tell them while they were in session
where they sat day after day and week
after week, not to cease their investi-
gations until they had traced that mur-
der to Brigham Young if it was possi-
ble. I also sent word to them to call
upon Brigham Young for examination.
There is a gentleman here this afternoon
who has said that he knows all about
it. If he does, why does he not tell of
it; and privately he places the murder
upon President Brigham Young. Why
do you not testify to what you know be-
fore the Courts? If President Young is
guilty of any such crime, trace it to him.
There are some things that Brigham has
said he would do; but has never hap-
pened to do them; and that is not all,
he prays fervently, to his Father and God
that he may never be brought into cir-
cumstances to be obliged to shed human
blood. He never has yet been brought
into such a position. Still, let me find
a dog in my bedroom, I would not say
that he would be very safe; I hope he
will never get there. If I should find a
dog in my buttery, or in my bedroom as
some have, I fear they would give their
last howl. I hope and pray they never
will come there. If they jump my claims
here, I shall be very apt to give them a
pre-emption right that will last them to
the last resurrection. I hope no man will
ever venture so far as to tempt me to
do such a thing. The Latter-day Saints
will never again pull up stakes and give
their possessions to their enemies. You
think that you can get the Government
to help you to do this. It will never be
done worlds without end. (A unanimous
amen.) We are going to live our religion,
and be fervent in the service of our God.

I see a notice in the Daily Telegraph
that they are going to send a detec-
tive here to trace the murderers of Dr.
Robinson. It is published to the world
that the murdered man had no enemies
only in the City Council. He had no
enemies there. Were it not that there
are many outsiders here today I would
like the Saints to know how I feel about
all such dastardly transactions. I will
tell the Latter-day Saints that there are
some things which transpire that I can-
not think about. There are transactions
that are too horrible for me to contem-
plate.

The massacre at Haun's mill, and
that of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, and
the Mountain Meadow's massacre, and
the murder of Dr. Robinson are of this
character. I cannot think that there
are beings upon the earth who have
any claim to the sentiments and feelings
which dwell in the breasts of civilized
men who could be guilty of such atroci-
ties; and it is hard to suppose that even
savages would be capable of performing
such inhuman acts. To call a physician
out of his bed in the night under the
pretext of needing his services, and then
brutally kill him in the dark, is horrible.
"Have you any idea who did that horri-
ble deed?" I have not the least idea in the
world who could perpetrate such a crime.
I say to all concerned, cease not your ef-
forts until you find the murderers; and
place the guilt where it belongs. I have
not said this much before on that matter,
and should not have spoken of it now, if
the excitement which it created had not
passed away. I do not care about the out-
siders hearing this, as their opinion is
neither here nor there to me; the Saints,
however, are welcome to my views upon
this matter. If the outsiders think that I
am guilty of the crime, let them trace it
to me and prove it on me.

If any man, woman, or child that