

government of the United States, and also to the governor of every State in the Union, asking each one to give us an asylum in his State. The governor of Arkansas gave us a respectful answer, all the rest treated our petition with silent contempt.

In September, 1845, the mob commenced burning houses, and they continued burning in different parts of the settlements, mostly in Hancock County, until they burned one hundred and seventy-five houses. The governor and authorities of the State were notified, and finally the sheriff of the County took a posse, mostly Latter-day Saints, and stopped the house burning. The instant this was done the people of the nine adjoining counties rose up and said—"You 'Mormons' must leave the county or you 'Mormons' must die." They then made an agreement that we should have time to move away and dispose of our property, and that vexatious lawsuits and mob violence should cease. This we kept most faithfully, but so far as they were concerned the agreement was never observed, mob violence continued, house burnings and murders occurred occasionally, vexatious lawsuits were renewed; and before the remnant of the people were permitted to get out of the county they were surrounded by armed mobs, as many as eighteen hundred in a single body, and cannonaded out of their houses.

The people thus driven commenced a journey to seek the home where we now reside. The white settlements extended sixty or seventy miles west of the Missouri River, Keosauqua was the most western one. From that place we made the roads, and bridged the streams, some thirty in number, across Iowa, to Council Bluffs, arriving there in June, 1846. The people who started on this journey started under the most forlorn circumstances.

They left their houses, lands, crops, and everything they had if they could get a yoke of cattle, wagons without iron tires, carts, or anything of which they could make an outfit, and commenced a journey to hunt a home somewhere where so-called Christians would not be able to deprive them of the right to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, a right which is actually more dear than life itself.

I think between thirteen and fourteen hundred miles of road were made, though we occasionally followed trappers' trails, and on the 24th of July, 1847, President Young led the pioneer party—numbering one hundred and forty three men—on to this ground, then a portion of Mexican Territory and one of the most desolate, barren looking spots in the world, and dedicated it to the Most High, that we might once more find an asylum where liberty could be enjoyed. We should most probably have reached this place before we did, but the United States, the year before, invited our camps to send five hundred men to aid them in the war with Mexico, which they did, and they were mustered into service on the 16th of July, 1846, and made the route through from New Mexico to the Pacific coast.

It is a remarkable fact in history, that while these five hundred Latter-day Saints, mustered into service at Council Bluffs, were bearing the American flag across the desert, from New Mexico to the Pacific Coast, a march of infantry characterized by General Cook as unparalleled in military annals, the remnant of their families in Nauvoo were surrounded by eighteen hundred armed men and cannonaded, and driven across the river into the wilderness, without shelter, food or protection, in consequence of which very many of them