

was proving to the world that brotherly love and affection existed here, unheard of and unknown in the history of mankind, except in Deseret, for a whole people to be so straitened for provisions, and at the same time not a solitary person perish of starvation or want—I say such a thing is unheard of in the history of mankind. When this was fairly commencing, I went away. It was understood in the States that we were all starving to death. When I got down there, I told them I was as short of provisions as anybody else, and consequently had come down where they had something to eat.

I went away from here weighing 243 pounds at the Tithing Office, and not being well fed at that, and falling off considerably during the last year previous to going away.

When I got down to the States, where the climate did not agree with my lungs, I spent a good share of the winter in doing some of the tallest coughing of any man living. However, I fatted up considerably, and got to be quite a decent looking "chap." When I left St. Louis, I weighed 260 pounds. I thought I was going home in fine order; but, behold, and lo! All my Missouri and eastern beef I had gathered shook off on the plains, and I found myself the poor, "lean," meager man you see before you. When I got to the Tithing Office, the other day, I was about seven pounds lighter than when I went away; and I expect I have made that up since I have got home. My health has greatly improved since I left the Missouri River, with my decreasing weight.

I am very thankful that the Lord has preserved me and returned me again to your midst. The news which you probably have received is unimportant, though you have received very little for the last six months; for, you know, Uncle Sam is poor, and not able to carry his mails; and the

winter has been very hard and the circumstances have been such that he could not even send out messages or anything. But the rivers all run the same way they did when I was there before, and they run in about the same direction. Railroad collisions, steamboat accidents, fires, and freezing to death are just as common as before, and a little more so. And another thing I suppose you will be glad to learn—the devil is not dead. [Brigham Young: I feel thankful for that.]

A great portion of the people have come to the conclusion, after having been a great many years considering the subject over, that we are a very desperate set of fellows out here. Politicians are a little vexed, for they do not know what to do with us. They did not admit any Territory into the Union during this session of Congress, though they did grant a permission graciously to 250,000 inhabitants residing in the Territory of Minnesota to make a constitution.

I have looked on and taken items, thought and reflected, saw how it was going, waiting for an opportunity. You know it was a very modest mission I went down on; I went to Washington to ask permission to enter the Union; and I did not want to go in until I saw a fair chance; I hated to ask, and be refused admission. I have rejoiced very much at every particle of news that I could receive from the mountains. I received letters from President Young and others, three, four, and sometimes six months after they were written. When they did arrive, they afforded me a great deal of pleasure, and were a source of rejoicing, especially to learn that the Saints were waking up.

On my way here with the mail, I had the additional cause of rejoicing in beholding that a great many sick persons—persons whose lives had been dreadfully in danger—had been