

associate with savages, and dig roots with which to keep body and soul together, as many of us had to do.

For a time we enjoyed comparative peace, but bitter prejudice manufactured and fostered by Christian divines and political demagogues, has followed us with malice unparalleled. Securing the support of public opinion it sent, in 1857, all army to Utah to despoil our people, while sedition ripened in the heart of the nation. In 1862, it culminated in a congressional enactment against a religious tenet, notwithstanding the positive and explicit prohibition of the Constitution which forbids Congress to pass any law "respecting the establishment of religion or preventing the free exercise thereof," it urged and succeeded in passing the Poland law, under the provisions of which "Mormon" citizens were deprived of trial by an impartial jury of their peers, and by the decision of biased juries were not only subject to, but some of them actually were, tried by packed juries. At the demand of the clergy of the various religious denominations throughout the Union the Edmunds bill, substantially as it was drafted by clergymen and carpetbag officials here, became law; and without excuse or apology citizens in Utah are deprived of franchise, a sacred, blood bought right, without which no American can ever feel proud or properly exercise the liberties bequeathed by our fathers to their children.

Now what does it all mean? What can be the object of this unjust, inexcusable, unholy raid? Can it be possible that the dominant party holding the reins of government, desire to make of the people of Utah a race of slaves—fit subjects for fetters and chains? I hope not. But if such is the object would

it not be well to transport us to the flats of the Mississippi River, to the swamps of Louisiana, where association with the black freedman might accustom us to the chains of slavery that now lie rusting in the blood of thousands that were brave and true—willing sacrifices at the shrine of human liberty and the equal rights of man.

There, perhaps, restraining bonds might fret and gall until the love for liberty and the rights of free men might be forgotten. Not so in these mountains. They are high and noble and grand. They are the mighty bulwarks of our God. The snows that drift upon their lofty peaks, the waters that leap down their steep sides and rush through their rugged gorges, are full of the harmony that accords with our love for freedom. The very air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat, the soil we walk upon, inspire the soul with thoughts and a love for liberty undreamed of in lands that produce oppressors. Loyal citizens of a great government, honest, frugal, just, charitable and obedient to constitutional law, we desire to continue while fulfilling our mission of peace on earth and good will to man, but while our surroundings remain unchanged and Nature's bulwarks stand, with the blessings of God we never can become slaves. Oppressions, frauds and wrongs we may for a time endure. We may as in the past be subjected to annoyances and to the petty tyranny of small tyrants, but we know in whom we trust, and we are not ignorant of what the final result will be. Traitors may arise and seek to trample upon the provisions of the Constitution, but right here in these mountains—on the backbone of the continent—will grow the men who will preserve