

after being sacrificed; after, as martyrs, sealing their testimony, we are even permitted to live, and enjoy five years of our lives where no man has power to murder, or to rob, or to burn our houses, or destroy our property, or ravish our women, or kill our children; no man has the power to do it without justice overtaking him.

The history of our persecutions is unparalleled in the history of past ages. To be sure, persecutions have existed in countries where religion was established by law, and where any other religion than the one established, was decreed by law to be heretical, and its votaries doomed to persecution and the flames. But in the countries where we suffered our persecution, there is a good government; there are good institutions that are calculated to protect every person in the enjoyment of every right that is dear to man.

The persecutions we have suffered were in violation of every good institution, of every wholesome law, of every institution and constitution which exist in the countries where they have been inflicted. And what is more singular, out of the hundreds of murders which have been committed upon men, women, and children, in the most barbarous, ruthless, and reckless manner—not one murderer has ever been brought to justice; not a single man who has shed the blood of a Latter-day Saint has ever been punished or brought to justice; but they are permitted to run at large, in the face and eyes of every officer of government, who are directly concerned to preserve the laws, and see them faithfully executed. The history of no country on the earth affords a parallel to this; it cannot be found; that is, such a wholesale murder, robbery, house burning, butchering of men, women, and children, and, finally, the wholesale banishment of tens of thousands of souls from their homes and

country; this has actually been effected in violation of the laws and regulations of the country where it occurred, and not one person has ever been punished for these crimes. I challenge the world to produce the record upon the face of the earth, that shows, in all these murders, cold-blooded butcheries, house burnings, and wholesale robberies, that a single person has suffered the just penalty of the law; that a solitary criminal was punished; that any of the unprincipled savages who were guilty of these high-handed depredations, were ever brought to justice. Ought we not, then, to rejoice, that there is a spot upon the footstool of God, where law is respected; where the Constitution for which our fathers bled is revered; where the people who dwell here can enjoy liberty, and worship God in three or in twenty different ways, and no man be permitted to plague his head about it? I rejoice that this is the case; and when I reflect upon the scenes we have passed through, and realize our present prosperity, my heart is filled with joy.

I have looked upon scenes that are calculated to stir up the stoutest heart, without shedding a tear; but I cannot look upon the procession of this day, and consider the blessings that now surround this people, without shedding tears of gratitude, that God has so kindly delivered us out of all our distresses, and given to us our liberty. To be sure, after working our way into these valleys, making the roads through mountains, seeking out the route, and coming here, our persecutions did not cease; our enemies were like the good old Quaker when he turned the dog out of doors: said he, “I won’t kill thee, thou hast got out of my reach; I cannot kill thee, but I will give thee a bad name;” and he hallooed out “bad dog,” and somebody, supposing the dog to be mad, shot him. So with us; after robbing