

Constitution of our country; for the Latter-day Saints were driven in violation thereof from Jackson County to Clay, and from Clay to Caldwell and Davis counties, and then from the State of Missouri to Illinois, and from Illinois to the Rocky Mountains, robbed and plundered of their property, their women ravished, their leaders murdered, and there was not a solitary man arose to enforce the laws or the Constitution in our defense. When the President of the United States was applied to, all he would say was, "Your cause is just, but we can do nothing for you." As soon as the Saints had found a shelter in the Rocky Mountains, this feeling of lawlessness went rampant throughout the Union. Men despised the statutes and the laws with which they were bound, and it was mob upon mob, army against army, until the whole country has been deluged in blood and creped in mourning. When will the nation repent of these follies and maintain those institutions God has introduced for the perfection of mankind? When will they hold the Constitution sacred and inviolable, and seek no longer to prostitute it for the destruction of the innocent? Until this is done they may expect to see sorrow and woe, which will increase upon their heads until they shall repent.

Brethren, we should consider these things within ourselves. We commenced to make our settlements here under these circumstances, and here we have found a shelter. It has been a home for the oppressed, and a shelter to everybody that desired rest. The weary traveler has had a chance here to refresh himself and enjoy the blessings that are to be enjoyed in these valleys, and no man's rights have ever been trampled upon.

It is true we have had a species of animals pass through here that Alfred Cumming, in imitation of General

Zachary Taylor, used to call "Camp poicks," newspaper reporters, who, Cumming declared, prostituted not only the body but the soul, by selling themselves for a penny-a-line to lie; publishing their lies to the world as scandal upon the heads of the Saints. They come here and drink of the mountain water, partake of fine potatoes, and turnips, and luscious strawberries, and feast upon the fruits of the valleys—the products of our industry—and then go off and defame the people, and try to get armies sent here to destroy the Saints. We care very little about these things; but when that species of animals appear among us, we look upon them as we do upon a serpent; we calculate they intend to bite, and all we ask of them is, to do as they generally have done, tell such big lies that nobody in their right senses can believe them.

We have had another class of animals in the shape of Federal Officials. We have had fifty-eight of them, part of whom came here and conducted themselves like gentlemen; but we have had one thing always to consider, with one or two exceptions—very honorable ones—they have scarcely ever sent anybody here that could get a place anywhere else. If they could get an appointment in any other Territory, or a magistracy in the District of Columbia, or a clerkship in a Department, or the appointment of a weigher or gauger in the Custom House, they would never come to Utah. Coming to Utah was the last thing and the last place for a man perfectly desperate for the want of an office. As the Secretary of State said when he sent Perry E. Brochus here to be judge, he had to send him somewhere to get him "out of the way;" and when he would not stay here, he was immediately sent to New Mexico.

We have generally known what the qualification of men was, and un-