

Suppose that the things they are pleased to say about this people are true, do you suppose I care about it? I do not, for I ask no odds of them. This people have treated them kindly. Did we not pay for our land honorably when we settled in Missouri and other places? We have paid them millions of dollars for land, of which we have been basely robbed; and shall I crouch down, and say I dare not speak of it? I would rather have my head severed from my body in this room, than be compelled to be silent on this matter. I am a green mountain boy, I was born in the State of Vermont, and plead for my rights, and the rights of this people, upon the broad Constitution of the United States, which we shall certainly maintain, in spite of the poor, rotten, political curses that pretend to enforce the Constitution. I ask no odds of them. I will feed them, if they come hungry to my door, for they are flesh of my flesh. The King upon the throne, and the President in his chair, are the same to me as these poor emigrants, who are lying around my doors—when they are hungry, I feed them; when they are sick, I nurse them; the same as I would the President of the United States, or any of the kings of Europe, unless they were better men.

As for the pride that is in the world, I walk over it, it is beneath me. To see men who are called gentlemen of character, sense, taste, and ability, who pass through this city, and come bending with their recommendation, saying, "Governor Young this," and "Governor Young that"—it makes me feel to loathe such hypocritical show, in my heart. I shall not say all I think about it. If they would come to me, and say, "Brigham, how are you?" or, "I want to speak to you, &c.," with a good honest heart in them, instead of, "Governor Young," "Governor Young," in a canting tone, with hearts as black and deceitful as hell, they

would command that esteem from me which is due to an honest man.

A blackleg is a polished rascal. If you go to the polished circles of society, you will find the greatest scape-graces and pickpockets concealed under the most polished gentlemen in appearance. A man never can be a polished scoundrel, until he can figure in polished society. It proves the truth of the saying, that it takes all the revelations of God, and every good principle in the world, to make a man perfectly ripe for hell.

You will not see in the nature of a man who has a soul in him, and who is filled with the Holy Ghost, a disposition to bow and scrape to every blackguard that may come in the shape and address of a gentleman. But if you are thirsty, hungry, or destitute, I will assist you. How many have I helped away to California, and given them bread and meat, notwithstanding they wanted to go to the devil; this made no difference to me; I have helped them, and told them to go, if they wished to. There is no tyranny here, but perfect liberty, which is a boon held sacred to all men. They have a right to come and go as they please. I do not ask you to be a "Mormon." Can you point out one person who has entreated any of the emigrants to become "Mormons," since they came into our midst? Since their arrival here, we have been kind and hospitable to them, and have not cared whether they have been "Mormons" or Methodists. They can come and hear preaching, if they think proper; but we shall never put them to any trouble because they are not "Mormons."

You may say you do not believe in God. Well, it is your privilege to believe as you like; you can believe in the Methodists' God, that has neither body, parts, nor passions (which amounts to nothing at all), if you please.

But one may say, "I belong to the