

Now the harvest is upon us, I wish to say a few words concerning it. I desire you to tell your neighbors, and wish them to tell their neighbors, and thus let it go to the several counties around—now is the time for women and children to assist in the harvest fields, the same as they do in other countries. I never asked this of them before; I do not now ask it as a general thing, but those employed in the expedition south, in the work of defending their brethren from Indian depredations, who have heavy harvests on hand, rather than suffer the grain to waste, let the women get in the harvest, and put it where the Indians cannot steal it. And when you go into the harvest field, carry a good butcher knife in your belt, that if an Indian should come upon you, supposing you to be unarmed, you would be sure to kill him.

Tell your neighbors of this, and go to work, men, women, and children, and gather in your grain, and gather it clean, leave none to waste, and put it where the Indians cannot destroy it.

Does this language intimate anything terrific to you? It need not. If you will do as you are told, you will be safe continually. Secure your bread-stuff, your wheat, and your corn, when it is ripe, and let every particle of grain raised in these valleys be put where it will be safe, and as much as possible from vermin, and especially from the Indians, and then build forts.

Let every man and woman who has a house make that house a fort, from which you can kill ten where you can now only kill one, if Indians come upon you. "Brother Brigham, do you really expect Indians to come upon us in this city?" This inquiry, I have no doubt, is at this moment in the hearts of a few, almost breathless with fear. Were I to answer such inquirers as I feel, I should say, it is none of your business; but I will say,

you are so instructed, to see if you will do as you are told. Let your dwelling house be a perfect fort. From the day I lived where brother Joseph Smith lived, I have been fortified all the time so as to resist twenty men, if they should come to my house in the night, with an intent to molest my family, assault my person, or destroy my property; and I have always been in the habit of sleeping with one eye open, and if I cannot then sufficiently watch, I will get my wife to help me. Let an hostile band of Indians come round my house, and I am good for quite a number of them. If one hundred should come, I calculate that only fifty would be able to go to the next house, and if the Saints there used up the other fifty, the third house would be safe.

But instead of the people taking this course, almost every good rifle in the territory has been traded away to the Indians, with quantities of powder and lead, though they waste it in various ways when they have got it. The whites would sell the title to their lives, for the sake of trading with the Indians.

They will learn better, I expect, by and by, for the people have never received such strict orders as they have got now. I will give you the pith of the last orders issued—"That man or family who will not do as they are told in the orders, are to be treated as strangers, yea, even as enemies, and not as friends." And if there should be a contest, if we should be called upon to defend our lives, our liberty, and our possessions, we would cut such off the first, and walk over their bodies to conquer the foe outside.

Martial law is not enforced yet, although the whole territory is in a state of war, apparently, but it is only the Utah [Indians] who have declared war on Utah [Territory.] Deseret has not yet declared war; how soon it will be declared is not for me to say; but