

days to get one small load of wood from our almost inaccessible mountain canyons. He has to irrigate the land, and spend as much labor in that one thing as the Illinois farmer would in raising his whole crop. Independent of all this, look at the scores of cities which have sprung up as if by magic; the tens of thousands of houses that have been erected, many of which are large and commodious, and may be pronounced splendid for a new country.

All this immense labor has been within the short space of twelve years. By whom has it been done? By a downtrodden, persecuted people—a people who had already been driven five times from homes and farms, suffering the loss of millions. We might query here, Have the Latter-day Saints had much time to do evil, even if they had been very much disposed to do so? You generally find that an industrious people are a moral people—that a people whose hands are engaged, whose physical powers are exerted from sunrise till sundown, whose weary limbs are obliged to be active in irrigating the soil by night as well as by day, and who are obliged to ascend the mountain heights in quest of wood and timber, exposed by night to the chilling blasts and drifting snows of those elevated and dreary regions, have not much time to devise mischief. On the other hand, you go among the nations where they are eating and drinking and feasting on the best, and what do you find there? All manner of evil, drunkenness, lasciviousness, blasphemies, and every species of degradation and immorality. Such a class of lazy, indolent loungers can imagine up more mischief in twenty-four hours than what the whole people of the Saints would live to do in twenty-four years.

But the Devil is as mad as ever. His wrath has not ceased. He feels as

indignant, and a little more so, as when we were in the States. We really thought, say our enemies, that they would have perished in those deserts: we supposed that there could not be an ear of corn raised in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains, and that if we could only get them there, we were sure they would come to naught. But behold, they prosper! What shall we do? We cannot organize mobs now before breakfast, and go up against them as we did in Missouri and Illinois. Mobs are out of the question now. We must get something more plausible to operate upon them, to make the people think that we do it legally. We must persecute them anyhow. And off went the officials that were here to spread all manner of lies, that they themselves and everybody else knew were lies; and the people have since proved them to be such.

But, without appointing a committee of investigation, and without any further information, the Chief Executive puts an army on the march, while nothing but devastation, death, and utter extermination were denounced by the whole nation, as well as the army, upon the heads of the devoted citizens of Utah. The mail was withheld, and months passed away before the peaceful, industrious citizens of this Territory knew that an army were approaching, or that anything had occurred to disturb our peaceful relations with the General Government. Under these startling circumstances, it was concluded to preserve our heads upon our shoulders, if possible, until we could get some official intelligence as to the intentions of the Government and the army. In the providence of God, the army did not reach our settlements, as they intended, until the following summer. No battles were fought, no blood was shed, and we still lived. Commissioners arrived from Washington, when we