

bothers me, it is the whining of women and children to prevent me from doing that which I know that I ought to do.

I will acknowledge with brother Kimball, and I know it is the case with him, that I am a great lover of women. In what particular? I love to see them happy, to see them well fed and well clothed, and I love to see them cheerful. I love to see their faces and talk with them, when they talk in righteousness; but as for anything more, I do not care. There are probably but few men in the world who care about the private society of women less than I do. I also love children, and I delight to make them happy.

I accumulate a large amount of means, but I would just as soon feed my neighbor as myself. And everyone who knows me knows whether or not a piece of johnnycake and butter and a potato satisfies Brigham. I can live on as cheap and as plain food as can any man in Israel. I have said to my family, a great many times, I want you to make me homemade clothing; but I would meet such a whizzing about my ears, if I were to have even a pair of homemade pantaloons made. I do not know that I have a wife in the world but what would say, "You are not going to wear them; you ought to wear something more respectable, for you deserve to as much as any man does."

It is the man who works hard, who sweats over the rock, and goes to the canyons for lumber, that I count more worthy of good food and dress than I am. But do not I labor? Yes, with my mind. Can any man tell what labor there is upon me? No, not a man can begin to tell what I feel for the Latter-day Saints in this Territory, throughout the mountains and the world—what I feel for their salvation and preservation. They have to be looked after and cared for; and

all this more particularly rests upon me. My brethren love to share with me all that the Lord puts upon them; but in the day of trouble they look to me to secure them and point out a way for their escape.

Now, let me tell you one thing—I shall take it as a witness that God designs to cut the thread between us and the world, when an army undertakes to make their appearance in this Territory to chastise me or to destroy my life from the earth. I lay it down that right is or at least should be might with Heaven, with its servants, and with all its people on the earth. As for the rest, we will wait a little while to see; but I shall take a hostile movement by our enemies as an evidence that it is time for the thread to be cut. I think we will find three hundred who will lap water, and we can whip out the Midianites. Brother Heber said that he could turn out his women, and they would whip them. I ask no odds of the wicked, the best way they can fix it.

Brother Heber says that the music is taken out of his sermons when brother Carrington clips out words here and there; and I have taken out the music from mine, for I know the traditions and false notions of the people. Our sermons are read by tens of thousands outside of Utah. Members of the British Parliament have those *Journals of Discourses*, published by brother Watt; they have them locked up, they secrete them, and go to their rooms to study them, and they know all about us. They may, perhaps, keep them from the Queen, for fear that she would believe and be converted.

I know that I have seen the day when, let men use language like brother Heber has today, and many would apostatize from the true faith. In printing my remarks, I often omit the sharp words, though they are perfectly understood and applicable