

laying the cornerstone of the Temple in Far West, Caldwell County, Missouri. The people were much excited about the Mormons at that time, just as they are now, and every once in awhile. They had gotten up a furor against us; and Joseph Smith, Hyrum Smith, Bishop McRae, and others, were seized by a mob and imprisoned; and many of you may have read the remarks made by a certain General Clark—the famous, or rather infamous General Clark. He told the people—the same as they tell us now—that it was wrong to gather as they were then doing, and as we are now doing, and place ourselves under Bishops, etc. And said he—I heard him—“Oh, that I could invoke the spirit of the unknown God to rest upon you, that you may be delivered from the delusions with which you are encompassed.” But his “unknown God” didn’t hear him, and the “delusions” have still gone on. We had been driven out of Missouri. They were so good a people and so virtuous, and we were so bad. But we were not polygamists then; we had not entered into the awful crime of polygamy; but we dared to worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience. They drove us out, took possession of our property, and robbed and pillaged everyone they could. After doing this they did not like that their action should go out to the world; so the legislature actually made an appropriation for us—that is, for the poor “Mormons”—of \$2,000, if my memory serves me aright. They had killed and destroyed any amount of our cattle and hogs, and anything and everything of that kind that they came across. Still they pretended to be very sorry for us, and solicitous for our welfare. In order that we might not suffer, they went

into an adjoining county where our people lived, stole a lot of hogs from them, and then turned in those hogs to make up the appropriation made by the legislature of Missouri! They were so liberal in their operations! They stole the hogs from one portion of our people, and then gave them to another. I saw the hogs come in, and they were butchered and divided among the Mormons.

These are some of the things that I am acquainted with. Was I surprised when I saw such operations? No. I expected when I came into this Church, that I should be persecuted and proscribed. I expected that the people would be persecuted. But I believed that God had spoken, that the eternal principles of truth had been revealed, and that God had a work to accomplish which was in opposition to the ideas, views and notions of men, and I did not know but it would cost me my life before I got through. It came pretty near it at one time; yes, at many times. I have had to “stand the racket” in a way that many of you folks don’t know much about. More than once I have had to face large crowds of people in the shape of armies, expecting to come into contact every moment—no farther off, perhaps, than the length of this hall. That is not a very pleasant position to be in. But I was in a worse scrape in Carthage jail, when Joseph and Hyrum were killed—penned up in a room and attacked by a blackened mob. I had to stand at the door and ward off the guns while they were trying to shoot us, and we without arms, and under the protection of the Governor of the State. Dr. Bernhisel and myself were sent by Joseph Smith to wait upon the Governor, and lay before him the facts of the case. We told him we were