

in protecting the citizens from violence and death, answer! Let the tombs Respond.

Persecution followed persecution, and mob followed mob; until, for the salvation of the Union, all the Saints, who could get away by the skin of their teeth, leaving their houses, gardens, barns, fields, improvements, and millions of wealth, to the prey of devouring avarice, left Nauvoo in Feb. 1846; following Brigham Young, the illustrious and legal successor of Joseph Smith, in the presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, as their prophet and guide; and, like the followers of Abraham, not knowing whither they were going, journied westward, in a most inclement year and season; buffeting snows, hail, sleet, wind like a tornado, sometimes not a tent left standing in camp over night; women and children on the naked earth open to the sky; creeks and rivers impassable, Sun, Moon, and Stars, not seen for eleven days at a time; not a spear of grass on the prairie, or bud on the trees; scores of families without a morsel of bread, teams dying with hunger: bending their course west by south to labor occasionally in the borders of Missouri for a morsel of bread; planting a colony at Garden Grove, and another at Mount Pizgah: without compass, chart, or guide, or even an Indian trail, looking out and making roads and bridges through the length of Iowa, they arrived at Mo. River in June.

Almost immediately after their arrival, they were followed by Capt. J. Allen, with a call from the general government, for five hundred troops, for United States service, against Mexico, who were immediately marshalled to his order, whilst wives, mothers, sisters, sons, daughters, friends and teams were left standing on the prairie, to risk their fate against famine, tomahawk, cold, disease and death; and by the remaining aged, infirm and boys, all these widows and

orphans, through toil and suffering untold, were located on the western bank of the Missouri River, at Winter Quarters, & more than seven hundred houses were erected in about ninety days:—but with all this labor, toil and building, many were glad to find caves and dens in the earth, where to lay their heads during an inclement winter; without sheep skins or goat skins, to cover them, or corn enough to satisfy hunger.

The "Mormon Battalion," of more than five hundred effective men, followed their beloved leader, Lieut. Col. Allen, to Ft. Leavenworth, where he died, deeply lamented. Immediately after the death of Col. Allen, the Battalion was dogged to Santa Fe, under unnecessary and forced marches, by that miserable excuse for a human being, Lieut. Smith, which unnecessary force, with the poisons they were compelled to take from a quack surgeon, (broken down shoemaker?) Anderson, broke many of their constitutions, and those who survived, returned from Santa Fe to this place while a great majority continued their march to Alpasso, under the command of that worthy model of Irish Generalship, Col. Cook; buffeting rocky kanyons, sand plains, trackless deserts, thirst, subsisting on hunger and fresh meat without bread, and making a new road to San Diego, met Gen. Kearney, (an honor to his nation,) just in time to save him from the grasp of treachery, and California from the re-action of Mexican influence, and the treasonable aspirations of an aspiring demagogue, opened a vein of gold of immeasurable extent, which has been longed for, and sought after for centuries, and which has made nations drunk in prospect, and many who survived their toils, returned to their families, with less than a day's man's wages;—having made the nation rich beyond a parallel.

President Young, with a few followers, for a few only could be

fitted out for want of means, left Winter Quarters, in April 1847, and making a new road on the north of the Platt to Laramie, repairing the old road from Laramie to Bridger, and forming a new road from Bridger to this place, through defiles and kanyons, hitherto supposed to be impassable by mortal man, and mountaineers too, united their strength in this valley, and commenced planting, this day, three years, about one quarter of a mile south east of this house, with no cheering prospect before them but the earth covered with black crickets, Indians naked and loathsome, and for their music the dark doleful howl of the prairie wolf.

Compare that prospect with the present: see the thousands and tens of thousands of acres of wheat, and other grains in this, and the other vallies of the mountains:—some two hundred miles distant, without a cricket to molest,—and say what hath God wrought for the good of his people? President Young sought diligently to lead this people to a Latter Day Canaan, to a place in the mountains, where men could live in peace.—He has done it, and in this journey, God would have no one to guide his servant but his spirit: as it did the father of the faithful, thousands of years ago.

To the stranger within my hearing I need add no more, and yet I will say, the golden beds of ore which you are seeking after, and for which you have left your pleasant firesides, and the ease and luxuries of life: and for which thousands and tens of thousands, have, and will lay down their lives, you are indebted, under God, to the toil, the suffering, the labors of the "Mormons," and their lonely half fed, patient waiting, widows and orphans.

To the weary traveller who seeks a loaf of bread, at our hands: if you find it, under God, you are indebted to the toils and sacrifices of the "Mormons."