

a solitary place, a wilderness, and when they arrive in that solitary place or wilderness, they will, at first, be greatly afflicted, sorely distressed, so much so that they will be under the necessity of crying unto the Lord, and he will deliver them from their distress. "They found no city to dwell in," says David. Now, this was the case with the Latter-day Saints, whom the Lord commanded to gather together. When we started forth over the great desert plain, where there were no settlements, no cities, no towns, traveling hundreds of miles without any track to guide us, it was a "solitary way," and rendered more terrible by the wild beasts that roamed over the plains. We could hear the sound of the wolf in his howlings; we could hear the sounds of the buffalos in their bellowings, but the sound of the human voice, from any village, or town, or settlement was unknown for hundreds of miles.

We commenced this journey in the year 1846, leaving the great Mississippi River in the cold month of February. After a portion of us had crossed the river in boats, the river was frozen over, and the rest of the company crossed in wagons on the ice. We had no grass to sustain our teams. Our teams depended upon the cottonwoods, and barks of trees, and a little corn that we could occasionally get by sending down to the settlements, and purchasing it for that purpose. We wandered in the wilderness "in a solitary way," and when we had traveled some fourteen hundred miles, we found no city to dwell in, just precisely as the Psalmist said would be the case. We entered this valley in the month of July, 1847, having been detained during the winter, by sending over 500 of our

people—young and middle-aged men—to help the United States in their war against Mexico. That detained us during the winter, so that we could not journey any further than Council Bluffs, or the regions a little above Omaha, where we built up a temporary residence. The next spring we started off, traveling over the plains "in a solitary way," and entered this valley just about where Fort Douglass is now established on the bench; we called it Emigration Canyon. We came down here upon this plot of ground in the month of July, and commenced planting a few potatoes. It was very late to put in any corn, but we wished to try the soil to see whether there was any virtue in it. We found it, however, like an ash heap. It seemed as though there had been no rain upon the land for years. We could dig down a great depth in many places, where this city now stands, without finding scarcely any moisture, but we succeeded by taking the water from the creek—City Creek we call it—in flooding a small portion of ground, and put in our potatoes, and planted corn, a few beans, garden seeds, etc., to see if there was any virtue in the soil. What were the results of our first crop? We found that there was fruitfulness in the soil; but of course it was too late for anything to be matured. The same fall, or autumn of 1847, several thousand of the Latter-day Saints followed up our track. They came upon the land in the fall of the year, bringing with them a little breadstuffs to sustain them during the winter, and also our farm utensils, and everything in the shape of wearing apparel that could be brought. We had not much to bring, for we had already been driven four or five times in the United States, from our houses and from our lands;