

ciently brave to have launched forth into this wild country and have settled in the midst of the Rocky Mountains, unless they had repented of their sins and had become one with the Latter-day Saints. The wicked never would have done it, or another century, at least, would have passed away before settlements to any very great extent would have been found in the midst of these mountains.

If it had not been for the “Mormons” where would have been the gold mines of California? They might not have been opened up for fifty years yet if it not had been for the Mormon battalion, which went forth to fight the battles of the nation in her war with Mexico. Had it not been for this the world might still have been in ignorance of their existence unless God, for the accomplishment of His own wise purposes, had revealed them in some other way. The settlement, in the heart of the American continent, of the Latter-day Saints established a great highway across the continent, so that the people, in their journeyings from the Atlantic to the Pacific have found a place where they could rest their weary heads as they passed through. The settlement of this Territory has materially facilitated the opening up of the adjoining Territories. If it had not been for the Latter-day Saints settling this Territory, when would Idaho, Montana, Colorado, Arizona, or Nevada have been settled?

In 1831, when we went into Jackson County, Missouri—then a comparatively new country, and commenced to lay the foundation of new settlements, the great complaint against us was that we were not the old settlers. Their cry was, “You Mormons are not the old settlers, and you have neither civil nor religious rights here.” “What is the

reason?” we would enquire; “Are we not American citizens?” “Oh, yes,” said the people in Jackson County, “you are American citizens, but we are the old settlers, and consequently you must leave this part of the country.”

After we had been driven out of Jackson County into Clay County, and had been there a few years, the people rose *en masse* and said to us again, “You Mormons have no right in Clay County.” And when we enquired why, the reply again was, “because you are not the old settlers.” After dwelling there two or three years, an edict was issued by a mass meeting of the people assembled at Liberty, that we must seek a new location. We then fled to Caldwell County, in the State of Missouri. But, alas, after having bought a great many thousand acres of land and given signs of prosperity far beyond that of the old settlers who lived in surrounding counties, they, emboldened by the example of the people of Clay County, got up the old cry, and after having destroyed our farms and property they, in the midst of a severe winter, drove us into Illinois.

There we again gathered up our people, and not yet discouraged, we purchased a large tract of country on both sides of the Mississippi and founded a city called Nauvoo, to which a charter was given by the Legislature of Illinois. In a short time, the people of the regions round about were excited to jealousy, because the Latter-day Saints, through their industrious habits, were flourishing and were beautifying and extending their city; they could not bear to see us outstripping them. They saw that the people of Missouri had never been brought to account for murdering our people and robbing them of millions of dollars’ worth of property, so they, in Illinois, made up their