

I think it has been told to the congregation, or a portion of them, by br. George A. Smith. When he had almost finished translating the Book of Mormon, nearly forty years ago, and some time before the Church was organized, he was hunted, harassed, tormented, afflicted, and perplexed; taken before this magistrate and that magistrate, and sometimes they would keep him a whole night trying to prove something or other against him. "O, he was guilty man! His crimes were enormous! No man was ever so guilty as he." The priests commenced this outcry against him: "Did you not hear this man say so and so?" said they to their deacons and the members of their church. "Well, no, we do not know that we did hear him." "Has he not said or done something or other, transgressed some law of the land, spoken against the government, or something by which he can be proved guilty?" And so he was hunted and hunted, and at one time I recollect that Mr. Reed, the father of the present Secretary of our Territory, then something of a lawyer, defended him from court to court, night after night—they kept Joseph I do not know how many days and nights, and finally they could find nothing against him. They knew in the first place that he was guilty of nothing; but from that time to his last persecution when they served a writ on him in Carthage and he delivered himself up to the Governor, and was examined and committed to prison by the magistrate, their cry was, "Has not Mr. Smith said something or other that we can make treason out of it?" "Well, Dr. Bennett says so, or Jackson and the Laws say so." "Will you not come forward and testify something or other so that we can condemn this man?" No. They could not get parties to swear this,

that, or the other; but they wanted to prove him guilty of treason by trying to prove that he had more than one wife. Very singular treason, that! But so it was.

Now, as bad as myself and my brethren are, and as far as we are from the mark, and from the privileges we should enjoy, if Joseph Smith, Jun., the prophet, could have seen the people in his day as willing to obey his voice, as they are today to obey the voice of their President, he would have been a happy man. He lived, labored, toiled, and worked; his courage was like the courage of an angel, and his will was like the will of the Almighty, and he labored till they killed him.

We had to leave, and we have come here into these mountains, and do you think we are going to be swallowed up by our enemies? Why, they have already done their uttermost. "Could they not send a hundred thousand men here to destroy the 'Mormons?'" Yes; that is, they could try. In the winter of 1857–58, when the army was at Bridger, Col. Kane came here to see what he could do for the benefit of the people, and to caution and advise me. He was all the time fearful that I would not take the right step, and that I would do something or other that would bring upon us the ire of the nation. "Why," said he, "at one word there would be a hundred thousand men ready to come here." I replied that "I would like to see them trying it." Afterwards a calculation was made that, for men to come here—tarry through the winter and get back the next summer, it would require four and a half oxen to carry the food, clothing, and ammunition necessary for each man. This was more stock than they could take care of, to say nothing about fighting. I