

JESSE JAMES.

The Cowardly Murder of the Brave Bandit.

The Desperado Dead Sure This Time.

St. Joseph, Mo., 3.—A great sensation was created in this city this morning by the announcement that Jesse James, the notorious bandit and train-robber, had been shot and killed here in St. Joseph. The news spread with great rapidity, but most people received it with doubt, until investigation established the fact beyond question. Then the excitement became more and more intense, and crowds of people rushed to that quarter of the city where the shooting took place, anxious to view the body of the dead outlaw and learn the particulars. In a small frame shanty in the south part of the city, on a hill not far from the Wood's Hotel, Jesse James has lived with his wife since some time in November last. Robert and Charles Ford, two of his gang, have made their headquarters at his house, and Charles, it is said, has lived with him in that shanty ever since November. Robert was arrested about ten days ago, and the three have been making preparations for a raiding expedition on which they were to start to-night. James and the two Fords being in a front room, together about 9 this morning, the former took off his belt and laid his pistols on the bed, preparing to wash himself, when Robert Ford sprang up behind him and sent a bullet through his brain. The ball entered the back of his head at the base of the right brain, coming out at the eye. The Ford brothers at once made known what they had done and gave themselves up. They are now under guard at the court house. The body of Jesse James was conveyed to an undertaker where it was prepared for burial, and where a photograph was taken. James' wife has telegraphed his mother the news of his death. A number of men have identified the body and there is no question about it being Jesse James.

A Herald reporter viewed the body at the undertaker's when it was being photographed. He was a fierce looking man, apparently 40 years old, with broad forehead, and his physiognomy was that of an intelligent as well as a resolute and daring man. The house where James lived and in which he was killed has the appearance of an armory. A number of guns and pistols, including a repeating rifle, a needle gun and navy revolver, with a good store of ammunition, were found there. Jesse was in the habit of wearing two belts, with a brace of very fine revolvers and twenty-five extra cartridges. In a small stable near were discovered several fine horses, the property of James. The Ford brothers claim that they are detectives, and that they have been on James' track for a long time. It is believed they were with James in the Blue Cut robbery, and that they were influenced in killing him by the hope of getting the big reward which has been offered for James, dead or alive, by the governor and the express and railroad companies.

Ford, who killed James, was only 20 years old. The shooting, although wholly unjustifiable, vindicated the law, and Ford will doubtless get the \$50,000 reward offered by the state for James "dead or alive." Charles Ford had been an accomplice of James since the 3rd of November last, and possessed his entire confidence. Robert Ford joined James on March 23rd, several months after he moved here. They rented a house under the name of Thomas. The house was situated for defense and retreat. Jesse had two horses in the stable. Charles and Robert Ford had been in one room in the cottage. James had planned to rob a bank at Burgess city, this week, and Robert was chosen as a third companion, and they were going to-night. Ever since the boys had been with Jesse they had watched for an opportunity to shoot him, but he was always so heavily armed that it was impossible to draw a weapon without his seeing it. They declare that they had no idea of taking him alive, considering the undertaking suicidal. The opportunity they had long wished for came this morning. Breakfast was over; Charles Ford and Jesse James had been in the stable, and the horses preparatory to their night ride. On returning to the room where Robert Ford was, Jesse said: "It's an awfully hot day," and he pulled off his coat and vest and tossed them on the bed; then he said: "I guess I'll take off my pistols for fear somebody will see them if I walk in the yard." Jesse unbuckled a belt in which he carried two forty-five calibre revolvers, one Smith & Wesson and the other a Colt. He laid them on the bed with his coat and vest. He then picked up a dusting brush with the intention of dusting some pictures which hung on the wall. To do this he got on a chair. His back was now turned to the brothers, who silently stepped between Jesse and his revolver, and at a motion from Charles both drew their guns. Robert had the long weapon to a level with his eye, with the muzzle no more than four feet from the back of the outlaw's head. Even in that motion, quick as thought, there was something that did not escape the acute ears of the hunted man. He made a motion as if to turn his head to ascertain the cause of that suspicious sound, but too late—a nervous pressure on the trigger, a quick flash, a sharp report, and a white ball crashed through the outlaw's skull. There was no outcry, just the swaying of the body and it fell heavily back upon the carpet. The shot had been fatal, and all the bullets in the chamber of Charles' revolver, still directed at Jesse's head, could not more effectively decide the fate of the bandit. The ball had entered the base of the skull and made its way out through the forehead. The left eye. It had been fired out of Colt's 45, improved pattern, silver mounted and pearl handled, presented by the dead man to his slayer only a few days ago. Mrs. James was in the kitchen when the shooting was done, divided from the room in which the bloody tragedy occurred by the dining room. She heard the shot, and dropping her household duties ran into the front room. She saw her husband lying on his back, and his slayers each holding his revolver in hand, making for the fence in the rear of the house. Robert had reached this enclosure and was in the act of scaling it, when she stepped to the door and calling to him: "Robert, you have done this: come back." Robert answered: "I swear to God I did not." They then returned where she stood. Mrs. James ran to the side of her husband and lifted up his head. Life was not extinct, and when asked if he was hurt, it seemed to her that he wanted to say something but could not. She tried to wash away the

blood that was coursing over his face from the hole in the forehead, but it seemed to her the blood would come faster than she could wash it away, and in her hands Jesse James died. Charles Ford explained to Mrs. James that "A pistol had accidentally gone off." "Yes," said Mrs. James, "I guess it went off on purpose." In the meantime Charles had gone back into the house and brought out two hats, and the two boys left the house. They went to the telegraph office and sent messages to Sheriff Timberlake, to Governor Crittenden and other officers, and then surrendered themselves to Marshal Craig. When the Ford boys appeared at the police station, they were told by an officer that Marshal Craig and a posse of officers had gone in the direction of James' residence, and they started after them and surrendered themselves. They accompanied the officers to the police to the marshal's headquarters where they had dinner, and about 3 o'clock were removed to the old circuit court room, where the inquest was held. The presence of an immense crowd. Mrs. James also accompanied the officers to the city hall. She was greatly affected by the tragedy, and her heart-rending moans and expressions of grief were a sorrowful evidence of the love she bore the desperado. The coroner was notified and the undertaker instructed to remove the body. A large crowd accompanied the corner to the morgue but only a few, including a reporter, were admitted. Nothing in the appearance of the remains indicates the desperate character of the man or the many bloody scenes in which he had been an actor. The inspection of the body revealed two large bullet holes on the right side of the breast within three inches of the nipple, a bullet wound in the leg and the absence of the middle finger of the left hand. After viewing the remains the coroner repaired to the court, whither soon after Mrs. James, in custody of Marshal Craig, and the two Ford boys, both heavily armed, followed.

The were kept in separate apartments until the jury announced themselves ready to hear the testimony. The jury being empaneled, the witnesses examined were Mrs. James, the Ford boys and James Little. The inquest will continue to-morrow.

Jeffersonville, Mo., 3.—Governor Crittenden has received telegrams from Sheriff Timberlake and others, notifying him of the death of Jesse James and he expresses himself as satisfied with the identity of the man killed. He has ordered a body of the dead outlaw taken to Kansas City, under a heavy guard and leaves for the same place at 1 o'clock to-night. He says the only member of the original band that has so long been a terror to railroad companies and banks, not accounted for, is Jim Cummings.

St. Joseph, Mo., 4.—During the examination before the coroner, to-day, James' wife and mother made quite a scene, calling curses down on Dick Little for conspiring to betray his leader. The coroner returned a verdict of murder in the first degree against Ford. The authorities of Buchanan County refuse to give him up. There is great sensation in western Missouri over the affair, especially among farmers. Some denounce Ford as a mercenary assassin. Others excuse him. The authorities will protect Ford from the friends of the dead robber. Some threats are made by outlaws already.

Kansas City, 4.—It is now known that the death of Jesse James was arranged by Governor Crittenden and Bob Ford, the latter to receive one-fourth of the reward and immunity. James to be taken alive if possible. Governor Crittenden himself confirmed this to-day. Dick Little was in the plan, and the governor admitted the ultimate pardon of him and Ford was likely. The officers are trying to learn which confession of Little is the correct one.

St. Louis, 4.—Mollie Collins, wife of Dick Little, recently showed a letter she received from Jesse James two weeks ago, saying he would stay in this country until he had killed Little and then he and Frank would take their families to Europe.

Kansas City, 4.—No developments regarding the James killing. The government has ordered the officials of St. Joe to give James' body to his wife and mother.

Kansas City, 5.—Governor Crittenden was in the city, to-day, and stated that Jesse James' body would not be sent from St. Joseph until a party of five sent from here to recognize it officially had made their report. The remains will be taken from St. Joseph, to-morrow, to Kearney, Mo., near which place the mother of the desperado lives and there interred. The governor has not yet decided what will be done with Ford, the slayer of James; nor has he determined to whom the \$10,000 reward offered for the body of Jesse James, dead or alive, will be given. The inquest was held at St. Joe this morning and the verdict was that Jesse James came to his death at the hands of Robert Ford. Mrs. Samuels, the mother of Jesse, identified the remains as those of her son. She met Dick Little, the member of the gang who gave information to the officers as to the whereabouts of the leader and called him a traitor and a coward.

St. Joseph, Mo., 5.—Prosecuting Attorney Wallace and Dick Little arrived this morning, and identified the remains of Jesse James. Captain Ford, brother of Charles and Bob, says he knows where Frank James is; he is in the east. Frank will avenge Jesse's death, and somebody will doubtless be killed. This matter is not yet ended.

St. Joseph, 5.—Jesse James was shipped hence at 7 p. m., with his whole family, to Kearney, Mo., and buried on the old homestead.

The jury returned the following verdict: "We, the jury, find the deceased is Jesse James, and that he came to his death by a pistol shot in the hands of Robert Ford."

The two Ford brothers are confined in jail, charged with murder under a warrant issued by Mrs. James. They will not be interviewed, and refuse admittance to all comers.

St. Joseph, Mo., 5.—The burial of Jesse James was a pathetic scene. His mother said her dear boy, Jesse, was better off in heaven to-day than he would be here. She fainted away when she took the last sight of him.

An immense crowd followed the body to the grave, most of them curiously seekers.

St. Louis, 6.—Captain Ford, brother of Bob and Charles, who have cut so conspicuous a figure in the death of the outlaw James, was in St. Joseph to-day, accompanied by attorneys, and had an interview with his brothers in jail.

The body of Wood Hite, a brother of Clarence Hite, now in the penitentiary for participation in the Wilson train robbery, has been found near Richmond, and an inquest is being held. It has been understood that Dick Little killed Hite, but it is believed Bob Ford was also concerned in the murder. He was shot through the head and buried by Bob Ford and Dick Little in a spring near the old farm. It is not unlikely that both Little and Ford will be arrested for the murder.

St. Joseph, 6.—The Ford boys, to-day, received a threatening letter from a party signing himself "Nemo, alias Nemo," enclosed in an official envelope of the Tennessee legislature and dated Nashville, April 4th. The letter, written in pencil, vows bitter and bloody vengeance upon Robert for killing Jesse James. The Ford boys are in excellent spirits, and are treated royally by their friends and admirers. Both are confident the body of the dead outlaw will be robbed after burial. Robert admits he said he regretted the killing of James, but maintains that he said it in fun. He would have shot James if he had known he would be sent to the penitentiary for a year, as James would have killed him if he learned of his connection with the detectives. The boys talk defiantly regarding the Nashville letter. They sat for photographs to-day. Orders for likenesses are pouring in from every direction, especially from New York. They speak in high terms of Mrs. James, and are not apprehensive for their future. Mrs. Samuels stated to some friends, to-day, that Kansas City parties had offered a large sum for her son's body, which of course she indignantly rejected. James Wallace, an actor, who is about to present a drama on the subject of the James boys, has sent an order to the agent here to buy the stolen horse ridden by James. Other orders for trinkets, such as weapons, saddles, etc., of the dead outlaw have also been received here.

Folly Shots.

"Dad, were you ever a fish?" The individual thus addressed lowered his chin and gazed over his spectacles at the boy, in speechless astonishment.

"Oh, don't get mad at me, dad, for asking you," continued his inquisitive offspring. "Mrs. Cooley came in after you had gone yesterday, and asked me what she would do if you were dead, and she laughed and said she guessed there was just as good salmon in the sea as you are."

It was a beautiful little rustic pile—the village church—with a lecture room in the basement. One evening a farmer of the neighborhood who was driving by, observed the latter apartment lighted up, and stopped to ask the reason why of a young man who stood leaning against the gate.

"What's going on to-night?" "A convention of the married men of the congregation," was the answer.

"Found out suttin' agin the minister, eh?" "You've rung the bell the first shot, old man," returned his informant.

The farmer mounted his wagon again with a thoughtful look in his face, and as he drove off, muttered: "After all, I guess it's a good thing my Sallie's dead."

This great and good anti-monopolist," observed the coroner in some opening remarks to the jury, who were holding an inquest over the body of a man found floating in the canal, this great and good anti-monopolist—

"But why do you call him a great and good anti-monopolist," interrupted one of the jurors.

"Because," continued the coroner, exhibiting a package of dead head railroad tickets, "we found these in his pockets."

"Are you fond of dogs?" "Not very," said the tramp.

"Would you mind holding this one for me a few minutes?" "It'll cost yer ten cents."

"All right," said the man, delivering up the animal that inspected its new custodian with an ominous movement of the muscles of the jaw. When the owner returned, he encountered the tramp rousing round the corner and exhibiting symptoms of considerable agitation.

"Where's the dog?" he inquired. "A policeman's got him."

"Why didn't you hold on to him?" "I couldn't get a chance; he was too busy holdin' on to me."

"You seem to have recovered your elasticity," said a Beacon Hill school girl to a youngster who had lately been quite ill.

"My wha?" asked the boy, with a puzzled expression.

"Your elasticity," repeated the beautiful young fountain of undefiled English.

"Oh, yes," returned the lad, his face brightening up with the light of a new idea. "That's easy enough; my father's in the India rubber business."

Men of genius are hedged about by privileges to which the coarser clay of humanity pays an involuntary respect and homage. Mr. L.—was a man of genius. One day a friend called to see him and was informed by the girl who answered the door bell, that her master was not receiving visitors.

"What's the matter with him?" he asked.

"He's got an attack of the liver complaint."

"Is that all? Then I guess he'll see me."

"I guess not," said the girl, quickly, but firmly; "when his bile ain't a workin' right he wants partickler to be let alone, as he allus writes poetry."

A tipsy Bostonian who was arrested while making vain efforts to climb at a barber's pole, exclaimed, as the policeman dived him in the direction of the station house: "Strangest, I never saw'r 'ora borealis-h a near before."

"Is there anything I can do for you, darling?" he said, indiscreetly getting his mouth in close proximity to her Grecian and highly sensitive nose, and then, as she averted her head with a shrog of disgust, hastily throwing a few fresh cardamom seeds into his mouth.

"Yes," she answered, without turning round; "open the window and give me a little fresh air."

Thought He Was a Fraud.

"Would you be kind enough to publish a notice of our Sabbath-school?" asked a grave gentleman of the city editor. "And you might incidentally speak of me as the superintendent."

"Certainly," replied the city editor, opening his note book. "What is the amount?"

"I should think half a column enough," responded the grave man.

"Oh! I don't begrudge the space, but how much will cover the total cost?"

"I don't understand you," said the grave man.

"Well, when did the directors make the discovery?" exclaimed the city editor impatiently. "Did you confess or did they examine the books?"

"I am at a loss to know what you mean. I am the superintendent of a Sabbath-school, and I'd like a notice in your Sunday issue," exclaimed the grave man.

"How am I going to write a notice without the facts?" demanded the city editor. "I want the name of the bank, the amount of the loss, the way it was discovered, and the amount of your bond. Give me those and I can fill in about your being prostrated by the blow and the surprise to a large circle of friends."

"I greatly fear that we are at cross purposes," said the grave man mildly. "I am a responsible citizen."

"Ah!" exclaimed the city editor. "That's one point. Never even suspected before. Always led a life of probity and was the trusted custodian of untold wealth. Fell in an evil hour. How much? What's the amount of your last defalcation?"

"My good sir!" protested the grave man. "You entirely misapprehend me? I am not a defaulter."

"Not a defaulter!" ejaculated the city editor, leaning back in astonishment. "What are you clamoring around here after a notice for? Git, now!" and the city editor grabbed the grave man by the collar and elbow and shoved him down stairs.

"Who was he?" asked the managing editor.

"A snide!" retorted the ruffled city editor. "He came around here trying to pay himself off for a son's school-superintendent when he didn't know the first principles of the racket. He may get it if on some young man, but he couldn't pay it on me for a cent!" and the city editor plumped down at his desk in disgust at the thinness of the disguise a grave man will assume when starting out to beat for a notice. —Brooklyn Eagle.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

A Sure Cure Found at Last! No One Need Suffer!

A sure Cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. William, an Indian Remedy, called Dr. William's Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 25 or thirty years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying a wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments, and electrolysis are more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.

Read what the Hon. J. M. Coffinberry, of Cleveland, says about Dr. William's Indian Ointment: "I have used scores of Pile Cures; and it affords me pleasure to say I have never found anything which gave such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. William's Indian Ointment."

For sale by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price, \$1.00.

HENRY & CO., PROP'RS, Cleveland, O.

James C. Johnson, a native of Denmark, Andrew P. Eliason and Mathias A. Lundberg, natives of Sweden, and Thomas Alston, Geo. Bishop and Geo. W. Hobson, natives of England, were admitted to citizenship on Wednesday.

FIFTY-SECOND ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

The fifty-second annual conference was commenced in the Tabernacle at 10 o'clock on Thursday morning, April 6th, 1882, by President Taylor giving out the hymn on page 142:

Sing to the great Jehovah's praise; All praise to him belong; Who kindly lengthens out our days Demands our choicest songs.

Prayer by Apostle F. D. Richards. Hymn on page 265:

The great and glorious gospel light, Has shined forth unto my sight; Which in my soul I have received From bondage and from death relieved.

There were present on the stand, of the First Presidency—John Taylor and Joseph F. Smith.

Of the Quorum of the Twelve—L. Snow, F. D. Richards, J. H. Smith, F. M. Lyman, Erastus Snow, Wilford Woodruff, B. Young, and M. Thatcher.

The first seven presidents of the Seventies.

Presidents of stakes of the High Priests Quorum.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR said: We are now commencing the fifty-second annual conference which has been held by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Since the commencement of this work the church has had to pass through a great vicissitude of change. We have had revealed unto us the everlasting gospel as it has existed in the various ages of the world, and no matter how we have been sinned, the same spirit, power, light and revelation have been with Israel. We have been deprived of our rights, and have been robbed and pillaged, and we have always felt and still feel to put our trust in the living God and the principles revealed for the exaltation of the human family. A message of life and salvation has been revealed by God through his servant Joseph and the keys of the holy priesthood have been conferred through Joseph upon many men and they have gone forth to the nations of the earth, telling of the unspeakable riches of the kingdom of God. It is a message of peace on earth and good will toward man. We have gone forth without purse or scrip, and the Lord has so abundantly blessed us that we have gathered thousands and tens of thousands from the nations, and we expect still to do it, without any fear, without any trembling, asking no odds of any man, only being careful to put our trust in the word of him who made the earth and those who people it. The antagonism and opposition we have had to meet has always existed, for warfare always existed against God and his principles. Everything is right and will come out right. My feelings are peaceful to the world, and to this people I would say, be calm, be peaceful. I feel like shouting Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! and will take care of his saints.

APOSTLE JOHN HENRY SMITH said he had been in the eastern states for a little season, and it would be impossible to explain the feelings and sentiments that exist there against this people. Our friends are not numerous and are not willing to exercise themselves very much to aid us or protect us, and we are in a position that we must rely upon the Lord for help and succor. In the acceptance of the gospel, when he was a child, so far as he was concerned and so far as he could understand, the speaker said he determined to devote his life and ability to the principles of that gospel. There are many people in the east who are, in a quiet way, seeking knowledge of the principles of our church and who believe that this is a time when the elements of truth and righteousness can be disseminated freely and fully among the children of men, and it is for us to labor in that work, and to continue to preach by our word and actions that the Lord had commenced a work upon the earth; leave others to crowd us, leave them to do the wrong, and do the evil; while we feel safe in our reliance on the power of Him who is our God. Zion will continue to grow. We may be tried and sifted and tested, but the standard of Zion has been unfurled to the breeze, and the great destiny of the work which God has designed will be brought to pass. Let us bless the human family, preach righteousness, scatter good-will broadcast and be saints in very deed.

APOSTLE F. M. LYMAN said the peculiarities of this people and this work are being brought to the notice of the world, and more universal attention to the handful of people in this territory is being brought than ever before. It is not the work of man, and the Lord has assured us that it will not be broken down nor given to another people, but will stand for ever. The history of God's people in all ages foreshadows to us what we may expect. The man who would undertake to build up the kingdom of God upon the earth would have to face a sea of opposition, for there is in the heart of man a love of evil and the base things of nature. Even in our midst, in our own hearts, it is a constant labor to overcome the evil ever present with us, and how many of those who have obeyed the gospel have overcome their passions, the gravitation to wickedness, the proneness to wrong doing? And if this element of darkness is prevalent among those whose minds have been lighted by the truth, is it not natural to suppose that others are also influenced by this power and often overcome by it? The gospel presented itself to us as something rational and reasonable, more so than

the doctrines of Christianity. Repentance of sin is a principle that works reformation and improves man; baptism brings about a remission of sins, when connected with faith. The spirit conferred upon us by the laying on of hands has borne testimony to us of the mind and will of the Lord concerning our walk and life on this sphere and told us of the power of the priesthood conferred upon man. This spirit has enabled us to gather, has bound us together in unity of mind and purpose, and had we been less selfish and more devoted to the requirements of the Lord we would have been even more united and had more of this testimony and power. There is a proper amount of time and attention to be given to the development of the earth, and become acquainted with what there is in it, and there is also a requirement that we should gain knowledge of God and his works, of the plan of salvation, of the principles that develop the elements of our moral and spiritual man. God has enriched and blessed us more than man could anticipate in such a land as this was thirty years ago. If there come trying times now we also know that we have had trying times before. In the days of the prophet Joseph there were trying times; in the days of Jesus the saints were tried and the Lord himself was persecuted even to the death, as also his apostles. Opposition to the purposes of God has been upon the earth ever since the days of Adam, and it is natural to suppose that it always will exist. Can we endure it? We have endured it, and can do so with the knowledge that we are the servants of God and we will be supported and sustained. It is not possible that we can sustain ourselves by our own strength or the power of the sword; that is not our purpose or our mission. The mission of the kingdom is peace on earth; this is the keyword among Israel. Remember this, that it is not by violence that God's purposes will be established. Let us feel calm and serene and collected in our spirits, for we have the majority, God being on our side and being our leader and friend, and he will watch over us to help us. If some may be persecuted, let us remember that other good men have been persecuted before us for righteousness, sake; but if wrong has been done by any, let them repent and stand pure before our king and our leaders.

BISHOP JOHN SHARR was pleased to have the opportunity of meeting with the saints in conference. He could look back upon the records of this people with entire satisfaction, and has no anxiety or trouble as to what designing men may endeavor to bring upon us. He did not expect that the people would have it all their own way, and do just as they please all the time, but if we live by the principles that have been revealed the protection of our Father will be around us and about us, and the purposes of the Almighty will be accomplished. It is for us to live our religion in our every day life and leave the result of man's designs to him who disposes of events as seemeth best to accomplish his purposes.

BISHOP W. W. CLUFF rejoiced in the gospel and the work we are engaged in—in establishing the work of truth and righteousness upon the earth. We have tribulations, of course, and expect them in our walk and life, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that all will be well and come out right. The former-day saints had to pass through persecution. Jesus said if we preached righteousness we would be persecuted, and the world always has despised those who were on the side of the Lord. We can look back at the time when we received the gospel and obeyed its ordinances and it was a happy, a glorious time and ever have rejoiced and been comforted ever since, while we were walking in the path of duty. The prejudice that exists in the world has been brought about by ignorance of us and our institutions. The government of the United States has no better defenders and admirers than the Latter-day Saints, and the pressur brought against this people has been the result of ignorance among the masses. We have no fear, no trepidation; other communities might be shaken very much by the same circumstances as surround us, but we are peaceful, attending to our duties, sending our elders to the nations of the earth, building up the kingdom of God on the earth and keeping his commandments.

BISHOP ABRAHAM HATCH realized to some extent the magnitude of the work in which we are engaged, and he often reflected upon the labors of the people in the early days of the church and the labor of the elders in opening up the various missions in the world. The labor was great, and it was the more so when the small numbers of the members of the church was taken into consideration, and in connection with this vast labor the saints also had to endure persecution. We have prospective persecution. The government of the United States is trying to restrict our rights and our liberties, though our political liberties are not very extensive, but we have only to keep on in our way of serving the Lord. The speaker said he was a grandson of a revolutionary soldier, and himself and his brothers and his parents, have tasted the dregs of poverty in living among the people of a free country in other states or territories than Utah, and he had suffered from the privations and drivings of the saints, and felt he could do so again if it was necessary. He sensed the weight of the legislation against this people, but still felt serene and peaceful in the work of promulgating principles that are for the exaltation of the human family.