

prepared for so great and solemn an event, when it shall come, when it will be our turn to participate in the realities of death.

It is well understood that the principles of truth are bound to prevail. It makes no difference what the opposition may be, or what length of time that opposition may continue, or how much sin is perpetrated to prevent it, or rivers of blood and millions of treasure wasted to oppose it, yet truth will ultimately prevail; and the day will come when a "Mormon" can be respected in other portions of the world as much as any other man—yes, exactly as much as though he professed any other religion. Why? Because "Mormonism" is truth, and truth will prevail. Those principles which are laid down in the very formation and genius of the General Government of the United States knew no religious sect: all were alike. And when these principles can prevail as our fathers handed them down to us, freedom will not be a name: and the day is approaching, and it is not far distant, when all the corruption and wickedness which serve to bring distress and misery upon a considerable portion of the community will be done away. That order of things will vanish, and this people will have the opportunity of enjoying all their privileges and rights in every portion of their loved country that they can in these mountains.

If ever William Tell was happy when he found himself free from the grasp of his enemies, so this people felt to rejoice when they were encircled within these vast deserts and almost impenetrable mountain walls. It was not the beauty of the country, the barren deserts, the rocky mountains, this isolated position, that invited us here: we came here simply because it was the only place of refuge which offered to us security from the hands of our persecutors, where we could

actually enjoy our constitutional rights. We are here, thank God, enjoying all the privileges of American freemen, and all the blessings and ordinances and powers which lead to an eternal exaltation in the celestial kingdom of our God.

And I will tell you, my friends, what I hope. I hope that the first mob that rises in these valleys will experience the same sensation (and worse, if possible) that a certain gentleman, a leader of a mob in Jackson County, Missouri, did, whose name was James Campbell, who had been long famed among his comrades as one of the bravest men in that county. It was on the occasion of the Battle of the Blue. He gathered up his men and fired fifty-three rifles into a small party of the "Mormons" that were hastily gathered together for mutual protection. There were only fifteen or sixteen guns among the "Mormons." They returned the fire, at which many of Campbell's comrades left in a hurry; but he concluded to stay and tussle it out with the "Mormons." There was an old revolutionary soldier, named Brace, in the "Mormon" company, who had fought in many battles under Washington, in the war of Independence. He fired his musket at Campbell without effect, and he fired at the old soldier also without effect; but Campbell being able to load quicker than he could, there was no alternative for Brace but to run at him with the butt end of his gun before he could reload: so he commenced yelling like ten thousand Indians, and charged Campbell with the butt end of his musket. Campbell, to save himself, suddenly wheeled his horse and plied the whip. This gave the old veteran a chance to re-load. He then fired his piece, and killed Campbell's horse as he was jumping over a fence, which left him hanging there; but Campbell in his terror did not know whether he was