, but who were dependent upon them for a living, with common courtesy and humanity, and for even less consideration than they would commonly show to an acquaintance. A man could not visit his sick and dying child in presence of its mother without being adjudged guilty of breaking the Edmunds law and suffering its extreme double penalties. Alleged admissions of defendants to spies that they never made have served as proofs to convict. By the "segregation" process, pronounced unlawful by the Supreme Court of the United States, innocent men have had multiplied sentences pronounced upon them, and have sweltered in a filthy prison, swarming with vermin and so poorly ventilated that at night they had to gasp for breath, and a non-"Mormon" grand jury reported that there was not room enough on the floor for the men to stand upon who had to sleep in the bunks of that modern "hole of Calcutta."

Arrest of a prominent "Mormon" meant conviction. The ruling of one day was reversed the next to suit the necessities of the prosecution. When no evidence could be adduced the prosecuting officers so defamed, libeled and abused the defendant and worked upon the religious prejudices of the anti-"Mormon" jury, picked because they were "in sympathy with the prosecution," that a verdict of guilty was certain. These are facts that can be proven from the records. They stand to the everlasting shame of the vindictive officials who perpetrated these offenses against law and justice, for the persecution of an unpopular people the victims of sectarian hate.

Under these circumstances President John Taylor kept in seclusion, and attended to the duties of his office undiscovered by the creatures who hunted him for blood money. He was no "fugitive from justice." He was a venerable, silver-haired veteran who had lived for humanity, traveled thousands upon thousands of miles to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, defended the civil and religious liberties of all peo-

ple without regard to creed or party, interposed between Joseph and Hyrum the martyrs and their cowardly assassins and received in his body bullets aimed at their hearts, lived a temperate, honorable, blameless life, and died in exile because malignant perverters of the law sought to visit upon him their hatred of the Church over which he presided. He broke no law, he fled from no justice. His days were shortened by the treatment he received, and One who judges righteously will place the eternal blame where it belongs.

The attempt of some newspapers to make the remarks of his Counselors apply to the Government of the United States, is in line with the usual treatment of anything "Mormon." They attached no blame to the Government. They claimed that the officials to whose treatment they attributed the accelerated death of President Taylor, had "in this Territory misrepresented the Government of the United States." They said "his blood stains the clothes of the men who with insensate haste have offered rewards for his arrest and have hounded him to the grave." They uttered no complaint against the law. They found no fault with Congress. They said nothing against the Administration. It was the "officials in this Territory," who were engaged in man-hunting for money that were denounced in fitting language.

Why not do justice to this subject and this departed veteran? Why this uncalled for misrepresentation? Are the writers who thus distort language and assail good men afraid of the truth? The lives of our leaders are defamed, their utterances are perverted, their doctrines are misstated and their memory is blackened when they are dead. It is shameful and pitiful, and argues poorly for the cause that needs to be bolstered with falsehood as well as for the intelligence and integrity of those who resort to such defamation.

The departed servant of God, the tokens of whose deace still droop from the doors and depend from the places that once were dignified by his presence, needs no eulogy of the living to glorify his tomb. He was a pattern of integrity, intrepidity, firmness and calm reliance upon God and the Truth. His record is clean and his course without a spot, and his constant expression concerning his malignant foes was: "They are greatly to be pitied. Father forgive them, they know not what they do!" As a fitting memorial to our beloved President, brother and friend, who is now forever beyond the reach of his assailants, we here append his own account of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum the Prophet and Patriarch, with whose blood his mangled at Carthage, Illinois:

"I was sitting at one of the front windows of the jail, when I saw a number of men, with painted faces, coming around the corner of the jail, and aiming towards the stairs. The other brethren had seen the same, for, as I went to the door, I found Brother Hyrum Smith and Dr. Richards already leaning against it. They both pressed against the door with their shoulders to prevent its being opened, as the lock and latch were comparatively useless. While in this position, the mob, who had come up stairs, and tried to open the door, probably thought it was locked, and fired a ball through the keyhole; at this Dr. Richards and Brother Hyrum leaped back from the door, with their faces toward it; almost instantly another ball passed through the panel of the door, and struck Brother Hyrum on the left side of the nose, entering his face and head. At the same instant, another ball from the outside entered his back, passing through his body and striking his watch. The ball came from the back, through the jail window, opposite the door, and must, from its range, have been fired from the Carthage Grays, who were placed there ostensibly for our protection, as the balls from the fire-arms, shot close by the jail would have entered the ceiling, we being in the second story, and there never was a time after that when Hyrum could have received the latter wound. Immediately when the balls struck him, he fell flat on his back, crying as he fell, 'I am a dead man.' He never moved afterwards."

"I shall never forget the deep feeling of sympathy and regard manifested in the countenance of Brother Joseph as he drew nigh to Hyrum, and, leaning over him, exclaimed, 'Oh! my poor, dear brother Hyrum!' He, however, instantly arose, and with a firm, quick step, and a determined expression of countenance, approached the door, and pulling a six-shooter left by Brother Wheelock, from his pocket, opened the door slightly, and snapped the pistol six successive times; only three of the barrels, however, were discharged. I afterwards understood that two or three were wounded by these discharges, two of whom, I am informed, died. I had in my hands a large, strong hickory stick, brought there by Brother Markham, and left by him, which I had seized as soon as I saw the mob approach; and while Brother Joseph was firing the pistol, I stood close behind him. As soon as he had discharged it he stepped back, and I immediately took his place next to the door, while he occupied the one I had done while he was shooting. Brother Richards, at this time, had a knotty walking stick in his hands belonging to me, and stood next to Brother Joseph, a little farther from the door, in an oblique direction, apparently to avoid the rake of the fire from the door. The firing of Brother

Joseph made our assailants pause for a moment; very soon after, however, they pushed the door some distance open, and protruded and discharged their guns into the room, when I parried them off with my stick, giving another direction to the balls.

"It certainly was a terrible scene: streams of fire as thick as my arm passed by me as these men fired, and unarmed as we were, it looked like certain death. I remember feeling as though my time had come, but I do not know when, in any critical position, I was more calm, untrifled, energetic, and acted with more promptness and decision. It certainly was far from pleasant to be so near the muzzles of these firearms as they belched forth their liquid flames and deadly balls. While I was engaged in parrying the guns, Brother Joseph said, 'That's right Brother Taylor, parry them off as well as you can.' These were the last words I ever heard him speak on earth."

"Every moment the crowd at the door became more dense, as they were unquestionably pressed on by those in the rear ascending the stairs, until the whole entrance at the door was literally crowded with muskets and rifles, which with the swearing, shouting and demoniacal expressions of those outside the door and on the stairs, and the firing of the guns, mingled with their horrid oaths and execrations, made it look like pandemonium let loose, and was, indeed, a fit representation of the horrid deed in which they were engaged."

"After parrying the guns for some time, which now protruded thicker and farther into the room, and seeing no hope of escape or protection there, as we were now unarmed, it occurred to me that we might have some friends outside, and that there might be some chance to escape in that direction, but here there seemed to be none. As I expected them every moment to rush into the room—nothing but extreme cowardice having thus far kept them out—as the tumult and pressure increased, without any other hope, I made a spring for the window, which was right in front of the jail door, where the mob was standing, and also exposed to the fire of the Carthage Grays, who were stationed some ten or twelve rods off. The weather was hot, we all of us had our coats off, and the window was raised to admit air. As I reached the window and was on the point of leaping out, I was struck by a ball from the door about midway of my thigh, which struck the bone, and flattened out almost to the size of a quarter of a dollar, and then passed on through the fleshy part to within about half an inch of the outside. I think some prominent nerve must have been severed or injured, for, as soon as the ball struck me, I fell like a bird when shot, or an ox when struck by a butcher, and lost entirely and instantaneously all power of action or locomotion. I fell upon the window sill, and cried out, 'I am shot!' Not possessing any power to move, I felt myself falling outside of the window, but immediately I fell inside, from some, at that time, unknown cause. When I struck the floor my animation seemed restored, as I have seen it sometimes in squirrels and birds after being shot. As soon as I felt the power of motion I crawled under the bed, which was in a corner of the room, not far from the window where I received my wound. While on my way and under the bed I was wounded in three other places; one ball entered a little below the left knee, and never was extracted; another entered the forepart of my left arm, a little above the wrist, and, passing down by the joint, lodged in the fleshy part of my hand, about midway, a little above the upper joint of my little finger; another struck me on the fleshy part of my left hip, and tore away the flesh as large as my hand, dashing the mangled fragments of flesh and blood against the wall."

"My wounds were painful, and the sensation produced was as though a ball had passed through and down the whole length of my leg. I very well remember my reflections at the time. I had a very painful idea of becoming lame and decrepid and being an object of pity, and I felt as though I would rather die than be placed in such circumstances."

"It would seem that immediately after my attempt to leap out of the window, Joseph also did the same thing, of which circumstance I have no knowledge only from information. The first thing that I noticed was a cry that he had leaped out of the window. A cessation of firing followed, the mob rushed down stairs and Dr. Richards went to the window. Immediately afterwards I saw the Doctor going towards the jail door, and as there was an iron door at the head of the stairs adjoining our door which led into the cells for criminals, it struck me that the doctor was going in there, and I said to him, 'Stop, doctor, and take me along.' He proceeded to the door and opened it, and then returned and dragged me along to a small cell prepared for criminals."

"Brother Richards was very much troubled, and exclaimed, 'Oh! Brother Taylor, is it possible that they have killed both Brother Hyrum and Joseph? It cannot surely be, and yet I saw them shoot them,' and, elevating his hands two or three times, he exclaimed, 'Oh, Lord, my God, spare Thy servants!' He then said, 'Brother Taylor this is a terrible event,' and he dragged me further into the cell, saying, 'I am sorry I cannot do better for you,' and

taking an old filthy mattress, he covered me with it, and said, 'that may hide you, and you may yet live to tell the tale, but I expect they will kill me in a few moments.' While lying in this position I suffered the most excruciating pain.

"Soon afterwards Dr. Richards came to me, informed me that the mob had precipitately fled, and at the same time confirmed my worst fears that Joseph was assuredly dead."

CONFERENCE IN NEW ZEALAND.

Editor Deseret News:

A conference of the Mahia District was held at Kahutara on April 30th and May 1st. Although it had been raining hard for nearly a week before, we were blessed with fine weather during the conference, which was appreciated by all the Saints, as there had been a tent erected for the occasion which was rendered uncomfortable and cold by the rain.

Quite a number of the Saints gathered from all parts of the district; also the local Elders, M. S. Marriott and B. W. Young, and also President Wm. Paxman with his traveling companion Elder Elias Johnson.

After the opening exercises President M. S. Marriott made a few introductory remarks, explaining the object of meeting together, and advised all to take care of themselves that no sickness and colds might come upon us through exposure to the weather.

Next the several branches were reported by their Presidents as being in a FAVORABLE CONDITION.

President Paxman then addressed the congregation, Elder Elias Johnson acting as interpreter: I felt pleased to meet again with the Saints of this place in the capacity of a conference. If we have gathered together with pure intent the Lord will pour out His Spirit upon us, and we will receive the light of that Spirit within our hearts to guide us. He has done so formerly and He will do so again.

We should guard against any spirit that comes not from God. Whenever there is a spirit of fault-finding we may at once put that down as the spirit of the evil one. Let every one pick the beam out of his own eye before he tries to rectify his brother. As Saints we should live unitedly, and by so doing we can accomplish whatever we desire. It is the duty of the stronger to help the weaker and to save all that can be saved.

AFTERNOON SERVICES

were begun as usual. The statistical report was read by President M. S. Marriott. A few of the native brethren then spoke, bearing their testimonies.

Elder B. W. Young spoke a few words to the Saints, exhorting them to faithfulness. He indorsed what had been said, and bore his testimony to the truth of the Gospel.

Conference was then adjourned till Sunday morning.

A Priesthood meeting of the district was held in the evening in which the members were instructed concerning their duties and labors.

Sunday May 1st: Conference was again commenced at 10 o'clock. After the opening exercises the sacrament was administered.

Elder E. Johnson was the first speaker. He spoke of obedience to those who are in authority, and said it was necessary to do as we were advised by the servants of God. If any try to obtain salvation by any other plan than had been laid down for us in the Scriptures he is a "thief and a robber." Referred to the false prophets traveling around in our midst, and advised the Saints to have nothing to do with them, for they come but to deceive us.

President Paxman again addressed the Saints on the love of the Gospel. It is by this love that we obey the requirements of the Gospel and leave our homes to carry the message of peace to the world. Without this we would be afraid to face the dangers before us. Spoke of the promises to the obedient, and the temptations of the devil from the early period of the world to the present time, and gave much good and wholesome instruction. Morning meeting was then dismissed and a meeting called in which there were 22 ordinations to the priesthood.

PRESIDENT M. S. MARRIOTT was the first speaker in the afternoon. Said he: I indorse all that has been said by the former speakers, and especially about false prophets. Satan is trying his best to deceive the people of God and if possible will deceive the very elect. My reason for thus speaking is because we have already some in our midst who have left the power of the priesthood in the pursuit of health, but they found it not.

The authorities were next presented and unanimously sustained.

Several natives then bore their testimony after which conference was adjourned.

Your brother in the cause of truth.
M. S. MARRIOTT.

DIED.

SPRINGALL.—August 7th, at Salt Lake City, of brain fever and inflammation of the bowels, Ivy Frances, Springall; aged 4 years, 10 months and 18 days. She was the daughter of James and Charlotte Springall.

DANIELS.—August 10, 1887, of toothache and summer complaint, Mary Ann, daughter of Daniel L. and Sophia Daniels, aged 13 months and 26 days.



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