

brains in his head from one who is filled with pudding. The President and his Cabinet know nothing about the characters whom they send here: if they did, many who have come here never would have been sent. If we cannot always discern the children of men, it is no wonder that they are blind, and cannot send men here capable of making a decent lie. If they have not already told every falsehood about us that they can invent, they will be mighty sorry when they think of it; for, if they could have told any more, they would have done so. They have made and told every lie that they knew how to; and if there is any blame on them for not lying more, it must be attributed to their ignorance.

I would like to come here next Sunday morning, at about eight o'clock, and read to you those beautiful stories they have invented and published (Oh, they are lovely!), and let you understand how little sense they contain. They have us eaten up by crickets, then by grasshoppers (I suppose that the grasshoppers must have beaten the crickets); and when they found that the grasshoppers and crickets had not eaten us up, then the drouth came and destroyed us; and after all that, the cry from one end of the nation to the other now is to destroy the "Mormons." They will have quite a job, for there is more than one that can work at that game.

What do you suppose the Government thinks about those furiosos and their lies? The Government feels about that matter somewhat as a friend felt towards Morrill, who was going to deliver that GREAT—but I cannot hollow loud enough)—that GREAT speech, that he thought was so full of thunder; but behold, when the shell cracked, it made no noise. I have no doubt but what his friends were determined to have the speech hushed up; they saw its shallowness, and were satisfied that it would not accomplish one

thing that he designed it should. Men who think, know that all such persons are devoid of the principal item, viz., good sense to discern that they do not rightly understand things themselves. They are like the chap who thought he knew it all, and a doctor said to him, "Between you and me, we know everything." The young man thought it was first-rate, and calculated to find out what the doctor knew. Says the doctor, "I cannot think of but one thing that you do not know." "O doctor, will you reveal that to me?" "If I thought it would do much good, or if you would profit by it, I would reveal it to you. Perhaps I may as well tell you; for there is one thing you do not know, though I believe that you know everything else, and that is, that you are a fool; which I have learned since I began to converse with you. And now, between you and me, we do know the whole of it."

Government knows full well the miserable nonsense and the tirade of abuse that is heaped upon us; but what do they care about it? If they had the power of putting such characters on chips, as we do, and carrying them out, perhaps they would never give them office; but they have not that faculty as we have. We can look men out of our community, and they will run and howl, thinking that their lives are in danger.

I presume that there are still hundreds and thousands of communications daily sent to the President of the United States by applicants for office, whom, if he could take up on chips, as we can, and set them out at Washington, he would most gladly so dispose of. But what is to be done? Why, give the poor, miserable dog a crumb, or an old bone, and say, "Get out, now!" and that is the way they get here. To the praise of a few who have been here, be it said, they kept the law; but almost universally the