

God: you must not ask for it or look for it. If it had been anybody else, they could have had it.

With these facts before us, how can any people think it odd that we should mistrust their proceedings, and not have implicit confidence in everything they do. How was it in Illinois? Under the pledge of the Governor of that State, when he pledged himself most solemnly to myself and Dr. Bernhisel, he gave us his most sacred word, if we would go there unarmed, we should be protected. He pledged his honor and the honor of the State. How was it done? Joseph and Hyrum, with myself and Dr. Richards, were cooped up in Carthage jail by mere mob violence under the immediate eye of the Governor. We made a strong protest against the proceedings at that time. Yet he left the prisoners there to be butchered by a mob, and he knew they were coming upon them to kill them. Yet we must believe every word they say, and must rely implicitly upon their word as if it was the oracles of God. They are surprised we cannot do this and feel as they do.

Those holy men were put to death and butchered in a manner that would have disgraced the Algerian pirates. What are you doing here, gentlemen? Why did you come here? Because they would not let you stop in Illinois. Who was the foremost in these things—in counseling your departure? Two United States Senators. Stephen A. Douglas was one; the name of the other I forget. And it was also recommended by Henry Clay. They recommended us to leave our homes, our possessions, and to let a beautiful city then inhabited become desolate, our gardens and fields laid waste, and 30,000 American citizens to be disfranchised. What for? Because they could not find protection in the United States; and I

told them of it at that time to their face. There is no law for “Mormonism;” but yet we must have implicit confidence in them. Then, after negotiations had been made and we came away, they were so damnable, mean, and cowardly as to make war on the sick and infirm that could not leave. The poor, miserable, cursed, damned scoundrels, I pray that they may go to hell. [The whole congregation shouted “Amen.”] They now put on a smooth face: they have, perhaps, been at a class meeting, some of them, and wonder why we won’t let these officers come in here—why we won’t let the judges come here, such as they shall appoint—why we won’t let kind, gentlemanly men come here and rule over us? You know such as we have had before in our midst. Suppose we should ask a question or two about this, and reflect a little about some of the proceedings that have taken place here. Here was your Judge Drummond you had here. I was not here at the time, but I heard all about it. He was one of the appointees of the Pierce administration, that preceded this one. He came here and seemed determined to get up a fuss, if he could: that seemed to be his sole object from the time he came until he went away. He called upon a corps of men here to go out and act as a *posse comitatus* to take up Indians which he wanted to destroy. He was determined to hang somebody. And if he could not get hold of the guilty, he wanted the innocent: he had a thirst for blood in his bosom. He called upon the Marshal of the Territory to summons heaps of men and capture those Indians; and he sent them out in a season of the year that men would rather give anything than go. But he called upon his official powers as U.S. Judge, and threatened them with the pains and penalties of the law. They go; and after wandering the