

It was the priest in the pulpit thorning the politician, and gouging underneath, saying, "Don't you bear it;" and this because the priest could not bear to stand up in the pulpit and own his shame for vindicating a false religion, for our Elders could silence every one of them, and crimson their faces with shame. Hence their words and determinations were and are, "We will kill the Mormons;" and the priests were pinching the "Mormons" from behind the politicians. How long would it have been before the whole election of Illinois would have been controlled by the Latter-day Saints? Our enemies saw this, and the devil knew it, and was mad, and determined to remove us. He did so, and I thank God for it. The priests and the politicians could discern that "Mormonism" was gathering to its banner its thousands and tens of thousands, and that it would be but a very short time ere the State would be governed entirely by the Latter-day Saints. The whole election would have been controlled by them, if we had not come out, and forbidden our people to vote. We had to do this, or control the ballot box.

They succeeded in killing Joseph Smith and Hyrum his brother, and in driving us to these Valleys. Now, we are here, and what are they afraid of? I will tell you; they are afraid that we shall become independent of them.

The relation between us and the Government may be likened to a man having twelve sons, and all the elder sons pitch upon the younger one, as Joseph's brethren of old did upon him. They persecuted him, and lied to their father about him, and tried to alienate the feelings of the old man from him, and succeeded in a measure in estranging the feelings of the father from the young child. So it is with the General Government and us. We have pleaded time and time again, and will plead, saying, "Spare us, love us; we

mean to be one of the best boys you have got; be kind to us, and if you chasten us, it may be said that we have kissed the rod and revered the hand that gave it, and tried again: but be merciful to us, for do you not see that we are a dutiful child?" But no, Tom, Bill, Dick, Harry, and the rest of the boys are eternally running to the old man with lies in their mouths, and he will chastise little Joseph. And though the old fellow has not come out in open war upon him, and arrayed the force and arms of the Government to kill the boy, yet he sleeps in his chair, and dreams it over, and talks in his sleep, saying, "Go it, boys; go it, boys; we will not say anything here." And Tom, Bill, Dick, &c., commence pounding on to little Joseph; and the old man is dozing in his chair saying, "Go it, boys." What will become of this little Joseph? I will tell you. We are a child of the Government, one of the youngest children, and we cling to our parent, and desire to be reckoned in the family, and to hail our brethren as brethren, and be numbered among them either in a Territorial or State capacity. What next? The cry is raised by the older boys that "it never will do to admit this younger child into the Union, he is an alien, and we must exclude him." I will tell you what this will amount to, they will pound and abuse little Joseph until his affections are entirely weaned from his parent, and from his brethren, and he becomes an independent boy. Who will cause this, the "Mormons?" No, the elder brethren will do it. They will urge on their hostility against little Joseph until he is driven into Egypt for succor. Well, if this is not Egypt enough, where will you find it?

"What is agoing to be done with these turbulent Mormons, these outrageous Mormons?" I will tell you what might be done, and what ought