

you no longer from this time forth. I will lead you to battle; and if you are not afraid to die, and feel disposed to spill your blood in your own defense, you will not offend me. Be not the aggressor—bear until they strike you on the one cheek; then offer the other and they will be sure to strike that; *then defend yourselves*, and God will bear you off, and you shall stand forth clear before His tribunal.

If any citizens of Illinois say we shall not have our rights, treat them as strangers and not friends, and let them go to hell and be damned! Some say they will mob us; let them mob and be damned! If we have to give up our chartered rights, privileges, and freedom, which our fathers fought, bled, and died for, and which the Constitution of the United States, and of this State, guarantee unto us, we will do it only at the point of the sword and bayonet.

Many lawyers contend for those things which are against the rights of men, and *I can only excuse them because of their ignorance*. Go forth and advocate the laws and rights of the people, ye lawyers; if not, don't get into my hands, or under the lash of my tongue.

Lawyers say the powers of the Nauvoo charter are dangerous; but I ask, is the Constitution of the United States, or of this State, dangerous? No; neither are the charters granted unto Nauvoo by the Legislature of Illinois dangerous, and those who say they are, are fools. We have not enjoyed unmolested those rights which the Constitution of the United States of America, and our charters grant. Missouri and all wicked men raise the hue and cry against us, and are not satisfied. Some political aspirants of this State also are raising the hue and cry that the powers in the charters granted unto the city of Nauvoo are dangerous; and although the General Assembly have conferred them upon

our city, yet the whine is raised—"Repeal them, take them away;" like the boy who swapped off his jack-knife, and then cried, "Daddy, daddy, I have sold my jack-knife, and got sick of my bargain, and I want to get it back again." But how are they going to help themselves? Raise mobs? And what can mobocrats do in the midst of Kirkpatrickites? No better than a hunter in the claws of a bear. If mobs come upon you any more here, dung your gardens with them. We don't want any excitement; but after we have done all, we will rise up, Washington-like, and break off the hellish yoke that oppresses us, and we will not be mobbed.

The day before I was taken at Inlet Grove, I rode with my wife through Dixon to visit some friends, and I said to her, "Here is a good people." I felt this by the Spirit of God. The next day I was a prisoner in their midst, in the hands of Reynolds of Missouri, and Wilson of Carthage. As the latter drove up, he exclaimed, "Ha, ha, ha, by God we have got the Prophet now!" He gloried much in it; but he is now our prisoner. When they came to take me, they held two cocked pistols to my head, and saluted me with "God damn you, I'll shoot you! I'll shoot you, God damn you," repeating these threats nearly fifty times from first to last. I asked them what they wanted to shoot me for. They said they would do it if I made any resistance. "O very well," I replied, "I have no resistance to make." They then dragged me away, and I asked them by what authority they did these things. They said, "By a writ from the Governors of Missouri and Illinois." I then told them I wanted a writ of Habeas Corpus. Their reply was, "God damn you, *you shan't have it*." I told a man to go to Dixon, and get me a writ of Habeas Corpus. Wilson then repeated, "God damn you, you shan't have