

it; I'll shoot you." When we arrived at Dixon, I sent for a lawyer, who came, and Reynolds shut the door in his face, and would not let me speak to him, repeating "God damn you, I'll shoot you." I turned to him, opened my bosom, and told him to "shoot away; I have endured so much persecution and oppression that I am sick of life; why then don't you shoot, and have done with it, instead of talking so much about it?" This somewhat checked his insolence. I then told him that I *would* have counsel to consult; and eventually I obtained my wish. The lawyers came to me, and I got a writ of Habeas Corpus for myself, and also a writ against Reynolds and Wilson for unlawful proceedings and cruel treatment towards me. Thanks to the good citizens of Dixon, who nobly took their stand against such unwarrantable and unlawful oppression, my persecutors could not get out of town that night; although, when they first arrived, they swore I should not remain in Dixon five minutes; and I found they had ordered horses accordingly to proceed to Rock Island. I pledged my honor to my counsel that the Nauvoo city charter conferred jurisdiction to investigate the subject; so we came to Nauvoo, where I am now prisoner in the custody of a higher tribunal than the circuit court.

The charter says that "the city council shall have power and authority to make, ordain, establish, and execute such ordinances, not repugnant to the Constitution of the United States, or of this State, as they may deem necessary for the peace, benefit, and safety of the inhabitants of said city;" and also that "the Municipal Court shall have power to grant writs of Habeas Corpus in all cases arising under the ordinances of the city council." The city council have passed an ordinance "that no citizen of this city shall be taken out of this city by

any writ, without the privilege of a writ of Habeas Corpus." There is nothing but what we have power over, except where restricted by the Constitution of the United States. "But," say the mob, "what dangerous powers!" Yes, dangerous, because they will protect the innocent, and put down mobocrats. The Constitution of the United States declares that the privilege of the writ of Habeas Corpus shall not be denied. Deny me the right of Habeas Corpus, and I will fight with gun, sword, cannon, whirlwind, and thunder, until they are used up like the Kilkenny cats.

We have more power than most charters confer, because we have power to go behind the writ, and try the merits of the case.

If these powers are dangerous, then the Constitution of the United States, and of this State, are dangerous; but they are not dangerous to good men; they are only so to bad men who are breakers of the laws. So with the laws of the country, and so with the ordinances of Nauvoo; they are dangerous to mobs, but not to good men who wish to keep the laws.

We do not go out of Nauvoo to disturb anybody, or any city, town, or place; why then need they be troubled about us? Let them not meddle with our affairs, but let us alone. After we had been deprived of our rights and privileges of citizenship, driven from town to town, place to place, and State to State, with the sacrifice of our homes and lands, our blood has been shed, many having been murdered; and all this because of our religion—because we worship Almighty God according to the dictates of our own consciences. Shall we longer bear these cruelties, which have been heaped upon us for the last ten years in the face of heaven, and in open violation of the Constitution and laws of these United States, and of this State? God forbid! *I will*