

feel to say, Let them send who they please. They are determined to send who they please for Governor, who they please for Judges, and who they please for our Territorial Officers, and to permit those men whom they send to place their interpretation upon the acts of our Territorial Legislature, and upon the condition of things as they surround us; and I care but little what comes next.

They will send men here who are ignorant of the circumstances that surround us—men who are totally ignorant of the irrigation of the land by mountain streams; they will permit them to interfere with the rights of the people of this Territory, with fifteen hundred or two thousand bayonets to back them up.

Under these circumstances, as big a coward as I am, I would say what I pleased; and for one thing I would say that every man that had anything to do with such a filthy, unconstitutional affair was a damned scoundrel. There is not a man, from the President of the United States to the Editors of their sanctuaries, clear down to the low-bred letter-writers in this Territory, but would rob the coppers from a dead nigger's eyes, if they had a good opportunity. If I had the command of thunder and lightning, I would never let one of the damned scoundrels get here alive.

I have heretofore said but very little about the Gentiles; but I have heard all that Drummond has said, and I have read all his lying, infamous letters; and although I have said but little, I think a heap. You must know that I love my friends, and God Almighty knows that I do hate my enemies. There have been men, and women, and children enough who have died through the oppression and tyranny of our enemies to damn any nation under heaven; and now a nation of 25,000,000 of people must exercise its wealth in violation of its

own principles and the rights guaranteed by the blood of their fathers—blood that is more sacred than their own heart springs; and this they are doing to crush down a little handful who dwell in the midst of these mountains, and who dare to worship God as they please, and who dare to sing, pray, preach, think, and act as they please.

All I have to say is, Just go ahead and burst your boiler. [Voice: They will.] This is the way the thing shapes itself in my mind; and if I were not afraid to die, I would fight as long as there was a finger left. Yes, if I were not afraid to die, I would fight till there was not as much left of me as there was of the Kilkenny cats. Just look at him—view his conduct towards this people: besides his being my uncle, he has acted most shamefully mean. When I told my uncle I was afraid, he only laughed at me; but I now tell you that if I were not such a well-known coward, I would die like a man of war. The very idea that a man has been awed down by the bayonet is something that I cannot stand. It will do very well for the Emperor of France, and it may do for the Autocrat of Russia, but it don't do for freeborn men; and if asked which we will prefer—slavery or death, we should be very apt to answer in the language of a Roman senator, if we had any voice in this matter, who, when this question was once put in the days of Julius Caesar and Pompey, promptly answered, We prefer death to slavery. But you know we are Latter-day Saints—we are "Mormons," and hence we cannot be treated as free men.

Report says that the plan is deep, and it is laid with the intention of murdering every man that will stand up for "Mormonism." But the evil which they design towards us will fall upon their own heads, and it will grind them to powder. The men that have been living in these valleys,